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THE

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NEW YORKER



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Make Yourself THE PERFECT BOY FRIEND



JESSE JAMES

"The Wonder Child of the Silver Screen."

That is the slogan Davy Crockett, "Old Ironsides," (photo to left) adopted when he set about his life work of making America One Hundred Per Cent Fit. Within twenty years, Mr. Crockett estimates, the fit will be permanent. "Are you the Perfect Boy Friend?" asks Mr. Crockett, and the reader would do well to pause and ponder the question. "Do you find yourself lurching when the bus rounds the corner at Riverside Drive and 135th Street? That is a sign that you are falling a victim to the dread disease of Diagnosis. Do your cheeks blench when the waiter at the Ritz hands you the check? That shows you are suffering from Epitomy. Do you have a sinking sensation in the pit of the stomach when the traffic signal turns green while you are in the middle of Sixth Avenue? A touch of Necromancy, as sure as fate!"

You Can Overcome These Obstacles!

Take the case of Daniel Boone, "The Tin Plate King" (Photo to left). From his home, 338 West 202d Street, Ambrose Light, N. Y., Mr. Boone writes: "When I was forty-one, I was empyrean, didactic and eleemosynary. I realized that my condition was all run down, especially by taxicabs and lorries. Then I subscribed to *Crockett's Course to Conquer Corpses*, and began to improve immediately. I never had time to read any of the instructions, but to-day I am so healthy I could eat a horse, and frequently do!" Horace Greeley, "The Railsplitter," (photo to left) writes: "When I was young and in my prime I was troubled by conquistadores. *Crockett's Class to Cure Conniptions* so changed me that my own wife didn't know me. At least, she didn't speak to me for days at a time."

Girls Admire Big Strong Men!

Signorina L. Borgia, "Old Hickory," (photo to left) Florence, It., writes: "My boy friend, Bert, always used to call me 'Luke-warm Lucretia.' You see, I could never sort of get excited about him. He was something of a sap, if you get what I mean. Well, he was troubled with cantilevers and he

went to *Crockett's Camp to Combat Cardialgia*, and now, God, how I love that man! He can knock me cold with one punch! Just like Tom Mix. I owe every scar on my body to Crockett!"

Consultation Coupon

Absolutely Confidential

Enclosed find \$5. Please send me a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER. I think I have one or all of the following ailments.

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| Boll Weevil | Kerosene Hangover | Toxicology |
| Corpus Delicti | Lockjaw | Unitarianism |
| Dumbness | Mal de Mer | Vacuity |
| Ectoplasms | Necking | Water on Brain |
| Flat Head | Obtuseness | Xylophone Addiction |
| Glanders | Pretty Poorly | Yawning |
| Housemaid's Knee | Quivers (or Quavers) | Zanyism |
| Incandescence | Rigor Mortis | & So Forth |

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THE NEW YORKER, 25 West 45th St., New York City
Department C

Well, How About It?

CROCKETTISM has lifted millions upon billions of ailing anthropoid Americans into positions in which they have made good by reason of their athletic prowess, such as Elevator starters, Night watchmen, French pastry chefs, Danish pastry chefs, Bushelmen, and all that sort of thing. Anyway, you're not married to that five dollars, are you?



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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Portrait of a Commoner

IT came about, before the mercury went mad in local thermometers, in this manner:

The Hon. William Jennings Bryan, ever cautious, telephoned one day to an official of the Metropolitan Museum and requested that he be advised of some good, God-fearing artist to do a job of portraiture. This being somewhat contrary to the official's notions about ethics, he suggested that Mr. Bryan visit the museum, inspect the moderns hung therein and make his own decision. The official would be glad to assist to the extent of escorting the Great Commoner about the galleries.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan put in appearance presently and the official proved as good as his promise. He led His Fundamental Majesty, and Consort, through the galleries where hung the moderns. Then, passing naturally to the galleries devoted to older masters of portraiture, the official paused before a canvas by Franz Hals and commented sorrowfully: "Too bad this man can't do your portrait, Mr. Bryan."

"Well," replied the Great Commoner in the tone of one used to getting what he wanted; "well—why can't he?"

LIFE for the movie magnates, let it be known, is not exactly one long continuous bed of roses.

For instance, it was desired to have the recent opening of the movie "Beggar on Horseback" at the Criterion decidedly futuristic and expressionistic in nature. For this purpose, Benda masks, which cost several hundred dollars a week apiece to rent, were provided for the ushers. Whereupon, at a rehearsal before the opening, one of the ushers decided that he

couldn't see so well with the mask as it was and cut two holes in it for his eyes. And so the Famous Players has been obliged to pay several thousand dollars for the purchase of a Benda mask with two holes where the eyes should be.

Democracy's Crown

ON a certain June day in 1920, when the late Warren Gamaliel Harding had been nominated as the presidential candidate of the Republican party and a few oil wells, the governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts — one Calvin Coolidge — left his office in the State House on a momentous mission; to wit, the purchase of a new hat.

Presently, during his chief's absence, Mr. John F. Long, secretary to the then governor, received a telegram announcing Mr. Coolidge's nomination for the vice-presidency. Forthwith, and accompanied by several newspapermen, Mr. Long took a taxi to the store whither the governor had departed, bearing the tidings.

History is silent as to whether the Honorable Calvin approved such rash expenditure for transportation, but it does note that, on this occasion, the future vice-president received the telegram, read it silently and handed it back to his secretary with no further sign of emotion than readjusting a brand new brown felt hat upon his head. It was the same hat whose various trips from the White House to the cleaner's, and return, has been noted so often and so prominently in the Republican press of the land.

Although it was a broiling hot Summer's day when the Hon. Calvin Coolidge was notified officially that he was the vice-presidential nominee of his party, he wore the same brown felt hat. He wore it to Washington for his inauguration. He wore it every day



throughout the Republican Convention of 1924, when he was nominated as a candidate to succeed himself. He wore it, to the great joy of the thrifty, after its Spring cleaning this year. He wore it when he departed for the Western provinces a short time ago. He will wear it, no doubt, about the spacious grounds of the Summer White House provided by the self-effacing Mr. Frank Stearns.

The brown felt hat promises to become a tradition—if it does not succumb to repeated cleanings.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT also had a hat which played a picturesque part in his political life. It was of the sombrero type, not quite the eight-gallon headpieces presented by Tom Mix to every European dignitary he caught, but sufficiently large to qualify on any range. Mr. Roosevelt purchased it when he was making his race for the Governorship of New York; and it made its appearance in each of his succeeding campaigns. It is now one of the most precious relics in the possession of the Roosevelt family, being enshrined in the trophy room in Sagamore Hill.

An Amateur

A STOCKY young man, inclining now to stoutness; such, physically, is Bobby Jones. Not even golf, one imagines, will save him from the rotund form affected by cloak and suit manufacturers when, sixteen years or so hence, he will be forty. He will have dignity, one foresees, and money, and—yes—a temper.

He is a serious chap, this youngster who is the marvel of golf, and a true sportsman. Being honest with himself, he knows and admits to his intimates that he cannot help but profit indirectly through his eminence as a golfer. Since the world of business to-day is a world of golf, an amateur championship has commercial value for its possessor. Yet, being a sportsman, Mr. Jones plays according to the rules. To the best of his ability he assures himself against direct profit from his game. How much rarer than a hole in one is such an amateur.

There was a time when, genially, Mr. Jones agreed to come down from Harvard for an exhibition match. The morning after, the manager of the affair came to see Mr. Jones at the Brevoort, where he was breakfasting.

"How about your expenses?" the manager inquired. "Eight dollars and something," Mr. Jones replied. "Railroad fare from Boston."

"Oh, come; that isn't enough," the manager objected, out of his experiences with amateurs. "I'll send you a check for fifty dollars."

Mr. Jones flushed. He is quick to resentment.

"You can send me a check for a million dollars if you wish," he advised, coldly, "but you'll get it all back except the cost of my railroad fare from Boston."

Gratitude of an Artist

MME. COBINA WRIGHT needed a 15th century Italian costume to wear for her Bar Harbor concert this month. Her friend, Jascha Heifetz, offered to execute the commission in Paris and bring the gown back himself, *personel*.

Poiret, who has long designed gowns for Madame Wright, received the commission and presently made delivery. Then the cables began to fly.

"Four gowns delivered. What to do? Heifetz."

"One gown ordered. Return rest. Cobina."

"Poiret presents three compliments, grateful stop. Suggestion. Heifetz."

It took more than decoding to reveal the meaning of this last message. Four more cables elucidated its inwardness, as indicating that Poiret was so enchanted with the suggestion of the Cinquecento that he went into a fine fury of creation and, further, now plans to incorporate the mode in his next collection. The three extra gowns he presented to Madame Wright as a slight token of his gratitude for the suggestion.

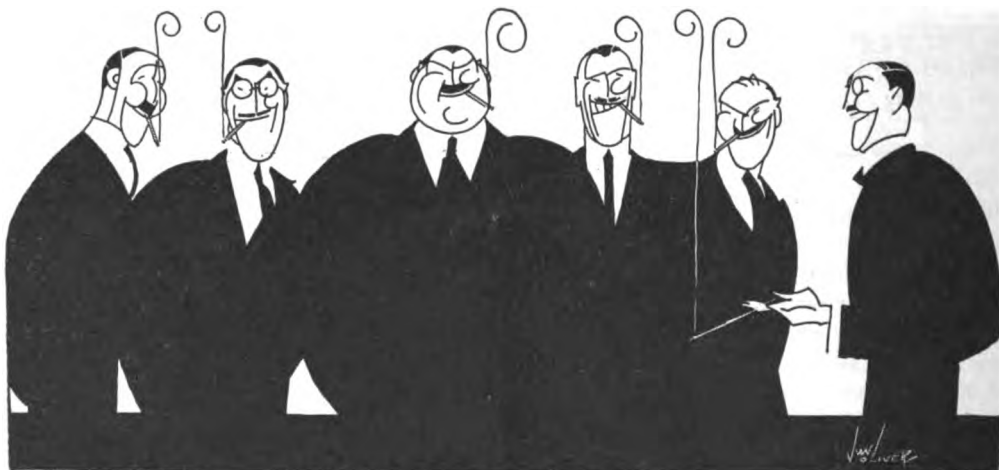
Everybody is happy except Mr. Heifetz who objects to the task of chaperoning four gowns of the sort Juliet wore. Madame Wright, however, says that she will lay the receipts of her next concert against a bunch of roses that Mr. Heifetz walks down the gang plank carrying a box marked "Poiret" in his hand.

"For he is dependable," she concludes.

Telepathic Sympathy

Leon Donnelly, the actor, has his comic moments off-stage.

Recently, then, he was a caller at the office of a friend who thought he had reason to regard himself as in great distress. Nor was the friend's distress les-



sened any by the heartiness of Donnelly's manner as he chattered loudly with yet another visitor to the office.

There came the crowning blow, the extra drop in his cup of bitterness. "Cheer up," said Donnelly.

"Cheer up?" said the friend, "I'm being eaten up by my troubles."

"I have greater troubles than yours," said Donnelly, as he whistled a tune and danced a step or two of the "Charleston," "but I don't wear them on my sleeve."

"You," said the friend, dubiously, "have troubles?"

"Yes," said Donnelly.

"And you feel them?" said the friend.

"No," said Donnelly, bitter for the first time, "a man in Asia—he feels them."

Male Plumage

WELL, what about the bright colored haberdashery after all? It was heralded in the public prints and is flashed by the shop windows, but we have seen no one at large who has gone further than the striped ties whose tragic lure was described so poignantly in a late number of *THE NEW YORKER*. Is it because those who indulge do not stay at large?

Were Sherwood Anderson in town it would be otherwise. The last time we beheld the illustrious revealer of the Middle Western Subconscious strolling the mazes of Manhattan he was wearing socks of a particularly glowing golden brown bespread with diamond checks of an exceptionally vivid shade of green. His tie seemed quiet, or perhaps it was relatively quiet beside the vibrant tone of his brown tweed suit. It was really a vibrant tone for it oscillated between chocolate and crimson, and, if we are not mistaken, there was a red feather flanked by a brown feather tucked into the band of his brown velour hat. Somehow it was good dressing, for all that.

For brilliant male plumage we have seen Sherwood Anderson outdone but once, and that was by none other than Rudolph Valentino, who, however, does not deserve the palm, for his costume was house pajamas worn while receiving visitors in his suite at the Plaza Athénée in Paris. Rich slaty gray silk poplin made the ground tone, but the facings were of the most vivid crimson ever accomplished. Thin pipings of crimson marked the structural seams. As the original Sheik curled on the couch in a Peter Pan attitude, one noticed that his socks had red clocks and the fact that he was wearing red morocco slippers had penetrated the consciousness of the least observant visitor long before. As if this were not enough the screen Toreador had picked a suite all done in canary yellow brocade. But calling in upholstery to aid the effect of haberdashery can hardly be judged to come within the rules.

Sherwood Anderson is proud of his Italian ancestry.

So is Rudy Valentino. But to what can the clean cut young son of Anglo-Saxon forebears aspire? Are the Prince of Wales blue shirts his limit? Apparently, yes.



Modest Mr. Shaw

BERNARD SHAW as a short story writer would be new to most people, and even those who, as far as they know, read everything he writes, have met with him in that field just once, if ever. But on his own statement he is thinking and has been these four years of presenting himself in it—and, morbidly modest though he is about his plays, he doesn't think his short stories are so worthless.

In 1908 the short story referred to, a very Shavian and very good one, called "Aerial Football," appeared in *Collier's*. It attracted even wider attention than its merit deserved, for *Collier's*, then edited by Norman Hapgood, was awarding every three months a \$1,000 prize to

the author of the best story it had published in that period, and was rash enough to make such award to Mr. Shaw. He returned the draft with a rebuke—he had been duly paid for the story, and giving him a prize was insulting—all of which *Collier's* imperturbably printed.

In 1921, when the *Evening Post* was reprinting short stories, somebody in its office bethought him of that one and made the best possible offer for the use of it. Mr. Shaw replied that he was much obliged, but expected to bring out a book of his short stories and would rather not have "Aerial Football" reprinted in the meantime.

There has been no further word of the book, and this Spring a prosperous magazine which knew of the *Evening Post's* offer mentioned it in making another, of as much money as prosperous magazines, even in these author's-bonanza days, are paying for some of their stories, brand new.

In reply, Mr. Shaw's secretary was bidden to state that "the situation with regard to 'Aerial Football' is unchanged, and that anyhow, three hundred dollars is not up to his rates." The magazine is far from blaming G. B. S. for wanting all the traffic will bear, but if he can get more than that for "second serial rights" in one short story anywhere on earth, its admiration of him will rise to reverence; and the Author's League will build a statue to his memory.

The book still is unannounced. Indeed, this is a sizzling news "beat," which may affect the stock market, on the fact that such a book may be impending.

Saving Motion

EVERYONE, as is well known, has gone or is going to Europe, and the mere physical presence of some seven or eight million people on the streets

and in the subways no more disproves that statement than it did years ago the original basic story that everyone had gone to Newport for the Summer.

And so an awkward approach has been made in the preceding paragraph to a declaration that enterprising New Yorkers can get all the effect of being on board ship without ever approaching the legitimate water front.

The manner of achieving this great consummation is to walk along the reservoir on some misty day, on the Central Park West side, and to gaze across the reservoir water to the tall buildings that fringe upper Fifth Avenue, taking care, of course, to keep the gaze elevated enough to clear the railing on the other side of the reservoir. Or else the illusion might be spoiled.

At such times the Fifth Avenue buildings look like the sky-line of some New World city approached from placid water. . . . On the other hand, the sight of "Texas" Guinan on horseback can be counted upon to recall the poet to his workaday world.



Note from Antiquity

A STORY with a rose-jar fragrance concerns Mr. Robert W. Chambers. And may we, before proceeding further, inform to-day's blithe young readers of Mr. Michael Arlen that their mothers considered Mr. Chambers (a) greatly daring, because he once closed a chapter by leaving alone in a studio a young artist and a beautiful model who, however, married subsequently; and (b) an authority on matters social, because his gentlemen all dressed for dinner? And may we, moreover, inform these gay followers of Mr. Arlen that Miss Spence's School was in Mr. Chambers's heyday, the holy of holies for daughters of the elect?

Styles—still being preliminary—change, particularly as to fashionable novelists; so one cannot expect a greyed author to keep track of fashion's whimsies in an age which has discarded the outworn Athalies for the sprightlier Shelmerdynes; and when the title of one of that author's late works is "The Hijackers."

Well, then, after all that, Mr. Chambers was at the Plaza at tea time some weeks gone. A glance at the tables would have furnished any society editor a week's supply of those names which are butter and eggs to him; and a friend who was with Mr. Chambers remarked on this.

Yesteryear's Society Novelist looked about him with the frigid air of your true writing aristocrat and commented, with impressive finality, "Oh, I don't know. I see only one Miss Spence's girl."

Praise for Sir Hubert

MR. JOHN V. A. WEAVER, poet, husband and senior—or is it junior?—member of the firm of John Weaver and Peggy Wood, otherwise Weewood,

has been writing articles for *Liberty* on what psychoanalysis has been doing for him. That is, he wrote the pieces before he departed for Italy to delve into the Renaissance drama; and also before the junior—or is it senior?—member of the firm of Weewood decided to let the Renaissance drama and the rest of the firm struggle along as best they might, while she spent her Summer at Buddybrook, the corporation's country place on Hunting Ridge, Stamford, close by famed Hale Lake.

In the course of one of those articles, printed since he left these shores, Mr. Weaver pays tribute to the late Eugene Wood, father of Miss Peggy Wood, thus:

"He was a writer of singular brilliance and humor; a newspaper man of wide experience; the best informed and the most interesting conversationalist I have ever known."

And so, a few paragraphs further down, Mr. Weaver quotes modestly, what his wife had to say to him, in regard to himself, when they married:

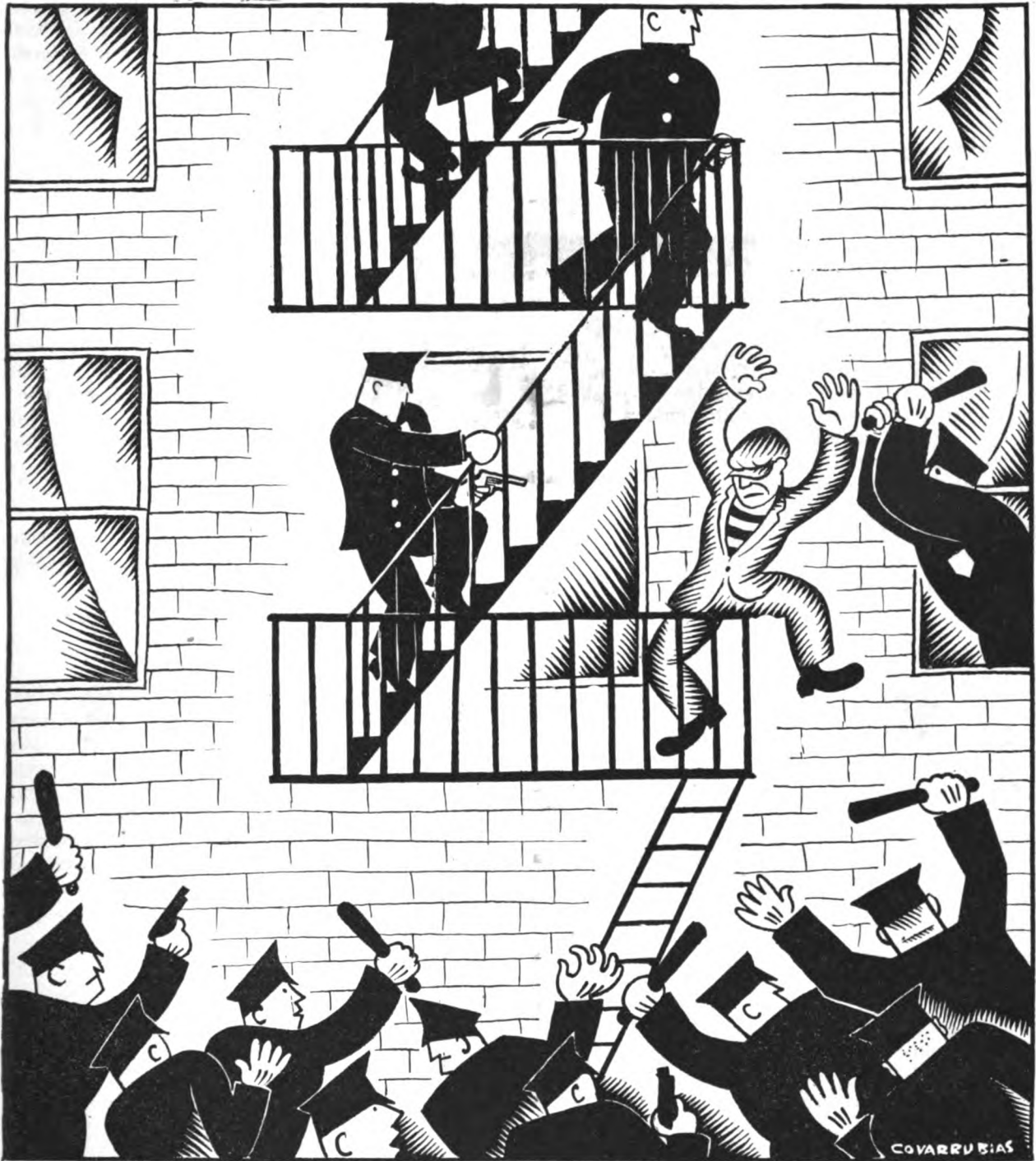
"Well, didn't mother marry precisely the same sort of person?"

OUR Only Qualified Rounder has discovered the ideal resort. It is, he says, in the west Fifties, and it may be termed a supper club, or a breakfast club, as you will. The spy grating in the door opens at four a.m. and the waiters begin to usher guests into the cold day at eleven a.m. Nothing liquid is sold except champagne. The place depends for its patronage upon a selected list of persons—of whom Our Only Qualified Rounder insists he is one—who will not call it a night when the ordinary supper club closes.

In Our Midst—And Out

FLED to more populous climes, Mr. and Mrs. H. Van Courtland Fish, of historical Knickerbocker nomenclature. Lady Duveen and Sir Joseph, of the impenetrable Fifth Avenue art pillbox. With them, daughter, Dorothy. Mr. Kenneth McKenna, Long-acre juvenile. Dr. J. Eastman Sheehan, renowned facial rejuvenator, Miss Alice Brady, Miss Louise Closser Hale, Miss Carol McComas, Miss Lenore Harris and Miss Beth Beri all of the drama. Mr. A. L. Erlanger of the drama, too. Señorita Trini of Spain, musical revue and Keith Circuit, to open Seville bull fighting with smiles. Another Miss Bennett, this time—Miss Joan. Governor Miller, of crushed Stillman forces. "The Grand Duke Boris of Russia and the Grand Duchess," as the prints put it. Norman Hapgood, crony of the retiring William Randolph Hearst and late editor of *Hearst's* and at the moment of the *New York American*. Mrs. Ella A. Boole, leading an exodus of one hundred and twenty-five—count them—delegates of the W. C. T. U. to Edinburgh and other Scotch sources.

Princess Cantacuzene, of Mr. Lorimer's corps of authors. Mr. Lewis Beach, playwright of high-hanging geese. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, pragmatist.



CORNERED:

Another Important Capture by the Police, the Taxi Driver Who Absent Mindedly Started for Work in His Old Costume

(A new police ruling will compel taxi drivers to wear white collars and specially designed uniform caps.—*News Item.*)

Mr. Joseph Stransky, Wagnerian. Mr. Lessing J. Rosenwald of the House of Catalogues; that is, Sears, Roebuck Company. . . . Back to the land of the free and speakeasy: Mr. Sinclair Lewis, without monocle, as was alleged, but with dignity unknown when he was "Red" Lewis, manuscript reader for *Adventure*. Europe great market for American literature, he says. Chance for drug stores to dispose of stock of 75 cent novels, illustrated by scenes from photoplay. Mrs. Thomas Lamont, wife of a financier. Mr. Vincent Astor, modestly refusing to be photographed. Soon

to return abroad. . . . Mrs. Jesse Lasky, consort of him who has been Reporter, Gold Rusher, Vaudeville Manager, Organizer and what have you. Miss Mae Murray and shiny divorce. . . . Visiting, Eugenia Lutzinska, classical dancer. . . . Hastening back with father, General Cornelius Vanderbilt, Miss Grace Vanderbilt. To Newport to recover equanimity. . . . In darkest Africa's Natal, booming British colored glassbead industry and inspecting British real estate holdings, my Lord Renfrew, sometime of Long Island and other hostesses of the Universe. . . .

Arrived at Leh, Valley of the Indus, last week, Colonel Theodore and Captain Kermit Roosevelt, scions. Proceeding to Kashgar, Turkestan. . . . Doing well, Mr. William Beebe, dredging sea for living specimens of liquor hallucinations. . . . Four hundred and forty-four marriage licenses issued one day in June despite divorce traffic being what it is. . . . Mr. Joseph Schildkraut comes out flatfooted in interview naming mother as best friend. . . . Not outdone, Mr. Louis Wolheim plays winner of newspaper Marble Tournament. . . . Astoria's Master Paul Berlenbach, pugilist, socks another car with his new one. Difficulties. . . . Mr. J. P. Morgan defeats cafeteria opposite his Murray Hill home. . . . Mayor John F. Hylan addresses seven hundred little public school girls on amortization and the Interests. Hardly a dry eye in auditorium.

. . . Late voting indicates corned beef and cabbage favorite restaurant dish amongst New Yorkers who eat, if any, these days. Clear proof of Señor de Valera's influence. . . . Miss Lila Lee, once Augusta Appel, richer by \$83,000 in Maxwell Motors.

Enough to buy a new Hispano Suiza. . . . Singing their way into the America heart, the Swedish University Singers . . . visiting. Punch will be served by some great soul, no doubt.



Office Gazette

SCORES of letters—this being journal—ese for three—inform us that the tale printed here some weeks ago about the noted alienist and the strange patient was, in essence, the plot of a vaudeville sketch. After investigating, our Expert on Plagiarism reports (1) that the fiend in human form who regaled a dinner party with the tale, and gave the name of a noted specialist in mental diseases, known to most present, as the victim, has left town hurriedly, (2) that there are vaudeville sketches, and (3) that there is still vaudeville.

The second and third items in the report of Our Expert on Plagiarism are being investigated, as obviously untrue. Until further advices on these points are received from our Minister to Dubuque, nothing more can be done.—*The New Yorkers*



OF ALL THINGS



AFTER all, Secretary Wilbur's mistake was a natural one; the President would have been good in the Silent Drama.

A census taken for the *Times* forecasts the probable defeat of the Vice-President's rules reform. The country seems to be full of scoff Dawes.

It is one of history's little ironies that President Coolidge should have celebrated Memorial Day with a fervent plea for States' rights. Sometimes it is hard to tell who won *any* war.

The Queen of Rumania and the King of Swat are both writing for the *World*, but fortunately for us constant readers, low-born newspaper men are still on the job.

If we understand Dr. Fosdick correctly, the great trouble with the church to-day is that it is leading a catechism-and-dogma life.

Rhode Island is having its troubles. The cotton mills have been going on low for some time and now the divorce mill is not doing so well.

At this distance we cannot make out whether Mary Pickford has fallen

among bad characters or good press agents.

Now that all the reports are out, it is our deliberate conviction that anyone voting for Hylan Rapid Transit should be punished by getting it. In fact, straphanging is too good for him.

Thanks to the Supreme Court the children of Oregon have retained the right to be badly educated in public, private or parochial schools. They still have their three r's and their three p's.

If Mussolini should pass his mantle along to D'Annunzio, as one rumor has it, Italy would simply be going from bad to verse. It would probably be called the dictatorship of the poet-laureate.

The home economics department of a New England college has adopted a girl baby—and we defy anybody to make a mammy song out of that.

David A. Schulte's career is our offering this week as an inspiring example for the young. Twenty-six years ago he was only a poor cigar clerk and the other day he bought 1,800,000 gallons of whisky.

The indications are that there will be a strong movement in the next Congress to repeal the publicity of income tax returns. It was evidently a terrible shock to the lawmakers to learn from the Supreme Court that they meant what they said.

Maybe Mr. Bryan and the Solid South would have felt better about everything if Darwin had said "donkey" instead of "monkey."

It begins to look now as if the evolutionary war would be fought out by the P.H.D.'s and the R.F.D.'s.

Another book on etiquette is announced for early publication, but we feel that this is a step in the wrong direction. What this country needs is fewer and better manners.

Golden text for to-day. If Sinnotts entice thee, consent thou not.

Two Wall Street houses bearing once-reputable names have been closed because of shady transactions. When perfect frankness prevails such places will bear signs, "Ye Olde Bucket Shoppe."

—Howard Brubaker

YE OLDE ENGLYSHE INNE

"WELL, sir," said my friend from the States, "you've surely shown me a few corners of London outside the guidebook; but there's something else I wanta see. I wanta see the old English inn, and have a real English welcome and a real English meal. I've read Dickens and Fielding and Smollett. I've read Disraeli and George Borrow. I've read Coaching Days and Coaching Ways. And they tell me that the automobile has brought back the old English inn and the life of the English roads. I'd like to see those inns and Mine Host. Can you fix it?"

Speaking with the foolish pride of the dog owner, who is asked if his dog understands what is said to it, I said that I could fix it. I thought hastily of all the historic inns I had seen, visited or read about; and I chose a famous house on the Great North Road. My choice was the —. But it doesn't matter, for I have discovered now that in the matter of meals they are all alike.

On the outward journey I expatiated on the quality of the English inn as compared with the French inn and the Spanish inn. I am not often on the road, and the sense of travel and my friend's quotations from Fielding and Smollett threw me back to past days. But he only remembered the pleasant inns of Fielding and Smollett and Dickens; and I forgot that these novelists have shown us the less agreeable as well as the romantic side of road-travel. The latter are gone; only the less agreeable remain.

Our inn was picturesque; almost too picturesque. It might have been a drawing by Herbert Railton. It had a stone front and an Oriel window. It had a long yard with a gallery. There were old bells, old blunderbusses, old oak doors and bolts; and a glass roof and wistaria gave it light and color. Over its porch hung the insignia of two great associations of road-travellers. Twenty motors were parked in its yard. Beyond the yard a gate led to a garden. We looked into the garden, and saw a long chicken-run, a vegetable garden, and a fruit garden. There were currants, red and black, gooseberries, peas, beans, carrots, potatoes, strawberries, cherries. I liked that garden, and felt that England could be trusted to do its duty towards the stranger who cherished its traditions. Every bit of the inn had a touch of welcome about it.

In the entrance hall, I said to a hard-featured female of the Directoire period: "Can we have lunch?" She looked past me. I said it again. She said, "What?" I said it the third time. She said, "They'll see to you over there." I made two attempts to find "over there," and at last got into the dining room. An apathetic woman, of the housemaid type,

looked at us, showed us to a table, threw a stained menu card on the table, and went away and forgot us. The menu was hardly the menu for a hot day, but it looked English and it was written in English; so I passed it to my friend and hoped for the best.

Soup
Tomato
Fish
Salmon Mayonnaise
Joint
Roast Sirloin of Beef
New Potatoes Spring Greens
Sweet
Fruit Salad
Cheese Coffee



We set ourselves to this old English meal. What the States think of Old English meals I don't know. I did not dare to inquire. We ate it in silence. What we ate was tomato soup fresh from ye packette, salmon mayonnaise, fresh from ye Canadian tin, beef not quite so fresh from ye Argentine, new potatoes of the consistency of old bullets, a brown mass that I discovered (by inquiry) represented the "spring greens," and the fruit salad—.

I remembered that garden at the back. I remembered the fruit salad they might have given us—the currants, the gooseberries, the cherries. I remembered how easy it is in my own home to cut oranges in quarters and mix with bananas, grapes, apples, etc. What I

saw before me was a plate with a little juice, and in the juice a piece of tinned pineapple, two pieces of tinned apricot, and two prunes. The custard that accompanied it was undoubtedly fresh—from ye olde egg-powder. The cheese was undoubtedly fresh from Canada. The butter was fresh from Denmark. The coffee was undoubtedly freshly made by somebody who had once kept a London coffee-stall.

And the price of that summertime luncheon was five shillings.

The inn is one of the famous inns of England. It has been painted or sketched by famous artists, and it has been described and celebrated by topographers and by writers of guide books. It has its own kitchen-garden and is surrounded by farms which might supply it with English meat and English dairy produce. And it is not so far away from Scotland that it could not supply fresh salmon to its patrons.

As I say, I am not often on the road, but from my few experiences of famous roadside inns I have come to the conclusion that the Englishman, especially the motoring Englishman, is easily pleased. He will eat any rubbish that is set in front of him—provided he is paying highly for it. A man who can sit at a

table, looking out on a garden loaded with fresh fruit, and can eat Hawaiian pineapple from a tin, will put up with anything.

Even my friend from the States——. When we came out, I said, nervously, "Well, I'm sorry. I'm afraid they're a little off their form to-day. Maybe a change of management, or something. I almost

wish I hadn't——."

He interrupted me with:

"It was fine, boy. Fine! That old dining room—that dirty table cloth—those old oak panels—that old yard with its brooms and pails—that fly-blown waitress—that waxy cheese—that, sir, was *England!*"

—Thomas Burke

THE MAN WHO IS JUST~FOLKS

AFTER reading avidly in his newspaper the reports of three gaudy seductions, six murders, two incest cases and twenty-seven confessions by street-walkers, degenerates, fetichists and Sunday Supplement Society Courtezans. . . .

After devoting a large part of the forenoon to ogling his stenographer and trying to date her up for the evening, the wife having been called out of town by her dying mother. . . .

After spending an hour at lunch exchanging dirty stories with a Buyer from the West. . . .

After sitting for two and a half hours before a musical comedy praying furtively for the chorus girls to come out with fewer clothes on. . . .

He flies into a rage at the vulgarity and obscenity of a poem which contains the lines, "Her thighs were citadels of passion."

After cursing out the mayor of his city, the governor of his State and the officials in Washington, from the President down, as a parcel of venal scoundrels. . . .

After declaring during a heated dinner table argument that the judges of the city no less than the judges of the higher courts are a parcel of venal scoundrels. . . .

After agreeing with a fellow Knight of Pythias that the politicians are ruining the country by their crookedness and graft. . . .

He rushes to the polls at eight o'clock on election day for fear of being considered unAmerican by the neighborhood pest who has horned in as a precinct captain and excitedly marks crosses after the names that savor of his own nationality or religion.

After confessing that he ain't read a book in four years. . . .

After boasting that he ain't got time to waste on paintings and such bunk. . . .

After telling his sissy brother-in-law that he would like to see anybody catch *him* going to a concert while he was in his right mind. . . .

He plunges passionately at every opportunity into long-winded arguments on Art, Literature and Music,

cinching all debate in the issue by announcing, "I'm from Mizoori. You gotta show me, see?"

After spending fifteen years quarreling with his wife and cursing out her panhandling relatives three times a day. . . .

After assuring himself every morning at 11 o'clock that he would have amounted to something if it wasn't for the way he was held down by his ignorant and unappreciative wife. . . .

He writes a letter to the daily *Graphic* attacking divorce as the greatest menace to the peace and prosperity of the nation with which that forward looking gazette has to cope.

After announcing that he ain't got no use for long haired reformers. . . .

He bows down once a week (or should) before the image (or memory) of a man whose hair fell to His shoulders and who was executed by the Roman police as a meddlesome reformer.

After announcing that he ain't got no use for long haired artists. . . .

He spends six hours a week in the barber shop having eggs, goose grease, tar and strawberry juice rubbed on his head in a desperate effort to induce his hair to grow.

After mortgaging his house to buy a new automobile. . . .

After returning home from the opera in a dress suit and silk hat for which he paid a total of \$165 and which he will wear only four times during his whole life. . . .

After borrowing \$2,000 from his father-in-law to enable him to spend the winter taking mud baths in French Lick. . . .

He writes a letter to the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* congratulating him on his editorial stating that the chief cause of the high cost of living and of the economic instability of the nation is that workmen are buying \$7 shirts.—Ben Hecht.



PROFILES

Silver-Tongue

OPINIONS differ about Bryan, and nearly all of them are unfounded. This, I perceive, (why keep the truth obscure?) is only another way of saying that the Commoner is an extensively misunderstood man. He is variously regarded as a statesman, chump, shrewd politician, bigot, liberal, scholar, knight, orator, reformer, crank and crusader who has fetched up short of his goal because of a chevalier-like hesitancy to sacrifice principle for expediency. The only point nearly everyone agrees on is that he is sincere. The *New York Herald Tribune* would admit that.

But Mr. Bryan is none of these things at bottom. At bottom he is a hard money-maker, of the type which, accommodating your prejudices (always to be consulted on occasions like this) you may describe as resembling a Scotchman, a Yankee or a Jew. He had no youth for the pursuit of money absorbed it. That is, the light and bright thing we envision as youth. If you would place Mr. Bryan at the outset of his life get down your dusty but trusty Dickens and picture Nickleby, the money lender, as a young man.

A good voice and a fine presence led him into politics, and he has made a fortune out of it. When politics ceased to pay so well Bryan turned his searchlight in other directions.

He tried newspaper reporting and anti-saloon leaguery. But the first was a makeshift and cleverer rivals outstripped him in the other endeavor. Bryan was not a path-blazer on the trail of demon rum anyhow. In the old days the brewers' and distillers' dollars found a welcome place in his campaign chests and wet and wicked Mayor Jim Dahlman of Omaha was one of the Bryan mainstays.

But one day the Commoner virtuously released Mayor Jim from his alliance, and in the fulness of time embraced religion and real estate in a semi-professional way. This may explain his presence in Florida where it has been possible to consolidate these two activities, as recently when Mr. Bryan sold a church congregation a building site. Mr. Bryan held out for a stiff price, the church hesitated, but the deal was closed after the salesman volunteered to preach free of charge the first few sermons in the new house of worship. Which—unquestionably—

But Mr. Bryan has done for the enlightened progress of Christianity in other ways than that. He has given it an issue. He has bent on the Bible the active attention of millions who otherwise would be

considering it abstractly if at all. Still speaking with the interests of the Faith in mind, Mr. Bryan has made the picture perfect by championing the right side of that issue. A less naively Bryanic advocacy of the Fundamentalist cause at this moment might have set the Modernist wing back another ten years.

Mr. Bryan's political career was started by a speech he made. It was doubtless a better speech than the one which a *Chicago Tribune* make-up man transposed several paragraphs and sent to press that way. The improvement was so slight, however, that not a single reader mentioned it, and the disillusioned printer tried to pass the thing off as an accident. But if you think Mr. Bryan an orator, read one of his

speeches—as delivered, I mean, and not as condensed and brushed up by some reporter whose wages depend upon the clarity of his copy. The impression of Mr. Bryan's oratory is based on a magnificent voice and a native gift of persuasiveness.

At the outset of his public life Bryan fished for a money-making issue and vaguely embraced Grover Clevelandism. But the economic rifts which gave the campaign of 1896 its character showed where the glint was. He went after the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, and unlike his predecessors in that search, he found

it. As the champion of liberalism he was knighted the new Bayard. A young man in politics never had a finer chance than the one the Chevalier threw away. He inveighed against the cross of gold and let it become his master.

A Connecticut man named Bennett was so bewitched that he left a will giving most of his estate to the Western Galahad. Someone once did a similar thing for Henry George, but that well-meaning friend of the poor was so unappreciative that he refused to accept the legacy and turned it over to the dead man's family which needed it. The first shadow fell on the Bryan hero worship when the new King Arthur began a determined legal battle to deprive the Widow Bennett and her children of every cent he could obtain, though they needed it, too. It went from court to court and eventually Bryan lost, but there wasn't much left for the Bennett family by then.

When the Spanish War came along Bryan joined the Army and became a colonel. Although the Chevalier was no pacifist then, the Republican War Department took pains to see that he lacked opportunity



William Jennings Bryan

to distinguish himself on the field of honor. Colonel Bryan got no nearer hostilities than Tampa. With Bryan and not Roosevelt at San Juan Hill our history would read differently. Yet Bryan, restrained as he was, played a more important rôle in the Spanish war than the other colonel ever did. When the peace treaty was negotiated most Democrats and many Republicans drew back from the article annexing the Philippines. Colonel Bryan went posthaste to Washington and lobbied with his supporters in the Senate to ratify the treaty. But for him it would have been rejected. Then the Talleyrand of the Platte took the stump against McKinley and the "imperialism" issue thus contrived. In the North he stood for the immediate emancipation of the Filipinos and in the South for the fuller subjection of the Negroes. I see by the *World Almanac* that Mr. McKinley was re-elected and that Theodore Roosevelt became vice-president.

When he was running against Taft in 1908 Sir Galahad felt that his opponent's Unitarian belief unfitted him for the presidency. "One is better off studying the Rock of Ages than the ages of rock," summed up his position.

But the Chevalier found other objections to Mr. Taft. One night while in Lincoln, Neb., he called up the correspondent of the *New York World*, who was also in town, and told him that Mr. Taft had been guilty of corruption while governor-general of the Philippines. He impressed on the reporter that his, Bryan's, tracks must be covered in this disclosure, that the story must not be printed as a dispatch from Lincoln, but as a local New York story and attributed to an anonymous political authority in that city.

When Grover Cleveland received from his managers affidavits attacking the character of Blaine he burned them in the fireplace of the Executive Mansion at Albany. The *World* did not use the Taft story.

Contrary to the general impression, Mr. Bryan has a sense of humor, and has it in him to be an entertaining companion. But early in his quest of money through politics he discovered—rightly—that a sense of humor is apt to be fatal to a politician. So he sup-

pressed it and has kept it suppressed for thirty years, except in rare intimate conversations. Still, Bryan's bitterness, his irritated manner toward those who disagree with him is a comparatively recent acquisition. He suddenly assumed it in 1912 after observing the success with which Roosevelt could impetuously crush an adversary. Up to that time his manner had been one of imperturbable geniality, which is nearer the true nature of the man.

Bryan works for his money, and it is no uncommon thing for people to get rich in politics, though his is probably the only case in which a politician has grown wealthy by defeat. Capitalizing his political and sectarian prominence to sell real estate may be less offensive to some than his barnstorming for pay while Secretary of State, but the simple Chevalier acquires delicacy in these matters slowly.

The lack of dignity as a great party leader, so often imputed to Mr. Bryan, can be explained by his ophthalmia to everything but the dollar. This is no

crime, understand; it is even a common thing. Yet it seems to grate somehow on the ideal which many of the most raffish and skeptical Americans hold for political and spiritual leaders. By such uneven application of the ethics Mr. Bryan has been victimized to the detriment of his public career.

Bryan has (some) brains. In a long though circuitous public life he has never been without a following. He is not without one now. He is the foremost exponent of the anti-evolutionist theory in America. He has taken an academic question and made a popular controversy of it. That is a feat which requires talent of a quite specialized order—a talent which, though not rare in America, is greatly misunderstood by those who confuse it with a knowledge of the subject under controversy.

Mr. Bryan's appearance presently at the trial of the Tennessee school teacher will be worth the attention it will get. By odd chance he will be pitted against Clarence Darrow, the defender of Loeb and Leopold. Bryan and Darrow tilting at each other may produce something classic as a study in method.

—Charles Willis Thompson



LYRICS FROM THE PEKINESE



XXXI.

"THE Bee only works when she likes,"

Says some truth-digging gopher;

'She carries a load and strikes;

She's a terrible loafer.'

Let similar brickbats he cast

At the Ant's reputation,

And, freed from Examples at last,

You may take a vacation

Whenever your fancy decrees,"

Said the small Pekinese.

XXXII.

"A new way of settling old debts

That some nations would show one,

Is based on the principle, 'Let's

Never no one pay no one,

And all will be lovely and fair!—

But that seems rather shoddy.

Let everyone act on the square

And repay everybody

In sesterces, francs or rupees,"

Said the small Pekinese.

XXXIII.

"It's eighteen days to July

By the clock in the steeple;

The sun is beginning to fry,

And our Very Best People

Are either away to the hills

Or the shore, or to cure up

Imagined or actual ills,

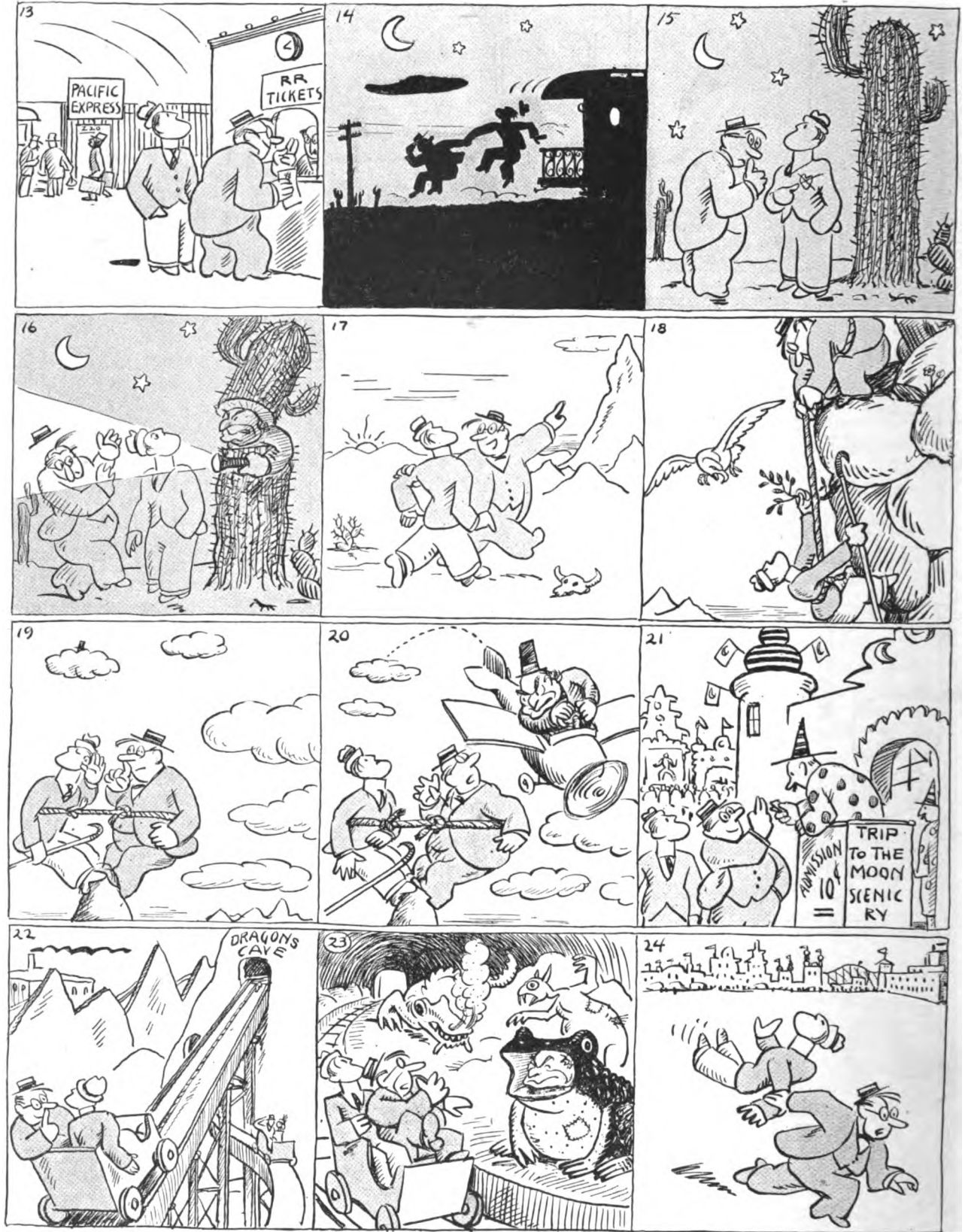
Are departing for Europe,

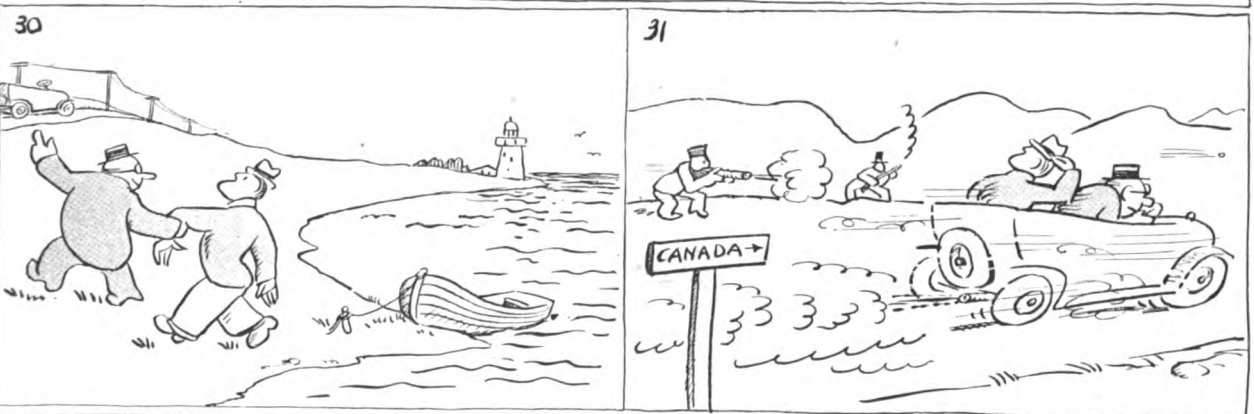
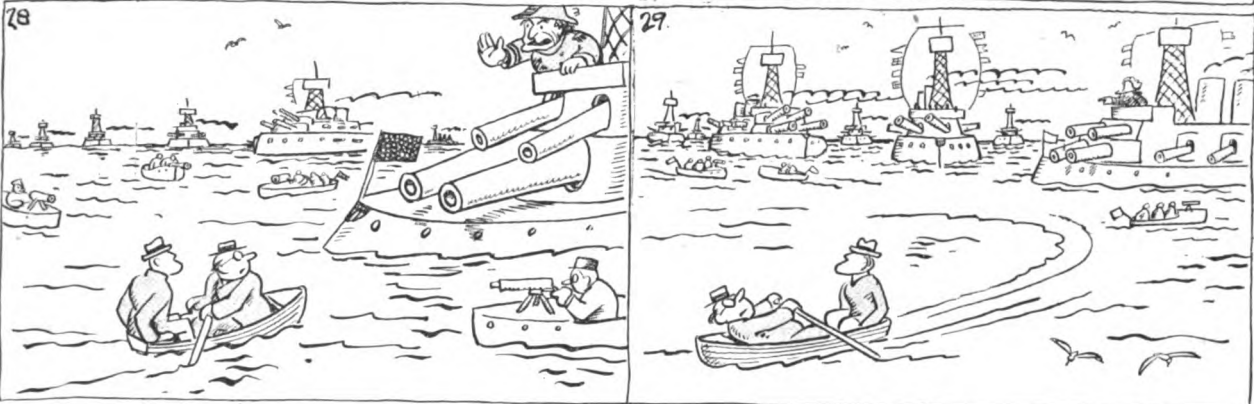
Quebec or the Antipodes,"

Said the small Pekinese.

—Arthur Guiterman







Love On a Quantity Basis

(Courtship In 1945)

Miss M. Hoosefrass, City.

My dear Miss Hoosefrass:

We are more than anxious to place our love with you on a quantity basis. You are in receipt of our Form Letter A, re Necking Up To Date, and we are mailing our Advanced Form Letter B to-day, under separate cover, unmarked and sealed. Albert Edwards, Inc., Wants Your Business and wants it now! We can deliver!

Very truly yours,
ALBERT EDWARDS, INC.
per Albert Edwards.

* * *

Mr. Albert Edwards,
Albert Edwards, Inc.

My dear Mr. Edwards:

In reply to yours of the fourth inst. would say that I am very much pleased with the samples of your love I have tried, and have found it of a very high grade. If you can and will guarantee that your product will maintain its quality over a period of time, would be pleased to contract for it for some years. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am

Respectfully yours,
Miss M. HOOSEFRASS.

* * *

Miss M. Hoosefrass, City.

My dear Miss Hoosefrass:

Welcome to the great company of users of Albert Edwards, Inc., Love. Do not fear depreciation in the product. Edwards' Love is as Strong as Gibraltar

—as Enduring as the Sea. I say to my salesmen at the annual get-together and talk-fest: "Boys, we're committed to high-pressure, quantity production—but remember this—we never let down in quality! We deliver!"

The first consignment will be delivered to your address this evening, F.O.B. Fifty-eighth Street. Thanking you, we remain,

Very truly yours,
ALBERT EDWARDS, INC.
per Albert Edwards.
—Leonard Hall

Religion

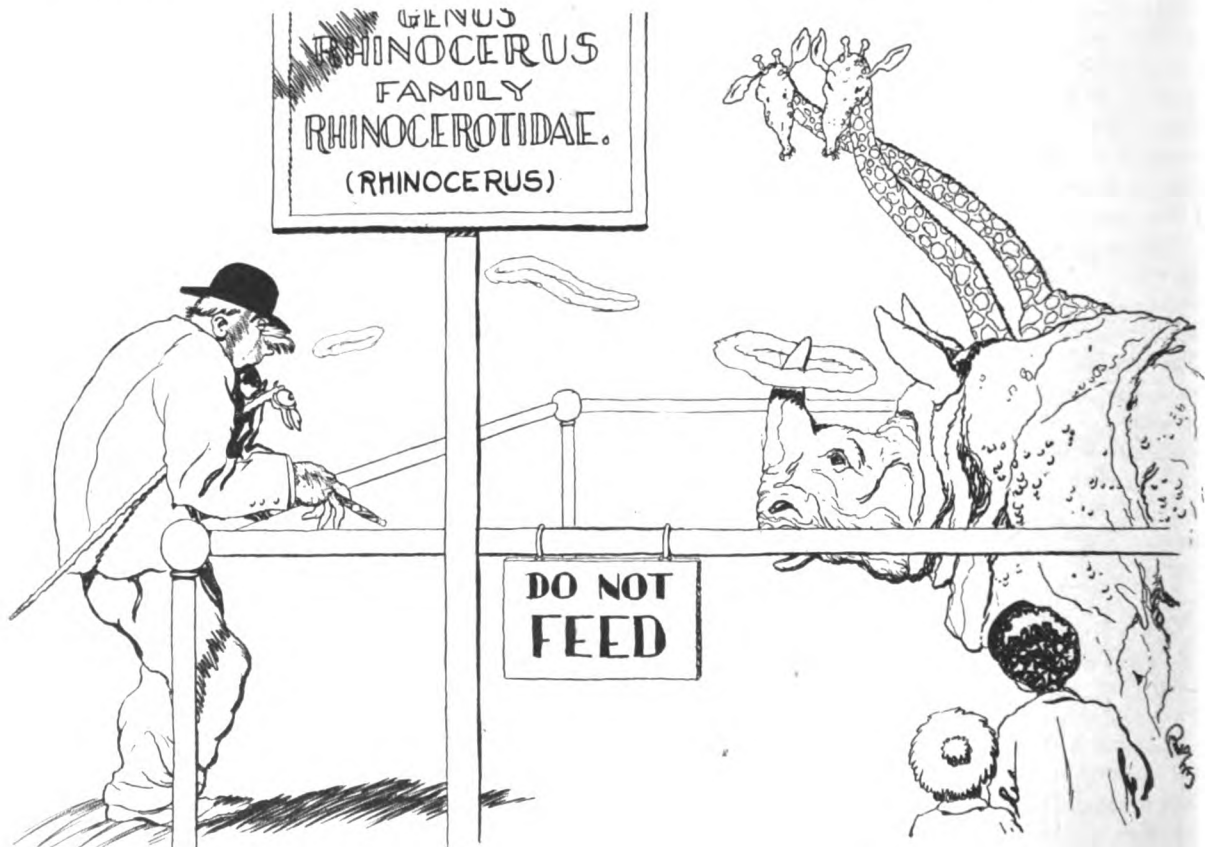
(Being a Libel On the Ancient Athenians)

All Athens in agora, school and arena
Paid homage to azure-eyed Pallas Athena
Who guarded the city from insolent foes;
But once in her temple a schism arose:
While Modernists held that in some remote era
Their goddess was born of imperial Hera,
The Orthodox swore, with a deal of abuse,
That Pallas sprang armed from the forehead of Zeus.
These factions had no other serious quarrels
On points of religion or ethics or morals,
But what chiefly mattered above and on earth
Was being *au fait* on the goddess' birth,
And so they got fighting like Turks and Armenians.
A curious lot were those ancient Athenians!

—Arthur Guiterman

The Optimist

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



The Coney Island Ring-and-Cane Man Takes a Day Off at the Zoo



The Theatre

FOR some time now the theatre has been going in for the dramatization of nursery stories, without much pleasurable effect. The favorite one is the "Who killed Cock Robin? I, said the Sparrow, with my bow and arrow," and the result is called a mystery farce.

What, as Mr. Moran might say, Cock Robin was doing there is never quite explained. How come the bow and arrow?—that, too, remains a mystery. And, also with Mr. Moran, the baffled playgoer can only sigh plaintively, "What Sparrow?"

There is, for example, "Spooks," which broke the tape at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre recently.

In "Spooks," it develops, a number of people are required to spend three consecutive nights in a mysterious house, that they may legally come into the fortune of a late deceased eccentric. (Do we hear cries of "Go on!?"?)

There is, of course, only one type of mystery play that is worse than the one that does not explain its weird happenings, and that is the one that does. "Spooks" manages to cover both fields pretty well.

The piece is pretty much nothing all around and is not even to be mentioned in the same breath with its fellow mystery farce, "The Gorilla," which is robust, unimaginative, unroutined fun. However, it may serve as the text for this department's minor sermon of the week.

To-wit, there is probably more wastage among American actors than among actors anywhere else in the world. Lionel Barrymore, for instance, has just closed a season in which he played the leading rôles in "The Piker," "Taps" and "Man or Devil?" And now comes Grant Mitchell to the New York stage in "Spooks," after one earlier appearance in "The Habitual Husband."

Mr. Mitchell is certainly not the great American actor, but he is much too good an actor to waste his time playing a stuttering young man in "Who Killed Cock Robin?"

EVERY country, of course, gets the "Abie's Irish Rose" it deserves. England, thus, had and has "Charley's Aunt." America, in the unanimous opinion of the judges, wins decisively, on points.

"Charley's Aunt" is a laborious and synthetic composition, elaborately equipped with artificial situations that even the less sensitive can detect ten minutes before they occur. There are plenty of people who laugh at it, of course, but there are even more people,

according to trained statisticians, who say "No, but thanks for the compliment" and simper when you ask them to change a ten-dollar bill.

It is these people who have been going to see "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Charley's Aunt." That answers the question sent this department by "Old—for THE NEW YORKER—Subscriber" and A. M., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—H. J. M.

Moving Pictures

THE newest Germanic film newcomer, "Siegfried," made by the Ufa forces under direction of Fritz Lang, will be given every advantage to aid its New York presentation. It will go into the Century with a large symphony orchestra to play the Wagnerian score, adapted by Herr Hugo Reisenfeld. This will open in the early Fall.

We found "Siegfried" long, arty but possessing many fine intervals of real beauty. The Siegfried of the film isn't the Siegfried of Bayreuth. The Ufa forces explain that they have gone into the basic legends. The most radical difference lies in the introduction of the Church and the exclusion of paganism. The settings, from castle to cathedral, are after Max Reinhardt's own heart, too. Maybe such structures existed in Europe in those rude days—but we doubt it. Still, they make for beauty of scene. Probably all's fair in the newer stagecraft, anyway.

There are many moments of singular beauty, as in the enchanted forest of the early reels. One instance is of Siegfried, astride his white horse, groping his way through the mists among the gnarled trees.

Probably the critics will pour superlatives upon "Siegfried." It is the sort of film effort that usually wins the critical adjectives. The average audience will probably be a bit bored at Siegfried's quest. Tom Mix does this sort of thing with much more verve and snap.

"THE DESERT FLOWER," Colleen Moore's newest movie, is just another variation of the Cinderella theme. The waif of a railroad construction camp falls in love with a mysterious derelict. The chap becomes regenerated in the last reel and turns out to be the son of the railroad president. Probably all this will be popular. It always has been.

Miss Moore wears chaps and other bizarre garb designed to aid her in her campaign in celluloid cutism. Her performance doesn't ring true anywhere, but we will forgive it this time. She fell from a

handcar in one of these scenes and injured her spine so badly that she was in a plaster cast for weeks. But for this we would get annoyed about "The Desert Flower."

SOMETHING ought to be done about the movie apache. The wolves of Paris are back again in "Parisian Nights," in which Lou Tellegen is the chief underworld cut-throat. He wears the usual black velvet garb of the Hollywood apache. Renée Adorée is the best of the cast as a red hot Montmartre mamma.—*F. S.*

Art

WHAT is so hot as a day in June. Then, if ever, come the water color shows and the lighter forms of entertainment in the galleries. Whether the art dealers are afraid the oil will run, or whether it is good psychology, we do not know. Anyway, the open season is here. At the Montross Galleries during June there is an excellent show of twenty American artists working in the lighter medium. Don't imagine from the foregoing that the show is frivolous; it is as stimulating an exhibit as we have run across in a long time.

We should like to see an analysis written by some one who knows, of the rise and fall and rise again of the art of water color. Whether it was the magic deftness of Whistler in that medium that estopped all contemporary endeavors, whether it was the he-man legend that came along with the trusts, Roosevelt and the Big Stick making water colors seem effeminate, we don't know. Or its return might be some sort of subconscious acceptance of the Volstead Act. There it is, the return and in the hands of such masters as Marin, Dickinson, Davies, Demuth, Burchfield et al., it is a triumphant re-entry. All of the weakness and paleness seem to have been squeezed out and the new workers bring forth a strong, vivid picture lacking in nothing possessed by oils—in fact hav-

ing a softness and imagination sometimes denied the heavier medium.

There are two brilliant pictures in the Montross exhibit by Charles Burchfield. They are captivating mainly by their handling, the forms and content being rather of the old school. At the other end we find "Rue Desertée Sainte Maxime" by Robert Hallowell, a beautiful assembling of forms and color in broad planes. "Merry Go Round" by Paul Rohland has a good deal of movement and yet attains a slick finish. And then there is George Luks with "Moonlight," a pretty little nocturne showing more care and thought than most of his oils that have been on view lately. Charles Demuth has one of his cool flower studies, a grouping of tulips with a fine balance and a definiteness of color that Demuth goes in for.

Varnum Poor, who has the room next to the Gallery filled with his own strange potteries, contributes one picture of a farm house. Poor is one of your artists who knows what to leave out. The little white farm house is a marvel of economy. And there are still others, shading all the way from the Academy to the Steiglitz Americans. Of these we liked "Some Familiars," a still life by Thomas Furlong, "Tulips" of Frank London, "Silbertal" by Bertram Hartman, "Still Life" by Bradley Walker Tomlin, "New York Night" by Charles N. Sarka, and "Head" by Kimon Nicolaides Jr. Arthur B. Davies, of course, has one of his "Women" in which he achieves beautiful flesh tones. Davies, by the way, is the only artist we know of who can put a patch on a picture and get away with it.—*M. P.*

Music

WE have been privy to the auditions operated by the Stadium Concerts folk and the newly created National Music League, and again we ask you—how little does one have to know to become a *maestro of bel canto*? The young pianists and fiddlers who are appearing before the judges tucked away



Impressions From That Spirited Burlesque

in the boxes are, for the most part, gifted and well taught, but the singers, taking them by and larger, seem to prove that anyone who can afford the price of a visiting card can dispense vocal instruction.

The number of splendid natural voices that may be heard in Aeolian Hall these delightful afternoons—the auditions continue almost daily until the month's end—is surprising, and the number of misguided throats that distort these same voices is appalling. Apparently, the vocal pundits' first stricture is that under no circumstances must a young singer be natural. Singing without strain is not in accordance with the best schools. Diction is dangerous and understanding of text and music may not be exhibited publicly.

This department has little sympathy for the benign suggestion that vocal teachers be licensed, because it would not be long before a teaching certificate would be as easy to obtain as a dog license, and with approximately the same results. Unfortunately, there are no tests which examine thoroughly the teacher's qualifications, for few teachers can produce even remotely uniform degrees of excellence in their pupils. A professor who may convert Aubrey Moskowitz into a corking barytone (spelling approved by the *Herald Tribune*) may cramp the style of Deborah McCarthy.

Even worse than the downright bad singing which many of the doctors inculcate is the mental paralysis which seems to accompany it. Arthur Nikisch, a truly great conductor, used to hum passages for his orchestral solo players and say, "That is my idea of it, but play it your own way." The laryngeal manipulators scream, "Do it my way, or you will be the worse for it!" Consequently, every contralto pupil of Professor X sings "Mon coeur" like every other contralto pupil of the estimable regent, which means that every contralto pupil of the mentor sings it a little worse than the next. We heard one young singer, who was asked whether she knew a certain aria, answer, "I know it, but I haven't studied it with my teacher, so I can't sing it." And meanwhile, good housewives are so scarce!—R. A. S.

Books

HOW promising Cyril Hume actually is, we don't know. Those novelists are extra hard to call the future's turn on: gifted youngsters who have come up through big colleges, absorbing the new art and the new wisdom, and have started right in doing things accordingly in fiction. The things are all more or less arresting and more or less alike—but Hume was exceptionally good in "The Wife of the Centaur," his beginning, at the younger-generation business, and he now gets hold of more than might have been expected with an earnest novel on the philosophy of a common sex frustration.

"Cruel Fellowship" (*Doran*) has its share of juvenility being sage in borrowed whiskers. It also has material, reflection and even poetry on the sufferers whom it typifies in Claude Fisher, thin-skinned males so hobbled, psychologically, that they sprawl whenever they move in the direction of fulfilment, and withdraw from life into themselves.

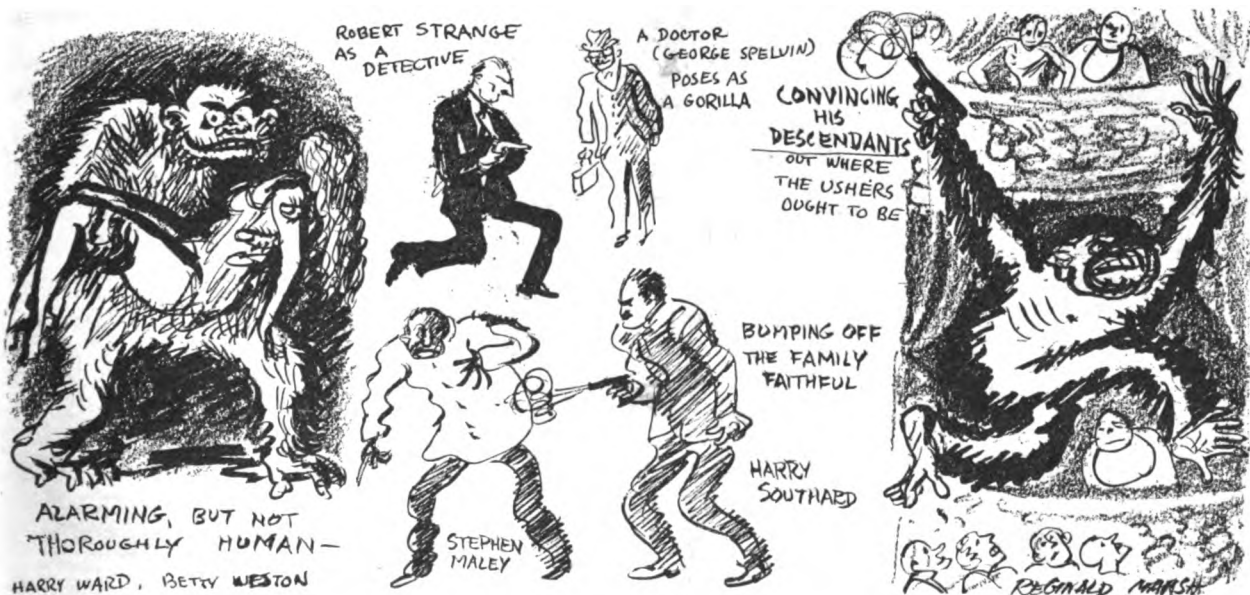
It gives openings to all the stock theories of how they get that way. Fisher starts with a "bad heredity" and runs the entire gantlet of unfortunate experience. But Hume is too sagacious and artistic to commit his novel to a theory. He suggests that after all such lives should be charged off to fate; and then, at the end, hints neatly that if your mind is on the Fates you will see them in three old newspapers blowing in the street.

He is tremendously sorry for Fisher. His compassion suffuses the book. It is neither maudlin nor identifying, though he is afraid you will think it is both, and takes elaborate measures to prevent you.

At any rate, Hume has not managed to move us deeply on Fisher's behalf, and our notion is that a canter on the Nietzschean high horse might be good for him. But he has made us eager to see what he is going to do next: has impressed us with the skill and insight of a number of parts of "Cruel Fellowship."

—Touchstone

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



of Mystery Plays, "The Gorilla"

HARD~BOILED GOLF

THE King is dead, and Mr. Willie Macfarlane of Oak Ridge, has, as all the world knows, been elected King by the unanimous majority of the best golfers of the nation at their recent meeting in the heat wave at Worcester, Massachusetts.

Willie Macfarlane is a great golfer. His is a never say die and, in fact, never say much of anything game, but one that can and does pull him out of holes when all seems lost. That he will be the popular champion that Bobby Jones was and would again have been, seems doubtful. He failed somehow to catch the imagination of the crowd as Jones does. Or as Hagen does. Hagen would also have been a most popular winner, for he is a favorite of the gallery. And then there was old Mike Brady of the Winged New York Athletic Club who has never won an Open, who also had them pulling for him. The Winged Foot professional fell just short on the last round, taking three more strokes than Jones and Macfarlane. Ouimet, who was, as the representative of New England, the hope of the majority, lost by a stroke when a putt rimmed the cup and did not drop in. That was all that separated him from a tie with the winners on the second day. But the groan that went up from that enormous following gallery when his drive on the sixteenth went off into the rough and killed his chances, must have been a solace to one of the finest fighters in the game.

Macfarlane, like Jones, is a great golfer. True to his race, he makes few mistakes, gives little away, and keeps his head in the pinches. On the first round of the second day after his 141 of the first day, he was

pursued by a mob who followed him up to the fourth hole. He took a four, a six and two fives on these holes, four over par, and when he missed a long putt on the fourth his chances seemed slim and the gallery faded away.

"There goes Willie's gallery," said a voice behind me.

"Yes, but his chances aren't gone—yet."

I turned to see Kerrigan and Brady who were watching the incident. And Friday noon when Macfarlane made his wonderful pull-up against Jones in the blazing heat, it flashed over me that Macfarlane, too, must have been saying to himself, "There goes my gallery—but my chances aren't gone—yet."

Temperament played a big part in the winning and the losing of the title up there at Worcester where the heat begins. One star, who placed considerably better last year than he did this, found himself paired with an unknown amateur on the first day's play. He considered his game affronted, and he blew off about it in the locker room when he was dressing to such an extent that when he went out on the course he was upset and never struck his stride, finishing well down the list. He was only one of many who were affected in various ways by a temperature several degrees higher on the course than the temperature at the same time at Wall and Broad Streets, Manhattan.

A gallery at a National Open, or indeed at any big golfing event, is unlike the crowd that follows any other sporting

event. From curiosity, people will flock to see Tilden or Johnston, Ruth or Cobb. But few people will travel several hundred miles across country and walk up and down hill for two or three days to see a golf match unless they are fans. Or fanatics. In other words the gallery at a golf championship not only knows the players and their chances, it knows the game and its fine points. And it misses very little of either.

Speaking of golfing crowds in general and the one at Worcester in particular, perhaps someone can explain why so few women attend golf championships. At Worcester there were thirty men for every woman, whereas at Forest Hills and Germantown the stands are filled with feminine fans. And if there was no Bill Tilden up at Worcester, there was a Bobby Jones. Possibly, one reason the male sex was so much in the majority was because the editors, managing editors and associate editors of the country's golfing magazines attended in a body.

There is probably more real, and less fake sporting spirit in golf than in any of the so-called amateur sports. Instances of it were visible on every hand in the Open. On the second day, Francis Ouimet, making his greatest bid for victory since 1913, found everything against him with Al. Espinosa who was going round at his side shooting par golf. "That's the boy, Al," he said when his chances glimmered as Espinosa sank a twelve foot putt for a par three on the sixth green. He meant it,



Willie Macfarlane Takes a Long Shot with His Brassie.



THIS is not a photograph. Nor is it a diagram of the seating arrangement at the Polo Grounds.

Covarrubias, the artist, claims it's an excellent likeness of his friend N— M—.

Do you consider it friendly?
Can you identify the victim?

Continued next week

Interesting?

A new and varied assortment of four-piece suits, in unusual cloths, has been added to our already extensive stock.

This, in addition to a splendid selection of golf-hose, sweaters, and other summer-time accessories, should enable one to successfully outfit one's self for considerably less than usual.

Worth while looking into!

\$42.50 and less

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too. And all the way round, older and more experienced men were coaching and guiding younger men and helping them on to victory at their own expense.

Not twenty people in the large gallery following Jones on that first day knew that he called a stroke on himself on the tenth, when in addressing the ball, it moved slightly. Certainly, not half that number around the fairway saw it move.

And don't allow anyone to tell you that a National Golf Championship isn't exciting. The atmosphere on the last day during the match between Jones and Macfarlane made a World's Series Ball Game seem like a county cricket match in an English village. Even during the two early days, the excitement was there aplenty. The huge crowds surrounding the stars up and down the course, the various rumors which met you at every hole—"Hagan got a three on the tenth." "Farrell got two par fours for a thirty-five going out." "Macfarlane just dropped a twenty foot putt for a birdie two on the eighth." "Jones is burning up the course coming in."

And then the wait at the clubhouse; the cheers from over the horizon when someone sinks a putt or accomplishes a birdie on a difficult hole; the scores going up on the blackboard; the hasty calculations and the moments of suspense as the final results come drifting in. Exciting? Well, exciting enough to last the average man without any difficulty until the next National at any rate.—J. R. T.

Ici, Garçon!

Oh, conversation's well enough,
But, polished phrases—let them wait.
An interlude from highbrow stuff;
Let filet mignon dominate.

You scorn me—rank materialist,
Say my ideals are low and crude.
Talk on, talk on; I still insist
That great respect is due good food.

I contemplate the consommé
With quite as much of interest
As you bestow on Lawson's play,
And choose my sweet with equal zest.

Well, go ahead; despise the herd;
Discuss Stravinsky, Kent and Stein.
You dote upon the cultured word;
A table d'hôteing love is mine.

—Lois Whitcomb

Paulina the Precocious

The first studio picture of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, wife of the Ohio Representative and Speaker of the House, and her baby daughter, Paulina, born in Chicago last April. The youngster has already given evidence of many of the characteristics of her late grandfather, former President Roosevelt.

—Newspaper photo caption.

Cruger's Column

Irving Berlin says the easiest way for him to describe Cruger's would be to "say it with music," but when we explained that the size of our column wouldn't permit much of a rhapsody, we received the following "libretto" written

by

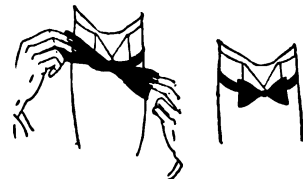
Irving Berlin



"Whenever I come back from Europe, I go direct from the gangplank to Cruger's to buy gifts I had meant to buy in London and Paris. This method saves time, customs trouble and the regrets which always attend those cravats that do not look so good the second time you see them. Then those Cruger neckties come in handy in moments of depression. I never hang myself with any other kind."



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WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD



THIS town is night club mad and the question that keeps us awake daytimes is as to how the men with regular jobs stand the gaff, or even make sense. Several of the clubs are not amusing until after four in the morning; and the number of such resorts is increasing daily. Our pile of issued "membership cards" looks like a regulation pinochle deck; and in order to carry it about of an evening we would have to have our pockets amplified.

Of the many sorts of entertainment concocted for the night public the most prevalent is the one employing a jollifier or master of ceremonies to keep the show moving. These ringmasters include Harry Richman at his club; Frisco at the Back Stage Club; those three dizzy clowns at the Club Durant; and most famous, and rightly so, "Texas" Guinan at her new place.

"Texas" has a radiant personality that proves completely disarming even to her most *recherché* visitors when she tells

"GIVE THIS LITTLE GIRL A GREAT BIG HAND"



them to leave their Park Avenue addresses in the coatroom. She manages to keep things exceedingly intimate even though the "Texas" Guinan Club is larger and better looking than that old dive, El Fey. With many interruptions and asides she presides over the performance of a bunch of neat little adolescents, who sing and dance. "Now folks, give this little girl a great big hand," is the accustomed introduction, in the utterance of which La Guinan is often preceded by a chorus of shouting patrons. In fact, it takes a firm hand to keep some of her regular customers, like Walter Catlett, Bill Boyd or Fannie Ward from snatching the reins of the entertainment from her. Some of the more obstreperous can only be silenced by a lusty crack on the head with a clapper.

Yes, things wax quite familiar.

The cuties of the show are well rounded on their corners, and full of pep and Charlestons. One entrancing young person, named Ruby Keeler, sings with a lisp that makes ordinary diction seem colorless by comparison.

The crowd at "Texas" Guinan's ring-side is decidedly mixed—social, theatrical and just Broadway. The other night we noted the Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitneys; Mr. and Mrs. Homer Orvis; Wilda Bennett and "Pepe"; Jacqueline Hunter and John Channing; William Kent; Ward Crane; Frank Mayo with Ann Luther and at the table next to them, for as short a time as possible, Dagmar Godowsky with the nineteen-year-old son of a millionaire; Vivienne Segal; Ira Hill, squiring two dames; Kathryn Ray with Sterling Reynolds until she left him for other company; Paul Reinhardt; Vargas; and Stephen Elkins.

Having visited two smoky basement resorts that same evening we can't fail to mention the freshness of the air in this club, because during the Summer months that is not an inconsiderable detail.

For a digression from the beaten path of night clubs we dropped over to the "Bunk," the Hungarian Restaurant. Large Central European parties were seated at tables covered with red and white checked clothes listening to the Gypsy orchestra. The American jazz for dancing is varied with an occasional Hungarian tune, to which the habitués step in their native manner. It is a very chaste version of the shimmy, the couples dancing rather far apart, the women's hands on the men's shoulders, and the men grasping the women on both hips. The steps don't appear very intricate, but the velocity is excessive. We had a yen to participate, but being a conservative at heart we had not the nerve to make overtures for lessons from any of the Hungarian maidens seated near. One was glancing over a late edition of the *Magyar Hirlap*—a discouraging influence at best.

Probably we are supersensitive to atmospheric conditions, but Russian restaurants have a greater appeal for us in cold weather than in hot. Russian music trumps up visions of snow-bound droshkas and herrings in Moscow, and our passion for the appropriate won't accept these visions during tropical heat. Thus do we preface our lack of enthusiasm for the present goings on at the Katinka Restaurant. The caviar, both black and pink, is still very fine; but the orchestra we ad-

mired so heartily has been replaced by one less characteristic.

The Gypsy troupe sings delightfully with that Slavic pathos that we always fall for. We are just sap enough to become repeatedly entranced by the wails of these hollow-eyed women. There are some dancers; better than they, however, is a waiter, called Leonard Somethingski. On the sidelines, and not as a part of the show, he does a Charleston with a Russian flavor that is graceful and decidedly comic. He should be made a feature of the program.



GYPSY SINGER

The clientele of these Russian gathering places is interesting, and persons of talent are not averse to contributing informally to the entertainment.

The Shelton Hotel pool is a commendable place to spend a hot evening in town. Some of the theatres and dancing clubs are coolish, whereas the pool is assuredly cool. It closes about ten o'clock, so there is still time afterward to go to a night club and get hot again.—*Top Hat*

Ad Men Run Universe For a Day

Other resolutions commended President Coolidge for insistence on greater economy in government, approved a plan of the Department of Commerce for compilation of statistics and records of merchandise distribution; thanked heads of Latin-American governments for sending special representatives to the convention; indorsed the Nyack plan which seeks to join the people and the churches, irrespective of denomination, in a world peace movement; indorsed the institution of golden rule Sunday in connection with Near East relief work, and deplored the death of Lord Leverhulme, of Great Britain.

—News dispatch.



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

THE THEATRE

WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth

Even if you don't understand English you should see this play.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Guild

An excellent revival, with Lionel Atwill and Helen Hayes in the leading roles, of what is generally regarded as Shaw's finest comedy.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

Here is a merry and sophisticated comedy of life in a California that knows not Hollywood, with about the season's best piece of acting in Pauline Lord's *Polly*.

LOVE FOR LOVE—Greenwich Village

A revival of robust play by Congreve of robust life in Merrie Olde England, dashingly put on by the Provincetown Players.

THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse

This is your last week to see the greatest of American comedies.

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

A vigorous and entertaining portrait of part of what the *Dial* calls the American scene.

THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

A good and amusing play about a type of New Yorker you may not know.

THE FIREBRAND—Morosco

"Benvenuto Cellini—His Life and Loves," in a sophisticated comedy by Edwin Justus Mayer.

LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

See this, with music by Gershwin and grace and charm by the Astaires, to get back your faith in musical comedy.

ROSE MARIE—Imperial

An elaborate, well-mounted and splendidly sung musical play, with Mary Ellis as the primary attraction.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

All the familiar virtues of the Follies, plus the unexpected addition of hilarious comedy. W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley at their funniest.

LOUIE THE 14th—Cosmopolitan

The most beautiful production Mr. Ziegfeld has ever made, and sufficient comedy, if you care that much about Leon Errol's legs.

THE GORILLA—Selwyn

A very amusing spoofing of the mystery plays, by Ralph Spence.

TELL ME MORE—Gaiety

Another Gershwin score, with a fair amount of funny moments by Lou Holtz and Andrew Toombes.

GARRICK GAJETIES—Garrick

The youngsters of the Theatre Guild, with a little outside assistance, in a sprightly revuelet, full of high spirits and some excellent imitations of Broadway stars.

"DON Q, SON OF ZORRO"—Globe

Douglas Fairbanks's reincarnation of Zorro which will open on Monday, June 15.

ART

WATER COLORS—Montross

A fine exhibit of the work of twenty American painters working in the less popular medium.

ANNUAL SUMMER SHOW—Babcock

Paintings, water colors, etchings and sculpture by prominent American artists.

MUSIC

STADIUM AUDITIONS—Aeolian Hall

Friday, June 12—Voice. Monday, June 15—Piano. Tuesday, June 16—Violin. Thursday, June 18—Voice. Friday, June 19—Piano. These are afternoon events. No admission charged.

SPORTS

TENNIS—New York Tennis Club

Saturday, June 13 and following days, Metropolitan Clay Court Championships at 238th Street and Broadway. Take Broadway and Van Cortlandt Park Subway. Bill Tilden will not be present owing to his devotion to literature and art, but Vincent Richards may play and in any event there will be good tennis close at hand.

POLO—Westchester-Biltmore Country Club

Saturday, June 13, Tuesday, June 16, Thursday, June 18 at 3.30 each afternoon, Intercollegiate Championships. An opportunity to witness Henry Baldwin and the other Devereux Milburns of the young generation in action. Yale, Mother of Men, looks good to win the title.

GOLF—Holywood Golf Club, Deal, N. J.

Tuesday, June 16 and following days, Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championships.

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium

Cleveland Americans vs. New York, Friday, Saturday, June 12, 13. Detroit Americans vs. New York, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, June 14, 16, 17, 18. Chicago Americans vs. New York, Friday, June 19.

OTHER EVENTS

COUNTRY FAIR—Mineola, L. I.

Friday and Saturday, June 12 and 13. Fair on the Nassau Hospital Grounds in aid of the hospital.

GARDEN PARTY—Governor's Island

Saturday, June 13, afternoon and evening. Annual Garden Party in aid of Army Relief Fund.

SPRING DANCE—Waldorf Astoria Roof

Monday, June 15, 9 P.M. Spring supper dance of the New York Newspaper Women's Club.

HORSE SHOW—Huntington, L. I.

Friday, June 19. Fifth Annual Huntington Horse Show at Huntington Bay Club.

Theatre Guild Productions
Bernard Shaw's Famous Comedy
Caesar A N D Cleopatra
Guild Th., W. 53 St. Evs. 8:15.
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Garrick 65 W. 35 St. Evs. 8:40
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The Pulitzer Prize Play
They Knew What They Wanted
with Richard and Pauline Bennett Lord
Klaw Th., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

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458 Seats at \$1. Pop. Price Mats. Wed. and Sat.

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UNDER the ELMS

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Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.

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Now at **SAM H. HARRIS** W. 42 St. Mats.
at Wed. & Sat.

Playhouse 48 St., E. of B'y. Eves. 8:30.
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

LAST TWO WEEKS

The SHOW-OFF



WHERE TO SHOP

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is a signal for a rapid and instinctive movement, of one's cranium, from the dangerous upper atmosphere. The command, warning of danger, is sufficient. Equally sufficient is THE NEW YORKER's shopping guide post, "Where to Shop." It points to quality and service. These columns will open one's eyes to many treasures, classified for your convenience.

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Shades, measured by the bottom diameter, are a dollar an inch. **MARY ALLEN**, 856 Lexington Avenue. (Between 64th and 65th Streets.)

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"Tell Me a Book to Read"

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

THE GUERMANTES WAY, by Marcel Proust (*Seltzer*). Two volumes. More of Scott Moncrieff's translation of Proust's monumental sequence novel, which is generally regarded as a master work of psychological fiction. Laborious reading, but not as much so as comment has represented.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). "Sanger's circus" of gifted daughters scandalize the conventional, Sanger having been a "superman composer." A novel as beautiful as everybody says it is.

ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). Pilgrim's Progress of a scientific conscience in Success Land. Not as generally liked as "Babbitt," but reported doing well, as it deserves.

THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). A choice series of He-and-She sketches, very funny where Herbert means to be.

THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*). Gatsby's rough-diamond romanticism bright against a North Shore Long Island background.

LUCIENNE, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). Really two novels, of which the one in print is very simple, and the one between the lines is subtle and profound.

DAUMS, by James Boyd (*Scribner's*). A sort of "Richard Carvel" for ripper readers than fell for the original one in its time.

THE RECTOR OF WYCK, by May Sinclair (*Macmillan*). What it costs, at home in the rectory, to be true to the accepted Christian ideal.

REGELFOSS TOWN, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). The effect of would-be democracy on a socially feudal village.

UNVEILED, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (*Seltzer*). Two idealists marry. Their repentance of it is cleverly followed out.

SHORT STORIES

BRING! BRING!, by Conrad Aiken (*Boni & Liveright*). Bright-colored modernist stories of substantial merit.

OVERHEARD, by Stacy Aumonier (*Doubleday, Page*). One excellent story, two or three good ones, and others that are just magazine.

TRIPLE FUGUE, by Osbert Sitwell (*Doran*). Character portrait stories, with a longer and less attractive satire.

GENERAL

REDO, by Stewart Edward White (*Doubleday, Page*). Offers a complete philosophy, derived from science but not materialist, that is surprising from even as good a head as has shown behind White's other writings.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES, by Van Wyck Brooks (*Dutton*). A fine study, free of the faults of Brooks' "The Ordeal of Mark Twain."

AUL BUNYAN (*Knopf*). The lumberjacks' Gargantuan cook-house yarning done into good, straight writing.

JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Two volumes, which no one, as far as we know, denies are the best book on Keats.

EGGARS OF LIFE (*A. & C. Boni*). Some real hobo stuff, naive but quite artistically written.

The Family Circle

WITH a force as though a tornado were behind it, he walloped me in the small of the back.

"Hello, Brother," he cried. But all I could do was to nod weakly.

"How's your uncle?" he asked with a grin.

"I have no uncle!" I replied dryly. "Tell it to your grandmother," he laughed.

"No really," I insisted.

"Oh, mama!" he howled.

"But I haven't an uncle," I repeated.

"So's your old man," he roared.

"And what's more," I added, "You know I haven't."

"Ha! ha! ha!" he chuckled. "Well, I'm a son of a gun."—C. G. S.

Shopping With Roué

Quaint Saloons Off the Beaten Path—Useful Hints About Chic Estaminets

Our readers may place absolute confidence in any establishments mentioned in this department because Roué is thoroughly familiar with them through constant personal investigation.



Matrons or their débutante daughters whose aim is variety will discover a pleasing assortment of Angels' Tips, Clover Clubs and Pousse Cafés at the Swissess, east of Madison, where M. Mésalliance, a host of rare charm, provides little drinks for a mere pittance.



On the eve of your vacation it is well to consider a change of brands. A shift from winter's blood warming cognac to the cooling comfort of a gin rickey is not only desirable at this time of the year, but will prove of great assistance in helping you to choose a place of rest. Giovanni Gondola, in his Greenwich Village atelier, has a superior supply of the new German synthetic alcohol from which he will make your gin to order for a special price.




Scotch, high and well cut, remains the *pièce de résistance* for the more conservative habitués of Hyppolite's "Purple Moment," near Broadway. Wherever you find a gathering of actors you may look for fastidious care in the preparation of cocktails. In the Late Girard and Early Langwell setting of Madame Odeur's you will encounter groups of distinguished dramatic stars enjoying the *esprit* which Madame's dash of absinthe lends to the evening apéritifs.



To tired butter and egg gentlemen I recommend the Club de Gat where, in addition to champagne at superior prices, one can obtain charming models for going-home jewelry.



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TENEMENT ART: LINES

A Further Study of Creative Art in New York

A BRANCH of Fugitive Art, that is all too little considered in the hurry and bustle of modern Art Criticism, lurks behind every tenement, ready to be recognized by the patient connoisseur. For it is in the back yards of New York that self-expression rises to its heights, in the arrangement and treatment of clothes lines, ropes and aerials.

What unstudied handling of lines is here! What stories are told in this criss-cross and network of curves and parabolas! The lines are usually fashioned out of some handy material, such as an old grey rope, and are drawn by the artist with one hand, usually by means of a rusty pulley. The scheme of decoration depends very largely on what the artist's family is wearing at the time. For some reason, these exhibits are most commonly held on Mondays, although they often continue daily through the week; and they are usually observed minutely by a self-appointed group of local critics, who lean out of the windows on their elbows and publish their comments the length and breadth of several tenements.

"Mrs. George Washington Jackson's Clothes Line," on exhibit Monday afternoons in the rear of the galleries at 959 West 135th Street (in case of rain the exhibit is held in the kitchen) is unusual for its extraordinary diversity of color; and red, blue, orange and pink are prominent among the shirts and dresses. This line has recently become the center of a storm of local discussion, owing to the suspicious resemblance between a green skirt now belonging to Mrs. Jackson and a similar skirt which used to hang on her line when she was doing the washing for a lady downtown last year.

Neighborhood tongues are wagging, and several leading critics have gone so far as to question Mrs. Jackson's artistic integrity. Mrs. Jackson has replied warmly upon these occasions that the idea was given to her by the lady downtown, and as an artist she was entitled to keep it; and there the controversy rests at present. However, it is interesting to note that Mrs. Jackson is no longer washing for the lady downtown.

An example of rapid aesthetic improvement is clearly shown in the work entitled: "Mrs. Guiseppe Pisano's Clothes Line," now hanging behind the

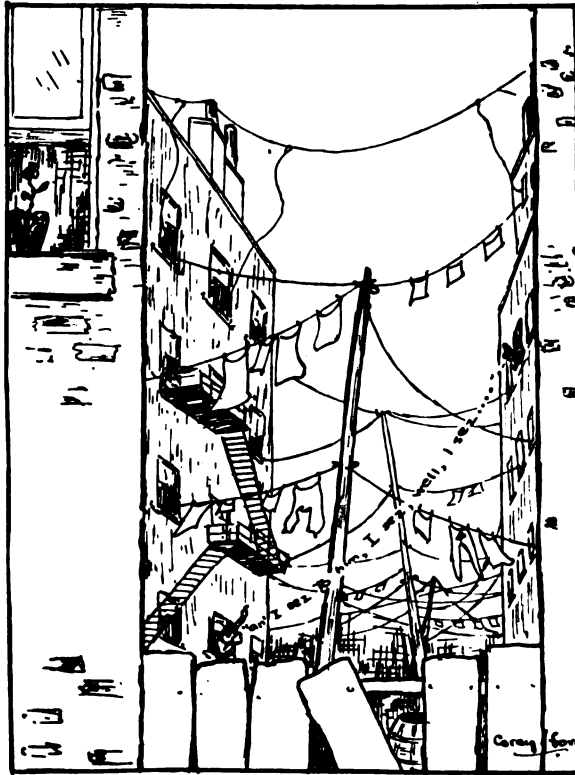
Pisano apartment down on Bleecker Street. A month ago this line exhibited a pair of muddy overalls, when Mr. Pisano was engaged daily in digging sewers. Recently, however, it is understood that Mr. Pisano abandoned his former profession, and has taken to rowing a small boat three miles off Sandy Hook and returning that night. This contact with seascapes and the out-of-doors has inspired the Pisano picture with a sudden influx of striped silk shirts and bright colored socks, showing the effect that a change of environment may sometimes have on Art.

"Mrs. Mulvaney's Clothes Line," now on exhibit daily in the rear of the Claremont Galleries on Tenth Avenue, was once famous for its handling of a pair of red flannels and a blue coat with brass buttons, which stood every Monday at the head of a line of six small rompers, varying in size. Three weeks ago Monday, when this line was hung, the six small rompers were still in place, but the familiar blue coat and red flannels were not at the head; and an

unusually sombre note simultaneously crept into all of Mrs. Mulvaney's handkerchiefs. The six small rompers are still repeated each Monday; but on other days of the week the exhibit has come to include such a heavy variety of designs that it is being whispered about the neighborhood now that the Widow Mulvaney is hanging other people's pictures as well as her own.

Young Mrs. Willie Simpson has maintained a leading place in the neighborhood art circles since her first exhibit about a year ago, entitled: "Mrs. Simpson's New Clothes Line." At this time Mrs. Simpson arrived in the neighborhood with a display of lace petticoats, white filigrees and filmy so-and-sos, which had all the neighborhood critics leaning out of their windows in silent envy.

Recently, it seems, young Mrs. Simpson has not been exhibiting so frequently; and about a week ago the entire neighborhood was electrified to discover a tiny lace garment on her line, accompanied by four or five square white cloths. Since that time these square white cloths have reappeared daily; and their interpretation has given local art critics an active topic of discussion.—Corey Ford



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