

August 29, 1925

THE

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NEW YORKER



GARRETT PRICE



THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

III. *Gathering Rags for THE NEW YORKER*

THE very best paper is made from rags; and accordingly THE NEW YORKER has developed the finest known system for obtaining the cloth and preparing it for the mills. The number of people employed in this single phase of the industry alone would equal the population of the city of Los Angeles, Cal., if that were possible.

Rags were once not so easily obtained. In the early days the editors of THE NEW YORKER found difficulty in making both ends meet; and at one time it seemed as though the magazine would have to be discontinued. The editors had given their shirts, handkerchiefs, and socks to be made into paper, and every available ribbon and bit of string were already in use. At the weekly board meeting an aged editor arose. "Gentlemen," he said in a trembling voice, "we have reached the crisis at last. We have no more paper."

It was at this crucial moment that a young member of the staff entered the room clad only in a barrel, and bearing in his outstretched hand the remainder of his clothing. With a shout of joy the board seized the offering; and upon the paper which was made from his clothes, they published a stirring appeal for the relief of this young man shivering in his barrel in the private offices of THE NEW YORKER. This appeal had the desired effect; the citizens of New York rallied from all sides with clothing, rags, sheets, and towels, anything that came to hand. From the windows of their Fifth Avenue mansions, prominent society matrons tossed down their silks and finery. Poor widows offered their petticoats, and aged men their flannels. Within a week the paper famine was over; THE NEW YORKER's circulation advanced by leaps and bounds; and Otto Kahn (for the young man was none other than he) was amply repaid for his heroic sacrifice by a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER (worth \$5, the price of a suit in those days).



Prominent society matrons giving their finery to relieve the great NEW YORKER paper shortage of 1882. Our Mr. Eustace Tilley, Director of the Committee on Paper Shortage, may be seen supervising the collection of the offerings.

To guard against any further recurrence of such a famine, THE NEW YORKER at once employed 900-odd bands of gypsies who wandered about the country collecting rags to be made into cloth, under the direction of Mr. Eustace Tilley, THE NEW YORKER's field superintendent in charge of rag-pickers. These bands averaged 39,000 pounds a day, or an average of 2,640 pounds a man; and the system was in vogue until 1890, when the editors realized that they could no longer depend on the chance ragpicking to satisfy the ever-increasing circulation. Consequently the present elaborate system of procuring rags was adopted.

In a huge, sunlit factory at Niagara Falls, costing \$960,000, to-day 7,600 dressmakers are employed in the manufacture of dresses exclusively for THE NEW YORKER. For this purpose 26,000,000 yards of cloth a year are imported from England and France, to say nothing of Scotland—and for a very good reason. Now another trained staff of over 5,000 girls is employed by our organization to put on these dresses as soon as they are made, and set to work at once to wear them out. Methods in this work vary: Some girls crawl on their hands and knees, others slide down the banisters, while others spend the afternoon at Coney Island. Within a fortnight the dresses are completely worn out and are in rags ready for paper. The record time for wearing out a dress was made by Miss Madeline Buckle, a stenographer, who reduced a dress to rags in thirty-five minutes and fourteen seconds, by wearing it home in

the West Side subway from Park Place to 165th Street. She also suffered two broken ribs, a fractured collar bone, and minor contusions.

Miss Buckle received as recompense a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER, which would have cost her five dollars if she had not been lucky enough to break her ribs.

In the next chapter we shall consider how paper is made.



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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THAT "last meal" served in Delmonico's amid the tumult of wrecking gangs and electric hoists must have had some purpose. And that the reporters were welcomed with open arms and that the whole thing was carried off in accordance with the most approved maxims of modern bad taste, suggests that publicity will do very well for motive. Mr. Natanson, however, says differently. Mr. Natanson, whoever he may be, managed to shout above the din that, "This is but another refutation of the oft-repeated fiction that business men lack sentiment." Of course it may be as he says. But we have a feeling that the people—and there are lots of them—to whom Delmonico's means anything in the way of sentiment stayed away from that affair—or, possibly, were not invited.

WOMEN indulge the greater vices more gallantly than do men, but they lack the genius for the lesser ones. Since they took to drinking, for example, feminine taste has imposed itself on the male world, and to no good end. Old-fashioned cocktails, Martinis, even the Bronx—which was something a decade ago—enjoy little popularity now.

Woman's participation in general drinking has let loose a flood of sickly-sweet concoctions. First, the Orange Blossom. Later numberless combinations of saccharine fruit juices and gin. Lat-



terly, the Alexander has triumphed, which has the puny flavor of a chocolate malted milk.

Since appreciation of a dry cocktail is born of long and patient training, it has gone out of fashion. Man has had to adjust his drinking to syrupy messes. Poor man, who hath not where to lay his elbow!

MR. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND Jr. announces a new sustaining pedal for pianos and speculation as to its effect on future piano



music opens up a multitude both of possibilities and impossibilities. To be able to sustain and enlarge the tones struck until they take on an organ-like quality must obviously be counted revolutionary.

Remains the question, are all revolutions desirable? Virtuoso rise to the concert stage beaten into shape by years of laboriously acquired technique, and it is not likely that they will welcome an innovation which may thrust casually aside even part of what they have so painfully won. And there are teachers and piano manufacturers to be taken into consideration. And, of course, whether or not the newly gained results will "take well" over the Radio.

IF the policy of drawing our Public Library's purse strings tighter endures, either the strings will break, or the library will be deftly strangled. Even now, on stormy nights, passing revelers have sworn that they saw those smug lions before the portals rise, change their shapes into wolves, and leap up the broad expanse of stone stairs to sniff and whine at the very doors.

But it is not easy to arouse the cynical New Yorker's interest in the financial plight of the Library, as we found when we mentioned it to our friend who still keeps his house in Washington Square.

"Could you live," we asked him, still full of circularized statistics, "on eighty-two dollars and sixty-seven cents a month?" "Good Heavens,"

he replied, "you mean to say an educated person can really make that much in New York to-day?"

The Week

PROFESSOR CAZZAMALI of Milan says human brain emits radio waves and Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick writes song entitled, "How Can We Know?" Miss Imogene Wilson, in Berlin, says she fears to return to New York because of publicity awaiting her and Miss Gloria Gould, opening movie theatre, has newspaper reporters in to tea. Mr. Will Hays still bars "They Knew What They Wanted" from screen and Sutton Vane gets injunction against London showing of Famous Players' "Feet of Clay," alleging plagiarism of "Outward Bound." British Rotarians, leaving us, pronounce Prohibition a success and Yonkers police are ordered to guard Mr. William H. Anderson's home during his vacation. Local court denounces Frank Harris's "My Life" as immoral and Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino announce they have agreed to "marital vacation." Liberia notifies League of Nations that it will adhere to decisions of Arms Conference and Japanese General staff orders for every army

officer a translation of "Principles of Strategy" by Col. W. K. Taylor, U.S.A. Belgium receives preferred terms for war debt settlement and Treasury Department seeks paper that won't wear out for dollar bills. The Prince visits Buenos Aires and Mr. William Randolph Hearst buys a Twelfth Century castle in Wales.

Handicap

THE conception of young Gloria Gould as Directress of the newest Embassy Theatre dates back to a dinner dance gathering at Greenwich, Connecticut, where Miss Gould had the good fortune to sit next to Major Edward Bowes of the Capitol Theatre, and the Metro-Goldwyn Pictures. To Major Bowes's far-sightedness goes the credit of having answered her youthful confession of desire to have a theatre all her own with the ready "My dear, of course you may have a theatre," and forthwith he put her on the salary list of the Embassy which he was then planning.

But it was only a month ago that Miss Gould explained herself to the world through the medium of *Success*, "The Human Magazine." "I Must," she said, "Stand on my Own Feet, *In Spite of Being Born a*

Gould." Anyone who read that article cannot but admire her bravery in persisting under her maiden name at the Embassy, and not taking advantage of that of her husband, Henry A. Bishop Jr. Miss Gould is only twenty.

Exits and Entrances

NO longer will the *World's* music criticisms appear under the signature of Mr. Deems Taylor. He has resigned finally, against all protests, and has cast off for the seas of composition. At the moment, it is work on a new symphony that he is alternating with carpentry on his home near Stamford. Later, it will be an opera.

His successor is Mr. Samuel Chotzinoff, the first artist—in musical terminology—to essay the role of critic in this town. He is reported to be under contract to the *World* for three years, and it is said that that interesting document stipulates a salary more generous than is customary among those who devote their Winters to trying to hear five or six concerts the same evening.

Oddly enough, Mr. Chotzinoff won his first fame off-stage. He was the pianist who played so brilliantly in the wings whilst Mr. Leo Dietrich-



GRAND CENTRAL *Watch-watching, harried, breathless, snatchy talkers. They pass—commute, inglorious New Yorkers.*

stein made gestures at a keyboard under the glare of the footlights. The vehicle was "The Concert." Subsequently the *World's* new critic has been accompanist for Heifetz, Zimbalist, and other violinists. Also, he has been writing occasional comments on music.

As to his technical equipment for criticism, Zimbalist's comment on receipt of the news about Mr. Chotzinoff may be illuminating:

"So? Then it means four months of practice for my New York recital."



the main corridor of Tammany Hall. They are real spittoons, glorious, aldermanic. Tammany would scorn to call them cuspidors.

There are doors, too; high, heavy doors, which open seldom, and close abruptly when they do. Men wait about, well-fed, normally amiable men, formed into nervous, whispering groups. There is hoarse, mumbled conversation. One thinks of the faithful at prayer, and feels the tenseness of a revival, unrelieved by the convert's ecstatic shouts.

An awesome door swings ponderously open, and a summoning face appears, a man detaches himself from one of the cliques and goes forward. Big and powerful, ruddy of countenance, broad of shoulder, square of jaw—all the identifying marks of the district leader—an unquestioned power in his own sphere. Now he treads cautiously, almost on tip-toe, and with sudden clutch removes his hat before he sidles uneasily through the thin opening made to admit him. He is lamb-like in his disappearance, who is the lion elsewhere, for now he has come to solicit and not to dispense favor.

The silence settles more deeply. The hum of conversation rumbles lower, with an occasional disconcerting note when a deep bass breaks under the strain of speaking softly.

That portentous portal swings ajar again. The big man reappears. His face is flushed. He breathes heavily and quickly.

"I got it," he cries, hysterical as a girl. "I got it. I got it."

Over and over this exultant paean. He can say nothing else. He laughs,

still hysterical, this giant of a man, this power among his own. He snuffles and cries once more, "I got it."

Men come to him, out of the deep shadows, and shake his hand. A few pat him on his broad shoulders. One pauses to flick a cigar butt into one of the gleaming spittoons before he speaks:

"If it couldn't be me, glad it was you. I'll give you all I got," he mumbles.

"Thanks," murmurs the big man, and, with subsiding hysteria, again, almost unbelieving, "I got it. I got it."

Tammany has made a nomination.

Survival

AT any rate, the tradition of broad-mindedness has survived the migration from Madison Square, and will reside in the new Garden. And what better proof might one offer than the program now proposed for its official opening, which is to be—the Building Trades willing—along about November 30.

First, since art is long, and profits fleeting, we shall have the Six-Day Bicycle Race, which, it is said, is by way of being one of the most lucrative of sports these days. And then, the old tolerance still prevailing, the town will be treated to a gorgeous music festival, under the baton of Mr. Nathan Frank, of the open air opera Franks.

During the Winter, there will be skating, and, perhaps, hockey games, for the new Garden is to have a rink. Boxing, of course, will come in for its just dues, and possibly a bit more. But most of Mr. Tex Rickard's mental efforts will be bent upon finding further cultural entertainments, such as the music festival, for it is the hope of himself and his associates that the new Garden will carry the prestige of the old as a civic center.

NEVER is the new Garden mentioned, but the memory of the old brings back legends of Barnum, particularly that one preserved for us in Valentine's Manual. It was in the master showman's younger days, when he conducted his museum on Ann Street.

A crowd had lingered so long, gapping at the wonders, that fresh paying customers were unable to enter. Sizing up the situation, Mr. Barnum hastily lettered a sign and placed it over an exit. It read:

THIS WAY TO THE EGRESS.

Democracy

IF you can imagine the long, deep glooms of a cathedral with here and there the bright gleam of a brass spittoon, you have a passable picture of

The crowd read; they milled into the passage, curiosity-impelled; they sought, as Mr. Barnum later quoted them, "some new kind of an elephant," only to find that the Egress was not an elephant but all out of doors.

DISCUSSION of Zuloaga has not yet died out amongst those who can pronounce his name, and the reminiscent buzz is naturally greatest about his portrait of Mrs. John Barrymore, which was posed—and most extraordinarily—in Hamlet's costume.

"I suppose every woman at one time or another cherishes an ambition to be painted in black velvet and pearls," remarked a tea talker recently, "but this is the first instance I've known of one's deliberately choosing her husband's business suit."

Identities

YES, observed the Gentleman in the Know, this E. Barrington who has been chiding Lady Hamilton and heaping fresh incest upon Lord Byron's altars is a lady.

I am aware that Dodd, Mead & Co. carefully refer to the author as "him," on the jackets of "The Divine Lady" and "Glorious Apollo," the Gentleman in the Know conceded, but publishers have engaged in little literary pleasantries ere this. And a mystery, however mild, never hurts a book's sales.

She is a Mrs. Beck, murmured the Gentleman in the Know, and she has written other novels, signing them L. Adams Beck, again a device inferring masculinity. These earlier works were fanciful and delicate stories of the Orient, wholly different from the present ponderous biographical novels, which have enjoyed and are still enjoying such wide vogue.

It is an old trick, but a good one, mused the Gentleman in the Know. Moreover, he added abruptly, this charge of incest against Lord Byron is not what one might term new. It was made first by Harriet Beecher Stowe, in 1869. She met Lady Byron during a visit to Europe and returned to write, first a magazine article and later a book with the title, "Lady Byron Vindicated."

And, now, is there anything else? inquired the Gentleman in the Know, too patiently. Oh, "Serena Blandish," he echoed. I thought everyone knew who wrote it. It was Mr. Sidney Dark, the English novelist, who



spread the identity of the author wide.

The Lady of Quality has written rather profusely under her maiden name, Enid Bagnold. "Serena" is her first venture into anonymity. Her husband is Sir Roderick Jones, K.B.E., the present director of Reuter's, the European news agency.

Not much of a secret to that, murmured the Gentleman in the Know, depreciatingly, and was off.

Local

MR. HENRY COLLINS BROWN, who is the gentleman who has taken the Museum of the City of New York so much to heart, sails next month on the *Mauretania* expressly to invite Their Royal Highnesses to grace New York with their presences during the celebration, next May, of the 300th Anniversary of the founding of this city.

Before he sails, Mr. Brown, in collaboration with Mr. August William Hutaf, hopes to have well in the process of organization a new club—if so elastic a group may be called thus—which will meet once a month for dinner and for telling and listening to tales of the old New York.

In this, Mr. Hutaf is the prime mover. His project has the advantage of having available a meeting place already saturated with atmosphere, the same Gracie Mansion of Mr. Brown's museum, at the East River foot of Eighty-eighth Street, a most interesting, though much-neglected institution.

The intention is to meet at some central hotel, and to proceed from

there, by tally-ho, to the Gracie Mansion for the dinner and discussion. The first journey thus should be a most interesting event. Even mounting a tally-ho once required much agility.

Epicureanism

NOT alone has the art of cocktail making gone from us. The style in sodas and sundaes has changed as well. It is the favorite lament of the white haired old gentleman who dispenses ice cream at thirty-five cents the dish in the cool exclusiveness of Hicks on the Avenue.

"People change," he sighed; "there aren't many who remember the old days . . . days when customers appreciated plum and blackberry syrups, wintergreen and birch, and we had ginger beer on tap. No one has discrimination now-a-days. All they know is chocolate or vanilla." There are those whom the cruel machinery of progress must always mangle.

Disengaged

PEOPLE with a few minutes to spare could do worse, but not much worse, than to walk up and down Broadway and Sixth Avenue, alert for lunch-hour conversation of the street's more permanent population.

"I tell you," is to be heard, "they scream. It's a riot."

These people, then, be actor-folk.

The employed trouper is describing his effect upon his audience, to the envious ear of an unemployed colleague. The working artist is dressed the least bit shabbily, nor has a razor blade too recently caressed his chin. But he has a job, and the bitter business of keeping up appearances has entered upon a brief period of rest for him.

Not so his idle friend, who is aware that at any moment Mr. Arthur Hopkins may summon him to a conference and an immediate offer of the leading rôle in his proposed revival of "Rose Bernd." And therefore, over that stomach that is as unused to food as is a bootlegger to the flat silver on his groaning board, there is plainly visible the best of snowy linen, flanked on both sides by a decent broadcloth that has been beaten into the form most recently approved by the heir to the British throne.

Bits of color, too, are evident, in the handkerchief that peeps in unutilitarian shyness from the breast pocket, and in the socks that match it in color

—this because of a mistaken trust in a *Vanity Fair* decision some years ago that that kind of thing was the thing. For the wearer is on the rounds of the managers' offices and he has become a cog in the tradition that the actor in search of employment must ever seem to have just happened to look in upon Mr. Shubert on his way to his Vermont estates.

The dog days are upon him, God help him, and the envy of plumbers and masons and butchers and policemen and lawyers is in his breast. For these people, though lowly their estates, have jobs . . . and pay envelopes.

The women of the theatre, kinder and more refined, have evolved a method of asking of their friends whether a job has yet come their way, that has none of the shuddering brutality of the male, "Are you workin'?" And so it happens that when one of these frail creatures encounters upon this Forty-fourth Street a sister who has, she knows, been making the *grande tour* of the offices from morn to night, frantically seeking even the lowliest rôle that is daily becoming more vital, she draws the searcher to the shade of the nearest hosiery window, and asks: "Found anything you like yet, dearie?" And she receives for her answer, "I told Lee Shubert I wouldn't take the rôle for any price; it's unsympathetic."

And then both smile, and then both know that each is lying; and in the hearts of both is fear.

In Our Midst

FOR male: slot machines in Smoking Rooms of most of Broadway movie houses, which dispense Coty's Chypre, etc. at ten cents a squirt. None yet seen so daring as to invest.

At Penguin Bookshop this week,

Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim, protesting that his "Replenishing Jessica" is legal and saleable. Book seller raises eye brows and shows him news story of arrests for possessing same works. . . . And on lower Fourth Avenue old gentleman picks up volume in second hand bookstall and reads: " 'Merchants From Cathay' by William Rose Benet." "Excellent perfume," he comments, "but why advertisements on the first cover?"

Pleasant infusion of light humor into rural districts: contributor reports manuscript sent to THE NEW YORKER, rejected after serious consideration by *The Rural New Yorker*.

Latest dodge of bootleggers for overcoming sales resistance: Telephoning prominent arrivals at fashionable hotels listed in press. Annoyance registered by guests of Plaza and St. Regis, among others, over numerous offers of wet wares.

Lady with amnesia appears in New Jersey hospital; and many front pages, including photograph in staid *Times*. Coincidentally, movie with plot about lady suffering from amnesia makes début. Lady in hospital suddenly remembers all. Press does its best to forget.

Pacific Coast Intelligence: Mr. William Slavens McNutt, innocent journalist and fictioneer; arrives in Hollywood to compose for movies, is robbed six hours after arrival. Police solace upon complaint, "Well, you ought to know better than to carry money in this town."

Preposterous, but true! Elderly lady, presumably from Dubuque, sees Gertrude Lawrence and Beatrice Lillie perform in London. Fearing twin toasts of last year's town might be lonesome on arrival in New York, the Kindly Soul forms a committee of equally kindly and elderly souls to

meet actresses and arrange for their entertainment here.

High indignation in Lucy Stone ranks since member was refused admission to Peg Woffington Tea Room, "reserved for men only." Woman's last stronghold has fallen.

Bitter cry of lady pursuing culture beyond menu cards: "My French has become frightfully uncertain since I began to study it."

Now Schrafft's and Huyler's are about to merge—yes, indeed—and lady from Montclair will be greatly restricted in her all-day shopping expeditions.

Back from the West: Mr. William Faversham, recuperating from Miss Margaret Anglin's jesting.

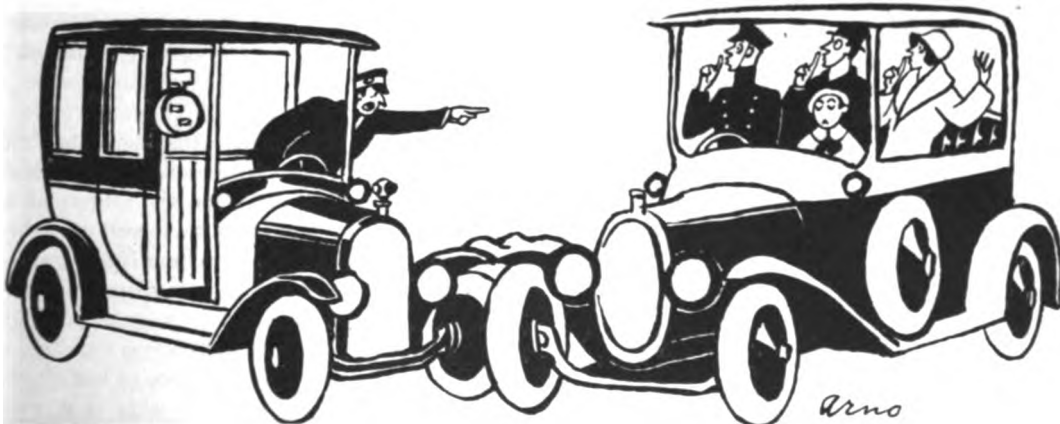
Miss Beatrice Herford drops into office to chat with brother, Mr. Oliver Herford, before latter's recent illness. Faces great windows. "I don't see how you can stand all this light," she complains; "it brings out every line in the human face." Reply by Mr. Herford, "Ah, but in this office we read between the lines."

Cares: Mary Boland and Elsie Janis—watching the gruelling match between Helen Wills and Kathleen McKane. "Charming way to lose weight," remarks Miss Boland. "It's four, Mother, will you get my glass of cream?" reminds Miss Janis.

Mr. Milton Suskind, pianist-composer just commissioned to write the music for new Earl Carroll production is seen looking at nude in Rheinhardt's. "Just getting my main themes," confesses Mr. Suskind.

The Liquor Market: For private subscription, issue fine Canadian Club, in Imperial Quarts, @ 88. Falling off in restaurant consumption due to continued use of teapots and cups in distribution.

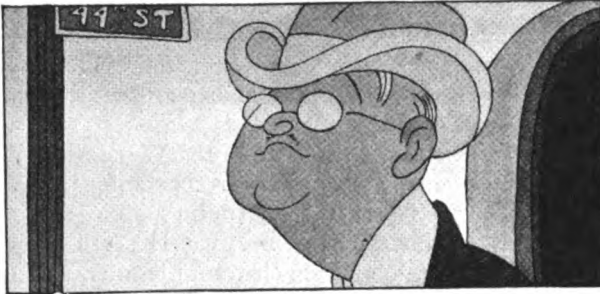
—THE NEW YORKERS



THE ENQUIRING REPORTER

EVERY WEEK HE ASKS A QUESTION OF FIVE PEOPLE SELECTED AT RANDOM. THIS WEEK THE QUESTION IS: DO THE CRITICS AND WRITERS WHO LUNCH AT THE ALGONQUIN HOTEL LOGROLL FOR EACH OTHER OR IS THAT JUST ANOTHER LIE OF THE INTERESTS?

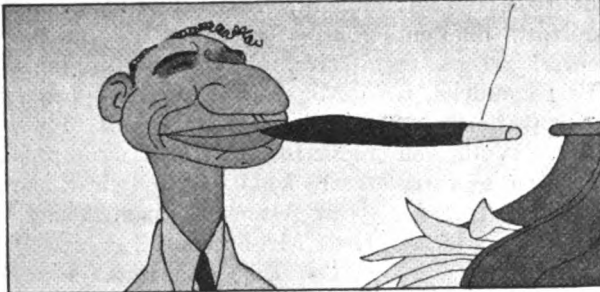
THE ANSWERS



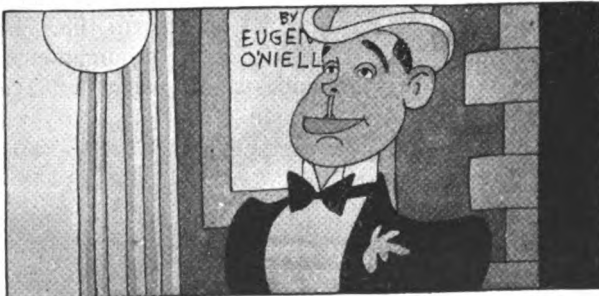
ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, dramatic critic and *boulevardier*, of West 47th Street: "Stuff and nonsense! There is no such thing as an 'Algonquin group,' and if there were, they would never have a kind word for each other. Isn't Heywood Broun always saying nasty things about Franklin P. Adams's superb writings in 'It Seems to Me,' Broun's magnificent daily column in the *New York World*? And isn't Adams's brilliant 'Conning Tower' almost completely devoted to roasting Broun's epoch-making novels?"



HEYWOOD BROUN, art critic and novelist, of Park Row: "I don't know anything about logrolling, but I know what I like. It is true that I drop in at the Algonquin Hotel now and then at lunch time. After all, it is the centre of life and culture and one is likely to meet there all the people in the world worth knowing. Then, too, anyone who hates a boiled shirt as much as I do likes to be among friends. A fellow can't get his back and shoulders into untidiness when there is company."



FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, columnist and poet, of Park Row: "Whom are you to ask me such a question like you suspected me of logrolling? I have looked up all the statutes, local, state, and national, covering the subject, and I have searched through the Index Expurgatorius, the Code Napoleon, the Corpus Juris Civilis, and the Ten Commandments, and I didn't find a word in any of them that would force anybody to listen to logrolling if he didn't want to hear it."



GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, dramatic critic and essayist, West 45th Street: "That question is *la plus* Brussels sprouts of the present *Sauregurkenzeit*. I permit myself a polite you-know. However, to put an answer to it: certainly the Algonquin House runs a *rathskeller* for no other reason than to afford shelter to a logrolling *verein*. To which *lustig* answer I might add a respectful 'Thank God!' For, were it not for this *verein*, I might have nothing to write about on the dull days when the theatre offers me no particularly luscious bit of flapdoodle to record."



GEORGES, head-waiter at the Algonquin Hotel, West 44th Street: "I am only a head-waiter, but it seems to me, from all that I have heard on the subject of logrolling, that the principal objection to logrolling held by those who object to logrolling is that the log is not being rolled for the right person."—RALPH BARTON

A LIFE, BRIEFLY EXTOLLED

IT WAS some time before he learned that dancing was not to be considered assault and battery on a lady, and I am not sure but that his instincts in this detail were more enlightened than our own. You must understand that Quid was exclusively my wife's dog until he was two years old. Now he is five and has a broader outlook on life. But up to the time he was two he just tolerated me, and was scarcely more cordial to the other people who came about the place. Quid used to watch his mistress, and if she seemed to approve of anyone he would sit down and merely glare at the individual. But there were limits to the favors he would permit her to bestow. He had a way of chewing the legs of dancing men so as to incapacitate their pants. My wife began to wonder why she wasn't more popular at dances, and thought some of buying Dr. Eliot's five foot book shelf and reading for fifteen minutes a day.

But she went to Europe instead and stayed six months. This restored her popularity, notwithstanding those stories about addressing the inhabitants in their native tongue only to have them reply in excellent English. You see, while she was gone, Quid and I got a good dose of each other's society. This depressed Quid at first, and he carried one of his mistress' old hats around with him wherever he went. But time did its usual work, and pretty soon Quid came to regard me as (practically) an intellectual and social equal. After this he saw how inconsistent it would be to continue his policy of discrimination against the rest of the human race. He has thawed out, until now he hasn't much more reserve than an Elk on a Fall River Line excursion.

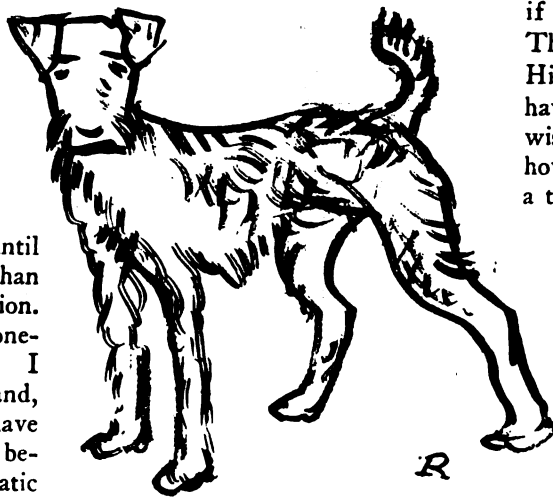
To my mind this explodes the one-man-dog theory about Airedales. I advance this as a layman, understand, because I am not a dog expert. I have shunned technical dog information because it seems to me an undemocratic attitude to assume toward a dog.

Not that Quid would suffer by an application of the expert standards. He has a pedigree as long as your arm, but I cannot go into particulars, because I have neglected to get his diploma or whatever it is that certifies to

the aristocratic character of a dog's forbears. This is not to say that I do not esteem the qualities of Quid's gentle breeding. I do, but I am not convinced that they would be enhanced any by a genealogical chart tacked up in his dog house.

Last Summer an infected foot nearly carried Quid off. When he was sickest we received a delicate intimation concerning the facilities of that swell dog cemetery at Hartsdale. But I imagine, if the eventualities had required anything of that sort, we would have laid Quid away decently behind the barn in what is romantically known as an unmarked grave. Elaborate burials are a relic of barbarism; but the fact that cultured Chinamen, who are the most civilized persons on earth, lead the world in this respect, rather confounds my statement, so I guess I will pass on to something else.

Yes: When Quid was in the valley of the shadow it was suggested there was a taxidermist in White Plains who would stuff his skin so we could keep it as a memento. The scientific interest confused with the human interest again. Your scientific nature lover shoots a bird off a fence rail, upholsters it, and puts it in a glass case. He catches a bug and sticks a pin through it. Such practices are too academic for my layman's mind.



An Airedale is a suitable companion because his entertainment is no problem at all. You invariably suggest the right thing. If you want to write, he goes to sleep by your chair. If you want to walk in the woods, he begins

to show his approval the minute you take the old hat and stick down from the peg. If you want to swim in the quarry, that's just his ticket; he will dive when you do, and sit on the raft. He will watch a tennis game without barking, and without chasing the balls, much as he likes to pursue objects in motion.

I cannot think of a more satisfactory companion, because no one else will accommodate my vanity so much.

Quid is badly disciplined. We did not lick him enough when he was a pup. He will run off every so often and catch skunks and chipmunks in State Senator Seabury Mastick's woods. Before he was a year old he killed a ground hog on the Godwin place. Mr. Weinheimer, the gardener, was an eye witness. That is an accomplishment for an Airedale pup. Mr. Weinheimer's testimony is trustworthy. He was a reporter on the *Tribune* in the days of Horace Greeley.

Quid will chase cats, but if a cat is smart it will stand its ground and bat him on the nose when he gets too fresh. My feeling is that almost any cat can best almost any dog in a scrap, they are so much quicker. Most cats do not know this, but the Connors cat does. Quid regards her with great hauteur. In fact, he assumes not to regard her at all, and will step on her if she doesn't get out of the way. This marks Quid as behind the times. His latent stores of pep and personality have not been developed right. Otherwise he could establish a better claim, however spurious, to ascendancy over a tabby cat.

Quid showed up Tracy Winterich's cat, though. Wint had a birthday party at his house on the Croton River, in the course of which our dog chased the Winterich cat up the tallest pine tree on the Van Cortlandt estate. All afternoon we tried to coax the cat down, but it sat diffidently on the topmost branch and refused to co-operate. The Winteriches thought it would get hungry and come down during the night, but by the dawn's early light the cat, etc. So Wint called out the Harmon Volunteer Fire Department, and Captain C. LeRoy

Baldrige's men made a splendid run with their longest hook and ladder. But hook and ladder, placed end to end, lacked some sixteen feet, one inch of reaching the nethermost branch of the soaring Van Cortlandt pine.

Captain Baldrige gave it out as his professional opinion that the only way to rescue the cat would be to chop down the tree. Trees on the Van Cortlandt property are slightly less sacred than the Washington Elm. But Wint called up Miss Van Cortlandt, and learned that the only things that spinster chatelaine adores more than her trees are cats. The axes of Captain Baldrige's men rang in the forest. Half of Harmon—fifty people, anyhow—came to look. Only the cat seemed indifferent to the fact that the first tree was being felled on the Van Cortlandt place since the War of 1812.

As the cat-crowned pine described a graceful arc toward the ground, strong men shuddered lest the object of the rescue be demolished by the impact. But the cat had schemed itself out of this dilemma. When about twenty feet from the earth, it sprang lightly from its perch and landed feet foremost well clear of the crashing branches. It started to trot off toward the house, when Quid, securely confined in a car some rods away, began to bark. The cat paused and listened. Then without taking a soul into its confidence it beat it back



into the woods and up the second tallest tree on the Van Cortlandt estate.

After that Quid virtually retired from public life. In point of fact, the record discloses nothing until last Winter when he was picked up as a suspicious character prowling about the White House grounds in Washington. Not prowling exactly, though. To prowl is to be intent and business-like, and therefore would not have

been such an offense in the eyes of the Administration. Quid was just frivolling away his time. Now he would smell the trunk of a tree and dig assiduously. That looked like a purposeful activity, but he would not stick at it long enough to accomplish anything. Next moment he would gambol off, vault a hedge, and dart through a flower bed. An instant later he would be in the open aimlessly tossing a stick.

A designed attempt to embarrass the Administration could not have been improved upon. It looked like a conspiracy thought up by Senator Couzens. A White House gendarme, however, went out and drove Quid off, and the incident was hushed up until now.

Back in his native Westchester again, Quid is confronted by problems which are too abstruse for solution. This is because Quid is, as I say, behind the times. He is out of step with Progress, deaf to the call of Service, and I suspect him of a smouldering resentment toward Darwin. The day they organized a Rotary Club in our village, Quid snarled at Lawyer Lake and tried to pick a fight with Chief Poth's bull. When the Village Board changed the name of Orchard Street to Main Street, he ran off and hid in the Mastick woods for a week.

It is a great comfort to have raised such a dog.—MARQUIS JAMES



SELINA (Rather proud of her little sister): "Look, Mrs. Kelly. Only a year erld and on her hind legs already!"

PROFILES

Fourteenth Street and Broadway

WHATEVER his other distinctions, there is one Jimmie Walker shares with no other. He is the only candidate for Mayor of New York who has written his own campaign song. This is no trivial matter. There are political reporters who will tell you that without "The Sidewalks of New York," Al Smith would never have been heard of above Fourteenth Street; he emerged from the song like a bursting flower with a cigar in its center. The man who wrote the song is dead, but Al Smith and the cigar go bursting on.

That can never be said of Jimmie Walker. He won't be able to absent himself from the funeral of the man whose song made him famous. If he thinks of it in time, he might send flowers and a note of distress at the impending passing.

It may prove to be one of his tragedies that he was once a song writer. "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?" was Jimmie's song. He collected \$15,000 for the lyric some fifteen years ago, splitting with Ernie Ball, who wrote the music and lived to do bigger and better melodies. It promises to whip up the passionate devotion of the enrolled Democratic voters, as have other songs for other men. But Jimmie's difficulty is that the song writers, claiming him loudly as one of their own, aren't content to let his song do all the work.

From the estimable *maison de musique* of Shapiro Bernstein on West Forty-seventh Street, has gone the first army corps of song pluggers to push the new big hit, written especially for the primaries by Jack Sheehan. Already, the bray of these gentlemen assaults the night air of Broadway from the picture palaces and the homes of clean vaudeville. There appears to be nothing much that Jimmie can do about it. The new song is a parody of "Susie" and starts, unless there has been still another revision:

If you knew Jimmie like I knew Jimmie, Oh, oh, oh what a boy!

However, nobody will hold that against Jimmie. Nor will he hold it against Jack Sheehan. Jimmie knows something of the artistic difficulties of writing lyrics. There are a dozen or more of his still on typewriter paper in the big safe of E. B. Marks, music

hour; his life is constructed of minutes and seconds. He can be clocked with a stop watch.

It is partly the excessive nervous energy of his slight, lithe body which has made it so difficult for Jimmie Walker to read. He has read only six books in the fifteen years since he finished studying law.

"I wish I could read books," he has said, but few believed him. He seems to have done very well without.

In all the years he has been in Albany as Assemblyman and Senator, he has made a practice of having friends read bills and state documents to him. He insists he can grasp their contents more easily in that way.

He has leaned heavily on the alertness of his mind. It has not failed him. The bills read to him were generally those to be introduced under his own name. Those of others were read to him seldom.

As leader of the Democratic Senators, frequently the only check to any legislation the Republicans might wish to put through, Jimmie Walker would saunter into the Senate chamber after discussion was well under way. He would slip into his seat on the aisle without the faintest notion of what the ponderous fellows across the aisle were talking



Jimmie Walker

publisher. Although they are pre-war, it was only the untimely absence of Mr. Marks from the city at the time Jimmie was named candidate for Mayor which has prevented those unpublished songs from being between glossy covers and upon music shelves before now. Mr. Marks expects great things of those songs.

For the benefit of the punctilious and those who read the campaign posters, it is pointed out that Jimmie is the boyish looking man of forty-four years, with the black cowlick, under whose picture on the posters appears: "James J. Walker. The Man of the Hour." Whoever wrote the last part didn't know Jimmie very well. He never remained in one place for an

hour. In two minutes he would nod to himself, whisper to his partner in sarcastic diatribe, the grey-haired Barney Downing. He would rise, hitch his belt, cock his head on one side, his twisted smile spreading with anticipation, start his feline walk up and down the center aisle, and then begin to talk. Always he would have caught from the mass of words pronounced by his opponent a motive upon which he could turn the full power of his laughing scorn. It did not matter much if his knowledge of the bill and the condition to which it related was superficial if not wholly inaccurate. A personal motive he had discerned, and in his street-wise fashion he would make it embarrassingly

clear. From the galleries a gleaming face would look down and shout:

"Oh you Jimmie, Go to it."

There can be no denying that Jimmie is a gallery god. During the closing nights of each session, when tempers grow short and Senators hope to push through in the scramble their own pet measures, Jimmie is at his best. Telephone calls come to Eddie Stanton, his secretary, and ask:

"Is there going to be anything hot to-night?"

If there is, the galleries are packed. As many women as men are there, all to watch Jimmie do his stuff. Jimmie, tossing his head back for a preliminary glance upward, pounces into the aisle. Each performance is as good as his last; he never disappoints an audience.

There is the quality of the actor in Jimmie; he used to play comedy parts in his school days. He is never himself unless he is on his feet. Knowing it, he remains on them. His sharpness of tongue and agility of wit are his most striking attributes. The first political speech of his career was the last speech he wrote out in advance. He is a favorite after-dinner speaker, and is one of the few who make that curious custom bearable.

At one dinner the gentleman who presided introduced Jimmie with a speech in which he said:

"A few weeks ago I was in Washington and had a twenty minute talk with the President."

Then he spoke of Jimmie. The latter began:

"It's funny. A few weeks ago I was down in Washington and had a THIRTY minute talk with the President."

He was interrupted by the toastmaster who said:

"As a matter of fact, Jimmie, my talk was twenty-two minutes instead of twenty."

"Sure," said Jimmie. "I know. That was the two minutes the President was talking."

None of this makes of Jimmie Walker a very profound thinker. Nor is he. It is doubtful that he has anything like the sound grasp of state affairs that has Governor Smith, with whom he roomed when he first went to Albany; Elihu Root has not said glowing things about Walker. Most of the imposing array of welfare, transit, home rule, housing, direct primary, and governmental reform legislation which bears his name was not inspired

by him. He put it through in his capacity of aggressive rapier for Tammany and Smith. The bills which carried the fire of his own enthusiasm were those for Sunday baseball, boxing, and repeal of movie censorship.

When the worried potentates, who run Tammany under the guidance of Al Smith, selected Walker to oppose Mayor Hylan in the Democratic primaries, they did so mostly because he is at his best in competition; he is a better candidate than office holder. Ever since he played in the outfield and at quarter back for St. Francis Xavier, he has excelled in a fight. Tammany, when Smith picked Walker to destroy the threatening ogre Hylan, breathed happily. It was a little like discovering suddenly that Douglas Fairbanks is on your side.

If Jimmie Walker becomes Mayor, he will probably spend no more than three hours a day at City Hall; he will get more done than Hylan who comes at nine and departs at six. Jimmie has a great many other things to do. He is president of the Silver King Water company. He is busy making deals for motion picture producers. He has a few criminals to defend. Nor will you be able to find him at his law office on Broadway. Although it seems he is never there, it is illustrative of his personality. It is a band-box, neat and smart of appearance, with a striking absence of the usual array of law books.

At night Jimmie may be found somewhere along Broadway. He may be boxing a little with Benny Leonard, dancing, playing the piano in a friend's apartment, at a prize fight, at the opening night of a new show, or entering a night club surrounded by



JOHN STRENG '76

laughing, enthusiastic friends. Head waiters bow lower to him than to almost any other New Yorker.

"Good evening, Senator. Hope everything is all right. Let me know if you want anything." And then laughing, "You can't pay for anything in here, Senator."

Jimmie goes to bed late and gets up late. He makes a close parallel to Mayor Mitchel, whose popularity was only a less wonderful thing than Jimmie's. But the latter would never make the political mistakes of Mitchel. He will never forget that most voters drop their "g's," and that they like a man who can talk out of the corner of his mouth. Jimmie can talk in other ways; he is singularly adaptable. He could handle a teacup if pushed to it, and go back to St. Luke's Place in Greenwich Village and make all the boys understand how it happened. He can be hard-boiled or otherwise; he couldn't quite achieve the society manner, nor would he want to do so. He dresses more carefully than any other man of Tammany and in the manner that is known as "different." He doesn't look as if he smoked cigars.

No sketch of Jimmie is fair which does not take into account his intelligence. Business men think highly of him as a man who gets things done. Jimmie uses, but does not believe much hokum. As a politician he does not believe the catch phrases of "vested interests," "corrupt press," and "traction trust," yet he may be depended upon to catch them at it if they try to live up to those titles. His sense of humor does not permit him to take himself over seriously. He gives cold comfort to "yes men," for he knows too well from where their "Yes's" spring.

He makes his friends not among those who praise him, but among those who enjoy the things he does; the result, however, is the same. His friends become very sentimental about him and place him close to God. He, too, is sentimental, but does not believe all he feels. He is extraordinarily generous.

He has made much money and spent almost an equal amount. He understands the simpler human motives and reactions as do few in politics or elsewhere.

He is the best of Broadway brought to Fourteenth Street where is Tammany Hall.

And everyone who has so much as shaken his hand calls him "Jimmie."

—O. H. P. GARRETT

RUS-SIA

TO-DAY, child-ren, the les-son will be about Rus-sia. Rus-sia is sit-u-ated too far from Eng-land to be fond of Pic-cad-illy cul-ture, and just as near to A-mer-i-ca as it cares to come. It is three bil-lion square miles in a-re-a, and is shaped like a stiff beard. Each Rus-sian has ap-prox-im-ate-ly seven square miles (*solofskis*) to cul-ti-vate, and fourteen child-ren whom he sends to A-mer-i-ca for garment work and Rus-sian Night Club duty. The Rus-sian peas-ant (*moujik*) spends his time mining gloom, soviet ex-pan-sion, measur-ing the steppes (*trufgoffffs*) of Si-ber-i-a, and play-ing in Art-is-tic, pess-im-istic dra-mas. He talks Russian (a Rus-sian dialect or *grighoffitch*) flu-ently, and man-a-ges it very well de-spite the unin-telligibili-ty of the tongue to the av-er-age Mid-West-erner (*gringovitch*).

Ca-vi-ar (*shlemchaxzv*) is one of the chief ex-ports of Rus-sia; and up till re-cent-ly the second best were re-ports of the death of Len-ine. Ca-vi-ar is a sub-stance (*huhuhulivitz*) de-rived from the com-mon stur-ge-on (*ughiltproff*), a fish said to be vast-ly at odds with the e-con-omic



sys-tem of the West-ern World, and hence loath to give up its roe for the use of the com-mon cap-it-al-ist (*crook*). When caught (only in cer-tain phases of the Rus-sian moon) it sur-ren-ders its life on-ly on con-dition that cav-i-ar prices be large e-nough to pur-chase a tomb-stone (*uglichtichev*) for itself. Hence the fields of Rus-sia are dot-ted pro-fuse-ly with stur-ge-on tomb-stones. These facts should be borne in mind, my child-ren, when you next eat ca-vi-ar sand-wiches at that midnight or-gy with cham-pagne, and should make you more thought-ful about the e-con-om-ic sys-tem of the world.

The other product that Russia is fam-ous for is black bread (*off*), that is, be-sides the joke about the Bolshe-vik and the cake of soap. Black bread is so named be-cause it is mined from a sub-stance which tastes like coal. It is sub-mit-ted to a form of eight years (*hichbotchkis*) burial (*kumkopff*), and

then it is pressed by a sec-ret pro-cess in-to shoe leather tough-ness. This gives it that nature which ac-counts for the black skins of the Rus-sian beauty and the crue-l-ty of the form-er Cos-sack.

Rus-sia's gov-ern-ment is the clear pro-duct of Karl Marx. At first it was thought that a mon-arch (*czar*) would do best for the country, but he proved a farce after six thousand years, and drank the blood of the Rus-sian peas-ant (*moujik*) which is against the Rus-sian re-lig-ion (*Destsy*). There-upon two A-mer-i-can pants-pressers took Karl Marx ser-i-ous-ly and tried to es-tab-lish ser-i-ous gov-ern-ment, which ev-ery child knows as being against Re-pub-li-can prin-ciples. So the sov-i-et has in-cur-red the after-dinner jokes of the A-mer-i-can cap-tal-ist, although said rich man has re-cent-ly gained val-u-able oil (*orl*) con-cess-ions there, and no long-er cares whether A-mer-i-can Wom-an-hood and child-ren are en-dangered by Red, Wrack-ing, Ra-pac-i-ous Ruin.

The next les-son will be about France and the French Im-mor-al-ity.

—FREUDY

METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

IT TAKES ALL KINDS
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

THERE is, for instance, The Returned Native.
She walks down the gangplank in the latest Reboux hat,
(Which might possibly look well on somebody else)
Exuding subtle fumes of the most recent scent
Which Coty or Guerlain or Houbigant
Has concocted with an eye to the American transient trade.
Of course she's glad to be back,
And it's wonderful to see all you dear things again, etc.
But she really had a marvelous trip,
And didn't get the kick out of the approaching skyline which
she expected—
She spent most of the time keeping two strange Englishmen
From mistaking gas tanks on Staten Island
For the Statute of Liberty,
Which, after all, is more or less of a joke now, isn't it?—
Especially when you think that France gave it to us.
Her trunks are filled with embroidered underwear
Which cost practically nothing at the present rate of exchange,
With gloves which make feminine beholders break the tenth
Commandment,
And from her wrist droops a bracelet of pear-shaped diamonds
Which she says she bought in Vienna
For thirty-seven dollars.

Naturally, she doesn't want to be unpatriotic,
But she never comes back from Europe
That America doesn't strike her as just a little crude—
A statement which is usually superinduced
By the cobblestones on Tenth Avenue,
And when she is given her first cocktail on these shores
She makes a good-naturedly wry face
(Even though the entire company is well aware
That the European idea of the formula for the same drink
Is four jiggers of vermouth to one of gin)
And begins to reminisce about the Tour Blanche
Which may be had Au Caneton in Paris,
And what an amazing experience it was
To get absolutely fed up on champagne.
The Returned Native is really not a bad sort—
All that is necessary is to give her time.
When the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was the Royal Danieli
Has faded from her consciousness,
She will probably register for the Autumn primaries
And subsequently mark crosses in little circles
Without cracking a smile.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

—HAIRD LEONARD

"Why Don't you come out for the Week"



Because of the last
minute departure



— and the democracy



— and too-elastic
breakfast



— and guest rooms with
poor lights and worse
books —



— and the haggling of
my train leaves

find?"



day coaches -



and not
being met
at country
stations -



Mrs -



and the Uncle and
Aunt who drop in for
an afternoon of
heavy bridge
(no smoking)



Alma E. Hokanson

when

- and the return,
bearing gifts -

Yes, Why Don't I!

A MINORITY REPORT

JEHOVAH suddenly was reminded of the earth. It was long since He had looked that way. His interest did not suggest to Him a personal journey. He was past that sort of thing. He had, indeed, heard rumors of great changes in terrestrial locomotion: He was loth to trust Himself to new contraptions—coaches that ran without horses, ships that sailed without sails. And yet He had come to be bored by the stereotyped official news of the Archangels. He called Aristotle and Julius Cæsar.

"Go to the most active, the most influential spot on Earth, and tell me what you find."

The following morning Cæsar waited in the anteroom, humming a song from the Music Box Revue. When he was admitted, a number of lesser spirits were already in the Presence.

"I went of course, to New York," he began. "I am afraid my words and the celestial experience alike will fail to do justice to the perfection of that work of man. New York is a mechanism—an impeccable mechanism. Millions of human beings live, work, play in lubricated ease, upon a patch of ground so crowded that they have had to do away with trees, and with all except the minimum of air needed for breathing. The soil underfoot is a maze of cellars, pipes, conduits, tunnels, wires. By means of them, the traffic, the lights, the messages, the sewage of this host flow flawlessly. Trillions of words, billions of letters, millions of parcels and human bodies—galaxies of electric current, nebulae of gas, seas and rivers of refuse—go each their predestined way without confusion."

At this point, Aristotle hurried in, nervous that he was late. In his arms were huge bundles of periodicals and papers.

Cæsar continued: "Each of the myriad houses is a still more intricate labyrinth of wires and pipes. In perpendicular shafts, swift cars shoot up and down; and the numberless apartments are honeycombed with conduits leading to the sewers, to great coils of telephonic wires, or to the buzzing air. The streets are channels, not for single



homogeneous streams like water—not for such simple motions as the stars, flowing with geodesic ease over the hills of Space. These streets contain an incredible coil of vehicles and persons, each self-directed . . . myriads of forces which, if one follow them, are seen to trace the most fantastic patterns: spirals, helices, tratrices, polyhedra. And yet they never collide, they never impede each other! They run indeed like the immaculate parts of an immaculate Machine!

"Your Worship, I have but begun. Even the air has been woven by these human wills which are so complex, so various, yet so unitary. The subtle strands of the electric ether have been pressed into service. The cosmic currents are tamed, and bended down upon the forest of receiving wires that screen the roofs of the City. And by their means, the infinitely complex City life is made to irradiate and to interweave with the life of other equally complex centers. Every room, already joined by phantasmagoria of wires and pipes with the whole urban mechanism, participates with rooms leagues distant—with a thousand cities at a time! From the thick of the earth to the thin of ether, these master men have enacted a Machine whose intricacy of response and of control makes the graph of the subtlest brain of classic man as flat by contrast as a sheet of parchment!"

Jehovah rubbed His hands in glee. "Splendid!" He said. "Splendid!"



These men have grown up. They no longer need me."

He was glad, for He felt justified in the obvious fact that for long other worlds than Earth had absorbed His interest. He turned to Aristotle.

"Sire," said the well known Greek, "look rather to Your Milky Ways: they are more likely to bump and to need Your help. The suns beyond the field of Cygni are more liable to miss their step and clash with the anti-suns of Alpha, than these marvelously regimented men. I have been examining their intellectual life. I have read their papers, gone to their colleges and theatres, attended their singing cabarets and legislatures; I have sat in their courts and worshipped in their temples. At first I believed that there must be one prolific and ubiquitous dictator who wrote all their books under a thousand names, preached simultaneously in synagogue and church, directed the platforms of opposition parties, taught Latin, Literature and Physics in all the universities . . . I did this people an injustice. They are uniform, indeed. They tolerate no idea which runs radically counter to their complacent rhythm. Even the imagination of their poets has been tamed: even the indignation of their prophets. They have one Value, one Ideal: and no word rises against them."

"The City is a symbol of the American land and of what Earth is becoming," put in Julius Cæsar. "I have described how everything is channeled, how everything moves as it should in its all-perfect place, in the marvelously complex city. I need scarcely add that this is man's ideal. It means that the social body of men has achieved the sort of health that perfect circulation, even temperature, and truly balanced organs bring to the physical body. These men are in bliss! We hear the stars sing, when we are silent enough in our continuous discussions to let their music penetrate to Heaven. We know that they sing, because they move pleasantly in their Spatial grooves. I assure you, Your Worship, that the Spatial courses are jerrybuilt and hazardous, compared to the traffic-lines, the wire-patterns, the radio-statics, the intellectual convictions and the plumbing and sewage systems of New York! What music

must have these men!"

"Was it a sample thereof you were humming, as you came in?"

The spirit who put this unexpected question to Cæsar was the latest arrival from man's earth to Heaven. Measured by terrestrial time, he had been in Paradise but two centuries and a half. And these were the very first words he had been heard to speak since Jehovah had let him in. (He had since had his misgivings, for the man was not much of a social asset.)

The audience of spirits leaned with interest toward the questioner. Cæsar glowered. At last Jehovah spoke:

"Our young friend has asked you a question, Cæsar. Won't you answer it? He is a man of few words. We should encourage him."

"Perhaps the true music of that world," said Cæsar, "is the hum made by the fusion of all these comings and goings, twinings and bendings, leaping and dippings, crossings and anglings—the fusion of this multiverse of words, forms, streams—to the ineffable unity of Organization."

"Jehovah," spoke Heaven's latest comer, "I too have visited the city whereof Cæsar and Aristotle speak.

I have done this, without Your permission. It is only fair that I confess it. But I am nearsighted, Sire. I could not, like Cæsar, obtain a bird's-eye view. Nor am I so quick on my feet as Your other messenger. When I lived on Earth, I was a polisher of lenses. My eyes acquired the habit of peering close. So, in lieu of hovering on wings above the city as did Cæsar—I admit I'm a trifle unsteady on them still—I went down into this wondrous mechanism, down into the soul of a man."

"What did you find there?" Jehovah's brow had clouded.

"Confusion," came the answer. "Turmoil and darkness. Chaos. A pitiful knocking about, and longing. Within that soul, many wills forceless, many desires eyeless, many dreams unsoled, and the sum of it all was bitter emptiness. I found abject disorder. I found desperate incompetence. I found misery. And hunger . . ."

Jehovah drummed His toes on the cloud that served Him as a footstool.

"Here," He frowned, "this is another story."

He turned, questioning and hopefully, to Cæsar and to Aristotle.

"Sire," replied the Roman, "we did not notice such things as individual souls."

"Sire," the Stagirite made answer, "what if this be true? If these uncounted miseries and failures of petty men make up a Whole so perfect?"

But Jehovah still was troubled.

"Let me see," He said, turning to the obscure newcomer; "I forget—your name—?"

"Spinoza."

Jehovah strained His fingers through His beard. Suddenly, He straightened with resolution. He pointed a hand at Heaven's latest comer who with quiet myopic eyes studied this strange mood in Heaven's King. And Jehovah spake unto Spinoza, and He said:

"I do not like what you have said. You have upset me. But I know your kind. From now on, you'd be pestering me—until you had your way. There'll be no peace in Heaven—until I do what you are hankering for. I'd like to send you to the Devil. But even that would not save me. Even down there, you would haunt me."

And with a sign of resignation, Jehovah gave orders to prepare Him for a journey . . .—SEARCH-LIGHT



OF ALL THINGS



WE read that credit is now open to Belgium in this country, and that a large loan to France will undoubtedly follow the expected refunding settlement. Uncle Sam is now revealed in his true character as a loan shark. He is going to get what Europeans owe us if he has to lend them every dollar of it.

"Coolidge Goes Mountain Hiking; Wears Out 3 Secret Service Men."—*Herald Tribune*. This is good Republican doctrine; a man of sound views is a man of sound wind. The huskies who guard the President have nothing to offer but mere brute force.

Messrs. Sinnott and Canty have filed suits for libel against newspapers and individuals to a total of 175 million dollars. "The Sinnotts must live," the Mayor says, but they seem determined to live in the style to which they hope to become accustomed.

Eight students in Washington suc-

ceeded in going sleepless for sixty hours. You will notice, however, that the experiment was not made while Congress was in session.

We do not wish to lure Mr. Waterman into false hopes of victory in November, but it begins to look as if he would get the unanimous vote of Charles D. Hilles and Nicholas Murray Butler.

McAvoy, the armless man who confessed to the Kane murder, is believed to be a fraud. He made his mistake in baring his soul in the police station instead of in one of these confessional magazines.

According to scientific authorities, there is a radio roof 100 miles up; the waves bounce back and cause distress. This seems to be an important discovery. It has always been assumed in radio circles that the sky is the limit.

An uncensored news item says that a young woman found dancing unclad in

Fort George Park was taken to Bellevue for observation.

New York is starving its public library to death while city officials loll in costly limousines. When it asks for funds the administration replies: "No, it's got a book."

Dr. Norris, "The Texas Cyclone," preached a sermon here recently upon the subject, "Is There a Hell, and Who Is Going There From New York?" We don't know exactly, but we could mention a weekly magazine that describes all the pleasantest routes.

There is still hope for the man who dropped his roll in the Rockaway boom. He can watch the serial number on his dollar bill, if he has one left.

Now they are going to increase the membership of the House of Representatives again. This thing ought to be stopped before Congress gets large enough to outvote us.—HOWARD BRUBAKER



The Theatre

THE first man's size play of the new season came to the Bijou Theatre on Thursday evening, August 20. The size is for a quite small man, to be sure, but that's to be preferred to the rompers that the others have worn. Called "The Mud Turtle," it is not without its resemblances to "They Knew What They Wanted," resemblances that can be picked by readers so inclined out of the ensuing account.

Thus, a farmer's son, after a week spent in Minneapolis in the business of selling the family wheat crop, returns to his northern Minnesota grange with a bride whom he has converted, for the purpose, from a waitress in a cheap restaurant. It is a dour and repulsive home and home life to which he brings her, made so chiefly by a blustering and tyrannical father. Because of something the playwright has said, moreover, the father adopts a hostile attitude towards his daughter-in-law from the very beginning, and hits her across the face for a first-act curtain.

The waitress-bride, with that genuine instinct of women for getting their loved ones into trouble, appeals to her husband to avenge this blow. The husband is pardonably disinclined to strike his father, but is perfectly willing to argue the matter with him at all times. This she refuses to regard as an adequate substitute, and her desire for revenge grows. It is satisfied only when one of the farm mechanics brings about the destruction of essential machinery, and nature with a cloud-burst helps further in ruining the father's extensive and financially important wheat crop. The reaper has been brought to this achievement by the promise of high doings with the young woman as a reward, but the playwright, with a few simple sentences, frees her of the need of this sacrifice in the last act. And so, with

the bride's self-respect restored, the domineering father tamed, and the son and husband, who has finally poked papa on the jaw, changed into at least a shell of bellicose man, all is well.

Helen MacKellar, the star of the piece, does much even and excellent acting. The author, after an excellent first act, has provided her more with a spotlight rôle than with a character out of any life that ever was, and it is this that makes her performance a bit stagey at times. Even in her stagiest moments, however, she is interesting, and in the scenes that have flowed from the playwright's heart rather than from his pen she is superb. Hers is the finest piece of acting the new season has yet provided.

Another player in "The Mud Turtle" deserves particular mention, at least by this department, whose theatrical taste would lead it to stay at home with its books at an opening of John Barrymore in "Hamlet," but which would slide down the pole and gallop madly through the storm to witness an exhibition of even bad character acting anywhere. In this case, it is Claude Cooper who has the make-up and the rôle that character actors probably look upon as Heaven in their dreams. Mr. Cooper, be it known, is an old salt, who after countless years of sailing the seven seas has settled down as a whimsical old handy man on a farm in the midst of the Minnesota prairies. He rolls as he walks, and he's always sniffing for signs of rain in the air. Could anything, short of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," be more delightful for a real enthusiast for character acting?



AT the Playhouse, at the moment, there is Alice Brady in "Oh! Mama." The piece is safely to be recommended even to sufferers from heart disease who have been told that anything startling or unexpected that transpires in their presence may mean the end. They are free from danger at "Oh! Mama."

Readers of THE NEW YORKER may keep their files of plots up-to-date by making the simple entry that in "Oh! Mama" the stepson of a charming stepmother does not know that he is in love with her until the close of the second act. Further, they may make the wistful marginal notation that the play in which the father breaks the son's neck, and in which the stepmother laughs herself into hysterics at the callow adoration of the stepson, still remains to be written.

There is, however, Miss Brady. Dour commentators on the theatre have said in print of Miss Brady in this play, that she is frequently too cute. They are the same fellows, no doubt, who would say reproachfully of the Côté d'Azur that it is too sun-kissed, who would hurl into the nightingale's teeth the rebuke that it is always singing, who would circulate maliciously about the rainbow the gossip that it has so many colors. Miss Brady is cute and she herewith has this department's written request that she remain cute. Shall this world become a mere matter of machines and soulless technique, all because the warmth of humanity has long since left the hearts of a few professional theatre-goers? . . . No.

Edwin Nicander, in Miss Brady's support, is delightful, as nearly ever. Of another member of the company, Mr. Kenneth MacKenna, it seems as if the moment had almost come to announce that he is not a particularly good actor.

The final decision will positively be made on the occasion of his next appearance.

PERHAPS because too much was expected of it after the startling excellence of "Artists and Models," the preceding Shubert revue offering, "Gay Paree" failed to make much of an impression upon its opening at the Shubert. It has many fast-moving and interesting chorus numbers, but much of its comedy is flat. For those who care for that sort of thing, of whom many will probably be among this department's readers, there is an abundant quantity of what—first introduced by the Shuberts into the first "Artists and Models"—has made it unnecessary for good Americans to go to Paris at least before they die.

AND then there is "The Family Upstairs," for which this department can not muster up a single bit of approval, despite the fact that its opening night audience was pleased to be hilariously amused throughout its entire course. The piece is a cheapened and vulgarized version of "The Show-Off," "The Potters" and such, with its observations of family life based upon a close study of joke books and comic strips.—H. J. M.

Music

WITH the closing of the Stadium Concerts on Sunday evening, concludes an unusual Summer parade of the music of Richard Strauss. "Don Juan" has been expounded by Mr. Van Hoogstraten and his three guests—the Messrs. Sokoloff, Ganz, and Reiner, in the order named. Everybody except Mr. Sokoloff has toyed with the merry pranks of "Till Eulenspiegel" and expounded the too popular "Tod und Verklärung." There have been several performances from various batons of Salome's Dance of the Seven Veils, the youthful exercise for wind instruments which the composer called a "Serenade," the Wagnerish love scene from "Feuersnot," "Ein Heldenleben" and even that strange compound of flatulence and beauty, "Don Quixote." Mr. Van Hoogstraten, who grows constantly more diligent in his search for novelties, completed this catalogue with a performance of a military march composed by Richard II for reasons which we cannot give you to the penny at current exchange rates.

Even Herr Strauss cannot say that he isn't appreciated, and Herr Strauss can say a good deal. Yet it seems to us that most of his works are begin-



ning to sound a bit outmoded. Strauss was a revolutionary thirty years ago, but many bows have been drawn across the bridges since the days when "Till Eulenspiegel" was condemned as unorthodox. This very "Eulenspiegel," in fact, is, to our hospitable ears, perhaps the only orchestral work of Richard, Himself, that bears the many repetitions which it draws. Hardly any work of our time catches so delicately the mood of an old legend, and there is not much in orchestral music as charmingly wistful as the little postlude in which the resurrected *Till* returns to become a perennial god of mischief.

"Don Juan," which has become to be a conductors' *pons asinorum*, is hollow beside "Till." The first few pages are brilliant, but the rest of it is principally good orchestration. The *Don* becomes tedious after his first rush into the boudoir or whatever you care to read into the music. The Stadium soft, dry mat occupants had their choice of four versions of the estimable butter-and-egg man. Mr. Van Hoogstraten gave him a spiritual side, and we suspect that his interpretation approached most nearly the verses of Lenau which are attached to the score. Mr. Sokoloff had him plunging vigorously from rock to rock. (We were about to say something more arboreal, but let it pass.) Mr. Ganz made him a smooth little seducer, and Mr. Reiner offered him fast and loose. All versions were good, but the composition sounds a little tired, like the *Don* in person.

Although the rest of Strauss will stand as a study in instrumentation, "Heldenleben" and "Don Quixote" and the rest of them—with the exception of Salome's Charleston—sound less and less inspired at each perform-



ance. In 1975, the music mauler of THE NEW YORKER probably will dictate something about "Berlioz, Strauss, and other composers interesting chiefly for their orchestral ingenuity."

The songs of Strauss and the operas are something else again, and so will be this department's accounting on them, if any.

A COMPOSER whose work you might watch is young Rieti, whose concertino for wind instruments and orchestra Mr. Reiner chaperoned into the Stadium. Rieti, born in Alexandria of Italian parents, is one of "The Three," and if you know who the other two are, let us hear from you, package prepaid. Unlike most of the young fellows who are writing down notes for strings and winds and armies of percussion, Rieti has continuity of ideas, and his scoring "sounds." The funeral march of the concertino is an oddly absorbing bit of music making, and the whole work deserves further hearings.—R. A. S.

Art

THE worst fault, and perhaps the only virtue, of a critic is to discover genius. The dramatic critic tries it time and again, never seeming to take into account the fact that the producer of the play in which the actor is cast has been there a few weeks before him. And the looker-on for art must realize that the picture he sees has been discovered by at least the gallery owner. But still we try, getting some elation out of it, or some vicarious sense of success. Whatever the motive, let's pretend it's a good one; and of all the shovelful that we throw up, a little pay dirt may appear now and then.

It's Sherwood Anderson who deserves the credit for Harwood H. Simpson, our new genius. Mr. Anderson, flush with his royalties, we understand became patron in a practical way to Mr. Simpson, and suggested that the artist send his output to the Weyhe Galleries as the best outlet for his genius. Anderson took what he wanted of the water colors for his own, thus getting a little start on those who go in for primitive Americans. It was his right, he having seen Mr. Simpson and his works at some exhibition in New Orleans in the Spring.

Mr. Simpson's letter to the Galleries, accompanying the pictures, is

perhaps the best exposition of the man and his work. "You will find," he writes, "that all of my paintings are on the best paper obtainable and the colors the best that can be bought. Please note that the perspective, proportions and all matters of drawing are above reproach and will stand the scrutiny of the best artists in the country. I am a retired engineer and so all my work is accurate. Please note also that nothing has been left out of my scenes. The result is a thorough study of nature, not mere daubs that the modern painter goes in for."

You may think that the letter is quoted in scorn. We assure you that it is not. Mr. Simpson has as much right to put it all into his pictures as has Peggy Bacon or Henri Rosseau. Indeed, he is a good deal like the latter in his meticulousness; except of course that Simpson never goes into himself, being content with his transit-trained eye and his hand reared on topography maps. Here is this engineer, past middle age, after a lifetime spent in gazing over the far horizons of Texas brush and sand-red rivers, settling down to be an artist. They

don't know much about art in his neighborhood, so he seeks New Orleans. There must be atmosphere in New Orleans. Degas found it there. And Simpson, in sending on his works at Anderson's suggestion, has hopes of a wider public in the Athens of America. "I have plenty more at home," he continues after a list of prices; "the one with the snow should bring at least \$35."

The works of Simpson have to be seen to be understood. No chronicle can give you any idea of it. It is not the kind of American primitive that you see in bootblack stalls, the mill and the water wheel, nor even the sort that sells on the Atlantic City boardwalk. But it is distinctively American and a product of the soil. It is also a product of a philosophy, the result of an era of big business, efficiency. Coupled with that is a man's training. If you are an engineer and make a mistake of a fraction of an inch, your railroad may come out in another State than the one you planned. Mr. Simpson knew that, and took it with him into art. There is a water color of a flower ranch with

two little girls picking baskets of posies. The ranch must be acres. The flowers are myriad. But they are there, all of them, in their proper order, proper colors; if there is a bee after nectar in one of the flowerets, Mr. Simpson has put in the bee. A ranch house on the horizon is there in its proper elevation and color through the Texas haze. This all may sound rather silly. Perhaps it is. The sophisticates will assure you that it is silly. But it gave us a great kick.

Mr. Simpson has a lot of things up his sleeve aside from his transit, level, and tape. He has color, an inherent sense of design. He can do flip-flops with recession. If we had a thousand extra dollars, we believe we would buy up the Simpsons now for sale, get on a train and take the artist a copy of the life of Van Gogh, Cézanne, The Primer of Modern Art, and perhaps a stick of dynamite. Or perhaps a pair of smoked glasses through which he could see dimly. Maybe he won't paint a truly great picture until his eyesight begins to fail and he can only see a dozen miles. But we wager he will some day. If painting is "the



"THE GOLD RUSH"

Charlie Chaplin breaks a year's screen silence to sound the pathetic note with his unusual artistry

art of charming the eye by color and line," as Meier-Graeffe says, our Texas discovery is a great painter. He can charm like one of his native rattlesnakes.—M. P.

Moving Pictures

TO parade sophistication in the face of "The Wanderer," which arrived at the Criterion after stage showings in 1917 A.D., would be like naughtily quoting from George Jean Nathan at Sunday School. Yet one cannot help but feel that the "Paramount Bible Class" version of the Prodigal Son and his butter-and-egg-man wanderings is like unto a Sunday School lesson with sex appeal. Besides, for a modern, entirely surrounded by Darrow, it offers a too tempting target for supercritical broadside in its sweet simplicity of theme and moral.

Summarily the picture is, if supremely smooth-flowing, somewhat slow in getting away, and having got away somewhat too tempestuous in its exaggeration of orgie, nakedness and pyrotechnical dizziness. It is not without a beauty of tableaux and sensual pageantry which will appeal to you enormously if your tastes run to the Oriental—as ours do not. Yet one cannot help wondering about the equivocal position of the audiences which will enjoy both its nudity and sermon. Still, as we have learned to do in these startling Haysian days, one must take his Bible with a pillar of salt.

MR. THOMAS MEIGHAN lends his Gaelic hardness to a hand-prepared tale by Booth Tarkington, warningly entitled, "The Man Who Found Himself," shown at the Rivoli. With a Columbia Extension Home Study Radio Course in Banking as a working basis, Mr. Tarkington has fashioned a strange and drab combination in the name of sacrifice and eye for an eye drama. For realism he sends Mr. Meighan to actual Sing Sing on a martyr's sentence. There, amidst not too enlightening prison scenes the lad's innate honesty is not long in asserting itself, winning for him the position of Chief Bromide Utterer, Rose Gardener and Trusty. There is also a realistic bit for Julia Hoyt. She plays—not without point, perhaps—a thrice nicked divorcee. She is growing somewhat chubby if you will pardon a young

man's idealism. There are also tiny bits for Miss Lynn Fontanne and Mr. Norman Trevor. Even Mr. Frank Morgan is in the thing. Despite the All-American tendency in casting, it would seem that Mr. Tarkington once upon a time didn't quite know what to do with a dull afternoon.—T. S.

Books

ALREADY Fall novels are coming along in drifts. Of drift number one, the item to which we least grudged a Summer evening is "Ellen Adair," a picture of a ramshackle family—dispirited father, pretentious fool mother, shambling brother, and naturally safe and steady sister—in Edinburgh, as background for the picture of the mettlesome ninny who is gaited for prostitution, and whose home and rearing conduce to her striking her gait. The author, Frederick Niven, knows Ellen-Adairness to the last detail. He has neither a Maxwell Bodenheim nor a Shorter Catechist slant on it. He knows how to render it simply and directly into fiction, and the result is a fine, quiet novel unaware of its own merit.


E. L. GRANT WATSON'S idea for "The Contracting Circle" would have held all the power a master could have put into it. He set himself to show the effects, upon a rancher and his wife, of years in the Australian "bush," whose loneliness not only was deranging, in the ordinary way, to any one staying too long, but had special elemental qualities to which natures like the rancher's would become, in a more subtle way, addicted. How far he succeeded is a question of how hard "The Contracting Circle" hits you. In our case the impact was scattering.

DOODAB" is ambitiously modern, expressionistic. It happens, though, that Harold A. Loeb has something to express, and the fantasies in which poor Doodab takes refuge from his overbearing wife, and fights the go-getter materialism he cannot fight in fact, are genuine and striking flights of imagination. There are features of the book—the wife is one—that are merely crude and bad, but Doodab is always interesting and generally appealing, and his daughter Luella is excellent.—TOUCHSTONE

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

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SPORTS OF THE WEEK

THE Women's National Tennis Tournament, after a week or so of matches for the elimination of those who couldn't have won it anyway, narrowed down to the semi-finals, and now is past history. Some players were unexpectedly trampled under foot during those first rounds—stalwarts who this column thought would stand far longer than they did; and this without belittling the rugged calves of Miss Wills or Mrs. Mallory. And now that it is over, those who made a point of being cautious can say, "I told you so." We, as it happened, were wrong.

But anyone who saw the matches, especially those on the Saturday when Miss Wills beat Miss Goss, and Miss McKane beat Mrs. Mallory, came away with a feeling that in spite of there having been no upsets, there was and always will be something "funny" about women's tennis. Sex, in other words, will out. Mrs. Mallory, perhaps, played somewhat like a man, but no one else did; which is why one heard here and there in the stadium people saying with peculiar emphasis that they liked women's tennis or that they did not.

On that Saturday, as it happened, there was about half a stadium of opinionated people. Somewhat cynically, we thought, and without a great deal of sportsmanship, they came to see how a number of young women would behave. And they were

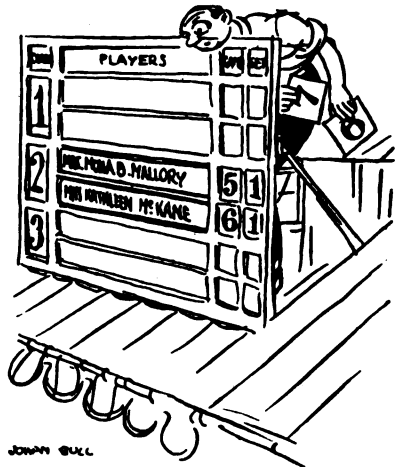
delightfully shown. At least four of them, in the singles, comported themselves with all the individuality that could have been desired.

In the first match there was a Miss Wills, a champion, who goes to bed at 8.30 during the tennis season, a young girl withal; and there was a Miss Goss, a pleadingly amateur player, an inveterate semi-finalist, a Phi Beta Kappa at Vassar, who goes to the theatre whenever she wants to no matter what the season be. In the second match there was a Mrs. Mallory, a dark woman, unimaginative, methodical, immensely strong, and very much undismayed, who has beaten some very good people and had a swell time doing it; and there was a Miss McKane who had all kinds of shots to offer, and who got more and more tired with every shot—who, this day at any rate, wavered between confidence and despair in a manner not to be expected in a player of such immense ability. As you may guess, both matches were filled with all kinds of subtleties.

In the first match Miss Wills, with unconscious rudeness, set herself to the task of getting into the finals where she belongs without any unnecessary thought. It is her weakness; for although she has a right to do this, it isn't wise in the long run. And from the first game to the last, she paid very little attention to Miss Goss across the net; simply stroking the balls as they came to her, and letting her opponent struggle anyway she wanted to. It was instructive to those who want to know what makes American champions. For on the one side was a performance of the highest quality, and on the other something unquestionably superlative on tap whenever needed—the extra talent—the sort of thing for which they pay that additional \$50,000 to artists like Fanny Brice and Will Rogers.

In the second match Mrs. Mallory, at the signal "play," began delivering her wares—her best, we think—and continued to do so until it came time to shake hands. So far as we know, she could have played five more sets in the same manner, and would have been glad to do it. And in this match, it was Miss McKane who struggled. She tried this and she tried that; she decided the only way to beat Mrs. Mallory was on the back hand, and she changed her mind; she decided the net was the place for her to be, and she decided it wasn't—and I think she went off the court without having decided anything; only thanking Heaven that the British could still blunder through somehow.

It was a horrid experience. All through the match she was being beaten in the back court and passed at the net. She has read in the papers that she won, but



JOHAN BULL

she doesn't understand it. She is just indignant that a machine like Molla Burstled Mallory exists.

TWO very fine matches they were. And looking into the future, without regard for scores in the tournament just ended, Miss Wills stood out as the only one of the four who suggests that she could ever develop a game that would beat Mlle. Lenglen at her best. It makes no matter how often the child is beaten; in our opinion she has the extra ounce of talent—the last sixteenth—the thing they pay Babe Ruth the extra \$50,000 for. But then on the same score whisper this: any girl who is inclined to let well enough alone, who disregards any department of the game however minor on the supposition that it isn't important, will not beat Lenglen. Perhaps Miss Wills is not guilty of this, but she often gives that impression. She is too often blasé. And were we one of those who have her destiny in hand, we would ask her please to remember that the Mademoiselle of France plays admirably from the backline or the net, it matters not which, either on one foot or two, or lying down or standing on her head as the exigencies of the match require. We for one, like women's tennis. But we don't understand it.

But that is that. One of the finest women's tournaments in history is over: we wonder will the men's be as good.

NOTIFY all Easterners that the Gold Cup is coming back with me to Detroit after the races at Manhasset Bay in August!"

Commodore Gar Wood of Detroit speaking. He was, of course, referring to the Gold Cup races to be held Saturday of this week off Long Island on Manhasset Bay. The veteran racing man who for ten years has been making motor boat history was doing more than issue a verbal challenge to Eastern racing men



when he said those words. He was, through the medium of the long distance telephone, entering with my good friend, Charles F. Chapman, the chairman of the Race Committee, his new speed boat Baby America II. Mr. Chapman, in his other rôles, is the editor of *Motor Boating*, and a good deal of a racing enthusiast himself. Last August at Detroit, driving the speed boat, *Miss Columbia*, owned by a syndicate of members of the Columbia Yacht Club of New York, he won the second heat of the Gold Cup race in record time, averaging 46 miles an hour. Only a floating bottle from the (I suppose) Canadian side prevented him from taking a first in the finals.

The Gold Cup Regatta this week is going to be the biggest thing in motor boating in this country. For the three days, over three hundred boats have entered in the different classes, and there are fourteen entries for the Gold Cup itself. The Gold Cup is a historic trophy. It has been fought over since 1904; and last August, after a visit of almost ten years in the Middle West, it was brought back to New York by *Baby Bootlegger*, the boat owned and piloted by Caleb S. Bragg, and equipped with a special Packard motor.

Besides the cup defender which will be driven this year by Colonel Jesse G. Vincent, vice-president of the Packard Motor Car Company, who, it will be recalled, drove his own Packard equipped boat to victory in 1922, Mr. Bragg has a new Crouch designed racer, *Running Wild*. And Detroit, as may be gathered from Commodore Wood's statement, is determined to take back the Gold Cup to Michigan.

Besides his boat, Horace E. Dodge, head of the Dodge Boat Works of Detroit, will have two, and possibly three Crouch designed boats in the race.

Carl Fischer of Miami is attempting to stage the 1926 races for the Gold Cup next Winter in Florida by challenging with his *Baby Shadow*, a speedy craft with a 260 h.p. Wright marine engine. A man who knows motor boats and who has seen her under way tells me she has enormous possibilities.

An unusual boat built entirely of duraluminium for George H. Townsend, 2nd, of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club of Greenwich, Connecticut, will also be watched with interest.

Mr. Townsend, who is besides being a devotee of racing, the president of the Boyce Motometer Company, has appropriately enough called his craft *Baby Motometer*.

The Gold Cup race itself will be run on Saturday, August 29, in three thirty-mile heats. There will also be aqua plane races by Hawaiian experts, several long distance races for motor boats, and the One Mile Championship of America in six one-mile heats. Steel railway barges,

each capable of seating five thousand persons, have been placed on Manhasset Bay for spectators; and with the three thousand yachts at anchor during the running of the events, this first motor boat meeting on Long Island waters since 1912 should indeed be a sight worth going a long way to see.

EARLY in the week I met Rene Lacoste, the mainstay of the French Davis Cup team, just off the Rochambeau from Havre. He seemed glad to be here, and declared that he was in good condition and hoped to do his best in the Davis Cup matches in September. As he is never in anything but good condition, this is hardly news. However, it is worth noting that for the first time the French team has landed here two weeks or more before their first match. They are taking no chances on climate and surroundings in their endeavor to be the challengers of the United States this year for the first time in the twenty-five years of the Davis Cup.

I DROPPED in the other day at the Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show at Mr. E. T. Bedford's private race track at Green's Farms, Connecticut. For the second year the Fairfield County Hunt Club has staged its show in the setting of rolling hills and countryside that might well have been Bucks, Hants, or any one of the six Home Counties in the neighborhood of London. An organization unique among Hunt Clubs, this progressive organization numbers among its members horse lovers and sportsmen from the artist colony at Westport and Norwalk who have organized a polo team representing the club which plays matches weekly with local teams. The program for the two days show was excellently conceived and carried out, including events for hunters, polo ponies, saddle horses of different weights, as well as separate classes for ladies and children.

In the near future the club expects, so I am told, to erect a clubhouse, plans by Mr. Paul Cutler being already drawn up.

Horsemen in plenty were in evidence at Green's Farms, notable among them being Brigadier General Debevoise who showed horses in several classes, Reginald Vanderbilt, Fred Bedford, William T. Eno, and others. At luncheon I observed Anna Fitzu, Everett Shinn with Mrs. Shinn, Governor Templeton of Connecticut, John Held discussing the construction of the two new polo fields with Robert Fay, the captain of the polo team, Van Wyck Brooks, Richard Connell and Mrs. Connell, Clark Fay, Mrs. William Gellatley, Greeley Macy and, of course, Mr. Bedford who is to such a large extent responsible for the success of the club.

—J. R. T.

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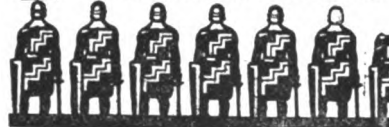
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WHERE TO SHOP

INWARD BOUND

The first few winter residents, bound inward from Europe, world tours, and American summer resorts are beginning to dot the railway and steamship terminals. They are like the first spattering raindrops that precede the deluge. Soon in the smart gathering places of New York, a host of familiar faces will reappear.

Then will begin, in a dusty frenzy, the business of taking the Summer coverings from the furniture and the moth balls from the clothes press. Coincident with this is the delightful task of refurbishing the town house or apartment, of making new selections for the wardrobe, and of catching up on the chic innovations which the small shops have newly created. A Baedekar to the solution of your every decorative desire, personal wish, and household need is supplied by THE NEW YORKER's confidential guide.

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"LOW BRIDGE"

is a signal for a rapid and instinctive movement, of one's cranium, from the dangerous upper atmosphere. The command, warning of danger, is sufficient. Equally sufficient is THE NEW YORKER's shopping guide post, "Where to Shop." It points to quality and service. These columns will open one's eyes to many treasures, classified for your convenience.

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The man about town to-day finds his parallel in the lady about town. She is an inveterate seeker of a flicker of tasteful color that tells her she has discovered a new source of attractive possessions. These may range from old brass candlesticks unearthed in a curio shop pungent with romance, to a more utilitarian but exceedingly dainty pair of shoes.

The shopping guide of THE NEW YORKER is carefully designed to be a chart for the exploring lady about town. When she starts out to follow a recommendation appearing in the columns below, it will always be with a sense of adventure, but adventure that is certain to end happily.

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THREE MAIDENS

went shopping. They knew what they wanted. For "Pat," "Hat," and "Mat" had perused THE NEW YORKER's shopping columns and had, then, set out with a certainty of quality and service at the stores that they would visit, on their trip.

Restaurants

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.

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Luncheon and afternoon tea.
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GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

(From Friday, August 28, to Friday, September 4, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth

The last week of as great an American play as you're likely ever to see.

GARRICK GAETIES—Garrick

A festive and entertaining revuelet by the young people of the Theatre Guild.

SPRING FEVER—Maxine Elliott's

An amusing comedy of Life among the Golfers.

ROSE-MARIE—Imperial

Last season's musical sensation, with Desiree Ellinger and William Kent.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

The funniest revue Mr. Ziegfeld has ever offered. It is now in its last few weeks.

LOUIE THE XIV—Cosmopolitan

A lavishly staged musical play, with some fooling around by Leon Errol's legs.

ARTISTS AND MODELS—Winter Garden

The eighteen Hoffmann girls and Phil Baker and Rogers and Brennan—and, in general, as entertaining a revue as the town has seen in many years.

THE STUDENT PRINCE—Jolson's

A near operetta, with a book based on "Old Heidelberg" and much fine music finely sung.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

The Pulitzer Prize play, with superb acting by Pauline Lord.

THE GORILLA—Selwyn

A mad burlesque of the stencilled mystery play.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—George M. Cohan

O'Neill's play, the one that's causing the English newspapers to dust off their editorials about the censorship.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Apollo

A typical edition of Mr. White's annual offering.

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

The most amusing comedy in town, with shrewdly selected dialogue in the American language.

THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

Another comedy in the American language, with Ernest Truex in excellent histrionic form.

MOVING PICTURES

THE GOLD RUSH

Charlie Chaplin dispensing laughs and tears near the Arctic. See him: this is your only life. Strand.

"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

ELLEN ADAIR, by Frederick Niven (*Boni & Liveright*). A "dangerous girl" and her sensible sister, in a lower middle class home in Edinburgh.

FIRECRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten (*Knopf*). Further ironic developments in the lives of some of his characters. As deep in spots as you can dive, and amusing everywhere.

THE RED LAMP, by Mary Roberts Rinchart (*Doran*). Who killed all those sheep and three and possibly four persons round about a seaside haunted house? You will keep right on reading until you learn.

THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). An Italian couple and their English employers in a villa in northern Italy. After they become old friends of yours, you are treated to an explosion of comedy.

THE PROUD OLD NAME, by C. E. Scoggins (*Bobbs Merrill*). Just a good story, rather a short one, told with consummate skill.

SEA HORSES, by Frances Brett Young (*Knopf*). A tramp freighter's chivalrous captain takes

KISS ME AGAIN

High comedy extracted from low divorce complications. If there must be movies, let us have more of Mr. Lubitsch, director. Broadway Theatre, Fri., Sat., Aug. 28, 29.

SIEGFRIED

Abridged version of Siegfried the Nordic's life, not without its beauty spots, magnificence and plain dullness. Concomitant with Wagner's score, it may be an experience to you. Century.

THE UNHOLY THREE

A little plain terrorizing by a sideshow trio with Mr. Chaney playing neither centipede, tarantula, lobster, beetle, scarab, dodo, tsetse fly, octopus nor housefly. Good melodrama. Loew's Lexington, Sat., Aug. 29.

ART

HARWOOD H. SIMPSON—Weyhe Galleries

Introducing, via Sherwood Anderson, something new in American artists.

AMERICANS—Medium—Milch Galleries

A fair sample of what this gallery keeps, and keeps.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Lewisohn Stadium

The Philharmonic Orchestra, with Willem Van Hoogstraten conducting, Fri., Sat., Sun., Aug. 28, 29, 30, when the season closes with your two favorite symphonies—Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" and Beethoven's Fifth.

MUNICIPAL OPERA COMPANY—Polo Grounds Wed., Sep. 2, "Carmen," with Ethedra Aves and others. Look at the morning paper for details before starting. This company did a good "Aida" in July.

SPORTS

TENNIS—West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I.

Fri., Sat., Mon., September 4, 5, 7. Interzone Davis Cup Finals, France, with Lacoste, Borotra and Brugnon, against Australia with Anderson, Patterson and Hawkes for the right to challenge the United States at Philadelphia, Sept. 11.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club, New York

Thurs., Sept. 3. Annual Fall Regatta.

BASEBALL

At Yankee Stadium: New York vs. Boston, Tues., Wed., Sept. 1, 2.

At Polo Grounds: New York vs. St. Louis, Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon., Aug. 28, 29, 30, 31.

a girl to seek her husband in the port of Panda, Africa. Romance, and of distinction. PRAIRIE FIRES, by Lorna Doone Beers (*Dutton*). A North Dakota wheat farmer's spirited daughter between a dreamer and the village banker, who made himself, using a toothpick.

SHORT STORIES

CARAVAN, by John Galsworthy (*Scribner's*). Galsworthy's short and "long-short" stories in a complete collection.

GENERAL

JUNGLE DAYS, by William Beebe (*Putnam*). Essays by the author of "Galapagos" and "Jungle Peace."

THE QUEEN OF COOKS—AND SOME KINGS (*Boni & Liveright*). The slashing original Rosa Lewis of the Cavendish Hotel in London, as drawn out by Mary Lawton with great success.

ORANGES AND LEMONS and THE HOLIDAY ROUND, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Two books. The cream of Milne's *Punch* contributions, except those in "When We Were Very Young."

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THIS beautiful example of an English Inn of the Elizabethan period is located on Park Place, Goshen, N. Y., fronting on Court House Square and overlooking the Historic Track.

No more delightful place will be found to lunch or dine than the open-air dining terrace overlooking the Historic Track and the beautiful hills stretching beyond.

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LAST week, what with the heat and the fact that almost everybody was nursing, none too amiably, his particular edition of the colds, sore throats, and sinus that is going the rounds, chicken sandwiches consumed in the sanctity of the home seemed as desirable as any dinner you had to go out to get, and the radio satisfied all cravings for excitement very nicely, thank you.

One languid excursion down to Greenwich Village with the patient roommate for dinner resulted in the discovery that the Crumperie, on Washington Place, is serving breakfast and luncheon only, during these dull out-of-town days, and will therefore not be its charming self for tea until later on in September. Also found that Frau Greta's, a German restaurant that Charles Hanson Towne occasionally frequents, was apparently closed for the Summer.

There was nothing to do except eat in one of the ten thousand anonymous tea rooms that dot that part of town or go to the Brevoort, which we finally did. I knew perfectly well that the Brevoort is primarily the place to go for breakfast, but the food is excellent and the waiters courteous all the time.

THE only other excitement of the week was the occasion of Texas Guinan's return to the Del Fey Club. Everybody was present, from Ed Gallagher and his new partner, attempting valiantly to remember their new act amidst a good deal of good-natured razzing, to "The little lady who does not sing, or dance, but makes the best coffee in New York—my mother!" The appearance of the hostess, without her necklace of padlocks, which she asserted was so heavy that she left it at home, was greeted by what is popularly known as an ovation. There was the usual jamming of tables, the usual two-by-four dance floor, the usual arguments, the fervent singing of "Boola-Boola" and "Old Nassau" in happy impartiality, and the usual bland cuties in the entertainment, showing the most flagrant coats of tan in New York. At four o'clock in the morning when I departed, soaked to the skin by a glass of ginger ale that had been neatly emptied into my lap, the party was still going strong. No other person in the world can imbue a place with the hilarious vitality that Texas can.

A GREAT mystery surrounds the disappearance of the Russian Eagle, formerly on Fifty-seventh Street, just off Madison Avenue. This was a famous haunt of really high-class Russians and the better type of New Yorkers. Several months ago, General Lodyjensky, the proprietor, suddenly departed for Hollywood to take part in a picture with Gloria Swanson. Shortly afterwards, Madame Lodyjensky, in partnership with a Russian Jew and an Armenian, opened the Russian Eagle Club, on Fifty-seventh Street next to Chalif's. All was well for two weeks. The old clientele did not abandon its favorite haunt.

Then, quite suddenly, a hand-written sign appeared on the door, announcing that the Russian Eagle Club had closed temporarily for repairs. And that was all that was known for several weeks. Gossip now goes the rounds that the old feud between Russian Jews and Armenians had been forgotten sufficiently for Madame Lodyjensky's two partners to unite in an effort to seize more than their share of the profits. She promptly removed her furniture and departed for Hollywood, where her husband is acting as assistant director and impersonator of Napoleon in a film company. Her former partners are left high and dry.

It looks now as if the Russian Eagle were no more. So much the worse for restaurant life in New York. There are few dining places that would be missed, but the Russian Eagle held an unique niche that it will be next to impossible to fill.—LIPSTICK

Walker promises citizens a fair hearing on public questions at the City Hall. We shall throw our influence to any candidate who pledges himself not to see freaks and publicity seekers. Our peerless leader will refuse to meet the longest-whiskered man in Arkansas or to be photographed with a fellow who has hopped on one leg from Ashtabula, Ohio.

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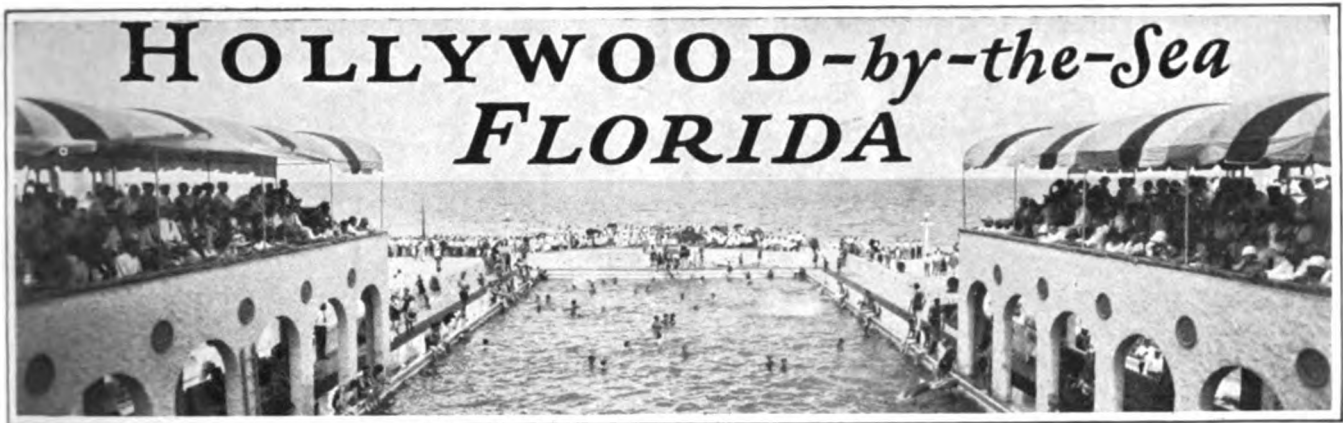
FOR SALE—1 Big white male Goat, also lady's shoes size 3 1-2; also 3 pairs of children, the same size. Phone 4221.

—From Anderson (Ind.) *Daily Bulletin*

All Cut Up

At first I thought that many had been killed. There was a horrible cry of terror, followed by moans and shouts. Women and children were separated, and even men lost their heads.

—Interview in Memphis (Tenn.) *Press*



The July 4th celebration at the new \$250,000 Casino and Swimming Pool at Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida.

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Enjoy a fine vacation, and see Hollywood-by-the-Sea. Palm Beach, Miami and Florida's wonderful Southeast Coast. All the country is thinking and talking and wondering about Florida. See Florida, and enjoy a fine vacation too at Florida's All-Year Resort City—Hollywood-by-the-Sea.

Do it, and you will luxuriate in the most valuable vacation you have ever known, and learn the wonderful story of Hollywood-by-the-Sea, the most brilliant gem of Florida's necklace of jewel beaches. You will know the fascination of traveling over the most varied panorama of the sea coast. You will know the charm of the wonderful tropical nights, and moonlit beaches that woo romance.

Then, too, you can learn to know Hollywood, a place to live, a place to enjoy life, a modern seaside city built by Joseph W. Young, in the choicest section of the Florida Southeast Coast.

Hollywood will surprise and thrill you as it has

hundreds of excursionists this summer. You will delight in its modern hotels; its beautiful country club; and above all, its matchless beach, with its \$250,000 rainbow-hued bathing casino.

He is wise who spends his recreation time at Hollywood. The trip is an education in itself. You will find improvement as well as pleasure; your outing will do double service.

To take this trip costs but \$150—every expense included: Transportation on boat and motor bus—berth and meals on the boat—meals and sleeping quarters at the Hollywood Hotel—all amusements and entertainment.

Yes, \$150 for it all!

But you must act quickly. Get your reservations in at once. They are accepted in the sequence they are received. Decide to visit Hollywood, and broaden your horizon in a dozen ways of improvement.

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Oct. 6 — Oct. 13 — Oct. 20 — Oct. 27

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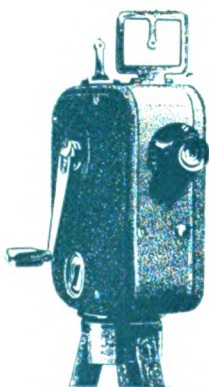
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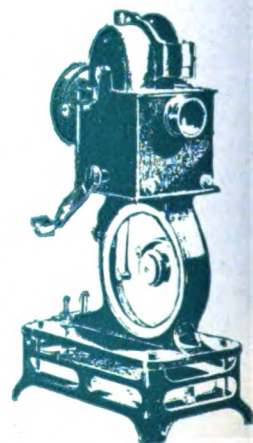
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