

# THE NEW YORKER

May 23, 1925

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

## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### *The Great Altruist*

PRICES, by nature, interest everybody, even such an altruist as Mr. William Jennings Bryan, who added an appreciable mite to the merriment of the nation by denying lately that he had made the proverbial million as a Floridian realtor. It was only five hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Bryan indignantly averred.

The last wave of business men returning from the Southland carried on its crest a tale of Mr. Bryan's real estate activities. The great statesman and religionist controlled a choice site in Miami, whereat the building committee of a certain church cast longing glances. But there was the matter of price. Mr. Bryan had his own notions. The congregation pleaded poverty. An impasse was reached.

Then did the Great Commoner evince the strategic resource for which he has ever been noted. The price, he announced, must be as he had decreed. Business was still business. But—if the congregation would purchase his plot and build thereon, Mr. Bryan would agree to preach eight sermons in the new church, which would, unquestionably, attract many casual worshippers, so swelling the collections. For this service, Mr. Bryan said graciously, there would be no charge.

### *The Wedding Amenities*

MRS. DAVID MERIWETHER MILTON—or, haven't you become accustomed yet to Abby Rockefeller's new name?—had her own feminine fling at the newspapers, on the occasion of her marriage, and thus evened matters somewhat for the nasty items printed about her motoring activities. It was all a bit embarrassing for Mr. Ivy Lee, *liason* officer for the Rockefeller family, and others.

Because of the bride's insistence that she wished, above all things else, a quiet wedding, Mr. Lee was

constrained to approach the daily journals with an unusual proposal. This was that four morning newspapers combine and select one reporter, who would be accepted for admission; and that four evening newspapers likewise nominate one favored journalist from among their ranks. The *News*, the *Mirror* and the *Graphic* were not even invited to the conference. There are, it seems, limits. At any rate, the newspapers approached by the urbane Mr. Lee rejected his proposal with engaging promptness and unanimity.

Thus matters stood until the very moment of the ceremony. At the fifty-ninth second of the eleventh hour, Mr. Lee sent a request to the reporters assembled in a room across the street that they be reasonable and delegate one of their number to make inspection of the *prie dieu*, the apple blossoms, the dogwoods and the other items of decoration in the Rockefeller home. The journalists relented. Mr. Russell Porter of the *Times* was nominated. He went, and saw, and reported to his colleagues; and the strain on Mr. Lee's relations with the press was eased slightly. But it was just as well for Mr. and Mrs. Milton that the taxi chauffeur who drove them away was a cautious driver, who kept well within the speed limit.



GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH and Mrs. Smith were among the guests at the wedding reception in the Rockefeller home, the Governor departing from his usual preference for less formal attire and appearing in the garb

conventional for such functions. And, it must be added, being about the best-groomed male on view.

Before Mr. Smith, no governor of New York dared appear in public in other than formal afternoon dress, whether the occasion was a parade, a luncheon, or a baseball game. Even those upon whom tailed coats sat very uneasily surrendered to precedent. But our present governor disowns regard for the trappings of statesmanship. During Boys' Week he marched down

Fifth Avenue in a business suit, light topcoat and grey felt hat, although stride for stride with him was His Honor, Mayor Hylan, accoutered formally, a perfect example of what the well-dressed mayor will wear.

Both the Mayor and his Police Commissioner, Mr. Enright, are partial to formal attire for all public functions, perhaps because each wears the garb well. Although, it must be said again, Governor Smith, of Oliver Street, wears it better.

### Political Incident

THE lore about Governor Smith grows daily and, since the demolition of Madison Square Garden calls it to mind, an additional item may be added now. It concerns (1) the last Democratic National Convention and (2) an unregenerate saloon near the convention hall.

To the saloon, on a murky day toward the tag end of the convention, came a group of gentlemen, tall and bronzed of features, who requested that drinks be served them. The bartender demurred. The visitors protested that they were not, as seemed to be suspected, revenue agents, but delegates from one of our little known Western States, to the convention then in session. The bartender still demurred.

From a heavily-built, purple-complexioned gentleman, at one end of the bar, came an inquiry, then:

"For who is it you been voting?"

"For McAdoo," responded, as one man, delegates from the little known Western state.

"Nothing doing," said the purple-faced gentleman very firmly. "Had you you been for Al, now,——."

A conference ensued and presently, "Well, we're open to conviction," announced one of the delegates.

"Give 'em a drink, Mike," commanded the heavily-built one, who was the proprietor.

On the next day's balloting one of our little known Western states switched six votes from McAdoo to Smith, and so voted until the bitter end.

### Mr. Arlen's Appreciation

A GREAT appreciator, he, Michael Arlen, who would not away to Mayfair, attired *pour le voyage*, without leaving kind words for those whom he addresses, "The Gentlemen of 'The

New Yorker,' " and calls them, "sirs," as is a fashion in his land. To them he writes, thus:

"You will place me under yet another obligation by allowing me to trespass on your valuable space. Not, however, that the occasion is anywhere near so significant as a request for 'valuable space' must by ordinary lead an editorial staff to think. I am not saying 'good-bye' to New York. I am, in fact, incapable of saying 'good-bye' to New York. I am merely following Marc Connelly's example in adventuring over the seas to find out whether Europe is still there.

"The point of this letter has already found its full expression in the previous paragraph: in the name of the City of New York. Its direction towards your journal thus acquires an almost menacing air. It would, for instance, have been—I am still referring to the previous paragraph—easy, or easier, to write 'America.' However, I withheld my pen: thinking to myself that I am the only person in England connected with the making of books who has not known all about America in the space of a few weeks. Such is the deplorable fact. Although I have been here nearly three months—nay, not only here, but everywhere—I have no suggestions whatsoever to offer you as to how you may improve yourselves. That is not to say that Americans have not made various suggestions as to how I might improve myself. I have noted these: and in the future will try to write better. Nor do I know enough about America to write even one article on, about, for, or against America, not even for an American price. God bless American prices!

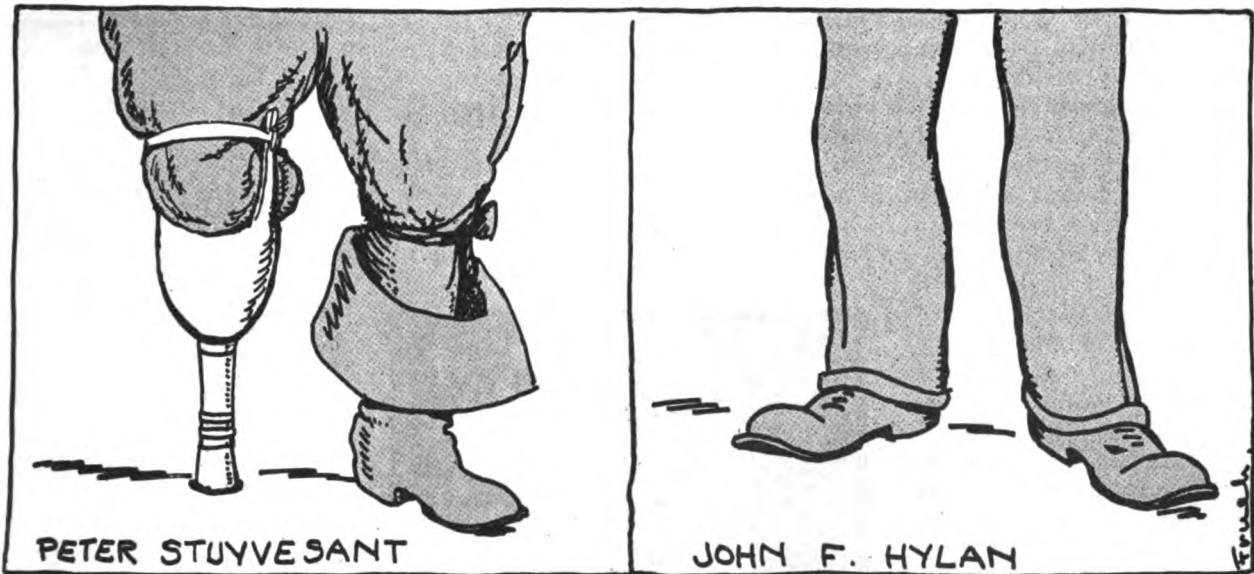
"And what, therefore, shall I tell England? What will be my message to England? What shall I say to those who ask me to tell of my impressions of America? What shall I say to those who ask me what I thought of America? I shall speak the truth. I shall say that I found America charming. And, Oh, I have!

"Michael Arlen."



The Stubborn Ass and the Determined Go-Getter Meet at the Turnstile

THERE is a charm in the United States, beyond that of persons, to which Mr. Arlen alludes when he exclaims, inevitably, with pen and ink, "God bless American prices!" The allusion is, one must believe, to what prices America pays, rather than to what ones it collects, for the Beau Michael, before sailing, made an arrangement with one of our monthly periodicals; that is to



277 Years of Progress

say, the *Cosmopolitan*. The agreement is for the natural life of the author and it is based on Mr. Ray Long's—or should it be Mr. Hearst's?—willingness to pay to Mr. Arlen the not insignificant sum of \$3,500 for each short story delivered.

As against this New York conquest, the London venture fades to insignificance, *pour le finance*.

### What Is in a Name?

THE gentleman in question and his wife came to New York for the first time; he to attend to business matters and they, jointly, thereafter, to hasten upon such enjoyment as the town affords. They stopped at the Plaza. It is necessary, for the sake of the record, to note here that the Plaza Hotel, at Fifty-ninth street and Fifth Avenue is the one meant.

The gentleman attended a luncheon conference and on its conclusion hastened to telephone his wife. Being connected with what he supposed, after consulting Vol. I of the Telephone Directory, was the right number, he inquired:

"Is this the Plaza hotel?"

"Right you are."

"I want to speak to my wife, who is in Room 218."

"Your wife isn't in any Room 218 in this house. No, siree! This here is a respectable hotel and we don't allow no women in here. I guess you want the dump of the same name up town."

The receiver at the hotel end was hung up and the astounded gentleman rushed to the telephone book to recover the trail. He found that he had been talking to a Plaza hotel at 25 Bowery, a lodging house strictly devoted to male guests at fifty cents per night.

Many of New York's untown hotels have supplied names for lodging houses downtown, as the visitor discovered thereafter. Not only is there a Plaza on the Bowery, but there are also a Majestic, a Savoy, a Commonwealth, a Waldorf, a Nassau, an Arcade, an Astor and a Grand.

Telephone mixups, with such of the lodging houses as maintain this luxury, are not unusual. On a recent

date the Majestic, Seventy-second Street and Central Park West, which is under the management of the genial Copeland Townsend, received a call from a man who insisted that his room be held for him until late in the evening as he was employed washing dishes in order to get "me flop money."

The poor fellow at the other end of the wire was a guest at the Majestic, Bowery and Houston street, it developed and, like the visitor, got his numbers mixed.

All of which goes to prove that a name, especially of a New York hostelry, isn't everything after all.

### Might Have Been—

"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE" is three years old today, And one wonders how Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Pitou are celebrating the event.

Mr. Pitou, it should be remembered, is one of the best known and most experienced of theatrical managers. He has not, to be sure, been as well represented along Broadway with productions as have others, but he has for many years operated profitably and extensively in the hinterland, where they also pay real money at box-offices.

A little over three years ago, then, "Abie's Irish Rose" was in great distress. Despite a lengthy run on the Pacific Coast, the New York production had been icily received and most of the critics had been openly contemptuous of it. The show was in a bad way and it seemed likely that it would have to close.

Miss Anne Nichols, its author and producer, had never for one second lost faith in it. But you can not, under the Equity rules, pay off your cast in faith, and theatre owners have a way of wanting to be paid for the use of their property. What to do?

Miss Nichols sought out Mr. Pitou and offered to sell him a twenty-five per cent interest in "Abie's Irish Rose" for \$5,000. Five thousand dollars, she calculated, would be enough to keep the play operating until its public found it in remunerative numbers. She herself had parted with her jewels, with everything she had, to keep the play going.

Mr. Pitou promised to look into the matter, and the

following Saturday he attended a matinee of her production with Mrs. Pitou. He instantly recognized the cheap quality of the play, but Mr. Pitou is too experienced a manager to let his personal reaction interfere with his judgment of a box-office attraction. The audience, he could not help noticing, was wildly enthusiastic about it and howled its head off with glee at the slightest provocation. The lobby, at intermission time, was filled with people who were announcing that they could hardly wait to see Cousin Minnie and Uncle Abe to advise them by all means not to miss this great human document, this gorgeously comic play.

And so Mr. Pitou ventured the opinion that he might buy the twenty-five per cent interest for \$5,000. Mrs. Pitou for some minutes thereafter seemed to believe that Mr. Pitou had suddenly gone mad. The play, she announced, was horrible and had not the ghost of a chance for success. Mr. Pitou, in her opinion, could do better by just taking \$5,000 and lighting cigars with them.

Mrs. Pitou's opinion was echoed by Louis Cohn, the ticket broker, who further informed Mr. Pitou that he had not sold a single ticket for "Abie's Irish Rose" in three weeks. . . . Mr. Pitou then told Miss Nichols that he could not accept her offer.

Miss Nichols, in some way or other, managed to keep the show going until it had hit its stride. That stride, by now, would have returned Mr. Pitou well over \$1,000,000 for his investment of \$5,000. And one somehow imagines that Mr. and Mrs. Pitou have a good deal to talk about on such an occasion as the third birthday of "Abie's Irish Rose."

### Places

THE Piping Rock is open again after the customary thirty day darkening by the attorneys for the United States.

Its openings and closings, thus far, however, have meant little in our life. We have been unable to note that charm ascribed to the place by those who have persuaded us to visit it.

The town is overstocked with pseudo-European restaurants without particular distinction. They are generally characterized by buffets in the entry, at which scarcely any one stops to select delicacies to be prepared; and Italian waiters, who insist upon speaking execrable French. We prefer to cope with Italian accents in English; in French this is adding accent to ignorance.

The vogue for restaurants is elusive, but the Ritz Grill holds its own among the choice places to dine. At luncheon one can hardly be squeezed in by the ever-obliging-and-chatty Theodore on account of debutantes and the cloak-and-suit merchants.

The latter jam the place every day hoping for inspiration from the costumes of the social lights frequenting it.

Surprisingly, designers for the men's shops also go

to the Ritz for ideas, since in the world of clothing manufacture Ritz is a synonym for smartness.

### In Our Midst

A FEW people have not sailed for Europe yet. . . . Gone, however, are Mr. Jascha Heifitz, leading local exponent of the Wales bat-wing tie. . . . With shiny citizenship papers and American passport. . . .

Mr. John McCormack, tenor, even if the phonograph record business is not so good. . . . Mr. Sam Bernard, to Baden for the rest cure from M. Louis Mann. . . . Mr. Ralph Pulitzer, now that first nights are thinning out. . . . Condé Nast and daughter, Miss Natica Nast, to fairer vanities. . . . Miss Margaret Kahn, to London, visiting her sister. . . . Mr. John V. A. Weaver, poet and husband departing for

Italy and study of the drama. . . . His wife, Miss Peggy Wood will join him later. . . . Miss Grace Moore of Fifty-ninth Street, west, and the "Music Box." . . . Mr. and Mrs. Franklin P. Adams, bride courageously insisting on a Lucy Stoner passport, thus facing Italy and the Facisti as Miss Esther Sayles Root. . . .

Also, Senorita Lucrezia Bori, for Spain. . . . John Coates, tenor, carrying back no Scotch to Southampton. . . . Mr. Michael Arlen, above referred to, having made many friends here, and, of course. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Stallings, plus personal automobile, to France for motor tour along the trail of those Marines, who with the help of God and several millions of doughboys. . . . Mr. Stallings will pick up from Château-Thierry, where he was wounded, and look over the battlefields. . . . Thence, subsequently, to Warsaw and Moscow. . . . Nobody knows the why of this last. . . .

Further, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, to spend summer in Scotland, where servants are still servants. . . . The Very Reverend William Ralph Inge, home again, without Mr. Louis Untermeyer's blessings. . . . Mr. Lee Shubert, for London and Paris, against the Fall importing trade. . . . Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Philadelphia's best known institution, and Mrs. Curtis, the former having bought the Philadelphia *North American* for munsefication with his own *Public Ledger*, which last is the apple of his eye, far beyond *Saturday Evening Post* or *Ladies Home Journal*. . . . The Sisters Eternal, Misses Rosie and Jennie Dolly, to comfort Paris. . . . Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, wife of the Governor of Pennsylvania, taking Dr. Roderick Grace to England, where her sister is ill. . . .

Of Mr. Amos Pinchot, father of the fair Rosamond and brother to the Governor, a tale is being told. . . . Mr. Pinchot was discerned in the foyer of a certain home in town, disputing earnestly with another departing guest ownership of a hat. . . . The other guest won and went off with the hat. . . . It was Mr. Pinchot's hat. . . . Then, still another guest appeared, homeward bound, and disputed with





When "You Can't Win" Crime Ads Become Prevalent

Mr. Pinchot possession of a walking stick. . . . Again Mr. Pinchot lost. . . . It was Mr. Pinchot's stick. . . . The victim, after recovering from shock, gravely announced relief that he had come by taxi, instead of in his own automobile. . . .

In town, of late, Miss Marion Davies, the American's favorite movie actress, shopping against the long summer evenings in Hollywood, to which she has returned. . . . Returned from White Sulphur Springs, Mr. Thomas Meighan. . . . Mr. John Coogan, t.b.m., now growing too fast to please the proud parents, welcomed his mother and baby brother at Grand Central lately. . . . Miss Nina Wilcox Put-

nam, having motored from Florida. . . . Mr. Tom Mix and family, having given Paris and London much more of a treat than either city deserved. . . . Or appreciated. . . .

Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, in London, is objecting to British alien taxes. . . . Great shock to many Americans to learn that they are considered aliens anywhere. . . . Gone abroad, Peggy, late Mrs. Elise Cortizas, divorced at one fell swoop from husband and dancing partner, Cortez. . . .

Mr. Philip Goodman, producer, writes. . . . "Your paragraph saying I was in Munich with Mr. Sinclair Lewis propositionally incorrect . . . was on Mr. Sin-

clair Lewis. . . . He paid. . . . It was one of two conditions. . . . The other, that he write a play. . . . It is called 'City Hall'. . . . Do not expect suit from Mayor Hylan for infringement of copyright. . . . Pretty good play. . . . For next Fall. . . . Also, the beer in Munich is not as 'good as ever.' It is better than ever. . . . Mr. Lewis never ventured out at night save with a tag giving his full name and address." . . .

Evidently the Old Lady in Dubuque let the Old Man have a few weeks' off. . . . Report has it he rushed up to King George at Wimbledon, saying, "Howdy, King! Shake hands with America." . . . Understand the Old Lady, and for that matter all Dubuque, are proud of the Old Man. . . .

Mr. Percy Grainger, of Australia and White Plains, made promising début. . . . Broadcasting. . . . Mr. Bernard Baruch, among others, went to Kentucky Derby, not without some difficulty. . . . One day during the week of departure he confided to a friend, not without petulance, that he, Mr. Baruch, faced a trying problem. . . . "The Kentucky Derby is being held Saturday," complained Mr. Baruch, "and I don't know what to do. Would you believe that there's not a private railway car to be had in the country?" . . . Thus does life play mean pranks. . . .

Gone home are Sir Eric Geddes, one of Britain's

baronets of industry. . . . Mr. George Birse, business manager of Chauve Souris, and Mrs. Birse. . . . Also, several members of the company. . . . Alan Dale, dramatic critic, was on the same boat. . . . No casualties occurred during voyage, however. . . .

Three new theatres planned, on Eighth Avenue, and, just east, on Forty-fifth Street. . . . Thus, considering the two others to be erected on Sixth Avenue and Fifty-fifth, does the theatrical district expand east and west, instead of northward, as formerly. . . . Mayor Hylan is reported, in paraphrase of Miss Sophie Tucker's famous *mot*, up to his neck in Sinnotts. . . . The

Irwin, apartment house for bachelor girls, opened lately. . . . Proposal to christen it "The Lucy," after Miss Stone, frowned upon for obvious reasons. . . .

Marc Connelly's dime, returned with Mayor Hylan's deepest indignation, is being held in trust against the owner's return from Europe. . . . About the incident, articles appeared in the local periodical press. . . . Thus, in Mayor Hylan's letter, "As the *Herald Tribune* states in its reprint of an article in some magazine." . . . And in the *World*, "Mayor Hylan became indignant over publicity given in a local weekly periodical." . . . Thanks for the publicity, gentlemen.—*The New Yorkers*



## Supper Club Lights

### *Phyllis*

The water tumbled to the glass's brim,  
Stained to a faded amber.  
Solemn she drank, and spoke,  
"You know," she mused . . .  
To me, or to the glass? . . .  
"You know love cannot be bought or sold,  
But this is an age which traffics  
In 'something just as good.'"

### *Hester*

She was enraptured of the dance,  
Young, lovely; and her form  
Swayed with the muted measures of the band.  
She bent, ecstatic, as some lithe, gay bush  
Yields to the wind's advances in the May.  
Her eyes half closed.  
The mad musicians stopped,  
Gaining their breaths against a new assault  
Of sound barbaric.  
She spoke, "I love to dance."  
I said, "Me, too. But I cannot afford it—  
Often."  
Her gaze surveyed a table where a man,  
Fat, oily, squat and filthily content,  
Sat leering at the chair she left,  
To which she neared return.  
She spoke again, with bitter emphasis,

"Damn these covert charges."  
The mad musicians woke  
Tumultuous noise.

### *Grace*

"Blackmail?" she echoed, softly,  
Caressing the word that badged the way she  
lived.  
"It's something men must pay  
To save their wives the hurt  
Of having to admit they know."

### *Edith*

She was so silent.  
Through three encoored dances not a word;  
Her eyes unchanging and a far-off smile  
Draped on the pensive curving of her lips.  
Throughout a waltz, a thing of beauties dead,  
She sighed, deep, soulful.  
I wondered as the courtly measures spent  
What was the deep emotion that she hid.  
A lover lost; a moment's madness done;  
A joy rich purchased with a wealth of pain;  
What was the anguished secret that she held  
So precious? . . .  
She whispered, in a sudden confidence,  
"My feet hurt like the devil."

—James Kevin McGuinness



# HUSBANDS, AN APPRECIATION

A HUSBAND is a man who is misunderstood by one woman. He may be lots of other things besides—but all husbands can be defined in this way and I know it must be true, because every husband I have ever known has told me so.

Now husbands, I think, have been too long neglected. That is why I am writing this article about them. For from what they say I know their life is a hard one and each year I strive to understand more and more of them so that every day I may make them better and better husbands.

"Wait until you get one of your own," married women often say to me, "and you will see then."

I have sometimes thought I would and study him very closely, but a woman who is a friend of mine and has had four discouraged me.

"It is easier to understand some one else's husband," she said. "Somehow getting too close to one of your own spoils your point of view. See what bad luck I have had with mine."

"That is true," I admitted, "and I always thought you were such a good judge of men."

"I am," she answered. "I have made only four mistakes in my life but—I married those. . . . No, if you want to understand them don't marry one. If you did it would only cramp his style. Lots of marriages are all broken up by trying too hard to understand them. I think most happily married men are happily misunderstood."

I think she is very cynical for all the husbands I have ever known have always longed to be understood and are all very hopeful and forgiving about it.

Husbands are naturally candid. They really hate to lie the way they are sometimes forced to through their wives' tactless habits of asking questions. I have noticed when they phone from my apartment that they are "working late in the office"; how the most sensitive ones speak in a gruff final way, hoping to get off the wire before they are forced to tell untruths; and how the forceful ones speak gently to their wives, trusting a soft answer will turn away—more questions. Husbands hate lies so much themselves that they believe almost anything you tell them, and I have marvelled how any man who has lived with one woman can be so deceived by another.



*Acrobatic*



*Helpless*

Husbands, I think, must be very subconscious. They follow their own line of thought through deep hidden channels and pop out at you in unexpected places. I have sometimes been talking to a new husband (i. e., one new to me) about nothing more sentimental than the value of proteids when he has walked over to where I sat, grasped me firmly by the shoulder and looking at me compellingly, said, "Kiss me—kiss me!"

I was so surprised the first time I only stammered, "What for?" That husband was very cross with me, but now I know how subconscious they are. Their minds are like little moles. His had started to tunnel the afternoon I first told him I would give him tea in my apartment and had come out at the conclusion he wanted to draw.

I asked one husband who was more analytical than the others why they were so sudden and he said every married man knew that it was fatal to lead up to anything you wanted to get from a woman. Your only chance was the surprise method—to do it quick! These I call the acrobatic husbands because they leap to conclusions. I think these husbands must be very much misunderstood by their wives, don't you?

There is one thing all husbands never do—at least all mine who belong to some one else. They never try to reform you. This is very restful. Bachelors are so critical, they don't care how they tell you what is wrong with you, but husbands are soothing and say kind things.

There is another thing they never do: handy jobs about the house. I have never known even the newest husband to admit that he can use his hands in the way you want him to. He always has some good reason why not; sore thumbs, crooked eyes, no sense of proportion, or another engagement. It is really very lucky that fate has married all the husbands and left all the bachelors to do these things for themselves.

Would you like to hear about some of my types of

husbands? To begin with, there is the "incidental husband." He is usually a prominent business man. He calls you up on the phone in a breezy voice about 12:45 for luncheon at one o'clock.

"Just an hour of you in between important engagements," he says, flies up for you in a taxi, snatches a squeeze of your elbow on the way out (this type likes elbows), puts you through luncheon with dexterous speed and lands you home a minute before two and his next appointment. I am sure his wife is like a well-baked potato and you are the dash of paprika on top.

The helpless husband I met at a tea. He had a cup of tea in one hand and a piece of cake in the other when I came up and offered him a sandwich. He wanted it awfully and looked at it longingly, but did not know how to get it, so I solved the problem by putting it into his mouth for him. Since then he comes to me whenever his wife mislays him, which happens quite often and I get a frantic phone from him.

"I don't remember the address Jean gave me to meet her at. I don't know if it was Sixth-fourth or Forty-sixth Street. What shall I do?"

Or from her, for she likes me a lot and checks him, so to speak, with me when she is not using him. She is rather violent and uses strong language so her phone is like this:

"Hello!!! Is that damn fool Bert there? No? Well, please keep him if he comes."

Her husband confided to me once that his wife was "one series of explosions," but I know he really loves her and would not change her.

The Doggy Husband is almost my nicest. He is so friendly and believing—just as our puppy was. He always meets me so gladly and leaves so regretfully, turning his back on gay parties in town and heading for home and all it does not hold for him uncomplainingly. I soon found out, not by anything he ever said, but by sudden wincing that his wife was a nagger. I can remember now when he said good-bye, it was wistfully like the nice collie dog who goes with you in a friendly way along the road until he reaches what he knows is the end of his beat, then stops, wags his tail and follows you with longing eyes.—I do not

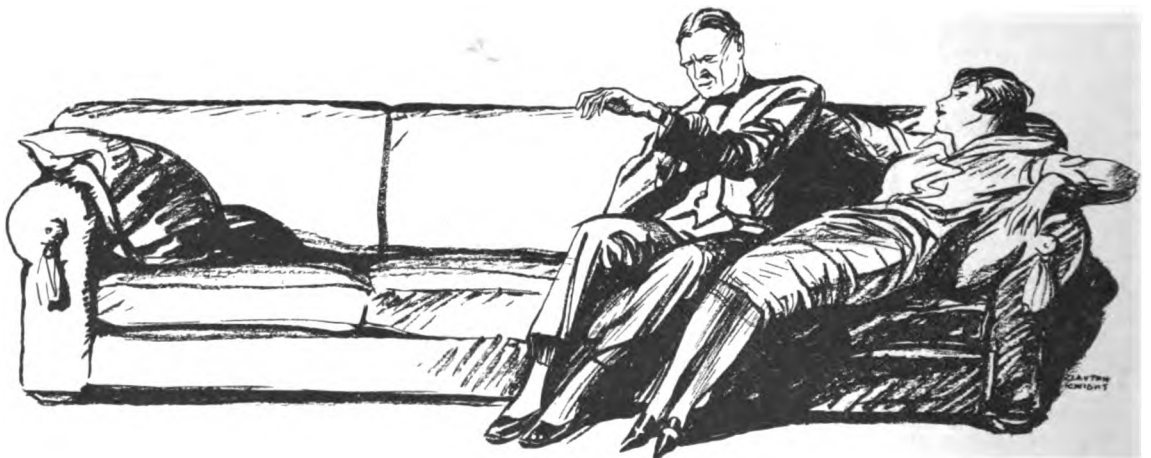
like my Doggy Husband's wife so awfully much.

It was the Doggy one who brought me his friend, the Irresistible one. He had told me so often about his many victims and his deadly charm. I was prepared for thrills, at least. Here was a faithless fascinator. He asked to come again and when he came I had candles and firelight and poked up my jessamine cushions to stir up an alluring scent so that I might do my bit. He opened conventionally as most husbands do. First they talk about themselves, then they show you their children's pictures and if they have none, their new ties, socks, etc. When he left he held my hand and gazed at me compellingly until I told him I did not like to look at him so close to the end of my nose.

The second time he said very little, leaving long dangerous silences, in which he gazed at me still more compellingly and made no effort to help my conversational crawl.—Anyhow, whether it was the dim candles, the flickering firelight, or the dying jessamine cushion, he flared up, as they say in the movies, into a white heat of passion one night. I could feel myself slipping delightfully down, down, down—it was delicious. My cynical remarks about life had been stopped on my lips by passionate kisses. It was going to be the moment of my life when—suddenly—he dropped me, made a dive for his watch, glared at the time, said, "Good Lord! I can just catch that last train out," snatched his hat and coat and without one backward glance, he vanished.

He proved to be the most domestic of them all, for somehow in the moments of greatest abandon he was still metered by trains and time tables and the wife who was waiting for him. But we got to be great pals and I know his wife must be a good sport and that she has a sense of humor, and I changed his name to the Metered One.

These are only a few types of husbands. Some I know and many I don't know and I want to know them all. I am not clever nor beautiful nor a vampire. Any wife can trust her husband to me and I will return him in the same condition in which I got him. For I like all Husbands—God Bless them—they are all nice and I like to feel they are making some other woman happy.—Susan Simple, Spinster



*The Irresistible Husband is Renamed "The Metered One"*



## Funny-Legs

**T**HIS fragile little man who has shaken the wide world with laughter looks at himself and feels he is a greater joke—a less merry and more wistful—than any he has concocted. There was, for instance, a certain night in Paris. That town's leading theatrical producer, aware no doubt that there was nothing on the stage worth showing, took Charlie to the Cirque Médrano. When Chaplin, flanked by his friends, slipped into his seat in the first ringside row, the brothers Fratellini were cavorting in the sawdust. They held the funnel-shaped house focussed on themselves. It was hard to say if anyone had remarked Chaplin's entrance.

But the finish of the Fratellini act was the signal for intermission. The high-tiered human monster, suddenly shouting *Charlot!* with a thousand throats, avalanched down upon a single spot at the arena rail, where a little man in a dapper dinner coat sat blinking. He was engulfed, and lost. A score of *gendarmes* broke into the delirious maze of men and women, pressing on Chaplin as if they were hungry to devour him. The police found him, formed a phalanx about the little man and he was shuttled out into the Place Pigalle.

But the cry *Charlot!* had got there first. The square, the boulevards that lead to it, turned into a magnetized mob; thousands came pouring, pushing, shouting. Men touched him; women tried to kiss him.

At last, with his London-tailored garments reduced to the state of a rummage sale in the Bronx, Charlie was swept into a strategic taxi. And as the car manoeuvred him into a side street and the voice of Paris shouting *Charlot!* dimmed, he shook himself; he smoothed his hat; and he said:

"It's all—*nothing!* It's all—a *joke!* It can all be explained, I tell you. It's all—*nothing.*"

But this was no Olympian above the mob and the battle. Chaplin knows "it" is not nothing. But—

what is "it"? Chaplin knows "it" can be explained—but who to explain it? Such questions as these have greyed the hair of this most beloved man of all the world—who is thirty-six years old. Take "it" away, for instance—this magical popularity; dim it even for an hour, and Charlie's latest melancholy flames into hysteric rage. I recall a breakfast, one morning after

a night of talk, in a small "box" of Greenwich Village. The waiters and the early guests did not recognize Charlie Chaplin. He was fretful, and then furious.

"I'm going home," he said.

"Do you want a taxi?"

"One taxi? Call me twelve! I'll go home in twelve taxis. The first I'll ride in. The others will be my escort."

And then he laughed at himself. When he got home, doubtless he fell asleep. For he'd been up all night, this popular god of the films, talking Schopenhauer and Spinoza. When he awoke that evening in time for dinner, having broken ten engagements in the way of his sleep, the first question in his mind may well have been: "What does *it* all mean? Why has this thing just happened to me—to Charles Spencer Chaplin? *What is it?*"

He thinks of the days not so long ago, when he was a \$25 importation of Mack Sennett. He saw "it" coming on him, as he ate his chile con carne with the other hams in the Los Angeles lunch wagons. Eyes dwelt on him as he entered, hard with inquiry, glazed with

an acceptance of apartness. Silence grew manifest in groups as he passed. "*They have been talking about me!*" At last he heard: the reports were coming in, from Everett, Washington; from Shreveport, Louisiana; from Mitchell, Indiana; from Bradentown, Florida; from Penobscot, Maine. "Send us another picture with that there Funny-legs. When Funny-legs—what the hell is his name?—is in the comedy, there's a crowd and a glad hand."

From a thousand silent towns, a misty murmur



Charlie Chaplin

gathered and moved up on the studio city. Until there it was, in the handshake of managers, in the proffered hands of producers, holding contracts for many dollars—and for many years. The Whitechapel lad who had been a dud, singing in the music halls of England, and who knew the smell of sordid lodging rooms from Brummagem to Montmartre, shook his head, and refused to sign.

"I don't know," he said. "I may retire. I may study Sanskrit. I have always been interested in Sanskrit, you know."

Was that fear—was that despair in the managerial eye?

"What is it?" he asked himself. "I must look out. There's something *they* don't even understand."

He has not yet found out. And this is the pity of Chaplin. The gods seem to be playing a sort of serial joke on him. And he's always behind: he's never yet caught up. The mob . . . the fortune . . . the fame . . . the intellectuals of New York and Paris turning his stunts into logarithmic mazes as if he were Einstein . . . the great of the earth . . . mysterious, hungry women. What sort of a game is this, any way? Why do the rotten-teethed thousands of London weep and bash their fists in their faces when he comes to town? Why do the Frenchmen speak of Pan and Dionysius—and give him decorations?

"I'll find out," says Chaplin. He has not found out. But he has become a self-doubting, melancholy, haunted man—oscillant between gaiety and despair.

"I thought I knew what I was doing. I studied hard the technique of laughter-getting. I know now I never knew what I did. Really, I must start to learn the art of the motion picture. I must start. . ."

But in the meanwhile (and here's the pity), he must go on. He is caught in a vast machine which he has created and which he does not run. How can you go on, and start, at the same time?

A man with eyes met Charlie for the first time some years ago. They went to the Beaux Arts for lunch. Both of them were busy men and had a day studded with dates. They forgot. They talked, they walked, they dined, they went on talking. Finally, they breakfasted together. Here is the way the man with eyes saw Chaplin:

"The man I lunched with was the traditional comedian, shrewd and dapper. Later in the park, he was a boy—sentimental, vaguely mystical. As we walked sordid streets, he was an ironist. He was hard and ruthless. At that moment, I began to love him. I

realized that he was above the common run of pity. Later when he spoke of his childhood, I knew that he was capable of compassion—a strong compassion, analytically grained. We sat in the shielded glow of a single lamp whose shadows were thick on walls of books; and I found a gentleman beside me: a strict conservator of the high place in the world that was his own. The critic disappeared by midnight; there was a gamin; there was a mad man. A mad sensualist emerged, sadistic, yet possessed of a cruel love of checking himself back into intelligence. At 3 A. M. he was a wistful, bewildered lad of the East End. If words of the Kabala had come from his hard mouth, I should not have wondered. He seemed a Jew. And then a young emperor with bacchic vine-leaves in his tumbled hair. . . . He was never a fool. . . ."

Charlie Chaplin's secret is that he has created for himself a mask in which all this gamut lives. What a strange mask it is: a bit of a moustache, a bit of a cane, baggy trousers, flapping shoes. Yet it has satisfied the world, from China to Paris. It has failed in but a single way—a cruel one: for it has failed to satisfy its maker.

It has plunged him into a world of wonder: a world of almost grandiose elements which he confronts with his sweet childish question. It has given him no answer.

He seeks his answer wistfully. There are women, for instance. Charlie is tender and innately fine with women. This explanation of *what he is*—will not some woman give it with her love? It is a fact that more than one girl, who has taken from this bewildered boy the dross of his gold, had she had it in her, might have given him to himself. . . . If not there, perhaps the intellectuals can prove him to himself? Charlie's quests equilibrate each other; and leave him as will-less as a Russian romantic, in the quicksands of Los Angeles: lost in a world of which he is the king, and which he does not love and which distrusts him, knowing him different from it.

He goes on seeking. And his quest slows his work, sicklies the pure lyricism of his art with a pale cast of thought.

Creams tarts do not fly so swift from a meditant hand; nor a body dart so agile from the pursuing officer, when the mind within is on another hunt.

Is it all a mirage—this power and this fame of Charlie Chaplin? Will there be naught at the end, but the unceasing pain of the unceasing question.

—Searchlight



# A STUDY IN FRACTIONS



Y the fraction of a second I missed the train at the Grand Central Terminal for Bedford Hills and I was obliged to wait an hour, several minutes, a few seconds and a small part of another second for the next train.

It was the first time that the rigorous determinism of fractions in the conduct of life became fully realizable to me. I wandered to a high stool at the station lunch counter and drank a cup of coffee and discoursed with myself about the tragedy of fractions of the common and decimal varieties.

When I saw a Boy Scout master in uniform enter the lunch room, my thoughts received added stimulus as I gazed at this man who reminded me so much of  $\frac{8}{11}$ . His long thin waist, his wide hips and his long slender legs had a most fractional stiffness and contour. He passed near my stool.

"Do you understand fractions?" I pleaded.

He stopped, happy to find one in the great city who spoke his native tongue, but, grasping the quality of my question, he distorted his fractional form to a pose preparatory to flight that would most certainly have confused his denominator with his numerator. I arrested his escape with a challenge.

"Have fractions a biblical warrant for existence? I'll wager you don't know the exact dimensions of Moses's staff with which he smote the rock."

"I was always good at fractions," he replied. I didn't understand why  $\frac{8}{11}$  should tell me this, but I excused it as a lie one indulges in upon meeting strangers in railway stations.

"I have met a tragic, fractional disaster," I insisted. "I was to go to Bedford Hills on the train that pulled out of here exactly at nine-ten and three-fifths of a second. I reached the station one-twentieth of a second too late, and now I am obliged to remain in this stuffy restaurant and drink one and three-fifths quarts of coffee while I listen to these people around me lying about their wives, the league of nations and all the illnesses they have experienced."

"Yes, fractions are important. Very,"  $\frac{8}{11}$  agreed with himself.

This repetition of a conviction that I was forming annoyed me, because I hated the idea of a fraction suddenly becoming as important as napkins, turnbuckles, adding machines and demountable rims. There seemed to be a sufficiency of important things.

"Life is important,"  $\frac{8}{11}$  said before I could interrupt, "but fractions sometimes make it carry a greater value. Of course, one must never be carried away by a single idea. I've always said that religion can do that very thing. Fractions can take hold of a man's soul and make him neglect his faith. Indeed, one may have faith in fractions. One should. But, then again, there are times when faith may be misplaced, even in the exact truthfulness of a fraction.

"They built a bridge once at Karaway. Karaway is a strange town. Have you ever been there? I have *lots* of times. This bridge was three and five-sixteenths miles long. It took one year, seven months, nine days, four hours, thirteen minutes, sixteen seconds, and four-fifths of a second to bring it to the point where the great tragedy occurred.

"Karaway folk are a holiday sort of people. They have many churches there and a great number of gatherings where the folks indulge in simple, sweet things that are good for the soul in this sordid age.

"When the main part of the bridge on each side of the river was finished, they brought the middle span down the river on boats and set it in place. The river is not very deep, but in the middle, where they put the new span, it *is* deep. Yes, it is deep there. *Very* deep. People have perished there. In winter it is frozen over, and then people perish there, too.

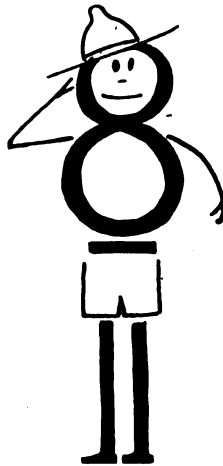
"It was one of those days when the holiday spirit takes hold of a people and brings them nearer the Kingdom of Heaven. At each end of the bridge there were groups of Karaway and Lington folk in their holiday regalia, awaiting the time when the span should be put in place so that they could rush across the bridge. And, lucky was he who should cross the bridge first, for to him the citizens of Karaway would give a beautiful silver-mounted walking stick. Even dogs strained at their leashes ready to dash across. Of course a dog could not win the walking stick.

"At last the span was in place. A hundred or more workmen set the bolts in place as they clambered around the structure like monkeys in their most playful moments. Flags were flying, whistles blew and from afar came the tocsin resounding gloriously from the tall, gilded spire of Saint Pzrylm, the martyr. Dogs barked and children sucked on sticks of candy as they watched the boats below."

"But, wait," I interrupted. "What has this epic got to do with fractions? At this moment there is nothing in the world that concerns me more than the secret of the fraction. If you hold this secret in your soul, release it so that my inflamed brain may be restored to less cumbersome thoughts, and so I shan't miss the next train by a fraction."

"I see, you have all the impatience of one who knows not the peace of the soul found only in your Father in Heaven. The lily holds the secret of the fraction! The pagan Greeks, although they came near to its discovery, failed because The Spirit was not within them.

"Just before the bolts were tightened, there arose a sound as if Heaven itself had been shaken at its foundations. Then stillness reigned. The bridge shuddered. The people at either end were becoming impatient. The sound reached them and they stayed their breathing in expectancy. Then the bridge swerved a bit in the middle and the central span tore free from its bolts and sank to the bed of the river in



the deep channel. Very deep. With a hundred souls upon it, struggling for that short moment each human cries for to meet death with a cleansed soul.

"The whistles still blew, the bells still rang, and children let their sticks of candy fall into the river and upon the ground where the dogs came and ate them. Karaway children love their barley candy and the dogs no less. Children eating candy have been attacked by Karaway dogs. My mother was born in Karaway. I think I told you that. That's how I was there visiting her in the town when the tragedy occurred.

"But, the noises ceased soon when the news flew about that we were in the presence of death. We bowed our heads in reverence and offered a silent prayer as a few policemen went out in boats. When the survivors were landed, we offered another prayer and went back to a sad city."

"But, fractions, fractions. What about them?"  
 $\frac{8}{11}$  had me quadratically puzzled.

"It was discovered later. You know how things happen. They investigated as they should have. Everyone was asked about it who had anything to do with it. It took many days; and then they found that in calculating the stresses of the structural steel

a great oversight had occurred. The headquarters of the construction company was at the capital, Torpus. There was a man working there on the engineering staff who had been so avaricious that he had neglected his religious practices. He had not been to church in several years. He was a man about five feet, five and seven-sixteenths inches tall, yet he wore a collar sixteen and one-quarter inches, for which he was rather well-known in Torpus. He had done the calculating; and had undutifully failed to carry out one fraction to eight places instead of three. He got .006 whereas he should have got .00637821. The error repeated itself in the remainder of his work, so the span was too ponderous for the structure.

"Yes, faith can be placed safely in the ways of the Lord his wonder to perform. I know a case of a surgeon who was noted all over Novia for his splendid operations——"

I promptly bade  $\frac{8}{11}$  good-bye. I had three-fifths of a second to catch my train.

He ran after me to the gate as he continued his new thesis.

"He knew just where each ligament and artery was to be found in the human anatomy, but even the calculations he——." —Marshall D. Beuick



## The Power of Satire

### *The Poet Invokes the Muse:*

Sweet Muse of Lyric Poesy,  
 I've done a lot for you;  
 You ought to do the same for me—  
 My rent, I find, is due.  
 So pray inspire my feeble pen  
 To earn the needful fifty yen.

### *The Muse Replies:*

Well, I must say you have a gall  
 To dun me for the rent!  
 Go on! let's see you hit the ball  
 And don't be impudent!  
 I'll help good guys like Johnny Keats  
 But tramps like you can earn their eats!

### *The Poet Retorts:*

Oh, is that so? Yeah? Is THAAAT so?  
 A tramp, hey? Just like that?  
 Well, just for that I'm going to show  
 I'm not a mental gnat!  
 I've done without your help before;  
 I guess I can for one time more.

### *Whereupon the Poet Knits His Brow and Produces the Following:*

In ancient times a satirist  
 Named O. McKelvie Cray  
 Ground out a pessimistic grist  
 Of comment every day  
 (Sometimes in prose, sometimes in  
 rime)  
 Upon the topics of the time.

He mocked both House and Senate and  
 He snickered at the laws.  
 He thumbed, with oscillating hand,  
 His nose at human flaws.  
 He jeered the dries and flayed the wets  
 With epigrams and epithets.

He scored the painters of the hour,  
 Deploring their technique;  
 O'er Actor Smith poured verbal flour;  
 Proved Scrybler's novels weak.  
 In short, he sicced his mordant mind  
 On everything that he could find.

Bitter and bitterer grew his wit  
 At deeds of mortal mold.  
 It knew no fault too small to hit,  
 No man too big to scold.  
 Until so feared became its sting  
 That no one would do anything!

The authors ceased their books to write,  
 The actors ceased to act,  
 The pugilists refused to fight,  
 The factories to fact.  
 Art was afraid to rear its head  
 And industry became stone dead.

But Fate has, as perhaps you know,  
 Its own peculiar way  
 Of evening matters up; and so  
 It proved with Mr. Cray.  
 He'd knocked the world so cockeyed  
 out  
 He'd nothing left to scoff about!

He'd carped till not a thing remained  
 On which to spend his breath  
 And, from his life work thus restrained,  
 He quickly starved to death.  
 The whole world sighed relievedly,  
 then  
 Instantly started up again.

From Cray's satiric comment free,  
 The industries and arts  
 Awakened from their lethargy  
 And once more played their parts,  
 Assured that unimportant slips  
 No more would earn sarcastic quips.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Ye satirists, from what's been said  
 Absorb this lesson true:  
 If on the worm too oft ye tread  
 It may run out on you.  
 Your fellow men are sensitive!  
 Live and, as someone's said, let live.

### *The Poet to the Muse:*

You thought I'd need assistance, hey?  
 Well, gal, you pulled a bone!  
 You thought I couldn't get away  
 With anything alone.  
 Well, con my yarn; it's got the kick!  
 Laugh that one off!

### *The Muse Replies:*

You make me sick!

—Baron Ireland



WE have had Music Week, but the most important event of the seven days consecrated to this department was a concert which had no relation to the musical chamber of commerce's rites of Spring. It was the second recital of John Coates, the English tenor, of whom we held forth riotously not so long ago. Mr. Coates sang a reasonably conventional program for his second apparition—presumably to convince the experts who greeted him as a specialist in old English tunes, and if he didn't convince them, they're beyond conviction. The program was a masterwork of construction and Mr. Coates demonstrated what we had suspected: that as a vocalist and interpreter he has no better.

Mr. Coates's artistry may have led our ears astray, but it seems to us that the best song writing of our time is being done in England. The younger crop of British songsmiths can write tunes (if you think that's easy, try it!), they harmonize boldly but unaffectedly and they exhibit remarkable discrimination in the selection of texts. Take Arnold Bax, Peter Warlock, Charles Armstrong Gibbs, John Ireland, Thomas Dunhill, Graham Peel, Martin Shaw, Balfour Gardiner, Arthur Somervell, and what, as Sam Hoffenstein entreats, do you get? A first-rate program of songs.

There is prime adventure ahead for the seat fillers who are willing to take a short journey to strange alleys. About this time, says the almanack, look for evanescent operatic troupes in and about the lower East Side. Here you may encounter wealthy young sopranos who have found a persuasive impresario, screaming the flute-chaperoned mad scene through a tentative orchestra and a ubiquitous augmented chorus of twelve in a truncated version of "Lucia." Here you may find the whilom favorites of provincial Italian opera houses roaring "La donna e mobile," and choristers from the Metropolitan's rear rank breathing hard as *Rigoletto* and *Tomio*. Here you may discover industrious conductors announced as "Cav.," "Sig." and "Mo." The last two, in passing, are not prohibition agents; they are operatic shorthand for Signor and

Mæstro. And here are wily managers who hold the curtain until the dollar that insures the payment of fees passes across the box-office window. These performances take place with little advance announcement and when that last dollar doesn't arrive, they disappear just as quietly, but if report of any reaches this department, we shall broadcast the glad tidings at our next session before this microphone.

Speaking of microphones, have you ever read the radio reviews which sparkle in some of our hodiernals? You could get a pretty good musical education from a persistent perusal of the informative quips which the Lawrence Gilmans of the air dispense. One of them, for instance, inveighed against the too frequent sing-

ings of "Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride," and suggested as a novelty "The Lost Chord." Another ethereal Olin Downes was captivated by a hearing of the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, the only defect in his critique being that the Scherzo had been eliminated by the broadcasting orchestra in favor of Cesar Franck's *Minor* symphony. One fancies that editors sometimes set an announcer to catch an announcer.



"—Evanescent Operatic Troupes . . ."

"Now, hold on!" cries one who has learned about sopranos from the radio columns. "It's all very well for you to pick on our own Ernest Newmans, but could you do any better?"

We quiver before the implication, but we accept the gage which we dropped ourselves, you clever fellow! Next week, ladies and gentlemen of the invisible audience, we shall take some broadcasting studio seriously.

Something should be said of the work of the ushers in our concert halls this season. The most determined exhibition of ushering took place at the International Information Service concert at Town Hall a few days ago, when an amateur corps of guides insisted on parking the critics in the seats for which they held tickets rather than permitting them to follow their custom of roosting in the empty aisle seats in the rear.



## GREAT MOMENTS FROM THE DRAMA

*A Gilbert and Sullivan Resurrection and Remortification at the Shubert Theatre*

**H**ERE the "Princess Ida" has been disporting herself musically if not too gayly, in a score that is Sullivan at his top-notch. We have with us, top row, a chorus lady, who will have to be nameless, all fixed up for a battle; Mr. Newbold, as *King Gama*; Mr. Peacock, as *Florian*, and Miss Mershon, as *Blanche*. Middle row, Miss Kosta, as *Princess Ida*; a scene from the second act showing Miss O'Brien, as *Psyche*, enter-

taining a horrid doubt concerning the new lady pupils, who are no others than Mr. Peacock, Mr. Frasier and Mr. Welsh; and Mr. Poppen, as *Hildebrand*.

In the bottom row, Miss Whiteside, as *Melissa*; Mr. Frasier, Mr. Welsh and Mr. Peacock about to crash into a ladies' seminary; and two picked beauties from the chorus.

—W. E. Hill





"Why should the living weep for the dead?  
And why not weep for themselves instead?"

—Samuel Hoffenstein

#### OBIT

**T**HERE was "Flesh," which left this life a week ago Saturday.

"Flesh" was played, for the most part, in the workshop of a street walker. Complications ensued when a young woman of good, or goodish, family, overhearing her betrothed in evil chit-chat with the street walker, asked her for the lend of her room for the night. And so, in full view of the audience, the moral young woman took off her clothes and went to bed, wearing a little more, however, than an Eskimo off for the Pole.

The big scene—let this serve as a notation for the permanent record—had to do with a big, brave, true man who was beating up a cad who was assaulting the virgin when he stopped himself and the show by remarking:

"Women are a strange mixture all right, but you'll have to admit they're the mothers of the race."

And now, if you'll light up that old Muriel and throw another log on the fire, what with Spring being such a bust too, we'll tell you all about "His Queen," at the Hudson.

Well, it seems that along about the middle of the first act Francine Larrimore suddenly turns Queen. She's a nice little girl in Yonkers and she has just married a competent floor-walker when in walks an ambassador with a red seal to tell her her father was really the Long Lost Dauphin of Phyrricos. You could have knocked her over with a mouth-wash.

But, all the same, it's ho! for Phyrricos. And who should be the local Trotzky, do you suppose, but Robert Warwick, with a khaki shirt with an open collar?

A queen, let us tell you, is just a woman like every other woman, queen or no queen, and before long—about half way through the third act, to be exact—the queen and Warwick realize that love has entered their lives. But a husband, it will be remembered, entered the queen's life even a little

before that, and so there's no way out but to have a fourth act.

A good deal of cleaning up is done in the fourth act. The husband is shot early, en route to the palace, and some of the wise critical talent started up the aisle. However, the author would have his little joke and so the queen, too, is killed, by a bullet meant for Warwick.

All persons asking this department to become King of Phyrricos will be treated as slightly insane and laughed out of the house.

Miss Margot Kelly is the leading actress of "The Loves of Lulu" and the Broadway gossips insist that she arranged for its production. And thus there is for some of us at least a slight crumb of satisfaction in the circumstance that rapid box-office disaster is about to punish the insolence of an actress who has taken this sensitive tragedy and had it staged for what must be called a personal vehicle. Staged, too, with a knife and fork.

Miss Kelly has assembled and caused to be rehearsed an uninspired collection of players who very obviously would now be playing in "Flesh" or "His Queen" if they hadn't happened to be at home when the casting director for "The Loves of Lulu" phoned. If any of them, except Ulrich Haupt, have the slightest idea that "The Loves of Lulu" is anything but physical sophistry, they have kept their secret and it will go to their graves with them. The play might be a moving picture, for all of them and their director.

Mr. Haupt is a capable director, who knows more about the technique of appearing in public upon the stage than nine-tenths the membership list of the Lambs' Club. He has, unfortunately, an accent that has become associated in the American mind with the notion of burlesque, like William Jennings Bryan and Imogene Wilson and King George's speeches from the throne. Wherefore, when Mr. Haupt, with all the correctness in the world, attempts to carry the tragic burden of Wedekind's mad, bitter, disillusioned philosophy, the effect is like that of Nat Wills reading a telegram.

"Why should the living weep . . . ?"

### The New Plays

**THE LOVES OF LULU.** *At the Forty-ninth Street. Wedekind played for farce values, perhaps unintentionally.*

**HIS QUEEN.** *At the Hudson. Francine Larrimore, in "From Yonkers to Phyrricos," the first the town of that name, the second a kingdom in McCutcheon Land.*

**A BIT O' LOVE.** *At the Forty-eighth Street. A production, for special matinees, of a Galsworthy play of no particular consequence.*

**THE BRIDE RETIRES.** *At the National. Translated—O Boy!—from the French.*



BOXHOLDERS: MAYOR E

**T**HE city of Athens alleviated a housing shortage by taking over the golden horseshoe of the National Opera House of Greece for refugees. Aroused by President Coolidge's plea for economy, *THE NEW YORKER* learns, Mayor Hylan's Committee for the Advancement of Civilization has seized on this idea and has taken over the Metropolitan (previously a dead loss during the summer) and will continue to operate it during the months of June, July, August etc. Our artist has sketched a section of the horseshoe.

## Parterre Boxes

61—Mr. Max Brodsky (Notary Public, Real Estate, Ice, Coal & Wood, Genuine Hartz Mountain Canaries etc.).

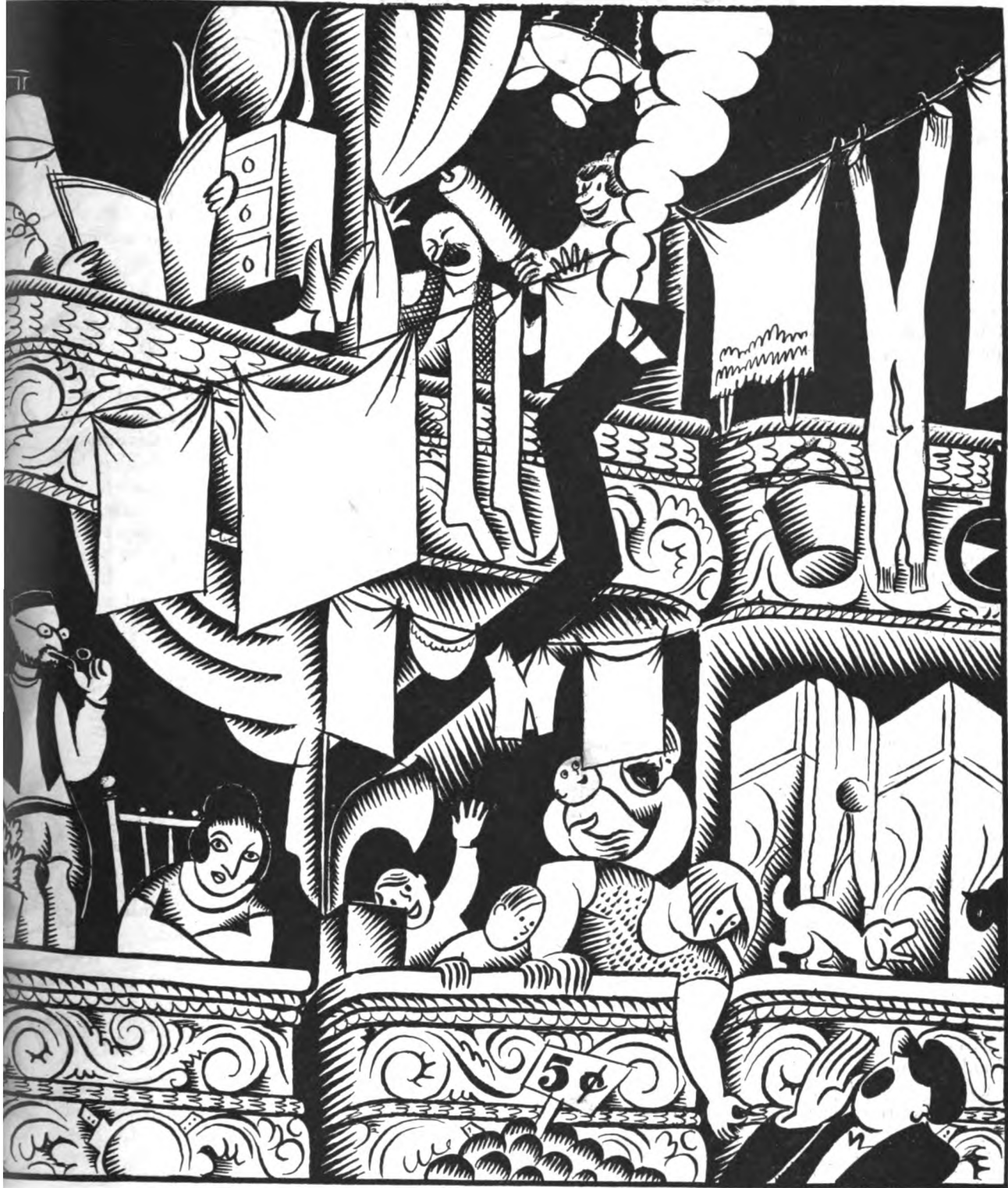
62—City of Yonkers

63—Mr. Herman, Snf. alias Mr. Harold Vandewater, alias "the Dude"

64—Mr. Lionel Macfadden (9 A.M. to 9 P.M. inclusive)

Mrs. L. Macf. (9 P.M. to 9 A.M. inclusive)

65—Estate of L. Wilfred Bszzkioski



### SUMMER SEASON

#### Grand Tier Boxes

- 36—Mr. Adolph Blurtwielder (alternately)  
 37—Mrs. Cornelius Ponce de Leon  
 Master Egbert Ponce de Leon  
 38—Mr. Sing Hi  
 Mr. Wun Lung (Alternate Wednesdays)  
 39—Mr. Moe Gotawasky  
 Mrs. G.

- 40—Mr. Patrick O'Hanrahan  
 Mrs. Patrick O'Hanrahan  
 Mr. Patrick O'Hanrahan Jr.  
 Master Michael O'Hanrahan  
 Miss Bridget O'Hanrahan  
 Other O'Hanrahans  
 41—Mrs. Trixie d'Lys, Professionals Boarded,  
 No Checks Cashed.



THE business of being a critic and a liking for art do not go well hand in hand. Too often we find that function which substitutes for us as a critical faculty thrown out of balance by mere common sense. There was the case of the Independent show and now the Spring Salon at the Anderson galleries. After all, these people have a right to paint and, according to our own viewpoint, have a right to paint what they want and as they see it. But the minute we tread the gallery floor as a critic we begin to think of form, technique, aesthetic qualities and a lot of other bunk that clogs up self expression.

The Salon contains less shock than did the Independent show. In the first place it is better hung. There is more room and there is better orientation. You can stay on the top floor and avoid most of the wild stuff gathered on the floor below. In that way you can almost imagine you have been at one of the Academy shows. Outside of a few flower pieces there is nothing in the right wing of the exhibit to excite your fancy or imagination. Most of it is the usual stuff, from pictures of dear babies labeled "A Bit of Heaven" to Eve in the garden contemplating a ripe tomato.

In the left wing there is a case of the stuff done by Carl Walters: the horse's head and the Hippopotamus. You see a good deal of his glazed tile work about nowadays; it is like nothing American we know except perhaps Varnum Poor. "Young Girl" by Rudolph Tandler, which once graced Dudensing's walls, we felt one of the best of the Spring Salon. "Circus Horses" by Gladys Dick has an exciting sort of rhythm to it and "Machine Shop" by Bumpei Usui (yes that's a name) is new in a way that does not remind you of every other modern you have seen this year. We liked, too, things by George Ault, Katherine Starr, Henrietta Shore and Teal Messer. See the Spring Salon: it will not make you as mad as the Independent show, it won't give you half the kick or take half as much time.

If only the world were perfect these shows would turn up one hundred per cent genius and we could take the mute from our horn and blow ourselves hoarse. It's a great idea, this spirit of independence and the theories of non-repression. But surely some better system could be devised for the selection of these shows. As it is the threshold seems too low, and too broad. If their wigs and whiskers were snatched off we are sure some of the intruders would be discovered as Academicians in disguise.

An artist whose work is too seldom seen, is showing one of his rare pieces at Scott & Fowles. Alfred Lens, modeler of that Metropolitan piece of Pavlowa as the dragon fly, has a beautiful thing in "Star Dust." The casual witness will doubtless see only the two lovely figures spun out from the whirling sphere. Any one who has knowledge of the intricate prob-

lems of casting can find much to marvel at in "Star Dust." Five moulds were destroyed in the making and the figure took over three years. The piece is of silver, gold and bronze, a combination so difficult to fuse that it is usually avoided. To us, Lens is one of the true geniuses of the century.

In the Montross Gallery last week all the talk was of a nature to set the scene for the exhibit. It was the first day and there were such magic phrases as "And when do you go to East Hampton," or "It's Capri, of course; if you know Capri." And the pictures of Harold Holmes Wrenn fit beautifully into this atmosphere. A young architect from Virginia, they say he is, spending a year abroad with his art. Well-mannered, pretty pictures—an architect's cool appraisal of things with nothing out of plumb or perspective. From the talk we also gathered that many of these sketches would adorn East Hampton walls. They will fit nicely into the talk and decorum and never cause the hostess pain, nor a guest a tilted eyebrow.

The paintings of horses by John Lewis Brown at the Duran-Ruell Galleries are of interest even if you are not paddock-minded. An intimate of Degas and Manet, Brown painted horses as only Degas could when he turned from ballet girls. The twenty-three canvases make an unusual collection and you will doubtless never have the opportunity again of seeing this Frenchman's collected work.

Daniel's Gallery has taken on its summer wear and is showing water colors: Preston Dickinson and John Marin. Dickinson, we feel, is one of our very best. He can give strength to the medium in a way that reconciles you to water colors. And with his pencil and pastels, Dickinson, somehow, can bring beauty and life to the moribund rhythm of a village.

Fools rush in, don't they. It was our week and we might as well make a thorough job of it. Perhaps if fourteen policemen who were keeping a lane open in front of the Cardinal as he sat in state on the Cathedral steps, had not forced us to walk around the block, we might have been in a better mood for art. Came then, not the dawn but a sign in the window of Frank K. M. Rehn, announcing an exhibit of the work of George Luks and Gari Melchers. The show was a great disappointment, unless we learn that the water colors and the pastels are their latest work. These show a feeling and a groping that is so refreshing they might have been done by artists other than the two who have the canvases in the front room. The paintings seem to us to be neither one thing nor the other and a rather doleful selection. A show certainly that can do neither painter good.



# OF ALL THINGS



**N**OW it can be told. All those Unknown Soldiers were Admiral Fiske.

\* \* \*

This has been Busy Week for our sea forces. They have had to defend Hawaii from theoretical Japanese and New Jersey from alleged Scotch.

\* \* \*

As a result of the rum blockade New York reports prices on imported goods rising and a better market for domestic. The Republican administration is protecting home manufacturers from the pauper liquor of Europe.

\* \* \*

The question of whether we ought to lose the Pearl Harbor oil tanks by rust or by lawsuit is quite beyond our depth. In fact, we could scarcely know less about the navy if we were Secretary of it.

\* \* \*

The activities of the Sinnott family strike an untrained observer as an interesting example of relativity.

\* \* \*

The Hotel Netherland is the latest to be closed and the building converted to business purposes. Yet new hotels are constantly being built. Why don't we erect office buildings direct? Is there some law compelling structures to be hotels for a while before they can qualify?

Caillaux hints that France may pay us one hundred million dollars a year on account—provided Germany makes good on reparations. You knew there was a catch in it somewhere.

\* \* \*

Perhaps the French have not as yet had time to think up a slogan for their new war. How about "Treat 'em Riff?"

\* \* \*

Thumbnail theaters are on every hand.

\* \* \*

The Rev. C. E. Wagner includes stepmothers and mothers-in-law in the universal praise of motherhood. Not only is this broad-minded but it saves us from two more of those "days."

\* \* \*

In the words of a *World* headline, "Warden Lawes Says Only Poor Aim Averts More Killings; Raps Chair."

Or, as we say in the vernacular, "knocks wood."

\* \* \*

No doubt it requires a lot of money changing to build "a house of prayer for all the people," but sometimes—speaking excathedral—it sounds like the house that Jack built.

\* \* \*

Lack of charity is another thing that begins at home and consequently the London papers are more angry about Lady Asquith's slurs at America than we are.

"The telephone and the *Literary Digest* are brothers, in that they are both good and useful inventions"—advertisement.

Yes, and another thing—you have to wait a week for your number.

\* \* \*

All most of us can get out of the airplane controversy is a conviction that we'd rather be Wright than be Langley.

\* \* \*

If the President would revise his handshaking schedule downward perhaps he would have time to do the same for the sugar schedule.

\* \* \*

Carla Tresca published a two-line advertisement on birth control in his Italian paper in New York and was sent to jail for a year. President Coolidge, declaring this a gross miscarriage of justice, commuted the sentence to four months.

But even the net was considerable.

\* \* \*

Thomas Midgley, Jr., Vice-President of General Motors, speaking in defense of tetraethyl gasoline said: "If a man spills the stuff on himself, he is fired." This sounds like a dangerous trade.

\* \* \*

Mr. Midgley is the "father of Ethyl gas" and he seems to think there has been too much talk about Ethyl behind her back.—Howard Brubaker



*Sarcastic Actress (to rival who has fallen into coal-hole): When you've finished your turn, dearie, we'll toddle on!*

Yes—Yes!

**Y**OUR money cheerfully refunded.  
Thirty minutes from Manhattan.  
The police are investigating.  
Seven years of progress.  
Original Broadway cast.  
High official source.  
Small cover charge.  
Reduce pleasantly.  
Moderate rentals.  
Curtain at 8:30.  
The gentle sex.  
Final edition.  
Lowest rate.  
Idle rich.  
New-laid.  
Scotch.

—D. D. P.

### Evolution of a Movie Title

**N**OVEL published under the title, "Fifty Hints to Carpenters." Purchased for pictures and assigned working-title of "Take 'Em and Leave 'Em." Director decides it *must* be changed to "Blood and Sawdust." Star threatens to quit if the title is not made "The Empty Chair."

While the picture is being cut, the scenario department finds that the essence of the story is best represented by their new title, "Rough Hewn."

The chief auditor sees the picture in the projection room, has an inspiration, and it is retitled, "Fifty Hints," etc.

Fortunately before it is released, some bright mind discovers that this was the title of the book from which the picture is supposed to be made, which *of course* could not be used, so the sales department rechristens it

"Stained but Sinless," and thus equipped, sends it blithely forth to do battle with the censors.—W. B. C.

### Faces

**T**HE first face I see in the morning is that of our elevator operator . . . stupid and insolent fellow, it spoils my appetite for breakfast.

On the street a veritable sea of repulsive physiognomies surges about me . . . often a telephone booth is my refuge from them.

Our office is filled, with few exceptions, with rotary cog-faces with no teeth to them . . . the exceptions mentioned are too dull to be self-seeking . . . Thank God my position permits of my leaving when I can stand the rank and profile no longer.

My wife's face opposite at dinner, and—Oh Lord!—her mother lived to an over-ripe ninety.

I return from whatever drags me forth of an evening feeling that if I see one more disgusting countenance—never mind the "disgusting"—I'll have hysterics.

Just before retiring, I gaze long and earnestly at myself in the mirror. Lights out, I tumble into bed and reflection brings compensation.

—W. G. H.

### The Straw Hat Salesman

**O**H, but you must remember that all straw hats look a little odd after wearing a stiff hat all winter."

"Yeah, they cer'nly look funny—so flat, after a derby."

"Yes, that's *just* the point, a lower crown gives such a different effect."

"Yeah, a derby or even a soft hat is so much higher that when you put on a straw hat it looks sorta foolish."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, *hardly* foolish. Now *that* hat you have on is very becoming. Sailor straws are always becoming but it takes several days to get used to the lower crowned effect."

"Yeah, that's it. They are hard to get used to. But at first they look so sorta funny."

"Yes, that's due to the fact that you have been wearing a higher crowned hat, a derby or—"

"Yeah, I can see that now. It's the sudden change that makes them look that way."

"Yes, you're right. The change from a high crowned hat makes the sailor seem flat in appearance. Now I'd advise you—"

"Yeah, they cer'nly look funny after a winter hat."

"Yes, they *do* indeed."—C. Knapp

### Twixt the Cup and the Lip

The French investor was not a bold adventurer. He preferred to put his money into Government bonds, at home and abroad, and quietly till his farm or slip his *aperitif*.

—The Times

### 10-Ton Truck Gardening

\$26 GARDEN SEED, \$20.

Curved. Old Italian design in gray or old ivory. Length, 54 inches; height, 19 inches.

—Wanamaker ad in the Times



"Why does she always play by herself?"

"Well, you see, her husband is an optimist. . . ."

From the Book of Etiquette

*How should artichokes be eaten?*

*Remove leaves with fingers, dip each leaf in sauce and convey to the mouth with fingers.*

WE are surely glad to find out what to do with the leaves of artichokes after they have been dipped in sauce, for we have been puzzled whether they should be stuck in the ears, or poked up the nose, or laid in the hair on top of the head. Someone suggested perhaps the leaves of the artichoke should be tossed one at a time in the air and caught on the prongs of a fork; or they could be dropped inside the collar. One of our friends was ignorant enough to suggest that after the leaves of the artichoke had been dipped in sauce they should be conveyed to the mouth of one's table partner. We even suspected it to be good form to remove one's shoes and stockings and place the leaves of the artichoke between the toes, somehow giving the foot the appearance of having stepped in clover. Here in town we see artichokes only in pictures, so how are we to know what to do if by chance we should run across a live one.

We are more than grateful for the information that the leaves of the artichoke should be placed in one's mouth.—C. J.

Simple and Effective

*Rules for Reaching the Neighborhood Playhouse, the Cherry Lane Theatre and Other Down-town Temples of Coy Art.*

TAKE the wrong subway; get off at the station that Marie Fleming told your wife is the right one; look about you; trust in God; walk two blocks in a lefty-right direction; stop for debate; debate; ask way of bystander; steer NNW for three blocks; ask way of cop; retrace your steps for one block; take surface car; ask way of conductor; hastily disembark; wait for car going in opposite direction; wait for car; reply to that last remark of hers; wait for car; speak your mind; call a taxi.—K. C.

In Barberous Bulgaria

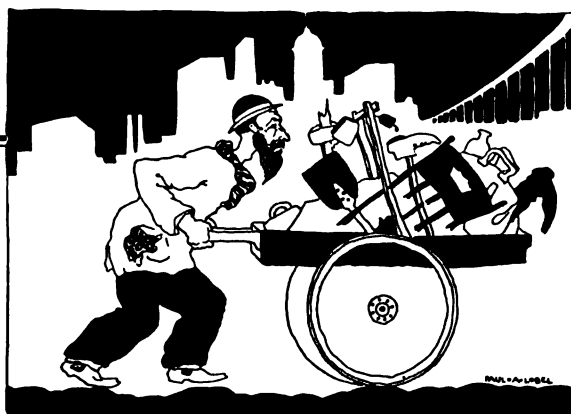
Assassin's Bullet Clips Mustache of Bulgar King.

—The Times

The Optimist

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

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?



# One Hundred Silvery Hours at Sea

through

## THE NEW YORKER'S Travel Bureau

Long, lazy days on breeze-swept decks! The soothing swirl of sun-kissed waves under azure skies! Sea sports! An ideal cruise amid luxurious appointments! Romance! Over all the lure of the lovers' moon! And on arrival—quaint villas, chateaux, old tribal customs, enchanting peasantry! (Tour No. 2545. Battery to St. George, via Staten Island Ferry.)

Or would you view the glories of America first? The teeming marts of the East! Vast undulating lowlands! And then the storm-tossed eminences of the West, where Nature runs riot in all her lavish richness! Craggy peaks high in fleecy clouds! Incessant thunder, like unto the roar of countless trucks upon cobbled streets! Awe! Grandeur! Magnificence! (Tour No. 809. Williamsburg Bridge to Christopher Street Ferry, via the Green Surface Line.)

Travel! Broaden your scope! Become a man among men! Or a woman among women! (As the case may be.) J. F. Hylan, N. Y., N. Y., says: "I have for several seasons been an addict to THE NEW YORKER'S Palm Beach tours. Look where I am to-day!" V. Hindenburg, Berlin, Ger.: "I would give anything to get to go!" Billions of others! Check the tour that most appeals to you and enclose \$5 to cover cost of circular.

- Aquarium
- Bowery and Coney Island
- Coney Island and Bowery
- Duyvil (Spuyten)
- East New York
- Fordham
- Gimbel Bros.
- Hohokus, N. J.
- Islip, L. I.
- Jerry's Place
- Kingsbridge 'Phone Exch.
- Lake (in Cent. Pk.)
- Max's Busy Bee
- N. Y., N. H. or H. (choice)
- Ossining (one way)
- Pol. Hdqrs. (Spring 1200)
- Quarantine
- Rum Fleet (half one way)
- Sailors' Smug Harbor
- Third Ave. El.
- United Cigar Stores (Nos. 1-2025 incl.)
- Village (Greenwich or Bedford)
- West 23d-34th Sta. (incl.)
- X-Ray Laboratories of N. Y.
- Ye Olde Pre-War Rumme Shoppe
- Zoo (Br. or Cent. Pk.)

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# PROBING PUBLIC MURALS

*A Further Study of Creative Art in New York*

DOES New York limit the scope of its Creative Art to subway billboards, or table linen, or blotters? No, replies Roscoe J. Swackhamer, perhaps the leading authority on phone booth interiors and incidentally the creator of that elaborate mural: "The Busy Wire," at present on exhibit in the second booth from the right in the Schulte Cigar Store on Forty-second Street.

"It may be merely that New Yorkers spend so much time in phone booths, what with fixing their garters or drinking their gin or one thing or another," admits Mr. Swackhamer, who is also an enthusiastic student of telephone murals, "but for variety of line and feeling for self-expression you can't do better in any other public place that I can mention."

As Mr. Swackhamer has reason to point out with resentment, altogether too many phone booths are inadequate for complete self-expression, owing to the poor lighting conditions and coarse grade of wood furnished. According to Mr. Swackhamer, the ideal equipment for this work is a stretch of soft white plaster, a hard pencil (or cold chisel) and a pen knife to gouge out eyes in the faces, thus adding an interesting effect of bas-relief to the monotony of black-and-white. Popular designs range from the familiar pattern of linked diamonds and concentric circles known as the Egg and Flute (Oeuf und



*A Typical Telephone Mural*

Flüten) to the arrangement of certain numbers, as for instance 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, or 9, in such unusual combinations as Schuyler 6771 or University 2463 or Plaza 54321, Apartment 10, ask for Ophelia.

"Oh, there isn't so much to tell, I don't guess," was the modest way in which Mr. Swackhamer summarized the creation of his most famous mural "The Wrong Number," now showing at Gray's Drug Store. "It seems I was standing there waiting for my number, and I just happened to have a pencil in my hand, and the next thing I

knew, there I was starting to draw on the wall. It just sort of come, you might say. I had no idea what it was going to be when I started, except I know I asked for Longacre 3430 and they give me 3450 and I said no, operator, 30, not 50, and there I had it written out before I realized it, 3430, with a sort of circle around it and designs like rose-buds.

"So then, while I was waiting, I put an eye and nose and mouth in the 'o', like a face, see? And then they said 'Hello,' and I said 'Hello,' and I said, 'Is this Longacre 3430,' and they said 'No, this is Lexington 3430, you big stiff, getting us out of bed,' and so I hung up, and if there wasn't Lexington written out in a clear, round hand on the wall, and decorated with fancy curlicues. So I kep' on while I was waiting for my number which was busy, and by the time the store closed for the night I had the whole wall covered. You might call it inspiration.—Corey Ford

He skipped from Manhattan at sheriff's behest,  
And started pioneering out in the Wild West.  
While crossing Dakota a redskin impaled him;  
He booted the bucket, his breath having failed him.  
He left a good story for movies to do,  
And a mangy toupee to a greasy old Sioux. —Dysart McMullen

## Erin Goes Bragh

*The Irish "cop" is passing and the Irish magistrate therefore grieves. Magistrate Conway in Flushing Court yesterday remarked that "there are so many foreign names on the roster of the Police Department that it is hard for an Irish magistrate to make them out." He asked Patrolman Zimmerhund to write his name more clearly in signing complaints.—THE HERALD TRIBUNE.*

Said Magistrate Conway in Flushing:  
" 'Tis wit' shame that me cheeks be  
a-blushing.  
The Irish are goin'; the roster is  
showin'  
Trick names they should ought to be  
hushing.  
Take 'Zimmerhund' now, 'tis a terror—  
Och! Where is Patrolman O'Mara?

"Time was, when ye called a cop  
'Grogan,'  
Ye'd be right—though it might have  
been Hogan.  
The Force was all Raffertys, Sweeneys  
or Caffertys,  
Wit' here an' there Casey an' Logan.  
'Tis nowadays somethin' too risky  
To try to spell Schmaltz or Zambriski.

"Conditions are just simply awful;  
Each syllable now is a jawful.  
Cops named Macaroni! Mayhap Mine-  
strone!  
Such christenin's should be unlawful!  
I'd swap the whole bunch for one  
Ryan,'  
Said Magistrate Conway, near cryin'.  
—Tip Bliss



# YO! HO! A BOTTLE OF RUM!

*An Old Time Sea Story for 1950*

**E**BENEZER NITWIT was a sturdy lad of two months when he shipped as cabin boy on the Prima Donna. A three-masted brig-gaddoon, she was, and staunch as a davet in every trivett. With the time-honored command, "Yawl the top-aft-poop-scuppers!" bawled by the mate, she sloored gracefully out of old Plymouth, the cargo gurgling and clinking in the partridge-decks.

Speedy and swift was her voyage across old Atlantus, every bottle being autographed by Sir Roderick. As the years went swiftly by, "Eb," would stand in the gallant-decks, his eye on the horizon, dreaming of the day when they would sight Cape Cod. Riches and fame would then be his!

### *Land-ho!*

The piercing scream that is music to the ears of the old smelt awoke us. There was a bustle above-mast. Dressing quietly we went aloft to see the Promised Land.

Soon a throng of natives from Wall Street put out in small boats to dive eagerly for the splits which we tossed amusedly to them. How clearly I recollect the scene! Especially the elderly broker, who divested himself of a ludicrous frock-coat and swam zealously with another gentleman for a cob-webby pint of "lacrimas christi."

### *Enemies!!!*

Suddenly, without a breath of warning, the small boats sped inshore. The captain scowled.

"By the fishy eye of Davy Jones!" he oathed, "the wretches are departing."

Then came the cry of the coxswain, "To the triggers, you biscuit-faced sons of sea horses!"

The captain, old beaver that he was, fixed the binnacle to his eye. "Odds cant-hooks! The Coast Guard!"

From all sides appeared the small greyhounds of the Government. Stinging wasps from the very shadow of Mother Liberty.

Pandemonium reigned. The cabin boy hurried out of the chainlocker, bearing the anchor, which was imme-

diately thrown overboard so that the Prima Donna would not drift inside the twelve-mile limit. Ah! Those were the days when a boundry was a gold mine, and a strong man could find a limit without a logarithm.

The captain turned and yelled, "The following men will take counsel with me: Schmitty the Dutchy, Babboon Babson, Cabbott, Loodge, Nitwit and Long John Walker."

### *The Counsel 'Tween-Decks*

The rusty ship's lantern swung rhythmically from the hawser-boom as the gallant ship timbered on the long ground swell. Bizarre shadows were

ashore any night. Or we can sell direct to them. I suggest, however, that they may be merely an honorary convoy."

Nitwit was dispatched to probe this theory. He soon returned with the virulent answer the Coast Guard had made to his innocently halloed query.

"Then," said the captain, smashing his hairy paw on the keel, "We fight!"

Whereupon one and all filed aloft to man the guns and fish for sharks by way of entertainment.

### *The Battle of Rum Row*

The following day dawned lowering. The wind was sou' by sou'-sou', which, as all old Jack-Pots know, bodes ill for what hulks may be at sea. The Prima Donna was now one of a number of rum ships, all encircled by a cordon of Coast Guard boats.

Suddenly, the sky was full of airplanes as the Pathé News cameramen put in their dirty work. Straining at their life belts, the photographers shot such scenes as "Note counterband cargo partly covered on deck," and "Guns ready, the Coast Guard rides at anchor."

We contented ourselves by heaving empty bottles at the pilots flying over us—a great disappointment to them.

Days passed. Our last head of lettuce had gone to calk the taff-rail. Our water supply was beginning to get low. Regretfully, we used wine instead.

The interminable battle continued.

### *Victory! Homeward Bound! (Conclusion)*

In Nitwit's own words, the affair terminated in this way: "A graphic articulation of the United States Governmental policy of enforcement having been broadcast—through the media of the press, cinema, and radio to the American Public, and particularly to the old lady in Dubuque, it seemed time to discontinue the titanic struggle. The Prima Donna sailed directly to the Twenty-third Street Ferry slips and landed our cargo. So I took the fifty thousand dollars . . ."—*Yahoo*



cast on the grim, set faces of these stalwart sons of Neptune. Men who had known the muffled motor of the waiting van and the fearsome squeak of the nocturnal counterband winches. The bleak New Jersey roads, and road houses.

"We are men," he began. "We are surrounded, but we are not beaten. Is it Bermuda, or fight?"

Long John Walker thumped the floor for order with his wooden leg. "Escape is well-nigh impossible," he said. "We can always go unmolested to the West Indies. We can wait till they tire of watching us. We can slip

# GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

## THE THEATRE

### WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth

It's well to remember that plays like this are still being produced, what with the third birthday of "Abie's Irish Rose" so close at hand.

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

One of the greatest of Ibsen's plays, done in a worthy manner by the Actors' Theatre.

### CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Guild

The Theatre Guild's production of Shaw's superb comedy, with Lionel Atwill and Helen Hayes in the leading roles.

### THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

Pauline Lord does the season's finest acting in this play, which has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize.

### LOVE FOR LOVE—Greenwich Village

A revival, in a merry manner, of Congreve's play, which is shocking some but amusing most.

### THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse

People who have seen this play only once will be included in the next census under the general heading of slackers.

### IS ZAT SO?—The Forty-sixth Street

Certainly the most entertaining comedy of the season, for those who will stretch a dramatic point or two.

### THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

A play with a distinct family relationship to "Is Zat So?"—James Gleason is a co-author of both—that is, however, less entertaining and a better play.

### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco

Benvenuto Cellini in his less artistic moments, or mashing in old Florence. Ulrich Haupt is replacing Joseph Schildkraut as the leading co-respondent.

### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

A Gershwin score, with Fred and Adele Astaire having the time of their lives dancing to it.

### ROSE-MARIE—Imperial

This is the best old-fashioned musical play that has come along in years. Old-fashioned, enough, in fact, to have real voices to sing its lovely music.

### THE MIKADO—Forty-fourth Street

An excellent revival for the Savoyards and a really good time for those to whom it isn't a revival. After all, you have sometime to see Gilbert and Sullivan for the first time.

## ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

By far the merriest "Follies" Mr. Ziegfeld has provided in many, too many years. The leading fun-makers are W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley.



AMERS

### LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan

Mr. Ziegfeld at his best in the matter of stage beauty and decoration and almost at his worst, or average, in the matter of comedy.

### THE GORILLA—Selwyn

A successful if not too original burlesque of mystery plays.

### TELL ME MORE—Gaiety

An excellent Gershwin score, with comedy by Lou Holtz and Andrews Toombes.

## ART

### SPRING SALON—Anderson

A sort of diluted Independent show containing less genius and also less of the truly terrible.

### ALFRED LENS—Scott & Fowles

Showing "Star Dust," a casting in gold, silver and bronze by one of the master metal workers of the century.

### MARIN AND DICKINSON—Daniels

Beautiful water colors by John Marin and Preston Dickinson, two of the best workers in that medium in the country.

### FRENCH ETCHERS—Frederick Keppel

Interesting show of prints of the Barbizon school of etchers.

## MOVING PICTURES

### GRASS—Criterion

A primitive Persian tribe fights for life under the very eye of the motion picture camera.

### PROUD FLESH—Republic Theater, Grand Street, Brooklyn, May 27-31

King Vidor's light and pleasant comedy built about Laurence Rising's novel.

## OTHER EVENTS

### SUBSCRIPTION DANCE—Park Lane

Monday, May 25, 10 P. M. First of series of three spring subscription dances.

### FLOWER MART—St. Paul's Churchyard

Tuesday, May 26, 11 A. M. to 6 P. M. Fourth annual flower mart for benefit of St. Paul's Chapel Midday Club for Business Women.

### FETE—Claremont Inn

Tuesday and Wednesday, May 26 and 27. Outdoor fête given by Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association for benefit of Roosevelt House. Continuous entertainment from noon until midnight each day.

## SPORTS

### RACING—BELMONT PARK

Spring Meeting opens Friday, May 22, and continues Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, May 24-29 inclusive.

### BASEBALL—Polo Grounds

Friday, Saturday, Sunday, May 22, 23, 24, New York Nationals vs. Pittsburg; Friday, May 29, New York Nationals vs. Philadelphia.

### YANKEE STADIUM

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, May 26, 27, 28, New York Americans vs. Boston.



## A Word With Collette

*M*AIS certainement, *messieurs et mesdames*. I am Jacques. The whole world knows Jacques as the maître d'hotel of the Club de la Concorde—a silly name, is it not?—and Jacques knows the whole world as the grand fools.

Listen, if you please, and I will tell you 'ow I know the whole world to be the grand fools.

*Voilà!* In the Club de la Concorde, if you please, we 'ave the 'andsome entertainers, but—poof!—they are nothing. It is Collette who brings the throngs, Collette, *la charmante petite* who walks among the tables vending the cigarettes. And M. Eisner, the manager, well understands. For do not the entertainers come and go like the leaves from the trees, while Collette remains? *Voilà!* It is Collette whom the grand fools come to see.

I know, *messieurs et mesdames*. For always it is the maître d'hotel who must be the—what do you say—goer-between for the patron with much money and the cigarette girl. Listen, if you please.

There is one M. 'Endricks, *par exemple*, who is the traveler salesman for the vacuum cleaners, or some similar 'orrible objects. 'E is a red, gross animal with the little eyes of a *cochon*—pardon—and once every four months 'e comes to New York from I-know-not-what place in O'io. *Alors*. On 'is first night in New York 'e comes always to the Club de la Concorde accompanied by a blonde lady of some fatness and many jewels. They dance, they wink at each other, they smirk, and, after they 'ave drunk much out of a flask, they sing. Terrible!

Then always, after Madame 'as vanished to powder the nose already white like a snowdrift, this M. 'Endricks beckons to me and says:

"Jacques, to-morrow night I come 'ere again *alone*, and I would like a few words with Collette."

"Monsieur," I inform him, "it is impossible. The rules do not permit."

"Oho!" laughs the great beast, and presses into my 'and the note for five dollars, "'ere is something that will make you forget the rules."

*Bien, messieurs et mesdames*, a maître d'hotel must live. And, besides, there are no rules in the Club de la Concorde. I invent them for the profits. So I inform Collette that the next night M. 'Endricks will be 'ere and that she must sit at his table and pretend friendly. Always she makes the grimace of disgust, but always she conforms. For she also must live.

But it is simplicity to become rid of M. 'Endricks. 'E buys champagne—I should say, what M. Eisner, the manager of the Club de la Concorde, is please to call champagne, but always under the napkin I pour into Collette's glass the pale

ginger ale. Later we assist M. 'Endricks into the taxicab—alone—and the nex' day 'e is too ill to appear at the Club.

Even more simple are the very young gentlemen from New 'Aven, who visit the Club de la Concorde during the week ends for what they call thrill. (Ah, *messieurs et mesdames*, the only thrill Jacques achieves at the Club is the day on which the wages are dispensed.)

*Eh, bien*, I do not desire to—what you call it?—plunder the cradle, but I accept because I know there will be other brigands of less scruples who will take it if I do not. So I summon Collette with no perturbation, since the young gentlemen from New 'Aven are 'armless. And Collette sits at their table and makes merry and at last the young gentleman who 'as 'ad the most quantity of the beer of little authority becomes most daring and whippers something in 'er ear. And Collette makes a great show of angry and says: "Think yourself shame, monsieur." And the young gentleman becomes most red of the face and makes the 'andsome apology, and they drink more beer and go away.

A little difficulty we 'ad with M. Cavendish. 'E is a gentleman with enormous quantity of money, and M. Eisner is most anxious that we do not lose 'is patronage.

"A word or two with Collette." Also that she call upon 'im at 'is apartment on West End Avenue. But *attend*. Collette and I put the two 'eads together.

*Alors*. We discover from a friend of M. Cavendish that 'e is married to a lady and that the West End Avenue apartment is not 'is only one. So Collette makes the telephone call and a lady answers. "May I speak to M. Cavendish, if you please?" asks Collette most politely. "Who is this?" demands the lady, with a voice 'ighly suspicious. "It is Collette, of the Club de la Concorde." "Oho!" exclaims the lady, and 'angs up the telephone.

And M. Cavendish no longer annoys us, although he continues to visit the Club with much regularity.

All of this causes me to laugh, *messieurs et mesdames*, because. . . . But, pardon, a gentleman is calling me. . . .

What is it you desire, monsieur? A word with the cigarette girl? Ah, monsieur, I am desolate, but it is against the rules of the Club that a patron should converse with an employec. . . . Monsieur, you are most generous. I will venture to abrogate the rules in your be'alf. A moment of patience, if you please. . . .

As I was saying, *messieurs et mesdames*, it causes me to laugh, because *la petite* Collette is in private life none other than Mme. Jacques and the loving and devoted mother of our little Antoine.

But what would you? A maître d'hotel must live.—*Tip Bliss*



THESE are the days when the smart neckpiece of Fur is most necessary for both comfort and appearance.

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WRAPS  
SUITS

of the  
\$58 to \$478 type

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in our present  
"MAY SALE" at

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MODEL COWNS

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## THE 9th OF NOVEMBER

By Bernhard Kellermann

"The first important novel of 1925,"  
announces Laurence Stallings—

"A tremendously dramatic and moving  
narrative told with unrelenting drive and  
power," agrees the N. Y. Evening Post—  
When two of New York's soundest  
literary authorities meet in such terms,  
you can know that there is a book  
mighty well worth your reading!

Buy it today at any bookstore—

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ROBERT M. McBRIDE &  
COMPANY PUBLISHERS  
7 WEST 16th ST., NEW YORK

# BOOKS

OF the novels we are doing any cheering for, it pains us that only three are by Americans: "Arrowsmith," "The Great Gatsby," and "Drums" by James Boyd, which has finally got along to us after passing the reviewing stands. Our huzzas for "Drums" are not unrestrainable, but we like it; we should call it quietly satisfactory. A new thing to be calling an American novel about the time of the Revolution. However, "Drums" is one of a new kind, achieved by scraping all the stock historical-novel flummery, substituting natural characters and sequence of events, and supplying a wealth of fresh feeling in the atmosphere and background.

It is long, deliberate, and unflagging, the ideal book to have flu with, incidentally your safest bet on the Spring fiction lists if you want to give a book to someone whose taste you don't know. A synopsis of it might remind you of the forgotten "Richard Carvel," for its Johnny Fraser grows up in the South, has an English youth of title for his chum, sojourns in London and meets Charles James Fox, and serves under Captain Paul Jones in the fight with the Serapis.

But "Drums" (*Scribner's*) is as different as can be from the "Carvel" brand of story. Technically, no doubt, it is romantic too; actually, its leaning is toward old-fashioned, pleasant realism, with a modern touch in the atmosphere and the representation of Johnny and his parents. Half its merit is in its refusal to be high-flown. James Boyd does not need excitement or suspense in every chapter. He does not even make much of love interest, although there is a minx he could have worked up for it in the traditional style. He also refuses, with our approval, to strain after minute "historicity."

Several of his people are rather old friends, and in fact, "Drums" as a whole has a certain comfortable familiarity. But it has warmth and charm, and Johnny, especially in his boyhood, is a good job inside and out.

It happened that we were one of the first readers of Scott Fitzgerald's first novel, which anybody could criticize to pieces, yet which—allowing for differences in the class-room furnishings of the minds and the impressivenesses of the egos—struck us hard as being pretty much the prose beginning an American Byron born at the time of the Spanish War would make. And we thought, and think now, that a Byron would be a good

thing for American writing, and we waited to see what young Fitzgerald would do next. He did "The Beautiful and Damned."

His third, "The Great Gatsby" (*Scribner's*) revives our interest, though not in a Byronic promise he probably never had. He still reveres and pities romantic constancy, but with detachment. Gatsby, its heroic victim, is otherwise a



Amy Lowell  
Born 1874—Died 1925

good deal of a nut, and the girl who is its object is idealized only by Gatsby. You are not, however, prepared for the mechanical but effective upset that makes her turn out to an eligible member of sty-and-trough society, and Gatsby the vulgarian to be something of a grand gentleman.

The story has Fitzgerald's extravagance but a new maturity, as well as any amount of flash and go. Parts are solidly good, all has to be read. The young man is not petering out.

We were a devotee of Francis Hackett's as a reviewer, but his first novel falls rather flat with us. As a critical picture of American life, intended to show among other things that the reticent primness of the "nice" is a sham and a blight, and that sensitive young people brought up in it never entirely escape, the outlines of "That Nice Young Couple" (*Boni & Liverright*) are not particularly original, and although the details are filled in from an alert and nimble mind, they don't seem to us to add up to living fiction.



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**"Tell Me a Book to Read"**

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

- DRUMS, by James Boyd (*Scribner's*). Noticed in this issue.
- THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*).
- THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). They don't write playful He-and-She fiction much, if any, better.
- ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). The Spring's best novel, if you are asking us.
- THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). The Spring's most beautiful novel, if you're asking almost anyone.
- SEGELFOSS TOWN, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). Number Three of the new novels we like best. A Scandinavian village "Vanity Fair."
- THE RECTOR OF WYCK, by May Sinclair (*Macmillan*). If you must marry a minister, pick a worldly one. The rector's wife didn't.
- LUCIENNE, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). Nice girls of three different constitutions in love, portrayed for the Chosen Few.
- PRISONERS, by Franz Molnar (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Indicating that if a naughty shop-girl wants a nice young gentleman fervently enough, she gets him.
- GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, by Sarah G. Millin (*Boni & Liveright*). South African. A strong, sincere novel about miscegenation.

**SHORT STORIES**

- BRING, BRING! by Conrad Aiken (*Boni & Liveright*). Highly sophisticated—whatever that means—and in most cases, good.
- TRIPLE FUGUE, by Osbert Sitwell (*Doran*). The short stories will mean more to most Americans than a longer satire.
- OVERHEARD, by Stacy Aumonier (*Doubleday, Page*). Worth having for "The Friends" and three or four other things in it.

**GENERAL**

- THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN, by Alexander Woollcott (*Putnam*). Not a through-and-through biography, but an engaging account of Berlin's picturesque career.
- THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES, by Van Wyck Brooks (*Dutton*). A study that should interest even people who fight shy of Henry James's books.
- BEGGARS OF LIFE, by Jim Tully (*A. & C. Boni*). Tully began as a hobo, then was a prize-fighter, now is an author. His hobo memories are both artistic and convincing.
- JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). The best book on Keats and possibly—without disparagement of Miss Lowell's other work—her highest achievement.
- LIVES AND TIMES, by Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). Jumel of the Jumel Mansion, General Eaton of the Barbary adventure, Theodosia Burr and Citizen Genet in their habits as they lived. Minnegerode gets in a good deal of Old New York.

**We Just Can't Wait!**

Postmaster General New to-day designated June 1 to 7 as "Better Mailing Week" for an active nation-wide campaign to reduce the steadily mounting business of the Deadletter Office. The principal point will be to induce mailers to place a return address on each piece of mail.

—News dispatch

**Souls in Arms**

... when the pinched souls of Rosmer and Rebecca West spend their first and last moments in each others' arms.

—From a *World* dramatic review



**What Shall We Do This Evening?**

THE staff of THE NEW YORKER attends all the shows and the musical events, explores the art galleries, reads the current books, visits the restaurants and cafés, keeps in touch with all events of interest to the intelligent New Yorker. Each week it makes its report, briefly and interestingly.

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

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Enclosed find \$5 for a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER (\$2.50 for six months)

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STREET AND No.....  
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THE NEW YORKER,  
25 West 45th Street, New York City,  
Dept. C.

# The Story of Samson and Delilah

(As Arthur Brisbane would write it for "Today" in the Hearst publications.)

**SAMSON**, the strongest man in the world has just lost his entire strength because his hair was bobbed. That is news. It would not be news if Samson had not been strong, had not had a haircut or had failed to lose his strength when his locks were shorn. But the three factors combined make a first page story.

Having studied medicine I could explain to you why Samson lost his strength. But you would not understand it if I did. Enough that Samson the brute is now Samson the weakling. One snip of the shears and he is less than the dust. Think that over!

How frequently it happens that the man who has been glorying in his success little realizes that one small thing may prove his undoing. Samson was stronger than his friends because a razor had never touched his pate. A poor adv. for the Gillette Safety Razor Co., maker of many millions. I am smarter than my friends because I have a more active brain. You are more nimble than your acquaintances, perhaps, because you have sprier legs.

But cut Samson's hair, take my brain away from me, or amputate your legs and we immediately become no better than our fellows. A little thing perhaps—but what a world of difference it makes.

(As it would appear in the afternoon papers.)

A well built appearing man, giving his name as George W. Simpson, was locked up in the Fourteen Street police station last night after offering feeble resistance to the police. Mr. Simson formerly attained some prominence as the world's strongest man and for several seasons did an act on the A. B. C. circuit.

He is fifty-three years old and lives at 22½ Waverley Place.

Mr. Simson told a rambling story of losing his strength owing to the fact that his wife, Delilah Sapson, had bobbed his hair. He is being held, pending an examination at the psychopathic ward at Bellevue Hospital. Etaoin shrdlu.

(How Town Topics would handle it.)

Wine, women and a haircut have proved too much for George J. Samson, a few years ago a well known figure on Broadway and reputed to be one of the strongest men in the younger married set.

Perhaps it is the irony of fate that Samson, whose peccadilloes have been the talk of the town long before they became known to his wife, Delilah, should have been undone through telling this fair crea-

ture the truth for the first time in his life.

Delilah, so rumor hath it, became suspicious at last that George was spending too much time with a certain young daughter of a steel magnate whose last name begins with Z and ends with W. She determined to revenge herself upon him in some way. She wished, if possible, to rob him of the great strength which has made him the cynosure of feminine eyes and kept pleading with him to tell her his secret. George was foxy enough to mislead her several times at first, but George must be getting old. He told her the truth eventually, thinking that would end the matter.

Well, it has, as far as George is concerned. His figure will no longer appear in the Nuxated Iron advertisements.

(The New York World commenting editorially.)

It is unfortunate that the recent action of Delilah Samson in cutting her husband's hair should have received such wide-spread publicity in the press. Husbands reading the accounts could not help but be influenced toward secrecy in their relations with their wives and the result would be a loss of the true companionship between them. *The World* does not believe that the majority of women would abuse the confidence reposed in them in this fashion and urges the public not to draw general conclusions from an individual case such as this.

(Heywood Brown in the following issue of *The World*.)

The *World's* editorial comments on the Delilah-Samson affair are quite nonsensical. Publicity is the very thing needed to prevent other men from being trimmed like Samson. If the strong boy was weak enough (after having it previously demonstrated to him that his wife was ready to double-cross him) to fall for her chatter, someone would have taken him sooner or later if she hadn't done so first. Such editorializing causes nervous breakdowns.

—Tracy Hammond Lewis

Attention: Mr. Cecil de Mille

Canadian Governor Harkens to Tribal Law in Drama of Primitive Passion Born of Arctic Love Triangle.

—Newspaper heading

The Marquis of Queensberry has filed a divorce petition against the Marchioness, citing as co-respondent Sir James Hamlet Dunn. Lady Dunn has also filed a petition, citing the Marchioness.

—News dispatch.

Return Bout: Old London Prize Ring Rules.



## ECONOMY?

What better economy than an investment in good clothing, especially in the model illustrated, at a price which will save you \$10 to \$15? The finest tailoring and cloths at manufacturer's price!

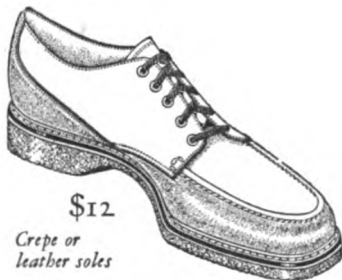
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ENGLISH CLOTHES

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FINE SHOES SINCE 1857

AT the try-outs for the National Open at Lido next week, watch the good players wearing  
**SPORTOCASINS**



\$12  
Crepe or leather soles

A real moccasin, on an improved last that fits firmly without binding.

The Ideal Golf Shoe

**ANDREW ALEXANDER**

548 Fifth Avenue

Above 45th Street

100 Years Ago

(From the newspapers of 1825)

GAS LIGHTS—We are gratified to learn that there are now upwards of 300 dwelling houses and stores lighted up in this city with gas, and that in every instance where it has been fairly tested, it has given the utmost satisfaction. We may soon expect to see this safe, economical and brilliant light generally diffused throughout the city. We also understand that the offensive smell has been entirely obviated.



FOR SALE OR TO LET—The eligible situation corner of Wall & Broad street, suitable for an Insurance or Banking Company, is offered for sale or to lease for 7 years. The building contains 4 rooms above and a cellar, which is now made use of for an office. For terms apply to Edw. B. Gould, 10 Broad street.



PREMIUM OFFERED—We are authorized by a gentleman of this city to offer a premium of fifty dollars for the best essay on: "The Importance of the Sabbath considered merely as a civil Institution."



DRAMATIC—Cooper and Booth have been playing together at Baltimore. They appeared on Monday evening last, Mr. Booth as Othello and Mr. Cooper as Iago, for the benefit of Mr. C.



CORPORATION PROCEEDINGS—Under this head, an account is given once a week or once a fortnight, as the case may be, of what takes place at the regular meetings of the persons composing our Common Council; but really we must say that to call it corporation proceedings is a gross misnomer. They have a jollification together to close the evening, but what progress do they make in the serious business before them? Look at the Reports, and you will find them most commonly ending with "ordered to be printed and laid on the table" or "made the order of the day for Monday next." One fate attends them all: procrastination. Individuals of that board may now laugh with impunity at the insulted feelings of their constituents but, we trust in God, that the time is coming when a different lesson will be taught them at the polls.



EXPEDITIOUS TRAVELING—The passengers who leave Philadelphia at 6 o'clock in the morning now arrive in this city by the steamboat line in time to proceed immediately to Albany by the steamboat Richmond, which starts at 5 o'clock. In like manner, passengers from the latter place arrive here by the steamboats in time to reach Philadelphia the same day at 4 o'clock, thus traveling on either route a distance of 260 miles in about 28 hours, without fatigue or loss of sleep.

**David Belasco's Three Triumphs**

Holbrook <b>BLINN</b>	Judith <b>ANDERSON</b>	<b>Empire</b> B'way 40 St. Eves. at 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30
in <b>"THE DOVE"</b> by Willard Mack		
<b>"The Harem"</b>		<b>Belasco</b> W. 44th St. Eves. at 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30
With William Courtenay & all Star Cast		
<b>"LADIES OF THE EVENING"</b>		<b>Lyceum</b> W. 45th St. Eves. at 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

*Eugene O'Neill's  
Greatest Play*

**DESIRE**  
UNDER the ELMS  
With WALTER HUSTON

**EARL CARROLL** THEATRE,  
7th Ave. & 50th St.  
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.

**BIJOU** Thea., 45th St., W. of B'way.  
Evs. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:35

4th Month

**Night Hawk**  
with MARY NEWCOMB

**LONGACRE** Thea., W. 48 St. Evs. 8.30.  
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30

SEATS 8 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

**Mercenary Mary**  
New Musical Comedy — Witty-Wise-Winsome

*Actors' Theatre Plays*

¶ "A BIT o' LOVE," Galsworthy's great play.  
Special Mats. Tuesday & Friday.

¶ "THE WILD DUCK," Ibsen's Thrilling  
drama. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wednesday &  
Saturday.

¶ Both at 48th St. Theatre. Bryant 0178.  
Seats Now on Sale at Box Office.

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A Famous Players-Lasky Picture

**CRITERION** Thea., B'way at 44th St.  
Twice daily, 2:30-8:30

**NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE**  
West 42d St.  
Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mg. Dirn.  
LATEST, GREATEST, FUNNIEST OF ALL!  
POP. PRICE MATS. WED. & SAT.

**Ziegfeld Follies** OF  
1925

**ZIEGFELD COSMOPOLITAN  
THEATRE**, Col. Circle, 59th St. & B'way  
POP. MATS. THURS. & SAT.

**Leon Errol** in **Louie** <sup>T</sup><sub>H</sub> <sup>I</sup><sub>E</sub> <sup>14</sup><sub>H</sub>

1st Balc. Seats \$1 & 2. If bought in Advance

HERMAN GANTVOORT presents  
Barry Conner's Hilarious Comedy of Youth,  
Love & Laughs

**HELLS BELLS**  
4th Month!

**GEO. M. COHAN THEATRE**,  
Broadway and 43d Street.  
Eves., 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

**Theatre Guild Productions**  
Bernard Shaw's Famous Comedy

**Caesar** <sup>A</sup><sub>N</sub> <sup>D</sup><sub>D</sub> **Cleopatra**

Lionel Atwill, Helen Hayes,  
Helen Westley, Albert Bruning,  
Schuyler Ladd, Henry Travers.

Th., W. 52 St. Evs. 8:15.  
Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:15  
Tel. Columbus 8229.

**Guild**  
Seats 4 Weeks Ahead.

7th Month  
THE  
**GUARDSMAN**  
**Garrick** 65 W. 35 St. Evs. 8:40  
Mts. Thurs. & Sat., 2:40

The Pulitzer Prize Play  
**They Knew What  
They Wanted**  
with Richard and Pauline  
Bennett Lord

**Klaw** Th., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40  
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

KEITH-ALBEE'S N. Y.  
**HIPPODROME**  
**PAUL WHITEMAN**  
and His Concert Orchestra  
featuring "RHAPSODY IN BLUE"

Mats. (Inc. Sun.), 2.10. Ngts. (Inc. Sun.), 8.10  
1,000 SEATS 50c. 1,000 SEATS \$1.00

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**CLUB TROCADERO**  
52 St. Bet. B'way & 7th Ave.  
**FRED and ADELE ASTAIRE**  
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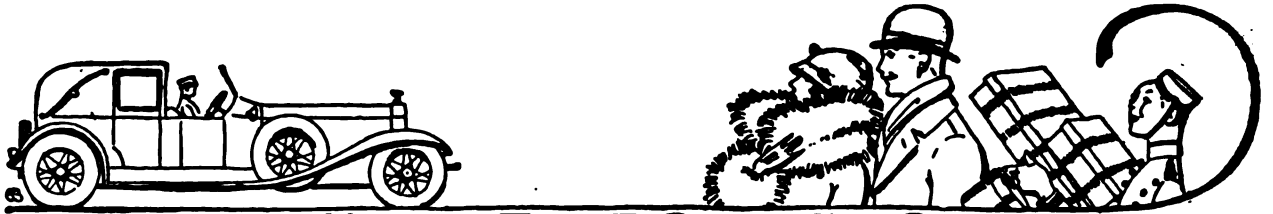
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**CLUB LIDO**  
52nd Street and 7th Ave.  
**MILLER AND FARRELL**  
**EDDIE DAVIS (himself) AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
**SUPPER AND DANCING**

*The New Yorkers' Rendezvous*

**PICADILLY CHOP HOUSE**  
121 West 45th Street  
**LUNCH and DINNER—Finest Food in New York**  
Service Supreme

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## WHERE TO SHOP

### "WINDOW SHOPPING"

is a mental strain, if continued too long. This page affords an opportunity for you to set out for a definite object and place, when you shop. Let this page be a window of fashion and shop in its columns.

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**HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE** or modern jewelry and silverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 13 W. 47th St., Bryant 6526.

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**ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN** by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, potteries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts.

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AN unusual film play is on the Broadway horizon. It is "The Unholy Three," the story of three gentlemen of a circus side-show who set out to make their living in the world as illegitimately and as easily as possible.

The trio consists of a ventriloquist, a midget and a giant, the shrewd Mr. Echo supplying the brains for his two strange companions. They keep a bird store and, with this as a headquarters, gain entry into wealthy homes, the ventriloquist posing as the old woman who owns the shop, the midget as her baby grand-daughter while the giant is the delivery man. A bizarre and striking tale is this, for the bird store is something Dickens would have revelled in. It is well told in celluloid form and it is finely played, particularly by Lon Chaney as Mr. Echo.

Marshall Neilan's newest screen effort, "The Sporting Venus," is a sort of Drury Lane spasm of a proud and titled Scottish lassie who is loved by a commoner. A wicked prince is thrown in to supply the plot. The story bridges twenty years and moves all over the map, from Spain to Scotland, but it nowhere acquires actuality.

Each country is seen through the eyes of Hollywood. Ronald Colman is a good enough actor to give a certain interest to the proceedings.

Marion Fairfax wrote "The Talker" in the days when feminism wasn't an accepted idea. The woman of the drama is a wife who yearns for personal independence. She talks a lot about it, getting folks involved in disastrous complications. This old stuff has been decked out in 1925 clothes but it still wheezes.

The movie magnates buy material without regard for changing ideas. Probably because ideas do not move onward in film-dom.

Harold Lloyd used to get a lot of excitement and comedy out of his tribulations upon high buildings. The Famous Players, carrying on with Will Hays's bull regarding the importance of clean fun, adapted this idea to "The Shock Punch" for Richard Dix. However, Mr. Dix isn't Mr. Lloyd. "The Shock Punch" is just a feeble imitation.

This film has Frances Howard, now Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, as Mr. Dix's leading woman. She has given up the screen, we are told, and then again she may play Juliet in Sam's forthcoming production. Judging from her work in "The Shock Punch" we hope Mr. Goldwyn gives up his threat to do "Romeo and Juliet."



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