

July 4, 1925

Price 15 cents

THE NEW YORKER

Heppel



Even "The Old Lady in Dubuque" —and Others



Read what the old lady from Dubuque had to say:

"I had expected fantastic extravaganzas and . . . Throughout the "Beggar on Horseback," I became . . . It is a telling stab at . . . Done with a directness that never misses, a subtlety that is equally

pointed, it. . . Cy Slocum seed it with me and. . . Completely fergettin' his rheumatics, he jumped up like a prairie dog and. . . That there drummer is mighty dinged fetchin' when. . . We are stayin' on copyin' captions at the *Criterion* fer to make old Mandy Brown's eyes pop out when . . ."



Read this statement made by the two traveling salesmen:

"It seems that there were two traveling salesmen. . . It was a long trip and they became acquainted in the smoking compartment when. . . 'I never have,' the first one said, chuckling as. . .

Leaning closer, the other. . . Purple in the face, the first one nearly rolled from his seat. . . 'The Movies are improving,' he said. 'What movies?' . . . The *Criterion*. . . Porter stuck his head in. . . 'Next stawp Noo Yahk,' he . . ."



Mr. Horace Steadman, Passport Photographer, writes in to say:

"I took my seventeen year old daughter to. . . After seeing the twenty-third performance, not counting matinées, she. . . Her friends were delighted as well. . . My old mother (God Bless her)

. . . to the Great American Nation. . ."



Permit a quotation from a letter received from H. W. Bilge, professional Politician:

"Not so long ago, I was addressing an audience in Watervliet. . . Somehow the crowd was not with me. . . By chance I mentioned "Beggar on Horseback" and. . . Hats were tossed wildly in the air. . . Prohibition, Amundsen, starving Armenians, all, all, were forgotten in that mad wave of. . . So I was elected by a large majority. . ."



And, if this testimony is insufficient, read what the dramatic critic of "The Leather Punch and Heavy Hardware Assistant Traders' Journal and Almanac" has to say:

"Beggar on Horseback" presents no sales resistance problem in . . . The buying public flocks. . . A graph of the daily turnover shows. . . Meaty with pointers for the true Big Business Man, it. . . Coupled with the film is a drama in four scenes, eulogizing a Shoe King. . . The story of how he rose from a mere Shoe Prince is. . . Clearly depicted are the intimate details of office life with. . . No high pressure salesman should miss. . . No low pressure salesman should fail to see. . ."



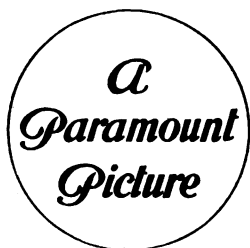
From Washington, by telegram, comes the message:

RCD STA KLXCV YYYYYY
YY NL R.
TM RCD TM RCD 8:11.
8574 8475.
SAW BEGGAR HORSE-
BACK GORGEOUS UNDER-

LINE. THIS TO USE EXTRA WORDS.

READ WHAT MARC CONNELLY AND GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, AUTHORS OF "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK" HAVE TO SAY:

"This is the most epoch making play we have ever written. This is the most epoch making motion picture we have ever seen written around the most epoch making play we have ever written. This is the best testimonial we have ever written . . . so far."—George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly.



2:40—8:40

TWICE DAILY
Until August

at the
CRITERION
Broadway and 44 St.



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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

We Sophisticates

NO insidious small town influence shall sully our altruistic Broadway institutions. Not while Herr Jansen is conscious!

It came about that Mr. George S. Rappleyea, the gentleman from Dayton, Tennessee, who instigated the Scopes trial as a test case, was in our city lately, on business of the trial. And, when his brief case was closed for the last time, he and Mrs. Rappleyea fared forth with some local friends, even into the resurrected Hofbrau Haus of Herr Jansen and his two sons.

The party dined together; Mr. Rappleyea danced. He danced joyously, with light feet and a carefree heart. Presently one of Herr Jansen's satellites approached him.

"Sorry, sir," he said, "but you can't dance like that here."

Mr. Rappleyea frowned, he gaped.

"But . . . but . . ."

The satellite did not seem interested in further discussion: he remained obdurate.

So Mr. and—Mrs.—Rappleyea left the floor, too surprised to object, and Mr. Rappleyea was heard murmuring disgustedly to a friend:

"You New Yorkers should come to some of our church dances down at Dayton if you want to see some really snappy hoofing."

The Week

MAYOR HYLAN, with others of the faithful, goes to Rye Beach on an outing and Rye residents bend greater efforts to excluding visitors.

Homeopaths extol the virtues of their science and numbers of youths learn for the first time, from news of a New Jersey murder case, that its scientific name is cantharides. Lightning strikes an arm of a cross atop one of St. Patrick's Cathedral spires and a burlesque house in Kansas City is burned to the ground. Mr. William H. Anderson appeals to the dries for prohibition, and separate maintenance, and a physician declares that milk is dangerous as an adult beverage. A young man is arrested for stealing to pay his tuition at a dramatic school and Mae Murray is reported to have been offered a \$350,000 contract by a German movie concern. General Smedley Butler announces, again, that he will make Philadelphia arid and Great Britain reports a stock of 147,746,126 gallons of whisky. President Coolidge, arriving in Swampscott, recommends Whittier's "Snowbound" for Summer reading and the Rockefeller Institute advises that urban life is healthier than rural. The Modern Woodmen of America bar bootleggers from membership and the Ku Klux Klan contemplates asking the President to review its parade in Washington.



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A mountain topples over in Wyoming and the Allies say that they will evacuate the Ruhr in two months.

The Prince of Wales celebrates his thirty-first birthday by dancing all night and a London paper prints a leader proclaiming that America is going to the dogs because of prosperity and jazz.

In Washington, D. C., a Sister of Mercy is killed

during a rum chase and American marines fire on Chinese who are rioting against foreigners. A Judge, in Colorado, sentences a reporter to write a story on the evils of speeding and a Judge, in Wyoming, rules that the Sinclair naval oil leases are legal and proper.

Change

THE old brownstone-fronted apartment at 45 Fifth Avenue is gone. Perhaps the new sixteen story dwelling that is to rise from its grave will be the same number . . . but that will be all. So, at least, I thought, enjoying the melancholy, until yesterday I happened by the excavation next to the Salamagundi Club.

Once I was a frequent caller at Forty-five. And always I associated it with the old janitor who came slowly to admit me to its dim interior. A round, complacent man, solemn, conservative with thirty years below Fourteenth Street and east of Sixth Avenue. So that I thought, when the news came that Forty-five was to be no more, how little must be my grief compared to his.

His was a world of Old New York and that world was moving on, ruthless. His castle was demolished, his wrinkled black coat would be put away in a trunk already antique; the tinkle of a hand-pulled bell would be only in his memory.

And then yesterday I walked by and saw the excavation gaping, grave-like, and in its midst, ghosts of ghosts, my old janitor.

His wrinkled black coat was gone; in its place was a newly pressed sack suit. He beamed slowly at me. Could I speak to one whose sentimental soul so drew him back to old scenes? But he saved me from

having to make such a delicate decision.

"Sixteen stories, it's going to be, sir . . . and they've promised me a job in it."

"You . . . you're going to stay?"

"Times change," he answered, but there was no sigh. "Next week the steel begins."

Ghosts of ghosts . . . times change . . . does no one serve memories to the end . . . or must everyone of us live?

Learning

JAPANESE, Jewelry, Journalism . . . Foods, Football . . . Dancing, Dietetics . . . Philosophy, Pottery . . . Tumbling, Typewriting . . . Wrestling, Zoology."

Catch as catch can, no holds barred and down the throats of fourteen thousand "students" is all manner of knowledge thrust, while into the coffers of the Twenty-sixth Summer Session of Columbia University flows a steady stream of the gold.

Fourteen thousand busy pencils, writing notes . . . to the glory of knowledge, to that blonde across the aisle. Thirty-two State clubs meeting and re-meeting. "Can we get some real stuff for the final banquet?"

Eyes glazed with intellectual indigestion . . . "chew your learning? Why there's hardly time to gulp. How about the Saunter Inn for lunch. Hey, Bill!"

Excursions up and down the island, round and about the island, north and south under the island. "We-all ain't a-goin' to miss nothin'."

"Jim's got a book; what'er I need one for? Gee, I never could keep awake in morning classes, even when I was in school."



A Safe and

"Japanese, Jewelry, Journalism . . ."

"Step right up, folks, get your education . . . on your right, the line . . ."

Art for Art's Sake

FRESH from the campus and with his new sheep-skin properly stowed away in moth balls, an original youth decided to enter the bond business. But—be patient—his originality was such that he decided to concentrate on the highly paid favorites of stage and screen.

After brief thought—did we note that he was from New Haven?—he selected Miss Ann Pennington, and to her wrote a letter on the stationery of his new firm, explaining what he proposed to do, and asking from her the favor of an interview that he might go further into the prospects of bond selling among her theatrical friends.

There was a guarded hint that Miss Pennington might, if she wished, profit somewhat by whatever deals he was able to swing; guarded because—did we say that he was young and naïve?—our hero feared to mention money and thus offend artistic sensibilities.

In time a package was delivered to the youth among one morning's mail. He opened it, and out tumbled his own letter, unopened, and six photographs, endorsed:

"Faithfully, Ann Pennington."

Mortal Combat

THE editorial mailed fist of the *S.E.P.* is gloved in velvet. But Mr. Curtis's powers have long "intimated" that regular contributors to the *Post* are not likely to be so regular if they prostitute their art

to Chicago, via Park Avenue.

Later came a bull from the Vatican at Philadelphia that illustrators as well as authors were private property. Of course, if one used a pseudonym. . . .

The victims wailed, to no avail: "Must we begin again to catch that bug-a-boo, 'a well-known name?'"

And now, a further complication, for *Liberty* has passed that charmed circulation figure—1,000,000 weekly. No longer is it the unresisting victim. Of late, hints have dropped about the palace-like halls of 247 Park Avenue that those writers, and artists, who play with *Liberty*, should not take license to extend to others in the weekly periodical field. Hints, that's all, thus far; but who can doubt that when it climbs to 2,000,000 the Chicagoan journal will take as firm a stand as that now maintained by Philadelphia's pride?

A hard life, that in the arts.

WHAT Price Glory" is nearing the completion of its first year in New York and has already earned its authors—Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings—agreeable fortunes and pleasant reputations. Several companies of the play will go on tour next season and the returns, both as to finance and repute, may well be said to have just begun.

It is the thought of the sense of the above paragraph that disturbs what should be the nightly sleep of one of New York's struggling literary boys.

For, it seems, that about two years ago Mr. Stallings approached the young man in question with a proposition. Let, said Mr. Stallings, us write a play about the Marines.

The young man, with infinite patience, pointed out Mr. Stallings's mistake to Mr. Stallings. The



Sane Fourth

public, he made clear, would have none of war plays. Mr. Stallings should forget his mad notion. . . . Mr. Stallings tried to argue the matter, but he was shouted down. And so he met Mr. Anderson, and with Mr. Anderson he wrote "What Price Glory" and with Mr. Anderson he is basking in the monetary and other glories of his piece.

In the meantime, the young man who knew that the box-office public did not want war plays is tossing restlessly on his couch o' nights.

Source

IT is a noble work that Stieglitz and John Quinn and other dignified press agents of modern art have done. Because of them, artists such as Matisse and Hartley, Demuth and Brancusi are not without honor in their own country, or in others, and a goodly number of our generation has been persuaded to enjoy the thrill induced by the juxtaposition of quaint angles and vibrant colors whose beauty they would not have seen if there had been no "barker."

Indeed, the works of these prophets has now become so generally popular that the form, if not the spirit discovered by them, has been appropriated by the decorative artists. To-day sees the dress houses and even the Fifth Avenue department stores displaying "Cubist fashions"—scarves patterned like composite photographs of all the abstruse countenances in Euclid's book of open curves, gowns that are marked with subtle diagrams on the variation of the triangle (and so enchanting withall that all married ladies are warned against them as likely to attract *the* triangle into the life of Cæsar's wife), sports blouses done in bands of gradated color and roundish forms which proclaim their nepotal relation to Cézanne. So fast, in this day of speedy intercommunication, can a new philosophical expression be popularized! But it is, as usual, for the women that these crumbs from the philosophical table make bread puddings. We have seen something approximating a Modernist tie, but as yet no Post Impressionist socks or Orphist suspenders in the exhibits of the smart haberdashers!

Note on Appearances

ONE notices increasing activity on the part of those crews which devote themselves to cleaning the fronts of office buildings, whether by the sand blast method, or any other. This, perhaps, because in Summer weather conditions are better suited for work of such nature; and, also, because in Summer such street incidents as occasional falling flurries of sand are likely to be more irksome than they are in other

seasons, although they are never pleasant.

One factor, and perhaps a major one, in the employment of cleaning crews on more buildings is the fact that the ordinance against the use of soft coal within the city limits is not enforced as rigorously as once it was. The regulation was relaxed during the war and the period of license subsequently extended because of post-war shortages of anthracite coal.

This condition, however, no longer obtains; but no tightening of the municipal enforcement of its laws has as yet been noticed.

Is there, one wonders, a large exterior building cleaners' vote?



Temperament

IT is reasonably certain that the walls of the city will stand even if the New York Yankees should prove no better baseball team this season than they seem to be; yet, such is the universal interest in sport that one may be forgiven an inquiry into the reason for their present fall from eminence.

The fall from eminence, one learns after discreet inquiry, was preceded by various falls from grace. Certain of the more important members of the team, one hears, have become addicted this season not only to looking upon the wine while it is red, but to gazing into the depths of the gin while it is silver, to surveying the beer while it is amber, and to inspecting the Scotch while it is diluted.

There are no new glories for these veterans; and against the desires of tired men for relaxation and refreshment, not all the threats, nor all the cajoleries of their manager, Mr. Miller Huggins, can avail.

They have spent the first flush of youth; and with it they have lost the gnawing desire for victory above all else.

Embarkations

THE wettest wedding reception on record took place when Dorothea Newton Sharp was married to Russell Grace D'Oench at Oyster Bay not so long ago.

It all came of the pursuit-complex of the guests which led the newlyweds to plan their departure by speedboat instead of motor car. As they ran down the lawn, leaping flower beds and rounding refreshment tables, about a hundred frolicsome guests took up the chase to the dock. All this was very merry and continued to be so until the running crowd induced a feverish shimmying on the part of the wharf. Just as the bride and groom jumped into the waiting boat, some twenty feet of dock crumbled under the unaccustomed load and dumped the gay pursuers into the Sound.

By some chance there were no fatalities—other

than sartorial. Bouffant, pink bridesmaids became wilted wisps; cutawayed young cut-ups became life savers, while anxious mammas became hysterical on the bank.

Everyone knows there are two things to do to avoid pneumonia when you fall overboard. One of these is to change to dry clothes. Both precautions were taken and the evening went brightly on; only a few persons accusing the host of being in cahoots with Tappé and Brooks Brothers.

In Our Midst and Out

WITH the stragglers to Continental jungles: Miss Virginia Gildersleeve, hardy Dean of Barnard. Mr. George H. Doran, publisher to Mr. Arlen. Mr. E. V. Lucas, scrivener. Mrs. Donn Barber, widow of architect.

Mr. Samuel Reyburn, merchandiser, still commending Coolidge economy. Mrs. Percy A. Rockefeller and the Misses Rockefeller, of higher financial spheres. The Misses Madeline Marshall, Helen MacKellar, Betty Whales and Lillian Shaw, lady-theatians. Mr. Dwight W. Morrow, henchman to Morgan.

Mr. Charles Baskerville, alias *Top Hat*. Mme. Marie Dressler, amazonic comedienne. Mr. George F. Peck, superdispenser of clock hose. Mr. John Grier Hibben, president of Country Club University, with Mrs. Hibben.

Miss Priscilla Bibesco, five-year-old daughter to His Most Extraordinary Rumanian Minister, with nurse. Mr. Henry E. Dunn, of financial Social Register, with Mrs. Dunn and son Dunn. Mr. William John Cox, Encyclopedist's publisher. M. Julien Champenois, of French Universities in America. Mr. Joseph Urban, scenic specialist. Mr. Sherwood Eddy, Y.M.C.A. With him, Mrs. Eddy. Nine real Eli's for Mr. Norman B. Woolworth's wedding abroad.

To our land of crime wave: Mrs. Starke, mother of Lady Northesk, she who was Miss Jessica Brown of Winter Garden. General Peppino Garibaldi, grandson to patriot, uttering pessimisms about world peace. Mme. Lucrezia Bori, of high notes. Mr. Frank J. Marshall, international pawn mover and our national champion. Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Warburg, he son to Felix. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sell, he editor to *Harper's Bazar*. Sir Henry Wood, wand

waver and detached admirer of Jazz. Lady Maxwell, vacationing from London stage, which knows her as Nora Delaney. One M.P., Sir Herbert Austin. Sir John Ward with his Lady, a-visiting mother-in-law, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Mr. Pop Momand, who keeps up with the Joneses. Mynheer van Hoogstraten, for New York Stadium concerts. Herr Hans Kindler, 'cellist. Mr. John Held, Jr., Sargent to the flapper, and Mrs. Held.

For South America's Buenos Aires, to enchant Prince of Whales vocally, Mme. Frances Alda of opera. Only as far as Bermuda, for true cinema atmosphere, Miss Bebe Daniels, artiste, and Mr. Frank Tuttle, to direct. To seek deep peace in the opposite direction, Mr. Harpo Marx to Maine.

For points all over the compass, Mr. Rea Irvin, Mr. Al Freuh, Mr. Reginald Marsh, artist trio extraordinary. Relinquishing bachelordom, Mr. Irving Bacheller, author of "Silas Strong," wed to Mrs. Mary E. Sollace. Scoring Dawes Plan in Paris, Mr. William Harrison Dempsey, forced by Dawes Plan to part with six thousand dollars worth of marks, taxes upon Berlin exhibitions. Enchanting London, Mr. Vincent Lopez, Jazz King. Mr. Al Woods, farces and furniture.

To Southampton only, Mr. Secretary Mellon. To City of Angels, Mr. Percy Marmont, to do "Lord Jim" for cinema. There, Milord John Barrymore, ready for "Moby Dick, the White Whale." To Atlantic City, Mr. Morris Gest, of charred veal cutlet hat.

Week's Mot

A CERTAIN young man about town is, to all intents and purposes, a resident of the night clubs. Sunset finds him entering this or that resort with determined tread and dawn finds him wearily departing, to seek his couch against the evening's repetition of the same procedure.

As may be known, Mr. Buckner has been padlocking many of the young man's haunts. And when the matter came to Mr. David H. Wallace's attention recently, with its implication that the aforesaid young man was finding it increasingly difficult to find where to spend his night club hours, another Wallace *mot* was unleashed.

"Three more padlocks," said Mr. Wallace, "and the young man will read a book."—*The New Yorkers*



THE STARS, DEAR BRUTUS

BELLE BART, the noted astrologist who predicted, days before it occurred, the re-election of Coolidge as President, has nobody but herself to blame. She should never have had anything to do with the *Daily Mirror* when Mars was in such sinister conjunction with Taurus.

She might have overlooked Mars, but Taurus should have warned her.

Some months ago the *Mirror* (the *Mirror* is the one that looks so much like the *News*) hit upon the brilliant idea of running a Daily Horoscope. Hearing of this, a newspaper syndicate offered a boiler plate daily Horoscope at the extremely reasonable price of five dollars a week.

The offer was scornfully rejected. *Mirror* readers were entitled to special service.

The young man who supplies the daily recipes and soothes the nostalgic correspondents of Lonely Hearts column, was assigned to the Horoscope job. He promptly asked for a raise and was sternly denied.

The young reporter forthwith purchased a twenty-five cent paper-backed volume on astrology. It was copyrighted. A mild form of innocuous deception, entirely justifiable under the circumstances, was resorted to.

On Monday, instead of running the Monday Horoscope, the new expert on the secrets of the heavens ran a Tuesday Horoscope. On Tuesday he ran the Wednesday Horoscope.

The second week he rewrote the Horoscopes.

The third week, to avoid monotony, he hit upon the device of pasting up one half of the Monday Horoscope with the corresponding half of the Tuesday Horoscope.

He introduced a Pollyanna flavor into each day's contribution.

He thumbed his nose at the stars. No matter on what day you were born, your future was a radiant one under the kindly forecasting of this young reporter.

After a few weeks he discarded the text book altogether, and used his imagination, which is not copyrighted.

The feature was a flop. It brought scant mail. It was decided to engage an expert. So a deal was made with Belle Bart, perhaps the foremost star-dopester in the country, the astrologer who, a whole month before the baseball season of 1924 ended, predicted over her signature that the Giants would win the pennant.

Miss Bart charges \$20 for a ten minute seance. But being informed that the publicity she would get running the column was priceless, she agreed to run the feature gratis, for a time at least. In addition to writing the Daily Horoscope, it was agreed that she would furnish personal Horoscopes to any *Mirror* readers who wrote in for them.

The results were astounding.

Apparently the readers of the *Mirror* recalled instantly that Miss Bart was the astrologer who, as far back as November, 1918, prophesied the end of the war.

The day after the first column appeared, the *Mirror* received over a thousand letters. The following day the mail exceeded 1,500 letters. It was a gusher. There was gold in them thar hills. And it didn't cost the *Mirror* a dime.

But they reckoned without the stars. Venus was just then in disturbing juxtaposition with Aries.

Miss Bart insisted that each letter received be answered. The ethics of her profession demanded it. It was suggested to her that a form letter would suffice. She spurned the notion indignantly.

If she were to continue the column, each letter would have to be answered promptly—and personally. They would have to be signed, dictated and read, by Belle Bart herself, who, as long ago as 1924, predicted that Madison Square Garden would be torn down.

That, said Miss Bart, at the rate the letters were pouring in, would take at least a dozen stenographers. At \$50 per stenog, only \$600 per week. For her own services, she would be content, for the time being, with the nominal fee of \$200 a week, which would barely cover wear and tear on the vocal chords. The postage wouldn't run much over a hundred a week.

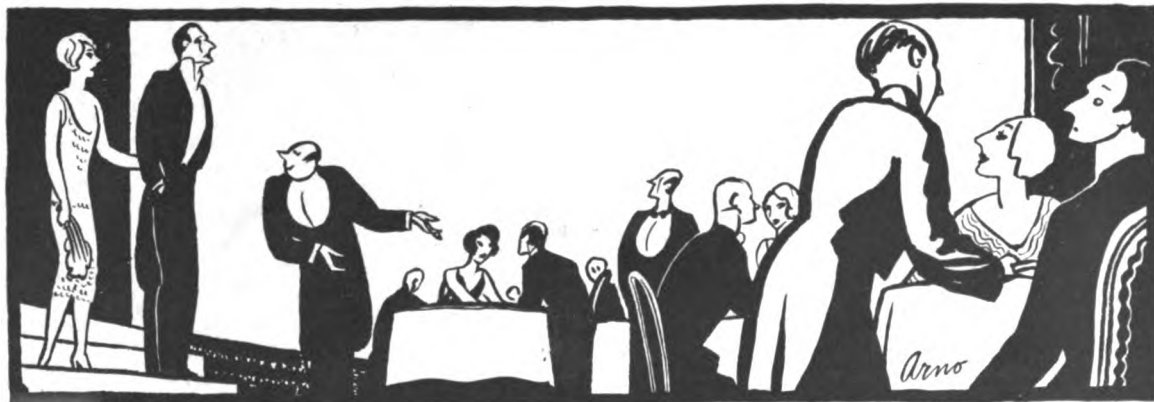
At this point, several little asterisks to denote the passage of time.

You will note, if you read the *Mirror*, that Belle Bart doesn't run the Department of Astrology any more. Professor Bart is out. The work is now being done by a staff reporter, who writes under the name of Faida Maige.

And to make matters worse, the *Mirror* is offering \$100 a day for the best Horoscope sent in by readers. That's \$600 a week, which would have covered the secretarial expenses suggested by Miss Bart.

Why should people pay \$20 for a Horoscope when they can get \$100 by sending one in to the *Mirror*?

The stars are mute. Taurus, especially.—*Pier Glass*



PROFILES

Incredible Mr. Creel

GEORGE CREEL is incredible to me. After knowing him intimately for fifteen years, I am not sure that he can be. There are many aspects of him that are convincing, or at least sufficiently probable—and many other aspects that are more or less believable, if you are not too hard-boiled; but by no conceivable act of faith can all his aspects be put together into any really plausible human being. People are not like that. They simply aren't. Not in my experience.

Creel, for instance, is what is called a funny man. He is witty. He is humorous. And he is most witty and most humorous about himself. "When this war broke out," he said officially, as chairman of the Committee of Public Information, "I thought the Ukraine was a musical instrument." And solemn asses, criticizing America's part in the war, have since groaned editorially: "President Wilson then appointed, as executive head of the nation's Board of Information, a man who did not know that the Ukraine was not a musical instrument."

Once, during the war, when Creel was seriously worried about his youngest child, he said to a visitor in his office: "And think of it! I once had my choice of children or a pool table, and I chose children." And the visitor, being a loyal friend, only reported the remark, under his breath, as a confidential sidelight on Creel's lack of family feeling.

When he was Chief of Police in Denver, he called his patrolmen together and cautioned them: "I want you to stop beating up drunks. The city government is supported and your salaries are paid with money that comes from barrooms in taxes and license fees. These drunks are helping to pay your wages by patronizing the barrooms. Treat them as friends and benefactors. If you meet a drunk, take his arm and escort him to a street car. If necessary, ride home with him, help him to get his front door open, carry him upstairs and put him to bed."

And the town raged at him. When the Denver clergymen proposed that he should close the red light district by putting patrolmen on guard at the doors of the houses, he replied: "I'm not going to station any of my men on the doors of these houses. It's no place for them. But I'll tell you what I'll do. You

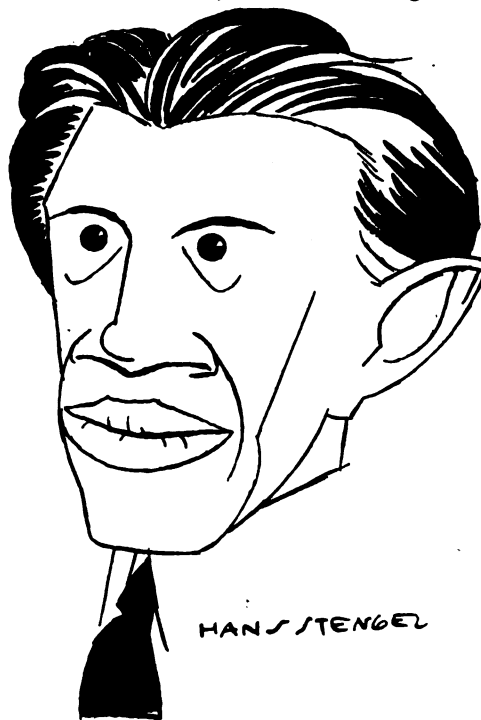
ministers seem to love snooping around down there. You're always at it. I'll appoint you special deputies to sit on those stoops, and I'll bet you'll like it." And next Sunday every Denver church rocked with pious denunciations of Creel.

That is all very well. A funny man is a funny man, and anyone could do a charming profile of Creel as a humorist. But the trouble is Creel is what is called a reformer, and everybody knows that no reformer ever had a sense of humor. He was seriously engaged in trying to do something sensible for Denver's red light district when he so joshed the ministers about their campaign of suppression. He wanted to rouse the community to its responsibility for the saloon when he lectured his patrolmen about beating up drunks. With his remark about the Ukraine, he began his propaganda against America's ignorance concerning conditions in Europe, and he carried on his program of enlightenment with all the fervor of a crusade. As a matter of fact, Creel is not primarily a funny man at all. He is fiercely serious. He is blindly and often boringly serious, with the endless enthusiasm of some sort of angry Peter Pan who has never lost the ideals of adolescence.

As his first act when he became head of the Committee on Public Information, he called together the newspaper representatives in Washington, and said, in effect: "You men have been running the government. You've been running the country. That is all very well in time of peace, but this is war. This is where you abdicate. All government news, in future, will come from the office of the Committee on Public Information."

And the newspapermen, smilingly infuriated, took as their password "Get Creel." They never got him. They never even worried him. When the attacks on the committee were at their height, he summoned the heads of its branches and said: "I want you to understand that this committee is the administration's yellow dog. We're here to take the kicks. You can defend any other branch of the government, but you can't defend yourselves. You won't have time to, if you're properly on your jobs. Go ahead, now, and be darned glad you're not in the trenches."

Some months later, the most virulent and the most



George Creel

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He thumbed his nose at the stars. No matter on what day you were born, your future was a radiant one under the kindly forecasting of this young reporter.

After a few weeks he discarded the text book altogether, and used his imagination, which is not copyrighted.

The feature was a flop. It brought scant mail. It was decided to engage an expert. So a deal was made with Belle Bart, perhaps the foremost star-dopester in the country, the astrologer who, a whole month before the baseball season of 1924 ended, predicted over her signature that the Giants would win the pennant.

Miss Bart charges \$20 for a ten minute seance. But being informed that the publicity she would get running the column was priceless, she agreed to run the feature gratis, for a time at least. In addition to writing the Daily Horoscope, it was agreed that she would furnish personal Horoscopes to any *Mirror* readers who wrote in for them.

The results were astounding.

Apparently the readers of the *Mirror* recalled instantly that Miss Bart was the astrologer who, as far back as November, 1918, prophesied the end of the war.

The day after the first column appeared, the *Mirror* received over a thousand letters. The following day the mail exceeded 1,500 letters. It was a gusher. There was gold in them thar hills. And it didn't cost the *Mirror* a dime.

But they reckoned without the stars. Venus was just then in disturbing juxtaposition with Aries.

Miss Bart insisted that each letter received be answered. The ethics of her profession demanded it. It was suggested to her that a form letter would suffice. She spurned the notion indignantly.

If she were to continue the column, each letter would have to be answered promptly—and personally. They would have to be signed, dictated and read, by Belle Bart herself, who, as long ago as 1924, predicted that Madison Square Garden would be torn down.

That, said Miss Bart, at the rate the letters were pouring in, would take at least a dozen stenographers. At \$50 per stenog, only \$600 per week. For her own services, she would be content, for the time being, with the nominal fee of \$200 a week, which would barely cover wear and tear on the vocal chords. The postage wouldn't run much over a hundred a week.

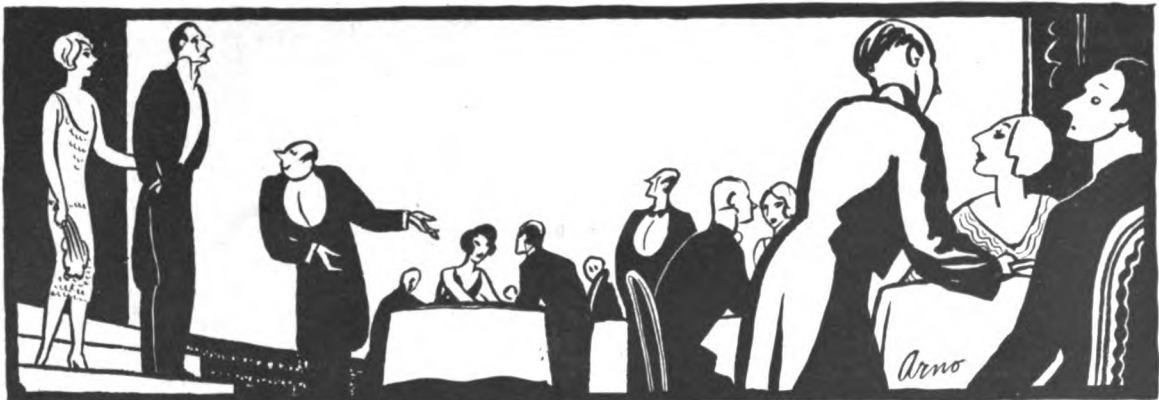
At this point, several little asterisks to denote the passage of time.

You will note, if you read the *Mirror*, that Belle Bart doesn't run the Department of Astrology any more. Professor Bart is out. The work is now being done by a staff reporter, who writes under the name of Faida Maige.

And to make matters worse, the *Mirror* is offering \$100 a day for the best Horoscope sent in by readers. That's \$600 a week, which would have covered the secretarial expenses suggested by Miss Bart.

Why should people pay \$20 for a Horoscope when they can get \$100 by sending one in to the *Mirror*?

The stars are mute. Taurus, especially.—*Pier Glass*



PROFILES

Incredible Mr. Creel

GEORGE CREEL is incredible to me. After knowing him intimately for fifteen years, I am not sure that he can be. There are many aspects of him that are convincing, or at least sufficiently probable—and many other aspects that are more or less believable, if you are not too hard-boiled; but by no conceivable act of faith can all his aspects be put together into any really plausible human being. People are not like that. They simply aren't. Not in my experience.

Creel, for instance, is what is called a funny man. He is witty. He is humorous. And he is most witty and most humorous about himself. "When this war broke out," he said officially, as chairman of the Committee of Public Information, "I thought the Ukraine was a musical instrument." And solemn asses, criticizing America's part in the war, have since groaned editorially: "President Wilson then appointed, as executive head of the nation's Board of Information, a man who did not know that the Ukraine was not a musical instrument."

Once, during the war, when Creel was seriously worried about his youngest child, he said to a visitor in his office: "And think of it! I once had my choice of children or a pool table, and I chose children." And the visitor, being a loyal friend, only reported the remark, under his breath, as a confidential sidelight on Creel's lack of family feeling.

When he was Chief of Police in Denver, he called his patrolmen together and cautioned them: "I want you to stop beating up drunks. The city government is supported and your salaries are paid with money that comes from barrooms in taxes and license fees. These drunks are helping to pay your wages by patronizing the barrooms. Treat them as friends and benefactors. If you meet a drunk, take his arm and escort him to a street car. If necessary, ride home with him, help him to get his front door open, carry him upstairs and put him to bed."

And the town raged at him. When the Denver clergymen proposed that he should close the red light district by putting patrolmen on guard at the doors of the houses, he replied: "I'm not going to station any of my men on the doors of these houses. It's no place for them. But I'll tell you what I'll do. You

ministers seem to love snooping around down there. You're always at it. I'll appoint you special deputies to sit on those stoops, and I'll bet you'll like it." And next Sunday every Denver church rocked with pious denunciations of Creel.

That is all very well. A funny man is a funny man, and anyone could do a charming profile of Creel as a humorist. But the trouble is Creel is what is called a reformer, and everybody knows that no reformer ever had a sense of humor. He was seriously engaged in trying to do something sensible for Denver's red light district when he so joshed the ministers about their campaign of suppression. He wanted to rouse the community to its responsibility for the saloon when he lectured his patrolmen about beating up drunks. With his remark about the Ukraine, he began his propaganda against America's ignorance concerning conditions in Europe, and he carried on his program of enlightenment with all the fervor of a crusade. As a matter of fact, Creel is not primarily a funny man at all. He is fiercely serious. He is blindly and often boringly serious, with the endless enthusiasm of some sort of angry Peter Pan who has never lost the ideals of adolescence.

As his first act when he became head of the Committee on Public Information, he called together the newspaper representatives in Washington, and said, in effect: "You men have been running the government. You've been running the country. That is all very well in time of peace, but this is war. This is where you abdicate. All government news, in future, will come from the office of the Committee on Public Information."

And the newspapermen, smilingly infuriated, took as their password "Get Creel." They never got him. They never even worried him. When the attacks on the committee were at their height, he summoned the heads of its branches and said: "I want you to understand that this committee is the administration's yellow dog. We're here to take the kicks. You can defend any other branch of the government, but you can't defend yourselves. You won't have time to, if you're properly on your jobs. Go ahead, now, and be darned glad you're not in the trenches."

Some months later, the most virulent and the most



George Creel

powerful of Washington's newspaper publishers sent a reporter to Creel with offers of a truce and invitations to a parley. Creel replied that he would be glad to see the great mogul any time he called. The reporter returned with a more insolent message, warning Creel that he had better call at the newspaper office and make terms. Creel said: "Tell your boss that he's the degenerate son of a degenerate father, and I wouldn't speak to him if I met him on the street."

A New York newspaper proprietor, finding that he needed friends at court, printed an editorial lauding Creel and a flattering cartoon defending him. That was followed by a confidential emissary who came with an olive branch.

"How would you feel," Creel asked him, "if a large, frightened, wet dog was trying to crawl into your lap?"

With another New York editor he carried on a controversy which he won easily. A friend of the editor tried to get Creel and him to lunch together. "No," Creel said, "I can't afford to make friends with him. I've got to have *someone* I can lick."

In spite of these impracticabilities of temperament, or perhaps because of them, he has the gift of inspiring loyalty, of winning trust. President Wilson was regarded as a cold man, but when Congress turned from the war to level all its batteries at Creel, the President sent for him to say: "Don't let these men worry you. They attack you because they're afraid to attack me. If they attempt any serious action against you, I'll go down to the House myself, and appear before them, as your counsel."

Creel got the same sort of loyalty from his staff, and it was because of this loyalty that he proved himself an able executive. The work of the Committee on Public Information was superbly done, under difficult conditions, with only a fraction of the money that was used by similar bureaus in other countries. A government official came from Australia in the last months of the war to ask how the committee's work had been organized. "There's no national morale anywhere," he said, "to compare with yours in the United States. I was here when war was declared. I was here six months later. The change now is incredible. We have nothing like such a morale in Australia. And, as I see it, your committee has done the trick."

Creel was always the real and only head of that committee. He made the decisions and he directed the work. He has the vitality of the very devil. He can slave at routine with a fine frenzy. He has an

obstinately independent initiative. He undertook activities for the committee which only a very bold gambler would have dared to try, and he made them a success. With every appearance of temperamental impracticability, he commanded efficiently a staff that controlled the activities of an army of hundreds of thousands of volunteers. He had, for example, a hundred thousand public speakers serving the committee at one time, under accurate supervision and direction. He had no politicians on his staff and no political appointees under them. He had few friends in Congress and fewer on the press. He had never any backing in Washington but President Wilson's, yet he was as freely humorous and cocky in his comments on Wilson as on anybody else.

To continue the incredibilities. Creel is always referred to as the war-time censor, though neither he nor his committee had anything to do with censorship. He is supposed to have fed the country a propaganda of hate, although he wisely avoided preaching hate, and no story of German atrocities, for example, was ever put out by the committee.

"President Wilson," he directed, "foresees that we have not only to make war but to make peace, and if we stir up hatred of the Germans, peace may become impossible." Creel is supposed to have supplied the country with a war-time diet of patriotic lies, yet no one on the committee was allowed to put out any story which he had not first fully investigated and found to be true. "I've learned this much as a muckraker," Creel said. "Nothing works but the truth." That was the policy of the committee and every departmental head tried to carry it out. Some inaccuracies occurred; some ill-founded statements got publicity; but there was never a known falsehood put out by Creel or any of his associates, despite the cynical belief to the contrary that is now so common.

Creel is an inexhaustible adolescent with the ideals of adolescence, a sense of humor that begins at home but does not stay there, an honesty that is as careless as if he were completely irresponsible, a quick pugnacity that quickly forgets its bruises, almost no self-consciousness and certainly none of its inhibitions, an imagination that deceives him more often than anybody else, a really radical mind that his outgrown a lot of his early social dogmas, and a vivacity that uses the contradictions of his temperament in the quirks and oddities of a humorist. He has his faults, but if I were picking a friend, I should prefer Creel's faults to the lickspittle virtues of most men.

—Harvey O'Higgins



GO CHICAGO!

CHICAGO turns out more gunmen and indignant authors than any other community of which I have knowledge. The answer is easy. A moderately noble or sensitive soul after two years' residence in Chicago must either shoot or yell.

Chicago's reputation as a cultural center is a myth which I have had my share in evolving. It is based chiefly on the literary and art activities of a dozen men who, with the exception of Carl Sandburg have been hounded out of the city as undesirable citizens by the newspapers and the police.

There is no city north of the Mason and Dixon line as active in the cultivation of witch-burning morality, as terrified by ideas, as Rotary Club ridden as Chicago. I doubt whether there are four hundred people in Chicago who would not be violated by the radicalism of the editorials in the *New York World* or morally stunned by the dramatic criticism in the *New York Sun*.

I doubt further whether there are two hundred people in Chicago who would dare not to wear a carnation on Mother's Day or who would be seen on an elevated train with a copy of Bob Ingersoll's "Ten Mistakes of Moses."

Generalizations, however, are usually evasions. Chicago's individual cowardice and herd-inspired ethics are best reflected through the mental processes of its leaders. One may read Chicago's newspapers year in and year out without encountering a single doubt that the political, or ethical hysteria of the moment being megaphoned through the press was not the will of God.

The illusion that now and then arises that Chicago is a "fighting minded" metropolis is, as I have mentioned, nothing more than based upon the nerve-racking howls a dozen or more men have let out as they were being booted out of the place by the art and literary vigilantes of the town. The literary critics of Chicago are aesthetic descendants of those Epworth Leaguers who saw in Whitman's poetry nothing more than the dangerous ravings of a profligate and in the work of Poe no more than the mouthings of an undesirable citizen.

A civilized or semi-civilized man writing for a Chicago publication has two alternatives before him. He can either turn into a drunkard, as most of them do, or imitate Lewellyn Jones of the *Evening Post* and hide his intelligence in a style so dull and intimidating that it becomes harmless.

Chicago has never been able to support a single experimental theatre, since Maurice Brown's embittered

exodus some eight years ago, nor has it ever been able to support a single vaguely modern publication, nor a single first rate artist. Its art critics without exception bow down before the unrivalled banality of a Lorado Taft, its literary critics read books with their wives' eyes fearful of having to answer at the dinner table for saying something in print of which the neighbors may not approve.

I realize at this point that a detailed exposé of Chicago will strike most readers of this gazette as a rather ludicrous and mysterious enterprise. After a six months' residence in New York I have still to discover anybody who knows more than three Chicagoans by name. Nevertheless, the notion that Chicago teems with bellicose and art enraptured journalists has been continually put to me as a fact by these same New Yorkers. One can handle myths only with statistics. And the myth that Chicago's cultural average is higher than that of Blue Ointment, Iowa, is one which a half hour survey of that windy and benighted town immediately disposes.

There is, for instance, the Chicago Grand Opera Company which in the last six years has degenerated into a public enterprise as musically significant as an electric piano in a chop suey joint. There are also, for instance, such incredible organizations as the Midland Authors' Society, comprised chiefly of old maids and widowers who write amorous jingles for the humor columns in the daily press. Every two weeks these laurel crowned aesthetes dress up and indulge themselves in a literary banquet and a free-for-all manuscript reading endurance contest.

I am aware that there are similar organizations in New York. The difference, however, lies in the fact that such societies are regarded by journalistic New York as highly humorous institutions whose pretenses and pronouncements offer targets for *mots* good and bad. In Chicago such aggregations are amazingly hailed by the press and all its critics as fountain heads of learning, wit and culture.

New Yorkers with vague memories of B.L.T. of the *Chicago Tribune*, Ring Lardner, H.E.K., Percy Hammond and other capering journalists may feel inclined to doubt these dismal words. And the answer is that Chicago was not always what it is to-day—that before prohibition and before the Rotary Clubs and the Kiwanis spirit strangled the life out of the city's publications there was a high noise in the town and much journalistic entertainment from day to day.

The prevalence of crime in Chicago, no less than



the prevalence of enraged authors has helped, oddly enough, to foster the myth of Chicago's virility. There are on an average of 310 murders a year committed in Chicago, half of them by professional gunmen. The evolution of one of these professional gunmen is, psychologically, on a par with the evolution of a literary iconoclast in Chicago. I have known a number of both and both have usually been an identical answer to the city's backworldism. Tired of having his pious neighbors point their fingers at him for coming home late and sometimes not altogether sober, and inarticulately outraged by the delirious high-mindedness of the community—a high-mindedness which makes everybody afraid to do or say anything which everybody else will not consider high-minded—the superior Chicagoan frequently draws a gun and begins shooting policemen. Exactly as the budding literary man loads his fountain pen with red ink and goes Berserker.

Only in one department does Chicago raise its head above the stupidity which distinguishes its normal cultural life—and this is in the department of dramatic criticism.

For reasons too involved to enumerate, the dramatic critics of this metropolis have not been browbeaten into automatic mouth pieces for the moral chicanery of the newspapers they serve. As a result there are to be found such men as Ashton Stevens and Frederick Donaghey miraculously holding their jobs and their integrity at one and the same time.

There is a grave possibility that these fulminations may, to the preoccupied eye of the intelligent New Yorker, resemble a great to-do over the aldermanic elections in Pasadumkeag, Me. I answer that my conscience is heavy with the guilt of having too long been silent concerning the city in which I lived for fifteen years—and that I feel much better now.

—Ben Hecht



OF ALL THINGS



IT looks at this writing as if Al Smith had suffered another of those disastrous defeats that he always finds so helpful.

They are now speculating on the likelihood of a contest next year between Smith and Wadsworth for the U. S. Senate. In choosing between those two, where would the strong up-State dry crowd jump? Our rough guess is, the Hudson River.

Mr. Coolidge recommends "Snow Bound" for Summer reading. While the President is on his vacation, keep cool with Whittier.

The President, we read, declined twenty honorary degrees during the open season. If he had accepted them all he'd have found himself by this time an interCoolidgeate society.

The production of coal was evidently one of Nature's little errors. At the present time, it seems, nobody can afford to own a coal mine, to work in one, to sell the stuff or to buy it.

Says a *Times* headline, "500 little children calm as they see flames destroying brewery across the street." Happily they were too young to realize the bitter tragedy of it.

Tennessee may be largely composed of illiterates, but it might be just as well to let some city that is without a tabloid newspaper cast the first aspersion.

Probably there will be hawkers at the Scopes trial crying, "Get your Darwinning colors."

Hylan was recently endorsed for a

third term by a lot of prominent citizens—in fact, a job lot.

Dr. Seward of the American Institute of Homeopathy advises people to "look for the funny side of life" and he endorses the comic strips in newspapers. When the doctor gets time perhaps he will try to explain these conflicting statements.

Now that Dorothy Perkins has been sentenced to three years in prison we hope that ladies will think twice before killing gentlemen unless they are actually annoying.

Fifteen thousand students are learning warfare by mail. We are going to sign up for this course and the next time there is a war we shall send it a postal card.—Howard Brubaker





WEARY CADDIE: *Well, chief, if ya find any o' them old Jew cities, let me know.*

A Bend From the Waist to You, Mr. Macfadden

EVERYBODY is thinking about big muscles at one time or another.

Muscles are the great equalizing forces of life.

You know how successful a man or woman with them feels at a social party. Everybody looks and says: "My!" On the other hand everybody looks at a suave, sleek, slippery and oily sheik and says, "My!"

Ask any piano lifter or navy how he got his big muscle and he will tell you how. He will not tell you that he attained beautiful vigor by spending half the night in riotous living, half the night in dancing, half the night in drinking from his hip pocket and the other half with a cigarette in his lips. This sort of thing would never have made him a strong man. It would not have given him vim, vibrancy, vitamins or vagrancy. It would not even have made him a good glass blower.

He will tell you different. He will tell you to make something out of your life. And now is the time to make something out of your life. Everybody should make something out of his life.

He will tell you to get out against Nature: out in God's sunshine. You must clutch the rain and rub it against your bare legs. That is, if you have legs. And, of course, if it rains.

He will tell you to get going after that big prize of strength, bulging head muscle, bulging ear muscle, bulging skull muscle and bulging brow that is the reward of all readers of *Groping Passion*, *Bareback Confessions*, *Swabodo Swats*, *True Lies*, *Defective Stories*, *Beautiful Moronity*, *Physical Sufferance* and the *Daily Blahfick*—all of which are my publications.

And to the young man or woman with a goal in life I can only say: Eyebrows raise, eyebrows lower, thumbs stretch, thumbs relax, one two three four, one two three four!

Get full of pep! Get full of enthusiasm! Get full of hop! Get full!

Make the house in which you live (not your real house where you go every night after work, but your beautiful body) a piece of mechanism. Eat more rye bread.

And do not forget the soul! Do not starve the spiritual sector!

Think of the spiritual side!

Expand it! Contract it!

Pep it! Unpep it!

Enlarge it! Disenlarge it!

Inhale! Exhale!

One two three four! One two three four!

—Nettles

The Counter Man

The counter man in a cafeteria has his moments.

"Two fried eggs!" whispers the wilted little client.

"Two fried!" roars the counter man. He'll show who's boss here!

"On both sides," whispers the client.

"Turn 'em over!" bellows the counter man.

The eggs come out of the kitchen fried on both sides.

Well, there!—Leonard Hall

The Optimist

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

Johnny: *What is an optimist, Pop?*



SUMMER IN THE CITY OF LIGHT

Americans in Paris

GABBLE-gabble-gabble-toot-a-fay! Listen at them! Of all the God damn, heathen languages! It's no wonder that half the time they don't even understand what they're saying to each other. That's a fact! Just try their own chatter on them sometime, if you don't believe it. If you don't say it *just so* they get sore and pretend they don't understand. Yeh! Get this, now. . . . Hey, waiter! Bring me an order of can-ee-tonn ah lah press, see?"

"Some pressed duck? Yes, sir!"

"There, now! What did I tell you? See how fresh he got? Had to say it all over again in English. Had to pass me a little call-down just because it didn't mean anything to him in French. He'll get a fat tip for that—I don't think!

"But they're like that everywhere in this sap's town. Look at the guy at our hotel—the clerk sort of fellow in a cutaway Prince Albert coat downstairs. The other day I was passing by with the wife and I said to him, just to be friendly more than anything, 'Say, what the hell's that little bird-bath arrangement between the bathtub and the washstand for, up in our bathroom?' Well, sir, you know what he did? He just stood there, looking at me and the wife and swinging his arms like a scarecrow in a cyclone, and he couldn't say anything! You see, I guess they got *names* for everything in their language, but they got no way to *explain things out*.

"My God! Look at the way they're hacking up that duck! Turns your stomach, don't it? I wouldn't give a good hamburger steak smothered in onions for all the so-called food in France! Look at them horrid-duvvers all laid out there in the open with no fly-net over them! They certainly wouldn't stand for that in the States—too unsanitary. And look at that wine bottle! Hey, waiter! Take this bottle back and wipe it off! What do you mean by bringing me out a bottle like that, all covered with dust and dirt? God, these people are dirty! They don't seem to care.

"They do everything the same as they did it in the year one. Everything's slip-shod and out of date. Look at the shine they put on your collars in the laundry. Makes them look like celluloid. Look at all that useless tail they put on their shirts. Look at the size of their money—big enough for bedspreads. Look at how thin the postage stamps are. Look at the old-fashioned horns on the autos. Look at the women—not what you could call a real pretty girl in town! And look at what they charge for this duck—seventy-five francs, for the love of Pete. Why, that's over \$3.75 in *money*! This morning at the American Express they'd only give me 18.50 francs to the dollar, too.

"Ah, everything's wrong with this country! Next year, me to the Maine woods. I got enough of this parly-voo to last me a lifetime. I've had a rotten time here and I'm man enough to admit it when I'm stung!"

The English in Paris

OH, I say, gar-song! Here, gar-song! Stupid beggars, aren't they, the French? Mong Jurr! Gar-song! Have you ever been in New York, old thing? Extraordinary place, New York. Gar-song, ung gin et bittahs, see voo play. Voo nahn avvy pah? Non-sens, mong cher homme, certainmang vooz avvy! Ally regardy! Ally! Ally! Now, then, where was I? Oh, yes! The Americans, extraordinary people! Perfectly extraordinary! Oh, tray bien, then, gar-song, apportez-moa ung lemon squash! Comment? Ung lemon squash, you ass—there, there—like that the extraordinary American woman is drinking!”

“Ah, oui, monsieur! C'est une citronnade que vous commandez!”

“Citronade, if you like, silly, but it is a lemon squash, you know. No wonder these blighters leaned so heavily on us in the war, eh-what? Well, as I was saying, when I went out to New York last year, I met the most extraordinary American girl. Took me around to see all the extraordinary buildings in

Where's the proprietor? Manager! Captain! Here, you! I will not be imposed upon in this outrageous fashion! Upon my word, that's nearly as much as a lemon squash would come to in London! Oh, I say! What do you take me for—an American?”



The Germans in Paris

SO, so! This is Paris! Well, well, well—the damn fools! Haw-haw-haw! We lost the war, then, hey? Prosit, August, drink deep! Look where the mark is and then look where the franc is. I die laughing! ‘Make the Germans pay,’ eh, August? Haw-haw-haw! Drink deep! Hey, Kellner! What's that? I call you Kellner if I please! Two more seidels of this awful beer! And be damn quick! Drink deep, August! Now we go find some bum blutwurst and try to think of home, eh, August? No! No! No! Don't leave him no tip—he's only a damn Frenchman!”

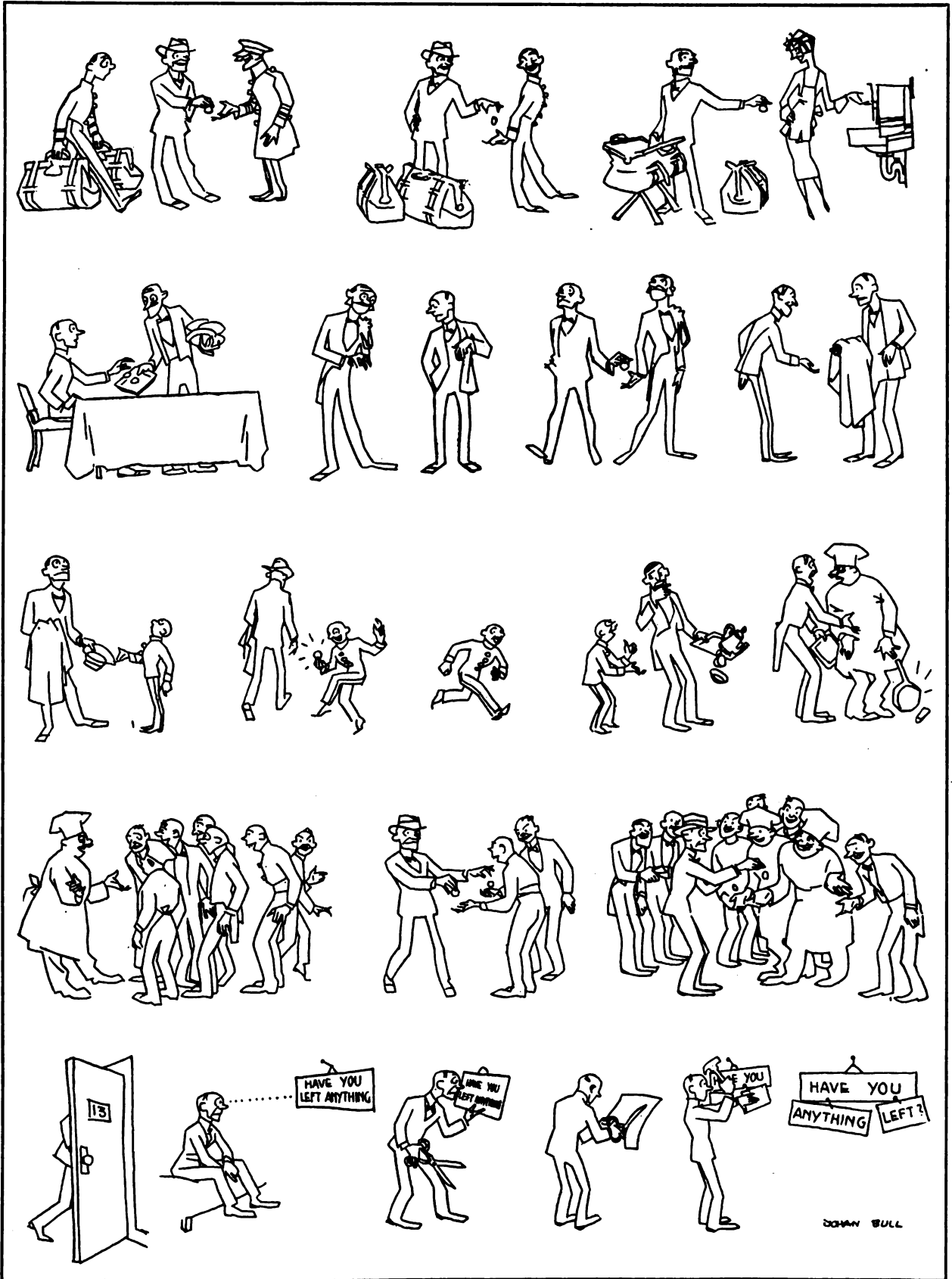
The French in Paris

ALORS, Gaston, 400,000 American visitors ought to spend at least, say \$1,500 each during their stay in Paris. Some spend less, some much more. That makes \$600,000,000 or 12,000,000,000 francs. Then a hundred thousand English ought to part with at least fifty pounds a head. That makes about 475,000,000 francs. The Germans should be good for 300,000,000 francs and another 500,000,000 should be picked up from the other visitors. That is, roughly, 13,275,000,000 francs in all. Do you know, Gaston, there are times when I almost think it is worth the trouble!”—Ralph Barton

New York. Quite barbarous, you know, but she tries. Like all her extraordinary race she's savage when it comes to the dollars and hasn't the slightest conception of the hospitality they boast so much about. Why, do you know, I hadn't been stopping at their house in New York for three months when her father came around and told me that they were going to Paris! Fancy! With a guest in the house! I hadn't got half enough of New York, either, but—here I am. What was I to do? It was either come along with them or move over to the George T. Brown's—and Brown is a worse rotter than my host. I couldn't have stuck it with him for more than a month or two. My host is bad enough. If I didn't remind him of it now and then, I believe the close-fisted old scoundrel would let me go about Paris paying my own cab fares! Really, you know!

“Here! Ici! Gar-song! Damn these French! Why we ever came over and won their war for them, the Lord only knows. Filthy rats! Hi! Gar-song! L'addition pour this lemon squash, you idiot! What! THREE FRANCS for a lemon squash in a café like this! But, my God, that's sevenpence-ha'p'ny!





A Tipping Tragedy

CRITIQUE

*The Theatre*

AT about this time of the year the managers pass in revues.

There have, thus, recently been the unveilings of "The Garrick Gaieties," "The Grand Street Follies," George White's "Scandals," and "Artists and Models, Paris Edition."

At some time in every life, there comes a moment when a definite decision must be made. This department is about to make its plunge. To wit, we, being of sound mind and body, choose the professional entertainments and deed over all the high-minded amateurs, and semi-pros to the *Dial*, the *New Republic*, and anybody else that wants them.

So far as civilized entertainment is concerned, there is, to this adult observer, hardly the makings of a choice between "Artists and Models" and the "Scandals," on the one hand, and "The Garrick Gaieties" and "The Grand Street Follies," on the other foot.

"Artists and Models," for instance, is about as excellent a revue as the town has seen in recent years. The show has beauty, grace, speed, imagination and humor. If anything has been left out of that description, moreover, it will be included in next week's *NEW YORKER*, if observing readers will write in and report the lacks.

Chief among the comickers is Phil Baker, who is so good that we again devote a moment to our favorite speculation as to why he is not better. The best guess is probably that rousing audiences to mirth comes too easily to him and that he consequently does little about it. At all events, Mr. Baker may circulate word around the clubs, if he so wishes, that he is now within striking distance of being proclaimed a great comedian by this department before long, if he'll do a little work at his trade.

There are, further, Brennan and Rogers, with Mr. Rogers doing the things that were Bert Savoy's. (Even a longer acquaintance with the new team fails to remove the weird impression of seeming to see Bert Savoy on the stage again, so closely does Mr. Rogers resemble him and his methods.) For the "you don't know the half of it, dearie" Mr. Rogers is beginning to substitute "She killed all the good in me," and with excellent comic effect.

When the boys who went to France this Summer to see the unadorned coryphées of the Folies Bergère and the Casino de Paris return, those of us who have attended the current "Artists and Models" will have reports to make to them that will make them wish

they had remained in God's Country, where they belong.

The new "Scandals" is a first class edition of George White's annual entertainment. Mr. White is himself still the country's foremost stage dancer and he is able in some way to impart much of his genius to the radiant young women who make up his choruses. He has, too, an eye for beauty, a good sense of rapid comedy, and an ability to make much of uncelebrated principals. In addition, his show contains several songs that will make restaurant history during the months that lie ahead, and "Miller and Lyles," that were of "Runnin' Wild," in two hilarious bits of typical negro musical comedy humor.

And now to the semi-pros.

"The Garrick Gaieties" is amusing, in a casual way, and has several high spots that would fit well into its more ambitious rivals. It is, in almost every way, far superior to the current "Grand Street Follies." One of the ways is that it is on Thirty-fifth Street and the other show is on Grand Street.

The outstanding features of the "Garrick Gaieties" are the imitations of Pauline Lord and Ruth Draper by Peggy Conway and Edith Meiser, and the songs by Lorenz M. Hart and Richard Rogers. (There is, too, a highly comic sketch, professionally written but amateurishly acted, by Morrie Ryskind and Arthur Sullivan.) An eccentric youth named Sterling Holloway shows promise at times, but his determined burlesque of his rôles defeats his purpose frequently. He will, apparently, have to learn the bitter lesson that it is the better comedian who is content occasionally to sacrifice the obvious laugh.

It takes all of this department's good will to give the Grand Street Follies more respectful attention than it would the graduating exercises of Harry Hillman Academy in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., (barring the efforts of Albert Carroll and Sadie Sussman). Throughout the evening in Grand Street, the net impression is of a group of minor children dressing up in the attic in Mama's picture hat and Joe's Tuxedo and having applied lampblack to the cheeks and slid down the bannister to the living room, crying, "Look, Auntie, I'm Al Jolson."

The fault lies probably more in the material supplied than in its interpreters. What, for instance, is one to do with a sketch called "They Knew What They Wanted Under the Elms," in which the characters are Ephraim Cabot, Abbie, Ray Dooley, the Gorilla, the Show-Off, Aloma, Cleopatra, Old English, Carla, the Pugilist, Amy, Don José and Ben-

venuto Cellini? Well, sir, it turns out that the Show-Off is always saying "Sign on the dotted line" and the Pugilist barks constantly "Is Zat So?"—and the audience screams with delight.

Albert Carroll gives some creditable imitations of Joseph Schildkraut and Lynn Fontanne (though they in no way compare with his last year's John Barrymore and Emily Stevens) and Sadie Sussman is excellent as the Mary Hay of *Ciro's*. The rest is dismal except a burlesque of "What Price Glory," with an effeminate captain and sergeant, which is not funny any more after the first six seconds.

—H. J. M.

Music

A FEW gentle objurgations concerning vocal masters and their methods, uttered in this department a few weeks ago, have reaped an unexpected collection of incitements to further demurrers against the gentry who are Teaching America to Sing. One eminent professor urges us to "pour vials of wrath on the vocal wreckers," which is truly a temptation. However, we're out of urns of ire, but if anybody cares to ship us a few, f. o. b. THE NEW YORKER, we'll throw a pouring party to which all vocal wreckers are invited.

Yet the encouragement from the pioneering spirits who read this rubric leads us to further dissertation on the events of the last month, which proved to be one of the most interesting musical moons of the year. There weren't many public concerts, but anyone who felt that way about it could hear some half dozen different auditions for various worthy enterprises. And these auditions, it seems to us, were more indicative of our musical trends than a cycle of recitals.

Our principal observation is that music teachers seem to be instructing their charges in almost everything except music. The guiltiest, the doctors of song, evidently devote most of their time to lectures on "tone making." We confess, not too cheerfully, to having heard somewhat more than 300 singers this June, and, according to our statistics, fourteen—possibly fifteen—of these seemed to enjoy their vocation. It was patent that almost all of them had been taught to sing miscellaneous vowel sounds at various vocal altitudes. After acquiring a degree—not a great one—of proficiency in this desultory business, these singers apparently were pushed in front of copies of "Vissi d'Arte" or "Eri Tu." In the assorted symbols on the printed page they saw just so many more vowel sounds to be emitted at more or less definite points on the scale. It isn't essential that we inflict on you the conclusion of this absorbing mechanical process. If you attended any vocal auditions, you heard it. If

you didn't—so much velvet for you!

Something of the same order was obvious in the pianists and fiddlers who performed for the stricken judges, with this difference: whereas the singing mentors generally taught their customers how to produce unpleasant noises, the instrumental bosses had drilled into their disciples a notable technical expertness. But in many good reproductions of the notes of the Grieg piano concerto and the Mendelssohn violin concerto there were few convincing performances of the music. One could almost hear the professor whispering, "now cross the thumb under" or "up bow!"

Well, what are you going to do about it? Well, what we would do about it would be something like this:

We should insist that the young singer or instrumentalist spend at least two Winters listening to music, and we shouldn't worry much about his technical progress in the interval. We should try to interest him in music first, and twenty-seventh or twenty-eighth in such matters as tone production, passages in sixths or spiccato bowing. *Exordium*: we should struggle to show the student what he was trying

to do before we attempted to instruct him in musical engineering.

With which we wish you a pleasant July, and promise to abstain from preaching until we hear more auditions.—R. A. S.

Art

AFTER a few visits to the Summer shows we were about to surrender a few of the front line trenches, and woefully admit that there was not much use in fighting any battle unless there was an army of occupation eager to settle in the captured territory. For, alas, the army seems satisfied to sit and smoke in the shelters and let the outposts do the worrying and expose themselves to the snipers. They seem content with things as they are. Or perhaps, it is a matter of desertions. Where do the moderns go when the Summer comes in? Rampant and roaring as they are in the Winter in town, Spring finds them far afield or fishing. The answer may be that the moderns know that their market is non-existent in the Summer months. It is a time when the cottagers dash in from Newport or the Hamptons to pick up a pair of sport shoes or a new picture for the room that's to be done over. Anything smart in the sport shoe will do, and anything comfortable in the picture frame.

The Macbeth Galleries have as shrewd a show as we have seen this off season. Cool and calm and reassuring, with a dash of antiquity here and there



Mr. Fairbanks Pulling a
"Mr. Fairbanks" in "Don Q"

to show class and lineage. It is a pretty show and well may the galleries gloat in their art notes that the dear public, scared and mystified for a few seasons by all this talk about moderns, has returned with confidence to art as it is found by the old divining rod of "I know what I like."

There is a drop of rebel blood in the ranks. Leon Kroll has a picture of hills and houses, a little jumbled it seems to us and not as well realized as some of his things in his Winter show. But Kroll does not belong to the men around him and we wonder why he was included. This will be a good time for a belated apology to Kroll. At the time of the Spring Academy show we made the apology, but art notes being at the glut then, the paragraph was sacrificed by the printer. We had been a bit snooty about Kroll in his own show earlier in the year. It was Kroll with a lot of other Kroll. But at the Academy it was Kroll in the wilderness and he was a giant on those walls.—*M. P.*

Moving Pictures

KIVALINA OF THE ICELANDS" bears family resemblance to "Nanook of the North," in that it records the workaday world of the authentic Eskimo. But it does not stress the Cold Man's bitter struggle with Unkind Nature. Rather, it looks—and why shouldn't we all—on the Brighter Side of that Frigid Life, getting at the spirit of very, very happy community life and romance amongst the Arctic real estate dwellers.

If you can avoid the arctic wastes of subtitles and overlook the faulty patchwork cutting, the reward will be several illuminating flashes into the Cold Man's gregarious life. You will gather that he swaps yarns, races reindeers, likes gumdrops, Charlestons and enjoys a mild form of the marriage joke. He laughs considerably although it never occurred to us that there was anything to laugh about that far north. This picture should prove a boon to all lovers of raw seal.

Were it not for Greta Nissen, the great Menjou, Edgar Norton and the shrewd germanic direction of William de Mille, "Lost—A Wife," wouldn't be very much. The story is far too trivial and silly. However, the early parts of the film are rich with skillful, clear and humorous pantomime. Towards the end the pantomime grows heavy with ordinary bedroom variety farce. Then by merely training the eye on the pleasant images of the aforementioned actors, the mind is removed from the plot and the entertainment is saved. All in all, it is fascinating celluloid fare.

A dozen pious references to Divinity, two or three

reels of straight reform work by May McAvoy and George Fawcett and a number of deadly all night orgies, help to make "The Mad Whirl" (at the Piccadilly till the 5th) one of the best cinema sermons of the day. It is a splendid propaganda picture issued by the M.P.P.M.W.L. (Motion Picture Producers' Moral Welfare League—*Universal* Branch) to save Pleasure-Mad Lads for Ascetic Marriage with Clean Young American Womanhood.—*T. S.*

Books

BROUSSON, secretary to Anatole France in his old age, was so clever with his private notebook that you wonder to what extent France lent a hand—for he was aware that the notes were being kept for publication. Those who have seen them in the original will not be amazed to learn that they are toned down here and there in the translator's version. Still, "Anatole France Himself" (*Lippincott*) is racy enough and is decidedly entertaining otherwise.

To common knowledge of what its subject was like and what he thought—about Woman, religion, Woman, Napoleon, chastity, style, marriage, Paul Bourget, love, death, Woman, etc.—it adds chiefly that (as John Pollock says) there was life in him very late, and he was not the tedious aged celebrity of report. Brousson revered him but saw through him: through his prima donna vanity, his pretense that he valued his Academy membership only for aweing the art dealer whom he was jewing down, or the functionary who caught him being sylvan in the Bois. He detested reverent idiots after his autograph, but they got it, and at a word from "Madame" he would stand forth and do his great-man act for her guests. As a "satyr" he may have had a sort of obsession after all; in his zeal to score off both Napoleon and male deficients, he tries for a carom! But following the overwrought theoretic sex stuff published recently, these glimpses of the lusty and unabashed old rooster of Penguin Island are as refreshing as Walt Whitman found the beasts.

Rosa Lewis, a most distinguished London caterer and long mistress of the Cavendish Hotel, has known everybody who was anybody, from monarchs to Americans, and has given no more of her ready damns for any of the lot than she thought their qualities warranted. Mary Lawton had endless trouble getting her to tell her story; once started, she was as talkative as a spankable child. At times she is exactly like one and equally irritating, but on the whole "The Queen of Cooks" (*Boni & Liveright*) is both livelier and more readable than gossipy memoirs often get to be, and her own inexhaustible personality is the best thing in it.—*Touchstone*

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





Bill Tilden



Onda

SPORTS

under the umpire's chair the following articles: a hammer, a pair of scissors, a penknife, box of talcum powder, rule book (1925), pair pliers, button hook, shoe horn, handkerchief, belts, a pair of garters (men's), smelling salts (ladies'), chewing gum (children's), steel picks (for removing dirt from shoe spikes), powdered rosin, safety pins, adhesive tape, aromatic spirits of ammonia, cloth (for cleaning eye glasses) and other things.

In the finals, Tyherd Phever, the national zaboga champion, was playing his young rival, Felix Smalpoeks. Very unexpectedly, young Smalpoeks obtained an early lead and somewhat selfishly insisted on keeping it. Phever naturally became annoyed at this, and suddenly discovered that the surface of the zaboga court was to say the least, untrue. He complained bitterly, out loud, even going so far as to manifest his dislike to the large audience of Rusinians on the sidelines. Before long young Smalpoeks led his elder rival by two koblicks to one, thus needing but one koblick to win. Phever was so incensed at this, that he went over to the chairman of the tournament committee, told him the surface of the court was miserable, and that he intended to stop, then and there.

The chairman was in despair. The large audience had paid a vast sum to see Phever play, and lacking the fine sporting spirit of American audiences they would have taken his default in bad part. But Phever insisted. He could not play. The chairman then became angry.

"Ya vanda Karoi—" he began, heatedly in the quaint Rusinian patois.

Or, in free translation, "Looka here, if you quit now I'll see the newspaper boys up there in the press box give you the worst razzin' you ever got."

Obviously, there was nothing to do but go on. Phever returned much disgusted to the court and took his defeat as a good Rusinian. In fact, the applause at the end was almost overwhelming.

But as soon as he was through he walked over to the press box and accosted Zut Nirvana, representative of the Rusinian *Daily Tageblatt-Impirik*. Which accusation, being translated from the quaint patoisiran:

"Say, whass 'is I hear about you making a bum outa me?"

"Who? Me? Oh, no, not me,



Among Those Present

Mister Phever. I don't know nothing about it," replied Zut quickly.

The champion then attacked Manx Katz, the sports man of the Rusinian *Oysterish Stew*, and Fluivr Q. Shvrink, who held the same position on the Rusinian *Evening Kust*. One and all, they disavowed any knowledge of the sorry affair, until at last Mr. Phever was obliged to retire to the dressing room without the satisfaction he so keenly desired.

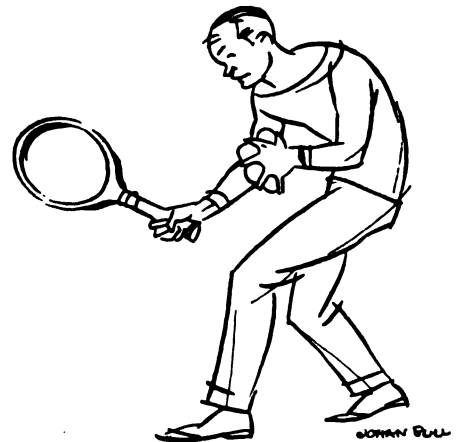
As Manuelo Pelota, the famous old zaboga professional said in broken English to me after the match:

"Honest to God, if I'd known twenty years ago how much money there was in being an amateur (he did not say sportsman), I'd never have turned professional."

Yale finished the end of a perfect year—from an athletic viewpoint—by sweeping the river at New London and routing the Princeton baseball team the next afternoon at the Polo Grounds. They defeated Princeton in football, hockey, and baseball, and were victorious over Harvard in football, hockey, track, baseball and rowing. A young Harvard athlete explained to me the other day the reasons for the Crimson's lowly estate in the world of intercollegiate athletics. He



Manuel Alonzo



Vincent Richards

Willie Macfarlane wins the 1925 National Open Golf Championship in *John Ward Men's Shoes!* — And here's what he has to say about them —



Willie Macfarlane wearing a pair of "Thorny Grips" — The latest *John Ward Golf Shoe Creation* — The soles [patented] have 61 spikes of soft, resilient rubber — \$9

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PROFESSIONAL GOLF CLUB
YONKERS, N. Y.

June 14, 1925

John Ward Men's Shoes
151 Hudson Street
New York City

Gentlemen:—

You asked me if I wore John Ward Shoes during the championship match. I certainly did and what is more I wore the same pair of shoes from Monday afternoon until Friday evening, playing no less than 144 holes during that time.

I had used your shoes for two months or more and on my first day at Worcester we had some rain. I had the shoes dried but whoever did the job put them on some very hot pipes and cracked the soles of one of them. Nevertheless, they felt just the same and I forget I had feet for the rest of the week.

I might add that from what I understand it was never less than 95 in the shade and, of course, we can't play golf in the shade. We had to be out in the sun where it was between 105 and 110. As you know it is customary to be changing shoes after every round to rest your feet as feet are very important factors in playing golf. But, as I have already stated, I wore the same pair of John Ward's throughout the match and forget to worry about shoes and feet.

Sincerely yours,
Willie Macfarlane

Address for Mail Orders: 191 Hudson st. N.Y.

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declares the men who pick the athletes to be supported through college are bad pickers. It seems, or so he tells the story, that all colleges nowadays get around the so-called amateur restrictions by turning over to incoming athletic stars certain privileges, or, as they are called, concessions. Thus one youth will be given the laundry privileges for the college, another the concession to sell score cards and drinks at the big games, and so on. Strange to say, there are always as many concessions as there are likely looking athletes coming to college.

The young man from Cambridge then used that ugly word, "favoritism," which has been heard before from the same source and in somewhat the same connection. The men who do the athletic picking, are not, so he tells me, using their best judgment. Instead of choosing men who can punt sixty yards and pitch no hit no run games, they are passing out the gifts of the athletic gods to young men who stumble over their own interference when they have a clear field, and who issue at least four passes per inning in critical baseball series. He does not claim, as I understand his argument, that the donation of concessions to athletes which goes on at Cambridge is germane only to that institution. He simply remarks that in the picking of future front page athletic performers, there is dirty work at

the crossroads of Soldier's Field and Boylston Street.

He may, of course, be several thousand miles from the real reasons for the decline and fall of football teams at Harvard. And then again he may possibly be very much closer than that. At any rate, the matter is one for at least a raised eyebrow. Especially when you stop to think that college education in athletics is supposed to turn out our highest type of "amateur" sportsmen.

Mr. Jack Dempsey, our popular movie-pugilist, who is now viewing Europe in peacetime, is reported to have been seen lunching in the French capital with none other than Suzanne Lenglen, champion of all the Latins. Decidedly a case of Greek lunching with Greek, for Mme. Lenglen has had as many turbulent encounters in her field as Dempsey in his. More, as a matter of fact—and of a more purely personal type.—*J. R. T.*

Anderson's new society is called "The American Prohibition Protestant Patriotic Protective Alliance." If contributors find this a hard name to put on a check, no doubt Anderson will take cash.

* * *

The motto of our city administration seems to be, "Mike makes right."

Speaking of Prohibition

In the Good Old Days:

"Well, what'll you have?"
"How about another?"
"Same all 'round."
"Set 'em up again."
"Just one more."
"Happy days!"
"Here's lookin'."
"Over the river."
"Down the hatch."
"Best o' luck."
"Here's to crime."
"Cheerio."
"Prosit."
"Health."
"Bottoms up."

To-day:

"Well, what'll you have?"
"How about another?"
"Same all 'round."
"Set 'em up again."
"Just one more."
"Happy days!"
"Here's lookin'."
"Over the river."
"Down the hatch."
"Best o' luck."
"Here's to crime."
"Cheerio."
"Prosit."
"Health."
"Bottoms up."

—C. G. S.



WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD



FOR dining in a leisurely manner there is no place in New York more delightful than the Crillon. Not for grabbing a quick bite as you dash to a play do we recommend it, but as a restaurant in which you dine comfortably and tastefully in a pleasant setting.

First of all we would be in favor of any place with such decorations. Winold Reiss, a well-known, Central European artist of our town, is responsible for the design of the paneling, the menus, the murals and the furniture. He has handled it in an expert manner, with the large balanced masses and simplified motifs familiar in modern work from Vienna and München. On the ends of the main salon are large mural paintings, which Mr. Reiss changes to suit the weather. In Winter, Latin dancers in warm reds and browns are seen, but in Summer he substitutes refreshing panels of snow-capped mountains, painted in icy blues and greens with lots of whites. The cooling illusion is sufficient to make it agreeable to order breast of chicken with mushrooms under a glass bell, or even roast beef, on the warmest evening.

Off the central rooms are smaller sections, some on different levels, others cut off by glass screens, with many sofa tables. This makes for that intimate quality found in some of the small, smart restaurants in Paris.

Whenever we have been to the Restaurant Crillon in the years since it was opened we have noted the service and cuisine to be of the first order.

the young lady yet, but with her rumored charm and his experience, they should make a bright spot in the night life.

The lights have been turned on again in that big half watermelon at the Plantation. The first and most renowned of Broadway's colored cabarets has had a second blooming. The new show is a "wow."

We have made excursions into the night clubs of Harlem and glanced over a few other coon entertainments in our evenings out—but the show at the Plantation is the most ambitious and best we have struck. We'll go further than that and say we consider it the best cabaret performance at this time in New York.

The man who did the costuming knew what he was about, because he has used colors to bring out the orchid hues in the skin of the slightly dusky performers. Elaborate changes are made and there is nothing of the tawdriness of the usual negro presentation. The girls' costumes for the "Tiger Ladies" song and the flower ones for the finale are exceedingly clever in design; and the gigantic razors of the "Harlem Executioners" took my eye.

We went just a little mad with the whirling rush of one act right on top of another. "Hey! Hey! The Charleston!" hardly seeped into our consciousness before there was a flood of harmonica music, banjos, or tap dancing. It is this high speed and apparent joy in the

We are not snooty by habit, but we have a head start on the boys this week. We wish to give an advance tip that the Lido is having a new program, starting July 14. Basil Durant known to every stepper-out, and particularly those who have frequented the Lido, is introducing a new dancing partner, Miss Kay Durban. This is her professional debut, as she hails from the social ranks of Dayton, Ohio, with a string of Junior League activities of the dramatic sort to her credit.

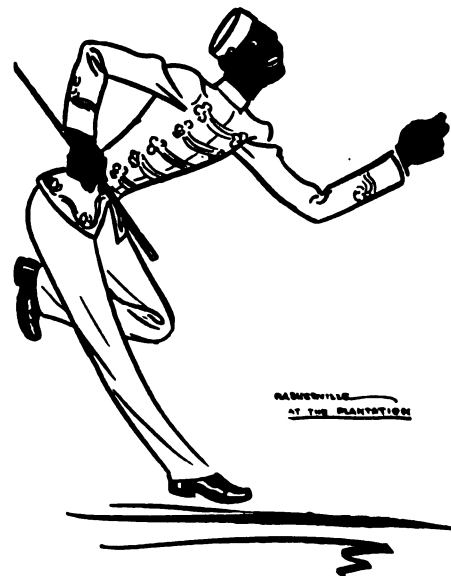
performance that distinguish these negro shows from similar white efforts. They start you off with croony songs, yearning for some locale or person south of Richmond, and by gradual increase in pace bring on the finale with a crescendo of singing and dancing. This mounting speed seems to delight the performers, but it leaves the audience in a state of collapse with barely enough strength left to pound on the table for more. This Plantation show has a breath-taking tempo that put us completely out.

The songs are good, but the things that pleased us were the dances. We had been to the opening of the "Scandals" the night before and seen the variety of Charlestons offered up there this year, but we prefer the Plantation dancing.

The white paled fence surrounds the dance floor as of old, and the other decorations are the same. And at the entrance the sight of a ponderous, fat mammy cooking waffles in her little log cabin clinches the cotton-land atmosphere.

There was a big crowd out for the reopening; although the people were largely of Broadway and the theatre, the social side was also represented. Elsie Janis and "Ma" Janis were in a large ringside party with Lenore Ulric. Others present were Frances White with a very glossy Valentino haircut; Marion and Madelaine Fairbanks; Ben Bernie; Charlie Amory; Cyril Hatch; Diana Kane; Frisco; Ruth Kresge; Bill Kugeman; Katharyn Martin; Bobbie Coverdale and Mrs.; Mary Floyd-Jones with Herb Western; the usual members of the Maloney family; and Billy Moore, son of "Dinty."

There are two performances at the Plantation each evening. One is scheduled for quarter past twelve and the other for two o'clock.—*Top Hat*





THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

THE THEATRE

WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth

This play still remains first on the list of what you must see, unless you want to hunt up Admiral Plunkett to find out what became of him.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

Of course, this piece was awarded the Pulitzer Prize, but that shouldn't be held against it forever. Pauline Lord does the season's finest bit of acting in it.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Guild

Here is the long-heralded production of Shaw's comedy of Ancient Egypt, with Helen Hayes as Cleopatra and Lionel Atwill as the city feller.

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

A fresh, vigorous comedy, in what passes in the theatre for the American language.

THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

Another play in American, better constructed but not quite so amusing.

LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

A tuneful and merry musical comedy, with a Gershwin score, the Astaires and Walter Catlett the leading attractions, in the order named.

ROSE-MARIE—Imperial

A gorgeously sung and handsomely mounted musical play, with Mary Ellis as the highly tuneful heroine.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

The graybeards, aged around forty, will tell you that is the funniest revue Mr. Ziegfeld has ever produced. And so it is, thanks to W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley.

LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan

Certainly the most beautiful of the town's musical comedy offerings. Thrown in are Mr. Leon Errol's very funny legs and a song or two of merit.

THE GORILLA—Selwyn

A hilarious burlesque of the mystery plays, if you haven't got that in your card index under "painting the lily in Newcastle."

TELL ME MORE—Gaiety

Here is another first-rate Gershwin score, with good clowning by Lou Holtz and Andrew Toombes.

THE STUDENT PRINCE—Jolson's

Good music, with excellent voices for it, and a nice sentimental book made out of "Old Heidelberg."

ENGAGED—The Fifty-second Street

A revival of a Sullivanless play by W. S. Gilbert, full of high spirits and merry moments.

MOVING PICTURES

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE—Loew's Theatres

The fascinating Mr. Menjou and a splendid cast making history in Alice Duer Miller's story. In Manhattan, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, July 3, 4 and 5; in Brooklyn, Thursday and Friday, July 9 and 10.

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Criterion

What, among other things, is wrong with America, as trenchantly told by Kaufman-Connelly and imaginatively screened by James Cruze. Preceded by "Business is Business," a playlet by George S. Kaufman and Dorothy Parker.

DON Q—Globe

Mr. Douglas Fairbanks being his usual athletic self.

LOST—A WIFE—Loew's American

Most of the movie critics are excited about Greta Nissen who makes her debut herein. Mr. Menjou assists. Showing Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 8, 9 and 10.

KIVALINA OF THE ICELANDS—Strand

The herculean trials of Aguvaluk, mighty Eskimo hunter to win Kivalina, blushing, blubber-eating ingenue, the wicked old witch doctor notwithstanding. An authentic picture of Eskimo life. Reviewed in this issue. Showing Manhattan, Friday and Saturday, July 3 and 4; Brooklyn Strand, July 5 to 10, inclusive.

PATHS TO PARADISE—Rivoli

Mr. Raymond Hackett leaps into stardom, displaying fine comedy sense and great gifts of magnetism in an Arsene Lupin role. Showing Friday and Saturday, July 3 and 4.

SIEGE—Loew's

Mr. Svend Gade, pure Nordic, proves his salt in a story with real honest-to-goodness characterization for a change. Showing State and Metropolitan Theatres Friday and Saturday, July 3 and 4; Loew's Manhattan Theatres, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 8, 9 and 10.

ART

AMERICANS—Macbeth Galleries

A pretty show of the best of the conservative school, Henri, Ryder, Kröll, Hassam, etc.

WATER COLORS—Montross

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

SUMMER SHOW—New Gallery

Interesting things by the younger moderns.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Lewisohn Stadium, 138th Street and Amsterdam Ave.

The Philharmonic Orchestra in regular symphony programs every evening, beginning Monday, July 6.

GOLDMAN'S BAND—New York University Stadium, University Heights

Mayor Hylan's favorite band, almost every night. Consult daily papers for schedules and programs.

SPORTS

YACHTING—Larchmont Yacht Club, Larchmont, N. Y.

Saturday, July 4, annual Independence day meeting in Long Island Sound.

RACING—Empire City Track, Yonkers, N. Y.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, July 8, 9, 10.

BASEBALL

At Yankee Stadium, Philadelphia vs. New York, Friday, Saturday, July 3, 4.

At Polo Grounds, Philadelphia vs. New York, Sunday, Monday, July 5, 6.

Pittsburgh vs. New York, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, July 7, 8, 9, 10.

OTHER EVENTS

PATRIOTIC EXERCISES—Central Park

Saturday, July 4. Exercises by Police Riot Squad and the military. Speeches by Mayor Hylan, Commissioner Enright and Colonel Peter E. Traub of Governor's Island. Various other demonstrations throughout parks in city.

Theatre Guild Productions
Bernard Shaw's Famous Comedy

Caesar and Cleopatra

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

Garrick Gaieties

Sparkling Musical Revue

Garrick 65 W. 35 St. Evs. 8:40
Mts. Thurs. & Sat., 2:40

The Pulitzer Prize Play

They Knew What They Wanted

with Leo and Pauline
Carrillo Lord

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

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE West 42d St.
Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mg. Dir.

458 Seats at \$1. Pop. Price Mats. Wed. and Sat.
LATEST! GREATEST! FUNNIEST!

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

of 1925—Glorifying the American Girl
WILL ROGERS—W. C. FIELDS

*Eugene O'Neill's
Greatest Play*

DESIRE
UNDER the ELMS

With WALTER HUSTON

Now at **COHAN THEATRE**, B'way & 43d St.
GEO. M.

Eves. 8:30.

Mats. Wed. & Sat.

GOINGS ON

A conscientious calendar of events worth while

WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD

Where to pass the time after 4 A. M.

PROFILES

Interesting personalities, brilliantly dissected.

IN OUR MIDST—AND OUT

About all sorts of who's-whoers and what they're up to

These regular features and a hundred and one other newsy items appear weekly in

THE NEW YORKER



WHERE TO SHOP

THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

in New York City is a line drawn showing the path of a person from the place where he or she reads THE NEW YORKER's classified page to the quality shop to which he or she goes after reading.

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<p style="text-align: center;">Antiques</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>(Cont.) Beauty Culture</p> <p>TEMPLE DE BEAUTE, MADAME DORVILLE Scientific treatment for removing wrinkles, freckles, tightening muscles. Try Home Treatment. Wrinkles and Freckles disappear magically. 32 W. 47th St. Bryant 4856.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Gowns, Frocks and Dresses</p> <p>"SMILE" HOUSE-FROCKS—artistic Crepes, Foulards. Nothing like them in dept. stores. French blue, peach, orchid, green. Sizes 34-44. \$3.95 Gloria Browning, 156 E. 47th St., N. Y. Mur. Hill 4513.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Arts and Crafts</p> <p>ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, potteries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.</p>	<p>SUPERFLUOUS HAIR? ON FACE—ARMS—LEGS? Maccabee Bleach renders hair practically invisible—quickly—safely—\$1.50 postpaid. Benj. McCabe, Ph.G. 69 East 87th Street</p> <p>WHY NOT ERADICATE THAT DOUBLE CHIN? The only scientifically correct treatment. No straps or exercises. 10 minutes daily. Inquire today. Benj. McCabe, Ph.G. 69 East 87th Street</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Gowns Made to Order</p> <p>DOUCETTE MODELS 158 West 44th Street "Do Say" Snappy Styles. Estimate Gowns. Your own material if desired. Special attention given to Theatrical Clientele.</p>
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<p style="text-align: center;">Beads</p> <p>WE SPECIALIZE IN BEAD ORNAMENTS MADE TO ORDER. ALSO CARRY FULL LINE OF FINE BEADS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. RONZONE & CO. 373 FIFTH AVENUE</p>	<p>VACATION BOOKS SENT POST FREE—Our service reaches you wherever you may wander on your holiday. Send for our Book Notes, Number 4 The Post-Box Book Service, 25 W. 42nd St., N.Y.C.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Jewelry and Silverware Bought</p> <p>DIAMONDS, PAWN TICKETS, JEWELRY Bought. Cash Paid Immediately. YOUR LOANS INCREASED AND SAVED Appraising Free—Confidential. FORGOTSTON'S 201 West 49th Street, Room 301. N. E. Cor. Broadway, New York Tel. Circle 7267.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Beauty Culture</p> <p>ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE 17 East 48th Street (Near Fifth Avenue) NEW YORK Telephone Murray Hill 5657 and 6795</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Dancing</p> <p>MR. OSCAR DURVEA New York's noted Tango Teacher and Specialist in Modern Social Dances. Ballroom, Hotel des Artistes, 1 West 67th St., N. Y.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Restaurants</p> <p>AT THE RUSSIAN INN, 33 West 37th Street Unusual surroundings and good food—Balalaika Orchestra from 6:30-1 o'clock. Russian and Gypsy songs—Dancing after theatre.</p>
<p>NEW INVENTION OF AN ACTRESS will restore your face to youthful contour. A sure, safe secret; no stretching of skin, wire or spring. Harmless. Sadie MacDonald, 1482 Broadway, Room 609, N. Y.</p> <p>Holmes Sisters Wonderful Secret "Pac Vetable" Cleanses and Purifies the Skin Administered Solely By Them 517 Madison Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Flesh Reduction</p> <p>ANA de ROSALES CHICKERING 4174 128 West 34th Street REDUCING REBUILDING REJUVENATING Look Young Be Young</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Tea Rooms</p> <p>THE SPINNING WHEEL 12 West 47th Street, Brant 0912 Cafeteria Service, 11-2:30 p. m. Dinner or a la Carte Service, 5:30-7:30 p. m. Afternoon Tea</p>
<p>SUPERFLUOUS HAIR can now be permanently destroyed thru the TRICHO SYSTEM. Lifelong guarantee. Booklet No. 22 free. TRICHO, 270 Madison Ave., New York.</p> <p>ELECTROLYSIS by up-to-date method. Graduate in charge. Private room, separate entrance. LOUISE BERTHELON, 48 East 49th Street, N. Y. Murray Hill 2768</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Footwear</p> <p>CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878</p>	<p>LITTLE BUTTERCUP COFFEE SHOPPE, 808 Lexington Ave. Good Home Cooking and Cheerful Surroundings. Orders Taken for Home Made Cakes and Pies. LUNCHEON, 60c., DINNER, \$1.00</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Wedding Stationery</p>
<p>FACE, NECK and THROAT REJUVENATION. Tissues Lifted—Contour Restored. Hours 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. PHYSICIANS' ENDORSEMENT. Regent 1303. Evelyn Jeanne Thompson 601 Mad. Ave.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Gifts</p> <p>GOING AWAY? Magazine, Vanity and other Baskets filled. Florentine Leather Dictionaries, Boxes and Charming Gifts for all occasions. EAST AND WEST SHOP, 19 East 56th Street</p>	<p>WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS, visiting cards, etc., that look and feel like engraving, at half the price. Write or phone Circle 8360 for samples and prices. Non-Plate Engraving Co., 115 West 50th St., N. Y.</p>



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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*). A substantial, intensive romance on the Conrad order.

CRUEL FELLOWSHIP, by Cyril Hume (*Doran*). The fellowships are the Fates, and their cruelty appears in a sex frustration.

THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). "Dolly Dialogues" up to date, and otherwise better than the originals.

THE GUERMANTES WAY, by Marcel Proust (*Seltzer*). Another installment of Proust's great sequence novel, in Scott Moncrieff's translation.

DRUMS, by James Boyd (*Scribner's*). Something new and superior in romances of Revolutionary times.

THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*). Fitzgerald, "grandfather of the Long Island flapper," ripens as a novelist.

UNVEILED, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (*Seltzer*). One of those high-minded women, married to one of those too-serious men. In the end, he dies of it.

THE RECTOR OF WYCK, by May Sinclair (*Macmillan*). The rector's hard lot, and his wife's, are the wages of his selflessness.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*), and ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). Two of the year's best novels, of which by this time everyone has heard.

SHORT STORIES

TRIPLE FUGUE, by Osbert Sitwell (*Doran*), and BRING! BRING!, by Conrad Aiken (*Boni & Liveright*). Worth the while of any but the short story fan with old-fashioned mental habits.

GENERAL

JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Two volumes. The best work on Keats.

CREDO, by Stewart Edward White (*Doubleday, Page*). A philosophy for any one whom science has been making unduly materialistic.

PAUL BUNYAN, by James Stevens (*Knopf*). Lumbermen's yarns in the process of becoming classic myths.

BEGGARS OF LIFE, by Jim Tully (*A. & C. Boni*). Hobo memories; the real thing.

Illusion of Seclusion

Far from the gadding crowds I fled
To find soul-resting solitude,
Out through the countryside I sped
Seeking a blissful interlude,
Up where the mountain forests stood,
Where men are men, and trees are wood.

And there my soul, in ecstasy,
Gushed out like bubbling soda pop
From prison cell of glass set free;
Until I found my mountain top
Was shared by other thousands who
Were seeking sweet seclusion, too.

—George A. Peck

A Yonkers father was fined for torturing his daughter's persistent suitor. The comic strippers and weeklies ought to fight for an appeal. That decision strikes a blow at one of the world's most durable jokes.

FINE SHOES SINCE 1857

SHOES with a cosmopolitan air—equally at home in New York, London or Dubuque.



\$10

Sport shoe of white buckskin, with tan or black saddle. Many other models.

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THE NEW YORKER



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MIXTURE

THE smoke redolent with
flavor and fragrance.

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The Outside World



POINTS WEST

EL PASO is strategically situated on exactly the same spot that it was 65 years ago when a man named Ben Dowell discovered an artesian whisky well just where the Passively Naughty (Paso del Norte) Hotel now stands. For many years the flow of whisky from this well was constant and uninterrupted and El Paso grew rapidly. Recent seismic legislative changes have however brought about a change in the liquidacious formation until at the present time the underground flow, although still very abundant, is of a pockety nature.

Due to its location in the arid Southwest, El Paso has a very dry atmosphere which makes it the best place in America for people who have tuberculosis. Due to its location across the river from Juarez, El Paso has a very moist atmosphere which makes it the best place in America for people who do not have tuberculosis.

The principal points of interest in El Paso are: the Point of Saturation; ten for no trump; seven or eleven and that of a pistol.

The town's greatest natural curiosities consist of James G. McNary, who almost became Comptroller of the Currency, whatever that is; Albert B. Fall, who lives in a large mansion on Golden Hill and is locally looked up to as the Man with the Black Bag; eight local plutocrats who don't belong to either the Rotary or Kiwanis speak-easy clubs; one honest automobile mechanic and a barber who won't work for women.

The climate of El Paso is very elastic. It is hot in Summer and cold in Winter, but none of the Old Timers ever suffer either way. They know how to overcome changes in temperature. In the Summer, instead of going to Alaska to cool off, they go to the State National Bank and try to borrow money. Thereafter, during the remainder of the hot season, they suffer from frost bite and chilblains. To keep warm in Winter the men who know get on the school board. They sweat while others freeze.

El Paso's morality can be highly recommended. Its Chief of Police and Sheriff both say that the place is as good as the majority of its citizens want it to be. This gives everybody a chance to go ahead and have a good time and still leaves the preachers with plenty to talk about.

—Owen P. White

JERSEY CITY INCIDENT

THE Horseshoe District lies between the smug heights, the docks, and the railroad yards. It is a land of strange folkways. One fine Summer morning at 1 o'clock a young man with a black bag, walking home from an auto ride, was

stopped by a local policeman. He submitted to a search of the bag and of himself. Nothing incriminating found but the law was not satisfied. The suspect wore no hat; he said he had gone out without one. And so a confrère was called in. They consulted, then asked the young man his name, address, occupation and financial status, coming back with cunning to the crux of the matter: where was his hat?

First Sherlock (*incredulous*): He ain't got no hat?

Second Echo: What? No hat?

They examined the bag again and then hailed a passing Ford and ordered the driver to take the young man to the Lackawanna Ferry, explaining:

"It ain't safe to let you walk. If the man on the beat at Sixteenth Street saw you ain't got no hat, he'd hit you first and then run you in. And you can't blame him. He's got the last beat in Jersey."

In the Ford there were two negroes in front, an unshaven white man and a girl in back seat. It was an odd combination. The negroes did not look like chauffeur and footman; they wore no livery.

Sherlock: "What you got in that bag?"

"Clothes."

"What kind?"

"Shirts, socks."

"Anything else?"

"Underwear."

"Underwear! That's a ——" (adjective not even used on New York stage as yet) "thing to mention in the presence of a lady."—*Ulysses*

MIAMI BLUES

SUMMER time in Miami, tourists all gone and real estate dealers selling to each other to keep in form.

Alligators that have been "wrestled" all Winter getting well-earned rest.

Little Spanish boys that play jai lai have gone back to Spain to shoot a few Riffs.

Armies of surveyors running around in motor boats surveying home sites for the next tourist harvest (bumper crop expected).

Lot of native Miamians sadly surveying cigar box full of Pari Mutuel tickets as souvenirs of the racing season.

Clusters of green cocoanuts and big black mosquitoes.

Corny's tabloid cussing the F. E. C. railway for not building overhead crossings.

Bootleggers and gamblers getting ready to elect a new Sheriff.

All real estate operators planning BIGGER and BETTER subdivisions.

New hotels, new apartment houses and new crops of mosquitoes from the Everglades.—*John Tucker Battle*



SIX IS ABOUT RIGHT



JUST for fun some evening, get up a congenial crowd. Six is about right—easy to keep together—but the more the merrier. Come to Greater Luna Park and have a ridiculous good time. It's wonderful what a lot of good it does just to let go and thoroughly enjoy oneself—and Luna's the place to do it. Perhaps you would prefer to come in the middle of the week. In one visit, you'll hardly experience all the thrills in the greatest amusement park in the world. We're sure you'll want to come again.

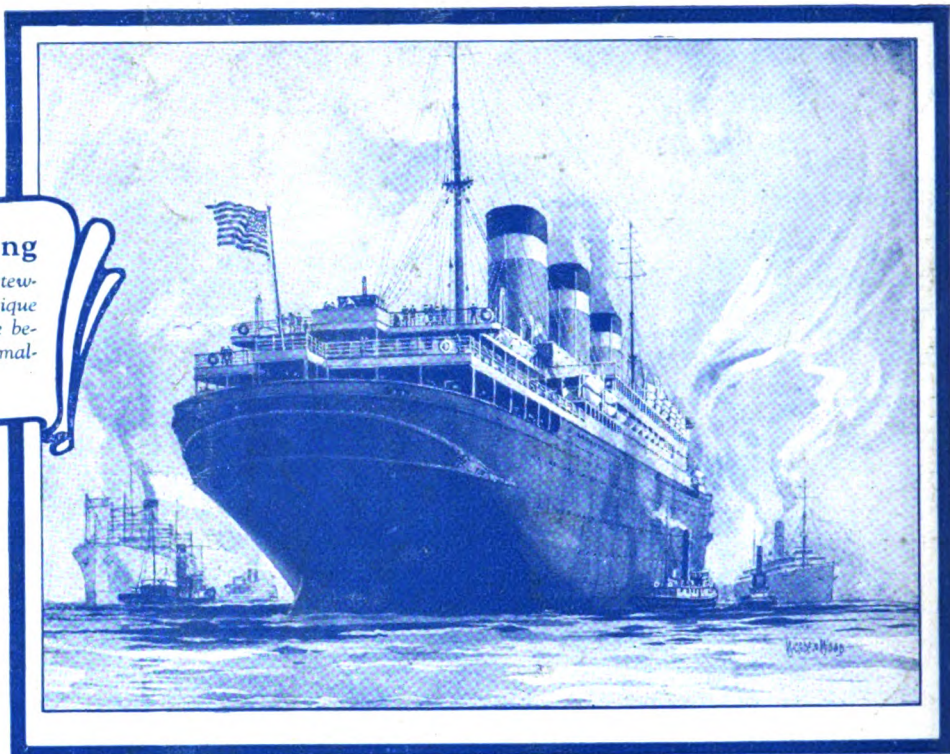
GO TO LUNA PARK

THE HEART OF CONEY ISLAND

JUST FOR FUN

Note to those sailing

Ask your room steward or table steward for Aquazone. Besides its unique virtues as a mineral water (see below), it very effectively prevents mal-de-mer.



**Among those sailing..
on the Leviathan, July 4th**

SIRENS blowing and a thousand handkerchiefs fluttering at the rail. Princes, professors, honeymooners, stage favorites. And there you are yourself. Let's hope so.

But not all the notables are on deck. Some won't be seen till the lunch gong call. Aquazone for one.

This is Aquazone's maiden voyage on our greatest ship. All the way and back again this healthful mineral water will be busy adding sparkle to conversations, quenching Atlantic thirsts, pleasing fussy palates, mixing in the best circles. It will be introduced among friends as "the only water in the world *super-charged with oxygen.*"

However, not everyone can spend the Glorious Fourth on the Leviathan. For those left behind we only mention that Aquazone is on sale in the best drug and grocery stores, clubs and restaurants. Open one bottle and discover a unique mineral water. If you can't get it at the first try, call Vanderbilt 6434.

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