

Oct. 24, 1925

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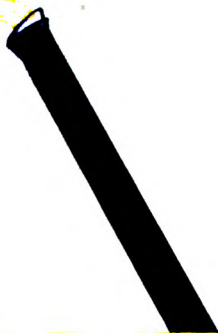
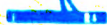
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# NEW YORKER

Stanford Library

SEP 8 1938

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*An Apartment Hotel*

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CONSERVATIVELY**

**I**F YOU will inspect MAYFAIR HOUSE,  
we believe you will find that it comes  
about as close to perfection in an apart-  
ment hotel as human ingenuity can make  
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*Edward H. Crandall*

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FURNISHED OR OTHERWISE**

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HARRIS, VOUGHT & CO., INC., Agent**  
20 East 48th Street, New York

## The Nineteenth Hole Club Announces THE MIDNIGHT OPEN

SOUNDS of revelry by night and Hendrick Hudson turning over in his grave as The Nineteenth Hole Club, galaxy and gallery, goes down the fairway in the room at the Hotel Roosevelt which bears the name of the estimable mariner. All this on the third evening in November, which, incidentally, is the evening of the day of the current local election of game wardens and county tree surgeons.

Keep your head down. Better, keep your eye on the ball—or supper dance. The Nineteenth Hole Club, with headquarters at the Roosevelt, is a club exclusively for golfers. It will soon have a club house with every conceivable modern appointment. Playing privileges will be granted to members on a number of excellent metropolitan courses. The annual membership fee is Ten Dollars. Among the members of this club will be every one who has set a pinch of wet sand under a golf ball, from professionals to feminine beginners.

“The Midnight Open,” proper, will consist of two rounds of medal play over a nine hole putting clock on the dance floor. Among those who will attend this Supper Dance and participate in the tournament are: Willie Macfarlane, American Open Champion; Jim Barnes, British Open Champion; Leo Diegel, Canadian Open Champion; Walter Hagen, Mike Brady, MacDonald Smith, Johnny Farrel, Gene Sarazen, Tommy Armour, George McLean, Tommy Kerrigan, Willie Klein and Joe Turneasea. The prizes will be gold medals for the winner and runner-up. Bobby Jones and many other prominent amateurs have been invited to take part.

Music will be supplied by Ben Bernie’s Orchestra—entertainment by stage and screen stars.

In order to be close to the pin in the gallery at this Supper Dance and “The Midnight Open,” make an early reservation to,

Hotel



Roosevelt

*The party of Nov. 3d, inaugurates a series of Nineteenth Hole Club Supper Dances*

# THE CORN EXCHANGE BANK

WILLIAM AND BEAVER STREETS  
and Branches located throughout Greater New York

ENTERPRISING enough to be PROGRESSIVE  
CONSERVATIVE enough to be SAFE

*A Bank Statement that any Man or Woman can Understand*

October 1, 1925

<b>The Bank Owes to Depositors</b> .....	<b>\$238,538,691.34</b>
A conservative banker always has this indebtedness in mind, and he arranges his assets so as to be able to meet any request for payment.	
<b>For This Purpose We Have:</b>	
[1] <b>Cash</b> .....	<b>\$39,516,844.98</b>
(Gold, Bank Notes and Specie) and with legal depositories returnable on demand.	
[2] <b>Checks on Other Banks</b> .....	<b>26,965,487.01</b>
Payable in one day.	
[3] <b>U. S. Government Securities</b> .....	<b>58,067,492.91</b>
[4] <b>Loans to Individuals and Corporations</b> .....	<b>29,126,064.62</b>
Payable when we ask for them, secured by collateral of greater value than the loans.	
[5] <b>Bonds</b> .....	<b>38,222,351.58</b>
Of railroads and other corporations, of first quality and easily salable.	
[6] <b>Loans</b> .....	<b>53,162,668.61</b>
Payable in less than three months, on the average, largely secured by collateral.	
[7] <b>Bonds and Mortgages</b> .....	<b>11,169,058.51</b>
[8] <b>Banking Houses</b> .....	<b>6,690,210.66</b>
All located in New York City.	
[9] <b>Other Real Estate</b> .....	<b>30,391.75</b>
<b>Total to Meet Indebtedness</b> .....	<b>\$262,950,570.63</b>
[10] <b>This leaves a Surplus of</b> .....	<b>\$ 24,411,879.29</b>
Which becomes the property of the stockholders after the debts to the depositors are paid, and is a guarantee fund upon which we solicit new deposits and retain those which have been lodged with us for many years.	

Our listed resources, enumerated in this statement, do not and can not include those assets of friendliness and helpfulness which this bank has in the personnel of its board of directors, its officers and employees. These are assets which pay dividends to our patrons in service and satisfaction.

The Corn Exchange Bank can act as your Executor or Trustee, issue Letters of Credit, Travelers' Checks and Drafts on Foreign Countries, rent you a Safe Deposit Box, and provide every Banking and Trust Service.



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

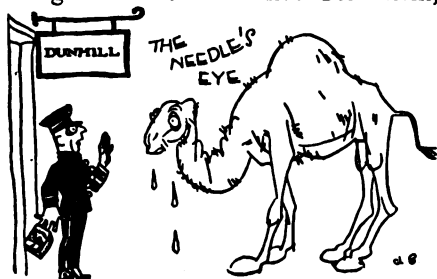
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## Notes and Comment

**T**HIS is vacation time for the boys who do the exploring of waste places hither and yon about the North Pole. They are home at the moment, warming up, collecting money, making speeches, and buying airships, huskies, gumdrops and the other romantic items of the explorer's kit bag—in preparation for the season that starts next Spring. Welcome indomitable and loquacious explorers!

**W**E have always been under the impression that the United States Navy had the most efficient publicity department of any organization in the world. Otherwise, we have said to ourselves, how can they so consistently keep in the picture section and on the front page? But this is unfair. Any organization that suffers so many disasters and has so many things said against it as the Navy needs no publicity agent.

**A**S we flood the newsstands, the Forget-Me-Not Drive for the benefit of the New York chapter of disabled veterans opens the drive season. From now on, drives will follow each other in quick succession, mystifying the populace and complicating the traffic problem. Drives are very useful things. If it were not for them,



New York City as a whole might never learn to know its Debutantes by sight.

**T**EN years ago daring debutantes were smoking at formal dances at Sherry's—out the window or behind the fountain in the Palm Room, and handing the cigarette to their escort when danger threatened. And they are still doing it at formal dances. But now from Boston comes the cheering news that ladies are to be allowed to smoke in the open. We say cheering, because it will mark the passing of the wallflower menace. If there exists such a thing as a conscientious stag in this modern age, it will be good news to him. For no man will feel he has to dance with the nice but unattractive girl sitting gloomily on the gilt chair if he knows she can go into the smoking room at any time and put her feet up.

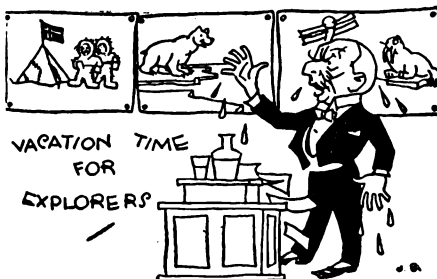
**L**AST week we published a mildly humorous drawing of an ignorant young man asking for Camel cigarettes in Dunhill's. And subsequently, it occurred to us that it might be cause for libel—artists are so clever and irresponsible. So we investigated, putting on our most country air and walking in. No, they have none. But—were we recognized?—amid broad smiles, one clerk pulled a packet from

his pocket and offered it to us with his compliments.

**N**EW YORK UNIVERSITY announces that it will conduct a most worthy course in Greek over the radio this winter. While recognizing that all men are better off with Greek than without it, we cannot at the moment think of anything more wholly out of key with the radio audience than a course in the revered subject. One thing it may do, however; and that is put at rest the American suspicion that *Bre-ke-ke-kex ko-ax ko-ax* from the "Chorus of Frogs" must have something to do with either the inhabitants of France or the Yale Campus.

## The Week

**N**EW YORK Board of Trade and Transportation recommends that the Government exterminate Communists as it would dogs with rabies and five millionaire convicts, in Atlanta Prison, are released on parole long before completion of their sentences. Peggy Joyce is expected to divorce her latest husband and Yale University establishes a "wild life preserve." Mental tests for all children, to protect society, are proposed and Mrs. James P. Donahue gets back the \$600,000 worth of jewelry stolen from



her hotel suite. Prince of Wales receives tumultuous welcome from loyal Britishers and it is announced that King George reads a portion of the Bible every day. Twenty-one year old stenographer is arrested, charged with having three husbands, and, in Turkey, women receive permission to ride beside men on street cars. Bishop William Montgomery Brown is formally deposed by the House of Bishops for heresy and Mme. Ganna Walska is removed from the cast of "Butterfly" because she disputed with the director the business of her rôle. President Coolidge reiterates opposition to lending money to foreign governments for military purposes and *Collier's Weekly* publishes War Department pamphlet revealing plans for using poison gas against mobs of striking miners. Russian commits suicide because his horse loses in race and the Hon. Anthony Asquith, son of former Prime Minister, goes to Hollywood to write movie scenarios.

### Sporting Words

COLLEGE presidents may bewail the emphasis placed on football, and in some instances, I believe, justly; but there is one matter in this connection they can never control; and that is the amount of newspaper space devoted to collegiate contests. For the college student is an item, and a definite one, both in circulation and in advertising prestige.

How much so may be realized from the experience of the *Times*, of which I heard lately from a newspaper man. The *Times* last Spring sent questionnaires to the leading colleges of the East, seeking to establish the collegian's preference in newspapers, which information, it was believed, would show the supremacy of Forty-third Street, West. Greatly to the inquirer's surprise, a definite leaning towards the *Herald Tribune* was established.

Further analysis revealed the reason, which was none other than the *Herald Tribune's* excellent sporting pages. Those collegians who wished their heroes hymned could turn to Mr. Grantland Rice's *Odysseys*, and those with desire to see bubbles pricked might have their fancies tickled by the gay Major McGeehan.

And, so, deprived of what would have been excellent advertising copy, the *Times* did the next best thing. It ordered that all sports writers have



their signatures printed, and that all sports accounts go to press without editing; no, not even a set of quotation marks were to be permitted for so plebeian a word as "sucker."

This, I believe, explains the sudden departure from anonymity which puzzled readers of the *Times* some months ago.

### Policed

THE meretricious incandescence which is Second Avenue below St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, is to push southward, cutting its way through the wall of Houston Street. The plans are tucked away in some municipal cubbyhole, waiting the slow turning of political machinery. And when the Avenue kicks itself free, it will scatter into the tumbrils of wrecking crews no less than the National Winter Garden Burlesque itself.

Hearing, I wandered eastward to visit, for the first time, the hall to which for years I had received free passes. For it has long been the practice of the Messrs. Minsky, geni of National Winter Garden, to "circulate New York," sending out, to first one group and then another, passes, with alluring little notes signed "Irene" or "Alice" or such. Thus is Houston Street brought to the attention of Wall and of Park Avenue.

The Minskys have made from their tepid adventures (they own the famous Apollo on Fourteenth Street as well) a cool fortune, a fortune which is as a glamorous flower grown from a swamp. I have seen and I advise: do not succumb to feminine propaganda and bring a lady . . . nor rely too much on the power of your "admittance free," for over the portals

hangs a placard reading "After January first a nominal charge will be made on all passes."

Ironically, it is an ascent one makes to the temple of burlesque. From the first step towards the box office, up the elevators, into the huge, barn-like hall with the concrete rafters, one is the personal guest of the police force. "Keep movin'! On yer way!" Perhaps a thousand men are gathered—and half a dozen women, placid women. God knows why they are there!

One must take off one's hat as soon as he is seated. A heavy, intimidating officer is in the wake of the usher, electric torch in hand. "Take off yer lid!"

The curtain rises, under a hand painted legend "The Show's The Thing," signed "Will Shakespeare." But the steady patrolling of the aisles never ceases. Up and down pass the blue coats. One may smoke, the heavier the cigar the better, one may laugh, snicker even, applaud . . . but let so much as a single word, a wise-crack, critical or appreciative, rise through the fuming blue atmosphere: "Click!" A sharp rap on the uncovered head from the nearest guardian. Uncannily long, the arm of the law in Houston Street's burlesque.

There may be a thousand in the hall, and they sit like mice, or sheep, or cud-chewing cows—while the same comedians tell different versions of the same joke . . . hammer, hammer, hammer with the point, someone may miss it . . . the same paint-masked ladies change the color of the little strips of cloth which they wear over their ever-present, would-be-invisible body-tights; they come chanting back and forth, singing with high, unsatisfied voices. Up and down, swinging clubs, flashing spotlights.

A crashing of cymbals—the finalé! Like mice or sheep or cows they file out. Only a lucky few get their five story elevator ride; "down this way; fire escape too good for yuh, eh?" Police-haunted, they go forth into the world, the world of East Houston Street and Second Avenue—except for those others, from here and there, who sort themselves out, climb hastily into taxis and speed away.

### Art Centers

PERHAPS the most striking indication of the present trend in shifting art centers was the recent announcement that the entire collection

of the late Viscount Leverhulme was to be brought to the United States for auction—this after the heirs had arranged for a sale of the art effects at the nobleman's country seat, The Hill, Hampstead Heath.

An agent of a local gallery, dispatched abroad for the purpose, indicated to the heirs—suavely, of course—that Britishers were not going in for extensive art purchases at the moment. Americans compose perhaps nine-tenths of the market, with, strangely enough, Germans comprising the remaining portion. So, said the American agent, why not offer these works for sale where it will be most convenient for wealthy Americans to attend the auction?

This argument took effect, particularly when the heirs realized that Hampstead Heath was as conveniently located as regards London, the logical British center, as would be, say, Doylestown, Pennsylvania, for New Yorkers.

Accordingly, the Leverhulme Collection is coming here and will be shown at the Anderson Galleries on Park Avenue some time in late Winter.

February is most likely.

THE value of canvases is always a ticklish matter to discuss. Experts can disagree about this feature most cordially; and so the layman is forever at a loss.

The significant feature of local discussions of the Leverhulme collection is that authorities place so little stress on the canvases themselves. This is surely a puzzling condition when there are, among others, examples of Hals, two Rembrandts, a Goya, two portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, a Gainsborough; and portraits, also, by such eminent masters as George Romney—in whose work, by the way, there is a great revival of interest because

of the sugar-coated version of his affair with Lady Hamilton provided by a recent novel—Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir Henry Raeburn. Among the moderns there are canvases, to mention a few, by Sir John Millais, Sir William Orpen, Jacob Maris, Harpignies, and L'Hermitte.

Connoisseurs, however, display most interest in the fine collections of rare laces, rich embroideries, tapestries and Georgian furniture which the late Viscount assembled. His library, too, of which caricatures of the Georgian Period form a most interesting feature, is said to be magnificent. They are in twenty-five folio volumes. And there is, also, what is said to be the first sketch book by George Cruikshank, whose genius was clearly indicated even in the rough pencil drawings of his extreme youth. This one item, alone, should pack the Anderson Galleries with Dickens and Cruikshank enthusiasts, what time the Leverhulme Collection is exhibited—if the whole town hasn't flocked to the Floridian real estate marts by then.

### Suspense

SOONER or later, of course, Bernard Shaw and A. H. Woods were bound to be the central characters of a theatrical story.

It has arrived, not much beyond schedule.

Mr. Woods, then, called upon Mr. Shaw in London.

"Write me a play, sweetheart," said Mr. Woods.

"I have one here you may have," said Mr. Shaw. "It's called 'Back to Methuselah!'"

"Tell me about it," said Mr. Woods.

"Well," said Mr. Shaw, "it takes three nights to play."

Mr. Woods picked up his gloves and toothpick.

"Not for me," he said. "I like to know the day after my first night if I've got a hit or not."

### Tercentenary

CELEBRATIONS of the tercentenary of New York's founding have begun, and perhaps there is as much historical warrant for the choosing of any time as for the selection of that date next Spring still to be definitely agreed upon. As usual, when historians disagree, they make a layman's decision difficult, this time for the committee already busy with the details of the official affair, in which both city and state will be invited to participate.

It is planned that this forthcoming celebration will be underwritten for six millions of dollars by a combination of private and governmental agencies, although it is expected that the event will prove self-supporting. Grand Central Palace and the lower portion of Park Avenue have been bespoken for the pageants, exhibits and memorabilia which will form the major features of the affair. And, no doubt, there will be speeches. There always are, unfortunately.

The current exhibition in Wanamaker's, arranged under the paternal eye of Dr. Grover Whalen, late of Mayor Hylan's forces, has not escaped criticism by those who know their old New York. Such an item as the raw intrusion of two gas pipes in the panel, depicting General Washington taking the oath of office as President, is one of the defects to which our elders object. The showing of Marion Davies's picturization of "Little Old New York"—perhaps due to the one-time association of Dr. Whalen with Mr. Hearst, through his Hylanic affiliations—has proved particularly irritating. Historically, it is ridiculous in spots, particularly in the



scene wherein a woman is whipped in a public square of this city in the year 1840.

The cruel practice of flogging had been abandoned almost a century before.

Yet there is undeniable merit in the murals on the four different floors of the store. They are based on authentic contemporary prints, and are laudably faithful to the originals. The portraits of gentlemen eminent in the older life of the city likewise are admirably done.

And on the whole, although criticism always makes a deeper imprint than praise, this exhibition at Wanamaker's—the herald of the city's tercentenary—is worthy of a visit by anyone who knows, or wishes to know, something of the history of the town.

### The Ponies

ALONG towards the end of the coming week, the early afternoon tide of overloaded taxis which sets northward towards the environs of Yonkers and the Empire City Race Track will wax strong, and, on the thirtieth, die away. Flags will come down, stalls take board fronts, and the Sport of Kings will be ours only in the afternoon newspapers until another season. Belmont and Jamaica have already closed; the rattletrap inconvenience to the north is the scene of the last stand.

We have been hearing plans, of late, of the consolidation of these lesser tracks, to the greater glory of Belmont Park. And it would be pleasant if such a move might bring us some of the color that the sport has practically everywhere except about New York.

At Empire City, these last days, one perceives how strange our tracks have become. High up in the stands, groups a small coterie, smartly dressed, chatting intimately. One hears such names as Averell Harriman, Payne Whitney, Larry Waterbury, Cosden, Coe, Sinclair. Below and about, stands gape until one comes to the wider spaces of nominal entrance fees. There the taxi tide has beached a pushing, shoving, good-natured crowd, as anxious in their instructions regarding ten dollar investments as are those in the rarified atmosphere above over as many thousands.

To the few, the flashing thoroughbreds mean sport, intimate sport of owners and their friends, speaking in-

timately of each others' horses. The mass below is that small part of the city's race track gamblers who must sit by the table to play, watch the turn of the wheel, observe the croupier. Their information is the same newspaper information of the rest, who play the track by telephone, harried until the first racing newspaper extra comes out. And, at best, the two together are but a small fraction of our city.

There is a shoddiness to our metropolitan tracks, uninviting, if the love of the sport, the horses themselves, the gambling entailed is not in the spectator. In ten days, Empire City will be a deserted park, disdained by straggling motorists in passing. The small coterie will be seen here and there—Louisville, Lexington, Bowie; the taxi riding mass, the table inaccessible, will be playing still, but over the shoulders of the newspaper dopsters.

GENTLEMAN dining with Mr. Arthur (Bugs) Baer at Friars Club is continuously disturbed from seat to answer insistent telephonings. During third visit to booth, waiter asks: "Shall I serve Mr. J's steak?" "Yes," replies patient Mr. Baer, "he'll take it in the telephone booth."

### Roger Wolfe

IT is interesting to speculate upon how greatly Mr. Otto Kahn was influenced in his recent discussions in the press of the Metropolitan Opera problems by the evidence he has at hand in the career elected by his son. Here is the offspring of wealth, bred in the conservatorial atmosphere of the musical and graphic arts, turning, at near maturity, to that strange combination of roistering bluster and soft, almost erotic minors which is now jazz music—and which is also thoroughly American.

Not that Master Roger Wolfe Kahn is one of our foremost exponents



of jazz music; he is more important as a symptom. I watched him last week, on the Palace stage, a little chap, in the midst of a great noise, wagging his arms vigorously. He kept perfect time. He was very didactic. He was most precise. When the time came, he took his bows, curtly, like a lad bowing for a diploma. Only when he began again, this time with a basket of instruments by his side, and picked first one and then another (he plays no less than ten) did a ripple of genuine enthusiasm sweep the great house. But all of his numbers sounded extraordinarily alike—they could have been one long sweet song. His only departures were in his jazzified classics.

THERE is speculation in what another generation may think of young Kahn's career, for his is just beginning and he may go far in the new school of jazz symphonics. The tale is romantic. He practiced by stealth in the great Kahn house at Ninety-second and Fifth Avenue; he slipped away, fearing his father's orthodox disapproval, to substitute for various instruments in the great jazz bands on Broadway. He fell in with Arthur Lang's band, played on it and later hired Mr. Lang for his own orchestra. It was a bandsman in Paul Whiteman's orchestra who gave him away—let slip a tip to the watchful Variety which brought the cohorts of the press to besiege his father's house. From the explosion that ensued, he won the right to play with his own band if he could find a hotel which would engage him. Mr. John Bowman saw the opportunity, took it, and Roger Wolfe Kahn became the leader of the Biltmore Cascades orchestra.

But this was only the beginning. There was still the stage for Roger Kahn to conquer. He had had Mr. Walter Kingsley of the Keith-Albee tribe pass upon his band and he obtained at last permission to try the Hippodrome.

There were other complications. Roger Kahn is still a boy, simple, direct, trusting, inexperienced. In his fervor he had engaged musicians to play for him on long term contracts at salaries of from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and seventy-five dollars a week, men who would normally have received seventy-five to one hundred. He had to appear at both the Biltmore and in these other public performances to so much as break even.

Perhaps it was here that his father





"Look! Do my nails shine from there?"

stepped in, for there came to Mr. Roger's side, one Bert Cooper, vaudeville manager, wise pilot of Broadway. The one thing that might have hurt Kahn's son was his simplicity; Mr. Cooper's nimble brain is a bulwark in the defense.

And now Roger Wolfe Kahn has arrived. It was when the Dutch Treat Club, with its imposing array of critics, made him the guest of honor last week, a place hitherto filled, in jazzy circles, by Messrs. Whiteman and Lopez only, that his father capitulated, embraced his son in public and admitted, "I can underwrite him for all I've got."

### Expositions

**H**APPENING in upon that old annual stand-by, the Electrical Exposition, which has been going on at the Grand Central Palace during the past week, one found that housewife's paradise not without its dramatic contrasts. One went, presumably, to view electrical flatirons and coffee percolators. And one stumbled over lighthouses. Although, stumbled over, does not express it precisely when beams like those which shine at Sandy Hook and Cape Hatteras hit you in the eyes, and a fog bell reverberates in your ears, across the not-so-great open spaces of an exposition floor.

This demonstration, which was staged by the government lighthouse

service, was only one of several which stood out spectacularly against the neat array of domestic contraptions. The Navy and the U. S. Bureau of Mines afforded their measure of relief to the mind grown weary with contemplating refrigerators and washing machines. But the best touch was supplied by the army signal corps which exhibited a fine flock of carrier pigeons. The latter, we think, being an excellent joke on an electrical show.

**A**S a preliminary to the late Aviation Meet at Mitchel Field, the committee in charge arranged for rain insurance. "How about wind insurance?" the agent inquired. "It will add only ten per cent to your premium." Not at all, not at all, the committee demurred. And so, on the Saturday which was expected to be the most profitable day of the meet, the wind blew a hurricane and the flying races had to be called off. It is expected that for the next aviation meet, wind, gust, gale, and hurricane insurance will be authorized.

### Progress

**A**NEW brownstone front gleamed on the house, and in the parlor window was a neatly-lettered sign. The Gentlemen of Parts stopped and gazed at it. Then he read the house

number. It's the same place, he mused.

There's a story behind that house, said the Gentleman of Parts, abruptly. I wandered in there one night, long ago, when I was on vacation from Williamstown. The parlor ran through the entire first floor, but thick, velvet curtains screened the windows from outside gaze. They had a small orchestra. You danced, if you wished; bought wine—all the rest. Decorous, for such a place.

I remember, the next forenoon, sending around a bunch of roses, without my card. Youth's fine gesture. I never went there again.

You understand, of course, what sort of story I am implying was behind that house. Well, look long at that sign, commanded the Gentleman of Parts.

The neat letters, fashioned on the sign behind the window pane, took form and heralded the headquarters of that militant crusader, Mr. John S. Sumner—The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice.

*C'est la guerre*, murmured the Gentleman of Parts, and walked away.

**C**HAMPAGNE cocktail without any champagne: ½ pint sparkling cider, 1 gill pure grain alcohol, dash of bitters and orange peel. Pour over ice in container and shake five minutes.

—THE NEW YORKERS

# Heroes of the Week



## COLONEL FRANK HAUSE

—Who, as editor of the *Daily News*, produces a newspaper which (along with its sister luminaries of the Fourth Estate, the *Graphic* and the *Mirror*) presents the news in the luscious form in which it is discussed over our best dinner tables by the people who read the *Times*.



SIGNOR GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA—Who, as is usual with him in the Fall of the year, is being called a business man with no ear for music by a number of people who would rather like to be singing at the Metropolitan but aren't, but who, nevertheless, possesses an ear so finely attuned to sound that he can tell, nine times out of ten, the difference between the screech of an elevated train rounding a curve and the neighborhood soprano taking her lesson.



J. S. McCULLOH—Who, although he is the president of the New York Telephone Company, is not, careful investigation has proved, personally responsible for the weekly changing of everybody's telephone number. A big printer of business and personal stationery is thought to be at the bottom of it.



## CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN—

Who has arrived in New York with the purpose of touring the country to raise funds for the purchase of a dirigible airship in which he intends to fly across the North Pole. The Navy Department would probably be glad to present the Captain, who seems to love combating difficulties, with one free of charge.



## P. G. WODEHOUSE—

Who, despite the vigilance of General Smedley Butler and Commissioner Enright, has been stolen, in a daring daylight robbery, from the *Saturday Evening Post*, by *Liberty*, the Weekly for Everybody but George Horace Lorimer.

# OUR COLLEGIATE HILLTOP



*Columbia is the Ellis Island of the Native American Immigrant*

**M**ORNINGSIDE isn't what it used to be.

This news will not disturb the readers of *THE NEW YORKER*, who live south or east of the Park and never heard of Morningside until they were stood up against the wall for contributions to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Editors of *THE NEW YORKER* know better, being all honorary Litt. D.'s of the Columbia School of Journalism. For Morningside is Columbia; and Columbia, not Wall Street or Times Square, is New York's real show window on the inland front.

Columbia is the Ellis Island of the native American immigrant. In ten thousand small towns of the West and South, a girl who announced her intention of going to New York would be excommunicated and branded with the scarlet letter before she had packed her suitcase; and if she ever got away, she could never come home. But let her say she is going to the Columbia Summer School or Teachers' College, and the unlawful is made lawful by this sacramental phrase. She can go, and come home in safety; she can even stay in New York without loss of her good name.

If she stays in New York, she usually stays on Morningside; if she comes

home when Summer school is over, she knows New York below Morningside only from infrequent excursions, with chaperons and guides (armed guards too, for all I know, though these rarely seem necessary). And she is ten times as numerous as the traveling salesmen and members of road companies of "Abie's Irish Rose" who are otherwise our city's principal agents of pacific penetration in the interior.

What half America knows of New York it has learned, directly or at second-hand, from the Columbia Summer School. Take a plebiscite in Georgia, Texas, or down-State Illinois, and you would learn by a large majority that the leading restaurants of New York are the Evergreen, the Maison Fichtl, and the Flying Fame. Ask a pupil of almost any American school teacher, and he will tell you that 110th Street is the southern limit of Manhattan Island if not the northern frontier of Mexico.

So Morningside proper—and if you don't believe it's proper, live there a while and see—Morningside north and east of the campus, is a ghetto for the Nordic native-born. Its heart is the corner of Amsterdam Avenue and 120th Street, where the Teachers' College dormitories front a row of

apartment houses occupied chiefly by women who used to live in the Teachers' College dormitories. Chiefly, not wholly; in one of those houses Walter Ward once parked the red-headed ladies whose bickerings made the front page; and Morningside still has its male residents, though they are neither very numerous nor very male.

But the typical Morningside household consists of a spinster school teacher in the forties and her widowed mother. Their living comes, usually, from the university or one of its subsidiaries; they inhabit two rooms or four according to their means, they eat in the tea room around the corner; they go to concerts and extension lectures, and engage in what they call worth-while activities; they lead a peculiar metropolitan life of their own, which might not excite the knaves of night clubs, but would look like Walpurgis Night itself to the folks back home. They are Morningside; the rest of us are unassimilable aliens existing on sufferance, and apparently not for long.

Such as we are, we have our life too, or used to have it. For Morningside has light and air, and a view, if only of the roofs of Harlem; it has an atmosphere not wholly dependent on the university. There are

churches and hospitals, the National Academy of Design, the cathedral and its out-buildings; there is Bishop Manning, who by actual count of agate lines got more free publicity for his business last Winter than Morris Gest. Ten years ago it was a good town. There was Kennelly's, where you could dine well, and look through the open windows painted on the wall at the distant Alps, also painted on the wall. There was the Widow's, that farmhouse on Riverside Drive where you dined under the trees, or retired to a vine-shadowed porch which the young people of the nineteen teens found convenient for cocktails and embraces. And when these discreet beginnings had led to their natural conclusion, there were green lawns on the back campus and in the cathedral close where the neighborhood babies could play.

That, of course, is gone. There is a fifteen-story apartment where the Widow's used to be; on the site of Kennelly's, you have your choice between a Childs restaurant and a synagogue. To dine in decency now you must walk a mile, to Archambault's or the Marseilles or the Claremont, and pay money, or what looks like money on Morningside. Even the Claremont looks now like the clubhouse of the Eheu Fugaces Alumni Association, for most of the people you see there have obviously been going there for thirty years. The young people dine down town, and quite possibly not so well.

As for the grass where the children used to play—the back campus is filling up with buildings for the quantity production of enlightenment; the cathedral still has its green lawns, but now that it has become a ten-million-dollar institution it serves God, not man, and the babies are shut out. Six-story apartment houses are giving way to fifteen-story apartment hotels; everything costs more and is worth less. That is the way of the world, or at least of American cities. Even now Morningside is a more pleasant place than most, especially in the Golden Pause of the academic year, between commencement and the opening of Summer School, when the one great local industry has shut down.

Then the streets are empty and the atmosphere is calm. Nicholas Murray Butler has gone off to Europe (or perhaps to a Republican national convention which will fail to nominate him for the Presidency); there is nothing

to do but stroll on the campus, and stare in the library windows, and watch John Coss think. But presently John Coss stops thinking and goes into action; for he is director of the Summer School, entrepreneur of the greatest mass migration in history since Moses led his people out of Egypt to their first stop-over on the long road to West End Avenue and Riverside Drive. The Summer students come in, and Morningside looks like a city captured by an alien enemy; for the rest of us have moved out, leaving swept and garnished apartments to be rented to rural school teachers who can be counted on not to kick up the furniture or burn holes in the rugs. Alien enemies they may be when they come, but they go home to Indiana and Tennessee to tell the folks what a good time they had in New York.

Morningside is Columbia—but not yet all Columbia, and the difference is good for Morningside and for New York. Our university grows like a cancer; every now and then it reaches out and buys another apartment house, and turns it into a dormitory for women school teachers. In another decade there will be nothing on Morningside but Columbia, and not a man will be resident between 110th Street and 125th but the janitors and firemen of women's dormitories. That will be hard on us who still find Morningside better than anything else we can get for the same money; and hard, also, on our town.

For every time an apartment house is turned into a university dormitory it means another victory for Unkultur. No apartment house conducted for profit in a competitive business could afford such poor service and sloppy

management as you find in most of the dormitories. As institutions for mislaying mail, losing telephone calls, and contributing to the general discomfort of their inmates, they have had no rival since the Bastille fell. It is easier to get into communication with a prisoner in the Sing Sing Death House than with a denizen of the average Columbia dormitory. I have tried both and I know.

As if this were not enough, the unfortunate women housed in the dormitories are sometimes compelled to answer a questionnaire about as stiff as that which confronts a suspected agent of the Third International at Ellis Island. They have to recount their history and confess their proclivities in detail not so very much less searching than was demanded by that famous questionnaire of two or three years back which inquired into the practices of the normal married woman. Dormitories which are supposed to be reserved for women graduates who have reached the age of discretion, if they are ever going to reach it, enjoy rules and regulations that would look like blue laws to most boarding school girls. And the suspected persons who must be so carefully supervised are for the most part school teachers who could walk through the valley of the shadow of death and fear no evil. They are, with praiseworthy exceptions, safe. Possibly the idea is to make them feel at home; but that is the last way visitors to New York want to feel, even if they ease themselves in via the Columbia Teachers' College.

They complain that the rigors of Ellis Island make America unpopular in Europe; but America, perhaps, can stand that. The hardships of Columbia dormitories, the growing difficulty of finding any house on Morningside which is not a Columbia dormitory; the absorption by the university of those apartment houses in which widows by the hundred lived by renting rooms, and didn't mislay mail, or forget telephone calls, or ask impertinent questions—all that may conceivably bring our city some ill will in the interior, where it has ill will enough already. We could more easily forgive a garment manufacturer who insulted a buyer (assuming that any garment manufacturer ever would, which takes a good deal of assuming) than a university which discommodates our useful advertisers, the school teachers of "the sticks."—ELMER DAVIS





## A Kind Man

**S**URELY, he needs no introduction. If you take *Scribner's* or the *Ladies Home Journal* you read his genial moralities on books. If you are a woman who improves her mind, you have heard his cordial lectures. If you are an old Grad. of Yale, you know Billy—you've thrilled with Billy over the virtues of Tennyson or of the Campus. If you're none of these, and yet can read, you have seen his name attached to quotes in book ads: ever so enthusiastic praise about ever so many novels, dispensed by Professor Phelps for the brief season ere they passed away.

A most successful, flourishing gentleman, you take it. Even if the endless novels he discovered to be "splendid!" died the death. You're wrong.

Kindness has killed him: kindness to others. When, nearly forty years ago, this graduate of Yale and Harvard announced that he was going to be a teacher, it was clear to the group of men—already large—who loved him, that literature, "noblest of the arts," and teaching, "noblest of the professions," had gained an athletic champion. Here was a new kind of pedagogue—as new in his field as Roosevelt was in his: and indeed the two men were friends and played tennis together and always the face of Billy Phelps was bright when he spoke of Teddy. Phelps was tall, square, clear-eyed; his words came in volleys of decision; he had enthusiasm of the sort which in America more usually went to the boosting of political bunk, or to the selling of commercial gimcrack. And William Lyon Phelps was "out" for literature! for the love and the spreading of letters! He was going to popularize high thinking with

all the vigor of pioneering, with all the vim of commerce. This was a new event in 1892!

And this has been the at least outward splendor of his career. Born in New Haven in 1865 and a teacher at



William Lyon Phelps

Yale since he was 27, Professor Phelps has stood before many generations of students and of pedagogues, spreading an infectious gospel. He has believed in his gospel; he has believed in his audiences; he has been convinced throughout that they could carry off and make their own the fine freight of his lessons about books. And by a subtle, invisible, sinister-smiling process, the audiences of Professor Phelps have rotted the substance of his intellectual faith, have softened the lines of his critical acumen. Until at the end, this man who gave his life to bind all brothers and all sisters in the spell of beauty became a spellbinder giving to the crowd what the crowd liked: a promoter of shoddy in place of masterpieces.

Stand gently by, O young and cruel

critics who are wont to laugh at the contemporary Phelps, extolling some treacle by Hutchinson or some carpentry by Wharton with the same high adjectives he once reserved for Marlowe and Dostoevski. Stand by him gently ere ye judge this parser of Longfellow for ladies who in his truer self lauded the clean obscenities of the Elizabethans. For irony has made a prey of a gifted gentleman; nor has tragedy disdained him.

If you could hear him at Yale Chapel read the morning lesson of the Bible, your caustic mood might grow more meditative. Never was a more gallant, more authentic reading of the Divine Account. No exhorter's snuffle, no priestly sing-song, no ministerial condolence—Phelps makes the word living and robust: a high, grey man speaking the Truth before you. Phelps is a Christian. All his days and all his nights

he has believed and he has tried to act as his faith told him a Christian shall. The same clear yet sumptuous voice uttering a Psalm speaks in the house he lives in: in its unobtrusive hospitality, in a certain forthright purity of tone within the very walls of his New England mansion. He has read and he believes his Bible, like a lover. He has lived with his wife like a lover. He has taught English to bully boys—coaxing them from football to Browning—like a lover. More (and here we come to the root of the matter) he has accepted America, accepted democracy, like a lover. A lover convinced that all is well; a lover convinced that *this* mob is noble, that *this* particular pack of sentimental protestations about liberty and equality is true.

Kindness. Let me encourage. Let

me foster, warm, smile. . . . Was this what his Christian doctrine and his American doctrine moved him to? He was too large of heart to say No. And the toll of his benevolence through thirty years is that his Yea counts little. He has his following. But the youth to whom he has given his life—even that part of it which thrilled when he taught English—turn from him and become ashamed to admit that they were thrilled.

In the first days of the war, Professor Phelps was a Pacifist. Did not Christ tell us to give good for evil? He took the chair at a Pacifist meeting at Yale, at which David Starr Jordan was the principal speaker. And the crowd who had loved him when he taught them the thrills of Shakespeare, awake now to the greater thrills of legalized and sanctified murder, threw rotten eggs at Billy Phelps! Did he see then, that he had won their love by getting down to their level and giving them—professionally—what they want? Perhaps. But not long after, the Professor saw the light—and declared war for his own part against Germany.

There is another true story about this man who, after championing the Russians and the most virile masters of old England, grew even more famous by heralding a hundred bad first American novels as "splendid literature." Once, by chance, there came to study under him a boy of genius. (This was late in his career.) And the lad, warmed by him like all his students, went away and wrote a novel. And gave it to his teacher. Had not Phelps inspired him to do his best, to put the truth as he saw it into lovely forms? Phelps read the

manuscript and was shocked. This would never do. Not in America! In France, there were people like this. In Russia, it was good and true to write so. But America, the kind land, the pure land, America the happy? He had the boy in his library. First editions marshalled to the ceiling, and the log fire crackled.

"No," said William Lyon Phelps, "I can not recommend your book for publication. Listen, my friend, and I shall tell you why. I have made one mistake that covers all my years. I have been too kind—and too willing. I have praised too many books, not because they were good books but because the authors were good, deserving fellows. I must put a stop to this. I shall begin with you."

So, after extolling contemporary brass for gold—because it was kind, because it was comfortable, Phelps tripped into irony at last, and thrust the true gold from him.

Deeply he knows that he has erred: and he is among the unhappiest of men. He was no fool; but he elected to be good to fools. (All crowds are fools.) He elected to believe in fools. (All flattered democracies are foolish.) He elected to serve fools—and what could this mean but to give them, *more or less*, what they asked for? (All popular demand is folly.) And now the folly sits on his own grey head. And the fine critical equipment he was born with is dispersed. And the nervous, athletic spirit of his life grows flatulent and wistful. And this man, who thirty years ago prophesied true American books, finds no creator of them all to hail him.

Perhaps he was too eager to succeed,

although success as he wanted it was merely to serve and to love—surely no ill desire. Perhaps he was not eager enough first to understand. To understand that to serve, often one must hurt: that to serve a democracy, one must be willing to stay despised and alone.

And yet—and yet, you shall not shuffle him off too easily, O cruel critics. He dreamed to be an intellectual leader—and his chief leadership is over flabby women. He dreamed to be the prophet of beauty; and he has praised more tinsel than any other critic of his stature. He has hurt what he would help, deprived what he would love—in the name of truth and in the name of beauty. But even in his failure, he has given us much—for he has given himself.

Irony when it sears makes an interesting song. Tragedy, when it kills, kills what is contemptible. So William Lyon Phelps has a true value for us. He personifies the most American of disasters: the disaster of Good Intentions, when they are not fortified by intellectual hardness, when they are not drained of all sentimental juices. Professor Phelps, who has placed before his classes so many poetic tragedies to study, gives us at the end the tragedy of his career. Gives us the tragedy of the attempt at public service which does not begin with service to the most ruthless personal ideal.

Kindness has killed him—kindness to others: and killed the possible uses of his kindness. What we need for nurture is a cool rigor of the mind. If only Professor Phelps had dared be kinder to himself . . .!

—SEARCH-LIGHT

## OF ALL THINGS

**D**ESPITE all that urging and prodding, the city registration was lighter than at the last election. Far too many New Yorkers take the position that it makes very little difference whether a fountain pen maker or a song writer be given a chance to fail to introduce efficient government into our city hall.

### THE HONORS ARE HIZZONER'S

The news has leaked out that Mayor Hylan is reading a book, the first in eight years. Senator Walker, it will be recalled, did a book in twelve.

### RADIIDIUM

John Hays Hammond, Jr. has discovered a way to send eight messages at a time on one wave. In our bigoted opinion, this is almost exactly eight too many.

### A BOOKWORM TURNS

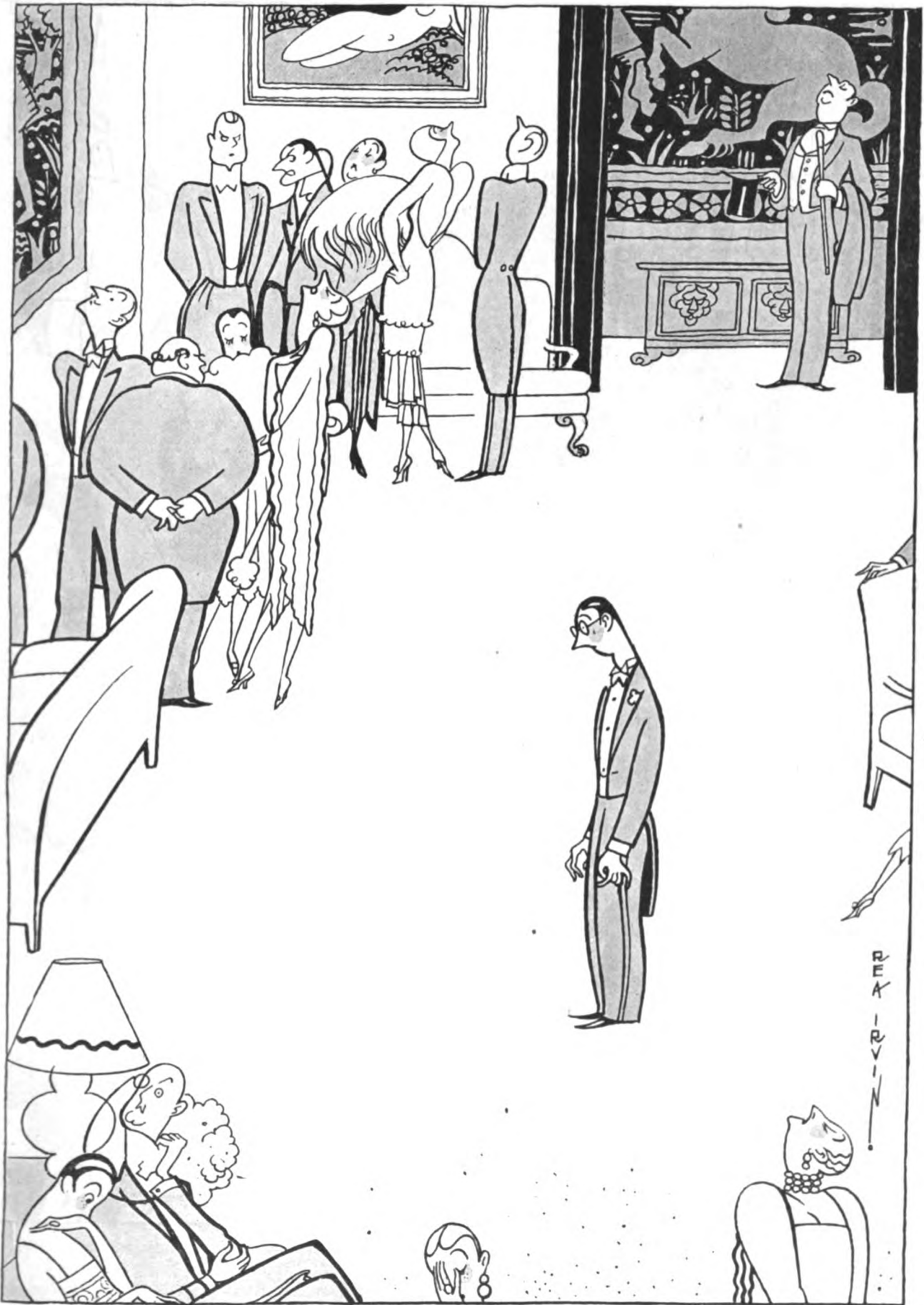
This page is willing to lose its reason over the differences of Mitchell and the Navy, of Bishops and Brown, and of the Army and Notre Dame, but lower than that it refuses to sink. It absolutely declines to care how the Tacna-Arica Plebiscite comes out.

The University of Amsterdam is going to spend six months discovering a cure for the common cold. Rah, rah, rah, Absterdab!

The franc is skidding again, and Cailaux is framing another funding proposal. This one will be an ultimatum—or, at any rate, an antepenultimatum.

A dangerous trade is that of a French finance minister. At any moment he may be hit by the falling franc and knocked off the floating debt.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



SOCIAL ERRORS

THE YOUNG MAN WHO TOLD A CLEAN STORY



### THE ART SEASON IS WITH US AGAIN

and its opening is made especially auspicious this year by recognizing George Bellows (with the aid of the catalogue) and incidentally recognizing old acquaintances which this notable early event inevitably brought out.



## THE CURRENT PRESS

**D**RIVEN by that necessity which hangs at the heels of all great commercial enterprises wherein huge sums of money are invested, the newspapers of to-day have cunningly fortified themselves against that bugaboo of other times, a dull day in the news. So shrewdly have they fashioned their daily produce that the ebb and flow of spectacular events is no longer able to create a parallel rise and fall in circulation. The newspaper reading public has been taught to take sensation in its stride—and also to take in its stride slack times, when the happenings recorded on the front pages are trivial and unamusing.

This condition, which it was necessary to bring about before the newspaper publishing business could consider itself a stable and constant trade, a safe harbor wherein to anchor the handsome funds which it attracted, was wrought by developing a backbone which depends not in the least upon the rise and fall of news: in short, the high perfection of comics, daily essays, verse, commuters' wit, women's pages, fiction pages—all the invariables which we group under the name of features.

These features, generally speaking, are terribly bad. Little else could be expected, indeed, since they are the product of craftsmen who must perform, whatever their state of soul, once in every twenty-four hours. Their stream of wit and invention, naturally, must be reduced to its lowest minimum if they are to endure, for any length of time, at their high salaries. But they manage to be good enough, despite the cruel pressure of their work, to hold the circulation of their papers at a predetermined and only slightly fluctuating figure. And in one or two cases—I am thinking of Rollin Kirby and H. T. Webster of the *World*, Clare Briggs of the *Herald Tribune*, and Rube Goldberg of the Hearst publications—they manage to be entertaining an astounding number of days out of the week.

But these features, which have come to serve for many readers as the very body of their papers, are entirely overshadowed by that other powerful and entirely synthetic element in the daily press: the enormous exploitation of professional sports. Such an aura



of importance and profundity have the papers thrown around the daily antics of five or six hundred hired playfellows, that it has become a national axiom among the Babbitts, that "Ninety percent of the men turn first to the sporting pages." The sporting departments, at least of the New York papers, have attracted the very cream of the talent among reporters. At least one such writer displayed such intellectual force in the recounting of baseball games that he was made the daily essayist of, his paper, and later came to succeed James Huneker as critic of men and affairs and art.

Even leaving this gentleman out of consideration, however, the quality of writing in the sporting pages is, in the large, much superior—wittier, more emotional, more dramatic and more accurate—to the quality of writing that flows through the news columns. What news reporter is equipped with the feeling for sensuous color that one finds in Grantland Rice, for example? He can give a methodical and rather stupid baseball game all the glamour and vivid flame of a gladiatorial combat.

No newspaper writing of my acquaintance moves with the sardonic humor of W. O. McGeehan of the *Herald Tribune*. The *Times* staff of professional game watchers writes finer detail than the *Times* staff of world-event watchers. And Hype Igoe, of the *World*, writing about a prize fight or a prize fighter and his manager, deals with his second-rate people and their second-rate dreams and emotions with a direct bluntness and fervor that is quite beyond the more dignified members of his paper's staff.

Some notion of the weight of power which sports hold in the press might be given by reciting the experience, two years ago, of the *Evening*

*World*. It was decided, I am told, to dispense with those editions printed after 4 p. m., to close the day's news without recourse to those cunning charts and diagrams, those breathless, distraught telegrams from the scene of action which generally make up the afternoon front pages. Within three months, the *Evening World* lost 100,000 of its 385,000 readers. At last the error was perceived, the late editions revived, the front page embellished more than ever with the bristling figures of game results, and after a year of hard fighting the 100,000 was recovered.

The weeks that have just gone past, say the last three or four, represent one of those recurring periods when the current press has depended entirely upon its sporting writers and its features to keep the public interested. The general news has been depressingly dull and tedious. A speech by President Coolidge; the merger of four hundred million or billion dollars worth of bread factories, divers holdups and government investigations; the visit of a debt commission from France; the unromantic theft of a vast quantity of jewelry from a millionaire's daughter—these have been the burden of the contemporary and ceaseless clamor. In the olden days, with no more moving stuff than this to read, the populace would have abandoned its newspapers until something happened to rouse a general and conversational interest. But, this time, the sports were there. Having literally conceived and reared that phenomenon known as the *World's Series*, it occurred just at the proper moment to be thrown into the breach. And the National Air Races—something better than ordinary sport because of its conceivably scientific interest—took place. These were enough to make the front pages dramatic and emotional and excited. And the reading public never asks more.

The *World's Series*, despite its basic triviality, made interesting reading because the men writing of it displayed uncommon ability. Grantland Rice, veteran of a dozen such contests, never poured out his heart more feelingly. George H. Daley, who writes for the *World* under the name of *Monitor*, sent vibrant dispatches from the field, which somehow made the



"Thought you was joinin' the Navy, buddy."  
 "So did I, Sergeant, but I couldn't pass me Pathé News screen test."

event under way there seem important. And McGeehan was there with his ironic seasoning. His interest lay with the Boniface crowd which was profiting hugely from the contest.

"Moore knocked a home run," he mused. "And the Pittsburgh hotel keepers and the owners of the teams chuckled, envisioning to-morrow's crowd."

Millions of words were written on the seven games, and most of them were good—vastly too good for the event which inspired them.

The air races invoked one extraordinary and penetrating story, the unsigned account in the *Times* of the day following the Pulitzer race. The reporter responsible for this story displayed something vaguely related to genius when he told the simple, overlooked truth, and yet made it intensely dramatic. He saw, as none of the other reporters saw, that the race was between motors and not men. The victor's motor ran faster, and he won the race. Yet, drawing his drama from the mechanical roar of dumb machinery, the *Times* man made a stirring tale of it. The other reporters, it seemed, were too deeply intrigued by the circumstance that men were in the machines to realize that the machines themselves were the story.

Despite, however, the preponder-

ance of sport news and the pervading dullness of the front pages, I found four stories during the past four weeks that bore the hallmark of distinguished work. Two of them were the work of professional reporters. And the other two, the best two, were written by amateurs at the business.

The latter are the articles composed by Lincoln Ellsworth, Polar explorer, which appeared in the *Times* Sunday magazine, and the description of the wreck of the *Shenandoah*, submitted by Commander Rosendahl as an official document.

Ellsworth's story, an intimate chronicle of his own magnificent adventure with Amundsen, bore perhaps unconsciously all the merits which the late Joseph Pulitzer established as the best technique of newspaper writing. The piece was written fully enough not to be cramped or crowded, it was intensely dramatic without the induction of false or sentimental values, it was restrained but it was emotional enough, and its facts were set down with an easy and surefooted authority. For all that it was a personal adventure, the episode was viewed with a dignified aloofness, and yet through it ran the current of a deep and memorable feeling.

The story had form, virulence and a subdued passion. And it made gorgeous reading.

Commander Rosendahl's story was more staccato. Its enormous power was derived from the very matter-of-factness with which he described a thrilling affair. It was like a story by de Maupassant in its austerity, in its bitter restraint. I do not think it would be possible for any professional writer, under the circumstances, to write so splendidly.

For some unfathomable reason, the *Times* did not print the Rosendahl story in full. And such editing as it underwent was bad—directed by a sentimentalist who sought only the overtones while he stood oblivious to the sweep of the integrated narrative. The *World* and the *Herald Tribune* carried all of the story, to their high credit.

The two professional performances to which I have referred are those of Mr. McGeehan in his story on the death of Christy Mathewson, and Edwin L. James, of the *Times*, in his despatches from the conference at Locarno.

Christy Mathewson, for all that he gained his fame in a trivial enterprise, was a noble fellow who died a noble death. It was McGeehan's task to tell us of the death, and to assure us that it was overcast with nobility of spirit. He did. Which was enough.

It will not do for me to go earnestly into the Locarno story, because I don't believe you have read it. Few people read such deeply important chronicles, because they are dry and dull. But if you have been reading it, you have no doubt observed the thoroughness with which Mr. James has trounced his veteran rivals of the *World* and the *Herald Tribune*. The voluminous facts appearing exclusively in his stories may, of course, be credited to a large and well trained staff, a thoroughgoing organization which the *Times* employs for the gathering of all important news.

But Mr. James's stories are praiseworthy in another regard: for the clear vision with which he observes the activities of the plenipotentiaries, the prescience which enables him to plumb and gauge their diplomatic sorties, and the embracing perspective he has upon the whole impressive affair. Mr. Doschfleurot of the *World*, secure in the knowledge of his own sterling worth and unflinching effectiveness, need not begrudge the Locarno victory, which has fallen to Mr. James.

—MORRIS MARKEY

## FRA~NCE

**T**O-DAY, my loves, we shall discuss France and touch on the French (nat-ives of Fra-nce) love of im-mor-al-i-ty. Fra-nce is a Gal-lic coun-try (*estaminet*) sit-u-at-ed too far north of the Tor-rid Zone and too far east of A-mer-i-ca to ac-count for the hot blood (*la pa-hine*) of the nat-ive Frog. On the map Fran-ce looks like a pic-ture of the com-pos-ite bleed-ing heart (*d'heuisè-ésissè*) of Wil-li-am Bzebe Dan-i-els. The French-man (*Frog*) is to be dis-tin-guished from the rest of stum-bling hu-man-i-ty (*franktannènbommè*) by his in-or-din-ate love of the Fre-nch (pro-duct of Fra-nce) Farce at which he spends all his waking hours, and his wor-ship of the Gra-pe (*booze*) at the im-bib-ing (*gozz-linnge*) of which he spends the rest of the night. Fran-ce was dis-cov-er-ed be-fore you knew it by Ju-li-us Cae-sar (a Ro-man) who im-me-di-ate-ly di-vid-ed it in-to three parts: one for the man-u-fac-ture of the Fren-ch farce (see ab-ove) an-oth-er for the man-u-fac-ture of the var-ia-tions on grape juice (*le cingelissè-mnetippieu*) and the third for the er-ec-tion of a great fac-tor-y to breed in-num-er-able prime min-is-ters, pol-lit-ical fac-tions, hat-red of Ger-man-y and small poin-ted beards and mous-taches (*mous-taches*).

As an ex-ample of the ex-treme ar-tis-tic in-dus-try of the French, the Farce div-is-ion turns out at least six thou-sand, three hund-red and two and a half dif-fer-ent var-i-a-tions on the sex tri-angle (  $\Delta$  ) theme eve-ry twelve hours with two shifts work-ing. These, in the long run on Broad-way, whereto they are event-u-al-ly ex-por-ted, are ex-act-ly the same in spir-it, but are heart-ily en-joy-ed by mid-dle aged A-mer-i-can moth-ers. These frau (*ces gorillissè*) love to snick-er obscenely over the hid-den euphem-isms that are pain-ful-ly ill-con-cealed by the Har-vard fresh-men trans-lat-ors.

Fra-nce is al-so rec-og-nized be-sides for the in-ven-tion of such terms as "bougwah" and "vin blink," for hav-ing been the chief fac-tor in a rec-ent con-flag-ra-tion which you may have read about and in which ten mil-lion men lost their li-ves. As her pay-ment of a spi-rit-u-al debt to the world on this ac-count, Fran-ce is ex-por-ting to her anx-i-ous-ly crav-ing cred-it-ors im-mor-al mag-a-zines for the Mid-dle West of A-mer-i-ca (*Les Boneheaderie*), shock-ing dresses, late lov-ing meth-ods, news ab-out the Ruhr, lovely nov-els, pro-bi-tive pic-tures and händ-some souvenir post card views of the Eifel To-wer (*une grandissemnet plongéré*). Con-tra-ry to rum-or she has no pro-duct known as mo-roc-an bind-ings.

The chief ex-por-ts of A-mer-i-ca to Fra-nce in-clude large bon-ed (*des groan-*

*inistes*) sin-gers who go there to im-prove their high C's (*les painfule notts*), young Kan-sas art-is-ts who leave here to dis-cov-er the Cap-it-al A in art and wear cor-du-roy smocks and bag-gy bre-ches on the Boul 'Mich', and many mil-li-ons of tour-ists (*les insensate dombelles*) who go to stu-dy re-lease of the re-pres-sion. There was an at-tempt made to in-tro-duce the uk-ul-el-e (*alohalloloola*) in-to Fra-nce but it fai-led owing to the French Ac-a-demy's in-a-bil-i-ty to reach a de-cis-ion as to wh-ether it was a mus-ical in-stru-ment or an-oth-er Ger-man plot.

Now to touch on the French love of im-mor-al-ity. Rub your hands in glee, child-ren, for you are go-ing to be re-war-ded for hav-ing been so pa-tient in wait-ing for the best part of the dis-cus-sion. In-stead of in-dul-ging in nor-mal (*grossippisse*) A-mer-i-can thoughts the Fren-ch-man is said to spend his time in lov-ing six wom-en and wives in a lump, read-ing Mau-pas-sant un-ex-pur-gat-ed, at-ten-ding the naugh-ty Folies Bergère, in-vent-ing an-oth-er way, tak-ing cham-pagne from the in-cum-bent ladies' slip-pers, ges-tur-ing in ep-i-grams (*monkee-mots*) ag-ainst A-mer-i-ca and gen-er-al-ly slip-ping from or-gie (*La Pashe*) to or-gie (*La Pache*) à la Balzac.

Now, child-ren, you can eas-i-ly see how this would af-fect the jeal-ous-y (*la graun emvèe*) of the Pur-i-tan con-science. But for any child brought up with an eye to mod-er-ni-ty, it will ap-pear that ev-en if the French-man does in-dulge in these hor-rible or-gies, they seem ra-ther tame to what the child of the teen ra-to-day. We who have been brought up in the

A-mer-i-can cin-e-ma the-atre and have read our Freud, Ebing and Ellis know bet-ter, do we not, my lambs? There-fore let us be as in-dul-gent with the poor over-rat-ed French-man as we are with our own par-ents.

The next les-son *mes enfantsterribles* will be about Ger-man-y and the Rhine Frank-fur-ter and Beer Sit-u-ation.

—THEODORE SHANE

## BUTTER AND EGG

Night clubs are my hobby;  
I like to see rural  
Oafs stand in the lobby  
And gape at a mural.

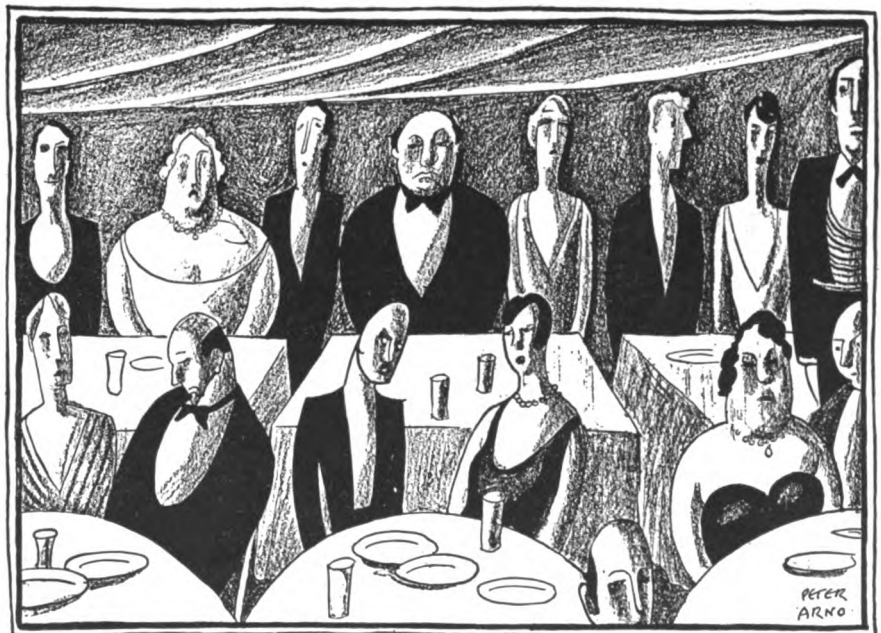
## TO MISS MANHATTAN

If skirts make maidens good or bad,  
Or long or short they be,  
And fashion's rule, subtract or add,  
Controls propriety,  
Then hey, what proper maids were they,  
And loath to have their fling,  
Whose skirts were made the modish way  
When Louis, Grand, was king.

So, Miss Manhattan, when they say  
Your morals must be slack  
Because the skirt you wear to-day  
Seems longitude to lack,  
Reply that dress has naught to do  
With morals or amours,  
For Nell Gwynne's skirt concealed her  
shoe,

And so did Pompadour's.

—ARTHUR H. FOLWELL



NIGHT LIFE



## LOVE TREATED LIGHTLY AT THE LYCEUM

*Miss Elsie Ferguson Shows Us What She Can Do When She Likes*

**M**ISS FERGUSON, as the Grand Duchess, and Mr. Basil Rathbone, as the Waiter, in the delightful comedy by Alfred Savoir, which deals with love as only God and the French know how to deal with it. The piece is not likely to

amuse those who play golf, read the *Saturday Evening Post*, woo like Englishmen, talk about Florida, or find it possible to be entertained after sundown by playing poker. It is incidentally all about the fallen Russian nobility.—R. B.



### The Theatre

THE Stagers, at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, have an interesting, honest and intelligent play to their credit in the newly-produced "A Man's Man." The rapidly growing group of readers who swear by this department's critical judgments is earnestly advised to see the new play immediately. Try not to go all on the same night, please.

"A Man's Man" is concerned with picturing a slice of what Patrick Kearney, its author, calls the middle generation, which lives along the elevated. For the purpose there are revealed *Melville Tuttle* and *Edie Tuttle*, man and wife, God help them, he an ignorant, hopeless, analphabetic clerk with social visions of membership in the Elks, she a wistful, pathetic, frustrated pretty girl with a delusion that she resembles Mary Pickford and is thereby destined to win fame and fortune in the movies. So she is first act intermissioned by a loud, noisy vulgar fellow who promises her stardom and heavy wages, but it turns out that he is as unable to deliver these consummations as he is to get *Melville* into the Elks, which was yet another sideline promise he has made. *Melville*, a physical weakling, is utterly unable to impose the bodily torture demanded by the code of despoilers of the hearth. And for the final curtain, then, they are revealed with even their petty pretenses to each other stripped from them, hopeless and tired and beaten in their own right and yet clothed in the warm, dishonest glow of one of the greatest of the great frauds and delusions, the hope for the children who will come after them.

It is not a particularly pretty play, obviously, though it is unpretty more by what it indicates than by any actual sordidness in the writing. Mr. Kearney, save for some attempts to indicate the boob nature of his leading protagonists with oft-tried satirical mat-

ter that he is unable to handle, has written his play in a straightforward and one-dimensional manner, content to show the measure of their unhappiness by their pathetic attempts to manufacture it from the scanty materials of life with which a Divine Providence has seen fit to supply them. They are third-rate people, the Tutttles of the world, and Mr. Kearney has rightly realized that they shall no more make a higher grade than, to make a display of erudition, a rich man shall enter Heaven by lifting by his boot-straps. (Any Tutttles who subscribe to THE NEW YORKER are advised that it's all in fun.)

There are two fine bits of acting to the proceedings at the Fifty-second Street Theatre. They are by Dwight Frye and by Josephine Hutchinson and the final quiz at the end of the term will contain questions about both of them. Mr. Frye, you must know if you've been going anywhere at all except the National Winter Garden these last few years, is a fine actor always. Here he has a human part and he makes the most of it. Miss Hutchinson, except during a brief raid with the Ram's Head Players last Spring, has not been seen on New York stages before. She is beautiful, direct, intense and possessed of the emotional reserve that this department has just about decided must be a part of the equipment of any actress who wants its coveted Gold Star Award.

There is much in "A Man's Man" that meets the requirements of the many shouters for good native drama. They should rally to its support. If they don't, this department will try to leave passes in their name in the

limbo reserved for revivals of "A Little Bit of Fluff," "Flesh" and "Jane—Our Stranger."

VERY amusing time is to be had at the Lyceum, where now there is Elsie Ferguson in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter." This will be true even for those who, like this department, have these many years deep in their hearts known that their violent enthusiasm was not, after all, for Elsie Ferguson the actress.

George Jean Nathan will let you know how closely Arthur Richman's adaptation has followed Alfred Savoir's original, (and then, if you care about those things, you can look it up yourself and find out how nearly right he is). Faithful to the French or not, Richman has turned out an agreeable piece of work. There is the opportunity for a happy leer on the face of the observer who watches Basil Rathbone incognito (he's really the son of a President of Switzerland) attempt and achieve the conquest of the *Grand Duchess Xenia*, (Miss Ferguson). And nothing can be a really bad play that gives Allison Skipworth, as a lady in waiting, the opportunity to denounce the terrible Petrograd Summer of 1917 when her innocence was taken advantage of by brutal red soldiery, several times.

It is perhaps too much to hope that Miss Ferguson will read these obscure lines. But if someone should call them to her attention—won't she please ask Mr. Gilbert Miller, or Mr. George C. Tyler, to revive some good Restoration play for her? This department is prepared to furnish a list.

MAN and boy, we had seen one "Hamlet" up to Saturday night, October 10. Walter Hampden's, on the night of October 10, was the second. With luck, there will be no more. Unless, of course, Ethel Barrymore goes in for playing *Ophelia* as a regular occupation.



Miss Barrymore as *Ophelia* provided this deponent with one of the greatest joys of his theatre going life. As if by magic, the years dropped from his shoulders, the gray left his hair, those telltale wrinkles vanished from around his eyes, and no longer was his mind full of thoughts of mergers and nasty old bonds and the thousand other worries of the work-a-day world. He was young again, and there was beauty and grace and sweetness and a voice like silver in an endless world.

We have, as aforesaid, seen "Hamlet" once before and have even read it, college entrance requirements being what they are. It is not for us. We dare say Mr. Hampden was pretty good.

AT the Lyric there is a good musical play called "Holka Polka." There has been some denunciation of the piece because it has no book at all, but we think denunciation of this kind is ill-advised. It might have had a book. The Harrolds, Orville and Patti, are in it and as tuneful as could be desired. There are three or four good songs, and one of them, "Spring in Autumn," was equally as good when, under the name of "Save a Kiss for Rainy Weather," it was the song hit of a Century Roof revue called "Round the Town" that was foully done to death by as unintelligent and corrupt a set of reviews as New York's newspapers have ever printed.—H. J. M.

#### To Be Reviewed Later:

"Craig's Wife," "Weak Sisters," "The Glass Slipper," "Arabesque," "The Enemy," "Antonia," "Lucky Sam MacCarver."

#### Music

OUR Society for the Suppression of Sonatas is making progress, thank you, and we are pleased to an-

nounce the election of Miss Katherine Gorin and Mr. George Liebling to honorary memberships. Miss Gorin contrived to give a piano recital without one of those youknows on it, and Mr. Liebling also provided an afternoon's music without benefit of dirgey. Mr. James Friskin has been designated an associate member, having played Beethoven's G major sonata, Opus 14, No. 2, a little work which is so charming that you'd never suspect it of being a sonata. The other pianists of the season, to the time that we typed out this report,—the Messrs. Harris, Rubinstein and Ziegler—must wait for another meeting of our membership committee. Mr. Harris was blackballed for the Brahms second sonata, Mr. Rubinstein for the Liszt, and Mr. Ziegler for the last Beethoven.

The season's first week of piano playing, by the way, brought to public notice a variety of artists, all of whom were fully justified in hiring a hall and sending tickets to the critics. Mr. Liebling, one of the few Liszt pupils extant, placed before us his own "Heroic" concerto, with his gifted nephew, Mr. Leonard Liebling, furnishing the orchestral background at a second piano. The Liebling concerto suffered, of course, from lack of fiddles, trumpets, clarinets and other instrumental accessories, although the younger Mr. Liebling did all that anyone could have asked to fill the want. This "Heroic" is good, sound, tuneful music of the old school. The modernists may make snoots at it and the classicists may deplore the sentimental passages, but it comes off, which, after all, is the test of a concerto. The composer-pianist played it as the pianists who have become almost legendary were supposed to play—with the "velvet touch," the "pearly passages," the "crisp octaves" and all of the rest of the virtues whose passing our piano professor used to mourn. There was a bit of patronizing commendation from some of the critics,

but Mr. Liebling's pianism needs no apologist.

Miss Gorin, a débutante, experimented with a set of Haydn variations which were not her business—variations really are nobody's business—and with Brahms, who also does not yet make her feel at home. Her Chopin, however, proved that she is a performer of definite merits, and she may in a few years develop into a pianist like that able artist, Olga Samaroff, whom, incidentally, she resembles in her stage manner and possibly in appearance. We don't mind telling you when a tenor looks like a saxophone king, but we're not going to compare ladies.

Mr. Harris was discussed genially, as we recall it, in last week's *NEW YORKER*. Mr. Rubinstein, always a sound young artist, is beginning to find a place of his own. He plays brilliantly and lyrically, and if he will consider himself herewith absolved from future performances of such compositions as the Liszt sonata, he will meet with the success which he deserves. Mr. Friskin is about the best Bach and early Beethoven player in our town, and the only competitors that he has anywhere, to our knowledge, are Wanda Landowska and Harold Samuel. But Mr. Friskin plays everything well and his only flaw seems to be psychological rather than musical; he seems to hesitate to let himself go in romantic music, although his Bach has delicious abandon. Nevertheless, ladies and gentlemen, here is a pianist for you!

Our last victim for this installment is Oscar Ziegler, a Swiss artist of rather imposing technical attainments, who horrified some of the folks by interleaving the Seven Short Pieces of Honegger with seventeenth and eighteenth century music. To be reasonably honest with you, a string of Honegger is rather taxing and so is a load of passacaglias, ariettas, giges and the like. Mr. Ziegler's notion



of alternating the Honegger business with Scarlatta, Rossi, Arne and their fellows, seemed to us quite diverting, and certainly not monotonous. One of the Honegger pieces, in keeping with the tradition of modern French music, was an amusing transcription of "Chinatown. My Chinatown."

—R. A. S.

### Art

WHEN the coming elections are over and the new voting machines idle for a year, we are going to ask for a loan of them for a little project of ours. It's about time for some sort of a plebiscite to determine how many painters there should be per thousand of population. It seems to us that the local quota is becoming oversubscribed. Perhaps a better plan would be to draw lots and move some of the artists to the less afflicted parts.

As New York gets wickeder and the population increases, artists spring up over night like mushrooms. An exchange system whereby New York ships back one artist for every ten grain and cattle men the West sends on to see the nude revues, might be arranged without bloodshed and with benefit to the West. We are confronted, as we usually are every other week, with one of those viewpoints that seem exactly opposite to the smug apperceptions with which we went to bed the night before. Tingling with the taste of raw America, rising from the mail pouches, canal boats and boot-black stands and putting its soul on canvas, we suddenly find we are fed up. If they would only vary the story we might go on for weeks blowing the trumpet and marching around the walls. But about the next time another great soul pulls itself out of the direness of life, by chinning himself on mere paint brushes, we shall flop to the Macbeth and Milch forces. We are very unfair, we know; but that's how we live with ourself.

It's about time you knew: the exhibit is at the Weyhe Galleries, paintings and drawings of Eva Bernstein. List to her story. Out of Russia, via the overcrowded Volga boat, she came to the East Side. Three little strangers came to bless her idleness. When these were through "ateing op all the eppelsauce," Eva turned to art. This, I believe, is her first show. When Eva turns to flowers we think she is good. She has a fine feeling for form and balance and she sculptures



out her tables and vases. Outside, with Provincetown before her, she is very weak Rockwell Kent plus less than two per cent Gregoriev. Go see her show and call us a two-faced liar. Don't call attention of the Lucy Stone League to it, but we feel that women turning to oils for outlet, become even tighter and more repressed than man's civilization has made them. Mary Cassat excepted.

THERE is a beautiful show for those who ride in carriages and remember when they dined at Delmonicos, etc., at Arthur H. Harlow & Co. The exhibit is of etchings and dry point and drawings in color by Hester Flood. The former never depart from tradition, are soft and persuasive, and are always as lovely as their subjects. They are the sort to make the traveled swell with mild pride and the poor to blink with envy. The names roll off the catalogue: Cloisters at Gravedona, Carcassone, Les St. Maries de la Mer, Villeneuve-Avignon, and so on and so on. Once or twice among the drawings we were about to shout and say here she has shot the works. But on closer inspection we found that she has been as careful and as historical as she has in her other calculations. It was only that the scene photographed was more robust. A pleasing show, and elegant.

A FAR cry from the Geneva conferences and the headlines that daily tell you of the sweet German moods, is the bitter irony of Forain. In a comprehensive exhibit at Frederick Keppel & Co., the Frenchman vents all the ardor of a non-combatant. Not that he was. They should be considered as art, of course, but since

all the subjects are of the war, it is difficult to look at them only in terms of line and form. Forain has that rarest of gifts, economy. Combine that with a beauty of line and the merest hint of color, and you have his story.

THE Macbeth Gallery announces a group of "American Masterpieces generously loaned by a private collector of Homer, Inness, Wyant, Brush, not for sale and exhibitd solely for the enjoyment of lovers of best American paintings." The quotes are theirs and we can add nothing to their story.

And that would be about the week, what with a few exhibits ending before you get this fallible guide. If you have not seen the Bellows exhibit once you should do so immediately. It will probably be years before you have such an opportunity of seeing Bellows in this number and arrangement. At the Metropolitan until November 22.—M. P.

### Books

HERE, for a change, are some of the new non-fiction books worth looking at. Two that anyone with an eye and an ear is likely to carry home are "The Prince of Wales and Other Famous Americans" (*Knopf*), which is sixty-six of Covarrubias's caricatures, and "The Book of American Negro Spirituals" (*Viking Press*), which is sixty-one of those, words, music and special musical arrangements.

"The Drifting Cowboy" (*Scribner's*) is more of the writing and drawing of Will James, who with "Cowboys, North and South" and this book does for the present day range rider what "The Log of a Cowboy" did for his Long Trail predecessor, and does it much better than Andy Adams was able to; we could read him and look at his bucking broncs all night. J. Lucas-Dubreton's "Samuel Pepys" (*Putnam*) is a spirited French evocation of Pepys as amorist. Edith Wharton on "The Writing of Fiction" (*Scribner's*) is interesting of course, even though she says comparatively little that an intelligent professor with a Henry-Jamesian outlook on fiction could not have said, except in her appreciation of Marcel Proust.

"If I May" is still another bookful of A. A. Milne's essays and sketches; these are more recent and were not



LO, THE POOR INDIAN!

*A poignant moment from "The Vanishing American," a sentimental recounting of white man's injustice towards a dwindling people, told in movie terms on an impressive background of Western Scenic Splendors.*

contributed to *Punch*. Our favorite among them is "A Village Celebration," which we like as well as anything of Milne's in its line we know. And "Here's Ireland," by Harold Speakman (*Dodd, Mead*) is the alert, engagingly written and most entertaining record of a Summer's travels with a donkey—in contrast to the usual, *My Impressions-of-Ireland* volume, which is written by the donkey about politics.

**T**HE foregoing will betray an attempt to escape for a week from reading novels. We couldn't, altogether. In two cases we were glad we had not. "Saïd the Fisherman," by Marmaduke Pickthall (*Knopf*) appears to be brand new only in this American edition, but if Pickthall is new to you, as he was to us, you had better sample him. Saïd is at once a real Arab, a romantic superior to Knoblock's Hajj, and the makings for a possible Syrian Peer Gynt. You will not need E. M. Forster's assurance that Pickthall's Near East is genuine. Bulk for bulk, Paul Morand's novel, "Lewis and Irene" (*Boni & Liveright*) is less fun than

his best short stories, yet it should enlarge the horizons of youngsters who have never come across him, and are mistaking certain imaginative young Englishmen for the real thing.

Hugh Walpole adroitly hints in his dedication that for aught he knows, his "Portrait of a Man With Red Hair" (*Doran*) is allegorical. It obviously is, but the allegory doesn't amount to much compared to his bold experiment in the eerie; the Man With Red Hair is a horrible sadist, with a torture tower and two jiu-jitsu experts to assist him. There is gooseflesh in the tale and plenty of it, especially where the deliverance of a girl from his power is spoiled by a fog. But with all this apparatus and resort to melodrama, it didn't raise our hair as effectually as Walpole had by the simplest means in "The Old Ladies," when Agatha prowled at midnight into the room of the terrified May.—TOUCHSTONE

*Motion Pictures*

**F**ROM the skyline ballyhooping which preceded it, "The Vanishing American," now safely ensconced at the Criterion, augured something

in the way of the mighty history of a passing race. It turns out to be, however, a Famous Players version of the "Indian Love Call," based on a Laura Jean Libby treatment of miscegenation, with a dash of subtitle writer's philosophy and a lot of glorious scenic beauty thrown in for good measure. Not forgetting, to be sure, Mr. Zane Grey's acting as author-god-papa to the whole mince-pie.

Such being the case, it would seem that honors should go to the weighty-minded subtitle gentleman and his ally, Dame Nature. In conjunction with that Lady, he has limned, rather loosely perhaps, but always interestingly, the genesis of the Redman from somewheres behind a rock and followed him up to the heights of power and then down to the depths of reservations. But here, with the advent of the domineering white man, the philosophic writer goes overboard and Mr. Zane Grey takes full command. The tale, hereon, is written to amuse the young ladies at Miss Spence's Fine School, who like to have a good cry in bed before they fall asleep.

It has to do with an unscrupulous reservation agent (as played poorly



indeed by Noah Beery) who cheats and bullies the poor Indians, fallen from wood-majesty to field-peasantry. Nophaie, last of a race of legendary Red heroes, (as played by Richard Dix with as sour a face as was ever intended to suggest an Indian with an outraged sense of justice), champions them, only to lose his life in quelling an uprising. By his little generous act, Nophaie succeeds in saving his people for a quiet slipping into oblivion. He also nips in the bud that case of miscegenation which has been developing between himself and the pretty schoolmistress who wears high heels and a marcel on the reservation and who has taught him all about the Bible.

From which it can be seen how profoundly the idea of the disappearance of a once mighty race is brought out. As far as truth or profundity is concerned the Miss Spence's tale might as well have been termed, "The Vanishing Cigar Store Indian."

AS the centuries vainly chase each other into the oblivion of eternity, they tell us that life is forever being created, forever dying. All is in a state of flux; everywhere there is endless change, newness, movement. And further, they tell us, the world of spirit moves: upward and higher, who knows? Yet one human phenomenon prefers to defy the laws of life and remain statically placid. We refer to Miss Mary Pickford, Amer-

ica's Sweetheart. She alone, in all the chaotic swirling, continues to perform as the ageless screen child, the grown woman who refuses to lengthen her skirts and be mature, preferring to usurp the throne from which she was deposed years ago by Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan. The formula for her cinematic placidity repeats and repeats. She is forever playing the street gamin who rises from social squalor to social gifts. There is no evolution of mind, no thought that the world may have advanced a bit, no spirit of adventure into something more intelligent. O the profound bliss of it all! O marvel of keeping so young! Of being able to retain such sweet simplicity in a world that heaves with war, accounting and subway construction!

Which will be about all from us. We merely are trying to announce that Miss Mary Pickford is to be seen at the Strand in her latest work, "Little Annie Rooney."

BUT three more rosy-cheeked apples remain for dissection and then you may go, Little Soldiers. First, at the Rivoli, is a specially-prepared piece written by Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer for Miss Pola Negri. She appears as "The Flower of the Night," named after a mine of the same appellation. Two things impress one about the affair. One is that Miss Negri actually exudes sensual appeal as no marble Venus ever did, and that Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer ought to know better. He has come a long way

from such a startling type of picture as was "Wild Oranges" and seems somewhat under the influence of Mr. Zane Grey. "Fine Clothes," at the Capitol is number two. This semi-comedy derives from Ferenc Molnar's stagework, known first as "Fashions For Men," and later, when the purer appeal wore off, as "Passions for Men." As it now stands, it rates a C plus, being rather lukewarm and slow for a good two-thirds of its path and suddenly warming up into gay satiric life at the end. Here it plays just about as Molnar himself meant it to play and the Pennsylvania Board of Censors will object to its being played. Raymond Griffith is to be found in the All-American cast, but he appeared rather misfit in his part. Which brings us to "The Best People" and then school is dismissed. This particular apple, is a gift from Avery Hopwood to the Paramount Corporation. But during the unfolding of the tale of a rich father who neglects his children and so leaves them to be preyed on by chorus girls and chauffeurs, Mr. Hopwood has neglected to employ his favorite prop, the bed, or *lit*, as the French quaintly put it. And he really ought to have done so, for the picture needs something to rest on lest it collapse from pure feebleness.

—T. S.

●  
Goings On, THE NEW YORKER's selective list of the current week's events, will be found on page 34, the list of new books worth while on page 36.

## METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

IT TAKES ALL KINDS  
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

THERE is, for instance, the Book Borrower. Whilst she is giving you the details of the Brompton divorce Or telling you how well her little sewing-woman (Why are by-the-day seamstresses always diminutive?) Copied the brown Molyneux at Bendel's, She browses along your shelves Taking down volumes here and there Without putting any of them back, So that the next time you look for "Modern Bridge Tactics" You are likely to find it, few servants being college graduates, Next to the comedies of Aristophanes. She invariably carries away something you haven't read yet— Louis Bromfield's "Possession," Elinor Wylie's "The Venetian Glass Nephew," Or Mrs. Arnold Bennett's discourse on her husband. She contributes another slab to a celebrated pavement By promising to return it on Thursday. If "Human Traits and Their Social Significance" were a snake, etc.

But it's just your luck that it's not.

There is also the Scissors Man. He arrives at an inconvenient morning hour Inquiring if you have anything to be sharpened, And since there seems to be something in a parlormaid's religion Which requires her to cut rose stems with library shears And point pencils with a fruit-parer, You usually have. The Scissors Man disappears with your assembled cutlery. He returns with it after a brief interval Asking from three to five dollars for his services. . . . Well, the Bible is right about a great many things. "Agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou art in the way with him," Especially if he is a temperamental Italian Armed with your own Steinached butcher knife. It is certainly wiser to believe one's ears Than to have them sliced off.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS  
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

—BAIRD LEONARD



## TABLES for TWO

THE Park Avenue season is now officially started, though its prize ringside exhibits are not as yet to be seen dinner-dancing with any great regularity. And, right here and now, I am beginning my little campaign to refute bitter charges that I never write up good places, such as Sherry's, the Marguery, Pierre's, the Piping Rock, and so on. The difficulty has been that I have been so enthusiastic over the opening of the new night clubs and the rejuvenation of the town after its Summer's calm, that I have not felt like settling down to an investigation of places so uniformly good that everybody takes them for granted.

Last week, however, I dutifully went to Pierre's for dinner. This restaurant has always depressed me a great deal, but it has been sternly pointed out to me on numerous occasions that nobody goes to Pierre's for a gay time. The real people go there to be among people they know and to feel at home. And the others are there to see the place where society dines, and go away feeling very much out of it. To me, in my present gay and dashing mood, the main attraction of any dining and dancing place outside the home is an audience containing (a) a few theatrical people of the better sort, (b) a few ultrasmart members of society, (c) one young couple who dance as if they enjoyed it. Other people, who are less gay or less dashing, however, do not feel the same way. Since its removal to Park Avenue after the war, Pierre's is the miracle of the restaurant world in that it consistently attracts the most conservative members of good society. This despite the fact that the food is admittedly only fair and the acoustics are so bad that rather indifferent dance

music, voices, and clattering dishes make a veritable din about your ears. A great many people agree with me that it is dull and that it can never hope to equal its model, the old Sherry's, but the Best People continue to entertain there for lunch and dinner regardless. And if you don't like it, you know what you can do.

I CAN'T help it if places like Katinka (newly reopened for its second season) interest and amuse me much more than the conventional evening just described. I like music, and informality, and gaiety. All of these are to be found in large quantities at this tiny Russian restaurant, where, directly after a heartrending presentation by the orchestra of the Volga Boat Song, in a romantic dim light, the table next to you is quite likely to amuse the Russians in turn by agonized renditions of "Sweet Adeline."

There is dancing at intervals, while the orchestra, in its quaint Slav way, claps enthusiastically and occasionally bellows in a manner most complimentary to the Harvard proprietors, "If you knew Susie, as I know Susie—" There are special sandwiches à la Katinka, compounded of red caviar, chicken, black caviar, and bacon, which are delicious but substantial. Also, a dish called "Flaming Mushrooms" which I valiantly ate directly after my sandwich with some effort. The entertainment is endlessly resourceful—vaudeville of the Chauve-Souris type, a spectacular dance by the bus boy on request, gypsy singing, and impromptu entertainment by any guests so inclined.

Most Russian places are distinctly soulful after midnight—Katinka allows you to remain soulful just long enough to appreciate the noise that

follows. It stays open until about four on week day nights, and, on Saturdays, just as long as the guests choose to stay. It is also open for dinner, which I have not tried, but which undoubtedly is good. Pardon my youthful enthusiasm. Go and see for yourself.

THE Club Alabam has recently enriched the night life of New York by a new negro revue, which I will not recover from in some time.

Why, why, why do producers make up a negro show of Limehouse tragedies in pantomime, Moorish pageants, and Spanish fiestas? Why do they put the greatest natural entertainers in the world to work at copying second-rate vaudeville whites? If it hadn't been for the fact that I got terribly hungry at about two o'clock and had, in this way, remained to see the 2:30 show, I would have been acutely miserable. But at 2:30, the entertainers burst forth with some inspired buck and wing dancing, some slightly ribald blue songs, and a great amount of pep, thereby saving my life. The Alabam has been completely done over in Spanish style, with colored imitations of Hunt Diedrich's bull fight iron work along the walls. The orchestra, which is as good as ever, wears gold braid on its uniforms. The feature of the decoration, however, is the fact that the lighting makes your cigarette burn with a white phosphorescent light. Which in itself is worth going miles to see.

Dinner is served there Sunday evenings from six to nine o'clock which is a good thing to know if you happen to have a restless escort on your hands.

LATE in the month, Robert of the L'Élysée is opening the Restaurant Robert, at 35 West Fifty-fifth Street. The decorator is Winold Rice, who decorated the Crillon, and who promises a unique color scheme of purple and apple green. This, combined with financial backing from very good people, and Robert's expert knowledge of French cooking should make the new restaurant a smart gathering place.

Rumor also hath it that Don Dickerman, scientist with the Beebe expedition and proprietor of the Pirate's Den, is making Hallowe'en eve memorable by a new place called the County Fair and decorated accordingly. At 54 East Ninth Street.

—LIPSTICK



# THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

## XI. The "New Yorkerette"

IN order to increase the healthy spirit of coöperation among the Pressmen of THE NEW YORKER and cement their friendship for this magazine, the editors have permitted these workers each week to publish THE NEW YORKERETTE, a miniature NEW YORKER, containing the gossip of the Pressrooms. The circulation of this little publication among the men employed in this branch of THE NEW YORKER's vast plant alone is bigger than the New York Times and Herald Tribune combined, probably by Mr. Munsey. As an example of the coöperative spirit of a great magazine, we are privileged to offer below some sample pages of



### THE TALK OF THE PRESS-ROOM

#### Watch Your Step, Johnny

The Annual Outing of the Press-room Boys at Palisades Amusement Park last week has given rise to several positively cat-like stories that are going the rounds of the shop; and at least one of them seems worthy of being printed here:

Although we mention no names, it seems that one J-hn O'T--le, who works the second linotype from the left, was very sweet with a certain young lady all the way out to the park, and then sat with her all the way home again. Now it just so happens that this young lady is the steady of a boy-friend not a hundred miles from here, who is quite clever with the gloves; and yesterday John O'Toole showed up to work with a badly discolored optic.

It doesn't take a mathematician to put two and two together—even though Johnny swears he stumbled over a chair in the dark.

#### Suspicious

Heard in the Pressroom lockers:

Harry T.: Say, why do you always go to the movies and sit in the back row, Bob?

Bob L.: Mind your ——— business!

Perhaps Mamie B. D. can shed a little light in this. How about it, Mamie?



### OF ALL THINGS

PRESSMEN STRIKE. — *Headline.*  
Two more strikes, and the public will be out!

Ben Rootle, the staff bootlegger, says he believes in ghosts. Probably he believes in *spirits!*



### PROFILES

#### Just a Good, All-Around Fellow

Opinions may differ about Mr. Randolph McAnkle, the head of our Pressroom and the man who hires us and fires us, as the case may be, (ha, ha, we were only fooling, Mr. McAnkle) but to your correspondent he is just a good, all-around fellow,



foursquare and on the level, and a perfect peach.

Yes, sir, they don't come like Mr. McAnkle, and your correspondent wouldn't have him think for the world he is just saying this to get that raise that is due him since last December.—SAM'L V. CRUPPER, JR.

### TABLES FOR TWO

The boys who step out in the pressroom will find that there is swell music and classy janes at the Roseland Dancing Academy, if they want to drop in some night after the movies; and anything goes (?!!!). Those present last night from this department included: Miss Eileen Guinnety with Chas. Roskin, of this floor, and Ed. O'Shaunnessy with a blonde; also the Mawruss Bros. who stagged it. Charlie says you got to hand it to Jo's Classy Orchestra. Right, Charlie!—LIPSTICK

### THE MAKING OF A GREAT MAGAZINE

A feature of the work of printing a great magazine like THE NEW YORKER that has been neglected in this series is where do the Pressmen get all those funny caps labeled "Moxie" and "Gold Medal Flour"? Well, as a matter of fact, those caps are given to us by the "Moxie" people as a sort of an ad, like, and we wear them. Five dollars worth of these hats, if laid end to end, would be exactly equal to a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER.

# SPORTS OF THE WEEK

**W**HERE were your seats for that Army-Notre Dame battle which took place recently at the Yankee Stadium? Mine were wonderful seats. For a World's Series. Directly behind the pitcher's box, one was in a splendid position to observe the shoots and curves of a big league boxman. But somewhat less well placed for a football game. In fact one envied the gentlemen up in those five cent seats on the elevated platform of the 168th Street Station. Perched above the Young's Hats sign in deep center, they had a perfect view of the conflict for a nickel, while those of us who had been forced to give up five dollars for seats behind home plate might as well have been sitting in Forbes' Field, Pittsburgh, for all we could see of the game. So far were we, in fact, from the scene of activities, that it was almost impossible between the halves to hear the band stationed on the Notre Dame side for the amusement of that mob of eighty thousand—probably the largest number that ever saw an athletic contest in New York City.

This Mr. Rockne, the Notre Dame coach is the David Belasco of football. His lines are perfect, his effects supreme. But this year his best efforts lacked badly that element of surprise so necessary to the proper execution of a winning football play. For instance, that dramatic effect gained by starting one team and replacing it with another team at the beginning of the next quarter. The Army expected this. So after running the first team ragged, they proceeded to score a couple of touchdowns against the newcomers. And that forward pass tossed out by Notre Dame from under the shadow of their own goal posts in the second quarter, which just missed the arms of an Army back. Again you see the opposition was ready. And speaking of forwards; the passing game for which Notre Dame is famous, and justly so, was at times distressing.

Notre Dame, so we are told by the gentlemen who write sports for the daily press, is the school where several thousand boys spend six or seven months a year tossing footballs back and forth. They run to classes throwing and catching them, they heave them across the campus to each other on the way to lunch, they run downtown passing a football through the



maze of traffic in South Bend by way of keeping in practice. At night, before going to bed they even step out in the corridors of the dormitories and throw a few passes just to keep their eyes in. But yet, against the Army, those passes refused to come off. Behind 13 to 0 in the second half, they heaved a dozen long passes, not all of them sinking into the arms of those alert backs from West Point. But several did, resulting in touchdowns. One or two were completed with long gains for Notre Dame. But far too few to have any effect on the score.

**T**HE Army, on the other hand, used the pass as they used everything else, just about as it should be used. Not an indiscriminate slinging of the ball about the field in an attempt to shake a man loose; but unexpectedly, dramatically, at the psychological moment. The pass which scored Army's second touchdown was perfectly executed. The ball was on the five yard line, fourth down, and the goal to go. The Notre Dame defense was drawn off to the left by a feint, and a short sharp stab was tossed to Captain Baxter the Army end, who stood alone behind the line with no one to prevent his receiving it. It must have done Coach MacEwan of West Point a world of good to see a play pulled off as that one was. And it was symptomatic of what was to come against Yale on the 31st of this month at New Haven, and against the Navy at the Polo Grounds on the 28th of November.

There was a dramatic moment at the start of the second quarter. "Noter Dayme" as the enthusiast beside me called it, was behind thirteen points. But a good many teams from South Bend have been in the same position and ended the game a winner. The situation was far from hopeless. When from the penetralia of locker rooms under the grandstand, Coach Rockne appeared leading his men. Marching them before the stands, he led them at a trot across the field, exhorting them as he did to greater efforts in their last opportunity of the game. They fought, that team of Rockne's, fought for all they had. But Hewitt, and Wilson, and Baxter, and the rest of the West Point team knew too much football. They had the power, and they knew just when to apply it. Notre Dame had the guts; but the Army had the goods. Which in a word explains the first victory for the Army over their rivals since 1916. A great team this one from the Plains: watch them against Yale on the 31st. . . .

**A**BOUT the time that the news of Mr. Rockne's defeat had filtered over the wires northward to New Haven, something near seventy thousand drawn spectators were getting their breath as they shouldered their way out of the Yale Bowl with the immediate score, Pennsylvania 16, Yale 13, staring down from the already deserted scoreboards. Here was the October foundation upon which two teams hoped to build a championship reputation. And the cornerstone was carved with Pennsylvania chiselled in letters too deep for even a mad bull dog to erase in the last twenty minutes of the game.

No one will question the dramatic heights of the third quarter, after the blind fury of the Elis had fought sixty yards to chalk a six opposite a sixteen, then torn down the field again, and hurled a magnificent forty yard pass, Noble to Wienecke, Noble firing through the waving arms of three Penn men, Wienecke leaping up over the heads of three more to receive safely on the two yard line. Six more minutes to play! A Yale team unleashed at last, a bewildering whirlwind of blue. And then a fumble, recovered by Penn!

No one will deny the thrill



that came when not even this could stop the desperate Yale eleven, starting a few precious minutes later from their own twenty yard line, sweeping what had seemed an unbeatable team backward down the Bowl, aerial attack after aerial attack, until Noble took his quarterback's pass on the run for a thirty yard headlong sweep over the line. Pennsylvania 16, Yale 13! Everyone felt the significance of the whistle which cut off the rally.

But there will be many, probably as many as forty thousand blue supporters through whose memory the recollection of the first half, will slip . . . a half when Leith of Pennsylvania maneuvered Rogers and the great Kruez through deceitful triple passes and, just as the Yale scientists were at work trying to solve the mystery, sent Kruez, through the wavering, puzzled line with a drive which would have carried him as many yards through sheet steel. The histrionics of the Second half make one forget the sheer smartness of the Pennsylvania team in the first. The score for sheer smartness was sixteen points; the old Yale spirit was worth thirteen.

Yale did suffer from the absence of a few. It was Allen, star back, rushed into the game at the last moment, who finally stopped Kruez' headlong career; it was Joss, coming back into the second half, who made Yale's left flank a tower of strength, as Sieracki of Pennsylvania had made his side impregnable throughout the whole game.

There were many times when that Yale team looked like one of those magnificent elevens of the "moral victory" era, lightning backs, grayhounds for ends, giants at tackles—a team individually spectacular which gained and gained, until it came time to take the profit in scoreboard figures. Never at any time did they have the perfect timing, the oiled easiness of the Penn aggregation during the first half. When they came near to winning in the third and fourth quarters, and they did come near, within three points, it was because they had something which many have lost for the lack of, that spirit which sends men back to line up with a run, which carries away adversaries with the insanity of desperation. They broke up that smooth running, smart opposition, tore it to shreds—but it had beaten them first.—J. R. T.

#### IN THE SUBWAY

I grasped her,  
I clasped her,  
I leaned upon her with all my weight,  
When the train began to accelerate;  
She almost flopped  
When the damn thing stopped.  
We reeled together out of the train,  
And I hope I never see her again.

—A. VAN STEENBERGH



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## PARIS LETTER

PARIS, OCTOBER 5—

I HAVE observed a curious phenomenon lately which I put down to a bad dinner I had last week; but the thing has come up again and so I must mention it. There's probably nothing in it, for Society, as I understand it, never really does anything daring. How could it? But it is this—the mode to-day seems to be contraries. That is to say, to be really smart you mustn't be smart at all; to be dressed in the height of fashion you must wear any old thing that looks as if your maid had given it to you.

Of course, the English have been doing that for centuries, so that most Americans expect to see Duchesses look dowdy and would be outraged to find them half as well dressed as one of our average stenographers; but in Paris! If it's true, it's certainly something new in Paris. And by the way, just to be more cussed, they say now one mustn't on any account go to Biarritz, but go to, of all places, Monte Carlo which all the world thought was ruined forever by American Red Cross nurses.

HOWEVER, don't take this too seriously. The new Chaplin film is much more important. People actually fought for entrance the other night at the opening. They applauded all during the picture, and half the house was prostrate with laughter when it was over. Marcel Duchamp brought a whole boxful of friends and the whole crowd comically went through the ceremony of wringing out their handkerchiefs after having tried in vain to dry their tears of joy. As for other amusement, it appears to be the thing to go to a music hall. The most mighty swells attend; the kind of people you never see on the street anywhere in Europe. At the moment the entire city is quivering with excitement over the Fakir, Tahra Dey. He has been at the Champs Elysées Theatre, and has attracted the whole world. His dressing room, we are told, is filled with flowers sent with little warm notes from Princesses, Countesses, and others not less elevated; and he has been entertained in royal ways that would leave the finite American mind utterly flabbergasted. One night he was seen at The Florida with Georgette La Blanc and a party, the next night at the Acacias with Cecile Sorel and other notables. On the stage he affects a saint-like mien and a mystical flowing white robe; he stands with folded hands with eyes turned heavenward, even while they poke twelve-inch hat pins through his cheeks and gleaming daggers through his throat. Comes the dawn, as the movies say, and you see a rather short

man with a short beard in European clothes inclined to prosaic plumpness. I suppose he can't help that, though.

And he's coming to New York, at what is said to be a colossal figure. The idea is that American audiences are less difficult than French. The French audiences are horribly difficult. The moment one of the Fakir's tricks drag they begin to hiss and boo. But nevertheless they love him, which I don't think the Americans who have been educated by Mr. Houdini will do.

Also coming is Maurice Rostand, son of the immortal Edmund, for the Winter season. He is one of the most amusing young men in Parisian literary, or, to be more exact, aesthetic circles. He is truly the *poète fatale*, although short with squarish shoulders; he is always a study in black and white, he wears very high heels, he rarely covers his long black hair with a hat, and he tosses his locks much in the manner of our own Edna Millay. He also is one of the few people alive who can wear a flowing tie and give the impression that it is the most natural sort of thing to do. When he recites his poetry, he slips out on to the stage, almost surreptitiously, and stands quite at one side before a blue-bordered, grey velvet curtain, clasping the drapery with his wan, pale hands. It's quite something to look at as well as to hear, and one succumbs even if one doesn't understand half of what he says. Audiences declare they choke and turn hot and cold freely while listening to him.

Which is enough of personalities—except that there is one George Antheil, a jazzmaniac, who has written a ballet called "Mechanique." It is really very wonderful. It sounds like three people: one pounding on an old boiler, one grinding a model 1890 coffee grinder, and one blowing the usual seven o'clock factory whistle and ringing the bell that starts the New York Fire department going in the morning. It's good but awful.

THERE has been no great piece of news in either social or night club life in the last two weeks. Racing, of course, goes on until either the track or the spectators freeze. At Longchamps on Sunday, in spite of chattering teeth, there was a huge crowd and a gay one. The Dolly sisters wore velvet wraps of autumnal colors, red and brown, with very narrow fur collars and cuffs. The Princess Michel Murat was there, but she refused to leave her box, although it would have been warmer to have done so (everybody else was jumping up and down and swinging their arms to keep the blood going). So I can't tell how her skirt hung. I saw



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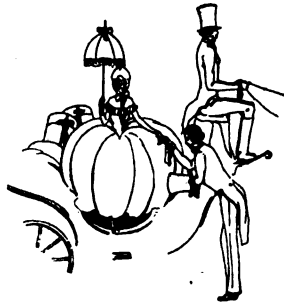
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Ogden Mills, Mrs. Esmond O'Brien, the Barcaly Warburtons, and Muriel McCormick, the last looking exactly like Mary Garden from the back—the same manner of dressing, the same charming Continental bow from the waist. Also noted was Kelekian, the autocratic art dealer, betting on everybody's horses except his own; and Madame Alma Clayburg saying good-bye to so many friends that she couldn't be bothered watching the races.

**L**AST but not least this week is the Autumn Salon, which opened the other day and is, if possible, more cubical than ever Salon was before. Who said cubism was dying? After looking at the 3,000-odd canvases, you go out with a feeling that one of your eyes may be orange and the other pink and that one of your shoulders is certainly six inches higher than the other. There's an enormous list of exhibitors, and among them Paul Tchelitcheff, a young Russian who has worked with the Blue Bird in Berlin and the Russian ballet; he has two very quaint pictures indeed, and the point is, you will probably see them in New York this Winter.

**I**'M sorry I can't talk about the American scourge. Americans are still here in plenty, but the worst is over, and Parisians are having to find something else to complain about. There's always the debt to go gloomy about, of course; but the most disturbing news of the week, to me at any rate, has been that the Paris perfumers are launching a campaign to bring make-up for men back into vogue. Men did it in the days of Louis, so why not now? It isn't at all improbable that lipsticks for men—a larger size—will be shown in the windows in the next few months. Can you imagine what some of our big hotels will look like at convention time if the fad takes in America? In all seriousness, however, it may happen to Frenchmen.—GENET

## BECOMING AN OATS ROLLER

**T**HE position of Oats Roller in an Oatmeal factory is one that is seldom sought after by young men, yet it is a calling that will well pay investigation. As is well known, when the oat is brought to the factory, it is long and narrow and pointed at both ends. In this form, of course, it cannot be used as a breakfast food. It would not go down with the general public any more than a long, narrow pointed pill would. So the oat, to be properly prepared for consumption, must be rolled into a circular shape.

In ancient times oats were made round by dropping them, one by one, from a

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high tower, but this process proved so slow that something had to be done to speed up production. So the modern method of rolling the oats along a polished plane something like a bowling alley came into general use.

But the young man who is desirous of adopting oats rolling as a career should not start with the idea that it is a soft snap. The work is grueling at times; and upon all occasions, care must be taken that no curve is caused by the roller's method of delivery. The oat must leave the hand at the head of the alley in such a manner that it does not vary a hairbreadth from a straight line during its progress to the bin at the other end. The slightest curve will naturally make the oat unfit for use. Thus it can be seen that oat rolling is a very skillful profession. The roller must have absolute control of his fast one at all times.

Any athletic young man, however, who is a clean liver, should be able to become a successful oats roller. And while the monetary rewards are not, perhaps, as great as those given a big league pitcher, they are adequate for one to live comfortably upon, when it is taken into consideration that all factories in this business give the roller his oatmeal free.

—F. B. M.

THE NEW YAWKER

Yeah, I books a six weeks' tour up  
And I hops across to Europe  
Just to give 'em the once over—what I mean;  
And I heard some school-marms ravin'  
Over this, now, Stratford-Avon,  
But I wasn't sold at all on what I seen.

Take, for instance, Picadilly,  
Old Fifth Av'noo knocks it silly;  
As for bridges, you just wanna make me laugh;  
London Bridge ain't got a look in  
With the Williamsburg or Brooklyn—  
Wait a minute, I ain't even told you half.

Yeah, of course I went to Paris  
Where I runs across Sid Harris,  
And we spent a week in takin' in the shows;  
Some of them was good, by gollies,  
But they couldn't touch the Follies  
Or compare at all with "Abie's Irish Rose."

Ever been there? No? Now lissen,  
Ain't a thing that you been missin';  
Little old New Yawk's got 'em—what I mean;  
Nice and Mentone both are phony  
When you stack 'em 'longside Coney—  
No. I wasn't sold at all on what I seen.

—FRED G. STEELMAN

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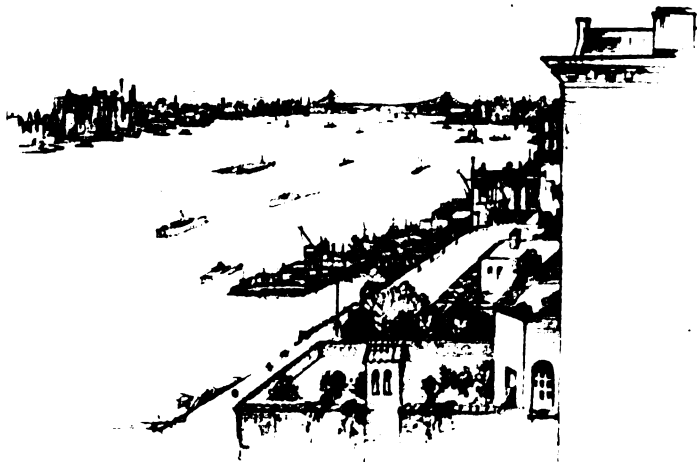
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### FUTURE OF THE FILMS

**T**HE controversy concerning the future of the movies is now in full swing and, while we do not agree entirely with either side, a study of developments during the past fifteen years convinces us that the future holds only the brightest promise for movie-goers. As an expert we have been asked to give our opinion of the radical changes which the movie-going public may confidently hope for during the fifteen years to come. We are glad to comply, with the understanding, however, that we do not guarantee the exact time in which these changes will occur. But we are confident they will occur ultimately, no matter how dark the outlook may be at present. Our Prophecy of Progress is as follows:

1926—The word "occurred" spelt properly in subtitle. "Just We Two" filmed with 12,000 men and 3,500 horses.

1927—Audience fails to snicker when drinking scene in saloon is enacted. "The Choir Invisible" filmed with 13,000 men in the choir, but without horses. Jack Pickford fired.

1928—Taxi fails to appear when hero rushes excitedly out of house and beckons with finger. News reel without picture of Elks marching in Sacramento.

1929—Will Hays resigns. "Alone on a Desert Isle" filmed with 15,000 men and 5,000 horses. Jack Holt goes to Africa for five years' rest.

1930—Newspaper refuses article concerning intellectuality of Charlie Chaplin. Gang leader wears hat instead of of cap.

1931—Director learns there are no burros in Alaska. Director learns that Santa Fé doesn't run passenger trains into New York. Director learns that side-wheelers don't cross Atlantic.

1932—Prisoner to be hanged in morning doesn't see shadow of gallows on floor of cell. Director learns that prison warden doesn't carry thirty or forty keys on large ring. Al Woods announces he will stick to speaking stage.

1933—Character looks at number on house and goes immediately to door without looking at card, pointing to number, glancing at card, placing foot on step, examining card, and then going slowly up steps.

1934—Detectives fail to remove hats in presence of dead gangster.

1935—Orchestra leader comes out of side of pit and takes his place without calcium following him. News reel without picture of baffling blaze in Bangor. Animated cartoon without comical-looking dog balancing self on end of tail.

1936—Busy Captain of Industry eats grapefruit without looking at watch six times. Star breaks ankle while sitting on it in an endeavor to be cute. While

showing man through dark aisle usher flashes light in front of him instead of in back.

1937—Shortage in celluloid. Ushers hold incoming crowds back out of aisles until outgoing ones have departed. Party of four finds seats together.

1938—Newspaper refuses article on "How to Break Into the Movies." Brave cowboy doesn't make light of injury and attempt to conceal it from heroine. Three performing dogs have mange and will never be able to act again.

1939—Celluloid shortage acute. Jack Holt cables that he has decided to live in Africa permanently. Winter news reel without picture of skiing in Quebec.

1940—No celluloid obtainable. Film industry at standstill.

—JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

HOME SWEET HOME

(The Russian Colony in New York is greatly interested in the announcement from Leningrad that the prohibition restrictions which have been in force throughout the country for eleven years have just been removed.—*News Item.*)

WHOOPSKI comrades, hear the news!

Russia's started selling booze!  
 No more do they think it sinful  
 To obtain a royal skinful;  
 No more is it any riski  
 To surround a drink of whisky;  
 No more will you get the knout  
 If you seek to ease your drought;  
 We can all get drunkovitch  
 (We can sleepoff in a ditch);  
 If a Cossack should get mad,  
 We will tell him, "So's your dad!"  
 Down the steppes we all can roll—  
 Folks will only think it droll;  
 O'er the Nevsky Prospect wide  
 We can dance from side to side;  
 Up and down the Kremlin's walls  
 Let us roll the cannon balls!  
 What a time we all will have—  
 Russians never will be Slav!  
 A cafe, or cafeteria  
 We can start—and no Siberia!  
 Let us run our bags to pack,  
 Take the next boat going back.  
 We'll shut up our tea rooms here,  
 Cease our selling nearly-beer.  
 Let us leave the U. S. A.,  
 Quickly wend our homeward way.  
 Who cares for a Bolshevik or  
 Anything where there is liquor?  
 Hic-hic-hurrahsky! Sound the drum!  
 Look out Vodka, here we come!

—A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.

DEFINITIONS

Commuter

Commuter—one who spends his life  
 In riding to and from his wife;  
 A man who shaves and takes a train  
 And then rides back to shave again.

—E. B. W.



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THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while  
(From Friday, October 23, to Friday, October 30, inclusive.)

### THE THEATRE

**THESE CHARMING PEOPLE**—Mr. Michael Arlen inspects a number of artificial Britons under glass and reports suavely in a shining farce. **GAIETY**, B'way at 46th.

**IS ZAT SO?**—Theatrically effective comedy having to do with incongruous relations between your Gotham hard-boiled and high-hatted. **CHANIN'S FORTY-SIXTH**, 46th, W. of B'way.

**AMERICAN BORN**—The Dean of the Deans of the American Theatre, to wit, Mr. George M. Cohan, being his extremely pleasant self in a comedy, we suppose. **Hudson**, 44th, E. of B'way.

**THE GORILLA**—A hirsute member of the Animal Kingdom capering about grandly in a burlesque of the ice-cold mystery play. **SELWYN**, 42d, W. of B'way.

**ARMS AND THE MAN**—George Bernard Shaw speaking his usual arch piece, this time about war, in that sly manner of his. **FORTY-NINTH STREET**, 49th, W. of B'way.

**OUTSIDE LOOKING IN**—A satirico-drama of the Road, or How the Sons of Work Saved the Runaway Lass for Little Red. Boasting Charles Bickford, convincing hobo. **GREENWICH VILLAGE**, Sheridan Square.

**THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN**—The Theatre falls afoul of a doughty lad from Chillicothe, O. and is somewhat worsted. Good comedy from the pen of George S. Kaufman. **LONGACRE**, 48th, W. of B'way.

**HAMLET**—Reviewed in this issue. **HAMPDEN'S**, B'way at 64th.

**THE VORTEX**—Noel Coward prods with his knife beneath the fat of a degenerate order of Briton society. **HENRY MILLER'S**, 43d, E. of B'way.

**THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED**—Assorted Californians making salty comedy of the little tragedy which is a love triangle. **KLAW**, 45th, W. of B'way.

**ACCUSED**—An interesting and sombre mood from Brieux concerning the law and its ethics. With the excellent Mr. E. H. Sothern. **BELASCO**, 44th, E. of B'way.

**THE GREEN HAT**—An ecstatic treat for the softer parts of the heart, fashioned from Diyar Arlen's much mooted work. Katharine Cornell makes it almost profound. **BROADHURST**, 44th, W. of B'way.

**ROSE-MARIE**—The first Lady of the Music-comedy Land, as delightful and lovely as ever. **IMPERIAL**, 45th, W. of B'way.

**GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**—As good as George White usually has to offer—and a bit better. **APOLLO**, 42d, W. of B'way.

**SUNNY**—This particular offering to the senses, what with Marilyn Miller and Jack Donohue, will go far, mark our words. **NEW AMSTERDAM**, 42d W. of B'way.

**GARRICK GAETIES**—The Theatre Guild's rosy-cheeked youngsters have a gay holiday at their elders' expense in a madcap revue. **GARRICK**, 35th, E. of 6th Ave.

**ARTISTS AND MODELS**—The Shuberts doff their accustomed seriousness to present a blithe and risibly primitive revue. **WINTER GARDEN**, B'way at 50th.

**MERRY MERRY**—Revealing, amongst other intimacies, the workings of the chorus girl's mind. Versatile Marie Saxon is in it. **VANDERBILT**, 48th E. of B'way.

**LOUIE THE 14TH**—Here's looking at your slithery legs, Mr. Leon Erroll! **COSMOPOLITAN**, B'way at 59th.

**THE STUDENT PRINCE**—A glorious score attached to an ornate and grandiose book, derived from "Old Heidelberg." **JOLSON'S**, 7th Ave. at 59th.

**BIG BOY**—Why, Al Jolson has even sung to Calvin Coolidge—and almost made him smile. **FORTY-FOURTH STREET**, 44th W. of B'way.

**THE VAGABOND KING**—Plot, music, color and pulchritude—combining into a glittering music show. **CASINO**, B'way at 39th.

**NO, NO, NANETTE**—Admit it. You must have sung "I Want to Be Happy" at the top of your voice on some mountain top this past year or so. Well, it's from this offering. **GLOBE**, B'way at 46th.

### Openings of Note

**EASY COME, EASY GO**—A comedy by Owen Davis with Otto Kruger. **GEORGE M. COHAN**, B'way at 43d.

**THE CITY CHAP**—A new musical comedy made from "The Fortune Hunter" with Skeets (Richard) Gallagher. **LIBERTY**, 42d W. of B'way.

**YOUNG WOODLEY**—Glenn Hunter in an English importation that was denied production by the London censor. **BELMONT**, 48th, E. of B'way.

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

### AFTER THE THEATRE

**AMBASSADOR GRILL**, 51st and Park—Charming decoration and good music by the Larry Siry orchestra. Anything but crowded at present, and no entertainment for the time being.

**DEL FEY**, 104 W. 45th—The rough and ready Texas Guinan and her gang being indefatigable until morning. Not for presidents of Women's Clubs.

**CLUB LIDO**, 808 7th Ave.—We are getting tired of telling you that Maurice and Barbara Bennett are entertaining at the most crowded smart dancing place in town.

**CLUB MIRADOR**, 200 W. 51st—Moss and Fontana providing the *raison d'être* for the presence of an audience of delightful people.

**KATINKA**, 109 W. 49th—Reviewed on page 24 of this issue.

**LIDO-VENICE**, 35 E. 53d—Calm and cool, with pleasant orchestra and clientele.

### MOTION PICTURES

**THE DARK ANGEL**—Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in a tale of tender sacrifice. At the Brooklyn **STRAND**, Fri., Sat., Oct. 23, 24.

**THE FRESHMAN**—Harold Lloyd enrolls as undergraduate at Custard Pie College with ticklish result. At the **COLONY**, Fri., Sat., Oct. 23, 24.

**THE GOLD RUSH**—Now we're talking. Charles Chaplin, Lone Prospector hobbles about the Arctic Circle. At **LOEW'S BURNSIDE**, Fri., Sat., Sun., Oct. 23, 24, 25.

At **THE PLAZA**, Thurs., Fri., Oct. 29, 30.

**THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**—Spinal titillation to be derived from watching Parisian horrors. At the **ASTOR**.

**THE PONY EXPRESS**—A robust Wild Western read into a page from American Plains'

History. At LOEW'S BRONX HOUSES this week.

A REGULAR FELLOW—Raymond Griffith, the seventh arch wonder, royally kids the Cooks Tour Champion Prince of Wales. At the CAMEO.

MUSIC

RECITALS—JOSEF LHEVINNE, CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. evening, Oct. 23. A master pianist in a program which contains more new music than a master pianist's program usually does.

MABEL GARRISON, CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. afternoon, Oct. 24. The return of the native soprano, who is always worth hearing.

MARGARET MATEJNAUER, CARNEGIE HALL, Sun. afternoon, Oct. 25. A Metropolitan star in songs.

JOHN McCORMACK, CARNEGIE HALL, Sun. evening, Oct. 25. Why say more?

GALLI-CURCI, METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, Sun. evening, Oct. 25. Again, why say more?

ROSALIE WOLF, AEOLIAN HALL, Sun. evening, Oct. 25. A new artist who knows how to make a recital program.

HAROLD BAUER, AEOLIAN HALL, Mon. evening, Oct. 26. Another master pianist.

EVRI BELOUSOFF, CARNEGIE HALL, Wed. evening, Oct. 28. A cellist with a hard name but a beautiful tone.

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF SAN FRANCISCO, AEOLIAN HALL, Thurs. afternoon, Oct. 29. These Pacific Coast artists gave a fine concert three years ago and they ought to repeat.

WITH THE ORCHESTRAS—CARNEGIE HALL. Philharmonic, Mengelberg conducting. Thurs. evening, Oct. 29, Fri. afternoon, Oct. 30 and Sat. evening, Oct. 31. New

York Symphony, Damrosch conducting. Fri. evening, Oct. 30. State Symphony, Dohnanyi conducting. Sat. evening, Oct. 24.

ART

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

FORAIN—FREDERICK KEPPEL & Co. GALLERIES, 16 E. 57th St. Interesting show of war drawings in color.

EVA BERNSTEIN—WEYME GALLERIES, 794 Lex. Ave. Up through the soil again with nice form and color and not too much imagination.

HESTER FROOD—ARTHUR HARLOW & Co., 712 5th Ave. Beautiful and well bred drawings in color and etchings of castles, lanes and geography of the better sort.

SPORTS

FOOTBALL—Sat., Oct. 24. At 2 p.m. WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON vs. LAFAYETTE, Polo Grounds (6th Ave. Elevated to 155th) COLUMBIA vs. WILLIAMS, Baker Field (Van Cortlandt Express to 215th).

RACING—EMPIRE CITY TRACK, YONKERS. Daily at 2:30. Last week of local racing.

OTHER EVENTS

THE ELECTRICAL AND INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION, GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, last day, Sat., Oct. 24. Labor saving phenomena, gathered under one roof for the benefit of the housewife, and others interested.

NAVY BALL, HOTEL ASTOR, Tues. evening, Oct. 27. The season's first benefit ball, aiding the National Navy Club.

CLOWN

I HAVE clowned perhaps—but I have clowned well.

My circus began the year before I came out. It seemed, once, as though I were utterly alone, dancing in the middle of the floor. I knew suddenly that I was not popular. The stalls of the circus were full. The crowd waited. This was their holiday and they expected to be amused. Forsooth, I thought, I as well as another may be the favorite gladiator. So I cried to the stag line: "Hi, you wet smacks, come dance with me." I was a great success. I did what I could to give them pleasure, and I hope now that it was enough.

The next year I came out. My pictures were in every daily journal, to be lacerated at by stevedores, thrown in gutters, and caressed by dray horses. My face came to be as well known as that of the ballyhoo man at Luna Park. I went to every respectable party given that year. I spent my mornings at work contriving new words with which to amuse, new gestures with which to astonish. It could not have been for myself that I did these things. It was for the Crowd. The clowning was still excellent.

In the Spring of that year, I married a man whom I thought despicable, because the King and his Court expected it of

me. The Olympic Games had come and gone and the daily journals needed pictures. Daintily, I walked down the aisle, so that the young men and old women might glut themselves on a vision of virginal white purity about to be sacrificed. Daintily, I walked down the steps of the cathedral, so that the photographers might have their fill of me.

I was given, by the grace of God, a child. It was cried across the country, from window to window, alley to alley, village to village, three months before the child came, that I was in an interesting state. It was announced, again, in every paper and my picture was offered again for the enchantment of stevedores, gutters, and dray horses, with the caption, "BABE COMES TO SOCIETY COUPLE."

At the end of these things, I came to sue for a divorce and the daily journals declared a yellow holiday. The eager eyeballs of the suburbs were delighted and exercised over my every passion.

I have lived with the privacy of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. Do not wonder that I remain as a flower that has lost its pollen. The King and his Court have been, I hope, pleased. I have clowned—but I have clowned, perhaps, not badly.

—PETER PANSY



MR. NORMAN BEL-GEDES, joint producer with Richard Herndon of "Arabesque," that arrived in town this week, all hot from the desert and a Buffalo debut, is AQUAZONE addict No. 3527.



From the columns of this magazine's sober London contemporary—the *Spectator*:

"Pure water is the best of gifts that man to man can bring,  
But who am I that I should have the best of anything?  
Let princes revel at the pump, let peers wish ponds make free,  
Whisky, or wine, or even beer is good enough for me."

—ANON.



Now that Florida is a New York suburb it is only fair that it should be given the freedom and privileges of this city. We have done our bit by sending our Mr. Frazier down there where he is now selling choice case and carload lots. Miami and Palm Beach papers please copy.



Twinkle, twinkle, little bar,  
In my pantry—there you are.

—and having got that far we couldn't for the lives of us finish it satisfactorily. This annoys us so much that we offer a brace of tickets to any show in town for the happiest ending submitted before November 1st. And just to make the conditions of this contest original, you need not mention A\*\*\*\*\*. Address Box H2O c/o THE NEW YORKER.

Junkman: "Any rags? Any old iron?"  
Husband: "No, my wife's gone away."  
Junkman: "Any bottles?"



Answers to Correspondents

- A.D.C. The left hand door and knock three times.
- C.S.H. Try leaving out the orange juice.
- M.C. No dear, turn him down flat.
- C.L.D. You're right. It is the only one supercharged with oxygen.
- F.C. From all—well all the best—restaurants, hotels, drug and grocery stores or

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## "TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

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### NOVELS

SAID THE FISHERMAN, by Marmaduke Pickthall (*Knopf*). A somewhat picaresque and often humorous romance of modern Syria.

LEWIS AND IRENE, by Paul Morand (*Boni & Liveright*). A brilliant book-length story by the author of "Open All Night" and "Closed All Night."

FIRECRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten (*Knopf*). Some denizens of the Manhattan menagerie of 1924, viewed in the Comic Spirit.

CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER, by H. G. Wells (*Macmillan*). Wells's best novel since "Mr. Britling," and something of a return to his best vein.

MISCHIEF, by Ben Travers (*Doubleday, Page*). A farce novel, which gets freshly hilarious results by old familiar methods.

DARK LAUGHTER, by Sherwood Anderson (*Boni & Liveright*). Authentic American life, explored with the help of the new psychology.

THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, by Willa Cather (*Knopf*). Equally authentic American life, illuminated without obvious assistance.

PORGY, by Du Bose Heyward (*Doran*). A romantic glimpse of some real Charleston negroes, and a masterly portrayal of a hurricane.

SAMUEL DRUMMOND, by Thomas Boyd (*Scribner's*). War's remoter tragedies, exemplified in the life of an Ohio farmer.

THE EMIGRANTS, by Johan Bojer (*Century*). Norwegian pioneers on the Dakota prairie, from a Norwegian point of view.

SUSPENSE, by Joseph Conrad (*Doubleday, Page*). The Napoleonic romance Conrad's death interrupted.

THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW, by Elinor Wylie (*Doran*). A somewhat satirical and very beautiful eighteenth-century fantasy.

### SHORT STORIES

THE HARPER PRIZE SHORT STORIES (*Harper*). Twelve, among which any taste in short stories will find a few to please it.

### GENERAL

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER FAMOUS AMERICANS, by Miguel Covarrubias (*Knopf*). Sixty-six caricatures. Preface by Van Vechten.

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALS, edited by James Weldon Johnson (*Viking Press*). Sixty-one spirituals, in musical arrangements.

ALONG THE ROAD, by Aldous Huxley (*Doran*). Essays yielded by Huxley's travels, principally in Italy.

THE DRIFTING COWBOY, by Will James (*Scribner's*). James wrote "Cowboys, North and South," and this is another good, homely book of the same kind, with equally spirited illustrations by the author.

### RESOURCEFULNESS

RONALD and his little sister, Alice, had been playing all afternoon. They played much the same game, since they were eight-year-old twins. Notwithstanding this fact, Ronald discovered he was loser by fifty dollars. This made the little fellow real angry and he spoke to his sister about it and tried to reason with her about the fifty dollars, but she ran crying to her mother and told her that



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of all  
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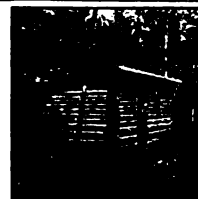
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Ronald had called her "a simple little *dementia praecox*."

"There, there," said her mother, "boys will be boys, and you must remember he is your only little brother. But I do wish you children would stay out of the gin. There isn't going to be a thing left for dinner. Run along and play now, and don't bother mother any more." So little Alice ran away, like her mother had said, and they didn't catch her until she got to Cincinnati.

Little Ronald felt so sad because he had lost his little sister and he remembered all the mean things he might have said to her, and had neglected, that he broke open her bank and took her money, so that if she were dead he could send some flowers to the funeral. But the next day his little sister came back and he did not have to send flowers after all, and he felt so glad that he let Alice have his rifle to shoot at the tires of the passing automobiles, and the children went to bed that night happy once more.

—LEONARD MAC TAGART

CATTY PORTRAITS

*Self-Seller*

Earth-tang and generosity  
And sportsmanship—ah yes, all three!  
Another woman is a Cat  
If she denies such things as that:  
You say so, and the men say so  
(You told them, that is how they know—)

Myself I'd almost think them true  
You've such a bluff, convincing way  
Such self-belief in what you say,  
If only I'd not lived with you!

*Virtuous Lady*

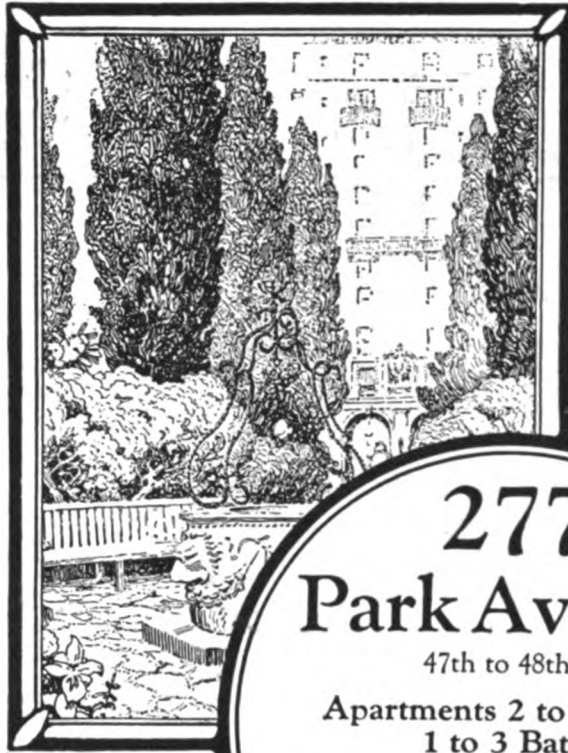
Though you do all that the pious should  
I wonder if you are quite good?  
For one thing's sure beyond a doubt  
In spite of all convincing cries,  
The Truly Bad, and Truly Good  
(I think they fear to be found out)  
Never advertise!

*Brave Little Woman*

You lifted up to me your blue, wet, wistful flower-eyes,  
You were very small, and you were very thin,  
You waved a piteous lame paw the world had always stepped on,  
But you were brave withal, with *such* a noble heart within!

But after this I think I will save indignant pity  
For somewhat larger people who may even look well-fed,  
Because when you went next door lame-pawing for sympathy,  
You told her I had hurt that paw, my next-door neighbor said!

—MARGARET WIDDEMER



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THE NEW YORKER



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.

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## WHERE TO SHOP

### LUNCHEON MOODS

The casual luncher-about-town is given to dropping into the nearest familiar restaurant. Perhaps it is an old family heirloom restaurant, handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter, till every bit of silver and every parchment lamp shade has been familiar for generations. Perhaps, on the other hand, it is a place into which the rain drove you one day and from which you have been too lazy or not sufficiently adventuresome to go forth.

Each week, in THE NEW YORKER's guide, there is a hint of somewhere to take luncheon or to dine that is a par excellence tea tryst or dinner rendezvous for just such an individual as yourself.

<p><b>Antiques</b></p> <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), 709 Lexington Ave., Regent, 3448.</p>	<p><b>Books</b></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></p> <p><b>D. Veltry</b>, 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>J. Tuzzoli</b>, 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>
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# FIFTH AVENUE



**C**COURTESY to customers on Fifth Avenue is reaching such a high peak that it is almost embarrassing. Though every salesgirl worthy of the name is almost infallible in spotting a customer who is merely "looking around" and getting ideas, her tact and her patience are endless. (Soft music here.) Most of the better department stores, except on bargain days, insist that their sales forces guide prospective purchasers about by the hand rather than let them prowl. This, probably, is more to save the stock from inexpert handling than politeness for politeness' sake, but it is very cheery just the same.

However, I am still debating whether I prefer to do my casual shopping under the watchful care of a salesgirl or whether I would rather wander around in a place like Ovington's, where everything is securely placed on \$5, \$10 and \$25 shelves and there is no one to dissuade you from spending more than you had originally intended.

**S**HOPPING for shoes this year is just about the most fascinating thing that you can possibly do. The fashion magazines are full of bulletins from Paris saying that subtle greens and greys and *bois de roses* and russets are to creep into footwear; that black shoes, to be really chic, should be relieved with touches of grey, beige, or a color to complement the costume; that evening slippers should be of pale apricot satin, colored brocades, or metallic kid with futuristic designs or pipings of silver or gold kid. Which gives you a lot of leeway, and makes every shoe window an unending source of emotion.

J. J. Slater is obediently showing very amusing evening shoes combining silver and gold kid. Cammeyer is rightly proud of its daytime slipper, in all kinds of materials, with a chain strap across the instep supplying the necessary color note. I. Miller, beside its Perugia shoes, which are very attractive, has crashed out with colored satin slippers, embroidered in sweet pinks and blues at the toes—eccentric and not particularly smart. Everywhere, particularly at Hanan, brown shoes combining kid or suede with reptile leathers are appearing in droves. And the futuristic affairs at Saks-Fifth Avenue are really too much for good resolutions about

spending too much of the household budget on footwear.

All these shops insist, despite the newer things they have to offer, on hauling proudly from their boxes the good old opera pumps of silver or gold kid. These are still uproariously popular, but I advise you to be firm. Because metallic kid goes all to pieces in about two wearings, and the metal cannot be restored without damage to stockings for several appearances afterwards. And my personal grievance against opera pumps is that, if they stay on your feet at all, they do so by digging a nice groove on your instep and getting a firm grip in this way.

**R**AINCOATS are another fascinating purchase. I had set my heart on one of the Molyneux rubberized crêpe de Chine coats that vacationers in Paris had brought back with them, but, although Best's presented them in white last Summer, they are not yet to be found in colors. Nevertheless, I almost forgot my disappointment while trying on other types. There are feminine versions of the traditional Cape Cod slicker—rather snappy, especially for the country. There are others of pure rubber, violently lined, in becoming colors. There are many of shiny, transparent rubber, which I do not care for particularly (1) because experience has proved them impractical unless supplemented by an umbrella, (2) because, although the colors are intriguing, they are ruined by vague outlines of the costume beneath, and (3) because they are not very new. Innovation has been attempted by making them in Paisley patterns and futuristic designs, which some people may like. The best kind of raincoat, I think, is one of rubber that looks almost like cloth. This also comes in gay colors to make rainy days less depressing, and can be bought almost anywhere.

**I**N the window of a little shop at Thirty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, just at that strategic point where passengers change buses, is a tiny highboy, about fifteen inches square and four feet high—just exactly the thing to put in that trying space behind the closet door in the bedroom where a larger article would be in the way. It looks like an antique, but probably isn't. Fortunately,

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with Dorothy Donnelly's adaptation of  
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The  
**Ambassador**  
ATLANTIC CITY

the shop was closed, and I was spared the temptation of investigating.

SUDDEN epidemic of bright-colored feather ornaments supplanting the omnipresent rhinestone animal on the girls' felt hats. At present, the prevalent mode is to wear them, either directly over the ear, masculine fashion, or one dégré northwest of the left eyebrow. Try your brother's haberdashery.

WHAT, oh what has happened to the Frutchey Silk Shop? The sign is still up in its old place at Forty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, but behind its windows apparently lurks a glorified junk shop where, once in a hundred years maybe, you might pick up an occasional treasure, but whch is most uninviting to the passersby. Never have mine eyes beheld quite so much ornate gilt in any one window.

Across the street, Peck & Peck has broken a series of rather mediocre window displays with an exhibit of women's sports things done in blacks, white, and greys—most effective.

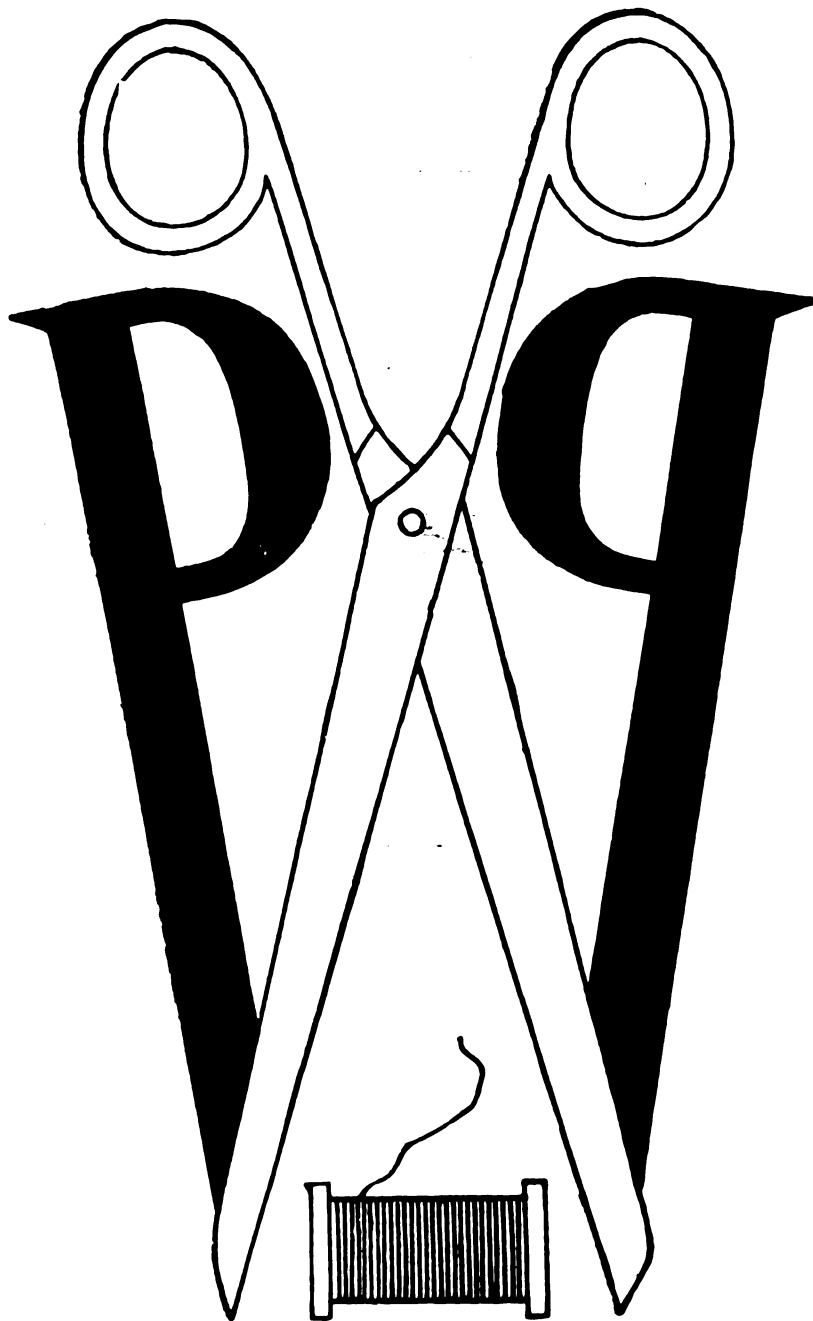
Great things are happening in this part of town. A large black sign proclaims that Sheridan, of all people, intends to ensconce itself next to Hollander's in the near future. On the other side of Hollander's, as you know, lurks one of those shops with an arcade entrance flanked with pleasing displays of rubber reducing girdles, Broadway underwear and snappy frocks at reasonable prices. What I want to know is, where are the exclusive shops in the Fifties and on Fifty-seventh Street going to go if any more shops that belong on Forty-second Street continue their barbarous climb up the social ladder of Fifth Avenue?

THE hunting season is on, and paraphernalia gleams in the Fiftieth Street windows of Saks's. At Spalding's, realism demands that they even include a few fox hounds and a very debonair fox to remind office workers that the Great Outdoors is still extant. It is very decorative, and, to a girl chained to her daily toil, most depressing.—L. L.

LYRIC FROM THE PEKINESE

"How gay is this terrible town  
Of the Goths and the Vandals!  
New actors are winning renown,  
We have twenty new scandals,  
Campaigners are pleading for votes  
With their promises rosy,  
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And divine virtuosi  
Are pounding the ivory keys,"  
Said the small Pekinese.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN



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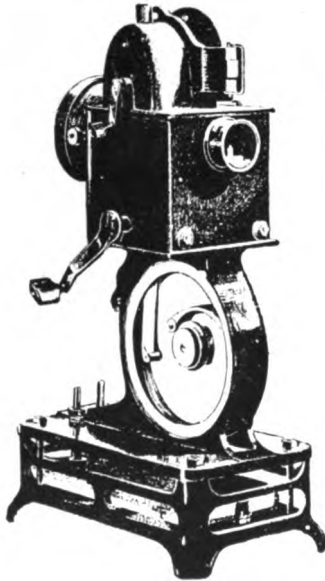
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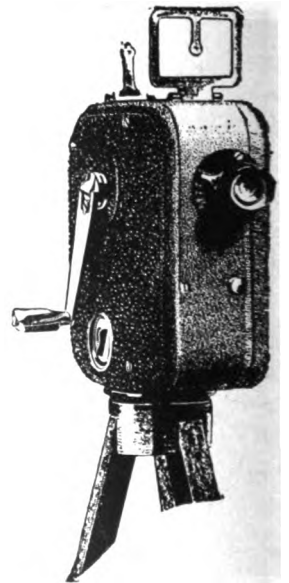
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