



# “Mischief”

By BEN TRAVERS

*A Merry Whirl of Laughter*

WILLIAM ROSE BENET in the *Saturday Review of Literature*—“We think P. G. Wodehouse is funny, but we don’t think he is as funny as Travers. And we hope sincerely that nothing happens to Travers until he has given us a dozen more of his delightful concoctions.”

BEN TRAVERS is also the author of a “Cuckoo in the Nest” and has set all of England’s reading public awlirl with laughter. His American acceptance by the reviewers assures him an international reputation as a humorist.

PRICE \$2.00

*Published by*

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY  
GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND



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

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## Notes and Comment

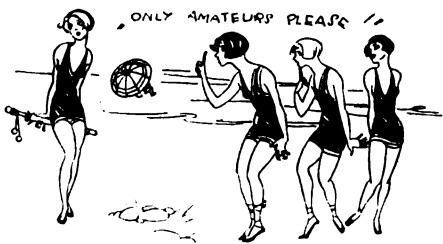
**O**F all recent news, the least surprising is that when they found young Noel had a homicidal mania, they got him a job driving a New York taxi.

**T**HE NEW YORKER has learned indirectly the Water Department's solution of the transit problem. The plan is to keep the subways at all times about half full of water and to substitute streamline canal barges, of the Coney Island, hand-holding type, for the more noisy and insanitary steel trains. The entrance kiosks are to be covered with electric light decorations announcing, "Tunnels of Joy," "The Old Mill," etc. Tickets will be revived, and ticket takers will be equipped with top hats and megaphones, and will inform you that the fare is "a quartah—twenty-five cents—the fourth part of a dollah."

**T**HAT scheme should, of course, remove the five cent fare as a political issue, but it probably won't. Professor Boring of Columbia foresees a population of fifty million for the metropolitan district in 1965. It happens that 1965 will be election year, and, just for fun, give a guess what the campaign will be about.

**A**NICE distinction was raised in the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant by the protests of amateur beauties against the presence of professional sisters in the contest. Is beauty, one won-

dered, ever amateur? Is it not the most professional of all professional matters? To a man it would seem so. But woman may know better. And if there is a distinction—if we are to have amateur and professional



beauties—why should not the Atlantic City promoters take a leaf from golf's book and hold an open championship, wherein the two classes may meet?

**T**HE winner of last year's beauty contest, Miss Ruth Malcomson, tells how she won it in a recent issue of *Liberty*; and from these writings we leap hastily to the conclusion that the very very beautiful are also very very simple.

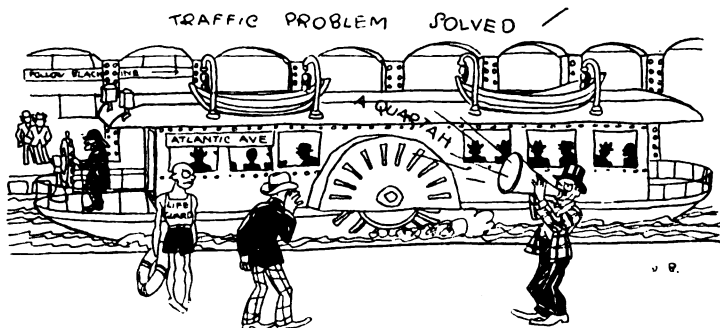
**I**STOOD on the Avenue watching the files of the American Legion parade last week; the too-robust Legionnaires; the too-thin National Guardsmen. For all my oaths and

for all the oaths of others like me, there was the old glamor in the blare of brass instruments and the rhythmic thump of marching feet. Two youngsters stood near. "They're veterans," said one. "Of what?" asked his companion. Startling is the truth. There is a generation alive which the war had never touched.

**D**ISTINCTION, nowadays, may be assured by the simple, though arduous system of staying at home. In each of the graduated steps of our social flight, there is a person to whom everyone points (figuratively, of course) as the unusual; the dissenter from custom. He is the Gentleman Who Has Not Just Returned From Europe.

## The Week

**F**RENCH coal miner says he is inspired by spirit of Leonardo da Vinci and Mr. Lewis, leader of striking American miners, says there should be no advance in price of coal. President Coolidge convinced that \$400,000,000 tax cut is feasible and Dr. C. A. Beard questions efficiency of democratic form of government. Former A. E. F. member shoots man for insulting uniform and Veterans' Bureau turns into Treasury \$69,000,000 it has saved. Welshmen riot in London at premiere of play traducing their race and hundreds of sparrows beat themselves to death in furious attack on an automobile. Defeated candidates issue post-primary explanations and



six-foot snake is beaten to death on Hoboken pier. Dr. Graves tells Phi Beta Kappa men need is for aristocracy of service and opening of sealed bids for Hog Island is deferred until October first. Major General Summerall praises mothers for their loyalty to country and the War Department announces that the court-martial of Colonel Mitchell will be confined solely to questions of discipline. French authorities launch drive against selling of absinthe and municipal chemists endeavor to destroy vegetable organism which makes city's water taste so nasty.

### Nicotine

**T**OBACCO, among all the writing men and women of my acquaintance, is considered the great dynamic urge toward composition. It is the inspirational necessity; and I am glad to support, in this, the contention of a writer in the *World*. With enough of it, kisses and moonlight and bacardi cocktails may be foregone.

For some quaint reason, the virtues of tobacco crept into my mind the other night as I made out Maxwell Anderson among the crowd in the lobby of the Greenwich Village Theatre, where Mr. Anderson's "Outside Looking In" had become apparent as a hit. I thought of cigarettes, perhaps, because I remembered the Winter nights Anderson spent, in partnership with Laurence Stallings, in the making of "What Price Glory."

Mr. Anderson had no Packard then. He lived in a little apartment in Bank Street, and tried to do his writing in a narrow room that he had to share with his children. To find privacy, he found a retreat in the huge rooms of the Public Library, and in the deep silences there labored over the script of the play, with what deft hand we now are well aware.

But there is a rule against smoking at the Public Library. Mr. Anderson tells me that he obeyed it, too—though he grimaced at the recollection. I doubt exceedingly that there are many writing folk who will accept the delightful cloisteration of the Library at the expense of their tobacco. Rather, they will endure the discomforts and hubbub of their makeshift studios—perhaps at grievous cost to the literature of the nation. I am willing to head a movement toward the granting of smoking privileges at the Library. It has been suggested

that a room be set aside for writers, with redoubled restrictions in the matter of silence, but with full smoking rights for all. The plan must be kept secret from the reformers, however.

**ARTHUR HOPKINS** *loquitur*:  
Twenty years, and New York will no longer be the theatrical center



of America. Theater groups in cities all through America will be producing native plays in intelligent fashion. More important, they will be sound, satisfying plays, providing the provincial population with thoroughgoing entertainment. We shall no longer have the spectacle of amusement-starved outlanders flocking to New York to view rehashed continental stuff and silly farces. As for myself, I am through with revivals. I intend to produce, in the future, American plays only, new American plays in the vigorous mode which is characteristic of the country.

### Styles

**T**HOSE English tailors will not stay put, murmured the Gentleman in the Know, whose Fall clothing spoke quietly of Bond Street. Just when our more conservative dressers were reconciled to the wide shouldered sack coat, tapering to snugness about the hips, the Britishers have fashioned their coats to fall more fully. Shoulders are much the same, and the coat's length is still rather short, however, added the Gentleman in the Know.

They have found, too, a practical use for the buttons on the side of the coat sleeves, for the first time since they were invented to permit gay blades of other years to roll up their sleeves and button them back for sword play, continued the Gentleman in the Know. The English have made the buttonholes actual instead of ornamental in sport clothes, and the bottom of the sleeves somewhat wider, so that they may be rolled back by the golfer on days when a sweater cannot be worn, which is often enough on the rain-swept British links.

### New Petrograd

**N**OT the least of this season's Russian movements are the plans we have been hearing for the construction of an all-Slavic metropolis, to be named New Petrograd, and located in the environs of South Plainfield, New Jersey. The genius behind this segregating move is M. Vladimir Bouimisdroff, a stately gentleman of the old school, head of the Russian Aid Society who daily travels Jersey-ward to superintend the grading work already begun.

Only last week I spoke to M. Bouimisdroff at tea, but he continues a most conservative realtor. He admits, however, that the American-Russian Engineering Society has taken 120 lots (which sell at from one to three hundred dollars) and proposes a club house which shall ring to Volga boating songs; Madam de Krouleff will build a tea house. Agofonoff, the painter, will journey thither. However, M. Bouimisdroff explains, New Petrograd is not to be a secluded haunt of the remnants of the old regime, but an industrial city which welcomes all castes.

**W**HILE *Vanity Fair* offers by advertisement to enlighten prospective readers on the reasons "why Russians are no longer chic," I continue to consider that one of the nearest New York approaches to a salon is Madame Smoliani's charming apartment in West Fifty-ninth Street overlooking the Park.

Madame Smoliani is one of those Russians, who are much easier to find than one supposes, who has a title and prefers not to use it. Her husband, Prince Zavolotsky, was Housemaster to the former Czar, of distinguished family from Krimy on the Black Sea. After five o'clock one is bound to find

(or hear gossip of) *Chez-Smoliani*, all our permanent guests of the old regime. Among them there is that most aloof of gentlemen, His Highness, Grand Duke Dimitri, nephew of the Czar, Son of Grand Duke Alexander Michael, and a brother of Princess Irene Yousoupoff—Madame Bakieff, whose father was General Morafski and who now buys French dresses for Wanamaker—Captain Sikorsky, the aeronautical inventor, son of a famous professor of psychology, and Professor Burlink, that painter of ultra-modernistic subjects who is to be seen with bright yellow waistcoats, dotted with purple buttons. Also Prince Gagarine, once of the Embassy in Constantinople, whose wife translated the Borzoi cook book for Knopf, and Madame Olga Ghofostoff, whose husband was an officer in the Guards regiment, another Princess who is sparing of her title among Russians, and another in trade, directing her shop in Fifty-seventh Street. The latest acquirer of a place of business is the tiny Princess Ouchtomsky, hand-painter of dresses and gowns in Russian motif, who has only just established herself in Madison Avenue.

### Reverence

MR. DAVID BELASCO'S clerical collar always has commanded respect, but few had suspected, even with this evidence forever before them, that his reverence was so deep as lately it has been shown to be.

The story confirming Mr. Belasco's supreme faith has been told about widely in the last few days, but, for the sake of those few who have not heard it, the account of a fortunate eavesdropper is presented.

During the tryout of "Canary Dutch" at Stamford, after the curtain

had come down to thunders of applause on the second night, Mr. Belasco summoned his company.

In the dim, religious half-lights of the stage, he delivered a solemn message.

"This success is not due to you," he assured his troupe. "Nor is it due to the author. Nor is it due to me," said Mr. Belasco, with humble modesty. He adjusted his clerical collar and concluded, impressively, "It is due solely to God!"

### Accommodation

IT is always a point of amazement with suburban friends to be told, when they are held in town unexpectedly, that almost every hotel in town can supply their overnight needs, although, strangely, no pajamas are available. Only the old-fashioned night gown is furnished to the transient and forlorn male, and in many cases, these have the names of the hotel embroidered in big letters across their chest, much after the style affected by the playboys of Grahamsville Hose and Pumping Company.

The Bowman chain of hotels supply the most elaborate outfit, consisting of nightgown, toothbrush, comb and brush, safety razor and soaps, all in a sanitary package.

The more fashionable places have not surrendered the older conception of the dignity of travel sufficiently to make special preparations for the last-minute guest, but even these now have emergency nightgear in their linen closets, which is available to those in the know and the good graces of the night clerk.

### Yesterday

YEARLY our faith in the charm of our city is revived by perusal of a fresh issue of "Valentine's Manual of Old New York." The latest

volume has just come into our hands from its author, Mr. Henry Collins Brown, the gentleman who ten years ago took it upon himself to revive old Valentine's tradition, after a lapse of fifty years following the faithful clerk's death. From a collection of contemporary statistics, "Valentine's Manual," under Mr. Brown's guidance, has come to be a charmed ambling through the vistas of Manhattan's past. This year's work is devoted to the last fifty years.

Such strange and curious facts, there are, as that as late as 1874 New York depended for protection from fire on towers, such as the Forest Rangers use to-day—tall skeletons with winding stairways, a-top which sat observers with telescopes. One tower is shown in the manual with an early sketch by Winslow Homer, then a youth on *Harper's Weekly*. Memories of the old toboggan slide at One Hundred Tenth Street, of the first telephones and electric lights, of the coming of the elevated flow together with intimate pictures of daily life of the city, the modes and manners and superstitions, the fads and fancies of a day hardly passed, and yet, in this strange Western World, already history.

And last and least, as we glance through, a tiny cut of two negro ragamuffins, "dancing for eels" by the old Catherine Street Market. Change not a gesture, but merely sketch the entrance to a Broadway theatre behind them, and the drawing is a picture not of 1880 but of 1925 entr'act Charleston dancers.

### Miss Normand

MABEL NORMAND'S appearance in "The Little Mouse," which was tried out on the dog several season's ago as "Naughty Diana," recalls the night a few weeks ago when the play opened in Stamford. Mabel



Taxi!



"CASEY HE DANCED WITH A STRAWBERRY BLONDE  
AND THE BAND PLAYED ON"  
AMERICAN FOLK SONG  
ENG BY JOHN HELD JR

wired her friends to stay away, but they ignored her commands and rushed thither where they found excellent seats carefully provided for them. Geraldine Farrar was there, probably drawn by the memory of the days when she and the star of the piece were slaving divinities under the lash of Samuel Goldwyn Esq., Gentleman. That evening in the sticks was nothing to write to the shade of Edwin Booth about, but it was amusing to see the lady who kept Sir James Barrie waiting an hour in Mayfair while she paddled in her tub, standing against the background of the fearsome Stamfordian make-up cell after the fall of the final curtain.

"I would have hated it if you hadn't come," she said, as her secretary brought in a box crammed with orchids from a friend. And then she herself presented a worshipful young man with a large tin of cigarettes with the announcement that she had given up smoking because it affected her voice. She had made the startling discovery that theatre and studio are not the same.

### Wheat Cakes

WITH the realization that Childs' Realty Company is in possession of the site of the Savoy Hotel in Fifty-

eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, there is a growing belief that in time an even more magnificent Childs restaurant will be added to the elegant series that has been creeping into the fashionable shopping district. It simply isn't possible to be democratic any more. One had no sooner discovered the novelty of winding up an hilarious evening at breakfast among the flannel-shirted proletariat in one of the Broadway Childs, than that institution must march right up to Fifth Avenue, establish itself behind a fashionable address, grilled fronts and gold curtains, and become very, very de luxe. We may even live to see gilded hot dog wagons next door to the Ambassador, and then where will we be?

Obeisance to the code of the Fifth Avenue Association has led to a most ungrateful denial of the Childs' origin. The restaurant at Thirty-sixth Street is the only one on the Avenue to display the historic Childs' sign. Neither the cafeteria Childs in the Holland Building nor the latest and most elaborate restaurant at Forty-eighth Street have the flapjack flapper in the window. And prices are slightly higher than on Broadway.

There had even been a report that Childs had banished chewing gum from its emporia above Forty-second Street, but breathless investigation proved that this rumor was baseless.

### Horses

THE glory has not departed wholly from the horse, when the season just coming to an end can boast twenty-five horse shows—held, or to be held—within a day's drive of town. Interest, of course, centers chiefly about jumpers, or hacks. That is to say, the horse survives for saddle purposes, while the four-in-hand and the phaeton beauties command chiefly, reminiscent, or academic regard.

In one center at least, the trotter claims his due. Goshen, in the glow of early Fall, thrills to its lovely week-end meet, wherein Mr. W. Averill Harriman is accustomed to guide his horses in the spirited brushes each afternoon. A gorgeous spot, Goshen, and the track is a beautiful sight, although the sparse sprinkle of spectators in the stands proves that it is not appreciated as it should be.

The horse has one friend less since the untimely death of Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt, whose activities for many years helped make the Newport shows successes. But other horsemen, mourning their associate, are still active. In the Jersey district the Far Hills show is in. inent, with the Schleys, Pines, Pierreponts, Kissels and others in judpors, those amazingly close-fitting breeches, and A. F. Hyde, M. F. H., at Peapack very much in evidence; and the Morristown show is to come,

where Otto Kahn used to indulge his pocketbook before he grew musical. In Plainfield they will also cavort. And The Riders and Drivers Association will give a splendid exhibition along old-fashioned lines at the same time.

TO sentimentalists who like to recall the thrilling moment when Maryland Calvert swung from the bell clapper to prevent the execution of her lover and make the world safe for Belasco, there will probably be melancholy reflection over the part Mrs. Leslie Carter will take when she returns to the legitimate stage. Her new rôle is not merely an addition to the crowded gallery of florid ladies she has portrayed in the course of her colorful career. Zaza, of beloved memory, Du Barry, Mrs. Tanquary, and Lady Catherine Champion-Cheney in the "Circle," are only fragrant wild flowers compared to Madam Goddam, presiding evil genius of a Shanghai brothel in the new play written for her by John Colton, author of "Rain." Here her palace will not be one of silks and scented down but a temple where tough cosmopolitan votaries hang garlands of empty bottles over a doorway leading to the darkest den of Asiatic iniquity.

### Expansion

TENNIS—one is led to reflect by the popularity of the Davis Cup matches—no longer is a social function with a sporting side. It has grown beyond the narrow limits of the elect. Too big for Newport; too expensive for Southampton. Neither colony can supply to-day the enormous playing fields, the huge stadia and the elaborate guest quarters needed for the proper conducting of an important tournament.

So control of tennis has passed from Newport and Southampton—that is, from society—into the hands of the body of thorough sportsmen who govern for the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association. And with that passage has come a change in the galleries which attend big matches. Once composed almost exclusively of tennis players themselves, they are now almost wholly non-players, as much so, for example, as are the crowds at the big football games.

It was a natural transition, re-

gretted, perhaps, by the Newport and Southampton colony, for there was much glamor and excitement in the old tennis weeks at both resorts. But the game has grown too big. It is world-wide now. The Davis Cup matches made it so.

And any sport which wins universal interest, expands beyond the grasp of the purely social. The Long Island set found it was so when, in polo, the Hurlingham Cup matches began to attract international attention.

### Criticism

A GENTLEMAN whom it is my delight to call The Critic of the Critics, has for years made a hobby of comparing the current theatrical criticisms with the facts about stage folk which he has marvelously preserved in his capacious memory. There is hardly a theatrical writer in town, he tells me, whom he does not catch in inaccuracy, week after week.

Thus from the *Daily News* he cites:

"Appearing on the stage for the first time in thirty-five years, Augustus Thomas, called the dean of American playwrights, played the leading rôle in his new play, 'Still Waters,' in Stamford, Conn., last night."

Well, murmured the Critic of the Critics, Mr. Thomas played the rôle of *Mr. Kallan* in his own play, "Nemesis," at the Hudson Theatre, in 1921, which is not yet thirty-five years ago.

And, again, from the writings of Bernard Simon in the *Morning Telegraph*:

"Bertha Kalich, renowned for her performance in the well-remembered 'Kreutzer Sonata,' is to return to the Broadway stage soon. She will be starred in 'Magda,' by Herman Sudermann, the well-known German playwright, author of 'Heimat.' 'Magda' has never been produced in this country."



Which, aside from calling Hermann Sudermann out of his name, overlooks such an important event as Mme. Modjeska's performance in "Magda" in 1894, and the more recent performances here in the same play of Mme. Duse, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Nance O'Neil, Olga Nethersole, Sarah Bernhardt, and Laura Hope Crews. A slight oversight, to say the least, murmured the Critic of the Critics.

### In Our Midst

NEW and ingenious device for retaining valuable custom for blind tiger, recently padlocked: Old waiter stands watch on sidewalk without. When former patrons appear, he explains unfortunate situation and personally conducts them, via waiting automobile, to new establishment not far away. Thus custom is retained.

Shadow cast by coming Sanitary Show: Committee now canvassing for hostess for Poet's Day.

Heard in the halls of the century Theatre after Siegfried has slain last dragon: "Right 'ere; twenty-five cents and you get your complete life of Ziegfeld."

Prominent casting director in throes of selecting actors for new play interviews gentleman who has been waiting in anteroom all morning. "Perfect! Just the type for the banker. You're engaged." "But," murmurs favored gentleman, "I don't want no engagement. I'm the liquor merchant Mr. Jones recommended to you."

Sailing for Paris scheduled for Saturday, the nineteenth: Le Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray and La Marquise, having begun mysterious plans for latter's next picture.

The Liquor Market: Prices unchanged despite heavy sales due to rainy Labor Day. Continuing hot weather helping light wine market, especially in retail restaurant trade.

Observations: Seasonal note struck by current window displays on Fifth Avenue, some even going in for Prep school banners. . . . Sign in second story window on Sixth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street reading "Painless Dentistry; We Gas Our Patients." . . . New men's hat in Commodore shop called "The Vanity Hat." . . . Petty Officer of Naval Police on duty in Times Square subway station, there to guard young ladies from fleet's personnel or vice versa. . . .

—THE NEW YORKERS

# THE INQUIRING REPORTER

EVERY WEEK HE ASKS A QUESTION OF FIVE PEOPLE SELECTED AT RANDOM.  
THIS WEEK THE QUESTION IS: DO YOU THINK NEW YORK WOULD SUPPORT  
AN ART THEATRE?

## THE ANSWERS:



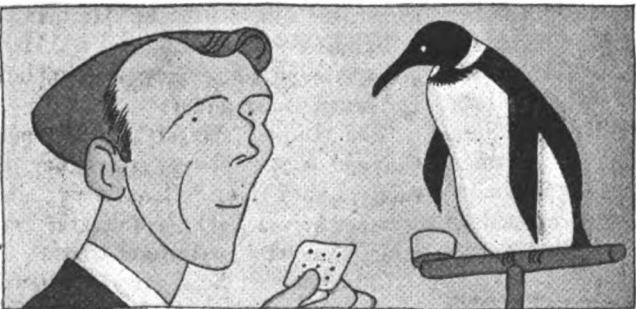
**MORRIS GEST**, impresario, of West Thirty-ninth Street: "Do I think New York would support an art theatre? HUH! Look at the condition of my best hat! However, I'm learning. When I bring over the First Studio of the Moscow Art Theatre I shall insert into the second act of each play one of the three remaining Dirty Words that haven't yet been pronounced on the stage (you know what they are) and see what *that* does to the box office."



**WINIFRED LENIHAN**, director of the Theatre Guild School of Acting, of West Fifty-second Street: "That really remains to be seen. I am at present knocking a lot of silly notions about Duse and the Moscow Art Theatre out of the heads of my pupils. When they are ready, and if they are all good little boys and girls, they will be allowed to play small parts in Guild productions and they won't be charged a penny for the privilege. That's what you call an Art Theatre!"



**A. L. H. WOODS**, producer and newspaper correspondent, of West Forty-second Street: "Sweetheart, I have always found the New York public deeply appreciative of sincere artistic effort in the theatre. When I put on Strindberg's 'Up in Mabel's Room' and Andreyeff's 'Getting Gertie's Garter' the public simply flocked to see them. It is true that my production of Ibsen's 'The Green Hat' may shoot a little over their heads, but my faith in the intelligence and discernment of the New York public is unshakable."



**ROLAND YOUNG**, actor, of West Fifty-ninth Street: "The worst of it is, it does! Look at the Theatre Guild! Goes right along year after year. When I played 'Burgoyne' for them I wrote a letter to the papers about the Guild, calling it incompetent, water-logged, inept, paralytic, doddering, maladroit, stupid, quackish, slatternly, imbecile, beef-witted and balmy in the crumpet—and still it prospers! After that experience I play my Molnar for the commercial managers and get my salary."



**ALCIBIADES JOHNSON**, producer, manager, actor and batik painter, of Greenwich Village: "Heavens, yes! New York will support an Art Theatre, but it will take some time before it is educated up to it. We've had just loads and loads of fun with our Peanut Shell Theatre down here in the Village and last week several people really bought seats to see our production of my play, 'Pierrot Inconsolate.' Of course, we don't pay salaries. How could we call ourselves an Art Theatre if we paid salaries like Shubert and Woods and Belasco and Gilbert Miller and all those low, coarse commercial managers?"—RALPH BARTON

## A DAY IN TOWN



5:02 A. M.—Two policemen are killed in a running revolver battle with a taxi driver caught wearing a sport shirt.

5:03 A. M.—Professor John Dewey of Columbia Philosophy Department, old clothes addict, is arrested as vagrant while taking morning constitutional.

5:41 A. M.—A man believed to be "Sticker" Haddock of the Gopher Gang tunnels his way into the Federal subtreasury and escapes with \$1,000,000 worth of two cent stamps.

5:42 A. M.—Two men said to be "Sticker" Haddock tunnel their way into Cartier's and escape with \$450,000 worth of wrist watches. The police give chase and shoot Gertrude Massey, a stenographer employed by the Ajax Linseed Oil Company, in the left leg.

7:12 A. M.—The Ku Klux Klan tars and feathers Abraham Lefkowitz for wearing a yamulka on the way to the synagogue.

7:15 A. M.—Ted Shawn, clad in chiffon, arrives at Rye Beach to greet the sunrise.

7:21 A. M.—Izzy Einstein, disguised as the Spanish Pretender, raids Coughlin's Union Hall, 1891 Second Avenue.

7:49 A. M.—Jans Jaramatoviwcz, an eccentric Croatian, kills his wife with a can opener and then kills himself, leaving a note informing Uncle Duliacz that it is all for the best.

8:00 A. M.—Frank Campbell comes to work in a new hearse.

8:12 A. M.—Samuel Shipman commences work on a new moral drama.

8:31 A. M.—Man drowns best friend in Y. M. C. A. pool.

8:45 A. M.—Eighty-three members of Sweetness and Light Association depart for Turkestan to abolish se-raglios.

9:00 A. M.—Mrs. Tillie Schippoosier, 89, marries Hymie Schmück, 15.

9:10 A. M.—Parade of the Boys' Junior Republic up Fifth Avenue.

9:12 A. M.—Alfred Buldnar, multi-millionaire owner of the Buldnar Realty and Cut Plug Co., Inc., leaps from the fifteenth story of his hotel and hurtles to his death. He leaves a note informing his wife, Asphodel, that it is all for the best.

9:14 A. M.—John S. Sumner falls out of bed after writing letter to the *Daily News*, calling attention to the immoral influence of George Ger-shwin and evils of tobacco chewing.

10:45 A. M.—Traffic tie-up on Broadway during experiment conducted by Mayor Hylan and David Belasco with red and green signal lights.

10:50 A. M.—Jackie Coogan abandons plan to play Hamlet and goes into training for bedroom farce Avery Hopwood will make over from Othello for him when he is of age.

10:51 A. M.—Izzy Einstein, disguised as Brander Matthews, raids the Musicians' Club.

10:59 A. M.—Two men disguised as Dry Agents steal eight motor trucks of safety pins from garage adjoining precinct police station.

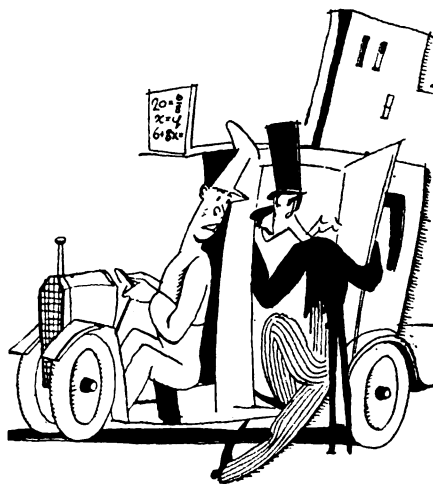
11:00 A. M.—Mrs. Yenta Kartoffel, heartbroken, shoots and kills her husband, Dr. Henry Kartoffel, a dentist with offices in the Heckscher Building and is captured fifteen minutes later in Max Steuer's office.

11:01 A. M.—Dr. Fleisch McCarthy, D.D.S., fills teeth of Mrs. Rifka Hitch with tin instead of platinum. Samuel Untermyer refuses to fight case for her.

11:26 A. M.—Gustave White, colored, slashes himself with a razor in the Kosy Kalifornia Kafeteria, where he was employed as dishwasher. He will die.

12:32 P. M.—John S. Sumner raids the art department of Macy's and confiscates three sepia prints of "Susannah and the Elders."

12:43 P. M.—Mrs. Delphinium



"Where to?"

"None of your dam business."

Fifenbaum shoots and kills her husband, Dr. Noble Fifenbaum, a dentist with offices in Aeolian Hall, and is saved from leaping out of the window to her death by the timely arrival of the police.

1:19 P. M.—Two policemen are shot and killed in a running revolver battle with a taxi driver caught wearing a battered gray fedora hat.

1:35 P. M.—George Jean Nathan wearing high hat on Fifth Avenue shot at by Irish policeman who mistakes him for a British Prime Minister.

1:40 P. M.—Mayor Hylan is accosted by photographer asking him to pose in Perfect Manhood Contest for *Graphic*.

1:47 P. M.—Five hundred aviators leave the offices of Famous Players to bomb the *Aquitania*, on which Gloria Swanson is returning to America, with roses and American flags.

1:59 P. M.—Dmitri Schulemalofsky, an eccentric Lithuanian, stabs and kills his wife and five children with an ice pick and mortally wounds himself. He leaves a note informing his cousin, Julius Purim, that it is all for the best.

2 P. M.—The International Gotham and Detroit Hearthstone Love and Brotherhood Society issues daily bulletin that the home is the center of Civilization.

2:38 P. M.—School children of P. S. 75 have fire drill.

2:46 P. M.—Matzoth factory burns down on lower East Side.

3:05 P. M.—Samuel Shipman finishes his play. Names it "North Is North."

4:15 P. M.—Otto Kahn endows new Art Theatre.

4:16 P. M.—Bernard M. Baruch, J. P. Morgan, Bishop Manning and other practical jokers cause the arrest of Charles Hanson Towne on the charge of bigamy.

4:30 P. M.—Millie Hockelwurst, aged eight months, shoots aged grand-aunt in fun.

4:31 P. M.—Mr. Frank Munsey, returning from Europe on the *Berengaria*, is photographed with ankle watch he acquired in Paris.

4:49 P. M.—Ann Pennington has her legs insured for another \$75,000.

5:35 P. M.—Izzy Einstein, disguised as ex-President Hadley of Yale, raids the Union Club.

6 P. M.—Six petrified members of



the Union League Club removed from seats, having been dead eight days.

6:15 P. M.—Julia Hoyt signs a contract to pose for Gutzum Borglum's monument, "The Rivers of the New World," to be erected in Eustace Park, Boise, Idaho.

6:30 P. M.—Geraldine Farrar begins hacking at the Civic Virtue statue recently called to her attention by Swedish Ladies' Ice Cream and Stone Foundation Association.

7:22 P. M. (*Sunset*)—Mayor Hylan begins his series of twenty-four lectures on "Why I Love Old Glory" broadcast by the Municipal Building station.

7:31 P. M.—David Pickstcofflovitch, fiery boy orator, executed for refusing to repeat oath of allegiance in Public School auditorium.

7:46 P. M.—A crowd of drama lovers gathers in front of McBride's Theatre Ticket Agency to watch the electrically operated mannikin in the window raise its eyes and lift advertising placards out of a box.

7:50 P. M.—Police reserves called out to disperse crowds ogling art pictures outside "Artists and Models" at the Winter Garden.

7:52 P. M.—Lee Shubert calls Broadway to prayer from Muezzin Box atop Winter Garden, and Irving Sinnott, assistant Comptroller of Public Works, pulls a switch and lights Broadway.

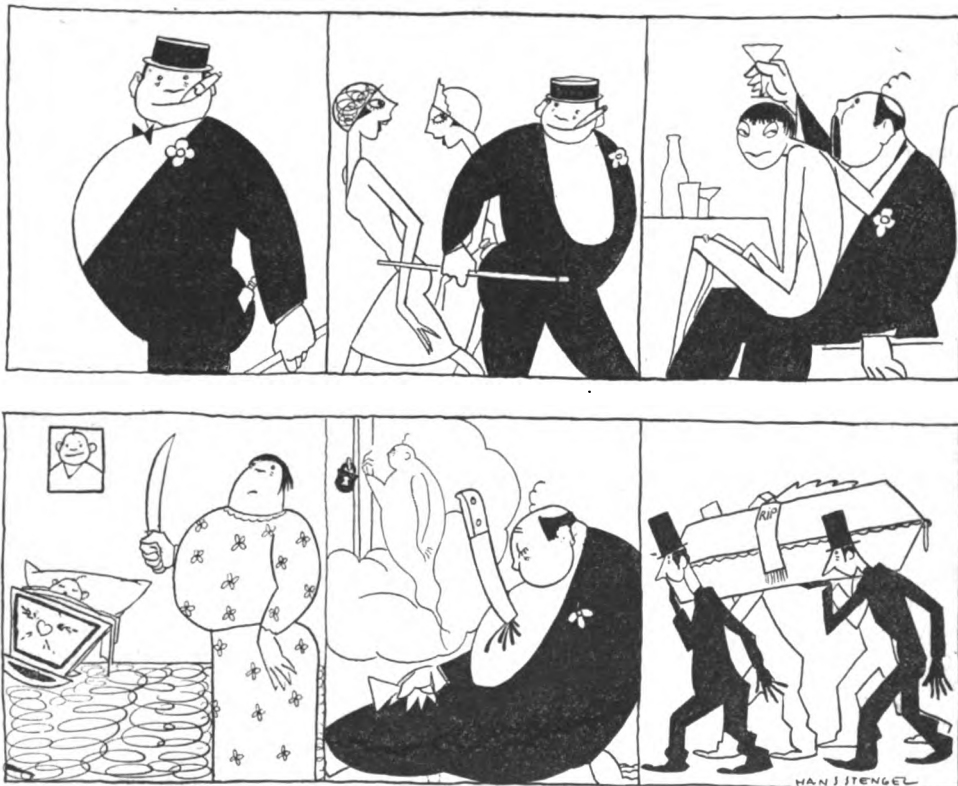
### HOW TO PASS TIME—

**I**N THE SUBWAY STANDING—  
How many times a minute does the man next to you fall on you—does he have to

—think of ten ways in which one could dispose of him—how do so many people get into one train—why don't they leave some behind at the station—think of ten reasons why everyone can not have a seat—think of a hundred why everyone should—begin to smoke—how long is it before the guard tells you to stop—wait till he squeezes his way to you—explain to him that you cannot see even one "no smoking" sign—how long is it before you give up—what do you think of the straps—think of ten ways in which they are a help—think of ten in which they are a detriment—listen to the guard—can you understand him—think of ten ways in which you could pronounce the same stations—would you do it—suppose you needed the money—take your hand off the strap—see how far you can lean back before you have to clutch it—how many times do you miss it—close your eyes—try to sleep.

—JOSE SCHORR

## OUR SERMONS ON SIN



Wife Stabs Husband to Death, Blames Bright Lights.—*Newspaper Headline.*

**H**ARK, my harp rings out in minor, for this is a tragic ode, of a man named Jimmy Winer, who forsook his wife's abode.

Where the scarlet lanterns flicker, through the gaily painted throng Jimmy Winer strolled, and liquor led him on the path of wrong.

Jimmy Winer thusly scorning matrimony's sacred port greets the dawn of every morning where the wanton women sport.

But the hand that rocked the baby chose the cold and cruel blade. Sin brings woe, though her array be gaily colored silk brocade.

Vainly on the silent portals knocks his soul, above you see, warning to all erring mortals, his defunct anatomee.

Reader, heed thus not the calling of gay Broadway's lawless din. Now you stagger, soon you're falling: death will be the wage of sin.

—HANS STENGEL



## Another True Story

THE men and women who work for Bernarr Macfadden call him "God Almighty" among themselves, which is not so trite and has more point than would seem.

When he first came to New York in 1894 (from Missouri), a pouter pigeon fellow of bulging chest, long beak, thick hair, and skinny legs, he would have guffawed at such a title; so would have Alexander before the march to Egypt. Now, B. M., as he styles himself, would probably disclaim it only with the vehemence of uncertainty. There are times, he has confessed to his associates, when he feels that in writing editorials and publishing *Physical Culture*, *True Story*, and ten other magazines, as well as his new New York newspaper, the *Evening Graphic*, he has heard the dictates of a Higher Voice. The phrase, "The God-driven pen of Bernarr Macfadden," invented by the ex-wrestler Leslie, now his publicity man, has done even better than could be expected; it has partially convinced Macfadden himself.

In the thirty-one years since the New York *Sun* reported inconspicuously the first appearance in New York of Professor Bernard A. McFadden, both the spelling of the name and the man have changed curiously. Of the name he has explained, "I was christened Bernard, but I decided to make it a name out of the ordinary." The transition of the man has not been so simple.

The rising of the curtain of his career discovered him then, as the *Sun* said, "chatting and posing in an interesting way for over an hour," at a special matinee given by himself for the benefit of a few. His chest seemed out of proportion to the rest of his body—he stood but five feet ten inches—and he caused surprise by lifting a

100-pound bell above his head.

His arrival caused little enough stir. He was hard put to it for a job. The \$15 a week he finally got as assistant to the physical instructor of the Manhattan Athletic Club seemed generous enough at first. His work was the

completely undraped gentlemen running about the room, blowing lustily at toy balloons bobbing above their heads. The visitor watched them with drooping jaw.

"What in hell!" he said. "What's going on?"

Professor McFadden smiled, and his smile was wide. He lowered his voice.

"I blow the balloons up and throw them into the room and tell these fellows to keep 'em up in the air. They're not allowed to let 'em touch the floor. Best exercise in the world. After half an hour I give 'em a shower and a rubdown.

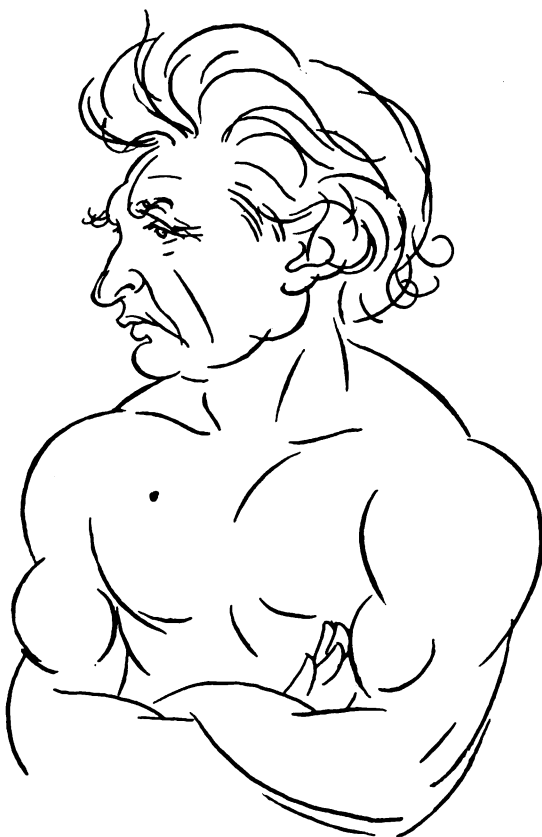
"The balloons," Mr. McFadden added, "cost only fifteen cents a gross."

The ex-employer departed humbly.

The money paid by the perspiring balloon blowers perhaps gave Professor McFadden leisure to invent and manufacture the McFadden pulley for developing muscle in the home. Soon appeared his advertising pamphlet, boosting the pulley, but carrying as well some general writings on health by the professor. These writings appear to have been his first literary efforts, and they found many interested readers; the professor had happened along at the moment when a choked and corseted world was ready to listen to advice on health. Thus sprang into the glory of adolescent manhood that periodical *Physical Culture Magazine*.

The professor was earnest and he wrote earnestly; he had found his own way upward from a puny boyhood. He still is earnest, but now physical culture is hardly his consuming interest. Circulation figures and financial statements must necessarily share his attention in the conduct of his \$15,000,000 publishing business.

Whatever else may be said of Mc-



*Bernarr Macfadden*

rubbing down of paunchy members after their exercise. But subsequently he discerned a disparity between the labor and its reward. Within a few months he told his employer that he was going into business for himself. He departed, and soon in the front parlor of a shabby brownstone front on Madison Avenue, Professor McFadden established himself. Thither, some months later, came one afternoon his former boss to see how the young fellow was getting on. He entered to find six rotund, wheezing, blowing, grunting, perspiring and

Fadden later, authorities have found much good sense in what he wrote, and now writes, on physical culture. He contended that clothes were meant for comfort, that sex should be dealt with frankly, that the outdoors is peculiarly adapted to exercise, that there are more and better things to eat than just meat and potatoes, that the naked human body is neither to be feared nor shamed. Of course with these he had what some in the medical profession called absurd and perhaps dangerous notions, such as that of a diet of milk was the cure of nearly all diseases of body and mind. For these last, doctors grew to hate and fear him as his public expanded. They have tried to jail him. He hates and fears all doctors and thence have sprung such vagaries as his "SERUM TRUST EXPOSE" in his own publication.

IT was in his Physical Culture City in New Jersey that the public conscience and the newspapers first hunted him out. In 1905, Anthony Comstock, vice crusading progenitor of our own John S. Sumner, became thrillingly outraged at posters of McFadden's designing, which advertised a "Carnival of Beauty and Brawn" in Madison Square Garden. The posters revealed buxom ladies in union suits. The worm had turned for the Professor. Thereafter he became a butt for public indignation.

The worst blow came when he was convicted of sending obscene matter through the mails in the form of the pictures of very nearly nude persons in *Physical Culture Magazine*. The Professor was sentenced to two years in Atlanta and a fine of \$2,000. President Taft set aside the prison sentence, but the Professor has never quite recovered his breath. That experience has done more to shape his career than any other incident. He learned the penalties a principle may carry with it. He wants no more of them.

Since, Bernarr Macfadden, name changed, has been desperately suspicious of the world. He has walked through life with a lawyer skilled in the obscenity law at his elbow. His eyes have been fixed, no longer on the day when a great flock would exercise every day and subsist on fruit and nuts, but upon the hill top of finance where he now stands looking at the world.

For ten years B. M. prospered with

his monthly magazine on physical culture. Then came to him the dignified, white-haired Coryell, whose claim to fame was that he originated Nick Carter, the thrillers of twenty years ago. With him came a great idea. It was that an untapped public lay waiting for short stories it might know or deem to be true. Only Macfadden could have welcomed the idea so warmly, for he, too, likes true stories and he felt his taste to be that of an immense public. It has been his genius or good fortune that it is. He and many others are children still; they believe in Santa Claus. *True Story Magazine* appeared and achieved the greatest success in the history of monthly periodicals. Its circulation passed 2,000,000 in a few years. With its ten subsequent counterparts, Macfadden has uncovered a reservoir of readers already 5,000,000 strong. He proved that his taste is that of an immense public. He became a millionaire.

The new magazine marked the change in his attitude toward sex. Preaching physical culture he had been forced to preach sex frankness as a part of it. But his new magazines are constructed from another viewpoint. His editors have told writers:

"Here's a man, see? And his wife, see? And another man. Write about that. And let the shadow of a bed be on every page but never let the bed appear."

His staff writers are contracted to produce specified thousands of words each week, all, of course, "true stories." Each, it is said, must be approved by a girl manuscript reader, the magazine's editor, the executive editor of all the magazines, Bernarr Macfadden, his secretary (at one time the second Mrs. Macfadden also passed on most stories), a board of ministers, and the obscenity searching lawyer. No higher recommendation from the first reader can be asked than "Gee whiz! This story has a kick. I could not put it down." Any more intricate valuation is neither wanted nor per-

mitted. Nor does B. M. recognize any himself. He either gets "a kick out of it" or doesn't. The plan is lovely in its simplicity.

"I have instructed my editors to write *Up* not *Down* to the public," he advertised of the *Evening Graphic*, the newest of our daily newspapers, and it is presumable that he believes they are doing it.

As a successful business man must, B. M. has a practical side.

"We're in this business to make money," he has reminded his executives. "Don't forget it."

Yet he has days, more and more infrequent, when his employees know that he is in a "physical culture mood." They select those days in which to urge upon him new and daring projects. "If it's true we'll print it," he says on those days. And the next he reverses his decision with, "We can't very well afford to offend those people; there's no sense in going off halfcocked."

HE has two large mirrors in his private office, one on his desk. Before them he sometimes flexes his muscles and does his exercises. After a shower he slips into a silk bathrobe and receives his business callers. He is painfully self-conscious, even with employees, and deals with them circuitously. For days he remains broodingly angry at subordinates, nor can they learn the reason. Withal, he has a driving power which enables him to watch every activity of his vast enterprises and yet accomplish huge quantities of detail work.

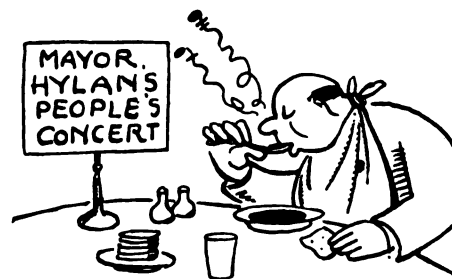
Money by millions, has not lured Macfadden from his simple habits. His clothes look baggy; his only extravagance has been two motor cars. He persists in physical culture for himself and provides an exercise class for employees in the office each afternoon.

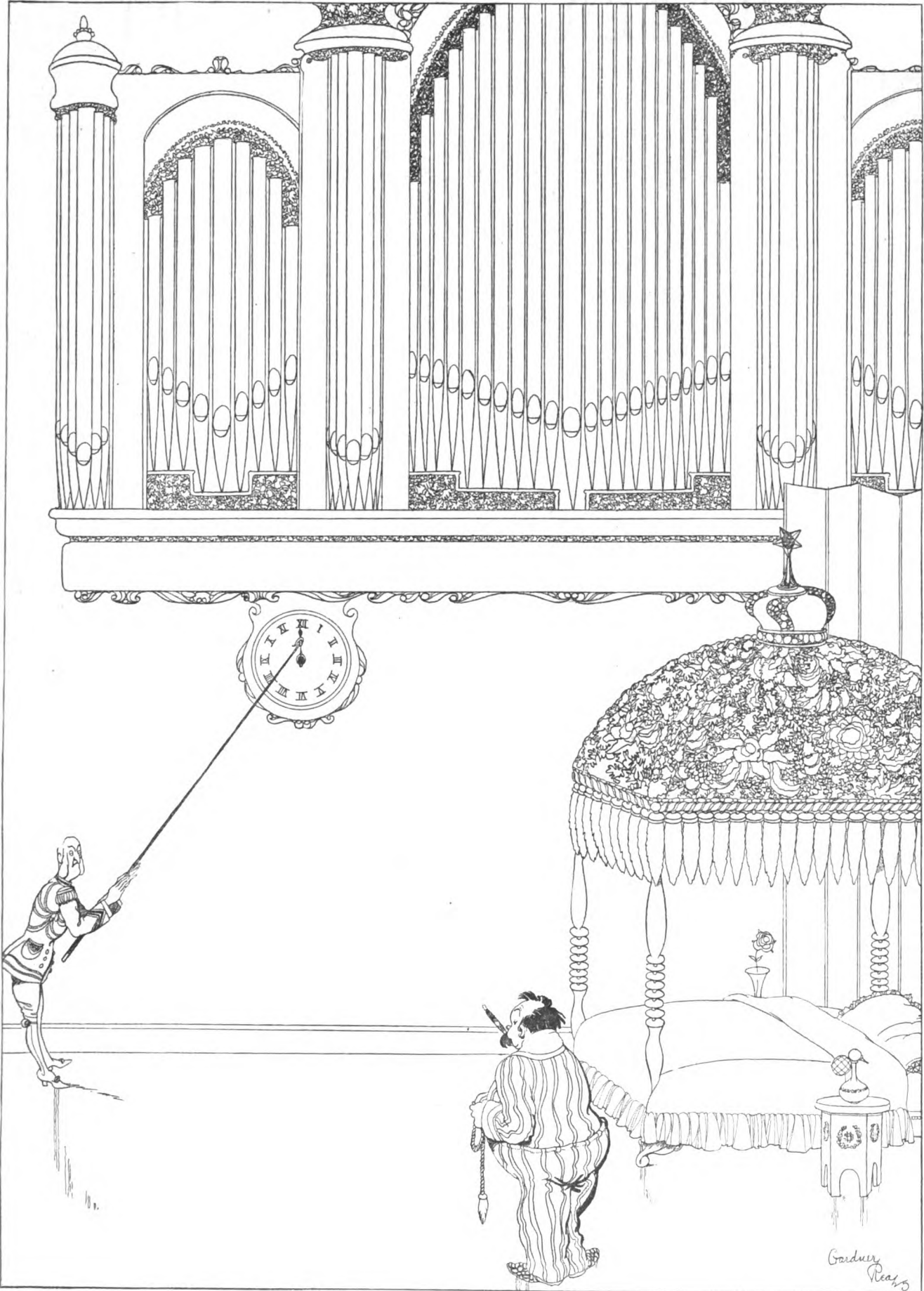
But his bodily pride, perhaps the most striking part of his personality, is slipping from him now. He looks old, older than he is, which is 5 years. At a recent birthday party given to him by his employees, he became highly emotional, which he does easily.

"I know I look older than I am," he said, the lines never deeper in his face than then. But he swelled his chest suddenly, bulged his arm muscles and almost shouted:

"But I feel fine. I feel younger than I am."

—OLIVER H. P. GARRET





*"Just set the organ for ten, Jenkins, I gotta be up early, t'morra."*

# MURDER AS BAD ART

**N**EARLY every day you see the statistics in the papers. "Half as many homicides in Erie in an hour, as in England in an era." "As many assassinations in St. Louis in a second, as in Yucatan in a year." "More murders in Manhattan in a month, than in Schleswig-Holstein in a century." From which it is to be inferred that private slaughter is an American activity.

When, moreover, you observe the high consideration accorded to our slayers—a consideration expressed in most cases by letting them alone (and this, in a democracy where such a privilege is almost unheard-of!) or—in the few authenticated instances of capture—by hero worship and adulation, it becomes further clear that we regard the murderer somewhat as Spaniards the *matador*, as Frenchmen a poet, as Germans a philosopher, as Jews a prophet. Murder is an American expression, a folk art. It contains some virtue so close to our desire, that we have protected it jealously from the class distinctions which begin to

encroach on our once so purely democratic life. The American murderer can win a front page, be he millionaire or beggar. The same sob-sisters will write him up—gilded clubman or lowly loafer. There is no hierarchy here but Merit; no limit to glory save the intensest competition. Murder, in short, is an American art. My quarrel with it is, that it is bad art; and that America's growing devotion to it threatens our cultural progress.

Consider, first, the psychology of murder. Murder is above all a solution. We take an elementary case. *A* hates *B*—hates the sight and presence of *B*. So *A* kills *B*. *A* no longer sees what he hates to see. *He has succeeded*: he has found a solution. This is the instinctive murder. We will complicate it with a higher impulse. *A* wants *B*'s purse. *B*, alive,

would prefer not to give his purse to *A*. So *A* shoots *B* or slits *B*'s throat. *B* no longer objects to giving *A* his purse. *A*, once again, has succeeded. He has found a solution. This is the emotional murder—what the Europeans know as the *crime passionel*: since the commercial desire, the will-to-earn, is the dominant American emotion. We go still higher in the category. *A* wants *B*'s girl, or *B*'s social status. *B*, active and alive, is too handsome and too clever. *A* spoils



"Private Slaughter is an American Activity."

*B*'s beauty by bashing in his face, and overcomes *B*'s intellectual superiority by bashing out his brains. *A*, now unimpeded, wins Girl and Fortune. He has succeeded again: found a solution again. This is the intellectual murder: since Shakespeare and Milton severally tell us that love of woman and love of Fame are the last infirmities of the noble mind.

Having thus placed murder under the Microscope provided by a scientific age, we have detected in it a constant germ: what might be called the *success-bacillus*—the will to a quick solution. Now it must be understood why murder is so advanced and wide a practice in the United States. We are believers in success: we are clamors for a solution: we are no brookers of delay. Take our three hypothetical situations between *A* and *B*; and con-

sider how in a less successful milieu than our own, they might be blunderingly met. A French *A* hates a French *B*: he grins and bears it—or he fights, perhaps vainly, to overcome his hatred—or he avoids *B*—or possibly he comes close to his foe and, by studying him well, strains to turn hate to love. These are arduous endeavors, for which there is no *guarantee* of success. None of them *gets results*, like arsenic or a bullet.

A London *A* covets the purse of a London *B*. Unless he is as atypical as genius, *A* will not dream of murder. He will pick *B*'s pocket, or gamble with him, or slip by stealth into his room at night—or even do without! Again, it is clear that success is less assured. The solution is in doubt: the result is far below 100 per cent certain. And now, finally, *A* belonging to any of the effete societies of Europe, has a rival in *B* for a girl and for social fortune. He will probably try to get at the girl (an uncertain method where a moment's success "carries no insurance") or he may try

to outstrip *B* by study and application. The processes are long, difficult, full of hazard. The American way of assassination is sure-fire.

But the American method gets so quickly and nakedly at the result, by destroying what stands in the way: which is Life itself. And not alone the life of *B*: what *A* avoids—trial, struggle, doubt—is just that content of experience which enriches living and is the stuff of art. The American system is very competent, and very sterile. It is related neither to life nor art: but rather to the machine.

Let us consider our other American arts. We shall then see at once how general is this love of a solution of a quick solution; and how systematically we eliminate from life those elements which might hinder a solution. Quite recently we were mad over the Cross

Word Puzzle. The puzzle was soluble: it made success easy: and it contained nothing—neither sense nor content—except the incentive toward success. Even if one did happen to fail, despite the aid of dictionaries and of neighbors, in finding the “3-letter word meaning the adult of kitten” next morning’s paper put an end to the agony. Similarly, there is the Movie and the Popular Story. They must contain a mechanism leading in simple and directest terms to Success and a solution. They must dispense with any forms of “life” that might impede solution. We can see now, how harmoniously murder fits in with the other common ways of American Law and Order.

So much for our recognizable arts. Now, if we turn to our public life—to our “serious side”—we encounter the same habit. We have social problems: *and we solve them.* Folks got drunk on alcohol? Easy: abolish alcohol. Roundhead foreigners cluttered up our landsides? Easy: abolish immigration. Dour dramas corrupted Sweet Sixteen? Easy: censor the drama. Crazy communists upset bed-time-story mood of bourgeois gentlemen? Easy: jail ‘em and let the Supreme Court of the United States outlaw their nonsense. These are all

problems they still have in blundering, backward Europe. By Gosh, *we’ve* solved them.

And we’re constructive, too: not merely defensive. Having money means having a good time. We’ve learned that. So we are abolishing every value, and throwing in contempt each occupation, which does not *aim at money*: either in the earning of it or in the display of it, once it has been earned. And finally, success is success. Having discovered this, there is nothing left but to murder all moods and impulses which would deny this final and crucial American proposition.

You have the idea. We jolt off more folk in New Jersey in a week, than they do in Germany in a generation, because Murder is so consonant with the American Idea. Of course, murder’s a low form of our art: a folk art. (We have our pick-pockets, too.) But you can’t get away from it. The murderer is a go-getter. The murderer has a problem and he solves it. The murderer sees what he wants, and he takes it. The murderer believes in quick action: he is a maker of success: he is a man with *results*. (“Success” magazines and popular platform artists please copy.)

And all of this makes for bad art

because—as Goethe put it—“art is long.” The short-cut gets you “there.” But what if the “short-cut” cuts out life itself? You’ve had nothing on the way. And when you are once “there,” what can you do but start again—on another short-cut—for the next place? This is the joker in our competence. We do away with the means: and behold! the Means are everything and the End is nothing. It’s like the modern Sunday afternoon. We used to go nowhere in particular, on foot: and see the country. Now we motor 100 miles to X. And X. is nothing. And we’ve gone so fast and swallowed so much carbon monoxide gas, that the way was nothing either. So we speed on to Y and to Z, *ad infinitum, ad nauseam.*

To solve the problems of life is very simple. All you need do is to eliminate or murder life. That gets rid of the problems: and that explains ninety-nine one-hundredths of what men call civilization. For life is all Problem, and the brave dwelling therein: and the solution is death. A good life is the art of avoiding quick solutions. And Murder—this so popular American practice, this so simple mechanical means toward a solution—is a good symbol of the bad art of American life.—SEARCH-LIGHT

## METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

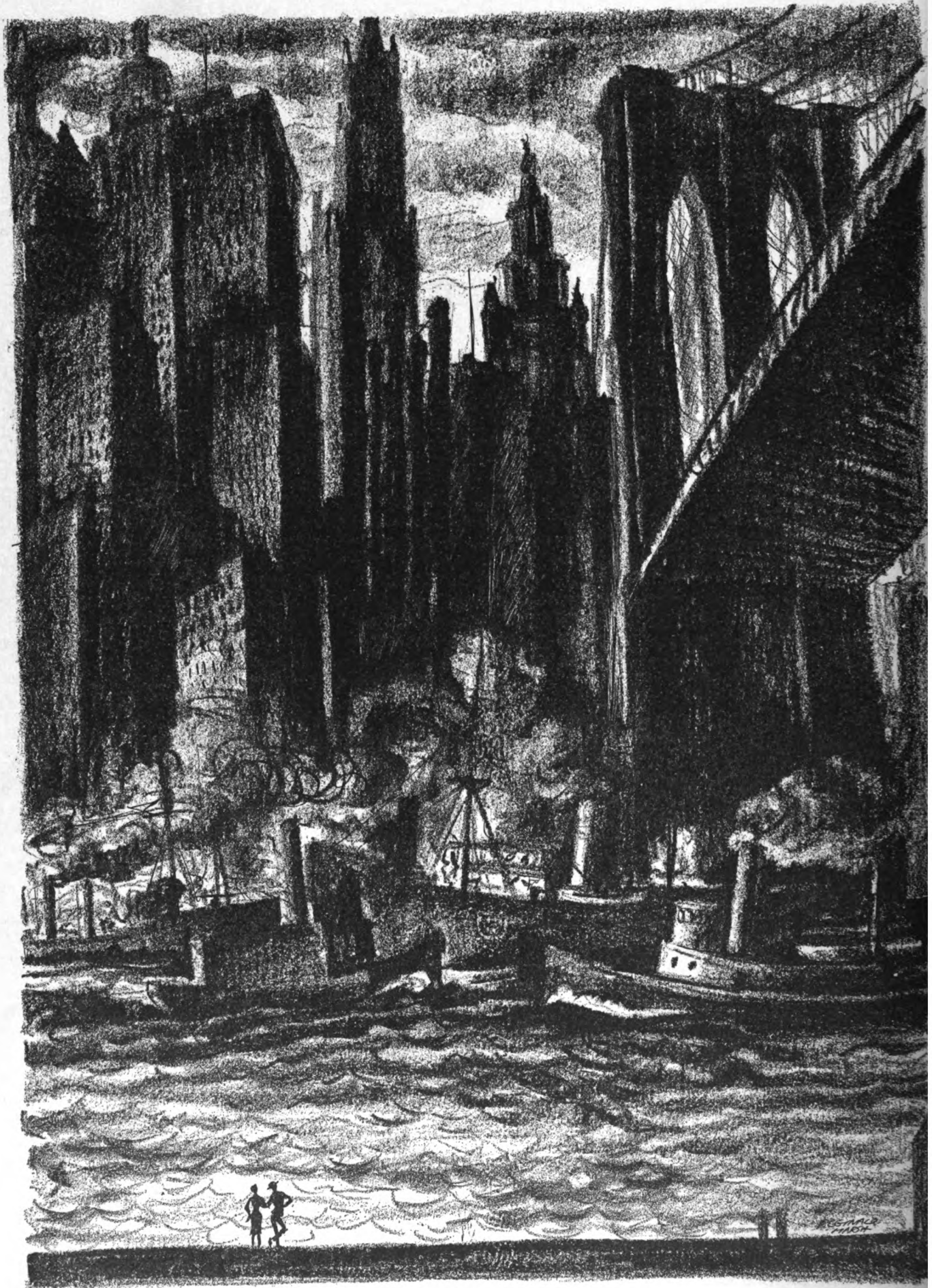
IT TAKES ALL KINDS  
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

THERE is, for instance, The Visiting Foreigner.  
The ship news men meet him at Quarantine  
And ask him what he thinks of the skyline,  
He says he thinks it is magnificent,  
Which, oddly enough, is usually the truth.  
If he is a military or diplomatic celebrity,  
He is convoyed immediately after landing to City Hall,  
Where somebody makes a speech to him on the steps  
And gives him the freedom of the city,  
A blessing whose privileges have never been adequately defined  
even by its recipients;  
Then he is whisked up Fifth Avenue with a motorcycle escort  
and such dartings and clamor  
That nervous women wish they has chosen some other day  
To come out shopping for a Balbriggan sports coat.  
If the V. F. is a titled or royal personage,  
Local hostesses make un-Fabian moves to control his temporary  
destiny,  
With the odds generally well placed on Mrs. Cornelius  
Vanderbilt.  
The V. F. always admires Riverside Drive enthusiastically,  
And those who have him in charge have to explain for hours  
Why he shouldn’t do so.  
A semi-public luncheon or banquet is arranged for him  
At which he hears Mr. Otto Kahn make a speech  
And his fish is covered with a sauce which reminds him

Of the paste his secretary uses on his scrap books.  
Almost unfaillingly before his departure he remarks at least  
once  
That he had understood there was Prohibition in this country,  
Doubtless wishing, from the quality of our hospitality in this  
connection,  
That he had not been misinformed.  
He expects to find American women beautiful and is not dis-  
appointed;  
He expects to find people in a hurry, and ditto.  
Sometimes the V. F. is literary and lectures to us,  
Whereupon it develops that the trend of the modern novel  
Is doing a whole lot to cement kindly relations  
Between our country and his own,  
Which would go considerably bigger if some of us  
Didn’t read the European journals occasionally.  
Secretly branding us a country of all luxury and no comfort,  
He raves to our reporters about our spirit and institutions  
And then takes it all back later in his book.  
Rome wasn’t built in a day,  
But most alien impressions of this country are.  
When an American makes a trip to Europe  
His letter of credit is usually so shot to pieces on his return  
That he has to tip the boat steward in three currencies.  
Isn’t it a poor rule that doesn’t work both ways?

IT TAKES ALL KINDS  
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

—BAIRD LEONARD



*"Pretty,—isn't it?"*

## THE CURRENT PRESS

**D**EATH and destruction provide the big news for us here in America. Scandal has its devotees, of course, among the serving maids and shopgirls who pursue their own quaint notion of current events through the pages of the penny-dreadful tabloids. And there are recurring seasons when the press deals with a large hand from the stewing pot of politics. But the news constant, the one element which never fails to evoke the popular curiosity, is calamity. Let human life be destroyed, whether by providential edict or a jealous wife, and America is certain to clamor for the last crumb of the details.

The last few weeks have witnessed several of such violent disasters. The airship *Shenandoah* was wrecked. A navy airplane was lost at sea—its final and fortunate recovery coming after the newspapers had wrenched the tragedy dry of regrets, in time for an unusual happy ending. A particularly grotesque murder was committed by a New Jersey lunatic.

The wreck of the *Shenandoah* was reported in the New York press with that completeness and authority which distinguishes it from the dull journalism of the provinces. And incidentally, the published account provided us with brilliant testimony to the improvement in journalistic methods during the past quarter century.

Twenty years ago, and we would have been regaled in the news columns with lurid and violent rhetoric, representing some imaginative reporter's conception of what *might* have happened in the control car of the airship. Fed in the gush school of newspaper letters, the writers would have felt compelled to dramatize the event, and would have ended by dramatizing themselves as actual victims of the catastrophe. And they would have tried to give us the emotions of terror and despair at the sinister crash of breaking struts, 4,000 feet above the gloomy Ohio countryside. Horror would have stalked through their paragraphs. And over all their work would have hung a taint of concoction, of spurious imagination which would have left suspect of such few facts as they bothered to compile.

But the stories which appeared in our present press were splendidly restrained and factual. Sitting in New York, we were given an accurate and vivid enough account of the disaster that befell the *Shenandoah*. After reading our papers, we knew approximately how it happened. To accomplish that end is enough ambition for the press.

The restraint which I mention is particularly creditable in the case of Peter Vischer of the *World* and Joseph Brady of the *Herald Tribune*. For these men

were on the scene a few hours after the accident. They wrote their stories, apparently, late at night in a region that was boiling with emotional excitement. And yet they managed, in their dispatches, to be calm and forthright. Mr. Brady, according to the statement of his paper, was sent with a photographer by airplane from New York to Ohio through storms and considerable peril. The *Herald Tribune's* reward for hiring the plane was a superior pageful of pictures, brought back by the photographer, Harry Schoenhals, and a graphic series of accounts from Mr. Brady.

The recovery of the lost seaplane, which was by all odds the most thrilling end of its adventure, was reported to us here by the Associated Press, with consequent small difference between the displays in the various papers. The identity of the Associated Press writer is not known hereabouts. But he performed worthily.

**I** AM an avid reader of news, and probably no different from the vile herd in my usual feeling of interest towards the stories of men's high crimes. Yet, for a reason which persistently escapes me, I cannot bring myself to read at length of the latest New Jersey murder. The youth charged with the crime presents no intriguing problem of psy-



chology such as the comrades Leopold and Loeb proved to be. He is simply a madman of uncommonly revolting properties. If my guess is not deplorably wrong, it is probable that the reporters recording the progress of the case felt much the same. There has been a distinct forcing in their stories, an artificiality which is usually perceivable when men are making a story for which they have no real interest. I beg to be excused from further discussion of the matter.

**I**N a like, and no doubt scampering manner, I propose to hurry past the columns and columns of politics which are crowding the papers. It is very difficult stuff to read. And politics remains the one field in which I cannot trust any of the public prints. Whatever political story appears, there lurks between its lines the hint of an end to be served. The reporting of politics no doubt is improving. There is, I suppose, an honest belief in many editorial offices that the news columns are giving the opponents a square deal. But I don't believe it can be done. The *Times* seems to stretch farthest in this direction, and if I were pressed for an admission, it probably would have to be confessed that Candidate Hylan received no palpably unfair thrusts from that paper. I shall extenuate my refusal to read or attempt appraisal of the political stories by the statement that during six days of subway riding and careful observation of my neighbors, not a full dozen were caught perusing such stories. Politics, not falling technically within the categories of death or disaster, is not a major American interest.

**P**RESSING on to matters of more absorbing moment, we reach the affair of Mr. George Herman Ruth, vulgarly known as Babe. Recent Sunday editions proclaimed the fact that Mr. Ruth had been surprised by his manager, *bousing* with more than the usual fragrance; in short, violently drunk. Also, that for his defection he had been fined \$5,000 and suspended forthwith from further participation in baseball games.

But the tragedy was recounted in no such terse and succinct style. Indeed, amazement at the quantities of discursive type employed in analyzing the imbroglio drove me to the compilation of some statistics: The Ruth story was in the prints four days. During that time, slightly more than 82,000 words were written in the New York papers about this distinguished American athlete—or about four times as many as are contained in that celebrated comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing."

The *Journal* was most voluminous, running 10,350 words. The *Telegram* and the *Times* were a close second, carrying well over 9,000 words each, and from that imposing figure the papers trailed off to the *Sun*, which was content with a mere 4,200 word discussion of the unhappy event.

I can think of nothing to justify this extravagant interest in a matter which is manifestly so cheap and stupid. A highly commercialized performer—one who is far from the peak in his own trade and is almost constantly embroiled with his





"Oh, My! This is my first chance to come out to-day for some fresh air."

employer—becomes at last so refractory that punishment is administered. And at once he is glorified, as the whole dull business of baseball is glorified, with a wholesale display of type.

**F**ORTUNATELY, this affair had been settled by the time the income tax lists were made public. Else, no doubt, we would have been denied the rich amusement afforded by the latter spectacle.

The chief source of my chuckles over the income tax business lay in the attitude assumed by the editorial writers. In only one journal, it seems, was a note of harmony struck between the editorial page and the news columns. That was in the case of the *Evening Post*. Editorially denouncing the printing of taxpayers' names, the *Post* refrained from publishing them.

But in no other paper was such a splendid spirit of co-operation (see Rotary by-laws) evinced. The others contented themselves, while their news columns were filled to bursting with the precious names, with scourging the practice as un-

fair, prying, improper, and beyond the pale of legitimate news. The *World*, for example, was most severe in its denunciation of the lists. And yet the *World* printed more names than any paper in town. Indeed, the lists at this writing are still appearing in that journal.

My sympathies lie with the news editors. I believe that the income tax lists are news. Certainly, if they are to be dismissed merely because their publication is a snooping trick, then half the type in the papers, every day, would have to be thrown out on the same ground. For, after disaster, our chief interest is in other people's private affairs. In my estimation, the income tax lists are as honestly interesting as the breakfast menu of the man about to be hanged, as the past of a blue-eyed darling whom misfortune has cast into the public ken, or as the cloistered life, let us say, of the celebrated Mrs. Budlong.

The very essence of the American newspaper is curiosity, not to say eavesdropping. Since the publication of the income tax returns is the topgallant mast of brash inquisitiveness, let us hail the

event as a coup extraordinary, and recommend this estimation of the matter to the editorial writers.

**O**NE story gained prominence during the last few weeks and convinced me of the waning powers of city editors. I refer to the strange case of Mr. Max Phillips, Red Bank collar manufacturer, and his nebulous Russian countess. For two days the papers were full of Mr. Phillips: the stories reading like serial installments of a blood and thunder movie thing, what with hidden plots, sinister and beautiful dark women, shots out of the night, private detectives in the greatest abundance, and the subtle hint of deep purple mystery about to be revealed. Then it petered out. When Mr. Phillips announced with distressing calm that he did not choose, after all, to disclose the secret, his name fell at once out of the prints. That is most astonishing. I promise herewith that if any city editor is tenacious enough to plumb to the heart of the Phillips adventure, I will read every line of his story. I feel sharp disappointment at being deprived of the dénouement in this stirring tale.

**T**HE *Evening World* has earned praise for itself in two regards: First, for the magazine page which appears daily; and second, for importing to the metropolis Mr. Allen T. Naive, a blind reporter from Gary, Indiana. The magazine page seldom fails to have at least one neatly written story among its columns. And it is further embellished by a daily sheaf of dispatches from the capitals of Europe, bringing news of minor adventures along exotic streets. In addition, there have been several groups of articles in series, concerning the history of New York.

**I** WILL be forced to dismiss, without proper and earnest consideration, such throbbing items in the news as the battle of the Atlantic City bathing beauties; the expensive contests over \$1 and \$2 bills (over telephone numbers, license plates, wife's maiden name, date of birth, and all other personal possessions which the editors can hit upon) being fostered by the tabloids; and the touching case in Hoboken of the parrot which saved the life of his mistress by shouting "Oh Lord" during a fire.

**I**T must be chronicled, however, that the zoological editors held up superbly. Indeed, the *World* must be beside itself with pride over the publication of a dispatch from France relating the discovery of a pink frog with long tail and blue eyes, which stands on its hind legs and sings. A mere bit concerning the mother antelope at the Zoo will seem trifling after that.—MORRIS MARKEY

# THE TOWER APARTMENT

MY career," said the successful builder, "dates from the day I realized the possibilities of the hall bedroom. The hall bedroom had been taken for granted. In boarding and rooming houses it was regarded as the smallest unit of the establishment. Until I arrived, nobody had thought of subdividing it. Nobody, I suppose, thought it could be done. The hall bedroom was overlooked, but what an oversight! As large rooms became smaller and smaller, the hall room relatively grew larger and larger. Yet nobody capitalized it. It was like the atom. Science considered the atom indivisible until the electron came along. Well," and here the builder patted himself with justifiable pride, "I was the electron of the hall bedroom, and I came along.

"I was living in a hall bedroom myself at the time; top floor back in a boarding house. I and it were the cheapest things in the place. The aristocrat of the second floor alcove gave me nothing more than a cold, grudging nod.

"Then, one night, I had my great inspiration. The hall bedroom was not in reality small. It was merely *thought* small; a belief surviving from more spacious times when it was small in fact. In a Summer hotel, thought I, a room of the same area as this is not small; it is large, and commands a good price. A stateroom this size on a boat is almost a suite. The hall bedroom suffers from an inferiority complex. I shall change all that.

"I did. The first thing to do was to change the name. Nothing was more deadly, more of a handicap, than the name, Hall Bedroom. It was a barrier to progress. Henceforth I should allude to my hall bedroom as the Tower Apartment. It was merely a matter of keeping my face straight when speaking. Handy with tools, and with my landlady's permission, I put up a partition. Yes, gentlemen, I divided my hall bedroom in two!

"I then built in a dining table which, when it was folded was closed, became the door of the closet. This side of the partition we called the living room; where the door let down was the breakfast nook. The side of the partition nearest the window we spoke of as the sunny sleeping chamber. We thought at first, the landlady and I, of calling it a master's bedroom, but gave that up finally as being a trifle illogical, there being no servants' quarters.

"I had been paying \$4.50 a week for my little hall bedroom. To my proposal that hereafter I pay her \$7, reserving the right to sublet it for anything over that I could get, my landlady consented. From

that day I date my fortune. All furniture had been taken from the Tower Apartment so as to make it look larger—the way a Summer hotel room looks, you know, when you come out to engage it in May or June—and I myself slept on a cot. But not for long. Oh, not for long. My advertisement under the head, "attractive two-room suite," brought inquiries at once, and I had no difficulty in renting it to a young business couple, who hated housework, for \$67.50 per month.

"Gentlemen, that was but the beginning. I found hundreds of other hall bedrooms all waiting to be converted into Tower Apartments. Soon I was drawing income from scores of grateful boarding house keepers, whose hall rooms had suffered from the inferiority complex.

"City dwellers leaped at what I had to offer, particularly when I advertised meals and maid service optional. Soon I had a waiting list. And that man who had the second floor alcove, who used to give me the cold and grudging nod when we met on the stairs of my old boarding house, he begged me, almost with tears in his eyes, to let him have the first vacancy.

"I long since turned the details of that end of the business over to my subordinates. I am now personally engaged upon a venture in the suburbs. I have my agents out in the country buying up large and unused dog houses. These I am erecting with concrete foundation upon

lots which I recently acquired. I stucco the exterior of the dog houses, add a glassed-in porch and a pergola for roses, and put them on the market as bungalows for \$4,995, terms the same as rent. Next year I am going to look into the possibilities of abandoned bird houses. The trees are full of them."

—ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

## Poor Namepickers

SUPREME COURT—SPECIAL TERM, PART II  
(EX PARTE)

By Mr. Justice Benedict

In re Toothpick Boys, Inc.—The name sought to be assumed by this association is a misnomer, because it is not in accord with the particular objects sought to be attained by incorporating, which are stated to be "to improve the minds and bodies of the members by the open discussion of topics of the day, by athletic exercises," &c. If the athletic exercises referred to are mainly in the application of toothpicks, it is manifest that the continued practice of the toothpick habit would not improve either the minds or bodies of the members and would seriously interfere with an open discussion of the topics of the day. Application refused.

—New York Law Journal

## F. O. B.?

Estimating the population of the city as four times the number of school children, Detroit has a population of 1,255,892; "Greater Detroit," a population of \$1,500,000.

—Time



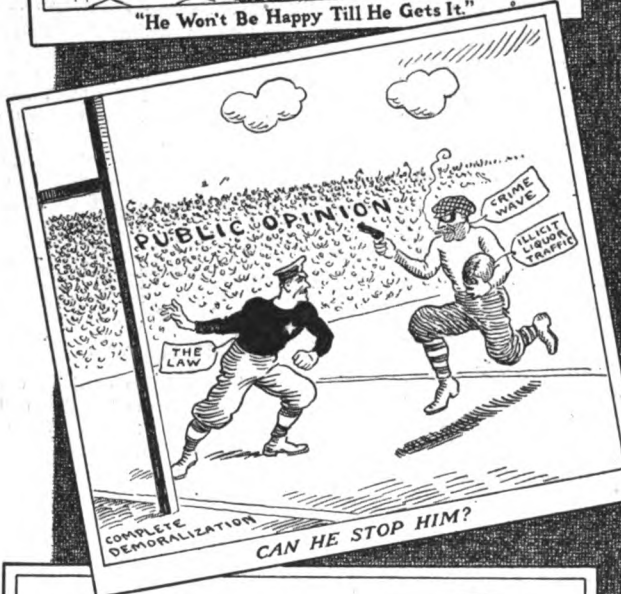
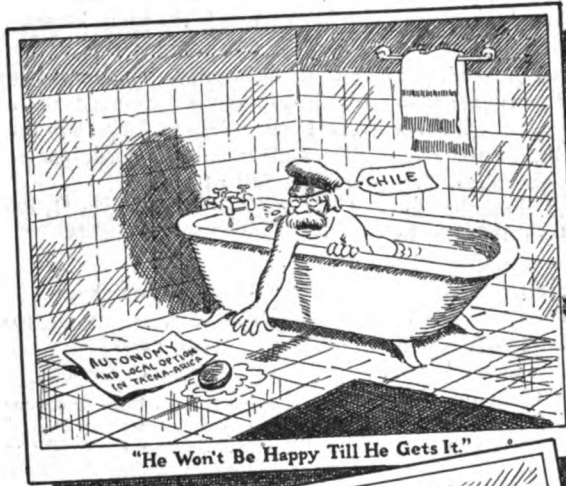
JOHAN BULL

"Do you mind if I take your wife out to dinner?"

"Not at all."

"And, oh, I say, will you lend me a ten spot?"

THE NEW YORKER'S ADVANCE SHOWING OF EARLY FALL  
CARTOONS FOR THE TRADE



FIRST again! With its usual promptness and initiative, THE NEW YORKER is able to take pride in being the first to display the newest line of cartoon illustrations to the Daily Press. Reproduction rights to any of the cartoons here shown may be had at THE NEW YORKER'S

regular low price of ten cents each, or the entire lot for fifteen cents. A testimonial signed, "A satisfied customer for ten years" (believed to be the *Literary Digest*) says: "Your service has given complete satisfaction. We have found the cartoons *regulation* and good upon practi-

cally all occasions." THE NEW YORKER takes pleasure, too, in announcing that our late Fall and Winter line will be available in due time, offering a comprehensive treatment of the standard subjects—the Pilgrim and the Turkey, the Precious Lump of Coal, Father Winter, etc.

## CRITIQUE

*The Theatre*

IN "Outside Looking In," Maxwell Anderson has failed to retain the exalted heights of "White Desert" and "What Price Glory," in which he was involved as author and co-author respectively. It is a pardonable failure.

"Outside Looking In," which is at the Greenwich Village Theatre at the moment of writing but which will certainly be moved to an up-town theatre, is a genre play of tramp life. For three acts a dozen tramps, not too unlike the Marines of "What Price Glory," live and eat and sleep and drink and fight on the stage of the theatre, hindered from wandering off into the alley only by the slightest thread of a story. There is just a flicker of an attempt by the playwright to introduce emotion into his characters, but it passes more quickly than it came. This, say Mr. Anderson and Mr. Jim Tully, author of "Beggars of Life," out of which came the raw materials that have gone into the play, is the way tramps are. Their actions are not necessarily a precedent for anything save what is being done at the moment. This is the way tramps are.

There is to "Outside Looking In," as there is to "What Price Glory," that curious quality of highly selected romantic language and situations that nevertheless manage to persuade their observer of their essential realism. Never, on land or sea, were there Marines who talked like the Marines of "What Price Glory;" never, on land or sea, were there tramps who talked like the tramps of "Outside Looking In;" and never were there Marines or tramps on stage who were better able to convince you that you were actually eavesdropping on a convention of their originals.

The persuasive ability of the tramps of "Outside Looking In," unfortunately, does not function consistently

throughout the play. There are many minutes, particularly in the second and third acts, in which the uncomfortable sensation of being in attendance upon self-conscious actors posing as romantic tramps makes itself felt. Mr. Anderson's dialogue is all too often elaborately artificial, and when he offers long scenes in which his leading character turns Roy K. Moulton writing against space, with observations of which "as silent as the White House after election" is a fair example, the effect of plausibility steals mournfully into the wings. And then, happily, it is regularly recalled by Mr. Anderson before it is too late and allowed to spread itself all over a stage controlled by the semblance of real human passion and speech.

Charles A. Bickford, as "Oklahoma Red," and James Cagney, as "Little Red," are the leading actors in Mr. Anderson's new play, the Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt whose struggles for the possession of a personable young woman again supply the story. Mr. Bickford, a new and an excellent actor, seems to have taken on both the virtues and the vices of Anderson's writing. At times he is a gorgeously convincing and persuasive king of the hoboes, and at other times he is as much a tramp as the Nat Wills who reads telegrams or the Jim Barton who wanders, unshaved and alcoholic, into the splendid homes the rich have in vaudeville. Mr. Cagney is both more plausible and less picturesque.

Blyth Daly is the "Cognac Pete's" daughter of the new play. A worse exhibition of acting than Miss Daly's could scarcely be imagined. To the rôle of a young strumpet, fleeing the strong arm of the law after she has murdered an incestuous stepfather, she brings all the graces of one of Miss Spence's Little Women on a receiving line at the Park Lane, and to her moments of great emotion she brings the heartbreak of a Vassar senior who

has missed a stitch in the link of the Daisy Chain she is constructing.

Mr. Anderson's new play, then, is one of mixed qualities. If he regularly breaks the illusion of his scenes, it is nevertheless obviously true that it was he who created them so compelling that their disruption is a cause for regret and annoyance. He has stifled unnaturally emotions in at least two of his characters in the play, however—"Little Red" and the strumpet. Wherefore at least this one of his admirers, who became a public nuisance two years ago on the street corners of the town by shouting loudly about the emotional excellences of the Anderson "White Desert," herewith begs Mr. Anderson to introduce into his next play at least a tiny bit of the thing he showed two years ago he could do so well.

AND now to the staples! "Cradle Snatchers," at the Music Box, you will probably consider a good show, if you consider "Cradle Snatchers" at the Music Box a good show. It is designed to show that what is sauce for the goose is apple sauce for the gander (an excellent line that also occurs in the play, by the way). For this purpose, three women of the roaring forties, equipped with husbands who do a bit of dallying with the flappers, provide themselves with callow cake-eaters that the husbands may become jealous. On account of something the playwright said, however, this plan does not work, and so for the final curtain the wives are on their way to a road house with their young men, and if the husbands' jealousy is going to be thereby aroused, that's only a small part of what they have in mind.

The writing of the piece is extremely vulgar and unfunny. However, there may be those—in fact, it is here positively put down that there are those—to whom vulgarity without humor has its entertaining uses, too.

And so they should see "Cradle Snatchers."

AT the Longacre there is, at this writing, a thing called "The Dagger." It will almost certainly not be there when these lines appear in print. And consequently a description of its many happy absurdities, of its true capture of the spirit of the plays that used to visit Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in 1890, will not be given, for it will only give rise to hard feelings by those sybarites who were unfortunate enough to miss it.

INCREASINGLY now are the relatives from Topeka and Wichita descending upon the natives, demanding loudly what shows they should see during their three days' stay in the nation's metropolis. This department offers gratis the following plan, which it has successfully used, to its harassed readers.

Right after dinner pick up THE NEW YORKER's Goings On department and select the name of the first show you see. Put your little visitor into a taxi and say to the driver, "The Forty-fourth Street Theater, *cocher*, and none of your damned lip." The grateful hick will thus see what is by all means the best entertainment to be found in the town. One has reference to Al Jolson, whom Gilbert Selles has single-handedly made a national favorite overnight.

Everything that can be said about Jolson has been said. There remains only the opportunity of going to see his show every available night.

—H. J. M.

### Music

WHEN the curtain goes up on "Tosca" at the Century Theatre come Monday evening, music will again be at work for the season. Mr. Gallo's opera, if the presence of critics be a reliable index, is the official opening of the musical year, and as we wait for tickets to arrive, we might snoop around a bit and make notes on a few events which may serve to lure you from a discussion of the five-cent fare for an evening.

The industrious Mr. Gallo has developed a capable company which seems to pass on artists to the Metropolitan with something like regularity. The performances of the San Carlo Grand Opera are tidy and snappy, and if you're a little rusty on "Aida" (or want to know what it really sounds

like, in case you've attended only the ball park productions), "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto" or "Carmen," a session with the Gallo company will put you in excellent condition. An able impresario, this Gallo, and a canny one. Inspect his announcements and you will find that his list



Suggested Bookplates

of singers is advertised as "Alphabetically Arranged."

A few weeks after the Gallo company leaves us to sample hotel accommodations throughout the land, the Metropolitan goes into action. One of the most exciting events of the season will be the appearance of a new German tenor, Lauritz Melchior, who has been goaling the pilgrims to Bayreuth. This department has had many accounts of the newcomer, ranging from a tale that he is a whilom baritone of middle age to the assertion that he is the first *tenore robusto* to emerge since Caruso. At any rate, the new *Parsifal* is, by birth, a Dane, and the bets are that he's good. The best German tenors haven't been Germans. They have been Poles, like de Reszke, Bohemians, like Slezak, Dutchmen, like Urlus, and Canadians, like Johnson. Of the novelties and revivals, Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad" interests us particularly, but the work which will stimulate the most solemn discussion will be Stravinsky's "Rossignol." The first critic who refrains from saying that the orchestral

suite is more effective, will win the first box of cigars sent to this department by a concert manager. The second box will go to the reviewer who does not use the return of Mme. Schumann-Heink as the spark plug for a discourse on the lost art of *bel canto*.

The return of Toscanini, the debuts of Klemperer and Goossens and the launching of Dohnanyi probably will be the important orchestral events of the year. The third box will be re-addressed to the writer who does not lament for more than eight paragraphs that Toscanini is no longer at the Metropolitan. Klemperer, already announced as "a seven foot giant" (have you ever seen a seven foot dwarf?), probably will help to bring back a German domination in local orchestras. If the simultaneous presence of Messrs. Klemperer and Furtwaengler at the head of the Symphony Society and the Philharmonic, respectively, results in a conductors' duel, we shall smoke the fourth box ourselves, for if Klemperer is good enough to challenge Furtwaengler, he's a conductor!

Goossens and Dohnanyi both made fine impressions under not too favorable conditions last season. The young English composer-director has at least one advantage over his Hungarian competitor: he is listed as a guest conductor, and guest conductors never are such good targets as the regulars.

ADVANCE notices from concert managers indicate that there will be a lull in the bombardment of new singers, pianists and fiddlers. There seem to be more new managers than new artists, but if you want a few names to watch, we suggest those of Walter Giesekking, a pianist, and Joseph Szigeti, a violinist.

There are also to be at least two new concert halls—Mecca Temple in Fifty-fifth Street, which will be the largest in town, and Steinway Hall in Fifty-seventh Street, which will be the smallest. Mr. Damrosch will inaugurate the former and Mr. Mengelberg, with the Messrs. Hofmann and Gange, will provide the first program for the latter. The fifth box of cigars will be shipped to—but wait. The first hasn't arrived yet.—R. A. S.

### Books

WILLA CATHER'S new novel will be complained of, and by some who have appreciated her and did not mistake "One of Ours" for

her best work. They will say that "The Professor's House" is incomplete, that it discloses an excellent character in an interesting family group, elaborates a situation full of promise, and then, after a puzzling digression, does disappointingly little.

These complainants will be the people who must have their art explicit. Ostensibly, "The Professor's House" is—as an Ibsen play is. The professor is a fine independent spirit, something of an originator, something of a torchbearer, but naturally unsocial and recessive, a tendency that "delight" has overcome through his years of vigor. At fifty it is being borne in on him that delight is behind him. He is entirely out of accord with his limited, vain and worldly wife, and largely with his married daughters, between whom there is a jangling that oppresses him; his creative work is finished; and the contact with a Promethean mind and nature has been lost to him with young Outland, a former student, in the war.

The jangling referred to is due to money, the yield of an invention of Outland's, willed to the daughter he was to have married. She is an engrossment of her mother and the money has made her an arrogant sybarite, on the nerves of her sister and on the professor's own. That consequence of the unworldly Outland's love is packed with easy drama, which the complainants would have expected Miss Cather to develop.

Instead, she introduces a "document" that will seem to them scarcely relevant: Outland's story, told long before, of his discovery of a cliff dwellers' city and ensuing blows to his boyish idealism—disillusionments about Washington scientists and about his friend and partner, to whom the discovery meant just some salable relics. After which story, she ends with the rescue of the professor from a passive suicide, and his mustering of the will to go on.

This sketches what there is of "The Professor's House" (*Knopf*) for the reader with no eye for symbolic intimations and masterly omissions. But the reader blessed with such an eye will surely see at once that it is Out-

land, not the professor, who is the pith of the conception, and that his story is its epitome. Also that this seemingly incomplete and rather unimpassioned novel is, for one thing, as fervent a protest as the strenuous "Arrow-smith," and that two-thirds of its effect, which is tragic, is beyond explicit fiction.—TOUCHSTONE

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

Art

THE Daniel Galleries are showing an advance section of the Owen Merton water color exhibition, the main body of which will arrive from England in a fortnight and be on view the first week in October. The samples now on hand are indicative of this artist's later work, it is said, and show the water colorist at his best.

To us it is an unexciting best. They



are too restrained, the English; always too proper and elegant. Give us the robustness of Charles Demuth or the Bolshevism of John Marin in this medium and we get a thrill. The Merton pictures are African, we believe, and belong to that school—"It's Africa, and of course you know

Africa." Vague, romantic splashes of things that have neither form nor color enough to hold the eyes. You feel that they didn't have form or color enough to hold the attention of the artist. Merton had his last show here two years ago. Perhaps it would be juster to save full appraisal until his whole bag of tricks is tossed out next month.

THE Galleries also proudly bring out the latest water color of Preston Dickinson. A new picture from Dickinson is quite a feat as he works so carefully and lovingly on everything he does. This one is from Montreal and shows the effect of the environment. It is a cognac bottle, a cocktail shaker and glasses. If you care for pure form you will like this Dickinson. The bottle and shaker tower above you like the Woolworth Building and the glasses have the same upward reach. It is a marvelous picture, we should imagine perfect. Yet it is so beautifully handled that you have the feeling of it being brittle. Perhaps some of the charm of Dickinson is lost when you stop to consider such things as technique and the time he spends in his organizations. But, as the gallery man says, you can't have everything in one picture, and Dickinson puts into his what no man can improve upon.

The exhibit now current also includes some Marins and Demuths, some old and some new.—M. P.

Motion Pictures

MR. JAMES CRUZE, that flower of our native directorial crop, insists strenuously that his remarkable picture "The Pony Express" (at the Rialto and Rivoli) is in no way related to his former master work, "The Covered Wagon." Hence we shall deliberately compare them. Know ye all, therefore, that they are very

close blood relatives indeed. Both derive from that period of American history when the Big West was struggling to grow up. Both are pictures filling into a historical background a succession of magnificent and doughty plainsman deeds. Furthermore, both are excellent. The caravan epic



"THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA"

*After a diabolical cinema career, Mr. Lon Chaney prepares to meet a hideous and deserved death at the hands of a vindictive Parisian mob.*

stressed the human and picturesque struggles of the pioneers to get born, the Pony Express is dramatic, and more ingenious in describing their early growing pains.

There is a partly authentic political setting for "The Pony Express." It is at all times interesting, however, not having to do with primaries. On the eve of Lincoln's election, that critical hour before the civil war, a group of unscrupulous demagogues attempt to isolate California from the Union and make her a separate empire for their own delectations. They attempt to manipulate the Pony Express—inaugurated splendidly during the story—so as to suppress any news that might bring Hiram Johnson's State into the Union. And but for the courageous fight of a lone patriotic Pony Express rider, that optimistic land is almost lost forever to the Great Republic. He, intrepid lad, roots mightily for Lincoln and the North when he is not shooing off Indian massacres, practicing card sharpening, thwarting bold bad embryonic Klansmen, sweeping up the prairies, and making passionate love. Single-handed and cleanly republican, in a sweeping symphonic finish, he frustrates the Benedict Arnolds and saves the Golden Gate for future tourists and native sons.

There is no dragging in the unfolding of the story. It clearly sums up

Mr. Cruze's genius for emphasizing well-limed characters, be they humorous, simple, or cruel, as well as his strength in fashioning climactic scenes, and skilfully handling numerous subplots. Especially does he cause Mr. Wallace Beery to glitter as an uncouth Rabelasian good-for-nothing, who faithfully follows the fortunes of our heroic pony boy, Mr. Ricardo Cortez. Thankfully, Mr. Cortez is reformed from his usual banal suavity to red Western corpuscles. Mr. Ernest Torrence shines, too, dragging about his evangelistic sledgehammer to impress his crude religion on a benighted heathenism. Curiously, there is a flash silhouette of Lincoln, telling that one about the Déacon's daughter. Truly it is all a happy, well-made and satisfying picture. While Mr. Cruze lives, no one can say there is not hope for the movies.

**I**N "Shore Leave" (At the Strand), Mr. Richard Barthelmess turns in an excellent hard-boiled performance as "Bilge" Smith, the gob who wouldn't live off'n no rich woman. Nor is he helped along by the story, either; for at its best, this erstwhile Belasco play is merely a colorless duologue between a tar and the simple village modiste who loved him because he smelt so salty and was ill from sleeping in a hammock. But Mr. Barthelmess makes his "Bilge" a reading from life.

"Bilge" swears picturesquely, eats a lot, handles the dames with no easy touch, is shiftless, sour, tough, slangy and generally shrewd in an acidy way. By dint of these deft touches, Mr. Barthelmess lifts his courting difficulties to no mean heights. And if you don't believe us, a visit to the Strand followed by one to Riverside Drive any evening after nightfall (the fleet's in) would help check up on what this talk's driving at.

**A**FTER an hour or two of "His Majesty Bunker Bean" (at Warner's) Mr. Matt Moore manages to impress his silly inferiorities on you so insanely that you can't help laughing at his foolishness. He is the downtrodden clerk with illusions of genealogical splendor, who carries himself so spinelessly and helplessly that Lady Luck simply falls all over him. He wins both girl and fortune, and most naturally on kissing her for the final fadeout, loses his balance and tumbles with her into the swimming pool. Such is the mood of "His Majesty Bunker Bean."—T. S.

"Flood ties up West Side tube for five hours." The subway ought to carry a spare.

The Nottingham lace trade is in distress because of the styles. Women, it seems, are no longer spending their petty cash for petticoats.



# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

(From Friday, September 18, to Friday September 25, inclusive.)

## THE THEATRE

### THE GORILLA—Selwyn

They're all in this: the two blunderers from headquarters, the super Hawkshaw, the mystery, the scary skeleton, and the murder threats. But thank goodness! it's burlesqued.

### LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan

Mr. Leon Errol matching his expressive legs with unfathomable Ziegfeld beauty.

### SPRING FEVER—Ambassador

The golf club and the bed are symbolic of this delightful trifle of a comedy.

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

A couple hard guys get mixed up wid a lotta swells and provide extensive entertainment in hand-picked American lingo. See!

### ARTISTS AND MODELS—Winter Garden

There is genuine humor to help things along when the more elemental appeal of the revue begins to get wearing.

### DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—George M. Cohan

A somewhat literary New England play by Eugene O'Neill convincingly morbid and rugged when O'Neill isn't being a Greek dramatist.

### GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Apollo

George White presents George White's Scandals about the way George White usually does.

### GARRICK GAETIES—Garrick

The Theatre Guild youngsters release their youthfulness in a good Varsity revue.

### ROSE-MARIE—Imperial

This was about the best of its ilk last year, and as far as we know it hasn't changed much.

### THE STUDENT PRINCE—Jolson's

"Old Heidelberg" (stop us if we are wrong) has made a good novel, play, movie, and is now a musical comedy.

### THE BOOK OF CHARM—Comedy

About the best of the season's openers is this crowded piece of delightful rustic comica.

### THEY KN W WHAT THEY WANTED KI w

Everybody out California way seems to be able to handle these little marriage problems so much better: if you will only take a lesson from this Pulitzer prize winner.

### OUTSIDE LOOKING IN—Greenwich Village Theatre

Reviewed in this issue.

### BIG BOY—Forty-fourth Street

When Al Jolson forgets his mammy in this well-paced (musical) musical show, he is about the best raconteur and entertainer we know.

## Openings of Especial Note

### SUNNY—New Amsterdam

Tues., Sept. 22. Marilyn Miller in a new musical comedy with tunes by Jerome Kern.

### THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN—Longacre

Wed., Sept. 23. Comedy with Gregory Kelly, written by George S. Kaufman.

(Dates of openings should be verified because of frequent late changes by the managers.)

## MUSIC

### SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA COMPANY—Century Theatre

Mon., Sept. 21, "Tosca" and ballet. Tues., Sept. 22, "Rigoletto." Wed., Sept. 23, "Aida." Thurs., Sept. 24, "Butterfly." Fri., Sept. 25, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." Sat., Sept. 26, matinee, "Carmen." Sat. evening, "Il Trovatore."

## ART

### OWEN MERTON—Daniel Galleries

Advance showing of water colors of one of the newer English painters.

### HARWOOD H. SIMPSON—Weyhe Galleries

Primitive American, *rara avis* in a land where even barber pole painters are sophisticated.

### L. BONAMICI—John Levy Galleries

Beautiful pigmented stuff put on with care.

## MOVING PICTURES

### DON Q

Mr. Douglas Fairbanks returns with his snake whip, genial acrobatics and love making in Old Spain. Gay romance. At the Strand Sun., Sept. 20, for one week, possibly more.

### KISS ME AGAIN

If you haven't seen this charming Parisian trifle about divorce and the delicate fingered pianist, you will never figure in our will. At the Olympia, Broadway and 107th Street, Wed., Sept. 23 to Sat., Sept. 26.

### THE MYSTIC

Imported Hungarian gypsy spiritualistic charlatans thieve amidst melodramatic and supernatural phenomena—if you can figure that out. At Loew's Lexington Fri., Sept. 18, and Loew's American, Sat., Sun., Sept. 19, 20.

### THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Mr. Lon Chaney as the hideous cynic lives in uncanny Parisian cellars and sewers, dying horribly for his love. Almost a grand thriller. At the Astor.

### THE PONY EXPRESS

Reviewed in this issue. At the Rialto and the Rivoli Fri., Sat., Sept. 18, 19, and possibly another week at one of those theatres.

### SALLY OF THE SAWDUST

You can't possibly be one of those people who haven't seen W. C. Fields disturb an ocean of Griffith mawbery in this circus story? At Moss's Regent, Fri., Sat., Sept. 18, 19.

### THE UNHOLY THREE

Down Mephistophelean alley with three malicious crooks, Lon Chaney is comparatively beautiful for a relief. At City Hall Theatre Sat., Sun., Sept. 19, 20.

There is no Manhattan showing of "The Gold Rush" scheduled for this week.

## Openings of Especial Note

### THE FRESHMAN

Harold Lloyd returns in a new comedy of college antics. At the Colony beginning Sun., Sept. 20.

## SPORTS

### POLO—Westbury, L. I.

American Open Polo Championship to be decided at the Meadow Brook Club, Sat., Sept. 19.

### RACING—

Aqueduct meeting continuing all week.

### YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club

1925 Annual Fall Regatta, Sat., Sept. 19.

### GOLF—Arcola Country Club, Arcola, N. J.

Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sept. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25. New Jersey State Championships for women.

### TENNIS—West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills.

Sat., Mon., Sept. 19, 21, Semi-finals and finals of the National Singles Championships.

### BASEBALL—

Yankee Stadium: New York vs. St. Louis, Fri., Sat., Sun., Sept. 18, 19, 20. New York vs. Chicago, Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sept. 22, 23, 24.

## OTHER EVENTS

### HORSE SHOWS—Greenwich, Conn., Smithtown, L. I.

Two equine exhibitions on Sat., Sept. 19.

### DAHLIA SHOW—American Museum of Natural History

Horticultural Society of New York invites garden devotees specializing in dahlias and others interested to gather Sat., Sept. 19, and Sun., Sept. 20.

### EXPOSITION—Hotel Commodore

Display of Women's Arts and Industries all next week, opening Mon., Sept. 21, 8 p. m. Thereafter, Fashion Shows, evenings at eight and afternoon entertainments best followed in your own newspaper.

### CONVENTION—The Waldorf-Astoria

Fourth Annual Meeting of the Military Order of the World War, Thurs., Sept. 24, through Sunday, Sept. 26; Military Ball Fri. night, Sept. 25.

## "TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

### NOVELS

**THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE**, by Willa Cather (*Knopf*). Ostensibly, a fragmentary novel in which little happens. Actually the drama of the loss of a young Prometheus and the dispiriting of a receiver of his fire.

**SAMUEL DRUMMOND**, by Thomas Boyd (*Scribner's*). A beautiful and searching presentation of an unambitious man and his way through life. As he is a farmer, it is being mistaken for an "epic of the soil."

**FIRECRACKERS**, by Carl Van Vechten (*Knopf*). Essence of ironic comedy. For everybody who likes any brand of "sophisticated" fiction, from the Arlenites up to the Anatole French.

**THE RED LAMP**, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (*Doran*). If mystery stories refresh you, this should equal a week's vacation.

**ELLEN ADAIR**, by Frederick Niven (*Boni & Liveright*). A Wayward Girl, done to perfection, in surroundings and circumstances done well enough in the Arnold Bennett manner. She is what Tarkington didn't make of Cora in "The Flirt."

**THUNDERSTORM**, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). The first half is character-sketching, the rest a deliberate stunt in construction, the whole light-hearted, human and delectable. Scene, a villa in northern Italy.

**SERENA BLANDISH**, by "A Lady of Quality" (*Doran*). Properly a morsel for devotees of social satire, but it won't overtax those who just want light fantastic modern fiction.

### SHORT STORIES

**FIVE ORIENTAL TALES**, by Comte de Gobineau

(*Viking Press*). Short novelettes, romantic, richly colored, and in two cases satirically humorous. By no means new, but readers to whom they are will find them fascinating.

**CARAVAN**, by John Galsworthy (*Scribner's*). Fifty-six stories, a number of them representing Galsworthy at his best, a few at his worst.

### GENERAL

**H. L. MENCKEN**, by Ernest Boyd (*McBride*). A summarizing and appreciative study, in the interesting "Modern American Writers" series.

**ORANGES AND LEMONS** and **THE HOLIDAY ROUND**, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Two books of Milne from *Punch*, selected for quality and likelihood of appeal to American readers.



## SPORTS OF THE WEEK

**T**HE Davis Cup matches are over for another twelve months, and as was to be expected, the holding nation resumes possession of the Cup for 1925. If you sweltered in the stands last week over at Philadelphia, you saw some good tennis, some bad tennis, and a great deal of extremely exciting tennis during the three days. The presence of the French team added a touch of the picturesque which made the challenge round far more colorful and interesting than usual.

Tilden played curiously in and out tennis. Rumor around the club afterwards was to the effect that he went out on the court determined to throw his match with Borotra. Obviously untrue. There are two ways of looking at this match. One is that Tilden was physically not at his best, that he was bothered by his shoulder and far from the Tilden of old. The other is that he was playing carelessly with his opponent as he has done before with other and less celebrated opponents. And unable to pick up the threads quickly enough when he wished. Personally, I have my suspicions. We shall know more definitely this week at Forest Hills.

The sportsmanship of the national champion against both his opponents, however, left much to be desired. One very unfortunate incident occurred in the fourth set of his match against Borotra on the opening day. Needing but a game for the match, the French player went to thirty love on his own service. He served a fast serve down the center line which Tilden struck at and hit into the net. The score was forty love! But Tilden at once stepped forward to the umpire with the ball in his hand, claiming a let on the ground that it was damaged. After some discussion the let was allowed by the umpire, and play went on. Borotra, obviously upset by the incident, lost

the game, and eventually the match.

A close study of the rules fails to provide any reasons for Tilden's asking for a let, or for the umpire allowing it. Criticism of the incident was severe after the match; players, officials, and close followers of the game agreeing that a mistake had been made and an injustice done to a foreign player. "No such thing could have happened at Wimbledon," said an observer from across the seas. To which I heard someone make the rejoinder: "Well, he got away with it, didn't he?" Unfortunately true.

**G**ERMANTOWN was the mecca for tennis lovers of the country, and the porch of the clubhouse was thronged with names famous in the history of the sport. Julian Myrick, the chairman of the Davis Cup Committee was observed talking to Sam Hardy and Manuel Alonso, captain of the Spanish Davis Cup team; Karl Behr, Holcombe Ward, and Beals Wright, Davis Cup stars twenty years ago; William J. Clothier, national champion in 1906, looking not a day older than when he played end on the Harvard eleven, and many others. Anderson of the Australian team came over from New York with Mrs. Anderson, and sitting in the next box was Miss Eleanora Sears of Boston with Miss Elizabeth Ryan. Vance R. McCormick, Frederick H. Strawbridge, George W. Elkins, and Dwight Davis, Assistant Secretary of War and donor of the Davis Cup, were also watching the matches during the week end.

**P**ERSONALLY, I am a great believer in the professional spirit. You will hear an awful lot of talk about the amateur spirit in sport; but in these days when an amateur championship in golf, tennis, or channel swimming automatically carries with it a twenty thousand dollar contract

with a newspaper syndicate or a new seven passenger, eight cylinder de luxe sedan, I find the professional spirit not only far more unsophisticated, but far more efficient as well.

To-day the amateur champion in whatever sport you please is in imminent danger of being run over and knocked down by offers of largesse that would have caused such sturdy old professionals as Cy Young, Hans Wagner, or Christy Mathewson to swoon with astonishment. It takes a hardy soul indeed to withstand the winning of an amateur championship nowadays.

And nowhere is the difference between the amateur and professional spirit more clearly shown than in the actual running and managing of large sporting events. Whenever I read that committees have been appointed, I shudder in anticipation. Committees mean trouble ahead. Up at Cambridge, Fred Moore stages a football game and handles a crowd of fifty thousand without the slightest difficulty. But he is a professional. Harold Woodcock at Yale is another professional. He fills the Bowl with eighty thousand people, parks their cars, and sends them on their way rejoicing. Without the benefit of committees. But these amateurs—

Last month at Forest Hills, for instance. We barged and shoved and pushed our way on a train at the Pennsylvania station, standing up all the way out to Forest Hills. From the station platform two narrow flights of stairs give out to the vast domain of the West Side Tennis Club, the scene of the battle of the day. It was hot, and wedged in between a man just returning from a visit to his bootlegger, and a fat lady with a parasol under her arm, it was hotter still. Inch by inch we progressed down the covered passageway which leads across the street and out to the main piazza of Forest



Hills. It seemed ages: it was ages before we were free for a dash at the ticket booths. But unfortunately, others had dashed before us. The line in front of each booth reached far down the street.

Now this was the final round of a championship of the United States, yet there were but three ticket booths and one seller in each booth. You might imagine the whole thing was a surprise to the club. Such, as the saying goes, was not the case. As long ago as last Winter it was known by the West Side Club that they were to hold the event. And to a day just when the finals would be reached.

At last we bought that ticket. Down the dusty roadway to the Stadium until we reached the gate. And there was another crowd. They were assaulting the gate not in an orderly line, but in an unruly mob from all sides. And the gate was only half opened. Two ticket takers stood at the entrance of the half closed gate, so that not more than two persons could squirm in at once. In all, I think we were an hour from the time we left the train until we were seated within the penetralia of the Stadium itself.

This you will observe was an amateur event run by amateurs. Here is the other side of the picture. The next Sunday the greatest crowd that ever saw baseball in Manhattan attacked the Polo Grounds to see one of those so-called "crucial series" between the Giants and Pirates. Having no tickets we were somewhat timorous about crashing the gate just a few minutes before play was called for the first game. But nevertheless we took the elevated to the Polo Grounds. And with several thousand others we were spewed out to find—what? Confusion? Long lines? The uncertainty and waiting of Forest Hills? Not at all! We found plenty of booths and plenty of ticket sellers. We bought seats and walked in without difficulty or crowding. Before the first ball was pitched we were in our seats, having

consumed nearly ten minutes from the elevated platform to our places in the stands. And there you have the difference between the professional and the amateur spirit.

**T**HE Futurity, America's greatest test for two years olds, was run last Saturday before a brilliant assemblage at Belmont Park, thirty-five thousand watching Mr. William R. Coe's colt Pompey stand off Canter and Chance Play at the finish. About that finish there was, and probably will be for some time, a good deal of dispute. A furlong from home, Pompey with a lead of almost a length of J. E. Griffith's Canter, and Chance Play belonging to the Log Cabin stable, began bearing toward the inner rail. From the top of the grandstand it looked as though the leader was tiring and tiring fast, with the natural result that he was interfering more and more with the second horse close behind.

Whether these two horses behind the winner, and more especially Canter were so seriously interfered with as to prevent them from coming up in that last sixteenth of this great race is something difficult for the layman to say. A claim of foul was lodged by Clarence Turner who rode Canter immediately after the race, and for nearly twenty minutes the stewards; Messrs. Wilson, Hitchcock, and Vosburgh, heard the testimony of all concerned, finally disallowing the claim. Pompey certainly did bear over somewhat, but just how much that had to do with the result of the race is a big question. There were almost as many versions of the incident afterward in the grandstand and the paddock as there were people who saw it.—J. R. T.

**Daylight Shaving**

We are solidly behind the striking barbers in their demand for a shorter work day. They can easily make it up by omitting the ballyhoo for hair tonic and face massage.



**PROVERBS FROM A YOUNGER SOLOMON**

**WOMAN**

**W**HO shall find a perfect woman? Her value is greater than indestructible pearls or suburban lots, and she shall not be left to live alone. Nay, she shall early and often become a June bride.

The heart of the bridegroom trusteth in her, and he boldly eateth her biscuits.

She goeth forth in the morning, while yet it is early, and spendeth his salary.

Like the birds of the air that stoppeth not to cook, she goeth to the delicatessen and bringeth home food for her family.

She feareth not the noon-tide heat of Summer, for she hath provided herself with furs; and she dreadeth not the snows of Winter, for are not her chiffon hosettes the gauziest to be found on Broadway.

She driveth the car abroad and forgetteth the rules of traffic. There are three things that man comprehendeth not: the brightness of other people's children, the mind of a juryman, and the way of a woman with a car.

She anointeth her face from the flesh-pots of Paris and she keepeth that school-girl complexion; she shingleth her hair and her grandchildren rise up and call her a good sport.—ISABELLE STEWART WAY

**ELEGY**

What goddess gave Manhattan Isle an Ornament like Mayor Hylan!

Our Galahad devoid of guile, an Honest Man is Mayor Hylan.

He digs our subways mile on mile; an Engineer is Mayor Hylan.

He foils the Traction Interests vile, an Eye for plots has Mayor Hylan.

For all the toiling rank and file, an Advocate is Mayor Hylan.

With Mr. Hearst's approving smile, an Able aid has Mayor Hylan.

In cutaway and silken tile, an *Elegant* is Mayor Hylan.

So gentle, just, and free from bile,—an Open mind has Mayor Hylan.


He broadcasts every little while an Ode in praise of Mayor Hylan.

He is what one might almost style an Advertising Mayor Hylan.

Who dare oppose with crafty wile an Autocrat like Mayor Hylan?

Alas! that Tammany should pile an Avalanche on Mayor Hylan!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN



## TABLES FOR TWO

### *Signs of Autumn*

Barney's reopened September 15 with a midnight revue  
 Club Lido, same night, with Maurice and Barbara Bennett  
 Ciro, September 17, with a Bernie orchestra and midnight revue  
 Club Mirador, September 21, with Moss and Fontana

THE above list is in the nature of a life-saver to a harassed young woman who is getting very tired of saying "Montmartre" in answer to telephoned queries from thousands of guileless young people who want to go dancing in style and who, like as not, have never had the pleasure of social acquaintance with Charlie, the adamant head waiter.

Crashing the gate at an exclusive Vanderbilt dinner party of six would be easier than getting a ringside table at Montmartre without a formal introduction. But, with all due thanks for appearing on the horizon again, none of the old night club favorites had the consideration to open in time to save this department from being somewhat Broadway for another week at least.

FOR some time, I have been annoyed by persistent and glowing rumors about a certain Forty-fifth Street Yacht Club, which I tried to walk into unannounced with lamentable results some weeks ago. So I finally made myself a nuisance to the most complete man-about-town of my acquaintance until he consented to take me there. I had expected hilarious revelry, popping corks, Michael Arlen, undressed chorus girls dancing blithely on tables, and general uproar within its portals. Instead, I found a very quiet room (decorated by Wanamaker's, and very nicely decorated, too!), an informal orchestra, led by Georgie Walsh, whose antics served as entertainment, Fred and Adele Astaire, low becoming lights, Richard Barthelmess, and a leisurely atmosphere in general. The answer may be that I was present only from about eleven-thirty until a little after one. The adherents of the club insist that the slogan is "The later the livelier" and I will have to take their word for it.

Sufficient to say that, being a girl of quiet, refined tastes, I spent a very enjoyable evening wondering whether a few iron ships appliquéd on the walls are adequate excuse for naming a place a yacht club, and how anybody who was the least bit dubious about his footwork would dare to essay the two steep flights of stairs cascading perilously down to the street.

THE other excursion into a night club of theatrical flavor was made to the Owl Club, at 125 East Forty-fifth Street. This, principally on account of the spectacular caricatures that compose the wall paper, is without doubt the most black and white place, as far as decoration is concerned, of any dancing place in town.

The feature is four booths, housing Mexican, Chinese, Italian, and negro chefs, each wistfully concocting the dishes of their native land (such as Hamico Eggs Carramba, Ham and Eggs So Li Hi, Hameroni and Eggs-etti, and Ham and Eggs) in full view of the audience. "Come out and inspect our kitchen" is an unnecessary invitation at the Owl. The kitchen is right in front of you—but, instead of having one booth, like the log cabin at the Plantation, they must needs have four.

The other feature is the fact that your negro waiter, en route to procure you White Rock and chili con carne, is quite likely to burst into a Charleston or to raise his voice in a spirituel, with apparently no provocation except a crash of cymbals from the orchestra. In the same way, a howl for a cigarette girl may result in her being seized with similar convulsions on her way across the floor to your table. It is a little like Small's, in Harlem, where the waiters put on an inspired revue every Wednesday night, and is most amusing.

The drawbacks to the place are that the audience, except for a scattering of theatrical celebrities, is extremely butter-and-eggish and that the orchestra seems to have a little competition so that the man who makes the most noise and finishes the selection first wins. Which means that the brass instruments are too much for the size of the room.—LIPSTICK

## TRENCH EPISODE

CRASH! . . . The earth shook and trembled as the echoes of the explosion died away. A second's deathly silence, then, a sharp incisive rattle, unnerving in its persistency. The air was rent by a thousand reverberating sounds, hoarse voices, shrill whistles and frenzied warnings. Foul fumes stifled and clogged the heaving chests of sweat-stained men, feverishly active under a pitiless sun.

A cold deathly fear gripped him as he scanned the devastating zone and realized that it must be crossed. He braced himself and made a decisive dash. Gaining a crevice he looked back at what he had dared, and then ahead at what he still must dare. Could he make it? Others had, he must. His brain reeled. Choking, he essayed the final stage. In and out of the deep-dug pits, up and over the high-flung mounds he struggled on in blind perspiring terror—till at last with one final effort he won through the area of street excavation, and gained the cool quiet safety of his destination, Hick's soda fountain on Fifth Avenue.—R. L.

### *The Last Command—Battery Park*

He had a stiff, neatly clipped gray beard. He wore an officer's cap With some insignia or other on the flap Of his cream-colored coat of pongee. His black-gloved hand firmly grasped an open umbrella

That was the dismal gray-green-black of mold, But shipshape even though it was very old.

He had a kind look and something else about his face

Which set him apart from the people you see nowadays—

A sense of duty and a conscience. It made him look almost foreign.

He stared straight ahead at the bay shimmering under the sun.

He had nothing left to do but sit and stare.

His work was done.

He saw the ships go sliding out, Smelt the salt air, heard chains clank and whistles shout,

Only—the man himself was not there.

He was at the wheel watching the lift of foam,

Ahead of him youth, Trinidad, Bagdad, what you will—

And always the limitless sea.

He raises himself slowly. He can hardly bend his knee.

He starts out stiffly, I won't say for home. But it's a clean, neat room big enough to hold his cot and seaman's trunk.

He wants it small. He says it looks more like a bunk.

—DOROTHY HOMANS



"ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO I was troubled with a crop of boils. A crop of them. I lost eleven pounds in two weeks. Then I went to the Skin and Cancer Hospital. The head physician there laughed when I told him of the salves I had used, saying that those boils were an *internal*, not an *external* disturbance and that I needed something to clear my

system. He recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. I followed his instructions. It took no more than two weeks to clear my arms, and I felt like a new-born man. I continued taking the yeast for another week or so; and since then I have never been troubled with any form of skin eruption."

DAVID GINSBERG, Brooklyn, N. Y.



"SIX MONTHS AGO I was in miserable health. My system was filled with poison, due to constipation. My complexion was pale and lifeless, my eyes were dull—I was merely dragging through life. I had no appetite, was nervous, irritable, and cranky. At last I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. . . . Every day for a month I ate two cakes, and then reduced to one. That was six months ago. Today I am a new person. My eyes are clear and sparkling. My rosy complexion is the envy of all my friends. And when I awake in the morning I feel that I could play a sonata on a broomstick."

LENA LEE MESTEL, Collinsville, Ill.

# The most important thing in life . . .

*Abounding health—how thousands have found it  
—through this one simple fresh food*

**N**OT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

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

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Y-2, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Eat 2 or 3 cakes regularly every day before meals. You will find many delicious ways of eating Yeast—dissolved in water, fruit juices, or milk, spread on crackers, with a little salt, or just plain. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today.



"I NEVER KNEW when a bilious attack would come on me, even though I tried to be careful of my diet. It happened once when I was week-ending with some friends—another time when I was driving my car down a narrow mountain road. The usual violent headache followed, the usual gone feeling the next day from the effect of a purgative. I had heard of Fleischmann's Yeast, its aids to digestion and elimination. I tried that, at first one cake a day. . . . My last bilious spell was over a year ago, and I feel positive that I will not have another."

NORA WEBER, Denver, Colo.

# OF ALL THINGS

THE President has returned to Washington, school is open and New York is full of new plays and felt hats. The vacation season is over and somebody ought to break the news to Wilkes-Barre.

"If Every Human Heart Could Tell Its Story." If that were not an ad for *True Story* magazine, it would be one of those poems republished by request in the *Times* book review.

The Veterans' Bureau has returned to the Treasury nearly seventy million un-

spent dollars saved by cutting expenses. That other noise we hear is Charles Forbes turning over in his political grave.

A Prudential Insurance Company doctor says that a man of sedentary occupation should walk three miles daily. The R. J. Reynolds tobacco people can make a good thing out of this if they work it right.

As exclusively predicted by Mayor Hylan, the underworld rallied around Walker. Including, apparently, quite a number of subway riders.

Now that peace is restored it begins to look as if Babe Ruth had been the victim of a typographical error. Somehow the word went round that the Bambino was a home rum hitter.

This primary teaches us that what New York needs most of all is a good bipartisan garbage disposal system.

Sometimes we wish that our aeronautic authorities would drop their personal differences and unite against the common enemy, the force of gravitation.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

## THE ARTIST AS A BUSINESS MAN

WHEN he was assistant art director of a lesser advertising agency he used to sit with me in the Brevoort bar and criticize fashionable portrait painters whose social talents were making them rich. The *haut ton* success of several contemporaries piqued him. He, too, could draw, but they had received the delicate finishing touch of Europe schools while his circumstances had forced him to surrender his brush to commerce.

"Give me five years abroad," he would say repeatedly, "and I could show those fakery how to make money."

I often thought Wall Street lost a great figure when he decided to enter the League, for he was, above all, a business man with the soul of a glacier. That is why he finally persuaded a downtown bank president to back him for five years in Rome and Paris. It was no philanthropic endowment pressed upon him by a kindly lover of art, but a hard-boiled investment wherein papers were signed and usurious interest was carefully figured.

After he had toiled three years in Rome under a great *maestro* he descended upon Paris and specialized only in beautiful women. His personal magnetism charmed the more famous ladies into sitting for him, and his subtle hand created them even more beautiful than they actually were. Comely morons in the incarnate state became divinely inspired deities on his canvases, and he managed to collect enough notables to launch an exhibit that captured the attention of the world to which he aspired. After that the sailing was smooth. The increment he had lost on indigent countesses, he more than made up on the wives and daughters of vulgar opulents from our own great open spaces who showered him with dollars from Dubuque while academicians shrugged with contempt. At the expiration of his bondage, the

banker's investment was paid and New York, the greatest goal on earth, lay ahead.

He spent six months in London acquiring perfect raiment and a decent accent. Before his return to Art's clearing house, he hired a master of ballyhoo who trumpeted his fame in the public prints and filled the rotogravure sections with his photographs. Some showed him in marvelous tweeds painting his last duchess; others revealed him on the boulevards or at Cannes, clothed by Michael Arlen and hatted by Morris Gest, for he affected a wide Montmartre sombrero which he wore on all occasions.

His advent in New York was almost front page news. The studio he chose was magnificent. He sought no artists' colonies, however esoteric, but reared himself above upper Fifth Avenue like Jove secure on his cloud-crowned Olympus. His Wolseley car, with its green liveried Briton at the wheel, was a model that sneered at the most conservative Minerva along the thoroughfare, and his valet had been twelve years in the service of an earl. His bank balance was four hundred dollars.

But the Peris bowed before him, as is the custom of our people before press proclaimed genius. His opening exhibition was the event of the Autumn, and the first lady to commission him for her portrait was a fair piper whose alluring notes led her lesser sisters through the hole in the mountain. Celebrated Junos from Manhattan and points west, noted actresses, wonder women of the silver screen, and an occasional Delia towing Tibullus of the Butter-and-Eggs, were drawn to the master's magic brush. And their radiance was immortalized in adulatory oils for the modest sum of \$15,000 per portrait.

His secretary was the one amazing con-

trast to his richly set stage. He had purposely explored the city for its homeliest feminine machine until he found this stern-faced virgin of thirty, silent, cold, and efficient; a female replica of Calvin Coolidge. She sat in his sanctuary at a Seventeenth Century Italian table under the portrait of an exquisite Russian princess who had been a companion of his Parisian days. The effect she gave was that of some terrible sibyl inscribing the names of pilgrims who craved audience with the tweed-clad oracle of beauty. As a foil she was perfect.

He became enormously wealthy, and developed a superb condescension towards his peers. The wide, black hat became the proud helmet of Art's newest financial Navarre, and there were whispered scandals coupling his name with butterfly ladies and young maharanis.

One evening the girdle of Aphrodite snapped. The last *belle dame* of the day had descended sighing to her limousine. The tired artist looked out of the studio window at the gathering twilight. High in the western sky Venus winked sardonically at her tired satellite in his majestic tower. He watched her until a small, pink cloud obscured her from his aching sight. From the street rose the acrid fumes of commerce.

He turned towards the corner where his secretarial Gorgon sat regarding him with the icy eye of business. He glanced at the princess above her, and was suddenly enveloped in the dread weariness of one drowning in a sea of beauty. He wandered to the table and leaned listlessly against it. The sibyl stirred the leaves.

"Hell!" he said at last, "let's get married."

They now live near the Sound and the Morris Gest hat has been discarded. He is the most successful painter of stocking ads in the world.—PHILIP PRATT

## THE CRILLON, NATURALLY

**Y**OU are, let us suppose, weary of taking your luncheon or dinner where the orchestra is so noisy you cannot taste your food. You are no longer diverted by the girl who sings, or the conversational waiter. The crowds in large hotels have lost their appeal to you. Dark spots float before your eyes and you are positive that your doctor would prescribe if you so much as said "ah" to him. Every meal leaves you with a clatter hang-over, but you would *like* to find a restaurant you would enjoy.

Where to go then? The Crillon, naturally.

Space does not permit a complete travelogue of the Crillon at one time, but from the moment you enter the quiet charm of its corridor and relinquish your hat with a sigh of content, you just know . . .

An excerpt from the Baedeker of the Restaurant Crillon says of the main dining room, "The lady on your right is a Princess of the Blood. And that gentleman with the trim mustache is none other than ————. Not really! Oh, yes, he eats here often. Lying off to the East is a secluded, upraised platform, reservations upon which are in constant demand. From there a splendid view of the September-flavored decorations—the work of a celebrated artist—may be had. The



service at the Crillon has not been questioned since 1607 when Cotton Mather asked why only one cup of coffee was served at a time."

The Crillon is a quiet and delicious respite from the overburdened centers of shopping and business; it is one of the few places where the amenities of dining are still respected.

Some time ago, the Crillon was padlocked. It no longer affords the *raison d'être* of this padlocking to its patrons. But it has a detached point of view. And besides, there one may obtain ginger ale, sparkling White Rock, or bubbling Aquazone, as well as the very best brands of cracked ice.

"There is a key," the headwaiter of the Crillon says, "for every padlock. And moreover, to patronize the Crillon is to mark yourself as discriminating."

"Every one who comes here is late for something by the time he is able to force himself to leave," the headwaiter says, showing you to a table.

**RESTAURANT  
CRILLON  
15 EAST 48<sup>th</sup> STREET  
O. J. BAUMGARTEN PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER**

# Mayfair House

Six Hundred Ten Park Avenue

WE JUST KNOW THIS  
IS GOING TO HAPPEN

**A** NUMBER of people are going to lease apartments that are not exactly what they want and subsequently discover when they call on friends at MAYFAIR HOUSE that this is what they were looking for when they compromised on something else!

Edward H. Crandall

P.S.—Several Passenger lifts now in operation

1 TO 6 ROOM SUITES WITH SERVICE PANTRIES  
FURNISHED OR OTHERWISE

OCTOBER OCCUPANCY  
LEASING NOW

Representative on Premises

Brown, Wheelock;  
Harris, Vought & Co., Inc., Agent

The Tobacco Classic  
**"Old King Cole"**



SMOKING MIXTURE

The Smoke Redolent with Flavor  
and Fragrance. The First Choice  
of Epicurean Smokers

To be had at the best Clubs,  
Hotels and Smoke Shops and  
always at the HUMIDORS  
OF THE ROOSEVELT,  
45th Street and Madison  
Avenue, New York City.

Trial Size	-	\$ .35
3½ oz.	-	.75
8 oz.	-	1.50
16 oz.	-	3.00

If your dealer cannot supply you,  
communicate direct with

THE OLD KING COLE  
TOBACCO CORPORATION  
5 COLUMBUS CIRCLE, N. Y. City

## ST. ELITE

SUNDAY morning. New York is going to church.

Leisurely, yet swiftly, the parade forms; silk-hatted, frock-coated, ultimately correct; for once, the Male takes his share of attention in the March of the Sexes. What is it the old poet said: "God's in His Heaven, all's well with the world"?

*"... and they say the market is due for a boom, too ..."*

Furred and flowered, Paquined and Worthed, transparently and invisibly hosed; heliotrope and orchids; alluring, entrancing are the ladies. Swish, swish, tap, tap, each on the arm of him chosen above all others. "Whom God hath joined together let no man . . ."

*"... fifty thousand counsel fees alone, my dear, and ..."*

The church. Warmly hospitable, calmly cool, House of God. Voices hushed at the door. Swirl of draperies against mahogany pews. Ushers, politely, frozenly smiling, tiptoe, tiptoe. Careful, careful! An hour a week for divine guidance. God should be shown one's soul every now and then to make sure it's in proper shape.

*"... solid gold candelabra; they say they cost ..."*

Two new entrants, sack-suited, semi-soft collared. An usher's eyebrow raised three-sixteenths of an inch, questioning, cautious. "From the *World* and the *Trib.*" Whispers. "To be sure, gentlemen, delighted to have you with us. A pew in the front? Mrs. Wellington-Harby's—in Europe—would be charmed." "No, in the back, where we can slide out." "Just as you say, gentlemen—here, please."

*"... keep your ear cocked, Bill; the City Editor said he was going to raise hell with the Bishop to-day ..."*

The organ, "largest in the world." "Lead, Kindly Light—" Soft, shooshy settling back into seats. Sighs of comfort. Rustle, rustle, hymn books being opened. Lofty memorial windows, richly purple, gold, crimson, committing to posterity the names of the departed. "In memory of—in memory of—" Who? Few remember. Somebody's touching, hundred-thousand-dollar memorial to a dead wife. *"... married again inside of six weeks; shouldn't have ..."*

Choir boys, angelic, sweet, cherubs lent by Heaven to solace mortal griefs; tones soaring like larks, guileless eyes searching the stately vaults of the giant cathedral.

*"... that little light-haired one comes into ten million dollars when he's twenty-one; the old man cornered ..."*

The rector. Tall, gromed, benign, crisply gray at the temples; fashionably Liberal, propitiatingly Conservative; tones soothing, modulated, persuasive, gently

entreating auditors to enter into God's infinite love and mercy. Inspired, compelling. "And so, my friends, that message delivered centuries ago, still lives to guide us and will live through eternity: 'Love thy neighbor as thyself' . . ."

" . . . why, there's Margot Ardmore; she said she was doing Switzerland this Summer; I knew she was poorer than poverty, but I didn't think she'd be so brazen . . ."

"Amen." The swelling organ. People gather in aisles, in the vestry, on the steps. Voices resume normal pitch. Duty has been performed; Christianity is safe for another week. Among his flock moves the rector. "I am glad you feel it has helped you, Mrs. Morley, but—'eloquent'? I am afraid you flatter my poor efforts . . . Ah, Mr. Clay, I had hoped to see you. Very generous on your part, very generous. We shall see it is mentioned in the Bulletin. No, no, my dear sir, I insist. As an example to others if for no other reason . . . Wednesday evening, Mrs. Cotter? I think so, and would be delighted, but—suppose my secretary phones you . . . Thank you, Mrs. Herbert, but I fear I am not worthy of such . . ."

" . . . the club at three-thirty, Bert. Bring something along; my locker's dry . . ."

—T. H. BLISS

MODERN VERSION

THE children could not wait to get out to Grandma's, the little dears, because they always had such a good time there, and so they clapped their hands and were so happy when they finally came within sight of the house.

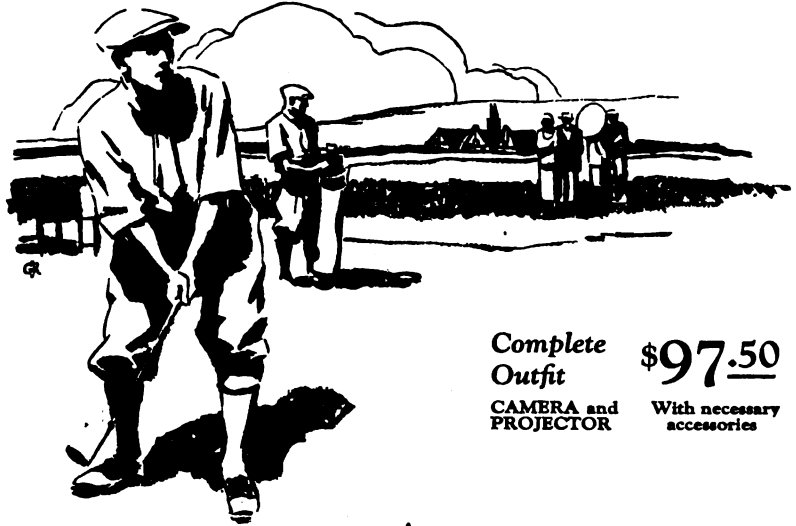
Sure enough, there was Grandma sitting on the porch with her feet on the rail (she was always waiting like that), trying to get Grandpa to get some cracked ice. My, how glad Grandma was to see all her children and grandchildren, and she sent Grandpa to hurry up and bolt all the doors and see that the cellar was safe, she was that happy.

"And whose little girl are you," cried Grandma to little Susan who was squeezing the oranges, but Susan did not mind because she knew that Grandma always had to have her joke, she was such a jolly soul. Then Grandma sent Ronald after some cigarettes, he was her favorite because he was such a funny boy and was just like her, all the family said, because he had such a twinkle in his eye.

Then Grandpa came in with the ice and Susan finished squeezing all the oranges so they sat there all afternoon and had the most fun. Everybody agreed that the children were right and that there was no place like Grandma's, even though Susan did claim that ginger ale mixes better than orange juice.

—LEONARD MAC TAGART

What you can do with a Pathex



Complete Outfit \$97.50  
CAMERA and PROJECTOR With necessary accessories

Think of the "kick" you'll get watching yourself sink a ten yard putt.

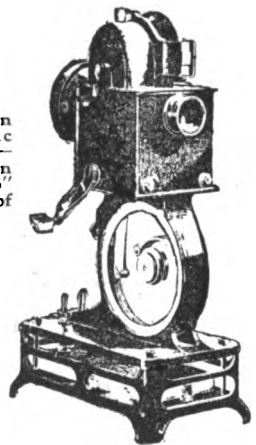
With a Pathex your wife or one of your friends can make motion pictures of any play just as easily and at no greater cost than taking snapshots.

Besides the pictures you take yourself, there is the great Pathex library you can draw from: famous comedies, educational travel pictures and so on.

Remember, Pathex film is non-inflammable and practically indestructible.



**PATHEX MOTION PICTURE CAMERA**  
Photographs everything from a distance of 5 feet to infinity. Complete with tripod and leather case.



**PATHEX MOTION PICTURE PROJECTOR**  
Operates on home electric light current—throws motion pictures 27" x 36" at a distance of only 12 feet.

Pathex was developed by Pathe of France, pioneers of the Motion Picture Industry. Pathe Inc., of America, is a subsidiary of the famous Pathe Exchange, Inc.

*Pathex* MOTION PICTURE Camera and Projector

PATHEX, Inc., A Subsidiary of 35 W. 45th St., N. Y. PATHE EXCHANGE, Inc.



## Tune In on W-E-A-C!

Week-End-Atlantic-City

Broadcasting Station  
for Health

Amplified by  
The Ambassador

Clarifies mind and body  
of static interference and  
lulls people to sleep who  
are more interested in  
Health than in Havana!

Rhinolander 9000  
or Vanderbilt 8500  
Fixes Everything

The  
**Ambassador**  
ATLANTIC CITY



### GOINGS ON

A conscientious calendar of  
events worth while

### TABLES FOR TWO

Where to pass the time after  
4 A. M.

### PROFILES

Interesting personalities,  
brilliantly dissected

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

**THE NEW YORKER**

## RECIPROCITY IN SPORTS

IT seems hardly fair that the West should do all the enlightening on native sports. Here in the East, every vacant lot is being put to use for a rodeo, and the whoops of the cowboys may be heard above the roar of the subways and trolley cars. The East should—if from nothing more than a spirit of fair play—reciprocate with a few troupes of trained performers to show the West a few thrills found only within bootlegging distance of the Atlantic. Possibly something along these lines:

**Subway Bucking:** Staged in genuine subway car, with thick glass sides, permitting uninterrupted view of the animals in action. Side doors will snap open and shut for a period of half an hour, and two hundred picked riders will struggle for entrance and a hold on half a dozen straps. Nero would have paid well for this—don't miss it.

**Motor Dogging:** A space the width of Fifth Avenue, one block long, is measured off. A score of the city's most agile and desperate jay walkers are tossed in. At the sound of a traffic officer's whistle, double rows of buses, taxicabs, and cars operated by stout women will tear on to the scene and strive to make the world exclusive for motorists. Survivors will be given a big hand and the number of the car which finally brought them down.

**Crowd Collecting:** Three exhibits will be set up. The first, a man demonstrating a new razor strop; the second, a man washing a window on the fourth floor; the third, a man repairing a sidewalk. A crowd of busy executives will enter, and the men who fail to attract the majority of them for a period of forty-five minutes will be sent back home.

**Conference Calling:** This calls for endurance of the most rugged variety. Ten junior executives, sound in limb and astounding in wind, will stack up against ten selected vice-presidents and general managers. Any subject will do to start the event off. The prize—a life subscription to the *American Magazine* and an I. C. S. course—will be awarded the man or men who can recall, after eight hours, what the conference was called for, and what was done about it.—STANLEY JONES

### THE SPEAKEASY

O girl, the chatter in your place  
Next door, your Latin plumply face,  
Your wine wakes memories of eyes  
Where Arno soft through Florence weaves  
I spent in youth. How I delight  
To see you moving there at night!  
How less than nothing care I for  
The fact I know you break the law!

—A. VAN STEENBERGH

# LONG



YOU'LL find our  
Y shop in the  
Biltmore a convenient  
place to buy  
your new Stetson.

"and they wear like the name"

# LONG

The Custom Fitter



## STRIKE A CHORD

on a Knabe Piano that is 50 years old

Its ravishing tone is still  
there. Its elastic action is  
still there. Its graceful  
case is still there.

When you buy a Knabe  
you have permanently  
settled the piano question.  
Obtainable also with the

# AMPICO

NOTE—A minimum deposit (suit  
your own desire) and small monthly  
payments effect immediate delivery.

**Wm. Knabe & Co.**  
Fifth Avenue at Thirty-ninth St.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE

CAST: The Woman, The Man, Cornelius J. Smoosh, First Revolver, Second Revolver.

SCENE: The living room of an apartment.

(When the curtain rises, The Man and The Woman are discovered, standing in the center of the room, locked in a passionate embrace. They break away and gaze fondly at each other.)

THE MAN: My Sheba!

THE WOMAN: My Shiek!

(They embrace again, passionately.)

BOTH (together): Mmmmmmmmm!

(They are engrossed in each other.)

Cornelius J. Smoosh enters, stealthily. In his right hand is the First Revolver. In the left hand is the Second Revolver. He glares at the Man and Woman.)

CORNELIUS J. SMOOSH (sardonically): Ha! Ha! Ha!

(The Man and The Woman pay no attention to him. He takes a few steps forward. He points the revolvers.)

FIRST REVOLVER: Bang!

SECOND REVOLVER: Bang!

(The Man and The Woman scream and then fall dead. Cornelius J. Smoosh chuckles a sardonic chuckle and walks toward them. He stands over them and peers into their faces. He recoils in horror.)

CORNELIUS J. SMOOSH: My God! My wife! I thought I was in the wrong house!

CURTAIN

—HERBERT ASBURY

THE TAXPAYERS GET THEIR MONEY'S WORTH

THE pompous music of brasses snarls through the streets of Rome . . . In the white-hot sunshine of the public square the people crowd up to the wall of perspiring guards . . . What's it all about, Bill? . . . I dunno, I think it's one of the park concerts. The Mayor is fond of music these days . . . Haw, haw, haw! . . . Tradesmen, clerks, vendors, shoemakers, slaves, maids and matrons, strain and elbow in the mob . . . Guards beat back the front ranks, who step upon the feet of those behind . . . What d'ye wanta do—tear the toga off me? . . . What's it all about, Jack? . . . I dunno, I guess them cops is going to get medals . . . The pack sways in the sun . . . A stir at one side of the cordon and a group of Senators, tiny in the great square, flutters

across the cleared flagstones . . . Who's the guy with the red hair? . . . It's Red Mike; he's going to decorate some cops. No, it's firemen! He's going to decorate some firemen! . . . There goes the band! . . . The red-headed Roman poses like one deep in thought, then fidgets with his pocket and glares at the crowd defiantly . . . Look, they're shakin' hands. Oh, the reporters are takin' pitchers . . . Shut up—he's speaking . . . "And I wanteh thank—the Comishneh and the Fire Chief—for their wonderful work—while I have always done my part—in passing appropriations for our brave fire-fighters—I wanteh say—" . . . Oh, he's givin' 'em new cars . . . "And when our brave firemen ride home in these wonderful covered automobiles after fighting in the cold for your home or mine . . ." You ain't got a covered automobile, have ya, Joe? . . . OHO SA-AY CA-AN YO-O-O SE-E-E-E-E . . . ALL OVER! ALL OVER! C'MON NOW—BEAT IT! RUN ALONG! DON'T BE HANGIN' AROUND HERE! . . . A noble Roman has been democratic again!—E. F. H.

FASCINATING STATISTICS OF THE DRAMA

THE box office receipts of "Abie's Irish Rose" were greater than those of "The Loves of Lulu" for the season of 1924-25.

If the names of all the actors and actresses who have announced they would never play outside New York could be tabulated, they would fill a large portion of the hotel registers of several hundred tank towns throughout the country.

The dinner hour of a chorus girl, compared to that of any other girl, is most inconvenient.

A careful survey shows that "Where, Oh, Where Are the Grave Old Censors? Lost, Lost In a Wild, Wild World" was the most sung, if not the most popular song along the Rialto several months past.

If all the slightly vermillion-tinted female characters portrayed on the New York stage during the past season could be turned loose on Broadway, the revered Anthony Comstock would turn 1,800 Revolutions Per Minute in his grave for the next thirty years.

All flops attributed to failure to provide last minute funds, if placed side by side with the 1,500 piasters necessary to put the show over, would show the same degree of visibility as the lucre.

The time consumed in reaching a theatre by taxi at the opening hour would enable 456 butter-and-egg men to convene in Dubuque. And why not?

—PHILIP PRATT

Most of the facts of life conspire To call the optimist a liar.

OUTSTANDING

exclusiveness is the feature of AINSLEIGH'S offerings.

When a retail concern, situated at 21st St. and Broadway on the 11th floor of an office building can show the improvement and growth that we have, there must be something behind it. We have that something!

Suits—\$34.50 to \$42.50

AINSLEIGH

ENGLISH CLOTHES

920 B'WAY, NEW YORK

AT 21ST ST.

11th Floor

SUITS TUXEDOS ACCESSORIES



The Goshen Inn

GOSHEN, NEW YORK

Under Management

THE KELLOGG SERVICE, INC.

VIVIDLY reminiscent of the fascinating hosteries of old England.

Located in Orange County hills. In spot of great scenic beauty. Surrounding country affords all advantages of outdoor sports, including golf and tennis. Dine on the terrace.

Every convenience of best metropolitan hotels. Beautifully furnished bedrooms—each connected with bath. Excellent cuisine.

On four state roads. Only 30 miles from New York.

Larry Siry's Club de Vingt Orchest every Saturday night.

Reasonable Rates. Write or phone your reservations to ROOM 327, DEPT. N. 17 EAST 42D STREET Tel. VANDERBILT 29



## WHERE TO SHOP

### ROMANCE

An age of steam shovels, clamorous rivet hammers, roaring locomotives and buildings that thrust themselves into the firmament is far removed from the days when painted galleys, propelled by brawny slaves, made their hazardous way across the known world of ancient days. So far removed is it, that short sighted people have frequently remarked upon the lapse of romance into oblivion.

It does not require an overwhelming imagination to supply a persuasive argument against this belief. One has but to round a corner of Fifth Avenue to any of the multitude of charming small shops, and there to re-live the romance which has brought within reach the objects d'art and the arts themselves of quaint corners of the earth beyond the ken of the olden time sailor. THE NEW YORKER'S Shopping Guide is a sign post to the romance in these small shops.

Antiques	Beauty Culture (Cont.)	Hats
<p><b>HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE</b> or modern jewelry and silverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 13 W. 47th St., Bryant 6526.</p>	<p><b>THE FACE</b> can be "youthified." Defects which mar the contour can be corrected. 24 years' experience. DR. ROBINSON, 1440 Broadway at 40th St. Penn. 1153</p>	<p>Artistic Hats at Moderate Prices. Remodeling from French Models. <b>ELSIE MAILLARD</b> 834 Lexington Ave. at 64th St. Rhl. 8358</p>
<p><b>Arts and Crafts</b></p>	<p><b>Books</b></p>	<p><b>MME. REUBER</b> Millinery Importer Copy of original French Hats from \$15.00 up 2385 Broadway Schuyler 7725</p>
<p><b>ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN</b> by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, potteries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts. <b>Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop</b> 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.</p>	<p><b>HOYT CASE</b> 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468</p>	<p><b>Ladies' Tailors</b> D. Veltry, 425 Fifth Avenue, will please the woman of taste who wants the best materials, cut and fit. Fall models ready for your inspection. Cal. 7111. 15% allowed at mention of THE NEW YORKER</p>
<p><b>SILHOUETTES BY BEATRIX SHERMAN</b> Family groups or singly for framing and Christmas Cards. Decorative silhouettes of dancing and old fashioned figures 50c. a set. Studio 102 W. 57th St. Telephone Mornings Circle 8177</p>	<p><b>Flesh Reduction</b> Chickering 4174 ANA de ROSALES 128 West 34th St. REDUCING REMODELING REJUVENATING Look Young Be Young</p>	<p>J. Tuzsoli, 27 W. 46th St., makes a suit for \$65 which cannot be duplicated under \$125. Quality and material faultless in make and fit. Models ready. Furs remodeled.</p>
<p><b>Auction Bridge</b></p>	<p><b>Footwear</b></p>	<p><b>Maps</b></p>
<p><b>ONLY COLLEGE OF AUCTION BRIDGE</b> Any Desired Form of Lessons Taught by Experts <b>SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC.</b> 20 W. 54th St. Tel. Circle 10041 New York City</p>	<p><b>CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY</b> Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878</p>	<p><b>THE MAP MART</b> offers a varied assortment of old and decorative maps for all purposes. Your inspection is invited. 41 East 60th Street Regent 8655</p>
<p><b>FOSTER'S MODERN BRIDGE TACTICS</b> by R. F. Foster. The latest theories of Bidding and Play explained by the well-known authority. Illustrated. \$2.00—Dodd, Mead &amp; Co.</p>	<p><b>Golf School</b></p>	<p><b>Restaurants</b> <b>AT THE RUSSIAN INN, 33 West 37th Street</b> Unusual surroundings and good food—Balalaika Orchestra from 6:30-1 o'clock. Russian and Gypsy songs—Dancing after theatre.</p>
<p><b>Beauty Culture</b></p>	<p><b>EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY WELL-KNOWN professionals.</b> Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repaired. <b>ALBERT G. ELPHICK &amp; CO.</b> 135 West 72nd Street Trafalgar 2712</p>	<p><b>Shirt Hospital</b></p>
<p><b>ROSE LAIRD</b> The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE 17 East 48th Street (Near Fifth Avenue) NEW YORK Telephone Murray Hill 5657 and 6795</p>	<p><b>A GUIDE TO GOOD GOLF</b> by Jim Barnes. The 1925 British Open Champion tells how to improve your game. Numerous illustrations. \$2.00—Dodd, Mead &amp; Co.</p>	<p><b>Don't Throw Your Old Shirts Away</b> Worn places restored invisibly at low cost. Shirts made to your own measure. <b>OTTO RIEFS, 81 W. 50th St. Circle 7339</b></p>
<p><b>Holmes Sisters Wonderful Secret "Pac Vetable"</b> Cleanses and Purifies the Skin Administered Solely By Them 517 Madison Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza</p>	<p><b>Gowns, Frocks and Dresses</b></p>	<p><b>Swimming Instruction</b></p>
<p><b>LOUISE BERTHELON, Inc.</b> specialize in the removal of superfluous hair and facial blemishes by <b>ELECTROLYSIS.</b> Private entrance. Consultation free. 48 East 49th Street Murray Hill 2768</p>	<p><b>"SMILE" FROCKS</b>—New Fall models in Artalk, Flannel, Faillie &amp; other fashionable fabrics, latest shades. \$3.95 to \$9.95. Samples on request. Gloria Browning 156 East 47th Street</p>	<p><b>SWIMMING GUARANTEED</b> <b>TOPEL SWIMMING SCHOOL</b> BROADWAY, CORNER 96TH ST RIVERSIDE 0440. BOOKLET N</p>
<p><b>Moles, Warts, Birthmarks and other Skin</b> growths removed without using knife or drugs. Leaves no scar. Practically painless. Dr. Achorn, 6 W. 51st St., Telephone Circle 1144.</p>	<p><b>Gowns Made to Order</b></p>	<p><b>Tea Room</b></p>
	<p><b>DOUCETTE MODELS</b> 158 West 44th Street "Do Say" Snappy Styles. Estimate Gowns. Your own material if desired. Special attention given to Theatrical Clientele. Fall models now ready.</p>	<p><b>A Real Home-Cooked Dinner</b> \$1.00 and \$1.25, also a la carte. Luncheon and afternoon tea. Dorothy McLaurry. 10 East 50th St.</p>

## WHY NOT SHE-FIENDS?

OUR pictorial-pathological press—"Girl Slain by Fiend. Story on page 3"—is singularly blind to opportunity. I refer to its failure to cover crime so as to give equal rights to both sexes.

For example, John Batts, 23, clerk, South Brooklyn, was murdered last week in an alley in Greenwich Village, the assassin escaping. And how, forsooth, did our pictorial-pathological press handle the story? No picture, four lines on page 10, like this—

"John Batts, 23, clerk, South Brooklyn, was murdered last night in an alley in Greenwich Village. The assassin escaped undetected."

Shades of Messalini, Great Catherine, Iris Storm and the Skillip case—or was it the Shellpek case—what a waste of a front page wow!

Consider:

"Brooklyn Apollo Brutally Slain!—Photo shows scene of crime. The poor little crumpled heap is Jim Bitts, who only yesterday sang about his work in Bloom's drug store. Story on page 3."

Page three:

"George Botts, handsome blonde soda dispenser, never reached his drab little rented room in South Brooklyn last night. Shortly before one o'clock this morning, hours after he had smiled farewell to his pals in a Broadway drug store where he earned a meagre wage, the police found his body in a Greenwich Village *cul de sac*, battered and lifeless. Only a block away a jazz orchestra was playing the song last heard upon his lips, 'Redhot Mama, I'm Your Asbestos Boy.' A score of detectives, baffled by this latest atrocity in a growing wave of murdered young men, etc., etc."

And next day:

"Startling Clue in Butts Case! She-Fiend at Large!

"Police working on the mysterious slaying of George Blats in the vicinity of a swagger night club where he is believed to have been dancing until a few minutes before the outrage, advanced the theory to-day that the Flatbush Adonis was the victim of a female brute. They have reports of a huge, hulking, sinister figure of a woman prowling about Sixth Avenue. Did this dastardly Amazon follow the handsome drug clerk as he tripped through the darkness toward his drab little rented . . . etc., etc.?"

And the further possibilities:

"She-Fiend's Prey Unveiled as Tea-Hound!—Probe Shows Jack Butz Frequent Broadway Jazz Haunts!—Pearl Strickpin Missing—Was He Hounded by Vampire Gang?—Showered With Gifts From Female Admirers, Say Friends—Whispers of a Rich Old Park Avenue Sugar Mama—Secrets of a Gigolo's Life—"

The thing is really without limit. We make no charge to the p. p. press for the suggestion. Let them go to it! Of course, it is always possible that Job Burts drank too much bad gin, fell over a hydrant and was bumped off by a Belgium block, but what's a speculation or two among enterprising editors? What this town needs is more and better murder stories during the dull months.

—CONSTANT CRIME READER

## SWEET REVENGE

THREE gallons of gas, please." "Yes, sir. Want some cylinder oil, too?"

"No, just gas."

"Do you want some paint? Your car needs it, and we've got some dandy paint—heat proof, dirt proof, guaranteed to wear long."

"No, I want only gas to-day."

"Then you want your car washed?"

"I said that I wanted only gas."

"You want a tire, then. We've got some good non-skids. Only \$40 a piece. Want one? Yours—"

"I tell you I want only gas to-day!"

"Yes, sir; but—say, your rear lights are all shot to pieces. You need new ones. We just got in some dandy new crack-proof celluloid lights. Shall I put some in?"

"No! I want only gas, do you understand?"

"Your magneto needs adjusting—didja hear that funny noise in the motor when you stopped? It needs adjusting. I'll fix it, what?"

"No! I want only gas, gas!! Do you hear!!"

"Yes, sir!" And with the gas obtained, the exasperated motorist drove angrily away. But for once the garage man had got even with his barber.

—W. PETER SCHRAMM

## FAMOUS QUOTATIONS

*Assuming they had been done by our Modern Lyric-Writers.*

"I remember, I remember the house where I was born at."

"When you and me were young, Maggie."

"Heaven lays about us in our infancy."

"For what is so rare like a day in June?"

"To he who in the love of Nature holds . . ."

"Who ran to help me when I fell?" etc. "My Mammy."

"It's a wise Poppa that knows his own son."

"Sweeties to the Sweetie."

"So idle like a painted ship."

"Three cheers for the Reds, Whites and Blues."

"Won't you—set down?"—S. S.

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THE NEW YORKER is published every Friday in New York City by the F-R Publishing Corp., 25 West 45th Street. H. W. Ross, president; R. H. FLEISCHMANN, vice-president; R. W. COLLINS, secretary and treasurer; E. R. SPAULDING, general manager; RAYMOND B. BOWEN, advertising manager.

Subscription, \$5 a year; Canada, \$5.50; foreign, \$6.

Subscribers should notify this office at least three weeks prior to any change of address.

Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

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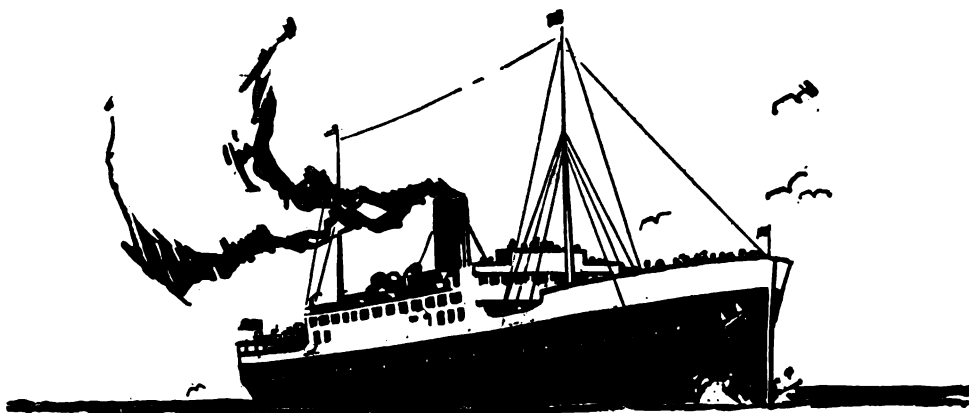


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