

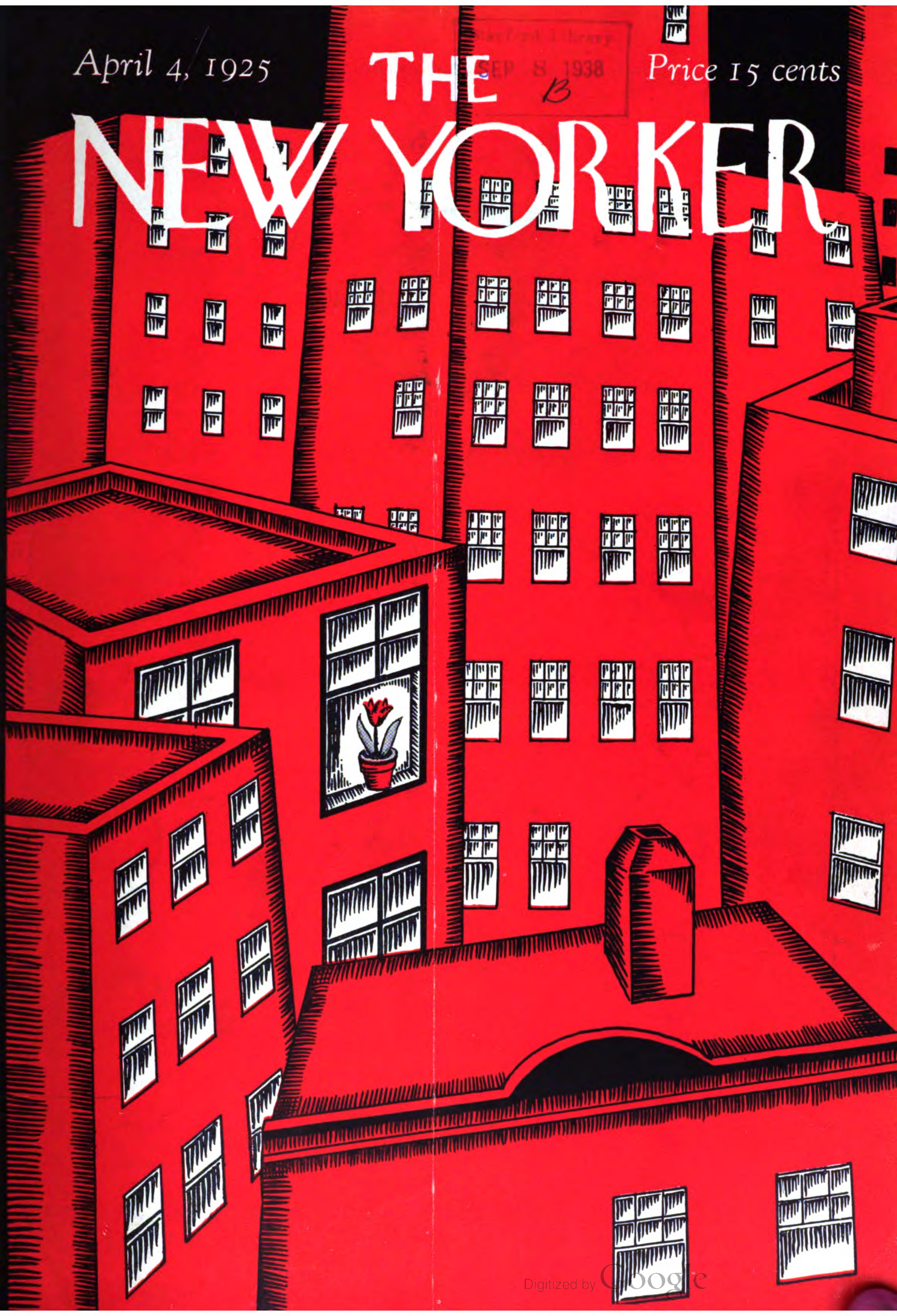
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# NEW YORKER





## “Those are grapes,” she said

**T**HEY were caught in an elevator between two floors, at a dance. He said that he had pushed *all* the buttons—so there was nothing to do but wait for the electrician.

“This is a very comfy lift,” she said, after a pause.

“The decorations are very curious,” he said. “Have you ever seen a lift with a roof like that before?”

“What’s the matter with it?”

“It is covered with some sort of berry.”

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

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

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

~ ~

It was all very sentimental, and a little absurd, like the strange I LOVE YOU whispers that were heard in the Whispering Gallery at St. Paul’s, or the time that he played the great, practical sleep-walking joke and sort of got in the wrong room. As absurd, in fact, as the difference that he had with his wife that started him on his “bachelor moon” (a vacation that he and Angela always took when their differences reached that certain point).

But read about it in the most amusing story in a long, long time. Here’s a book we are certain that you will enjoy.

# The Old Flame

A. P. HERBERT

“A. P. H.” of *Punch*

\$1.75 at bookstores

Doubleday, Page & Co.



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

## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Gypsies at the Ritz

MRS. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, as all the world, figuring on the guest list alone, should know, recently gave a party at the Hotel Ritz. It was, as parties have gotten into the habit of being, in honor of Ambassador Moore, and they do say that when the Ambassador sailed for his Spanish post the following day there was a sharp downward movement in the quotations of string bands and Pierrot costumes.

A few weeks ago Condé Nast staged a pageant of the New York theatrical and literary world—whimsically calling it a small housewarming—at which it was observed of Ambassador Moore that he never rose from a chair without scattering to the winds a dozen or more ingénues, who had been draping themselves around him, and that just before departing, as the result of a vigorous brushing by a salaried attendant, no fewer than eight musical comedy stars were dislodged from folds in his dinner jacket.

This time, at Mrs. Hearst's, that is, all the guests were gypsies. Not really gypsies, of course, but dressed like gypsies. This is clear from an examination of the guest list, which shows such names as Prince Habil Lotfallah, the Grand Duke Boris and Senator Copeland, and everyone knows they're not gypsies.

As was to be expected, the New York *American* and the New York *Mirror* scored beats on the occasion, both papers appearing on the streets early in the evening, before the party had begun, with full ac-

counts of the night's festivities. As a reward for this display of enterprise, it is assumed, the *American* and the *Mirror* will be allowed to exercise a similar efficiency on future occasions.

"Under Joseph Urban's magic wand," the *American* had it, "the famous Crystal Room was transformed into a gypsy camp, nestled away in a forest of pine trees. Gayly colored streamers were attached to the trees and an imitation gypsy fire added a picturesque touch. A full moon shone from the far end of the forest and in a gypsy wagon stationed near the entrance to the tent two palmists told fortunes, while an organ-grinder and the inevitable monkey wandered among the guests, all of whom were in fancy dress."

The name of the author of the *American's* piece should be made public and broadcast. O! the bitter cynicism, and O! the glorious venom of the man! "The inevitable monkey," he writes, and thereby he achieves in three words what lesser and cheaper authors could scarcely hint at in three thousand.

There was a cabaret, a hired one, and they do say that there was a wistful look in the eyes of W. C. Fields as he gazed at his distinguished audience and allowed his thoughts to play with the wealth of juggleable material that confronted him.

"Supper was served following the cabaret," said the *Mirror*, "and early in the morning the social gypsies wished Ambassador Moore bon voyage at a breakfast of scrambled eggs, hot waffles and coffee, served on the imitation grass that lined the edges of



Follow the Swallow Back Home

the ball room."

The *Mirror*, too, it will be seen, has its morose and brilliant commentator. "Social gypsies," he writes. "Social gypsies," indeed!

But it was a highly successful and entertaining party, and Ambassador Moore did sail the following morning.

### *Second Cabin Passage*

**P**AAVO NURMI, back home, is a worker in one of the building trades of his native land. He is, you gather, no millionaire. He came to the United States as the guest of the Finnish-American Athletic Club, and he came, since that was the form of transport provided, by second cabin. The Finns are thrifty people, even when they emigrate to America and form athletic clubs.

Since his arrival here Nurmi has been a great money maker for native athletic clubs. He ran once under auspices of his hosts, the Finnish-Americans, and thereafter for whatever organizations could persuade or manoeuvre him into signing an entry blank. His amazing performances and the flood of publicity they commanded have proved a financial blessing for clubs everywhere along the Atlantic seaboard. Every time he has appeared he has been the magnet which has attracted packed houses. The rivalry for his—may one say services in connection with amateur sport?—services, then, has been so great that on the Pacific Coast they are saying even more nasty things than usual about the East because Nurmi has not run out there.

Experts in such matters estimate that Nurmi has attracted between seventy-five and one hundred thousand dollars into various armories and such-like barns since he came here.

Yet, the ways of our rulers of amateur sports being what they are, the man has lived as the guest and at the expense of a distant family connection—in the none-too-palatial residence of an apartment house superintendent in the Bronx—save when he has been

traveling from city to city to compete in various races. For the payment of his railroad fares and hotel bills outside New York, the beneficent A. A. U. is assessing each club benefiting by his services one hundred dollars, the resulting fund being administered by A. A. U. officials. The club usually profits through Nurmi's appearance several thousand dollars more than usual, so this cost item is nominal if ever one was. But some of them are said to have yielded with ill, almost deathly ill grace.

From the fund amassed by the assessment of the clubs, the A. A. U. expects to pay Mr. Nurmi's return passage. It has not been decided yet whether he will be packed back second cabin, as he came, or first. But if Mr. Nurmi has anything to say about it, he will push off our shores in the royal suite of some Cunarder. His is not a grasping soul, but as the recipient of our very amateur hospitality and as a student at last of the profits he has earned for his hosts, he is quite likely to balk at taking passage on par with maiden school teachers vacationing out of Dubuque.

And, maybe, someone has whispered into his ear that our native athletic lights would scorn any such meagre traveling allowances as have been granted him. Indeed, it is said that it costs more to bring some of them from Chicago to New York than it did to transport Nurmi, second cabin, from Finland to our hospitable shores.

**T**HERE are certain polite amenities that seem to be necessary for the proper enjoyment of those who pay their pennies to patronize sport. If a prize fighter accidentally slips and falls without being hit, his opponent gracefully extends his gloved paws as a sort of elegant acknowledgment that he is taking no undue credit for the spill of his opponent. This always brings a generous round of applause from the pop-eyed spectators who are pleased to note that the gallant gladiator didn't kick his adversary in the face.

It sometimes happens that a boxer doesn't hear the bell and caresses his opponent's jaw with a swishing



uppercut or a stabbing jab when he should have been walking toward his corner. The noble recipient of this little attention, if the blow is not too severe, or if he happens to be winning at the time, claims no foul, but again extends his gloves in that curious handshake of the professional fighter. He shows the wide, wide world what should be expected of the better classes, and from diabetic ringside seat holders to the broken-arched, squint-eyed hero in the gallery there comes a patter of approval and the endorsement to the nearest friend or stranger that that guy's a sport all right.

It takes thirty-four laps for a five thousand meter



KELLEY,  
RUE DE LA PAIX

race on the track at Madison Square Garden. The two greatest long distance runners of the age were entered in the K. C. meet, and they are not friends. Nurmi took the lead and held it, and as lap after lap was reeled off in world's record time, Ritola dropped farther and farther behind. When seventy-five yards separated the two great runners, Nurmi stopped and with a look of agony on his face doubled up as one will in a cramp. His legs were all right but his physiology was all wrong. What happened to him has caused swimmers to drown, and the pain was like the one that caused Corbett to writhe on the canvas while completely conscious, unable to get up and rend the freckled Fitzsimmons.

Here was the glorious opportunity, and Ritola never saw it. Nurmi's agony seventy-five yards away sent an electric energy into the other Finn's legs. Despondent and beaten, he became exalted and pounded

around the wooden track with all of the spirit of one mowing down a big field of brilliant competitors. He won the race.

The twelve thousand spectators, one imagines, would have anticipated the tearing down of old Madison Square Garden by ripping a few shingles off the ancient roof with an explosion of approval for a knightly deed if Ritola had covered the seventy yards to his opponent and then, keeping pace with him, left the track at the same moment that Nurmi was helped off by his trainers. Ho-hum!

WITH the publicity flourishes that attend every movement of this erratic family, the Richard Bennetts are definitely being divorced and the separation agreement specifies that Mrs. Bennett is to have the two other children. At the same time it is announced that Maurice is to dance with Barbara.

Maurice, not too inconsolable after the sudden marriage of his former partner, Leonora Hughes, began holding daily seances at the Club Lido, in

the ball room."

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All Dressed Up

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It is hard to explain this sudden change, for the Biltmore offers exactly the same inducements as before and the Plaza has moved along in the same way for several years. Of course, when the new ball room and the Terraced Room were added to the Fifty-ninth Street hotel, interest in it was accelerated, so far as dinners and elaborate parties were concerned, but the tea room remains as was. It is merely one of those problems.

search of a blonde who could learn to step out with him as gracefully as she could receive her \$1,750 weekly cheque. (Members of the Junior League were offered \$1,800, but there were no takers.) To the Lido then came girls with unspeakable ankles, gross tonnages of several hundred pounds, and faces like Quasimodo—a lurid collection for New York, the city of beautiful women. Maurice was prostrated with woe, until Barbara Bennett chanced upon the scene. Voila! Maurice must sail on Saturday for France; Barbara was dark, lovely-looking, and covetous of her sister Connie's flair for publicity.

Amid loud fanfares and the blowing of trumpets, Maurice introduced Barbara as his new partner, and was guiding her expertly about the floor of the Lido when her mother came upon the scene. Vigorous shushing from Maurice as Mrs. Bennett aptly said, "How wonderful! Can this be true?" and more shushing before the answer, "Mrs. Bennett, it is true." So Barbara has been transported to Paris, and El Fey club, temporarily, knows her no more.

ASK seven taxpayers sampling their after-lunch toothpicks in front of a drug store window and watching the lady demonstrate the virtues of the No-Ink Fountain Pen, "Who is the greatest thinker in the United States?"

Five of them will answer with ease and spontaneity, "Arthur Brisbane." (On a rainy afternoon, the number will be increased to six.)

Mr. Brisbane's status as a thinker is one which inspires snorts of derision in the bosoms of the nation's most important thinkers. Nevertheless, there is a singularly engaging quality about Mr. Brisbane's thinking, a certain sorrowful leit motif in his thoughts, an almost droll wistfulness that has a decided charm.

For instance, after the Hearst newspapers, which Mr. Brisbane helps direct, have devoted weeks to inflaming the masses with curiosity and excitement over a Dempsey-Firpo fight, Mr. Brisbane, writing from the ringside, places his finger to his brow and says how ridiculous is the spectacle of two subnormal brutes punching each other in the head.

Mr. Brisbane's attitude toward other national and international events is similarly depressing. Following the hysterical hullabaloo caused by the approach of a Republican or Democratic National Convention—a hullabaloo which the Hearst papers do more than their share in contributing—Mr. Brisbane seats himself again at the ringside and writes deflatingly of the entire show.

His column in the Hearst papers is filled continually with references to the Unimportance of Events, the Meaninglessness of Politics, Conventions, Calamities, etc. Wistfully, Mr. Brisbane contrasts the little skyrocket excitements of the day with the History of Man.

In one day's column, recently, there were references, half of them inaccurate, to the French Revolution, to the Cro-Magnons, to the grave distances of the stars, and to the vanished civilizations of Babylon, Nineveh and Troy. Contrasted to these profound and

epic matters, the contemporary disturbances upon which Mr. Brisbane commented grew puny and even unreal.

The technique which animates Mr. Brisbane's thinking is both philosophic and impressive. Mr. Brisbane, in fact, when his style grows lucid and his point clear, is reminiscent of Anatole France. He breathes forth day after day, under astonishing handicaps, an adroit "tut tut," a curious "tut tut," whose far-fetched calm startles the millions of nerve-harried Hearst subscribers who follow his words.

The secret of the matter is obviously that Mr. Brisbane himself suffers from a Hearst hangover. The crazed excitements he has directed, the Jabberwockian hysterias his employer's newspapers have assisted from time to time in creating, have acted inversely upon Mr. Brisbane's soul.

For a generation the Hearst press has led in whipping the masses into the species of sterile but dervish-like enthusiasms which has come to be known as Public Opinion. His gazettes, stretching from Atlanta to San Francisco, have stressed the importance of fugitive and trivial happenings beyond the dreams of yesterday's journalistic Barnums. They have developed into an art the business of inflating salacious details, superficial gestures and the endlessly unvarying buncombe of Public Characters into seven column headline news; with the result that the mind of the average newspaper reader has been reduced, if reduction were possible, to a St. Vitus dance of fevered and chaotic nonsense. And Mr. Brisbane is the hangover.

His daily column is a gentle and amiable give away of the headline screams which enliven the remainder of the papers for which he writes. Calmly, and with the aid of seventeen sets of encyclopediæ, Mr. Brisbane repudiates from day to day the Importance of News. At times he even moralizes.

His moralizings are frequently succinct and civilized. And frequently they degenerate into a loose mumble, as if it were too dangerous to make oneself understood on some topics. On the whole, however, his moralizings tower splendidly over the moralizings of Dr. Frank Crane, Bruce Barton and such.

To the taxpayers turning from the acrobatic squallings of the headlines to the hangover weariness of Mr. Brisbane, the latter becomes in a very startling manner a great thinker, a tonic. His remarks soothe the frazzled nerves

of the Hearst readers and give them a vicarious sense of cynicism without endangering the comparative emptiness of their heads.

For Mr. Brisbane's thinking does not consist of saying that the fetiches which the press dangles before its customers are wrong or questionable, but merely that they are, compared to something else to be found in an encyclopedia, unimportant.

Mr. Brisbane is Mr. Hearst's Buddha Complex.

THE herding tendency is now hard at work on the afternoon tea crowds. No one—American scientists are obviously shiftless—has ever figured







*All Dressed Up*

out exactly what makes for the popularity of a tea room, but it is certainly true that an unseen shepherd herds the entire flock to a new place almost before its existence has been noised about.

A woman from St. Louis, who comes to New York about every other year, like a copy of the *Dial*, arrived in New York recently. On her last visit, the Biltmore had been the place to go for tea, so quite naturally she arranged a party there for the day after her arrival.

The tea party was had there, to be sure, but it did not take her long to discover that its popularity was on

the wane and that the Plaza is now the place for real two-fisted tea drinking.

It is hard to explain this sudden change, for the Biltmore offers exactly the same inducements as before and the Plaza has moved along in the same way for several years. Of course, when the new ball room and the Terraced Room were added to the Fifty-ninth Street hotel, interest in it was accelerated, so far as dinners and elaborate parties were concerned, but the tea room remains as was. It is merely one of those problems.



# OF ALL THINGS



AS THE NEW YORKER enters upon its seventh week it acknowledges with pleasure the many letters received from its Lifelong Subscribers.

\* \* \*

Our greeting to Spring and the Barnum-Ringling circus—welcome to our publicity.

\* \* \*

As we understand the Warren controversy, the Senate had the legal right to reject a cabinet appointment, but it is not considered the elegant thing to do. The Senate stands by the Constitution and the White House falls by the Book of Etiquette.

\* \* \*

Of course, if the Key to the City fits those famous padlocks, that would be something else again.

\* \* \*

At the hour of going to press our lack of excitement over the Dennistoun divorce case was practically intense. Nobody could be less agog. Besides, this foreign scandal takes newspaper space that should be devoted to wholesome American themes, like the money squabbles of the Gould family.

\* \* \*

More interesting to us were the stories of Mr. Quackenbush's declaration that the subway might be bankrupted if made to lengthen the station platforms, the Wall Street piece about the decline in I. R. T. stocks and Mr. Quackenbush's subsequent statement *re* bankruptcy. This offered a restless mind an opportunity to surmise what went on in the offices of the I. R. T., in Mr. Quackenbush's office and in the publicity office, and the laugh Mayor Hylan (we presume) had with his son-in-law.

\* \* \*

We saw Mr. Hedley once, the only Interest we have ever met. Prior to this we had always felt a little safer with Mayor Hylan in town. Since then we have not felt concern. Mr. Hedley seemed to be merely a good natured, middle-aged business man, somewhat worried, and we felt like patting him on the head and saying, "There, there, don't fret; your little old subway may come out all right after all." Of course, it may not have been one of his carnivorous days.

\* \* \*

If Mr. Charles Beecher Warren will get in touch with our Mr. Banton he may find lucrative employment as a dramatic tone lifter. His experience as a

refiner, a liability in Washington, would be an asset here.

\* \* \*

We believe in a Book Censorship, but we don't seem to tune in with the earnest believers who want to prevent the publication of "objectionable" books. It is our notion that any book which contains anything new, in subject, style or treatment, will be objectionable to somebody; and, if it doesn't contain something new, we don't see the sense of spoiling so much paper. In the interest of our spruce forests, we favor the publication of nothing but objectionable books.

\* \* \*

According to Mrs. Sherman, president of the Federation of Women's Clubs: "The club women of the country hope to awaken their sisters to the necessity of restoring the old fashioned home." But the most prominent feature of the o.f. home was mother—who, in those days,

was not at the women's club.

\* \* \*

Our bet is that Mr. Dawes's campaign to cure the Senate of loquaciousness will make an amusing item in some 1950 paper under the title, "Twenty-five Years Ago."

\* \* \*

"The dread period of 1908 to 1920," writes Jay E. House in the *Evening Post*, "was that of governmental bunk."

We see that—and raise it five years.

\* \* \*

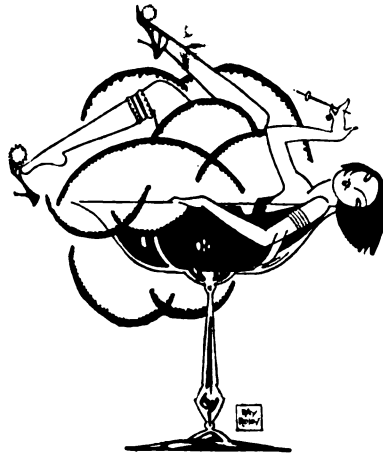
The Turks are said to be mobilizing a hundred thousand men in an effort to affect the Mosul boundary decision but, despite this display of force, we have every confidence that right and justice and Christian civilization will prevail and the British will get the oil.

\* \* \*

Among the dangers which the Roosevelt-Cherrie party will face in the Himalayan region are man-eating tigers. It is consoling to reflect that Kermit understands the ways of these beasts and that Theodore was eaten by one no longer ago than last November.

\* \* \*

It is increasingly evident, since the Prince of Wales is packing up for a new journey, that the British Empire is ruled by a man whose son never settles.



*The New Yorker*

# THE HOUR GLASS

## Vice-Al

THERE is a measure of Seymour Lowman in what he does between Legislative sessions. In Elmira, where he resides, the Lieutenant-Governor of this State occupies himself with the related industries of legal practice and building contracting.

He has been a provincial political leader for many years: chairman of a Republican County Committee; thrice member of the Legislature, and driest of the dries, which adhesion to the Anti-Saloon League was responsible for his nomination last Fall, a sponge being needed to mop up the wetness of T. R. 2's record.

He is grey, the Hon. Seymour Lowman, as befits a man of 56 years, and he peers benevolently at one from behind gold-rimmed spectacles, which help to make him the ideal type for the rôle of Yankee grandfather. Yet at 56 he is just becoming known to the people of the greatest city of his State; and not so favorably known, for he has been fighting a thankless and losing battle for his party throughout the Legislative session just ended. One cannot always have his regularity and his popularity, as Mr. Lowman discovered when he opposed a reduction of the income tax, taking his stand in the interests of up-State counties. For the work, he drew on himself an editorial rebuke from the *Herald Tribune*, the first administered to a Republican statesman by that journal in many days.

## The Puzzling von Phul

IMAGINE the blow to the Hellenic Shipbuilders' Board of Trade if Helen hadn't had that sort of face. One thousand ship contracts unlet. Then you may consider what manner of hurt the cross word industry would have suffered had its official champion been a lady who didn't photograph well. The disease might have struggled along, but it never could have become epidemic.

Fortunately, or unfortunately (we wouldn't dare take Simon & Shuster's opinion about this), Ruth von Phul, who sets bogey each day for one newspaper's puzzle and who supplies another with its daily allotment of horizontals and verticals, is a person of distinct charm, both of appearance and of manner. She is the sort of vivacious young lady one would not look to see going through life with Noah Webster in one hand and the wrong Roget in the other. She is in her early twenties. She is married, the wife of a civil engineer, and somehow she knows how to spell despite a college education. She contracted the cross-word puzzle illness while loyally attending boresome baseball games with Mr. von Phul.

Our National Pastime has much to answer for; and Ruth von Phul's cross-word addiction is not the least count in the indictment.

## It Does Happen

SIX months ago he was just Jim Gleason, another good guy trying to get by; an actor of parts too scattered for comfort; an incident of the Rialto.

Now he is Mr. James Gleason, playwright, co-author of two successful comedies, currently prosperous—"Is Zat So?" and "The Fall Guy" with an income bringing great joy, but which will prove burdensome along about February, 1926. Quite a leap in six months; quite a leap. And the jump preceding, from a sergeantcy in the Old Army to an actor of however few parts, was no inconsiderable stride, either.

The man has portrayed himself faithfully in the rôle he plays, that of the shrewd, slangy, semi-roughneck fight manager in "Is Zat So?". He is what he himself would call "a square shooter." He does the best he can for everyone, including himself.

At present he is not impressed by his new eminence, being too busy enjoying the sudden good fortune come to him after thirty-odd years of lean living. One hopes he will never get to the point of taking his work too seriously; and probably he won't. Whatever else it did, the Old Army bred sergeants with level heads.

## An Artist of Color

HIS mother, they say, was a slave. With no disrespect, one hopes this is not the glowing invention of some press agent. For there could be no finer justice than the fact of a son of slavery having risen to the front rank of artistry among the peoples.

Roland Hayes, whether the slave story be true or no, is the son of America's South, whose gifts to art to-day are chiefly those made by its negro children. He was poor, of course. In 1905 he was a molder in

a stove factory in Chattanooga and a choir singer there. Through infinite sacrifice he acquired a musical education. At one time during his student days he was a waiter at the distinguished Pendennis Club in Louisville. His serving there has added to its lustre.

It was inevitable, for one of his race, that real recognition would have to come abroad before he would be accepted at home. Europe gave him this. He enjoyed three years of triumph on the Continent, rising to the glory of a "command" performance in Buckingham Palace. After that, this democratic land could do no less than hail him as one of talent. He has even been accepted by the South and in West Virginia, a year or so ago, he sang before the first "mixed" audience assembled there since the Civil War. A great accomplishment, truly, before which his present Carnegie Hall successes seem trivial and lustreless.



Seymour Lowman



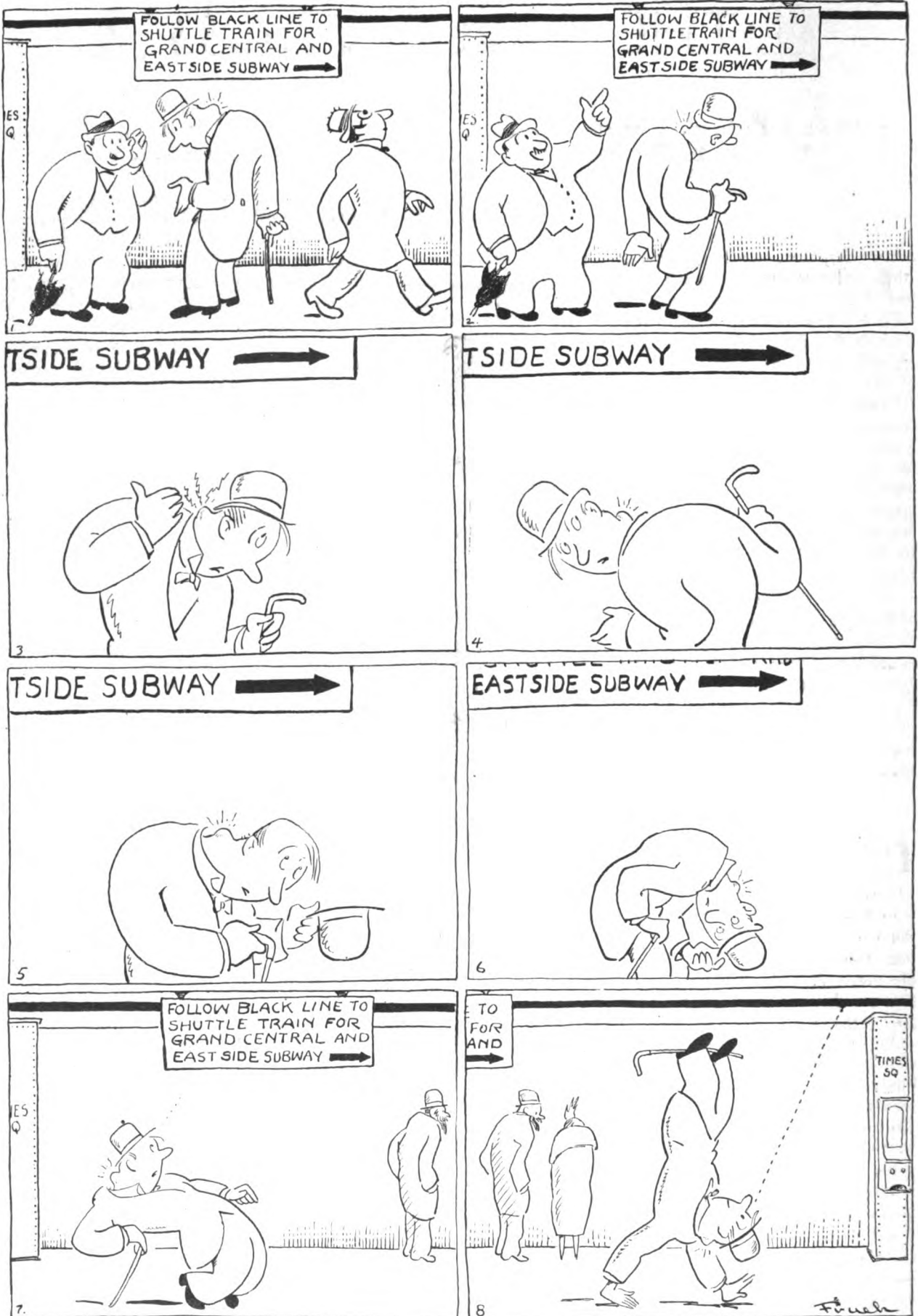
Ruth von Phul



James Gleason



Roland Hayes



A Man, A Boil and A Subway



## A Gentleman with Two Cauliflower Ears

YOU may have caught a noteworthy omission during the critical period when certain distinguished and distinguished looking gentlemen of the armed forces of the United States came so near busting one or more blood vessels in the course of the intemperate reproaches they levelled at "What Price Glory?" This gap accounts for the fact that the resolution of censure was not unanimous, though passed under the unit rule with none but admirals and generals voting. The tally stands: against the play—the Army, the Navy; not voting—the Marine Corps.

The reason the tally stands so is that when the storm broke the Marine Corps generals consulted with a captain who had the gumption to insist that the play was all right. By this means I introduce to you John H. Craige, a gentleman with two cauliflower ears, captain and publicity magi of the U. S. Marine Corps. The heavy end of a publicity man's art sometimes is knowing when to keep his client out of print. Captain Craige knew that time and in a delicate situation maintained the Marine Corps traditional high average for sapient self-advertising.

The Captain has been preserved to us, thus to serve well his corps and his country, by reason of the fact that some twenty years ago a trial jury in Colorado declined to hang him for murder. In point of fact the jury declined to do anything with the defendant, Craige, except to acquit him with applause. In those days the subject of our sketch was not a Marine but a miner, who played a little poker on the side. While thus employed one evening it became necessary for him to diminish the activities of a fellow sportsman, who having introduced a fifth ace into the game, sought to eliminate the principal eye-witnesses.

When the trial was over Jack Craige decided that gambling sometimes led to other things which might (conceivably) get an innocent man into trouble, so he decided to go to Alaska and pursue his calling as a miner undisturbed by the allurements of the world. In Alaska he found an abundance of snow, but no gold to speak of. Still, the fact that he could recite the Episcopal burial service made him popular at funerals, and his track experience at college helped out when he forsook mining in favor of mushing the Chilcoot trail.

So the year passed pleasantly enough. He came

back to the States and went to dealing faro for Tex Rickard at Goldfield. Gambling was all right if you made a business of it, it seemed. It's the amateurs who get into trouble. Besides Jack had a theory about faro. You take an ordinary pack of fifty-two cards—

But there is scarcely time to go into that here, for when America began to assemble its athletes to raid the Olympic games in 1908, Mr. Craige, though a professional gambler, was an amateur athlete. He was the amateur middleweight boxing champion of the Atlantic Division. When the games were over at London he went over to the Balkans where a war was going on, with the intention of siding with the Serbs. The war petered out before he got there, though, and Mr. Craige had just the fare to Paris, providing he worked his passage through the Mediterranean. This was simple enough because (did I tell you?) Craige is a sailor, having run off to seek a career on



Captain John H. Craige

the sea when he was fourteen years old.

He got to Paris on Saturday and wanted to eat, but relinquished his last fifty centime piece in exchange for a copy of *Le Sport*. This excellent journal imparted the information that a three-round boxing match was a part of every Saturday evening's entertainment at the Cirque de Paris: M. Quelquechose, the current French champion, met all comers, and any who stayed three rounds won fifty francs.

That night at the Cirque de Paris there was some commotion at the stage door because an American exponent of la boxe insisted on getting in without a ticket. But Jack—for it was indeed he—got in and met M. Quelquechose in the ring. The fight lasted not three rounds but three seconds. Next Saturday night it lasted only two seconds. M. Craige became the champion of France. He fought twice a week. He acquired a French manager and was getting rich.

"Ah, next Saturday night I have the grand fight for you. A fellow countryman. What you call a colored American."

"What's his name?" inquired M. Carpentier's predecessor.

"Monsieur Sam McVey."

This was on Wednesday. M. Craige asked his manager to witness the fact that he had a severe cold. On Friday the state of M. Craige's health necessitated his departure for Nice. On Saturday M. Sam

McVey became the acclaimed champion of France.

In time the undefeated ex-champion found employment on the rewrite desk of the *Evening World*. Have I neglected to mention that Mr. Craige was by profession a journalist? He was, and he was once city editor of Mr. Munsey's *Philadelphia Times*. Craige threw up a \$12,000 publicity job and lined up with God and the Marines when the war came.

When they put the stock inquiry about previous military experience Craige made some passing allusion to the Guatemalan, Nicaraguan and Honduran armies. Did I leave that out, too? It is too bad if I did, because Senor Craige has served attractively on the field of honor under those flags. He still carries a Guatemalan bullet around with him.

So they made him a captain of Marines and when he got back from France General Lejeune took him for aide-de-camp and the director of publicity of the corps. In these capacities the captain whisks about between Washington, Haiti, the Pacific Coast, the Broadway shows and other strong points on the far-flung Marine horizon.

Have I omitted to state that the captain comes from an old Rittenhouse Square family in Philadelphia and is related to the Biddles? That he has the manners of a cavalier? That he sometimes wears a dinner coat and a dress suit both in the same evening and

also wears both to perfection? It is only too true.

His quarters in Washington are an untidy litter of books, boxing gloves, elephant guns, fencing paraphernalia, chemical formulas and pictures. The captain is a connoisseur of the arts and last winter astonished a lady from du Pont Circle who asked him to tea to tell about his I. W. W. days with Big Bill Haywood. Jack opened up and talked for an hour on Hogarth, innocently preempting the topic of a gentleman who had been imported all the way from New York for that very purpose.

Last night your correspondent dropped in on Jack to do a cross word puzzle, but was regaled instead with a lecture on Immanuel Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. Which was sufficiently confusing to suit the needs of the moment.

Wherefore, is it any wonder that by silence the Marine Corps gives consent to the best piece of Marine propaganda since Chateau-Thierry—the same which is now in exercise at the Plymouth Theatre?

In May the captain retires as aide to General Lejeune to join the Gendarmerie de Haiti and will wear a plume in his hat, but he will remain the same old Jack who still regards himself as possessing only one small claim to distinction. That is the fact that he one time gave President Harding a chew of tobacco.

—*Quid*

## Lithographs

WHEN it snows in the city,  
(The streets are clean and dry in a week or less),  
I sit in the Queen Anne Room  
Of my hundred dollar a week suite,  
And think how it used to snow out there  
In Montana before I sold the sheep  
And came to Wall Street,  
And cocktails,  
And dinner clothes.  
When Spring comes in the city  
(You discover it by the thermometer)  
I try to remember Spring on the ranch—  
Compare roll-your-own cigarettes  
And Corona-Coronas,  
Grass in Montana and no grass  
On Broadway.  
Used to punch sheep for a living—  
Now I punch  
Buzzers.

You can't see the stars at night  
In New York City—  
There is too much glare in the streets.  
If some one called me Bill now,  
I wouldn't even turn around;  
And every time I get in my limousine  
I want to throw my leg  
Over the fender.  
When it's summer in the city I remember  
That I haven't seen a bee  
For thirteen years—  
And out in Montana  
They are still carrying honey to my old hive  
Behind the big barn.  
Tickers and financial pages,  
Telephones and brokers:  
All in thirteen years.  
Lord! I'm glad I sold those ornery sheep!

—*Young Knick.*



## FEZ AND THE DARK AGE

NOT so long ago I was reclining on a divan in the ancient Moorish city of Fez. The palace in which I was a guest looked like Al-Hambra, although the wealthy Arab who owned it had built it himself not thirty years ago. The walls were a maze of lace-like wood and creamy arabesques. The ceiling was intricate with gems. At my feet burned a brasier of scented charcoals. An Ethiopian slave girl, silent and slight, kept taking from my hand the half empty cup and filling it afresh with herb-spiced tea.



Beside me were three noblemen of Islam: mine host, his son who was an exquisite youth adept at composing verse in classic Arabic, and a philosopher from Tunis. As we chatted and sipped our ceremonial cups, a song came from across the inner court whose roof was the clear sky of Africa. It was a muffled harmony of many women's voices—the hidden word of the *Harim*.

"Tell us about America," said the young poet.

"We know enough about America," explained his father, "to be eager to know more."

"Your country is not strange to us here," said the Tunisian. "Of course there are no *cinemas* in ancient cities like Fez-el-Bali. But in the European quarters of many African towns, there are theatres. And when we go to theatre, it is to see America."

"What a romantic world is yours!" exclaimed the poet, clapping his hands twice. A second slave girl glided into the room, heard the low Arabic command and disappeared. There was a shuffling of bare feet on the cold tiled floor outside. And now a minor music drifted in. The voices were dry and quiet like the strings that accompanied them.

"It is hard," the poet went on, "hard to know that America is *real*. Were it not that motion pictures are photography, one might doubt that such perfection could exist—in our age—in our drab world."

"Photographs cannot lie," said the Tunisian.

"Your wondrous women! So noble, so pure. We know them all. We know Mary Pickford. We have beheld the immaculate countenance of Gloria Swanson."

"If Moslem women were so chaste of soul, their faces might not need veils," observed the father.

"You perhaps require the Law of the Prophet less than we do," remarked the Tunisian, a most broad-minded follower of Mohammed.

"Ah, it is not so!" returned the poet. "Is it not rather, that in America they do obey his laws? They work—all the men work. All the women make good wives. There is no drinking of wine."

"Yours is a happy world," said the Tunisian. He wrapped his burnoose about him and sipped his tea. "It is hard for us to know that it is real." The song of the

slave girls ceased. Once again the plaintive murmur of the *Harim* warmed the cool night air of the patio.

Mine host went on: "We know even the streets of your cities—the clean, high *soukhs* of New York, Chicago, San Francisco. We know Fifth Avenue where everybody lives. What a long street it must be! And no dirt, no smoke, no poverty! One thinks of the gardens of Allah underneath which flow waters. . . ."

"But, father," said the serious young poet, "America is not like Paradise. Thou forgettest that Paradise has no struggle. In America there is struggle. Americans are human." He turned to me. "I have followed the drama of your American life. I understand a little. You must not think that we idealize—that because our world is so dull, we make a romance about America. We know, for instance, that American wives are sometimes tempted."

"Ah," said the Tunisian, "but they do not fall. They err a little way; then, before it is too late, they come back to their home."

"There are bad men in your stoney mountains. Brigands like among the Berbers of our Rif."

"Do they not reform, ere they die?" said the Tunisian. "Do they not often end their days as officers of the law?"

"You have a social conflict," remarked the father who was a *Cherif*, a true descendant of Mohammed. "The men of your lower classes seem at times to have strange notions of what they call their 'rights.'"

The philosopher answered: "There are evil men everywhere, and idle women—even in New York. But you have noticed, my brother, that the princes and nobles of America have solved this problem of the social conflict. They have solved it with justice. If a man of the lower classes is a great mechanic or craftsman, or a great counter of money, he is admitted to the upper class. Often, he receives the master's daughter in marriage."

"Your aristocracy," said the poet, "like the one originated by the Prophet, is based on merit. The wise become the rich; the noble becomes the master."

There was a pause in which I asked a question:

"Has not this original aristocracy of the Prophet lasted? Have evil changes come upon Islam?"

The Cherif spoke: "Islam has wandered far from the laws of Al Koran. We have been rewarded with the curse of idleness and corruption: with the Curse whose name is the European."

"Perhaps you do not know how Islam is heartened in his downcast state by the pictures of America," said the man from Tunis. "You have seen our cities from Egypt to the western sea. Reality for us is poverty, chaos, slavery. But though we are feeble, we are better than the Barbarians



from Europe whom the Prophet has sent to scourge us, as a curse upon us. We know these men and women from Paris and London. The men drink, cheat, gamble, lie. The women commit adultery. If they taught us something better than greed and craftiness, we could have understood more easily why the Prophet's curse took this form—why he sent these people to enslave us.

"But as the old saying is: 'Eat deep enough into the gall and you will find a reason.' We understand. The invasion of France and England and Spain has brought along with it the pictures of America. America's message of blessing has been sent us through this curse. Had we heard of America through the mouths of the European, we should not have believed. We should have looked on New York and on Gloria

Swanson as romantic myths. But photographs do not lie."

"Take back to your country our thanks," said the old Cherif. "We have been heartened by you. We will endeavor to emulate you. Since you do not break the law against strong drink, we shall strive to obey it. Since your women are free and yet pure, we shall strive (as the Prophet commanded) to free ours. Since all your cities are clean, and all your laborers and artisans and farmers rich, we shall be generous, too."

The eyes of the young poet gleamed.

"To this I dedicate my life! Some day Fez-el-Bali shall be like New York!"

He clapped his hands: a slave girl glided in, bringing fresh-incensed brasiers.—*Search-Light*

## STORY OF MANHATTANKIND

FROM time immemorial, New York has been famous for its art. "Time immemorial" means as long as folks can remember. New Yorkers never could remember very long.

Art was invented in Greenwich Village.

Greenwich Village was invented by a real estate agent. His tenants all belonged to the bourgeoisie, and they kicked like steers whenever the roof leaked or the radiators froze up.

"What this town needs," he said, "is an Artistic Temperament."

So he assembled some bank clerks and underwear salesmen, and pointed them out to each other as Typical Bohemians. He called this process "Seeing the Village" and upon those who saw the village three times, he conferred the title of "Old Villager." This gave the wearer the right to rent a studio with a stuffed-up fireplace, beautifully situated above a Chinese laundry.

Putting up with these inconveniences soon developed radicalism and the artistic temperament, both of which were greatly appreciated by the business leaders of the burg.

It had been customary, also, for families to hang on to their furniture and move it with them from place to place, but with the advent of the artistic temperament, they got to throwing it out the window instead. The dealers then picked it up, and sold the



*He Pointed Out Typical Bohemians*

broken pieces to newcomers who were going in for art.

Greenwich Village was said to be unconventional. The rest of the city thought this was naughty, so the Village became popular. Regular New Yorkers pretended to like the conventions. That was before they had one. But when one at last came to the city, New York changed its mind.

The convention soon became chronic, but New York eventually got rid of it by threatening to tear the building down.

Robert Edmond Jones was another of the great Mythical Characters of this era. He was known as the Ruler of the World, but only at home.

The next most prominent peak in New York's skyline was known as the Woolworth Building. It was a sort of Memorial Temple built to commemorate the glories of the five and ten cent stores. There were said to be ten thousand of these stores in the city; and there is an ancient legend that beer was once five cents and hard liquor ten. Whether these are the stores which the Temple commemorated is not definitely known, but the temple was built in the shape of a bung-starter.

Emperor Volstead captured New York in the early part of the twentieth century. Sudden death was no longer cheap. It cost sixty cents a shot.

### Those Prejudiced Critics

The change of scene in the last act (of "Siegfried") which nearly cost Mr. Taucher his life, or at least some permanent injury, was well contrived.

—The Times

### Blood is Thicker, Isn't It?

We read that certain Eskimos make their wives chew seal-skin in order to soften it. This is what the Americans call "putting the moth in mother."

—Punch

### Soft for the Page Boys

Frank Wawak, Jr., and William Wawak, of the Bilhuber Wawak Co., are in the market, stopping at the Hotel Prince George.

—Daily News Record





IT'S a pretty sad thing to see people you've known and loved grow gray and old-timers before their time. And yet it's happened twice this season, both times at Dillingham openings of Barrie revivals, and about the only reason this piece is being written is to fix things so it won't happen again.

This department has never seen Maude Adams. (Add the circumstance that Maude Adams has never seen this department, either, and you've got a pretty good start for a play. Miss Adams, see, is this department's aunt and has written that she's coming to New York to pay that visit she's been threatening for twenty years and particularly to see this department's new and snappy bride that it's been writing her about. But, alas, this department has no bride and only said it had one so it could get a larger monthly allowance out of Aunt Maude, who's rich as blazes. What to do? Just then the bell rings. It's a little milliner, who's come to the wrong apartment by mistake.)

This department, in case you've forgotten, has never seen Maude Adams. But it does know that statistics prove that the young women of the town are much more beautiful than they were twenty years ago, that there are five papers in New York with more good writing to the column than there were in ten issues of the old *Sun*, (which was the *Columbia Spectator* of its time), and that most of the old men about town had to be driven to the Hoffman House at cocktail hour with a whip, and it is not going to have its lobby conversations made ineffectual by the doctrine that the sun of theatrical charm set at about the time it was fighting Irish boys on the lower East Side.

Thus, the other evening at the Globe, a large part of the first-night audience put in its time watching how well Ruth Chatterton was playing the rôle of Maude Adams in "The Little Minister," a rôle that the program foolishly called *Lady Babbie*. The result, of course, was that Miss Chatterton had about as much chance of getting a favorable response as this department has of getting a smile out of the boys at the Union League Club, who read their Benchley like a Bible and denounce imitations.

For the record—this, mind you, is a statement of fact, not of opinion—Miss Chatterton was pretty good, and this is a department that can distinguish very

well between the woman and the actress. She was a little arch in her charm, to be sure, but the spectacle of her occasional flagrant reaches for wistfulness was puny compared to the massive gropings in the same direction by the distinguished author of her play.

"The Little Minister," as a play, is pretty poor stuff, and it's a bit of a shame that it wasn't produced under a nom de plume, so that some of the ink-stained wretches could have had a dandy time writing about a plot that would blow up any time any character went sane and told who *Babbie's* father really was. And then that delightful second act scene—it must run close to fifteen minutes—in which *Babbie* and her father discuss the mysterious gypsy woman, and only you and *Babbie* know that she's the gypsy. And on top of that, as if your cup of joy weren't already full to overflowing, there's that cute device by which the old Lord forbids the marriage of *Gavin* and *Babbie* but insists upon the marriage of *Gavin* and the gypsy woman, all because he doesn't know, the old silly, that *Babbie* is the gypsy woman.

Ralph Forbes, a young English actor who came to America about three months after "I'll Say She Is" opened, does handsomely as little *Gavin*. In the race for wistfulness, he leaves Barrie far behind. And the rest of the cast gives some excellent performances of some musical comedy characters Barrie thought up.

THE theatre, too, gets its Veldt-Schmerz in the Spring. It wasn't so long ago that "Cape Smoke" opened and "White Cargo" has been playing in Judge Knox's court room and a number of other theatres forever. So what does a new organization called "The Stagers" do but produce "The Blue Peter," and the curtain rises and shows you the White Man's Burden drinking Tom Collines against an indigo background. But, although David Hunter, the hero, goes back home to get married, he can never get the call of Algeria out of his blood. He argues with his wife about it for three acts, but the married men in the audience are pathetically aware of a Christmas tree standing in his parlor from the very beginning and he might just as well have saved his breath; you can't argue with a woman, they're all alike. He'll find that

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### The New Plays

THE LITTLE MINISTER. At the *Globe*. A fair production of a poor play. Subject of next week's debate: Was Lincoln a Greater President than Maude Adams?

THE BLUE PETER. At the *Fifty-Second Street*. The Stagers' first production. But the Guild's first production was "Bonds of Interest." There is a group of distinguished patrons.

EVE'S LEAVES. At *Wallack's*. A new play by Harry Chapman Ford.

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out. And if you think he went back to Algeria after all, that shows how much you know.

"The Stagers," unless proper precautions are taken in time, seem likely to grow up into another Theatre Guild, and then there'll be two tapestry balls each Winter. However, they have still to catch their Helen Westley.

In the present production, Warren William, Margaret Vonnegut, George Riddell and Mary Kennedy give good, though obvious, performances. Margaret Wycherly is all right as an actress, too, but she plays one of those white-haired mothers who sit around patiently and say, "My dear, life goes on just the same," in a sweet voice, that should be saved for convicts on the morning of their walk to the electric chair.

### *And They Do Say—*

THE Friars Club, a few nights ago, tendered a dinner in honor of Governor Al Smith, and people who had just about recovered from last season's vapors were treated anew to an attack of "The Sidewalks of New York." But Governor Smith is a properly popular person and so there were no objections. In fact, everything was most harmonious, and the occasion seems likely to go down into history, for the largest part, as the locale of another Louis Mann story.

Mr. Mann is, without contradiction, the greatest actor in the world. So valuable and important a person is he, indeed, that a few weeks ago, when he angrily left the cast of an ungrateful play, the management, though it had but two more performances to live, went to the expense of inserting a large ad in the *Times* that read: "A HOWLING SUCCESS, without LOUIS MANN."

But to return to Mr. Mann. Something was said, or perhaps unsaid, at the dinner that gave him offense. The receipt of offense is to Mr. Mann not the occasion for the birth of a secret. He muttered, growled, murmured and complained, loudly and with an increasing volume of tone. He was, it was finally gleaned, going to resign from the Friars Club, at whose dinner table he was now feasting. When, it was asked? As soon as ever he finished his dinner, answered Mr. Mann, his rage decreasing no bit.

MR. ZIEGFELD, readers of the dramatic pages in newspapers are aware, is always sending telegrams. But it is a bit malicious for Mr. Ziegfeld's own offices to spread the report, as they do, that Mr. Ziegfeld saved 180 lives at the recent fire in Palm Beach by sending to the occupants of 180 rooms in the burning Breakers the following telegram:

"Come down at once the hotel is burning. When in New York see the Ziegfeld Follies and Leon Errol in 'Louie the 14th.' 'Louie the 14th' cost over two

hundred thousand dollars to produce. Present Follies is funniest ever, say all critics. How are you?"

THIS is about to be what most people would regard as the record of a not particularly handsome bit of behavior. And yet the person it concerns will like as not be indignant that his name is not mentioned, his ideas of publicity being what they are.

A few weeks ago, then, there was a tragic death of the wife of a composer who had written two or three tunes for one of the town's most prominent musical successes. The papers, the following day, in reporting the sad event, said that she was the wife of the man who had written the music for the show in question, an excusable error, since newspapers are not required to be thoroughly acquainted with all the inner authorships of scores.

A week later, in California, the man who had written most of the music—barring the two or three tunes to which reference has been made—received the New York papers. He read, as a slight detail of stories dealing with a tragic death, where it was said that another was composer of the score, and not part-composer. Whereupon he hastened to the telegraph office and demanded of his New York producer that efforts be made to induce the newspapers to publish corrections.

DRAMATIC criticism, it is no secret, is of all sorts. It was, thus, Percy Hammond who, in April, 1917, said tersely of a play, "C'est le guerre." And it was Ashton Stevens, as reported by Mr. Hammond, who said maliciously of a revue known as "Round the Town" that the show ran late but the audience early. And it was William Winter who wrote forever and ever of plays that didn't run quite so long.

But a new piece of criticism has come along that has made the remarks of the past so much waste effort. Unfortunately, it is of little consequence unless it is uttered in the hearing of John V. A. Weaver, husband of Peggy Wood and author of "In American" and other books of verse. At the time of going to press, Mr. Weaver had heard it nineteen times and was getting a bit tired of it.

It follows:

A number of theatrical men were discussing the Actors' Theatre choice of Miss Wood as successor to Miss Cornell in the rôle of *Candida*. For the most part, it was believed that Miss Wood would fill the rôle admirably.

There was one dissenter, who kept muttering to himself. Finally he was prevailed upon to formulate the reasons for his dissent.

"Well," he said, "you're out of your mind. She's not the type, for one thing, that a young poet would fall in love with."





### THE ACTORS' THEATRE'S THIRD KNOCK-OUT

*Bring Your Lunch and Remain in Your Seats to See "The Wild Duck"*

**A** THUMB-NAIL sketch of Miss Laurette Taylor drawn by one who, though absent in Europe during Miss Taylor's appearances at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre in special mat-

inees of "Pierrot the Prodigal," saw Miss Taylor in "Peg O' My Heart" some years ago and Miss Patterson in "Pierrot the Prodigal" in 1916 and remembers both pleasantly.—R. B.

# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

## THE THEATRE

### CANDIDA—Ambassador

A masterpiece of modern comedy, with Richard Bird as *Marchbanks* and Peggy Wood as *Candida*.

### WHAT PRICE GLORY?—Plymouth

It took the American stage 150 years to learn how to do a job as good as this noble play about toughs in agony.

### THE WILD DUCK—The Forty-eighth Street

An experience whereby the younger generation can rediscover that Ibsen was a middling good playwright.

### THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse

The comedy which gave the critics something else to be monotonous about besides "The First Year."

### THE GUARDSMAN—Booth

An early Molnarism with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt happily inaugurating the most promising partnership since Abercrombie & Fitch.

### THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

Pauline Lord and others in a good, earthy, hearty retelling of Paolo and Francesca's little difficulty—this time with a San Francisco waitress as the heroine.

### THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

Ernest Truex having the time of his youngish life in a comedy that is as ornery, as filling and as popular as a stack of wheats.

### PIERROT THE PRODIGAL—The Forty-eighth Street

Special matinees of a winning French pantomime with Laurette Taylor extraordinarily fine as a mute but far from inglorious Pierrot.

### IS ZAT SO?—The Forty-sixth Street

The nearest thing to "Lightnin'" since "Lightnin'."

### SILENCE—National

H. B. Warner and John Wray in a melodrama about a con man with ideals.

### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco

A farce about the Florence of the Medicis written as if it were yesterday, with Joseph Schildkraut making the faces, Frank Morgan making the hit and Edwin Justus Mayer making the beds.

### PROCESSIONAL—The Forty-ninth Street

A motley play, confusingly reviewed as though it reeked with hidden meanings, whereas it is chiefly full of mere excitement and beauty.

### MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box

The fourth of these extravaganzas with Irving Berlin writing a stirring score and then playing absolutely safe in casting it.

### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

George Gershwin's music with a lot of youth, good looks and Astaires thrown in.

### ROSE MARIE—Imperial

The most popular musical comedy of the year, thus proving once more that the public is not such a fool as it looks.

### BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Shubert

This, the best of American expressionist plays, has just returned to town, after a peculiarly successful tour in the Dubuques. If you haven't seen it, the more fool you.

### ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

By far the funniest of the Follies, what with W. C. Fields and W. C. Fields.

### LOUIE THE FOURTEENTH—Cosmopolitan

A wonderful production, full of colors and motion, and Leon Errol. He does his old stuff, but to Errol is human.



## MOVING PICTURES

### THE LAST LAUGH—

Germany contributes another landmark to the advance of the motion picture drama. Should be seen by everyone. Yorkville Casino, Eighty-sixth Street and Lexington Avenue, April 1, 2, 3 and 4.

### GREED—

Von Stroheim's interesting adventure in shifting Frank Norris's "McTeague" to the screen. State Theatre, Brooklyn, March 31. Newlaw Theatre, Second Avenue and Second Street, April 1, 2, 3, 4.

"The Goose Hangs High" will be shown beginning April 26 in all Loew Theatres.

## MUSIC

### WANDA LANDOWSKA—Aeolian Hall

Evening, March 31. The best of old music for harpsichord and piano by a genius, with Mengelberg conducting.

### MYRA HESS—Aeolian Hall

Evening, April 1. No fooling—here's a wham of a pianist.

### JASCHA HEIFETZ—Carnegie Hall

Afternoon, April 5. Last chance to hear the only Yesh.

### JOHN McCORMACK—Carnegie Hall

Evening, April 5. Eat your supper in Carnegie and stay for one of the really great.

## WITH THE ORCHESTRAS

*Philharmonic*, Mengelberg conducting: Carnegie Hall, evening, April 1 (soloist: Yolanda Mero); evening, April 2, afternoon, April 3, (soloist: Germaine Tailleferre). Metropolitan Opera House, afternoon, April 5, (soloists: Sundelius and Cahier).

*New York Symphony*, Damrosch conducting: Carnegie Hall, afternoon, April 2, evening, April 3, (soloist: Rachmaninoff). Aeolian Hall, afternoon April 5, (soloist: Lawrence Tibbett).

*Friends of Music*, Bodanzky conducting: Town Hall, afternoon, April 5.

## AT THE METROPOLITAN

Afternoon, April 1, *Aida*; evening, April 1, *Faust*; evening, April 2, *La Juive*; evening, April 3, *Tristan und Isolde*; afternoon, April 4, *L'Oracolo and Coq d'Or*; evening, April 4, *Carmen*.

## ART

### ANNUAL SHOW—National Academy

One hundredth exhibition of National Academy of Design with blue ribbons and runners-up. Opens April 1.

### HENRI MATISSE—Weyhe Galleries

Drawings, lithographs and etchings of the great master at prices in reach of all.

### LEON KROLL—Rehn Galleries

Sixteen interesting paintings by one of the Woodstock school. Careful and cautious.

### GEORGE BELLOW—Frederick Keppel Gallery

Exhibition of lithographs and drawings by an artist who had more sense of life than any American working at it.

### YOUNG MODERNS—Dudensing Galleries

Colorful stuff of Art Students League painters; modernism after it has been to school.

## OTHER EVENTS

### THE CIRCUS—Madison Square Garden

Annual engagement. Last season in historic Garden.

### RAINBOW BALL—Ritz-Carlton

April 3. Annual ball for the benefit of the Association for the Aid of Crippled Children.

### RUTH ST. DENIS—Carnegie Hall

Afternoon and evening, March 31. With Ted Shawn in new program of dances.



AMERICAN music insists on making itself heard, although it was our intention to expound the beauties of the revival of "Pelleas et Melisande" at the Metropolitan and to convince the subscribers that Lawrence Gilman is not the only musical commentator who can be moved to prose by Debussy's opera. Yet, we have had another effort at the Great American Opera in the near past and an American orchestral work has been performed with such success that its critic-composer was compelled to traverse 220 yards or thereabouts up and down the aisles of Carnegie Hall, from row W to the platform and back, to acknowledge a series of spontaneous ovations. Why not, as the car cards have it, patronize your neighborhood composer?

The critic-composer, as the prescient have suspected, was Deems Taylor whose "Through the Looking Glass" suite had three consecutive performances by the Philharmonic Orchestra under direction of Mr. Mengelberg. This sequence of five sketches probably holds the New York record among American works for the greatest number of performances in the last few years. It was played first in its chamber music orchestra form by the New York Chamber Music Society, and repeated in its long pants by Mr. Damrosch with the New York Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Stokowski with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Mr. Barlow with the American-National Orchestra, Mr. Reiner with the Philharmonic Orchestra at the Stadium Concerts, and now again by Mr. Mengelberg.

Almost all of the Western orchestras have produced Mr. Taylor's composition, and these performances, along with the radio broadcasting of the first of the three Philharmonic hearings under Mr. Mengelberg, probably have made it known to music lovers throughout the land.

The highest praise that could be awarded to "Through the Looking Glass" would be that it is worthy of its theme; and that praise is awarded freely. Here are "dreaming eyes of wonder" and even those who consider nationalism in music to be merely one of those things may confess to a little thrill of pride over Deems Taylor's "love-gift of a fairy tale." Mr. Mengelberg conducted the music as though the composer never had written an unkind word about him.

Would that we might continue in this vein touchin' on and pertainin' to Charles Wakefield Cadman's "The Garden of Mystery," an opera in one act and three curtain drops, fashioned after Hawthorne's "Rappaccini's Daughter" by Nelle Richmond Eberhart! This piece, written some fourteen years ago, was brought to Carnegie Hall as the feature of an All American evening in aid of the Association of Music School Settlements. There was a cast of five native singers, a home grown orchestra conducted by Howard Barlow, four indigenous dancers from the Noyes School of Rhythm, and stage setting supplied courteously by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Mr. Cadman's work had not been in progress for more than ten minutes before it became reasonably obvious that no history was being made. The psychological story is undramatic and Mr. Cadman's ear-filling but uneventful music does not compensate for the lack of interest in the fable. Of the singers, only Yvonne de Treville salvaged her rôle, and of the orchestra, nothing fearfully enthusiastic may be reported. Mr. Barlow dispensed rhythmic indications and cues manfully and musically against discouraging odds, and the rather fashionable audience departed early and often. In view of the strange idiom of the text, the lack of diction on the part of the vocalists may be set down as an asset.



Dusolina Giannini

This is Bach year. Harold Samuel, that brilliant and stimulating pianist from England, seems to have started the revival with two Bach programs which not only drew, but delighted audiences. There have been few piano or violin recitals which have not indulged in a little Bach slapping, and even singers have braved the difficulties of the old master's vocal writing. The annual Lenten performance of the St. John Passion by the Friends of Music made more friends of Bach, and soon we are to have the St. Matthew Passion under Mr. Mengelberg's auspices. The large advance sale for the St. John Passion and the St. Matthew Passion is attributed by some observers to the popular belief that these titles refer to film productions.

The fortieth anniversary of Walter Damrosch as a conductor was celebrated Friday last, and THE NEW YORKER takes pleasure in congratulating this remarkable young man not only on his achievements but on the bright future which is certain to be his.



WE never tire of Matisse. An exhibition of his paintings early in the fall was the most inspiring thing we had seen in a long while. The current exhibition, ending Saturday, April 4, at the Weyhe Gallery is of his drawings, lithographs and etchings. There are some twenty drawings, a like number of lithographs and thirty etchings. And all of them are so moderately priced that you wonder why the whole lot is not gold starred. The lithographs are as low as twenty-five dollars with some exceptional studies among them.

For us Matisse can do more with a line than any artist now working at it. A few lines and he has the head of a girl as exciting and as full of movement as a dozen of your good academicians. From time to time we have urged on you the virtues of being an art patron in a modest way. Seek out the Weyhe Gallery, on Lexington Avenue above Sixty-first Street, and you can get something from a master for the price of a covert charge.

A second visit to the seven Americans at the Steiglitz exhibition at the Anderson Galleries, finds us with little change for our first enthusiasms. Perhaps we have faltered a little on O'Keeffe. At first sight her color forms arrest you and hold you in awe; she is a colorist with few rivals. Perhaps it is that her painting is a bit too clever. The slickness aids your eye in sliding over the compositions, as one slides over new ice. Whereas in the pictures of Marsden Hartley the uncouthness gives you something to fasten on.

The Grand Royal Asininity Prize was won recently and we doubt if it will ever be won away from the victors—the Willard Metcalf executors. It would be only fair however, if the holders, in perpetuity, would pass the pewter cup around, so that all the nice, pollyana editors in town could hold a leg of it for awhile. They would be charmed by the silver lining.

About the time we decide to

pull out all our hair over the disgraceful state of affairs, we calm down and decide that it is not so important. Time, after all, may not much care that the three executors met and decided to destroy fourteen of Metcalf's paintings that "would not be of any value to his reputation." The executors announce proudly that they have already burned a dozen canvases; things done in the earlier Metcalf manner. The formula is simple; the more burned, the fewer left—the fewer left, the higher the price. Why stop at a mere dozen paintings and fourteen?

That will hardly make a nick in the Metcalfs extant. If the executors can devise some way to burn all of the Metcalfs except two, those two will bring a pretty figure! And after all, isn't that the purpose of art—a high selling price?

We devoutly hope that by some freak of circumstance one of those pictures got away. That some janitor misplaced a canvas or even pilfered it from the studio.

That some ten years from now it will be discovered. And we hope that the picture will be one that Metcalf did in some idle hour not filled with bitterness. Something playful and happy that he brushed out because it filled an inward longing and expressed a mood. Something he wanted to paint: not something he felt he must paint because Mr. Milch had already written \$4,000 on a price tag and was 'phoning that the last Berkshire landscape was two hours overdue. If the Gods (not the executors) let such a one survive, it will doubtless go down to posterity as the "good Metcalf."

For your betting odds are 100 to 1 that the things destroyed will be the things that should have been kept.

The weak spot in all this rancor is that the artist's will suggests that his best pictures be kept, the others destroyed. What God had he painted for these last years, and with what a troubled soul, that he died uncertain of his own handiwork, assigning to a legal testamentary decisions he dare not face in life?



## Lyrics from the Pekinese

### XIX

"G. BORGLUM, the carver of  
cliffs,

And his former abettors  
Should bury their orgulous tiffs,  
Extraditions and letters.  
Those chivalrous Southrons should say,  
And their tone should be gentle,  
'Dear Gutzon, it's only our way;  
We are so temp'rmantal!  
Go back to your Jacksons and Lees,'"  
Said the small Pekinese.

### XX

"Great authors of various brands—  
Psychologic, romantic,  
Are trooping in polyglot bands  
From across the Atlantic  
To lecture and read for a spell,  
If we're properly humble;  
A few of them talk pretty well  
Though a lot of them mumble;  
But all of them get the bawbees,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

### XXI

"Those senators, angry because  
Of a well-deserved scolding,  
Derided the late Mr. Dawes  
In a rhyme of their molding.  
Such lines!—the sub-basement of  
verse!  
Why, to class them as doggerel  
Would libel a dog; they are worse;  
They are sheer demagoguerel;  
Who dares to compare them with  
these!"  
Growled the small Pekinese.

—Arthur Guiterman

## THE ADVENTURES OF A PLAY JUROR

**M**INE is a sad story. A few months ago I was a happy man. I was rich, successful and respected; I had a beautiful and devoted wife and three lovely children. In fact, I had everything in life that a man could wish for. Now, alas, all that is past. I am broken, desolate,—ruined.

I was on my way home from my office one evening when a paper fluttered through the window of my limousine. I picked it up idly and glanced at it. "Be in the lobby of the Ritz at ten o'clock to-night," I read. "Wear a purple orchid in your buttonhole." I examined the note carefully; it was written on expensive, scented note paper. There was no signature. Naturally I was puzzled and a bit disturbed. In a moment of reckless curiosity I decided to keep the appointment and to say nothing to my wife.

At five minutes of ten that night I stood in the lobby of the Ritz wearing a purple orchid. Promptly at the minute of ten a beautiful young woman in evening dress approached me. She was tall, blonde and stately. "You are wise," she whispered in my ear. "Follow me." As we reached the street I saw a magnificent Rolls-Royce waiting at the door for us. I tried to discover the license number, but the strange young woman pushed me into the limousine.

"You must be blindfolded," my companion said as I tried to speak. "Ask no questions at this time. You are a brave man. All will be well."

As we sped through the streets she fastened a silken bandage about my eyes. I had a curious presentiment of danger, but I decided recklessly that having gone so far I might as well see the thing through. Would that I had pushed open the door and plunged from the speeding car. At the worst I might have been killed. We must have traveled a great distance for I could hear the noise of the city gradually subside as we approached what I imagine must have been Westchester. The car stopped suddenly and we stepped



*Wife: I'm not angry, I'm only terribly hurt!*

out on a gravel path. My companion took me by the hand and led me into the house.

The bandage was whisked from my eyes. I stood in a long room dimly lighted by candles. Along the walls, on low wooden benches, sat about twenty men garbed in long red robes. Their faces were concealed by heavy, red masks. At one end of the room was a table upon which lay an open Bible, an American Flag and a book that I later learned was a copy of "Peter Pan" by J. M. Barrie. At the table sat a man dressed like his companions, only his robe was a more brilliant red, and on his breast in gold embroidery gleamed a large letter F. He rapped thrice with a gavel and all rose. The man at the table spoke.

"I am the foreman of the play jury," he said, "and these men you see about you are the jury that has been sworn to purge New York of indecent plays."

"Yea verily," the jury intoned in chorus.

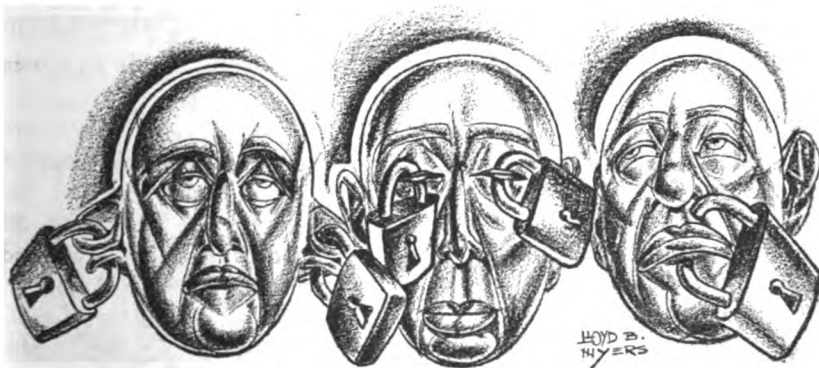
"You have been chosen to become one of us because of your probity, your honesty, your respectability. Are you ready to take the sacred oath?"

"I am," I responded weakly.

"Then raise your right hand and repeat slowly after me the oath of office I dictate:

By the blood of Lee and Jake  
I this solemn promise make:  
In the name of Dave Belasco  
I will crush out all tobasco.  
In the sacred name of Brady  
I'll delete each painted lady.  
Dramas fragrant, pure and clean  
Sprinkle them with Listerine."

I repeated after him. It seemed the wisest thing to do under the circumstances. After the foreman had administered the oath and pledged me to the utmost secrecy, he gave me a list of the plays I was to see, instructed me as to my du-



*The Play Jury*



*Early Traffic Jam—the Disobedient Horse*

ties, and permitted me to depart. I left, obediently.

The next day after trying vainly to purchase seats at the respective box offices for the thirteen plays on my list, I placed a mortgage on my home and pawned my wife's jewelry which I had stolen from the bureau. I thus managed to raise enough money to buy rather good seats from a speculator.

And now comes the sad part of my tale. Being pledged by secrecy and bound by the solemn oath I had taken, of course I could not explain my repeated absences, night after night, to my wife. We had always been an affectionate and loving couple, so you can imagine my horror—it was upon my return from witnessing "What Price Glory"—to find myself calling her a "son of a baboon" and similar offensive epithets when she asked me where I had been. The little woman cried herself to sleep that night while I lay awake, horrified at the depths of degradation to which already I had sunk.

My business associates began to look askance at me as my conversation gradually became tinged with the colorful flavor of the underworld and the disreputable scenes with which I was rapidly becoming acquainted through my official duties. A chance remark that I let drop, the morning after I had seen "Ladies of the Evening", caused my associates to call a hurried meeting of the board of directors of my company. When I left the office that evening I was out of a job.

But there was no time for my dear wife to commis-

serate with me that night. I had barely time to tell her what occurred as I was hurrying into my evening clothes to reach "The Harem" in time to see the opening scene.

"You haven't taken me to theatre in months," she said tearfully.

"I know it, dear," I said. "I'll be able to explain all, if you'll only be patient——"

"Patient! Patient! That's all I've been doing. Sitting home here alone night after night while you go gadding about, heaven knows where. I suppose you're going alone?"

"Absolutely alone," I replied.

"A likely story. Do you expect me to believe that there isn't some other woman with you every night at those rotten——"

"My dear," I protested.

"Who is the creature?" she cried.

"She can't be much good to pick out the sort of plays you've been taking her to. What's her name?"

I lost my temper and applied a term to her that I had learned the previous night at "A Good Bad Woman." I stalked angrily out of the room, leaving my wife lying in a faint across the chaise lounge.

It is hardly fair, I suppose, to blame Eugene O'Neill entirely for what finally happened. Possibly if I had seen "Desire Under the Elms" before I had become entirely contaminated by my nightly contact

with vice and sin I might have emerged from the experience with only a few scars upon my moral sense. I would have been debased and degraded, to be sure, but I might have concealed it from the world. But it was too late; I had gone too far.

I reeled out of the Earl Carroll Theatre and hailed a taxicab. It was one of the expensive kind, one with a red meter, but in my recklessness I did not care. The fumes of the O'Neill play were still in my head. The rest of my story is too familiar to be repeated here. You doubtless read in the newspapers how I strangled my wife and children as they lay asleep that night. I am now in the Tombs awaiting trial for murder. I have just mailed my resignation from the play jury.

—Newman Levy



*A Gust of Wind on Mulberry Street*



## With Our Contributors

IT is not generally known that Frances Willard, whose "Forty Ways of Committing Arson" have become an American staple, is the daughter of a former American Ambassador to Germany. It was while she was in the company of her father abroad that she took advantage of her opportunity for the studies that have restored the lost art of needle-work to American womanhood.



weeks ago he received from Professor Twidgett, by overland post, the copy of the rare Tauchnitz edition of "Tarzan of the Apes" which he had lent him a few years ago.

Herman P. Twig (author of "The Three Essential Polo Sticks") is a linotyper on the Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) *Times-Leader*. . . . Reuben Solomonson (author of "Fun on a Houseboat") is the well known English poet and essayist. . . . Susan B. Anthony Togo (author of "Are Oysters Scallops?") is sergeant-at-arms of the Rhinecliff Thanatopsis Club.



THE Editor recently received a charming letter from Amos L. Twidgett, author of "The Law of Diminishing Returns and How to Make the Secret Ballot Fool-Proof." Prof. Twidgett, whose quaint old Dutch cottage in Phoenix, Arizona, is the gathering place for many

New Yorkers who have formed the habit of dropping in upon him and his hospitable Frau for Sunday afternoon tea, has just completed the fourth volume of a trilogy written around Sinclair Lewis.

"Cut off from civilization, as I am here," writes Professor Twidgett, "and thus barred from the New York Public Library and other great collections, I am wondering if you will let me appeal to your readers through your columns. 'Free Air' is the only book by Mr. Lewis that I have been able to find, but I feel that this most active man must have written others. If any of your readers know of other Lewis opera—and would be willing to send me photostatic copies of their treasures—my gratitude will know no bounds."

The Editor can assure suspicious readers of the absolute honesty of Professor Twidgett. Only two

Guy Bolton is Michael Arlen. So's your old man.

"The Life-Story of Joseph Glensch" (winner of the third heat in the three hundred yard dash at the Schurz Turn-Fest at Pelham Bay in July, 1923) was obtained for this magazine only after vigorous competition with the sporting editor of the *New York World*.



When Gilbert Seldes (author of "The Discovery of McIntyre and Heath, Minstrels of Promise") (*Vanity Fair*, February, 1925) was in Berlin recently, he ran across an interesting and little known brochure, called, according to the title page, "Faust, by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe." Mr.

Seldes will introduce this work to the world soon, after he has finished his promised piece on "Why this conspiracy of neglect of Al Jolson?"

### Journalistic Jingles

*The Country Press*

"Butch" Muller caught two dozen perch.

"Bud" Sawyer had a toothache Monday.

The Men's Club of the M. E. Church will hold a festival on Sunday.

Cy Perkins bought a brand-new car.

Doc Jordan's drugstore's swamped with orders.

Ted Snyder's golf is hitting par.

The Widow Kline has two more boarders.

Jud Spink in heavy bail was held;  
He choked his wife, and more's the pity.

Sue Smithers had her hair marcelled  
The latest style in Kansas City!

The Ladies Philanthropic League  
Will entertain the social workers.

Mae Truelson married "Red" McTeague,  
The ace of Henning's soda-jerkers.

The village choir, composed of males,  
Will broadcast from the local station.

Get in on Stanley's Rummage Sales.

(Advt.) Use Pinkle's Pills for Mastication.

—Max Lief



*The Artist Who Wanted It Right*

### Plots

*Not Used by the Saturday Evening Post*

ONCE upon a time there was a young man who got a job with an advertising firm. After he had been there about a year, he rode down in the elevator with the boss' daughter, but he didn't know who she was, and he never saw her again. Then one day he overheard a conversation between two members of a rival firm, and gained some valuable information, but he thought it was none of his business, and never said anything about it. Two years later he thought he had a great idea, and took it to the head of the firm, who remarked that if that was all he had learned about advertising in three years, perhaps he had better transfer his attentions to toe-dancing. And fired him.

*Not Used by Winchell Smith.*

Once upon a time there was a crook who decided to go straight, and went back to his old home town,

where he found his aged father running the drug store, and making a terrible mess of it. So he took it over and ran it himself and in six months things were messier than ever, so he burnt the drug store, but unfortunately forgot to pay the insurance first. So then he became the minister's right hand man, and four weeks later returned to the city, taking with him the minister's wife and the funds for the new church, neither of which lasted very long in New York.

*Not Used by George Tyler*

Once upon a time there was a young girl who lived in the country and had a rotten time. She was not at all pretty and not awfully bright. She didn't know how to dress or how to talk, in fact she didn't know much of anything except that she loved Aloysious, the soda clerk. Who was cold to her. So she told her rich aunt about it and the rich aunt took her up to the city and bought her some lovely clothes and had her hair shingled, and taught her how to make up. And when it was all done she looked worse than ever, and the soda clerk took one look at her and married the rich aunt.

*—Patricia Collinge*

### The Fairer Sex

THE *Daily News-Record* celebrates "Count Erde's" arrival in Hollywood:

He had chosen gray and red as color notes and carried them through his entire costume. His suit tailored by Larsen, of Paris, was gray, with double stripes of dull red, set about three-quarters of an inch apart. With neither pocket flaps nor vent, his jacket was slightly shaped to follow the lines of his body, and was cut in a single-breasted, two-button model with wide peaked lapels.

His attached silk collar, which he wore plain with basket-weave tie in a gray and red zig-zag pattern, was pale gray with a darker quarter-inch stripe around the middle, with fine dull red stripes on either side. His trousers were cut medium width and did not quite hide pale gray silk socks.

### This Week's Award

To the matutinal announcer for WOR, who broadcast the following upon the ether: "I have an announcement to make. Yesterday afternoon a tornado swept through Southern Illinois, killing nearly a thousand people and wounding nearly twice that many. The next selection, by the 'Early Bird Orchestra,' will be 'I'll See You in My Dreams.'"

# NEW YORK, ETC.

## Under the Palm Trees

AFTER Anna Fitziu had gone to all the trouble of having pictures of herself taken at Palm Beach (stills and movies) it was a bit disappointing to see them come out as "Anna Case." Well, anyway, they are both sopranos.

Visitors to Miami this season have had the opportunity to hear William Jennings Bryan orate, free of charge, on the advantages of Coral Gables. It may be that The Commoner will become The Realtor.

Heifetz does not go so well in Jacksonville, because the audience insists that a violinist's first duty is to smile. Not long ago, however, a local newspaper manager heard Jascha play "Indian Love Call" at a party, and the next day the paper carried front page information that the boy was human after all.

It was in Jacksonville also that Cyrus H. K. Curtis got a terrible bawling out from a new traffic cop, when he unwittingly jay-walked a street crossing. The mayor, after trying frantically to reach Mr. Curtis, got a boat which

brought him within speaking distance of the publisher's yacht. The water was a little rough, but the mayor managed to shout his apologies, which were vociferously accepted, Mr. Curtis finally bringing his whole family on deck for a regular orgy of democratic good feeling. At the time of going to press, the cop was still on the job.

Somebody asked the secretary of the Orlando Chamber of Commerce where that inland metropolis got its name. The secretary referred the questioner to Shakespeare's "As You Like It," which contains a character named *Orlando*. He also mentioned that the leading woman's club of the town was called the "*Rosalind*."

Yes, but there are lots of other *Orlandos* in the world, Mr. Secretary. And what about Winter Park, only six miles away?

The Daytona Auditorium runs the largest Forum in the world. People really listen to the speakers and ask intelligent questions afterward. The acoustics are next to those of the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. You can hear a ten-penny nail drop in any part of the Daytona Auditorium.

St. Petersburg advertises its own Williams Park as a great place to renew one's youth in such "outdoor games as chess, checkers and dominoes." This is the scene of Ring Lardner's "Golden Honeymoon."—S. S.

## Points West

THEY are known to their respective natives as Meffis, Louaville, Indunoplis, Suttlewis and Noo Wolyuns (with Nawlins as a lowbrow but strictly indigenous variant).

The reputed Klan bank and the acknowledged Knights of Columbus bank look each other in the face from opposite sides of the street in Indianapolis and every policeman wears as his badge of office the six-pointed star of Israel.

The present intellectual pastime in the Middle West is the resurrection of the McGuffey series of readers. McGuffey clubs are being organized, composed of ancient students of the doctor's famous textbooks, and the books themselves are commanding fancy prices from folks who wouldn't bid \$1.65 for a first folio Shakespeare. Dr. McGuffey was the man but for



VISITOR: *Who's the old boy going out?*

MEMBER: *He's had tough luck. His wife ran away about a year ago. Then he lost a ball in the rough and that seemed too much for him.*

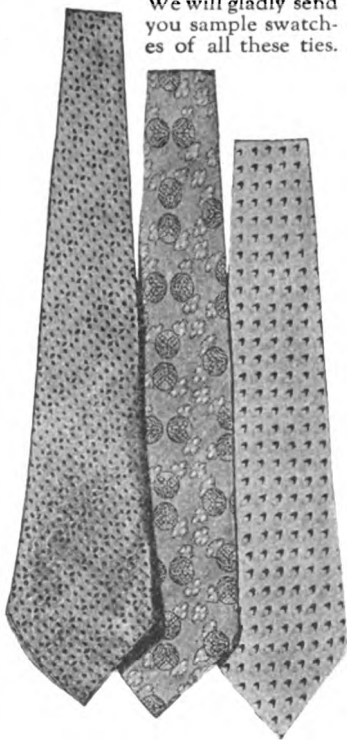


now that April's there!—the picturesque old flower "girls"—the shops full of smart new neckwear.

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

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

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



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

whom we would never have heard of Spartacus.

You know you are in the Middle West when you begin to find the second-hand furniture emporia outnumbering the chain drugstores ten to one. The belt extends north and south from St. Paul to Louisville. Thus has the pioneer blazed his trail from the Alleghanies out across the Father of Waters—with chiffoniers, breakfast sets, and vacuum cleaners.

That portion of Illinois which lies south of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad is known as Egypt. The fact that the city of Cairo (pronounced Kay-ro) is at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers may have something to with it. So may the fertility and flatness of the land. So may the Indian mounds, sheltering perchance the dust of red aboriginal equivalents of Seniferu or Tut-ank-Ahmen. But the real Egypt enjoys one advantage. It has no Herrin.

Bellefontaine is the name of a reasonably important railroad junction town in western Ohio. The Pullman porter will announce it as Bell Fountain, which is not an Africanism, for every Nordic Bellefontainer is in accord. But smile not, O East. In your own Maine they pronounce Calais as though it were a rough spot at the base of a finger.—Wx

Washington

**T**HIS department has been accused of ruthlessness. If this were true on all occasions we should not omit from this item the name of the congressman who has been directed to see that the daughter of one of his constituents is rushed by a sorority at a certain swell Eastern school. But this congressman is an able legislator and we shall not add to his humiliation. The exacting constituent is a power among the voters and his demand in this instance is a glittering example of how those of his ilk enhance the prestige of the statesmen of their making.

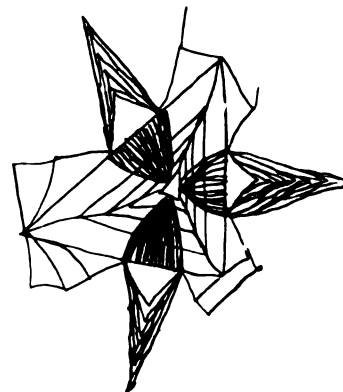
The best slogan is one which people will read, commend—and disregard. "Coolidge and Economy." "Coolidge and a Business Administration." Those were good slogans, but not the best ones. They were good because they tickled Big Business which straightway helped put Cal over; and that was their prime purpose. But the catch is that the people have taken those slogans seriously. They are economizing. They are not buying as they should—considering the flush times. The national trade associations

have all the dope. Business is distressed and Mr. Coolidge is being pressed to shush the economy racket and tactfully encourage his countrymen to circulate a little more jack. Watch the "interpretive" financial writers a month hence.

Should the President acquiesce, the matter must be delicately handled so no one will catch on. It might be announced at the White House that Mrs. Coolidge has given her last year's diamonds away to the Campfire Girls and bought new ones twice as big. Or the President himself could show himself in a new Spring suit and hat. These are only suggestions, understand. The latter one may be too radical.

What a Cabinet Member Thinks About—with apologies to Briggs. . . .

We do not know what the Honorable Harlan F. Stone had on his mind at the last cabinet meeting he attended as a member, but this is the picture which appeared on his memorandum pad after the session:



The late President Harding's fondness for the simple-seeming though deceptive game of hearts is responsible for the somewhat national renaissance of that pastime. Harding liked to play it and during his front porch campaign at Marion in 1920 he used to take on the newspaper boys stationed there. These itinerants broadcast the game.

When President, Mr. Harding used to like to slip the cares of office and stroll over to the National Press Club. Once he found two or three of the old Marion front porch correspondents in a hearts game and he sat in. Also in the game were two reporters who though known to the President were not of the old, 1920 Marion crowd. Mr. Harding played for an hour, checked in a score which at a penny a point reckoned about seventy-six cents, and walked off jingling his winnings.

The heavy loser—say forty-one cents—was a well known correspondent who had sat at the President's left. This conscientious card player bestows as much thought

on a penny hearts game as he does on table stakes poker.

"Lucky for Harding that you birds (indicating the two non-Marion veterans) were in the game," he fumed, when the Executive was out of ear-shot. "I'd have called him. Know what he was doing all evening? Passing me the queen of spades and then leading for it. It ain't ethical."—*Quid*

*Boston Again*

BOSTON is overrun with dramatic shows, among them Ed. Wynn, Eddie Cantor, and Chauve Souris. It also has been overrun with lone wolves, or a lone wolf, who makes the Hearst headline every afternoon by assaulting one of the ladies of the Back Bay, and to prove his versatility occasionally one of the ladies from the Front Bay. He is to be called "His Highness, The Bey."

Censor Casey made the ladies of our troupe drape their legs with fleshings. I haven't heard so much leg conversation in years and I don't wonder that it was around Boston that the Battle of Legsington was fought.

There is a statue of Paul Revere on the Common, but none of his horse. This is an affront to American horsemanship and should be corrected. Everybody remembers Man O'War, but who remembers the jockey?

The expression Butter and Eggs Man hasn't taken hold here. The local gag is, "A couple of heels from Lynn."

—*Julius H. Marx*

*Spring at Columbia*

RESEARCH has revealed that students of the "Early Eighties" evinced their disapproval of an unpopular professor by booing and pelting him with soft putty during the lecture. *Spectator*, the daily paper, speaks wistfully of the passing of "he-men."

The attitude toward Mark Van Doren's poetry is revealed by the difficulty the local book store is having in persuading any of the campus literati to review his new book of verses.

The senior class alleviated the usual monotony of a senior questionnaire by casting an overwhelming vote in favor of marriage for money as opposed to marriage for love.

Professor Irwin Edman of the Philosophy Department at Columbia University

was mistaken for a freshman and captured by the sophomores during the Interclass Dinner Week. This is the third time such a mistake has occurred and Professor Edman announces that, to avoid future embarrassment, he is going to grow a mustache.

ON THE CAMPUS

The gradual changing of fraternity pins from the vest to the shirt. . . . The ol' clo's man offering cutthroat rates for discarded overcoats. . . . The scores of students that cut classes to stroll along the Drive. . . . The restless crackle of newspapers in the back rows of the class rooms. . . . The listlessly staring students seated by the open windows. . . . The faint pud pud of sprinters on the South Field track and the familiar crack of baseball practice. . . . A warm sun on the library dome and the spluttering fountains that splatter and sprinkle the passers-by with every breeze. . . . On 113th Street the stoops of fraternity houses crowded with men that ogle the passing women. . . . On the Drive students, book in hand, making a pretense of studying. . . . Students that have abandoned the pretense and climb atop the busses bound for lower New York.—*T. H. W.*

*Porto Rico Notes*

IT is not raining rain for the local boosters, it is raining "liquid sunshine." [It is rain.]

A deal of merriment was caused at the last meeting of the Porto Rico Rotarians when Secretary Bill announced that he had received a letter from Secretary Gus of the Duluth Rotary asking for some samples of Porto Rican postage stamps. On motion of Vice President Joe it was voted to send the Duluth brother two U. S. two cent stamps, the same being in vogue here.

"Guagua" is the native term for auto-bus. As San Juan's streets are as narrow as Boston's and the native horses diminutive and as slow-moving as a fifty-cent bottle of near-beer, there are numerous accidents caused by guaguas running up the backs of two-wheeled carts.

Steps are about to be taken, however. *El Mundo* recently printed a fearless editorial on the subject right next to "Educacion de lé Pappa," San Juan's interpretation of "Bringing up Father," and was congratulated by the traffic committee of the Rotarians for keeping up its tradition of attacking "wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty."—*McAlister Coleman*

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### Pick-ups Here and There

"TELL me," I asked General Sir Arthur Williston-Mendes, who arrived on the Berengaria, last Saturday, "What do you call those odd-looking head-dresses the natives wear in the Sudan?"

The general took a long puff at his cigar and reflected for several seconds before he answered.

"I really haven't the least idea," he said.

"Do you know," I questioned Paul Rochemont, head designer of Meuret Freres, the famous Paris dressmaking establishment, "what the next shade will be in women's stockings?"

"No," he replied, quite simply, "I do not."

Only yesterday, I ran into former Commissioner Gleason on Park Avenue, and we discoursed at length upon the traffic problem.

"What would you suggest," I queried, "to improve the situation?"

"I can't think of a thing," was his good-natured retort.

I was lunching, the other day, with H. Brenton Colly, managing director of the Simsborough Steel and Iron Plant, and during our conversation, I inquired, "How's business, these days?"

"Oh, so, so," he responded—C. G. S.

### The Ticking Titanic Struggle

"TELL us a story, daddy," clamored the kiddies, laying aside their poker chips. "Tell us about the Big War." In a moment, the dear little tots had filled their pocket flasks and climbed to my knees. Slowly, I started:

"Early in the winter of 1930 the Great War struck New York. The opening gun was back-fired by the Heliotrope hordes who announced a rate war to the finish. Early on the day of the ultimatum their lurid, price-slashing cabs dashed through the streets, picking up and picking off innocent pedestrians.

"A day later the Carmine Armies mobilized and by the afternoon had the lead on their adversaries by about two hundred meters. Not to be outdone by the Carmines and Heliotropes, the Purple forces slashed their rate to 2 cents for the first three miles and 1/8 cent for every additional kill-o-meter. Three hours later and the Mauve Motors, Inc. offered transportation at 1 cent for the first ten miles with free medical and surgical attendance

when necessary. Overnight, the independent armies changed their colors to approximate the appearance of the competing forces, with the result that four out of every five pedestrians went color blind.

"Well, dears, an enterprising syndicate in Philadelphia rushed 10,000 pure White taxicabs to New York and charged \$25 the first mile, and a second mortgage on your home for each succeeding mile. Thousands of color-blind New Yorkers used the White cabs, thinking they were Heliotrope or Purple and in a month the city went bankrupt, while the White cab owner became a multi-millionaire. The Federal Government then took a hand and fleets of airplanes dropped bombs on every taxicab in New York, irrespective of color or creed. It took some time, but the inhabitants gradually regained their sense of color perception and all lived more or less happily ever after."

"But, daddy, what did you do in the Great War?"

"Children, your daddy was in the Optical Corps. Sometimes I worked for days at a stretch taking color blind men, women and children to their homes. Oh, the agony I witnessed when men embraced ladies with golden hair, thinking they were brunettes.

"Now daddy must see the radio moving pictures and its nearly 2 A.M., so you'd better run off to bed, as all kiddies should retire early so they will grow up to be nice, strong movie actors. Good night."

—A. L. L.

### How to Use a Paper Towel

PURCHASE a thesaurus, a pair of non-skid chains, a diving suit and a revolver. Load the latter and enter the washroom. Wash your face thoroughly. The attendant will hand you a paper towel. Start with the lower left end of the towel and apply it to your chin. Slowly draw its entire surface over your face, *once*. Now, attach the non-skid chains and repeat the operation, being sure to close your eyes.

At this juncture, the towel will commence to shed and crumple into small bits. These will fall down your neck. Now put on the diving suit, but leave the face exposed. Continue with what is left of the towel. When you feel the first bit of stray paper entering your nostril, count one hundred, whistle cheerfully "Deep River" at the same time opening your thesaurus to synonyms for "damn." Go down the list, repeating each word slowly and distinctly. By this time you are ready for the final step.

Go to the office of the paper towel manufacturer. Dash past the office boy and shoot the manufacturer. Some prefer a knife for this, but a good pistol is better.

—A. L. L.



THE current film plays aren't so much. The film version of Zoe Akins's "Declasse" was not as badly wrecked in the movie hopper as the local critics implied. Yes, they saved the last of the mad Varicks from death for the sake of the Old Lady of Dubuque, but what of it? The lovely Corinne Griffith is *Lady Helen Haden*, who was played on the stage by Ethel Barrymore, and she is highly satisfying to the eyes. There are moments when she acts, too.

We can recall no other recent silver screen effort worthy of comment.

Michael Arlen is to receive \$50,000 from Messrs. Zukor and Lasky for creating two original stories, at least one of which is to be jelled into celluloid with Pola Negri as its star.

Arlen hasn't started work yet, but the \$50,000 is already his. The danger of depending upon a stylist for a screen story has not occurred to those esteemed high lords of the cinema. Perhaps it will—later. Still, Arlen may turn out a couple of winners.

After all, why should we worry about Arlen's possibilities as a celluloid fictionist? All is indeed well in flmdom right now. Will Hays has announced that plain, ordinary folks can send in suggestions about how to improve the films. In fact, these suggestions will get exactly the same consideration as would ones from such authorities as ourselves. (You can guess what that is.) But to continue with the things to cheer us up. Jack Dempsey and his bride, Estelle Taylor, are to go into films together. Erte, the French designer, is to lend chic to Hollywood. Fatty Arbuckle is Cupid's victim again. Murnau, the man who made "The Last Laugh" in Germany, is to be brought to this country to direct for William Fox.

There have been few film efforts of interest hereabouts recently. We still look forward to the coming presentation of the German made "Siegfried" and the forthcoming tribal epic filmed during the last two years in the South Seas by Robert J. Flaherty. Flaherty did "Nanook of the North."

The prize of the month for changing movie titles goes to William Fox for shifting "The Man Without a Country" to "As No Man Has Loved." We understand that the Fox organization spent two weeks trying to evolve a title including the word *passion* but finally had to fall back upon *love*. All of which reveals the soul trying problems of a film producer.

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Belasco W. 44th St. Evs. at 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

"LADIES OF THE EVENING"  
Lyceum W. 45th St. Evs. at 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

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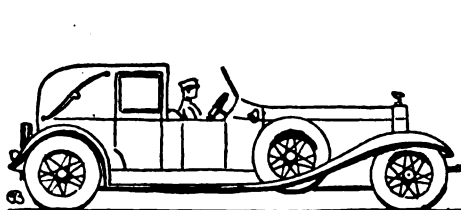
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100 Years Ago

(From the New York Evening Post, 1824-1825)

COMMON COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

Monday, November 22—  
Cash account—Receipts for  
the past two weeks.....\$46,457.64  
Expenditures for the same  
period ..... 46,297.31  
\$160.33

The chamberlain of the city reported that one of the incorporated institutions of the 1st ward refused to pay the tax levied on it. Subject referred to finance committee.

A resolution was passed, ordering a salary of \$800 per annum to be paid to Mr. Martling, the keeper of the City-Hall, commencing at the time he entered upon his duties.

A resolution was passed allowing the street inspectors twelve and one-half cents per diem in addition to their present salary.

\* \* \*

JACKSON SUPPER—On Saturday evening last, a number of gentlemen in Elizabeth-Town, N. J., friendly to the election of Gen. Andrew Jackson as our next President, partook of an elegant supper, prepared for the occasion, at the City Tavern. After supper, they drank the following toasts:

General Andrew Jackson—The hero of New Orleans, and man of the people, who never turned his back upon the enemy, nor his coat to John Quincy Adams—Who has twisted and turned, and turned and twisted, to become the man of the people, may such an one never become the people's man.

The State of New Jersey—True to the principles of self-government, could she prove untrue to the man who bled to defend them.

The Friends of Mr. Clay in the Legislature of New York—who have done evil (we think) that good may come. Give us, gentlemen, the effect of your ethics, but retain the moral yourselves.

\* \* \*

FIREMEN TAKE NOTICE—The office of chief engineer having become vacant, and it being of the highest importance to obtain for this station a person who will unite the common interest of the department, the Firemen of this city are therefore particularly requested to attend a meeting at Dooley's Long Room, on Thursday Evening next, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of obtaining a general suffrage of the Firemen, and of petitioning the honorable the Common Council to appoint the person who may be their choice.

N. B.—It is presumed that none but Firemen will attend.



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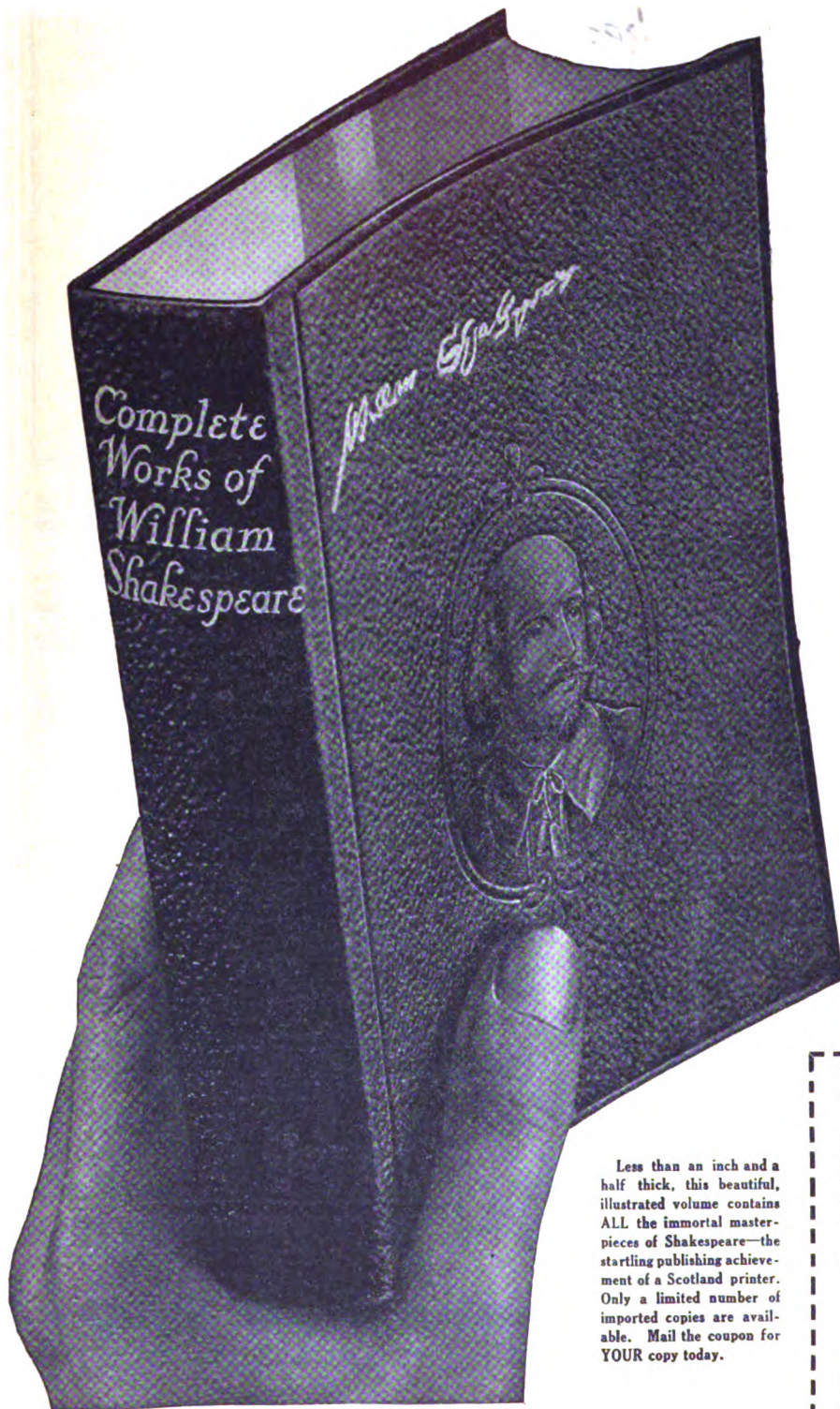
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Alexander  
Woollcott

This is the eventful chronicle of one whom an immigrant ship deposited on these shores when he was four years old and who became, before he was thirty, the master of folk song for his new land. It is the story of one who was a vagrant night hawk on the Bowery when most boys are in grammar school and who wrote his first song when, at the age of nineteen, he was serving the drinks in a notorious Chinatown saloon. Untaught, a creative ignoramus, he can neither read nor transcribe a note of music, but it was given to him to weave such melodies and to fashion such rhythms as know no frontier.

They have carried his name around the world. Irving Berlin's own story is a microcosm of the country whose folk songs he has written; it repeats and carries on the undying romance of America. And though he himself is not yet thirty-seven years old, his genius found its voice so early that already material for a reflective biography is at hand. It has been set down in this book by a neighbor of his on Broadway—Alexander Woollcott, who is a dramatic critic but knows better. *And*, it is a gorgeous book, beautifully written and beautifully made.

*Alexander Woollcott's*

*Brilliant Biography of a Modern Genius*

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