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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

Return

BOREDLY the big ship, cramped with tugs, makes its way up the river. Along the rail the born New Yorker is pointing out the Woolworth Tower (on the Singer Building) and the Singer Needle (on the Municipal Building). The steward for cabin B-169 is hunting for the passenger who got the extra, extra service throughout the voyage and is now as if swept from the face of the earth. The aforesaid passenger, who miscalculated as usual and has only eighty cents left, is hiding in the smoking room and praying that blindness overtake the steward. The Harvard junior who, after an eight-day voyage, only last night discovered the presence on board of the unbigoted young woman in the striped dress, is making frantic attempts to get her away from her aunt for a moment, for the purpose of future betrayal. The young woman is nervously amenable, but the aunt is vigilant.

The mail that came aboard at quarantine is being distributed. There are nineteen letters and four telegrams for J. Howard Pooperdink and a special delivery for Miss Euphrosine Dennewitz.

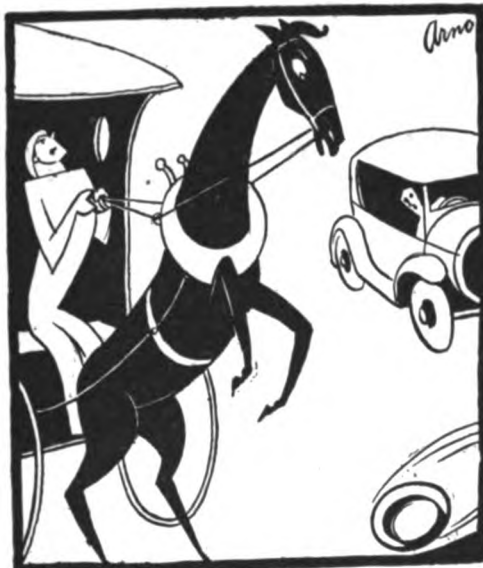
Ralph P. Burland, of Des Moines, is saying, "Say, when I saw that statue, I tell you," making it unanimous, although the others said it from ten to twenty minutes earlier. Luncheon appointments, none of which will be kept, are being made on all sides. A number of actresses are testing the rails on the upper deck, with a view to the proper display of crossed legs. In his stateroom Professor Jeremiah L. Cady is just finishing his typed statement of 11,000 words on the operation of the Dawes plan, which he will hand to what he calls the "newspaper boys," he having been a newspaper man himself once. It will

neither be printed nor read by the newspaper boys.

The ship is turning in towards the pier and it is already possible mistakenly to pick out waiting friends. Howard P. Penlenton detects the figure of his wife and hopes that the red-headed Belgian will have enough sense not to speak to him while the customs are being swept through. Inspired members of the crew are dragging ropes against passengers' feet and otherwise maiming them with travelling gangplanks.

Miss Dennewitz has lost her umbrella and is loud in argument with several ship's officers. Numerous elderly ladies with pure linen tablecloths from Saxony wrapped around them are wondering what the next hour will bring. Ninety cologne baskets are jammed with a poor Scotch that Broadway does not dare to sell.

The ship is made fast. Fourteen hundred people, broadened by travel, step ashore.



The Week

DESIGN for the Roosevelt Memorial is accepted and an expedition leaves Chicago University to unearth Armageddon. Mayor Hylan makes fifty speeches at Coney Island and another water main bursts on the Avenue. Mr. Scopes, found guilty, goes home to Paducah, Kentucky, and Mr. Dudley Field Malone is discovered by Mr. Will Rogers at the "Follies." An English doctor urges display of women's limbs as a health measure and Biarritz issues an ukase against bare knees among bathers. The Ancient Order of Hibernians, meeting in Atlantic City, condemns everything and Mr. Henry Ford says English will rule the world. Commissioner Enright says the police automobile escort is not to guard Miss Ethel Shutta, dancer, but Mr. Ziegfeld's cash, and a man is robbed of \$20,000 in the B. M. T. station at Forty-ninth Street and Seventh Avenue. A New

Yorker complains that his wife has provided for him only twenty-four breakfasts in twenty-six years and it is announced that, in Vermont and Georgia, a wife's earnings are her husband's by law. The Episcopalians arrange a condensed version of the Ten Commandments and Representative Upshaw promises to introduce in Congress a bill against evolution.

Dire Foreboding

THE Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, spoke long and feelingly. He wound verbally in and out of district clubs, through organization headquarters and back, even down to the much-maligned Man in the Street.

After three hours of conversation, this was the burden of the conclusion reached by the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East: Nothing but an Act of Providence or of Al Smith can stay the Honorable John F. Hylan from another four years as Mayor of the City of New York.

Al Smith, said the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, was not inclined to interfere. He has need of an united party for subsequent political maneuverings. As to Providence, the intimation of the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, was that It knew better.

NOW, as to the whys and wherefores of this conclusion, much might be noted. There is the uncertain position of Judge Olvany as leader of Tammany, due to his short term of service as yet. There are the uncompromising figures which prove Brooklyn a greater voting center than Manhattan. There is the stalwart figure of Mr. John McCooley,

of the neighboring province, standing firm against the editorials of the *World*, the paper which prints Mutt and Jeff, and the *Times*, the paper which prints nothing of the sort.

Finally, there is the weakness of the candidates behind whom Tammany would like to form, but cannot. Senator Walker too well identified with the element sportive; Surrogate Foley, indifferent to further honors and too frail physically for the rigors of a campaign; Justice Wagner too long out of touch with the common man, by virtue of his elevation to the bench.

Yes, concluded the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, it's going to be Hylan for another four years. The leaders may not like it, but a lot of the boys are going to be thankful because they'll still have jobs.

THE coming of Eugene Goossens as guest conductor of the Symphony Society may presage an English orchestral invasion. There is at least one young English director whom we're curious to see in action, if only for the story that his colleagues tell of him. This musician started his career about a dozen years ago as conductor of one of the smaller English orchestras. Having a markedly English name, he decided that he couldn't win the respect accorded to the Richters, Steinbachs and Mucks who then impressed the British populace. After much serious thinking, he changed his surname to one that he fancied would awe his customers. And it did—until late in 1914. The adopted name of the young Englishman was Hindenburg. He is conducting successfully now under this original label, and if he ever comes over we shall point him out for you.



LOST PROPERTY CUSTODIAN: Nope, I ain't seen yer wife, but here's a dandy pet alligator that's just been turned in.

Officers

THEY order the professional soldier much better in England and on the Continent. The army officer is a somebody there, in the wars of Empire, large and small, a useful somebody, and in the salons of more civilized capitals a decorative somebody. We have nothing of the sort. By comparison our army officers are merely job holders in uniform. Government employes, as are the mail carriers and the prohibition agents.

In Washington they have some social standing, but as the late Ward McAllister remarked, in Washington it is impossible not to have some social standing.

A true figure of the British officer paused briefly in town lately, Major General Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B., retired, who was Director of Military Operations during a good portion of the War. He came to lecture on disarmament—taking the view that complete disarmament is impracticable—before that optimistic Institute of Politics at Williams College.

His stay here is to be quiet. He has accepted few invitations, disappointing thereby many hostesses facing week-ends devoid of lions. This might have been expected, however, for General Maurice has a reputation for having been the hard-working type of officer. Even the indefatigable luncher, Lieutenant-Colonel Repington, portrayed the General as a conscientious staff officer, striving to be argus-eyed so as to envision the many British fronts of wartime.

GENERAL MAURICE was a strange figure in Colonel Repington's pages, among so many sprightly ladies and gentlemen who took heed to their social obligations first and the war afterwards; almost as strange a figure as was that bluff soldier, his chief, General Robertson. The latter worthy soul, fallen once among gentlemen who were discussing an admirable sample of the feminine limb, was asked if he did not deem it beautiful. His reply was Wellingtonian. "Just like any other demmed leg," quoth he.

Slogan

IT is Mr. Walter L. Clark, whom my friend, Van Gogh, speaks of on page nine, who made me miss a train last Friday. For rushing, as usual, through the Grand Central I picked what I thought was a timetable from the Information oasis. And when the crucial time came I read what I had snatched, a brochure on American art, proudly boasting: "The only art gallery in the world located in a Railroad Station."

It is a suggestion, if one must have a slogan, to lead the New York Central's real time-tables with: "Travel on the N. Y. Central. The only railroad in the world with an art gallery over its terminus."

Memorial

ONE may be forgiven being Celtic enough to wish that Colonel Roosevelt were back to tell the town what he thinks of the design accepted for the Roosevelt memorial, which is to be erected as part of the east façade of the Museum of Natural History, on the west, or provincial fringe of Central Park.



The design follows classic lines closely, featuring Ionic columns. This in the memory of the man who, above all others in public life, consistently fought for native expression in the arts.

One recalls that Colonel Roosevelt wrote to the American Institute of Architects deprecating the use of the lions which doze at the entrance to the Public Library and advocating the placing there of bisons instead. He made some reference to the appearance of this beast, as memory serves, and emphasized its peculiar value as being distinctively our own.

On all possible occasions, in private conversation or public discussion, the Colonel urged earnestly the need for our art smacking of American soil. He was vehement in this advocacy. One remembers the husky emphasis with which he warned that art not native to the soil could have little permanent value.

The memorial to the man who insisted thus on American art, rather than imitation of foreign models, is to be as severely classic as the façade of—let us say—the First National Bank of Dubuque, Iowa.

Collars And Bags

IT may be stated generally that styles are for the multitude and fashion for the few. Which brings us to collars; men's collars, if you please.

Lesser males have long been victims of the commercial astuteness practiced on the unknowing by large manufacturers of men's collars. Four times a year a fiat from Troy changes the height and form of the neck adornment all our best-dressed clerks wear thereafter. It is done with the precision of a squad movement in the army.

Those who have their collars and shirts custom-made are subject to no such changes. They select a style according to their own needs and taste, and remain true to it for a long time. In those circles wing collars, the adjuncts of formal wear, are subject to more frequent variation of style than the kinds favored for business and informal occasions.

It is interesting to note, too, that one department store in town has been so daring as to import a shipment of the true Oxford bags, less voluminous adaptations of which have been seen about for some time. The Oxonian trousers, at which the elder Briton still gibes, are twenty-five inches around the bottoms and this width is continued almost to the knee before any tapering towards the waist begins. When the wearer

is walking they give the same effect as did the divided skirt which was a feature of feminine riding habits a decade ago.

THE LIQUOR MARKET: Further improvement in the Summer gin market. Large block of imported Booth Dry, in square bottles @ \$30, recently issued, is reported over subscribed already. Reaction on alcohol market, slight.

Our private wire from Washington advises recent increases in Prohibition Enforcement costs are forerunners of Mr. Coolidge's supreme effort to dry the country. Politically, this should retain dry votes and enlist wets in the later acknowledgment of defeat. Report is strong factor in bull movement.

Cradle of Liberty

PHILADELPHIA, with customary ignorance of events of the day, is going right ahead with its plans for the celebration of the Sesqui-Centennial of American Independence, just as though there was any American independence.

It is necessary for any such endeavor to have a director, who in the case of the Sesqui-Centennial, is Colonel Davis Charles Collier, a gentleman who possesses those qualities impractical in Philadelphia, a sense of humor and spirit.

He evidenced the first by scoffing at the ultra-military equipment of the Butlerized police assigned to guard Independence Hall, wherein Colonel Collier had been assigned offices. He showed the second by writing to the high-handed General Smedley Butler, himself, suggesting that in an age which favored disarmament, it would be just as well if his doorkeepers left at home their machine guns, and their bandoliers, and their trench mortars, and the pieces of light field artillery without which no Philadelphia policeman is to be seen in public these days.

Then, with the satisfied air of a man who has done a good deed, Colonel Collier settled back to enjoy his cigar, for he is a man to whom a smoke is as the breath of life in his nostrils.

It was not long before the Marines took the situation in hand, and landed. On arriving at his offices next morning, Colonel Collier found this new sign posted:

THERE IS TO BE NO SMOKING IN INDEPENDENCE HALL.

By order, **SMEDLEY BUTLER,** Director General of Public Safety.

With an unlighted cigar in his fingers Colonel Collier considered this ultimatum for a moment, then:

"Independence Hell," said Colonel Collier, and repaired to the park for his morning's smoke.

Commentary

DEATH, striking Mr. William Jennings Bryan, while the myriad spot lights of the nation's press still played full upon him, uncovers prejudices deeper than those of Dayton. With a single stroke, it paralyzes intelligence more effectively than a thousand Scopes trials.

Only yesterday half the world considered Mr. Bryan's views, pondered upon them, found them good or bad and commented upon them, as they were intimately connected with his personality. They were known to be human views, subject to human error. To-day the curtain is down and, in an enlightened age, no man may criticize the play, uncensored. A few years and the atavistic awe of death may have faded and the world will again say what it really thinks of the Great Commoner—but for a while the eyes have it. It has taken so many million years for man intelligently to discuss life and its origin; how many million more years will

it be before we see death as so normal a happening that a man may die without the cloak of superstition falling about his personality, protecting his defenselessness from everything but praise?

Prominent

MY lifelong search to pin down that gentleman who is often mentioned in the morning papers as "a prominent clubman" is at an end. I found him only last night, tiptoeing through the West Forties. We turned in the same doorway and it chanced we stood side by side at the bar.

"Say," my friend, the bartender questioned him, "do I know you?"

"Sure you do," he answered genially. And to prove it he took from his pocket, and sorted out, thirty-five membership cards, each with a different initial on the back, each the entré into a different "blind tiger."

"I *did* know him," the bartender whispered later, "but I wanted him to show you his cards."

It costs the gentleman ten thousand a year to support his clubs, I am told.

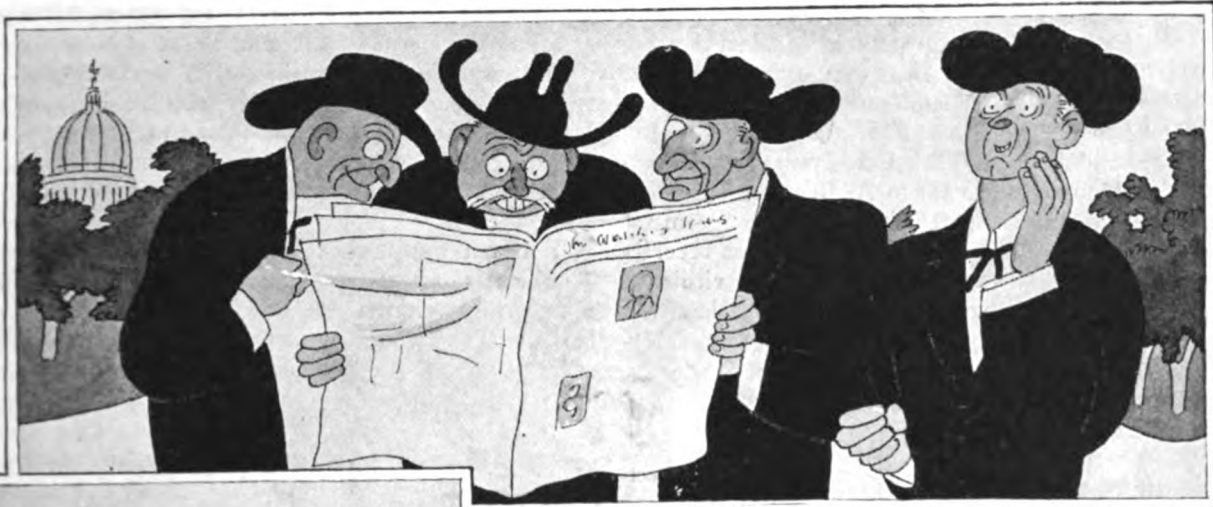
THE best dramatic criticisms, of course, do not always find their way to their designated columns in public prints.

It was, thus, Percy Hammond who wandered into the night with a friend after an early wartime opening and remarked kindly, "C'est la guerre." And recently, when the final curtain at last fell upon what our producers are pleased to term a Summer musical comedy, appropriately enough presented on a sweltering night, David H. Wallace was heard to observe: "It isn't the heat, its the bromidity."

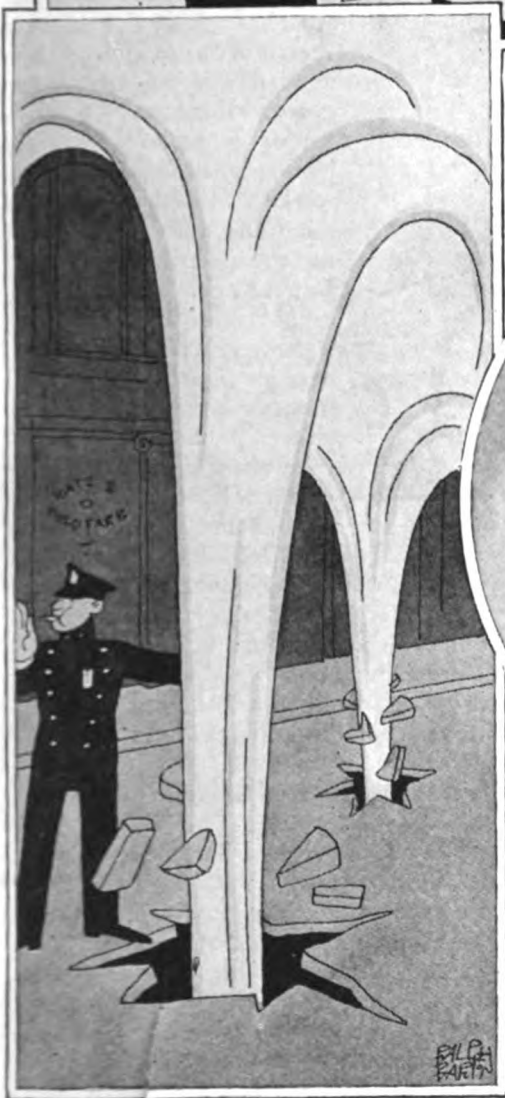
—*The New Yorkers*



The Graphic Section



THE EVOLUTION TRIAL STIRS THE CAPITAL. A street conference in Washington between Congressmen who feel that they have discovered in the recent evolution trial a brand new way to annoy the people. Late dispatches indicate Congress will begin on this new device as soon as it reconvenes in the Fall.



OLD FAITHFUL IN FIFTH AVENUE. Last week's water display took place at Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, Patrolman William Shelley being in charge. Announcements have not yet been made as to where the water main will burst this week.



GLIMPSED IN FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET. The Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton's Summer outfit includes an elegant panama hat and a large, full-padded Ascot tie. Dr. Straton is known as the nattiest reformer in the States.



MONSTER MASS MEETING, and farewell dinner, given by the out-going dry agents to a group of eminent bootleggers at the Sub-Treasury. The affair was given to introduce the incoming dry agents to the bootleggers.

MIND OVER MATTER

MR. ARTHUR BRISBANE, Able Editor, is caught between the SCYLLA of Fourth Estate and the CHARYBDIS of Real Estate. MIAMI has blotted out HIGH OLYMPUS from his consciousness. What Miami terrain not owned by prosperous bootleggers has been GRABBED by Mr. Brisbane, and in New York City every VACANT lot brings an acquisitive GLEAM to A. B.'s eyes. Already he owns LOTS, and it is definitely on his program to own LOTS more. The realtor COMPLEX has become so predominant, the LETCH for property so virulent, that Mr. Brisbane, Eminent Conservative, has decided to throw CAUTION to the winds, and build THEATRES. His partnership with Messrs. Hearst and Ziegfeld, to that end, has ALREADY reached the public prints.

With these fresh burdens on shoulders which have these many years faced ATLAS tasks, it is not surprising that all has not gone so smoothly of late, with the editorial duties of Mr. Brisbane, CAPABLE journalist.

The day before last LINCOLN's BIRTHDAY Mr. Brisbane had been wavering over the matter of some BRONX apartment houses. To BUY or not to BUY, that was the question. The editorial note paper was COVERED with masses of figures. The DICTOGRAPH into which Mr. Brisbane has for years intoned oracular paragraphs yawned and gaped in vain. Mr. Brisbane, BRILLIANT Realtor, was enmeshed in a problem of tax assessments.

Came, at this CRITICAL moment, a messenger from a harried CITY EDITOR, with disturbing news. There was no LINCOLN's BIRTHDAY editorial in the forms that were to go to press that evening.

Mr. Brisbane bade the messenger wait, sighed, thrust aside maps showing the proposed new BRONX subways, and began to speak into the DICTOGRAPH. His editorial started off promisingly. There would be a picture of an APE, and one of HONEST ABE. Nobody celebrated the birthday of a ring-tailed BABOON. WHY? Baboons don't THINK. The birthday of ABRAHAM LINCOLN was celebrated in every hamlet and valley of this GREAT nation. WHY? Lincoln could THINK.

What next? Pegasus had the heaves. BRONX real estate paged A. B. He recollected that on the file which stood above his desk there were numerous LINCOLN's BIRTHDAY editorials. He got one out and handed it to the waiting messenger.

"You will find a stock cut of the ape in the 'morgue,'" he said.

It was a wonderful EDITORIAL. But, in proof, the

frightened make-up man discovered that LINCOLN's BIRTHDAY was being noted by a sonorous editorial extolling the merits of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It is said the proof reader, with sweating stereotypers howling at him, hurriedly substituted the name LINCOLN wherever the name WASHINGTON appeared in the editorial, and that thus it ran in all editions. That we cannot VOUCH for.

IT is not GENERALLY known that Mr. Brisbane, I Fluent COMMENTATOR, has a collaborator in his noteworthy writings. It is a volume called BARTLETT's QUOTATIONS. It comes in very handy in writing editorials. It is as indispensable to the Brisbane editorial as the DICTOGRAPH, capital letters and the ANTHROPOID species.

Shortly after the LINCOLN's BIRTHDAY contretemps, a reporter having been assigned to some special work, visited the reference room and asked for BARTLETT's. Somebody else had BARTLETT's. The reporter could borrow Mr. Brisbane's BARTLETT's if he promised, over his signature, to return it THAT evening. The reporter promised over his typewritten signature, which is NOT legal. When he went home that night, he

had the Brisbane BARTLETT's locked up in his desk. The following day, having an unusually distressing hangover, this reporter failed to report.

Again the messenger appeared in the SANCTUM SANCTORUM, demanding brain food for the hungry editorial forms. Mr. Brisbane searched for his BARTLETT's. He got his SECRETARY to search. Everybody searched. In vain.

That night there was no Brisbane editorial.

MISFORTUNES never (see BARTLETT's) occur singly. To-day as the result of a third catastrophe, there is an OFFICE boy on one of the HEARST newspapers who mourns the loss of a week's PAY, which he was DOCKED. The office boy in question, who is known as "Hey, You!", happened to be the only one present in the city room when Mr. Brisbane's messenger arrived with the Delphic pronouncement.

"Hey, You!" was a new office boy, a student of the Columbia School of Journalism. For the moment he was Editor-in-Charge. The Brisbane copy wasn't signed. "Hey, You!" read the stuff carefully, then took a pencil and scrawled across the copy paper:

"No KICK to this. Can't use it."

The messenger carried back the rejected manuscript to Mr. Brisbane. He found the great editor immersed in the study of a catalogue of PLUMBING



supplies. Mr. Brisbane has ever, in his EXTENSIVE realty operations, been for OPEN plumbing.

When he saw what had happened, Mr. Brisbane called up the managing editor at his HOME, demanding the head of the VANDAL who had presumed to deface his writings. The M. E., in consideration of the fact that the office boy had been an EARNEST worker, compromised by docking him.

SOMETHING will HAVE to be done about it. Torn with an allegiance divided between APARTMENT houses and EDITORIALS, Mr. Brisbane, passing nervous hands over his lofty temple, may be heard these days, with a hasty glance at BARTLETT's, to mutter:

"How happy would I be with EITHER, were t'other dear charmer AWAY!"—*Pier Glass*



OF ALL THINGS



TENNESSEE is not the only State where there is arrested mental development, but it is the only one so far where it has been fined.

+ + +

With the coal negotiations dragging through the Summer, there seems little likelihood of the trouble ending in a strike. Grievances do not keep very well. The only safe rule for labor is "strike while the ire is hot."

+ + +

We are not surprised to learn that Representative Upshaw of Georgia will introduce an anti-evolution bill in Congress. Upshaw is never happy unless the Ship of State is making twenty thou-shalt-nots an hour.

+ + +

According to the White Court spokesman, the President is not in sympathy with the Dawes crusade to revise the Senate rules downward. And that would seem to be that. The Vice-President can now feel free to go back to the Willard and finish that interrupted nap.

"Keep your neck clean and your hair combed," say beauty experts in congress assembled at Chicago. How that carries one back!

+ + +

Hand painted knees are the latest thing according to the same authorities. The time may come when the lessons learned at mother's knee will be illustrated.

+ + +

The cops broke up a Communist meeting in Union Square held to protest against the doings in China. The Police Department seemed to be under the impression that the Moscowboys were trying to stage a redeo.

+ + +

"What is the value of a naval base harbor which our battleships cannot get into?" asks Senator Hale. Well, the enemy can't get in either, if that helps any.

+ + +

Experts are working hopefully to eliminate static and fading from the radio, but apparently nothing is being done about tenors.

Henry Ford says he is not going to manufacture airplanes until the engine is perfected. This is only a reprieve. We shall live to see the day when every cloud has a flivver lining.

+ + +

Controversy is raging about the relative merits of men and women as drivers. The truth seems to be that men drive cars better than women, but women drive men better than cars.

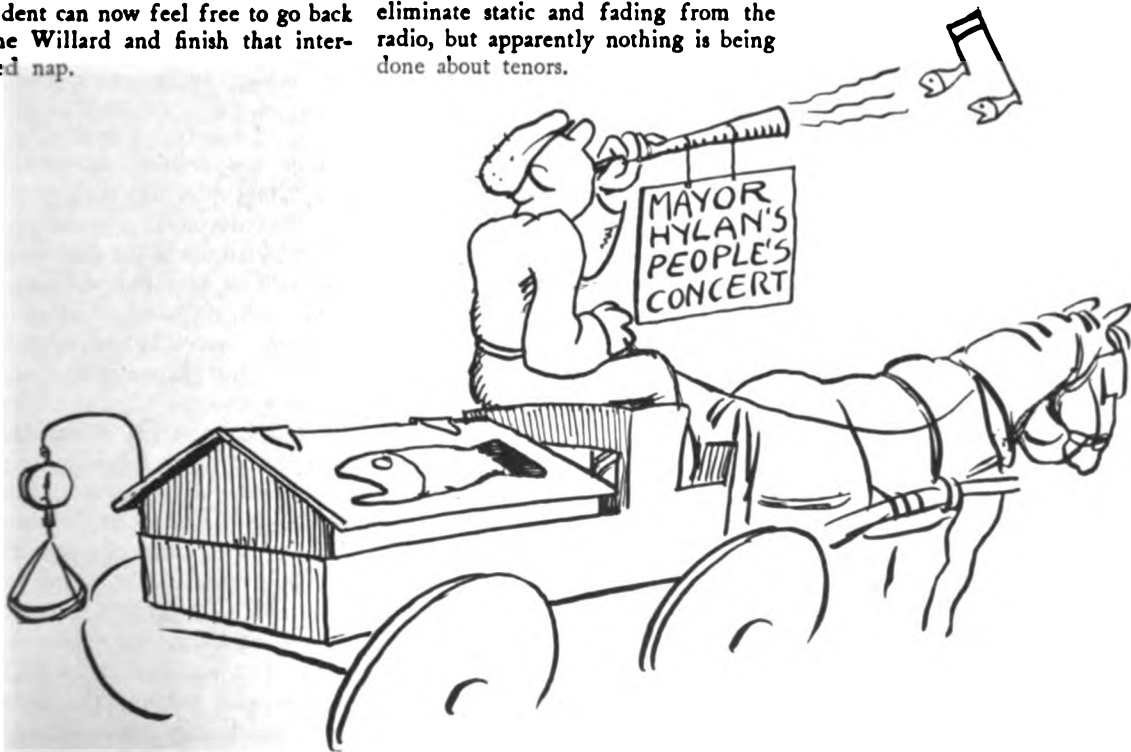
+ + +

About September we may expect a drive for funds to buy overcoats for the Stinnes boys.

+ + +

Federal authorities here have captured lists of 20,000 names of bootleggers' customers in 70 cities and 29 States and there seems to be some thought of sending them a questionnaire. We predict that most of them will reply, "No booze is good booze."

—*Howard Brubaker*



CAREER

1912

THREE years is plenty, Bill. I'm goin' to kick off whilst I'm still young. I still punch th' clock at th' collar fact'ry every day, don't I; an' didn't you lose four jobs sinct we got married? Ain't I payin' fourteen bucks a month rent, an' th' grocer, an' th' butcher, an' half th' time you bummin' me fer cigarette money? No hard feelin's, Bill, but I'm goin' an leave you behind. Troy ain't no town fer a gal thet wants to keep her hands white. Me fer Noo Yawk, an' give th' Big Burg a treat.

1916

Why can't I step out once in a while? No use your cursing George. If it wasn't him, it would have been some other man. I wasn't built for this watchful waiting stuff. You married me all right, Frank, but I was better off working at that. Twenty-two a week and a lot of parties with buyers thrown in. Now I'm just a Harlem housewife. You're a steady worker, I grant you that, and you do the best you can, but your best isn't good enough. That's why I'm leaving you, Frank. Don't divorce me, if you don't want to, but don't let that kid you into thinking I'm ever coming back. I learned in this town lots of things are more important for a woman than a wedding certificate. Oh, all right, if you think it helps, I'll kiss you good-by.

1920

Let's not be bitter, Reggy; this is life, not melodrama. I'm no harder than you are; not one bit. You recall the incidents of our—eh, well, affair. First it was your father's objections. He died. Then, of course, the formal period of mourning. That ended. Then you couldn't bear the thought of separation

from me long enough to let me go to Paris for my divorce; and you couldn't get away long enough to go with me. You were very generous in all things but the essential. The difficulty is that, since I have the chance to change my position and yet retain everything material, it seems advisable to do it. After all, man is woman's career and I am not to be blamed for making the most of my opportunities. I suppose you have your future wife in mind—but, no, that's catty. Still, I am enough of a cat to look forward to your receiving me as a respectably married woman, after you're a respectably married man. Business will make it necessary. Because, Reggy, I'm going to become the wife of your senior partner. Odd, isn't it?

1925

Warren, old dear, don't bother trying to voice your protests. You must consider your blood pressure. Besides, when your face flushes, the contrast with your nice hair isn't at all becoming. I know exactly what you're going to say. That he's a young scamp. Yes, but he's a handsome young scamp, and at forty a woman forgives much in a younger man. That he will tire of me and cast me away, in a year—perhaps in six months. I anticipate just that. I know all these things and my intuition warns me of others, that such a nice old gentleman as you never would dream of. Jealousy, on my part, for a change. Horrid scenes. Even, possibly, violence. Blows. Yet, I'm going on. Because, you see, all my life men have been my work. Now, thanks to your generous antenuptial settlement, I am a success. Henceforth, I can afford to play. And now, try to take your nap, as the doctor ordered. I shall leave quietly after you doze, so that I may not disturb you. Pleasant dreams, old dear.—*James Kevin McGuinness*



The Dilettante

HOW smartly his heels tap the concrete pavement with a sharp staccato report as he saunters along the Avenue with an aristocratic air. He passes by with a modulated step, a look of genteel indifference on his sensitive face, his eyes focused into a permanent stare, seeing everything and observing nothing. Let us follow in his wake and observe the sunlight ply its diffused rays upon the spats of dazzling whiteness which adorn his shoes of irreproachable shape.

Light, greyish trousers encase his legs in ample folds, while a waistcoat of the same material fits snugly around his slender waist, the color of which is echoed yet again by a soft, crushed hat with rakish brim. His coat is of dark serge, relieving the lightness of his garments with striking contrast, further heightened by his blackened shoes, as carefully varnished as a painting on exhibition day.

Black too, is the narrow ribbon at the end of which dangles a single glass, that time-honored touchstone of the epicure. A wide cravat loosely knotted into a

bow suggests an artistic temperament as do also his fingers, long and tapering, playing with the ivory head of a stick swung smartly under one arm.

Ah, a Monticelli; he murmurs as the dazzling spats stop before a plated window revealing a court scene on a canvas incrustated with gorgeous paint of many hues. For a moment the figures in scarlet and gold seen through a rich iridescent glow rise to the music of the unseen players in a dance.

Alas, that it should be for only a moment. For now appear the reflections of other faces in the plated window. Also painted, but not on canvas. Between glances at the Monticelli and glances at the owner of the immaculate spats who is standing in a pose the despair of the envious, they whisper to each other in sotto voice. A poet, an artist? Or perhaps a musician?

And he, with a sublime indifference like that of some Oriental diety in the presence of its idolators, wends his way northwards, tapping the pavement with his heels of polished leather.—*S. Albert Reese*

PROFILES

A Genius Who Made Art Into Big Business

WHEN the history of American art is written it *may* be set down that what Woolworth was to the notions and household hardware trade, Walter L. Clark was to the business of art. At the present writing only a few hundred persons know Mr. Clark as the head of that unique institution, the Grand Central Gallery of Art. In a generation or so, when this gauche country of ours has become more art conscious, and every family that owns a flivver will also own a native Rembrandt or Corot, the name of Walter Clark may be as well known as that of Henry Ford.

Again I say, may. I am no prophet and several things could happen to upset my calculations, such as the dearth of men with ideas or the breaking of the contact between Walter Clark and men of ideas. And then too, the very thing that Mr. Clark's scheme is based on—the growth of art consciousness in this country—may be the very poison that kills his plan. People with a fully developed art sense might choose their own and not accept the edict of the master of the mill atop the greatest railroad terminal in the world.

If you are a reader who abhors art do not turn from this chronicle. Herein you may find a passably interesting account of the favorite American God—the Man Who Does Things. For Walter L. Clark is such a man and with a vision and technique that will accelerate the envy glands in every reader of the *American Magazine*. Mr. Clark was an artist, it is true, but that is something to be forgiven by the rough golfer or bank president; he is primarily the organizer and producer and maker of two coins growing where only one grew before. Especially should his early attempts at painting be forgiven as it led him to The Big Idea.

Let us imagine Mr. Clark on his country estate near Stockbridge, contemplating the golf links. As a member of the greens committee, it gave him considerable worry, this constant rebirth of the grass. No sooner would one blade be mowed down than a dozen would spring up. Wherefore this fecundity? This is only a surmise, of course. I have been told that Mr. Clark was once the proprietor of a milk bottle top concern that was highly successful. Perhaps a better figure of speech would be to picture

Mr. Clark in his factory watching the little machines turn out milk bottle tops. At such a time he might have sighed and said to himself: "There is perfection, the highest achievement. A machine that turns out millions of caps, with no lost motion, a minimum of wear and tear and less than one-tenth of one per cent of imperfect tops. Why is not all the world so organized? Why is not art on such a basis?"

Mr. Clark had given a lot of thought to art. As I said he had painted in a mild way, and the studio freedom (which means nothing to you, dear reader, unless you are an artist or a reader of *Snappy Stories*) had doubtless attracted him. Then, he had lived at the National Arts Club. On those dark walls hang all the art that is geometrically possible, a few spaces being left open where windows and stairways have been placed. Again, I like to imagine Mr. Clark sighing and saying: "Here is art at its best. (He didn't say, "to my way of thinking." That would not have been Mr. Clark.) Why is it here?

Obviously because it is not sold." Then, too, he had seen the attics of his friends cluttered with paintings. What was wrong with American art? Not the art itself, for Mr. Clark had seen the pictures and they were all pretty: cows in pastures, sunlight through the trees and—and, for adults of course, nude women.

The fault, then, with American art must be its merchandizing. With that magic word all the artist dropped out of our hero. He was again the business man. He thought about it steadily for weeks, he once told me. There had been a scheme at one time in the age of innocence where artists banded together and tried to dispose of their wares. But the State decided it was a lottery and stopped it. But the basic plan was sound. The thing to do was to make it conform to the law.

With the scheme in mind and the knowledge that the artist himself is seldom a good business man, Clark set to work. He interviewed the best artists. He presented it this way: You can paint more pictures than you can sell. Obviously your selling method is wrong. Your gallery charges you 40 to 60 per cent for any picture it sells. How would you like to sell all your pictures at a commission of only 10 per cent?



Walter L. Clark

All you have to do is to sign on the dotted line and present gratis to my gallery one of your old pictures every year. The agreement was for three years. The plan met with eager approval. Soon Clark had one hundred artists signed up.

Then he took the plan to persons of wealth and presented the reverse side of it to the prospective patrons: how would you like to become a patron of art and for \$600 receive a painting by one of the best painters in America? All you have to do is to pledge me \$600 a year for three years and every year you will be allowed to draw a number from a hat. If you get No. 1 you get your choice of 100 paintings by the best one hundred artists. No. 2 is second choice and on down. And the plan here met with enthusiastic success. Patrons who pay never under \$1,000 for a canvas felt they could not lose.

The next step was for Clark to get a gallery. The real estate agent given the task of renting the number of acres required by the Clark scheme was in despair. He said it couldn't be done outside of Madison Square Garden or the Grand Central Station. "That would be fine," said Clark. "What!" exclaimed the bewildered agent. "Grand Central Station," beamed Clark. And, waxing sarcastic, the agent replied that Mr. Smith, president of the New York Central, might like to keep his trains there, as the tracks were laid. But Mr. Clark with the realtor in one hand and Lady Luck in the other dashed over to see Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith was also a man of vision. As he listened to the scheme he doubtless saw the possibilities. He couldn't give up the ground floor, but there was the top. That would be better on account of the light. The rent? Oh say about \$15,000 a year. Fine, and the necessary remodelling? The New York Central would be glad to do it. They did, at a cost of about six years' rent. Mr. Smith must have been thinking of something else. Oddly enough the awkward title of "Painters and Sculptors Gallery Association, 15 Vanderbilt Avenue," changed to the Grand Central Art Gallery.

Mr. Clark spent the next few months dodging Luck. She pursued him at every turning. With a fanfare of publicity, with engraved invitations and Social Register Reception Committees, Art was put on its feet. The newspapers greeted the venture with all the space such an enterprise deserved: front page stories and editorials, even if here and there an art critic was snooty at this idea of factoryizing Art.

I saw Mr. Clark shortly after the Gallery had opened. He was enthusiastic, not so much about the sales, for they had been few, but about the factory hands. "The amazing part of it is," he said, "the productivity of the artists. In going about I find that their attics are full of pictures. Hundreds of them that have never been sold."

I asked that, once this accumulation of paintings was disposed of, what would he do? After an hour with Mr. Clark I felt that a few months would eat up the surplus.

"Why, they will paint more," he said. "You've no idea of their cleverness. They can turn out one of those big canvases in a day! I've seen them do studies in an hour or two! The thing is tremendous. It's the greatest merchandizing proposition ever dis-

covered. I can't understand why it hasn't been turned up before."

Genius seldom lumps her gifts to one man, but spreads them out among the many. Thus one man has visions, another the ability to organize them, another to turn them into salable products. Clark seems to belong to the latter category. It was shortly after Mr. Clark discovered the fecundity of the American artist that he also discovered a certain lassitude on the part of the buying public. The man he consulted suggested that a new public be created by a campaign of education in the women's clubs of the country.

Mr. Clark did not believe there was anything outside New York. Then the man told about the growing cultural consciousness of the second generation away from the pioneers, mentioning a little hamlet in Kansas where a man had the best collection of Zorn etchings in the world. All this was new to Mr. Clark and he was skeptical. Not so the informant, who had read the current *International Studio*. That Mr. Clark is receptive and can assimilate ideas is shown by his use of the man's plan. And June saw a Zorn exhibit at the Gallery, almost intact from the Carnegie Institute show of last Autumn.

The Sargent exhibit last Winter was also a financial success and was held over several weeks. It was Mr. Clark's plan to charge one dollar admission and also one dollar for the catalogue which carried considerable advertising. Then, there was the idea of the school with some of his hundred best artists as teachers. Mr. Clark seemed to have discovered the formula and could dispense with press agents. He can always get all the newspaper space he needs.

The scheme was formulated on a three-year trial. The end is drawing near. Everything seems rosy and the Grand Central Art Galleries doubtless will soon issue a statement showing the increased Cultural Consciousness of the Interior, the Higher Productivity of Artists and the Abolishing of the Garret, with graphs and charts. Then Mr. Clark will be known to the public for what he is—the man who made art pay!

If Mr. Clark has a motto it probably is, "All things must be beautiful." Perhaps the word industrious is in there some place. The Galleries are supposed to be the handsomest in the world. And Mr. Clark is determined that the art he displays for sale shall conform to the beauty of his temple. He does not like ugly stuff, feeling that beauty alone endures. At the time of the Galleries' inception he was urged to include some of the modern Americans, but refused on the ground that their output was not pretty and that he was interested only in "pretty pictures."

An ordinary business man might be wary of marshalling one hundred artists and trying to bring profit out of their temperaments. Not so Mr. Clark. He did not believe in the Independents, where the individual was the judge of what was good in art. Neither did he believe in the jury system. After all there can be disagreement in a jury. (But with one man, there can be no disagreement.) Mr. Clark was bent on the largest art factory and disposal plant in the world. Naturally he would pick his hands with care, putting up the "No More Help Wanted" sign to any who wore red shirts or wooden shoes.

—Van Gogh

NEWSPAPERS, MOVIES, CRIME

(Editor's Note—*This is the last of a series of articles by the author, who has just returned from a trip to somewhere or other, during which he made a thorough investigation into the methods of distributing some kind of propaganda.*)

SCARCELY a day goes by that a letter like the following is not received by every daily newspaper and movie producer:

Sir: Your dirty sheet [or recent production] is responsible for the wave of crime at present inundating our fair city. If you didn't make such stories public no one would be attracted to crime, but you do and they are.

A Baseball Fan For Twenty Years.

The newspapers answer such letters with an occasional editorial beginning, "Elsewhere on this page a correspondent blames the newspapers and movies for the current crime wave at present inundating our fair city, etc., etc." The movies reply to their critics by merely releasing another "Her Scarlet Sin" or "His Mauve Transgression" and letting it go at that.

There the matter has been allowed to rest. No intensive study had been made of the situation until I made it.

Now for a little talk about me, without which an article of this kind is not complete. I am one who likes to get to the bottom of things. In turn, a deep sea diver, foundation digger, subway builder and miner, getting to the bottom of things has been my ruling passion. Being, therefore, that kind of person, I determined to get to the bottom of this crime wave situation.

The facts I have unearthed prove conclusively to my mind that the letter writers have been absolutely right.

Their charges that the newspapers and movies are responsible for crime have a substantial foundation of truth.

Each time a crime is committed, my investigation disclosed, the newspapers publish the details and the

movies film a five-reeler based upon them. A clipping bureau maintained by Associated Outlaws, Inc., the nation-wide crooks' society, cuts out every newspaper crime story and sends a staff of scanners (or "reviewers," as they are called in the argot of the underworld) to report the plot of each crime film. These clippings and reports are filed for reference in the organization's library at Sedalia, Ohio. Every crook in the country has access to this library free of charge.

The plan works in two ways. The story or film of an unsuccessful attempt at crime shows the crook how to avoid mistakes.

In the opposite event, additional data are added to the technique of crime. In either event profitable knowledge is gleaned.

To this vast store of information all the members of Associated Outlaws, Inc., are given, as has been said, free access. In return a small percentage (from .00038 to .00041 per cent) of the proceeds of every crime committed is paid into the organization's treasury to cover the cost of maintaining the library.

And now we arrive at the nub of our particular investigation. A further 5 per cent of each haul is paid into a fund which Associated Outlaws, Inc., distributes annually among the newspapers and movies of the country. The papers get theirs under the guise of contributions to fresh air, save-our-streets and similar campaigns. The movies' share is hidden under the pretext of stock subscriptions. Thus both are encouraged to continue the publication of crime stories.

Newspaper reporters will tell you, perhaps, that this yarn is a fabrication. But reporters are not on the inside of their papers' policies. Editors will say the same. But editors have their jobs to look out for. Newspaper owners and film producers will tell you I'm lying. But—they have dividends to earn.

The only cure I can see is to make crime unpopular.

(An ensuing article will show that the newspapers and movies are not the cause of crime waves. Look for it.)—*Baron Ireland*



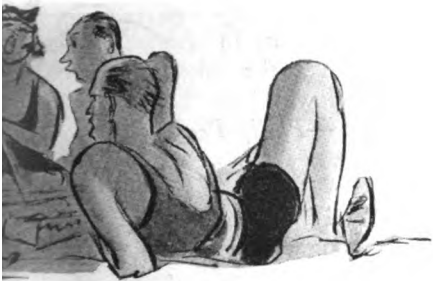


These ladies have found the sought for substitute for cross word puzzles—collapsible chairs.

The Nut Brown Maid looking for her friends before the ginger ale goes flat on her (1,000 of these).

Reasons murder

The first vice-pr from his investment



Helen E. Hokinson

Outward Bound.

stifiable.

nt tries to get some interest

They made a good-looking party at luncheon, but seeing each other for the first time in bathing suits, well—rather like grass that has grown all Spring under a log.

The new beach censor learns that bathing cloaks disclose a multitude of sins.

PARROTRY, SOCIETY SPORT

ALL of fashionable Long Island has taken up parrottry. Other Summer pastimes have bowed before this king of recreations which is in reality a modified form of an ancient sport. Along both shores, and on all save the posted estates, from Canoe Place to Smallwood's, gay parties of hunters, emulating the splendor of Medieval courtiers, are seen bearing parrots on their wrists or eagerly watching the chase.

The thrill of other contests has become tame beside the exciting features of this most recent divertissement and kennels throughout the island, having relegated dogs to the limbo of the middle classes, are now devoting all their efforts to parrot training. Polo fields are grown high with weeds and golf courses are the scene of brave hunts for the wild birds of Nassau and Suffolk counties. The beagling coat has been replaced by the parrot blazer which is somewhat similar in design but follows, rather, the steeplechase idea, the parroteer wearing club colors or those of the individual bird.

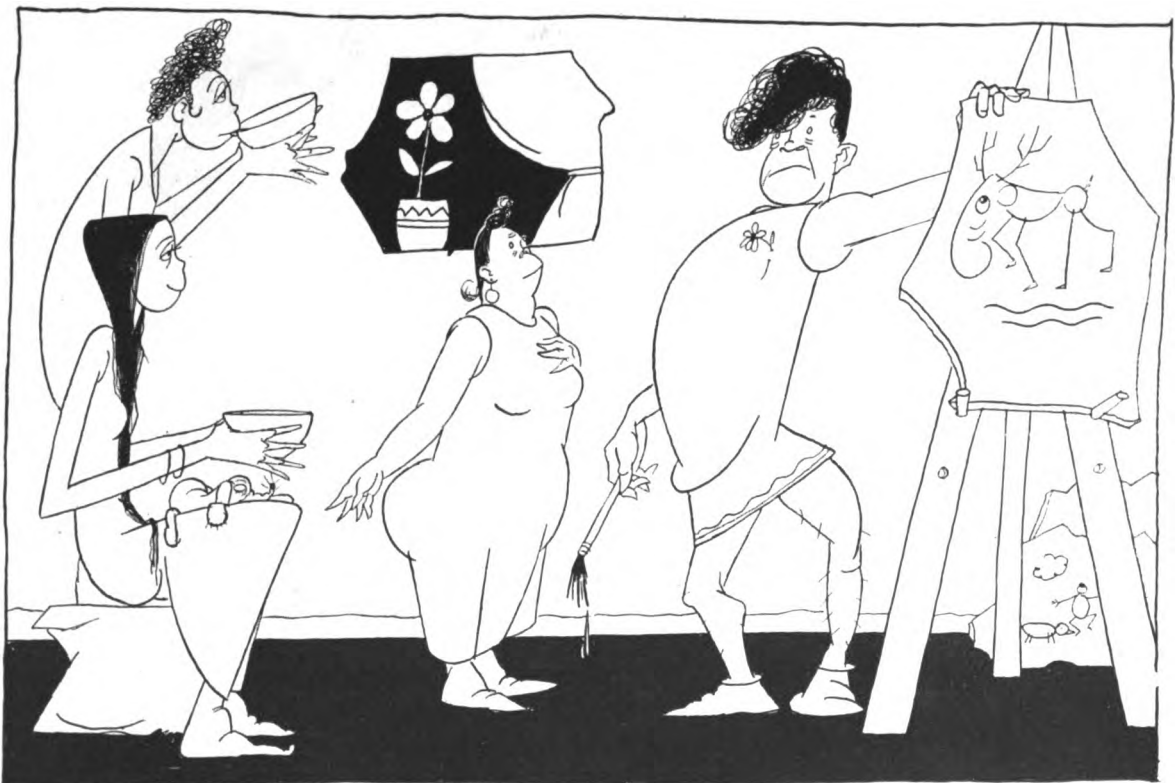
Parrottry is almost identical with falconry or hawking. It was introduced into Long Island by J. Mincing Twee, formerly Master of Chair Hounds of the Rockinghorse Tap Club. Mr. Twee, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the sport, has studied the older mode of hunting and has inaugurated certain changes to conform with the more humane ideas of the present

day. The principal difference is that in parrottry the prey meets with practically a painless death. Instead of attacking their victims in the manner of falcons and tearing them to pieces, the parrots are taught to talk them to death.

Mr. Twee says: "Kennels are fit only for preliminary schooling of parrots, viz., for trailing, retrieving and coming to wrist, as the expression is. Inasmuch as the crude kennel breeders are of the silent and less aggressive type, they are therefore unqualified to teach the surest method of killing by conversation. The clubs," he concludes, "make the best finishing schools."

The South Shore Chatter and Hunt Club, the pioneer in parrottry, is expected to carry off first honors in the coming meet for the championship of Long Island. Its younger matrons and Wall Street members, coached by Mr. Twee, have thus far developed a flock of birds that easily outclasses any of the others. These parrots, however, are composed of two different breeds and it is expected that the North Shore Gin Rickey and Gossip Club, which has persisted in picking its hunters from one type (i. e., the hardest and best long distance talker) will do much to offset the superior training of the mixed flock. But, in the words of Mr. Twee: "Parrottry is twin to the oldest sport in the world. May the best bird win."

—Philip Pratt



*Blessed be the artist for he feeds
The soul with beauty which it needs.
Where genius lets its fires roar
Are always ladies, who adore*

*The symptoms of his malady
At five o'clock with toast and tea.
Behold, above, the early start
Of noble prehistoric art.—Hans Stengel*



The Theatre

WHAT WOMEN DO? had to open, of course, at the Bijou Theatre on Monday night, July 20. And so a number of people who knew that the show had previously been known as "The Female of the Species" went to see it anyway.

Some shows are so bad that they are amusing. Other shows are so bad that they are embarrassing. And then there are still others, of which "What Women Do?" is hereby elected an eternal paradigm, that are just bad enough to be soporific.

There is nothing in "What Women Do?" to interfere with any playgoer's nap except the unnecessarily loud tone of the actors' voices. It has all happened before, it will all happen again, and it means less than nothing that it has or has not transpired.

A young physician, it seems, has not been as attentive to his wife as might have been desired, at least by her. He has been seen around town with another young woman. So what does the wife, influenced by well-meaning but ignorant advisers, do but set out to make him jealous? Unfortunately, she is caught by the husband at one of those embarrassing moments the stage provides, in which the husband stands in a doorway at such an angle that he believes the other man has his arms around his wife's shoulders, whereas he's really only picking a piece of lint from her frock. Anyway, it's something like that and the wife is sent out into the night.

There elapse four years. The husband is now world famous, what with this new serum he's discovered for the treatment of spinal meningitis. But he is not happy. You can see that. Nor has the other woman, despite the most flagrant advances, achieved anything in her plan of winning him to her. He doesn't exactly say so, but the person who sits behind you in the theatre is whispering out loud that he still loves the wife whom he so unjustly accused and ejected for the second act finale.

There enters then a woman, heavily veiled, with a babe in her arms. Well, there's one thing and another and the doctor finds out that it's his wife and the baby is his—and hers. So at the end of the fourth act the stage manager stands anxiously in the wings waiting for the doctor to say, "Can you ever forgive me?" because that's his cue for a slow curtain.

A number of capable actors have lent—or maybe sold—their services to this stencil. They include Mona Kingsley, who is very beautiful; Irene Purcell,

who is adequately emotional, and Egon Brecher, who is an extraordinarily fine character actor and should sometime be allowed to play in an intelligent piece.

—H. J. M.

Music

AIDA and two performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony were washed out early last week, with the upshot that most of the souls sometimes referred to as music lovers had to content themselves with terrible radio interpretations of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More." A few who lost themselves on the City College terrain in a search for the Ninth Symphony found solace in two rousing orchestral programs given by Mr. Van Hoogstraten and a shirt-sleeved Philharmonic in the Great Hall.

The heat in the Hall failed to discourage the Stadium's popular conductor, and the orchestra displayed great virtuosity as well as an excellent assortment of white shirts. Reports of the Polo Grounds "Aida" by the Municipal Opera Company (the large M signifies that it's a private enterprise) must wait until next week. What with the "Aida" at the Yankee Stadium last month, the Polo Grounds project and another "Aida" promised for Ebbets Field next month, it seems that some people can't pass a ball park without getting up a performance of Verdi's opera.

HERE'S a hint to pianists, with an unusually dirty look at the radio brand. Why not try on your dear friends of the air some of the "other" compositions of writers of hackneyed bits? There are Chopin Nocturnes other than the one in E flat, and you might experiment with the Liszt "Liebestraum" No. 1 instead of the bowl of sweet water known as No. 3. What about Rubinstein's twenty-three unplayed "Kammenoi-Ostrows"? Liszt's Seventh Hungarian Rhapsody? A different Rachmaninoff prelude? This department herewith institutes a free program service for pianists and they needn't even give THE NEW YORKER a credit line.

Radio pianists, to continue with this perhaps distasteful theme, are becoming addicted to stroking out "Waters of Minnetonka" and like confections in what their announcers designate as "semi-classical" transcriptions. Semi-classical music is almost as bad as semi-professional musicians.

Another hint to pianists: Sooner or later it'll be as



Illustrating the Tradition of How Cézanne Threw Away Canvases While He Worked in the Fields and How These Masterpieces Were Cunningly Seized and Preserved for Posterity By Art Lovers and Collectors

commonplace as starting a program with the Bach Chromatic Fantasia, so why not play some of the music euphemistically said to be representative of American rhythm? We have in mind a stunning arrangement, still in manuscript, of George Gershwin's "Swanee," by Harry Kaufman. The business of separating Mr. Kaufman from the score we leave to you.—R. A. S.

Art

IT is a flaming torch of flowers in the window of the Durand-Ruel Galleries that will lure the passerby into the current exhibition hung for the sleepwalkers of the Summer months. The piece is by Albert Andre and is one of those things that your correspondent goes nutty over. We swear it is not the heat for it came upon our vision in the early hours before the asphalt had begun to stick to our shoes. They take it seriously. We suppose the answer is, that school of painters and what they give you is their emotional reaction to a vase of flowers in a technique that follows the conception rather than dictates it. The result is always an emotional punch.

Why they can do it and so many of the others can not, we are too much novice to say. There is never anything of the slickness about it that flows from so many of the clever American brushes. There is never any of the mark of an exercise in it, or an air of "Here's what I can do when I turn to flowers." It may be because they have so much fun in doing it, or it may be that they know how; anyway there it is, a vase of living flowers with atmosphere around it.

Inside the cool gallery there is a satisfying show of the best that Durand-Ruel trade in—Degas, Monet, Cassatt, Renoir, Sisley. And by the way, if the subject can be opened again, we should like to restate a theory we tried to express at the time of the printed announcement of the burning of the lesser works of Willard Metcalf. Here is a little moral for the fire department gentlemen of the committee in the studio sweepings of Degas. Bits of stuttee he made at the opera for his canvases, sometimes a leg or arm of a ballet girl, bring \$800 or \$1,500. And if we had \$800 or \$1,500 we would straightway invest in a Degas. If a man is anything of an artist, everything he does is some part of the record of his genius. It is only the hideous American standard of success that requires everything to be 100 per cent, topnotch, A-1. Imagine, if you feel like it, the loss to art if friendly executors had decided to burn the things of Degas they thought unworthy. Fortunately, the California slogan of every day a sunny day with no rain (or earthquakes) had not entered France at the time of Degas's death.

Aside from the pastel and drawings of Degas there are two of his oils of ballet girls. They alone are worth a trip to the Fifty-seventh Street show. And Mary Cassatt is there, properly along with Degas. Pissarro has two or three, a nude bathing, a beautiful garden of light and shadow and a cow with a sense of humor. If you are fed up on tragic cows, you will like Pissarro's contemplative bovine.

The bridge over the lily pond, by Monet, is on the walls for the Summer and his thrilling little railway station. Then there is a pot of tulips that will convince you that a lot of the contemporary boys a nd

girls have been peeking, and through a small keyhole, at that.

Something you get out of a visit to the Durand-Ruel Galleries that you seldom get elsewhere. Masters at selection, they remind you again of the great dignity and seriousness of art. And in and out of the large room your progress is made pleasant by the best of Sisley, Renoir, Boudin, Guillaumin.

—M. P.

Moving Pictures

AS far as we are concerned there is only one (1) authority, in this world at least, on Sex (you may have heard of the thing—it has to do with specie propagation, marriage, love, alimony, hearthstone worship and other such trivia) and his name is Ernst Lubitsch. The esteemed Herr specializes in the more social side of the biological manifestations in the human animal, doing so in what we might term (might we, please?) unglamorous, unillusioned fashion. In more fluent words, the estimable Nordic (of the Teuton branch) recognizes the human animal under sophisticated sex circumstances as an ignoble concoction of surly humors, strange and endless vain conceits, silly shifting appetites, and inconsiderate, selfish, cruel, and illogical desires, but holds them entirely blameless for being as human as that all the while. In fact, he laughs at them.

All of which lecture in the Seldes manner, is not meant to prejudice you against the man, but to let you know that the Attila of Hollywood has done another sex masterpiece in "Kiss Me Again." It is Continental high comedy done in the Central European manner with germanic harshness and irony of attack. It is as far from America as Mr. Lubitsch is above sophistication of Mr. Will H. Hays.

It goes like this: Mr. Monte Blue is married to Miss Marie Prevost and she is unsettled under the yoke. So she naturally leans towards the svelitude of Mr. John Roche with his bushy coiffure and tapering, pianistic fingers, both of which are necessary implements to his love making. Thereupon ensues an old-fashioned and ordinary triangle jumbling, out of which Mr. Blue emerges with his lady.

But in the meantime, Mr. Lubitsch has held the hands of his actors, shown them how to bicker, quarrel, heckle, peck, pick at each other and vie for the upper hand in the ever shifting love situation. As a result we have startling pantomime and hilarious picture.

ONE might gather from the continuous ripples of amusement and amazed gasps of recognition of the Truth that swept the audience (especially ladies in the late afternoon of life) that "A Slave of Fashion" (Loew's State Week of August 2) was something cut from life by Ibsen and made extraordinarily comic

by Molière. By consulting our program we found that Samuel Shipman was responsible. To us, it seemed that it was Mr. Shipman in a playful and Hans Andersonian mood; quite as burly as his "Cheaper to Marry" and more moral mood, but much more excusable since the picture can be dismissed as merely bad movie rather than be disliked as evidence from Mr. Shipman for the granite eternity of Moses's epigrams.

THERE is a depth of imagination to "The Street of Forgotten Men." It is a story with vast possibilities in dramatic irony and character portrayal, but these have only been developed partially and are almost snowed under by truck sentimentality, movie theatricality, poor juveniles and inconsistent, punchless story detail.

Had the cruelty of the blind man's nature been more fully intensified and the queerness of Mr. Mar-mont been more competently studied, the picture might have been great. If only a Russian had written it! As it is, it is well worth a trial visit.

—T. S.

Books

BACK before the war, when he was merely A. A. M., *Punch* had American readers who were Milne fans. For some, F. P. A. had discovered him; we had happened to, out in the sticks, and he was our favorite humorist in weekly practice. Part of what we liked so much was his freedom from make-up, meaning from professional solicitudes. He never seemed to be working at it, turning a stunt for a living, with his mind on Old Subscriber's tastes or the Man in the Street's capacities, but always to be a blithe amateur spirit breezing as he listed.

Since then that quality has become more common. Other young writers have risen on both sides of the Atlantic who can be as amusing in equally irresponsible-looking fashions, and some of them have beaten the earlier Milne at some of his own specialties. Still, there is a delectable Milne-ness over all he has ever written, even over his less inspired plays, and it makes his old *Punch* contributions well worth having. The best can now be had in two collections, "The Holiday Round" and "Oranges and Lemons" (*Dutton*). The latter is a re-issue, but its previous sale was small, and in it is some of the very best light verse of recent years—for instance, "From a Full Heart," which F. P. A. has celebrated. We should say these two books, between them, contained just about one bookful of things that you ought not to miss. In other words, get both and use discretion.

Where Milne to date has no rival, with us, is in "When We Were Very Young," of which a holiday edition is preparing.—*Touchstone*

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





SPORTS OF THE WEEK

THERE is nothing in this country to compare with "Cowes Week," in England. "Cowes Week," the first week in August, is the premier yachting event of the season in Great Britain; boats from all over the Continent and from the British Isles compete in races up and down the Solent. By this time the social season in London is on the wane, and the little towns of Cowes and Ryde, Newport and Ventnor, and the country houses scattered from one end of the Isle of Wight to the other are filled with the elect of the capital for a brief time before departing for the moors and salmon streams of Scotland and Northumberland in late August and September.

If we have anything at all like this great sporting and social event, it is certainly Larchmont Race Week held annually toward the end of July. Larchmont Week ended with the long ocean race of the Cruising Club of America from Larchmont to Gloucester, Massachusetts, a distance of 256 nautical miles, taking the contestants up to New England around Cape Cod.

The scene from the Castle, the clubhouse of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, in August is exceedingly brilliant. Flags flying, there are at anchorage boats large and small from all over Europe, ranging in size from the six-meter racing craft to the Britannia, the Royal Yacht built by the late King Edward. Just beyond the anchorage pass the big fifty thousand ton liners to their piers at Southampton situated a few miles up the famous Virginia Water. Picturesque as this world famous scene is, however, I am not sure that it is as beautiful as Larchmont Harbor during Race Week.

BEFORE the famous old Yacht Club with its broad verandas and lawns sloping down to the landing stage, are a

half a thousand yachts of all description: large and small power and sail boats, launches and skiffs and canoes weaving their way in and out among the bigger craft. Just outside the entrance of the harbor, so admirably constructed for a yacht anchorage, is the boat of the Regatta Committee, Satan's Toe, with E. G. Anderson and his assistants preparing for the series of races to be run off that particular afternoon, while well out in the Sound are the boats of the class jockeying for a start. Some visiting foreign celebrity once said the two most colorful sporting events in this country were the Harvard and Yale boat race at New London and the Army and Navy football game at New York. I am not sure that it would not be necessary to include Race Week at Larchmont on a sunny day.

I say a sunny day, advisedly. Larch-



mont Week this year had all sorts of weather to contend with. Monday a stiffish southwest breeze helped make the day a good one for the boats, while Tuesday there was less wind and several showers. Wednesday was the worst kind of a day afloat, and several yachts came to grief as they lugged sail through fierce squalls. In the heavy going on that afternoon more than one carried away her mast while many of them got out of hand and were hard to manage. In spite of the terrific squalls which swept over the Sound, it is noteworthy that in all ninety-eight boats went to the starting Wednesday afternoon. The rest of the week was sailed under far better conditions, ending up with a splendid day on Sunday for the ocean race of the Cruising Club.

LARCHMONT WEEK this year saw a record number of craft of all classes racing out on the Sound, and one day there were nearly a hundred and fifty at once under sail, a magnificent sight. On Tuesday, usually a dull day from the racing point of view, as it is customary at Larchmont to give it over to aquatic sports, some of the most interesting races and closest finishes of the week developed. On that afternoon a special anniversary race was held for the New York Yacht Club thirty-footers on the twentieth anniversary of their appearance in these waters.

It was over twenty years ago, in May, 1905, that the eighteen yachts of this class were launched at the famous Herreshoff yard in Bristol, Rhode Island.

It is doubtful if their designer or any of their owners ever imagined they would survive a war, plus twenty years of active racing; but twelve of the original boats actually went to the starting line.

THE wind from the southwest was fairly stiff when the gun started the twelve off on this memorable race. In a bunch they caught the wind and were away together on the broad reach to Blue Fish Shoal buoy, the first leg of the triangular fourteen-mile course. Narcissus, sailed by Frank Page, went into the lead on the second leg, a beat across the Sound to a buoy off Hempstead Harbor, but was closely followed by Ogden Reid's Lena. On the windward leg the breeze came on considerably, and Lena liking the increasingly rough going, worked out ahead. As she came down homeward her lead opened up, and although a rain blew up and the going was anything but pleasant, she lengthened her lead, crossing the line with two minutes to spare over Narcissus.

The closest kind of a finish resulted between the second and third boats, the entire fleet coming down in a blanket finish. Between the Narcissus and Oriole, well-handled by S. C. Pirie, there was but thirty-four seconds difference, while the next two, Phantom and Nautilus were close behind. It was a fitting climax to twenty years of honorable racing, during which these craft must have sailed well over five hundred races, and goodness knows how many thousand miles in actual competition.

In the Star Class a special race was sailed on Tuesday to choose a Western Long Island defender for the Star Class International Cup. Vega, sailed by Duncan Sterling, Jr., took away honors, and also won the race in this class on the following day, Wednesday. His time, 59 minutes and 40 seconds for the five-mile course was fast. The finish between the second boat in this class on that day was wonderful. Only thirty-nine seconds separated Adrian Iselin's Ace, F. H. Van Winkle's Themis, B. L. Linkfield's Naia III, and J. R. Robinson's Little Bear. Themis and Naia III were actually timed as crossing the line together in a dead heat.

SOCIAL honor falls to the tireless regatta committee of the Larchmont Yacht Club consisting of E. G. Anderson, F. M. Hoyt, F. L. Anthony, and R. W. St. Hill, who stuck out each day regardless of the weather, and certainly on one or two days the deck of the committee boat was anything but a pleasant place to be. They handled the large entries in the twenty or more classes with great efficiency, and the boats were up and away at the starting line for every event. A feat of no small proportions.

—J. R. T.

An actor was arrested the other night after a party for trying to chop down a hotel on Seventy-first Street. The police say he gave a spirited performance and almost brought down the house.

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A General View of the Biltmore Cascades.

WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD

A SECOND visit to the Biltmore Cascades gave further revelation of the changes that have taken place in taste and decoration for restaurants within the last five years. This roof garden seems to be the only bower worthy of the name left in a town where quiet or startling simplicity reigns. The place is spacious, ornate, flowery—covered with all manner of roses, fountains, and trellises. This is in striking contrast to the absolute quiet and absence of obtrusive decoration to take your mind off the excellent food and service at exclusive restaurants as Voisin and the Elysée or to the vivid but restrained appearance of the Crillon, which has wisely removed its torrid Mexican murals for the Summer and replaced them with refreshing views of snow-capped mountains.

The Biltmore appears to have passed its vogue as a smart rendez-vous; it is perilously full of traveling salesmen and transients in general, but the floor is still good, the food and service still excellent and it is still the place to take visitors from out-of-town who would be bored at the quietness of the Colony and assert that more fancy places abound in the old home town. At the Cascades, evening dress is quite in order, though, personally I think that the presence of daylight on all the roofs at dinner hour makes décolletage look extremely silly.

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ANYBODY over the age of eighteen who thinks that Greenwich Village is amusing at any time can go right on thinking so, because I have studied enough psychology at Horace Mann to know that such cases are past all human help. In the Summer time, especially, the very thought of the crowded, underground restaurants that prevail there is too terri-

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Excellent examples of the work of Degas, Renoir, Cassatt, Monet, etc.

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One hundred and eighty paintings, including famous masterpieces, shown in one room previous to their amalgamation in the galleries.

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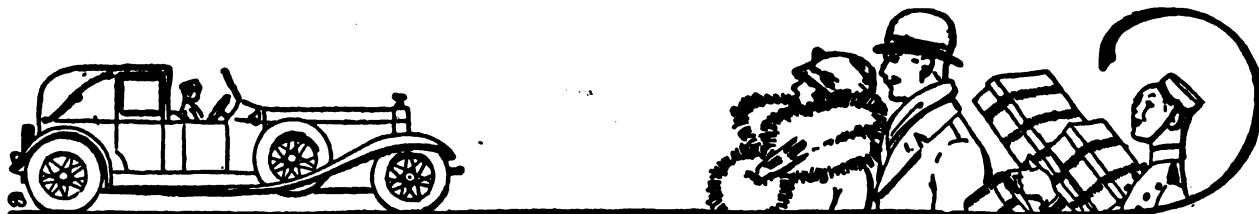
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that would grace a King's Highway, glorify a peasant's road or, as they do, foresooth, make a shoppers' treasure house of the sidewalks of New York, are posted within these columns for your wise selection.

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"Tell Me a Book to Read"

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

- SEA HORSES, by Francis Brett Young (*Knopf*). The freighter Vega, young George Glanvil high-mindedly commanding, bears Mrs. Salvia to Africa in quest of her useless husband.
- CRUEL FELLOWSHIP, by Cyril Hume (*Doran*). A rational and interesting treatment of a sombre sex theme.
- DRUMS, by James Boyd (*Scribner's*). A long, pleasant novel that successfully assumes that the Revolution wasn't fought on stilts.
- PRAIRIE FIRES, by Lorna Doone Beers (*Dutton*). Wheat belt realism, and a welcome change from the usual corn belt product.
- THE GUERMANTES WAY, by Marcel Proust (*Selver*). A French noble family in the 1890s, elaborately recovered from memory. As the little girl said about walking on water, reading it is no fool's job.
- THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). An Italian serving couple, and a tempest in a teapot. Either, in its line, would be hard to excel.
- THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). He and the girl he didn't marry, and others, in delightful sketches.
- UNVEILED, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (*Selver*). A restless romantic marries one of those damned good women—and then look what happens!
- THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*). A wholesale bootlegger proves to be a chevalier, tragically misplaced.

SHORT STORIES

MR. BISBEK'S PRINCESS, by Julian Street (*Doubleday, Page*). Three stories, one longish, by one of the really good fiction writers you meet with in mass-circulation magazines.

GENERAL

- THE HOLIDAY ROUND and THE SUNNY SIDE, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Two collections of Milne's contributions to *Punch*: sketches, burlesques, etc. "The Sunny Side" includes some of the best of his verse.
- THE QUEEN OF COOKS—AND SOME KINGS (*Boni & Liveright*). Rosa Lewis, famous in London, tells her lively story to Mary Lawton.
- PAUL BUNYAN, by James Stevens (*Knopf*). Lumber camp cook-house inventions in the way of becoming myths.
- JUNGLE DAYS, by William Beebe (*Putnam*). Essays like those in his "Jungle Peace," and most of them equally good.
- CREDO, by Stewart Edward White (*Doubleday, Page*). A singularly well-informed layman's reasons for accepting what we can prove and believing (as the late Lord Tennyson would say) where we cannot.

The Husband's Day
(As Imagined By His Wife)

GETS to office at 9 a. m. Finds his desk dusted and mail opened by beautiful blonde stenographer, and a vase of flowers on it—the desk.

9:30 a. m.—The boss calls him in to congratulate him on the fine work he has been doing.

10 a. m.—Dictates letter to beautiful blonde stenographer; she asks him if it is true that he is unhappily married. He sighs. She sighs.

11 a. m.—Conference with heads of

departments; his opinions are listened to with respect.

12:30—An out-of-town customer calls him up and they go to lunch at a roof garden. They match for the check and hubby pays.

2:30—Returns to the office; signs letters that have been typed in his absence.

3:30—Receives telegram from rival firm offering him position at twice his present salary; shows it to beautiful blonde stenographer; she says how much she will miss him.

4—Decides to stay if Boss will give both him and stenographer a raise and postpone putting in dictating machines.

4:30—Boss raises his salary and fires beautiful blonde stenographer.

5—Home with box of chocolates for beautiful brunette wife.

—Will H. Greenfield

\$42 Worth of News from Capitol Hill

(News Note: The number of words contained in the Congressional Record for the last Congress, divided into the amount of money Congress spent on itself, shows that it costs the taxpayers 50 cents a word every time the members open up.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Senator Faith: "Mr. President, I move we adjourn." (\$3)

Senator Hope: "I object." (\$1)

The Vice-President: "The gentleman objects." (\$1.50)

Senator Faith: "Will the gentleman withdraw his objection?" (\$3)

Senator Hope: "For what reason does the gentleman ask that I withdraw my objection?" (\$6)

Senator Faith: "The ball game starts at three." (\$3)

Senator Hope: "Pardon me, my error. Mr. President, I withdraw my objection." (\$5)

The Vice-President: "The gentleman from New York moves that the Senate adjourn. Is there objection? The Chair hears none. The Senate is adjourned. The Chair wishes to advise the members that they have a half hour yet before the game starts." (\$19.50)—Hilton Butler

Child of Seven Shoots Father With Revolver.

—Headline

Simply a babe in arms.

Where Men Are Men!

A comparatively young, crude rubber broker, who has made a couple of trips around the world, departed this morning from Los Angeles for Boston, his home.


—Los Angeles Evening Herald

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THE NEW YORKER

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Psalms of Grief

IT came to pass that in the eighth year of the reign of Lolan, the people of the city rose in their wrath and cried that a new Mayor should be chosen to govern them. And sad and long was the tale of their griefs, and this was their lamentation:

He hath promised us a seat for every child, yet still must our children attend part-time classes.

He hath promised more subways, yet must we still travel as we did of yore.

He hath promised better police protection, yet murder and banditry go unmolested and unpunished.

He hath promised better street cleaning, yet snow and refuse remain unmoved for longer periods than before.

Then was the mind of the Mayor troubled, and he called unto him, Inrong, his vizier and said: "Ho! watchman, what of the city? It hath been said unto me that burglary and robbery flourish, and that in eight years more than ninety score persons have been murdered, while in but ten score of cases have the murderers been captured."

Then spoke the vizier: "My Lord, our police force is the best in the world. No other can boast of as fine a police band or glee club. No longer are the laws violated, for we are arresting more than four hundred people daily for parking their cars. No longer doth the demon rum hold forth, for whereas eight years ago there were four saloons to a block, now there is scarcely one in four blocks."

Then was the Mayor wroth with his people, and calling his chief musician, David, he went to his speaking tower, WNYC, and sang. And this is the song of Lolan, the friend of the people:

Oh! ye ungrateful ones.

Ye cry for schools; have I not started building each year before election time?

Ye cry for subways; have I not just started one after only seven years delay?

Ye cry for better transit; have I not started a tunnel for freight from Staten Island, and even though it cost three times more than is necessary, yet will it last three times as long, for no railroad will use it.

Ye cry for police protection; have I not provided police field days each year to which ye may all buy tickets.

Ye cry for cleaner streets; have I not built shower baths in the streets for the hot nights of Summer.

Woe, I say unto those that praise me not, for I will stop their park concerts.

Woe, unto the traction interests

who pester me, for I will not build more subways.

Woe, unto the newspapers who cry out against me, for I will proclaim them vice-controlled and tools of the interests.

Woe, woe, unto all who do not believe in me, for I am Jon, Jon the Faithful, Jon the Friend of the Common People, who has created and ordained the five-cent fare. Selah.—Milton Grumauer

"What Women Do?"—Say
(At the First Night)

I THINK it's good, don't you?
Yes, I think it's going to be good!
Yes, it's very good, isn't it!

There she is over there!
Is that her over there?
Yes, that's her in the blue dress!

She's very clever, isn't she?
Fancy her writing anything like this!
She's a great thinker, isn't she?

That's him over there!
Yes, it cost a lot of money!
He's got a lot of money!

How did you like yer cantaloupe?
Oh, did you have some cantaloupe?
Yes, I had some cantaloupe!

I bought it on Ninety-second Street!
Did you get it on Ninety-second Street?
Oh, I know, on Ninety-second Street and Broadway!

I hope it'll be a success!
Yes, I think it'll be a success!
Yes, it ought to be a success!

Oh! There the bell rang before he touched it!

What a shame, the bell rang before he touched it!

Did the bell ring before he touched it?

It's awfully sad, isn't it?
Yes, it's very sad, isn't it?
Yes, isn't it sad?

It was sad.

—Raymond Lewis

Receipt No. 28,466

The way to a man's heart is through this newly shaped, long, slim, rectangular wrist watch.

—Department store ad.

The Optimist

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

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?

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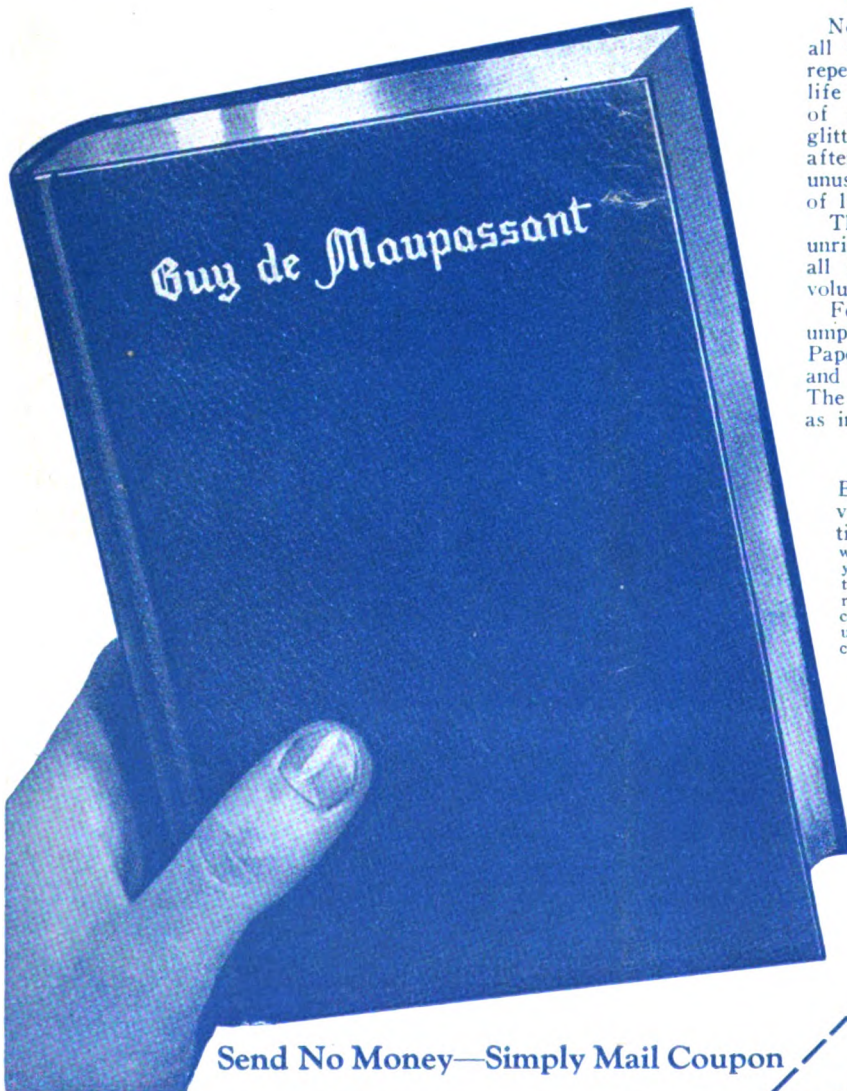
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