

March 14, 1925

Standard Library
SEP 8 1938
Price 15 cents

THE NEW YORKER





From a letter
from MRS. HARRIMAN
to HARDMAN, PECK & CO.

"It might interest you to know that I have replaced my old piano with a Hardman and in my judgment it is not only a splendid musical instrument but most satisfactory in every way."

Mrs. Oliver Harriman



Among those
who have
recently acquired
the HARDMAN

MRS. OLIVER
HARRIMAN
ANTONIO SCOTT
THE DUCHESS
OF RICHELIEU
BENIAMINO GIGLI
MRS. JULIA HOYT
THE SMITH
COLLEGE CLUB

The Hardman is preeminent in social life, in the world of art, in the realm of music

Leading New York Decorators unanimously endorse the Hardman's beauty of line and wood. *Merely as an article of decoration, this instrument adds an element of rare beauty and harmony to any interior.*

In the music room of the Duchesse de Richelieu . . . in Mrs. Oliver Harriman's charming town house . . . in the artistic village studio of Julia Hoyt . . . you will find the Hardman.

And the same piano which they de-

mand in their homes they hear at the opera.

For that most severe of critics—the Metropolitan Opera House—chose the Hardman as its Official Piano because of its wonderful richness and purity of tone.

And due to its marvelous quality of enduringness, the tone of the Hardman actually improves, grows more mellow . . . more full-throated each passing year.

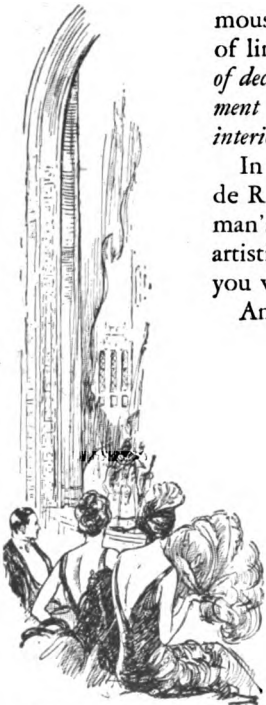
Hardman Pianos \$800 up
Small Deferred Payments

HARDMAN, PECK & CO.

433 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
47-51 FLATBUSH AVENUE, BROOKLYN

**HARDMAN
PIANOS**

Official Piano of the Metropolitan Opera House



In Homes of
Le Beau Monde

In the fashionable residences on The Avenue and along the Drive . . . in the exclusive sections of Gramercy Park . . . the Hardman is rapidly replacing other instruments.

For today, a fine piano must charm two senses—sight and sound.



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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

THE signs of tremendous agogging by members of the Monday Opera Club these days are the advance tokens, of course, of the possible visit to our shores of Queen Marie of Rumania. Miss Zoe Beckley, a newspaper sob sister who has shed sufficient tears in type to keep the alligator industry going for ten years, is arranging the affair. At the time of writing, Miss Beckley was concluding a two weeks' tour of Her Majesty's domains as the guest of the Queen, much discussion of details having gone on. More may be going on in Bucharest at this moment.

Miss Beckley bids fair to become the greatest white elephant importer of our generation. She was Lady Astor's liaison agent during her visit, and it is to her that the United States owes M. Coue and the "every day in every way" fad from which it was rescued by Mah Jongg and cross word puzzles. There is a ray of hope here: maybe Her Majesty of Rumania will bring us something which will drive the cross word puzzle books on to the bargain counters of the chain drug stores.

The Queen is understood to have been offered a contract with one newspaper to write her impressions of the United States. For New York City rights to the series, the price offered is truly regal, naturally, or about as much as Irvin Cobb gets for one short story, to wit, four thousand dollars. Considering the remaining markets for a syndicated series, it is evident that Her Majesty should be able to stop off for a shopping excursion in Paris on the return trip.

What causes the agogging in Monday Opera Club circles is the memory of the graciousness of the Grand Duchess Cyril, who accepted reverence at ten dollars

the bended knee. Her Majesty doubtless will not be less gracious, although perhaps the fee will be a bit higher. Say, twenty-five a curtsy, remembering that a reigning queen is worth more than a claiming grand duchess, and what with the old feudal retainers forming unions, and such-like, and the general belief of modern scholarship that where Mark Twain's two Jews starved to death was not Edinburgh, after all, but Bucharest.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, it develops, is going to write a novel. Perhaps, for all one knows, he has already written one and published it under a *nom de plume*. Maybe "The Girl of the Limberlost" is his. At all events, he is at work on a new one.

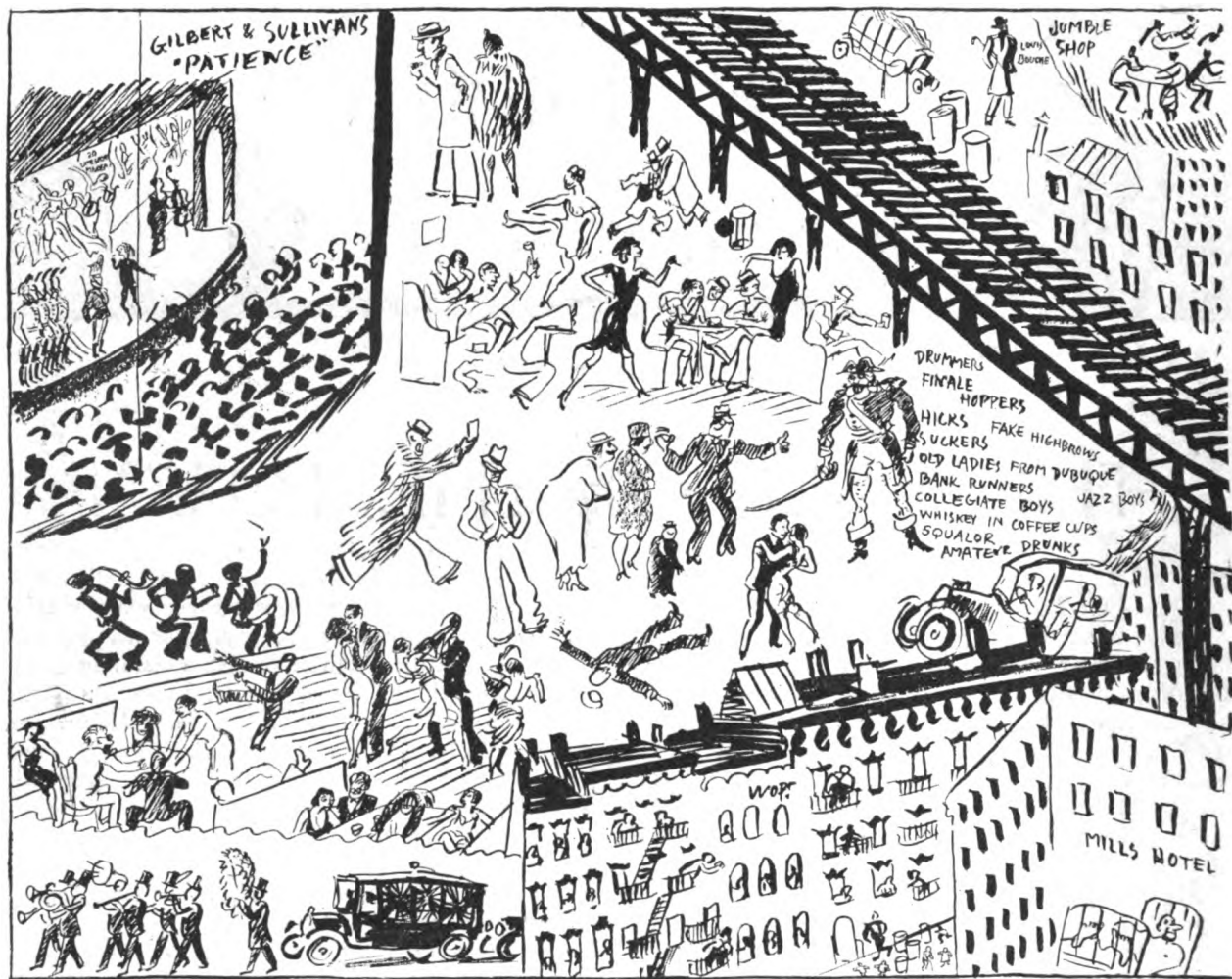
It is Mr. Nathan's desire to write a novel and to engage in other creative activities which the present demands upon his time are said to make so difficult, that is said to be behind his decision to retire as co-editor of the *American Mercury*, beginning with the July issue. On the other hand, there are those who say thus and thus, but the official version is that his own writing interests have begun to prevail decisively over his editorial obligations.

Nathan will not completely sever his connection with the *Mercury* and it is said that a title of Associate Editor has been found for him. He will continue to serve as the *Mercury's* dramatic critic.

Europe, despite the fact that it has been kept secret until now, will know Nathan this Summer, and so he will probably have a new list of Teutonic names for the Fall and Winter critical trade.

H. L. Mencken,





Greenwich Village

upon the departure of Nathan, will be the sole editor of the *Mercury*. Thus, in July, 1925, will a perhaps only temporary finis be written to a partnership in editorial direction that began on the *Smart Set* in 1914.

One sheds a tear.

BROCK PEMBERTON; the producer, on the eve of presenting a play to New York, was discussing the Dobbs fire sale, explaining that he had waited forty-five minutes to buy a new shirt. "What," said David H. Wallace, "do you want to buy a new shirt for? You'll only lose it next week."

AMONG press agents Ivy Lee is one of the few who deserves the impressive title of "Director of Public Relations," which the craft has adopted with wistful unanimity. Mr. Lee's best known work is the *Subway Sun*, that gay ray of light in the otherwise stygian darkness of the underground. He doesn't edit it himself, any more than John D. Rockefeller peddles gasoline by the gallon, but his spirit is in it. One of the bright young men of the Lee organization does the immediate work. There are many such bright young men, of whom Mr. Lee is the field marshal. All "used to be newspaper men once themselves."

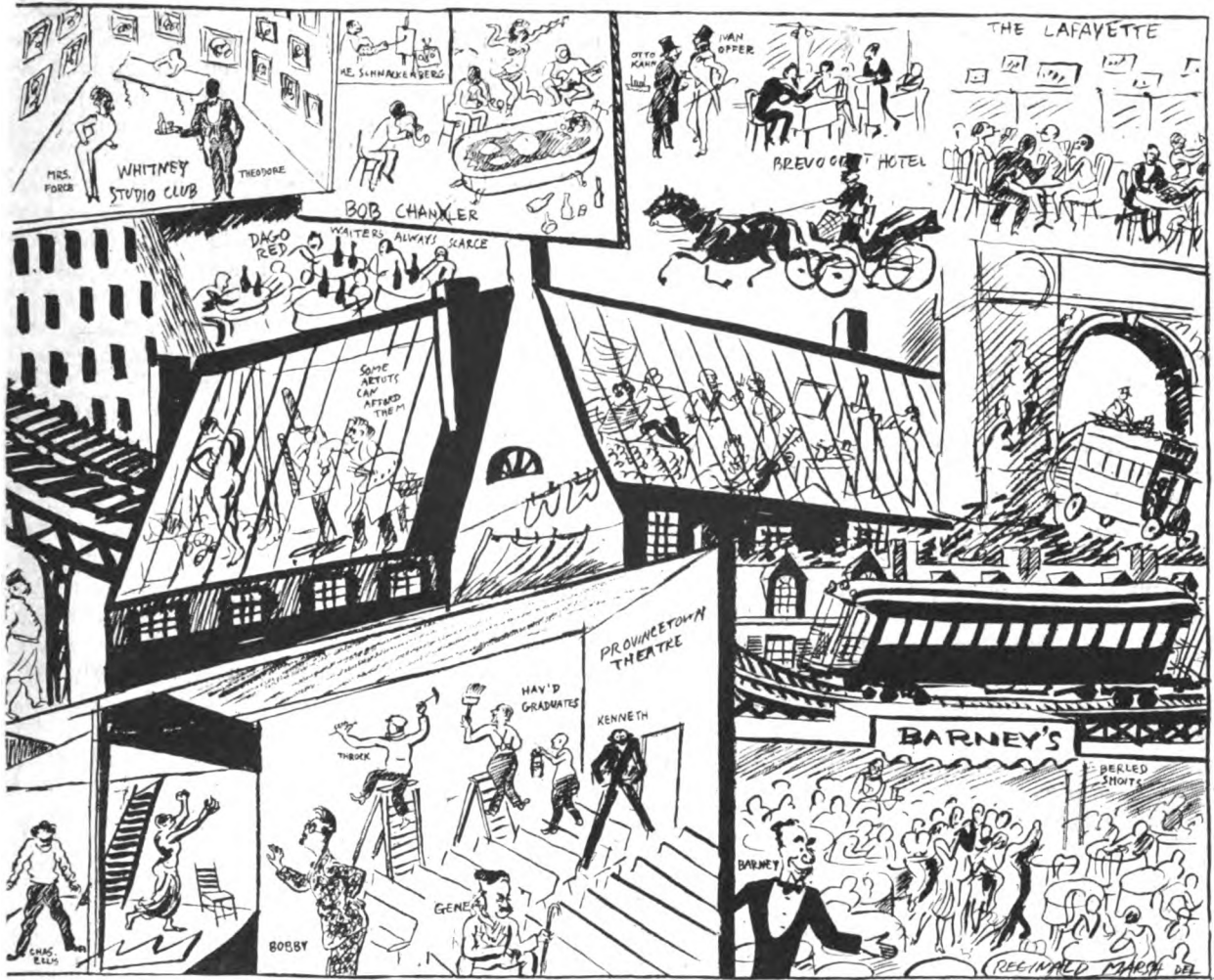
Every reporter who seeks information about any member of the Rockefeller family, or Mr. Vincent Astor, or the Standard Oil Company, must see Mr. Lee, or one of his representatives, and take what is handed out. The Interborough Rapid Transit Co., too, is included in the list of the imposing persons and corporations in whose cabinets Mr. Lee holds the portfolio for Public Relations, at considerably above Washingtonian rates. His retaining fees are imposing.

He does, to be sure, exercise a benevolent censorship. He says what is best for his clients, and the rest is silence. Unless, of course, Abby Rockefeller should be arrested for speeding, in which circumstance the affair is beyond his control.

One of the New York *American's* brightest lights, Edward Doherty, lately learned how suavely Mr. Lee works. The Hearst paper had been informed that Miss Abby Rockefeller's engagement to David Merriwether Milton, Jr., was to be announced soon. Mr. Doherty was assigned to run the report down. When he leaped out of the dreary office on William Street he had in hand the makings of the best society news beat in many a day.

Mr. Doherty went direct to the fountain head. He called at the imposing residence of young John D., in West Fifty-fourth Street. Mrs. Rockefeller received him graciously.

"Oh, yes," she admitted, with rather disarming



Playground of the Bronx

naivete, "it's true. But we did not plan to announce it until Saturday. I haven't time to discuss the details, but you may get them from Mr. Ivy Lee. I'll give you a note to him."

Presently Mr. Doherty found himself in Mr. Lee's office. Yes, said Mr. Lee, it was quite true. Perhaps it would be better if he consulted Mrs. Rockefeller, checking up on the date of the marriage and such details. Would Mr. Doherty be so good as to call at the Rockefeller town house at six o'clock? Mr. Doherty would.

Meantime, many bright young men sprang to action in Mr. Lee's office. Telephones jingled on every city desk in town, for if Mr. Doherty wanted a scoop, Mr. Lee was interested, in this specific moment, in seeing that the news was widely disseminated. So, when Mr. Hearst's reporter returned to West Fifty-fourth Street he found many fellows of his craft gathered in the great reception room of the Rockefeller mansion. At the appointed hour Mr. Lee gave out carefully exact statements to representatives of every newspaper in the city, and of every news association. The *American's* scoop went glimmering.

Mr. Doherty protested. He had had an exclusive tip. He resented having its exclusiveness destroyed. However much Mr. Doherty ranted, Mr. Lee was forever turning the other cheek. One suspects that whichever cheek he turned he may have had his tongue in it.

THEY do say that up at Columbia University students in an American literature course took little interest in the announcement of "The Scarlet Letter" as prescribed reading. Later the professor added that it was the story of "How Hester Won Her A." There was no further reluctance—Hawthorne got the job.

THE English call it "swank." In the Profession, that is, in the outer fringes of the Profession, it passes as "front." What name Big Business has for it is uncertain, but surely it is no simple word of one syllable. The dentist who applied the psychology of the thing so successfully has not labelled the process, possibly because he is too well satisfied with the results. Perhaps because he deems it pure Genius, as it may be.

He is a youngster, this dentist, out of college since the Armistice. He was struggling along in an office away from the fashionable centers, acquiring a nice gloss on his clothes as he sat along waiting for patients who somehow took their molars and bicuspid elsewhere. And how much sharper than a serpent's tooth to a young dentist are friends already equipped with Carmichael bridges.

He became disgusted waiting for something to happen, this young dentist, so he sold his equipment and his practice, in the order named, for five thousand

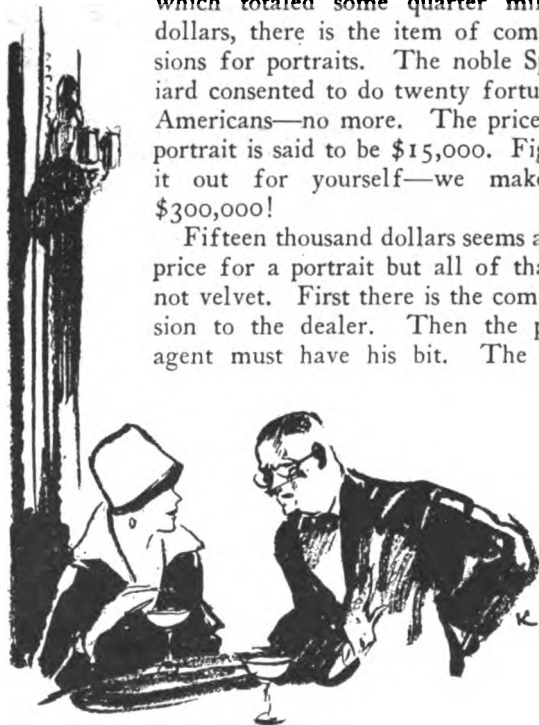
dollars. Uptown, further, one of the most fashionable hotels in the course of remodelling, had provided a few professional suites. The young man rented one, paid most of his money as a first installment on elaborate furnishings and imposing machinery, and the bulk of the remainder to outfit two attractive young ladies as superlatively swanky attendants.

Inquiries among his associates gained him the information that the most grasping of dentists, aside from the surgeon extractors, had not hitherto dared to charge more than twenty dollars an hour for their services. Calmly, he set his price at forty dollars an hour and within a month—reverting to the parlance of the Profession—he was turning 'em away.

His patients mostly are perfectly sweet and perfectly wealthy old ladies, who have nothing to worry about but their health; and, surely, forty dollars an hour is not too much when one remembers that the young man is paid more for listening to symptoms than for any dental repair work he may do. He does little of that, anyway, arguing that since most of his patients are rapidly approaching their twilight, they don't want oral improvements that cannot be other than temporary. His major cares are not to inflict physical hurt on anyone; and to be sure that the mulled wine and the excellent tea he serves each afternoon are to the tastes of the nice, old dears who so willingly pay him twice as much as anyone else in town has had sufficient genius to charge them.

AS the art dealers in New York survey the wreckage, looking nervously about to see which point of the compass might bring the next cyclone, they devote their odd moments to calculations and figures. Most of these calculations, one would hope, have to do with the hire of press agents. For all of them, we hear, have become firm believers in the genus press agent since the Zuloaga onslaught. Aside from the museum pieces, sold the first day, which totaled some quarter million dollars, there is the item of commissions for portraits. The noble Spaniard consented to do twenty fortunate Americans—no more. The price per portrait is said to be \$15,000. Figure it out for yourself—we make it \$300,000!

Fifteen thousand dollars seems a big price for a portrait but all of that is not velvet. First there is the commission to the dealer. Then the press agent must have his bit. The cost



of the canvas is not to be hastily overlooked, either.

A rapid calculation will give you a rough idea. A standing portrait, say: Nine feet of canvas will be necessary for the legs, another four for the torso and two more for the head. The dogs at the feet, or the bull ring, will require at least three feet more. Everyone of course is not fortunate enough to have an Elsinore, even by marriage, for a background. But there is the packing plant, or the tire factory, or the oil derrick, and any of those heraldries will take up another five feet. That is a twenty-three foot canvas and canvas at \$3.50 a yard. A hundred dollars would scarcely cover the paint, even at wholesale.

Then there is the boy who carries the buckets around, handing up the stuff to the master on the scaffold. The items of garden hoes, trowels and airbrush machine seem small but should go on to the total.

The twenty American women (funny how we just assumed they were all women) will have something worth remembering when they get their portraits. And they might as well remember this: The price each pays would support two good artists for a year, or say fifteen students for one year, or, properly used, uncover a dozen or more undiscovered geniuses. And a couple of years from now you'll have a hard time remembering what Zuloaga was. Chewing gum, was it, or a new Volstead drink?

THROUGH one of the side streets in the middle belt, off Fifth Avenue, came a youngster on roller skates, sufficient novelty in himself to attract attention, rattling along the sidewalks, where dusk had fallen and which the lull between homegoing and theatrecoming had left almost deserted. He stooped before one of the street lamps and poked at it with a large, square key. Opening a door in the cast-iron column, he turned a switch and at once a sputtering sounded overhead. The incandescent arc cast an uneasy blue pool on the asphalt, faint in the twilight.

One wondered why a boy was making the rounds so. Until ten years ago all the great lamps on Fifth Avenue and in the neighboring streets were waked to duty by youngsters who made their rounds on roller skates, and shut off when day was flushing by the same boys. These youths were paid \$3.50 weekly, and many an ambitious kid struggled to comparative education on such income. Then the electric light company hooked up the lights to central switches and a choice field of endeavor was forever closed to boys.

THE temperature always drops in the vicinity of an iceberg, so Charles Evans Hughes' association with President Coolidge may account for the public acceptance of its recent Secretary of State as one of those gentlemen with a permanent frosting. It is not so. He is a charming and genial person, even under such trying circumstance as discovering that the Pullman compartment reserved for himself and Mrs. Hughes was occupied by a couple, who held tickets.

The Secretary, warm and friendly, insisted that the couple keep the compartment, yielding to the legal percentage which favors possession. Mrs. Hughes offered a box of candy for the lady's delight. The two cou-

Almost Bedtime*"Economy Is Idealism in Its Most Practical Form."*

ples chatted pleasantly, while the Pullman conductor hunted for an empty compartment elsewhere. He found one in another car, and the couple upon whom Fame light shone less brilliantly than it did on Mr. and Mrs. Hughes insisted on moving, over the protests of the Secretary.

THE not least impressive feature of Harry Houdini's campaigns against the spirits is the perfect synchronization between his denunciations of Mar-

jorie and his appearances as a vaudeville headliner. He doesn't announce such incidents as—well, he sold a story to a New York magazine the other day and received a check with what even he admitted was commendable promptness. Two days later the editor of the magazine received a telephone call from Houdini, asking that payment be stopped on the check. It seems that his pocket had been picked by someone unaware of his identity—or, perhaps, Marjorie has better controls than Mr. Houdini would admit.



OF ALL THINGS



FOSDICK, thank the Lord, is out at last, and the acute problem of over-crowding in the First Presbyterian Church is nearing a solution.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE NEW YORKER wishes one and all an Ideal Ides of March. *Tax vobiscum.*

❖ ❖ ❖

Nils Fischer, the son of the Swedish Rockefeller, recovered his memory after a three-months' lapse and his first remark was probably that time certainly flies and he didn't realize it was so close to income tax day, but would get after the matter right away.

❖ ❖ ❖

The President's inaugural address was exceptionally short. Some of us, however, like the long ones best. In neglecting to read them we save more time.

❖ ❖ ❖

Colonel Coolidge left home for the inauguration in a sleigh. It will interest antiquarians to learn that the vehicle was drawn by one of those quaint, preCal, non-electric horses.

❖ ❖ ❖

The same morning Calvin drove Potential Pegasus only 96 volts, 14 kilowatts. Is the rising generation getting effete?

❖ ❖ ❖

Liberty is offering \$50,000 for an idea for Gloria Swanson. Our Computing Department hopes to be able to announce soon how much it will cost to furnish all our movie actresses with one idea apiece.

❖ ❖ ❖

We have a friend who says he has a big idea for a lot of them which he is willing to give away.

❖ ❖ ❖

We learn that the beginners-in-English class which has been working on that *Times* headline, "DRYS SWAMP WETS IN STATE LAW CLASH", reports no progress.

❖ ❖ ❖

In the play jury plan "the public's rights are to be guarded by John S. Sumner." An interesting new field for Mr. Sumner, who heretofore has been concerned only with wrongs.

❖ ❖ ❖

Our entry in the *World's Biggest News* contest is the story of alleged disharmony between Messrs. Mutt and Jeff. Mr. Mutt, we gather, is a liberal-minded

gentleman, but his patience has been sorely tried from time to time by Jeff's failure to appreciate the difference between liberty and license. Mr. Walter Lippman, it is understood, sees the difference perfectly; while John O'Hara Cosgrave, leader of the Hopeless Minority, is understood to be siding in with Jeff. In the interest of consistent journalism, it is expected that the Council will order someone who can be relied upon not to take issue with Mutt.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE NEW YORKER is not satisfied with this demand to clean up Broadway. There can be no compromise with the theatre. Nothing but complete Prohibition of the Drama, by National Amendment, will suit us. We have no intention of abstaining, but we want to know what G. B. S. will say when his label is pasted on a few bootleg shows.

❖ ❖ ❖

Citizens are protesting against the gag put on Count Karolyi by the State Department. Some people are unhappy when a foreigner *doesn't* lecture.

❖ ❖ ❖

An earthquake finally struck New York, but we didn't know anything about it until we saw it in the papers the next day. A good one on the earthquake. But it sets us wondering. Maybe the world did come to an end on that night when the Apostle of Doom said it would, and the reporters muffed the story. That, we submit, would be a good one on New York.

❖ ❖ ❖

The more we think about it, the more it worries us. If the earth has resigned, it is time we all knew it, no matter what interests may be affected. The *Times* may have got the story, but the *Times* is so definitely opposed to radical changes that it may have considered it unfit to print. Page Upton Sinclair.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE NEW YORKER, incidentally, at some little expense of time and money, has prepared a bill, which is to be introduced into the Assembly of the State of New York at the earliest possible moment. It hereby calls upon all good citizens to come to its support. If there is sufficient demand, THE NEW YORKER will make the necessary arrangements for a special train to carry interested lobbyists to Albany when the bill comes up for discussion.

The bill follows:

AN ACT to make reference to the unfortunate happening of Saturday, Feb. 28, as the New York fire and not as the New York earthquake compulsory. The People of the State of New York, represented



in Senate and Assembly, do hereby enact as follows:

Section 1. The Police of the City of New York and the Police of the State of New York are hereby authorized to shoot on sight and kill or maim any and all persons even suspected of referring to the slight local disturbance in New York City on the night of February the twenty-eighth, 1925, as an earthquake

or anything other than a fire. A bounty of \$1,000 shall be paid to private citizens producing the charred body of anyone making such a treasonable statement.

Section 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

The New Yorker

THE HOUR GLASS

The Stone Mountain Age



Gutzon Borglum

Gutzon Borglum is a rare figure among workers in marble and bronze. He is not a member of the Sculptors' League, which condition does not appear to worry him much; nor, to be impartial, the league. The only parallel suggesting itself would be that of a prominent writing person, resident in New York, who never had lunched at the Algonquin.

It may be gathered that Mr. Borglum is possessed of that fine scorn for things and persons apart which is known as (a) independence of spirit, or (b) boorishness, depending on the point of view.

Destroying models in the course of a dispute is not a new experience to Mr. Borglum. He has all the contempt for lay supervision evinced by Benvenuto Cellini during his residence in the fortress of St. Paul—or was it St. Peter? Twenty years ago, Dr. Sutherland of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine contended that there were no feminine angels, that being before women became what is known as a Power. So Mr. Borglum up and smashed the two figures he had completed for the decoration of the edifice.

Perhaps Messrs. Randolph and Co., of Atlanta, do not know it, but in New York's art circles it is being said they are lucky Stone Mountain is as solid as it is.

The Feted Armenian



Michael Arlen

It was so in old time that a poet called Bunthorne clad himself in rich silks and carried a sunflower. And people who saw him said thus and thus.

In later day arose another, speaking bravely of fair ladies with tiger tawny hair and the sons of blonde earls, his own face and coloring like unto those of the villain in a Drury Lane melodrama. Black, he was, this Michael Arlen, of whom the ladies spoke greatly.

He was forever commanding special cloths to be woven for his weskits; and the greatest of all great coats were fashioned to his young form; and the shiniest of shiny top hats adorned his head. To Paris he flew by specially chartered airplane to keep rendezvous. In London none so Mayfair as he.

And people who saw him said thus and thus, of Bunthorne and of press agency. But, as to that, that is as it may be.

Meet Mrs. Warwick!

However much one may disagree with Tammany's policies, one cannot but admire its politics. The Fourteenth Street General Staff was first in the country to recognize the value of women as political field marshals.

Out of that recognition, the shining light risen thus far, though well hidden under the bushel-like dome of the Capitol in Albany, is Mrs. Henry Moskowitz, who had held various offices under the Smith regimes.

She has been, since genial Al startled the orthodox by proving the first well-dressed Governor of New York State, his closest political adviser. Not even the late Tom Foley's judgments carried more weight than did hers; nor were they any wiser in the ways of the political world. On only one major occasion did Mr. Smith depart from her opinions—when he signed the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Act. This is said to have cost him the Democratic nomination for President, which denial was, remembering Mr. Davis's experience, perhaps Tom Foley's greatest achievement.



Mrs. H. Moskowitz

The Efficient Lady



Edith Ellis

It is amazing how many reputations New York creates without knowing anything about them. In this instance, Edith Ellis. For years—or perhaps one should not say years when a lady is under discussion—for an appreciable length of time, then—she has been toiling in the theatrical vineyards; and her vintages have not been among the poorest, either.

She can dash off an acceptable play manuscript, or direct a play, or perform those skillful operations which sometimes save laboring dramas from Mr. Kane's graveyard. Not only can she do it, but she has been doing it for—an appreciable length of time.

California seems to have discovered her first. It was there her play, "White Collars" ran a year before making its New York debut. And even New York cannot laugh off a year's run, without recourse to some crude quip about the climate.

The lady gives off that distressingly efficient appearance of the woman who directs affairs, as opposed to the lady who merely has them. Never, never, in your wildest dreams could you imagine even the most flip chorine asking Miss Ellis where she bought her lip stick. And if this isn't a picture, we give up.

THE TONSILS OF THE GIFT HORSE

LAST winter it happened that one evening both my wife and I were unable to use our box at the opera. I forget just what it was that prevented us. I think we had promised to attend a rather exclusive public auction of unredeemed pledges.

Be that as it may, we couldn't use our *loge* and so I arranged myself on a couch, with a sagon of prune juice, a box of cigars, an address book, a stop watch and a telephone, and undertook to treat someone to a high class evening of expensive pleasure.

If you have never tried to deal a hand of free opera tickets to a friend, you have no real conception of what selling means. My first beneficiary was Reggie van Runt. I called him before anyone else because he had just got himself engaged to be married, and you know how that is.

"Reggie, old darling," I piped, "what are you going to do to-night?"

"Why?" he answered warily.

"Well, I tell you, Reg, you see Birdie and I have made some sort of date or something—made it some time ago, you understand—and we clean forgot that to-night happens to be our night at the opera, and naturally we thought that perhaps you—"

"Perhaps not," said Reggie. "Sorry I can't oblige, but to-night happens to be the day Harold Lloyd's new one comes out around the corner and I promised Eloise . . ."

I hung up and took a nip of the prune elixir and interrupted Central again. (*Time, including getting telephone number, 15 minutes, 13 2/5 seconds.*)

My next selection was Mrs. Ellery Bilgewater, my wife's cousin who lives in the suburbs and has five charming children. It seemed a logical choice. After interviewing each of the children, in genealogical order, I eventually got the ear of Mrs. Bilgewater herself. To her I propounded my proposition.

"It's perfectly sweet of you," chirped the little woman. "And what's the opera?"

"Crispino," I said, brightly.

"Crispino," she repeated.

"No less," said I.

"And who's to take the parts?"

"Take the parts? Ah, yes, I beg your pardon. Of course. You would want to know that, wouldn't you? Let's see. I suppose Scotti and Didur and—"

"Oh, my dear friend," she broke in, hurriedly. "I am more than sorry. I'd completely forgotten. Billy and I have a bridge party on. Isn't that stupid!"

"Yes, very," I agreed, replacing the receiver. (*Time, twenty-one minutes, 7 3/5 seconds.*)

After a brief interval for refreshment, I made another plunge. I have a venerable aunt who is nearly totally deaf. It seemed to me she had been specially fitted by Providence to enjoy that box.



"Hello, Aunt Lena, hello!" I shouted. "Hello, Aunt Lena, this is Jack. Can you hear me? No? Hello, this is Jack. No. No! Don't you understand? This is Jack. Yes, that's right. This is Jack. Very well, thanks. And you? Ah, that's too bad. I say that's too bad. Listen, Aunt Lena, how would you like our box at the opera to-night? No, not copra. Opera. I don't know its name. What's the difference? You think it's Crispino, do you? You won't go if it is? Wait a moment, I'll look it up. What? You'll look

it up yourself? Hello! . . . Oh, it is Crispino? Well, if you won't, you won't. Good bye . . . Old mudhen."

"If Aunt Lena heard you," observed my wife, who had entered in time to catch my last sentence, "it'll make a difference in her will."

"Never fear," said I, mopping my forehead. "She's sound proof. Pour me out a little of that poison, will you, dear, while I play a rubber with Central?"

When at last old Dr. Jabberwock wheezed into hearing I put it to him thus:

"Dr. Jabberwock, this is the night we usually give up to opera, but unfortunately my wife has made other plans and we shall be unable to go. The opera is Carmen, with Ponselle, Scotti, Amato, Chaliapin, Jeritza, Jolson, Joe Cook and the Duncan Sisters singing the principal roles. Could you go?"

"Just a minute, my boy—" There was a rumbling at the other end of the wire as he spoke to his wife.

He replied: "Too bad it's Carmen. If it were any other piece we'd be glad to help you out."

I am not a man easily discouraged. When I undertake to do something, I undertake it.

I leaped to my feet, and raced to the opera house. A queue of weary-looking addicts reached around the block. I sidled up to a man near the head of the line and smiled.

"What would you say to a box?" I asked him.

He drew away from me, pretending not to hear.

"No fooling," I said. "I've got a box I can't use."

He refused to give me, as the saying goes, a tumble. I went farther down the line. I tried a woman.

"Madam," I began, in an undertone, "I would be happy to give you a box for to-night."

"You're drunk," said she, in a raucous voice.

"Madam," I replied, crimson. "You wrong me. I am not drunk. I must ask you to take that back."

"Police," she roared, "police! Help! Police!"

There was a quick shuffle of steps, and something fell on the back of my neck. When the clouds finally rolled by I found myself in a cubicle dimly lighted by one small window with large iron bars on the outside. (*Time one hour, 45 minutes, 15 seconds.*)

—John Chapman Hilder

THE FOLLIES OF FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

By the Professor

LET me explain, at the beginning of this profound treatise, that I am not a Professor of Dramatic Art. I attend all the shows, but until I read what Woollcott and Broun have to say, I never have the slightest idea whether the play is good or bad.

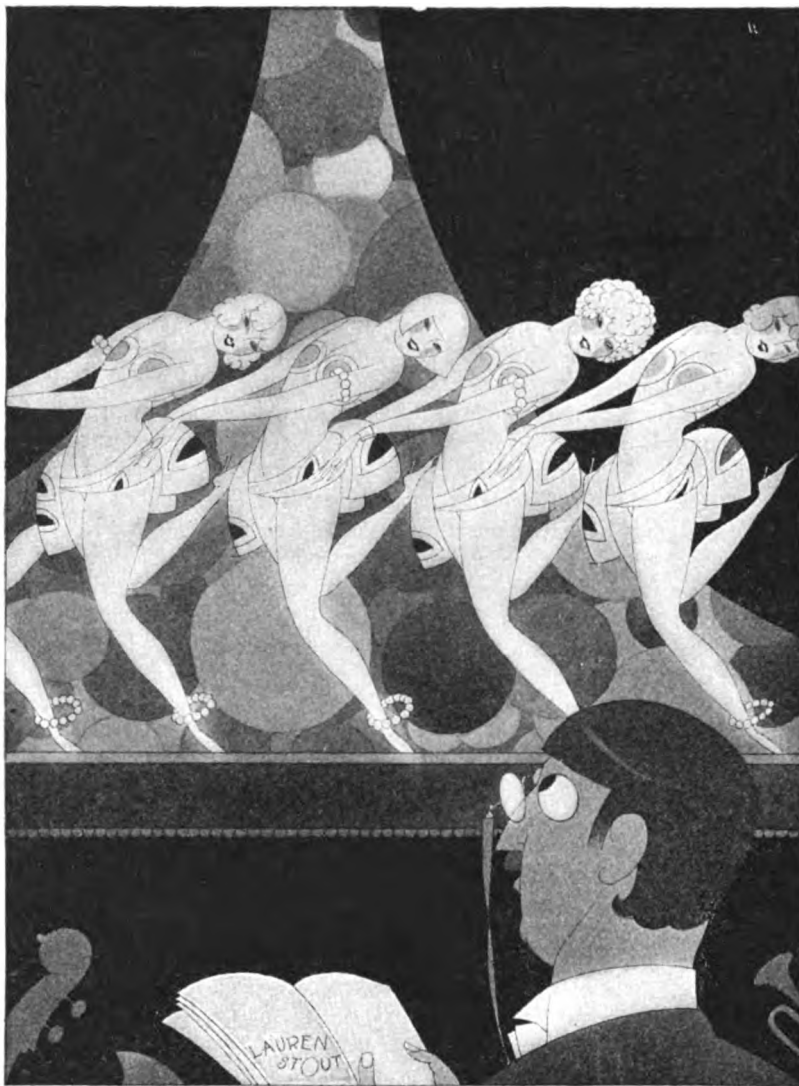
Even then, it used to be a puzzle to me, until I discovered the method by which the New York police determine the religion of the babies they pick up from time to time. It is known as the Odd or Even System. No. 1 is a Catholic, No. 2 a Protestant, No. 3 a Catholic, and so on, except in the occasional instance where the youngster can prove that he was never meant to be a Christian.

My system is still simpler. I give Broun all the decisions on the odd days of the month, while the others all go to Woollcott. In the meantime, I don't care a snap whether the play is good or bad. I am not a Professor of Dramatic Art. I am a Professor of Newyorkology. As a guide to the theatre, this lecture will be worthless. It is intended only for those earnest students of life who are forever asking the question: "What does a New Yorker Think About? And if so, Why?"

In discussing the Ziegfeld Follies, however, I feel free to ignore both Woollcott and Broun. This show was never cut out to be drama, and I can't see what the dramatic critics have to do with it.

Take that Mitty and Tillio number, for instance. It isn't drama. It's osteopathy. Osteopathy De Luxe, and the audience is undoubtedly interested, but calling it a dance doesn't fool anybody but a dramatic critic. The program didn't say which was Mitty and which was Tillio, but whichever one was the girl was admirably undressed for the part. I do not mean that her costume was bold. Far from it. It was positively shrinking. When Ann Pennington appeared, everybody looked at her knees, but when this girl was on the stage, people hardly noticed her knees at all. They looked directly at her.

But I set out to discuss the Follies of Florenz Zieg-



He must glorify the American girl to the limit

feld. You won't find them in the show. Imagine, for instance, calling Will Rogers a Folly. Rogers is a Fact. Rogers is a Point of View. Rogers is a Personal Experience which every New Yorker must have for himself. Follies can be avoided, but Will Rogers can't. One might as well try to avoid adolescence or the income tax. Fight against it as he may, there comes a time in the life of every New Yorker when he finds himself face to face with Will Rogers and the way in which he meets this crisis will just about determine his future happiness. If he accepts Will Rogers and makes the most of him, he may find life a joy; if he continues to struggle, there is little hope.

Probably Mr. Ziegfeld's greatest folly is the notion, which he sometimes entertains, of discontinuing the Follies. Mr. Ziegfeld does not seem to be acquainted with himself. He thinks he is a person. He doesn't know that he is an institution. He is at once the most powerful and the most powerless man in town. For it is the Ziegfeld Follies, not Tammany Hall, which regulates life in the metropolis, nevertheless, Mr. Ziegfeld is not permitted to have anything to say about it.

The most that Tammany can do to New York is to give it a government. Whether it gives us a good

government or a rotten one is pretty much up to Tammany, but if the government is a misfit, nothing much happens except crime waves and graft and epidemics and catastrophes.

If the Ziegfeld Follies didn't exactly fit New York, there's no telling what might happen. They've got to fit. They've got to be just so. Esthetically and morally, New York has no other standard. Not that Mr. Ziegfeld sets the styles in either morals or esthetics. But he registers them, which is a much more responsible job.

He's like the Prince of Wales. H. R. H. must dress correctly, but he can't dress as he'd like to and call that correct. A style isn't really a style until he approves it, but he cannot approve a style until it has become stylish.

Ziegfeld is like that. Every so often, he must produce a "Follies." But he can't experiment; for it is preordained that his show must be absolutely correct. If he puts it on, of course, it becomes correct forthwith; while if Earl Carroll puts it on, it might not become correct for months and months. This is the agony of being an institution and this is what H. R. H. was always belly-aching about.

What does one ribbon, more or less, matter to the average producer of revues? One less might land him in jail, to be sure, but he can always take a chance. Ziegfeld has no such latitude. He must glorify the American Girl to the limit, but he must know in advance exactly where that limit is.

Mr. Ziegfeld seems to imagine (Folly No. 2) that New Yorkers go to the Follies to be entertained. They don't. They go there to worship—and to discover where the exact limit of propriety has moved.

Lastly, Mr. Ziegfeld doesn't know that he is the greatest moral influence in the city. There are many far greater moralists, but they are not influential. New York is instinctively proper, and it insists upon having a standard of propriety. Give it one that is too uncomfortable, however, and it won't wear it very long, but give it one that exactly fits, and New York will scrupulously live up to it. As between John Roach Straton and utter abandonment, it might quite easily choose abandonment. But as between Ziegfeld and anything improper, it votes almost un-animously for Ziegfeld.

I forget whether it was a good show or not, but as a barometer of New York, it can't be excelled.

IN OUR MIDST

ALFRED HARCOURT is forgetting the publishing business for a while in the Southland.

* * *

Charles B. Falls was at the party at Mrs. and Mrs. Charles Wrenn's last week and ate Dorothy Gish's share of sweets, the latter having to stay thin for a picture she is making.

* * *

Arthur Hiram Samuels, the pianist, came back from a trip South last week.

* * *

Ruth Hawthorne, the playwright, who has been sick, is getting along fine.

* * *

F. Scott Fitzgerald and Zelda are in Rome. Scott having about finished a novel to be called "The Great Braxton."

* * *

Hundreds of persons were kept up late last Friday dancing at the Kit Kat ball.

* * *

Stewart Edward White, of California, is in town for the first time in three years, noting the improvements and vice versa.

* * *

Harry Wagstaff Gribble is confined to his left hand owing to a broken finger on his right one.

* * *

Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin, of Chicago, was in town last Friday, calling on Miss Joan Baragwanath, a contemporary of her daughter.

* * *

Mrs. Hilda Gaige gave a grand farewell party to Miss Beatrice Lillie last Thursday night, and then Bee came back with a grand luncheon Friday on the Olympic on which she sailed

back to England Saturday, thus rounding out the week.

* * *

Among those late for the opening of "Starlight" last Tuesday was Herbert Bayard Swope.

* * *

Gilbert Miller, got back from England last week looking a little thinner, he thanked God.

* * *

Mary Brandon Sherwood is on the lamb chop and pineapple list.

* * *

Roland Young was in town one day last week seen running like everything for a train to Boston, where he is in business.

* * *

Mrs. James Stephens was on the sick list the other day, but feels better at this writing.

* * *

Jane Cowl is giving a party this coming Thursday night for some of her friends.



Bill Tilden, II, has gone to Palm Beach, presumably on literary business.

* * *

Philip A. Payne, the dynamic managing editor of the *Daily News*, is bon vivant around town quite a bit these days, as High Guest of clubs ranging from Rotary to Cheese. Last time Phil was heard of he was assisting in the rescue of Imogene Wilson from Frank Tinney's fell clutches, it being early in the morning when Imogene telephoned 25 Park Place for assistance and no reporters of the Strong Arm Squad being available.

* * *

Eugene O'Neill is vacationing in Bermuda, far from the dirt farmers of Broadway.

* * *

Miss Dorothea Antel conducts what is known as a "Bedside Agency" at 600 West 186th Street. Considerable agitation among the younger bloods followed receipt of this information until a grey-head advised it probably meant trained nurses.

* * *

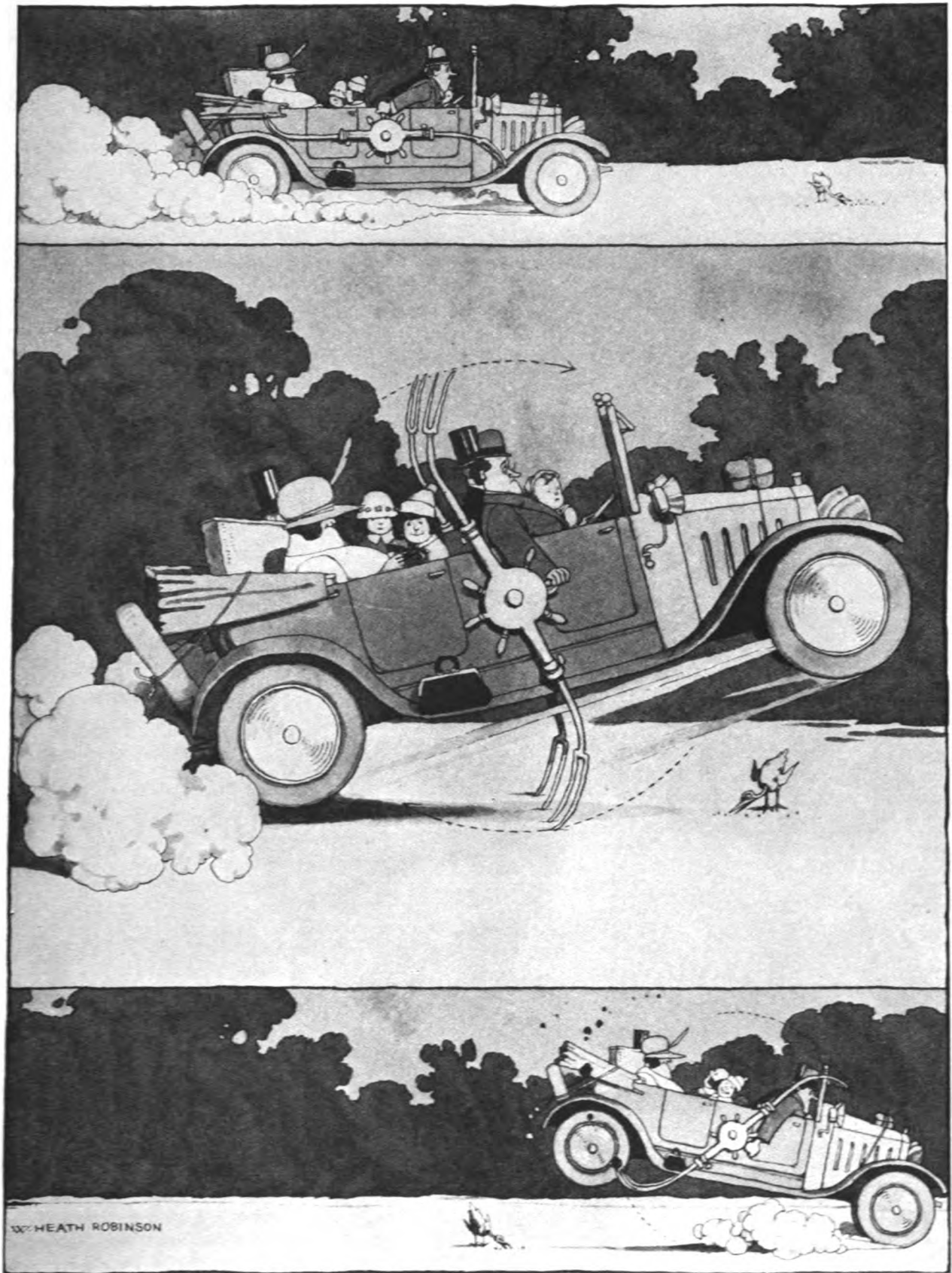
Anne Morgan gave a large tea for many of the elite lately, parts of France still needing reconstruction.

* * *

Among those feeling the recent earthquake were Minna S. Adams, upper West Side; Christine Norman, upper East Side; Man in Yonkers.

* * *

Scott Bone is returning, after an illness, from his exile in Alaska and friends are talking of arranging a surprise for him in the shape of *Managing Editorship* of a metropolitan daily.



*The New Safety Fork Adjustment for Automobiles
for the Protection of Chickens on the Road*



IBSEN DONE RIGHT BY AT LAST

Great Work by The Actors' Theatre in Forty-Eighth Street

THIS is a genuine spirit photograph of the superb production of "The Wild Duck" being given at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre. The figures, left to right, are Mr. Cecil Yapp as *Old Ekdal*, Mr. Tom Powers as *Gregers Werle*, Mr. Warburton Gamble as *Hjalmar Ekdal*, Miss Blanche Yurka as *Gina* and Miss Helen Chandler as *Hedvig*. When the plate was developed in the presence of Mr. Harry Houdini and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a sixth figure, undoubtedly that of the Great Nordic Blond, appeared in the background.

Mr. Dudley Digges and Miss Clare Eames have treated it as a fine play and not as a classic, thus insuring fine acting and avoiding the false and orotund strutting and mouthing heretofore visited upon Ibsen. Our spirit control, Juanita, tells us that, since his death in 1906, Ibsen has turned over fewer than 4,967 complete revolutions in his grave over the manner in which his plays have been acted by players who have approached them with beads of sweat on their brows and knocking knees. His soul may now rest forever in peace.—*R. B.*



IF you were an actress, God forbid, yours would indeed be the breaks if you could appear in a play about another actress. It must be like Christmas morning to a star to find that she is to have a prolonged crack at the leading rôle in one of those dramas that tells the story of the tempestuous, tousle-headed, golden-hearted little hoyden who becomes the greatest actress in la belle France, or the toast of that so-mad Vienna, or the glory of brave little Poland, or what you will.

One of those dramas that carefully explains, every other line, how but to look upon the heroine is to love her, and what wonder is it that men go mad, apparently in block formation, and shoot themselves *en masse* as tribute to her charms. One of those dramas that unfailingly includes the big temperamental scene with the manager, showing how the kiddie got her start. One of those dramas whose heroine is just as dazzling at seventy as she was at twenty. And one of those dramas which is so gloriously, so comfortingly, so riotously insistent that the lady of the leading part is the greatest actress of all time. It mayn't be so much fun for the audience, but, boy, what a field day it is for the star.

The latest of the plays along these lines is "Starlight", which, rumor is persistently hating it, is another of those little rascals that delighted all the great hearts out on the Coast. Somehow, the longer we live—which is occurring even as we sit here, tossing restlessly at the typewriter,—the more personal become our feelings about California. It's a pretty lucky day for it that it is three thousand miles away.

Well, anyway, that is scarcely here, nor, as our French cousins would put it, *la* (there). "Starlight" is the work of Miss Gladys Unger, who is, at a conservative estimate, not this department's favorite playwright. She has told her story in a bewildering number of scenes, and has let it become known that her heroine is, really, Sarah Bernhardt. The lace-like delicacy and mellowed good taste of this tribute of hers to the dead Bernhardt become strikingly apparent when it is developed that the rip-roaring comedy scene of

the play shows the actress in the pangs and outcry of labor.

To Miss Doris Keane falls the rôle of the actress, and she goes through it like Sherman to the sea. There were heartening flashes during her performance when we thought, "Why, heaven bless her critical heart, she's kidding what you Americans call the tripe out of this thing", and we warmed to her, in our great sympathy, and were sisters under the skin, and everything. But then again there were long, loud stretches when our spirit drooped and we could not but feel that her burlesquing of the part was only too unintentional.

And now, if we can find a taxi with a green flag, let us fly far from the Broadhurst Theatre to the quaint discomfort of the Provincetown Playhouse, where they are producing Charles Vildrac's "Michel Auclair". It is a quiet play, with the same singleness of tone that pervaded ("pervaded"! we must work that in again!) the author's "S. S. Tenacity". But it seemed to us a highly interesting one, without a minute's exception, and well acted, besides, by Helen Freeman, Walter Abel and Edgar Stehli, in the order named.

The New Plays

SKY-HIGH. *At the Shubert. One of those Shubert musical things, with Willie Howard, minus his big brother, and plus Joyce Barbour and an unusually adept chorus.*

STARLIGHT. *At the Broadhurst. Doris Keane in a comedy of many scenes covering fifty-nine years in the life of a famous actress. It seems longer.*

LOUIE THE 14TH. *At the Cosmopolitan. Mr. Ziegfeld running wild on costumes, settings, and Leon Errol's salary, and then royally handing over baby's bank to cover the expenses of comedy and music.*

MICHEL AUCLAIR. *At the Provincetown. A subdued little play by the author of "S. S. Tenacity," well acted and skilfully presented.*

PIERROT THE PRODIGAL. *At the Forty-eighth Street. Laurette Taylor in Tuesday-and-Friday matinees of the revived pantomime.*

Up at the Cosmopolitan—say what you like about us, you must admit that we cover a lot of territory,—is the new Ziegfeld production, "Louie the 14th", which must have cost thirty or forty million dollars in costumes alone, even if they had them made in the house by a seamstress. We have always felt that insisting upon the beauty of a show's costuming is rather like saying, after witnessing certain movies, "Well, it was awfully good photography, anyway." And it is in just that spirit that we call attention to the lavish habiliments of "Louie the 14th."

And now, just so you won't think we are always crabbing, we will conclude this recital with a word or so for the Actors' Theatre—they that were the Equity Players—production of "The Wild Duck." Simply swell.

STORY OF MANHATTANKIND



THE Coffee War, known in history as "The Irrepressible Conflict," broke out in New York in the nineteenth or twentieth century. On one side were the Manhattan Regulars, who insisted on their right to sleep until 11 A.M., and on the other the

Terrible Neighbors, who regularly ground their coffee at half past six. The war waged furiously for twenty-five or fifty years, and was settled by the intervention of the Building Trades, who installed steam riveters in every back yard.

As the war was largely verbal, the casualties were never counted. But the language of Manhattan was greatly enriched.

"Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eggs," was one of the famous slogans of the Manhattanites.

"What is wrong with this picture?" the neighbors grimly retorted. We are also indebted to this period for such sayings as "Buy a Saxophone!" and "Four Out of Five, After Forty, Get Pyorrhoea!" This mysterious phrase was obviously a hint, on the part of the outraged citizenry, that the outragers were likely to lose their grinders.

"The early bird catches the germ," wrote Benjamin Franklin, a war correspondent on George Horace Lorimer's staff. And, of another phase of this same contest between New Yorkers and their neighbors, Abraham Lincoln observed: "This country can not exist half shaved and half free."

New York, as we said, was saved by noise. After this, when any particular noise disturbed anyone, he invented another to drown it out. Some of the biggest noises were the elevated railroad, Kenesaw Mountain Landis, jazz, static and John Roach Straton. Static wasn't exactly an invention. It was an adaptation by the Radio Corporation of a language spoken before that date only by subway guards.

Presently, New York became known as the World Metropolis. Metropolis means "Middle City," and

New Yorkers believed that they were in the middle of the world. In those days, the people thought the earth was flat.

Flat was a sacred word with them. The people lived in flats, and one of their early temples was known as the Flatiron Building. Moreover, they called the birthplace of their famous Champion "Flatbush."

They exchanged flats every year, on the first of October, at a great religious festival known as Moving Day. Everybody moved out October 1, but few moved in. The landlords wouldn't let them in unless they got rid of their children and until the little ones could be disposed of, the families lived in vans.

The vans figure largely in the history of the city. Sometimes they are referred to as the Dutch Settlers. Undoubtedly this refers to those families who wanted to settle but had got in Dutch.

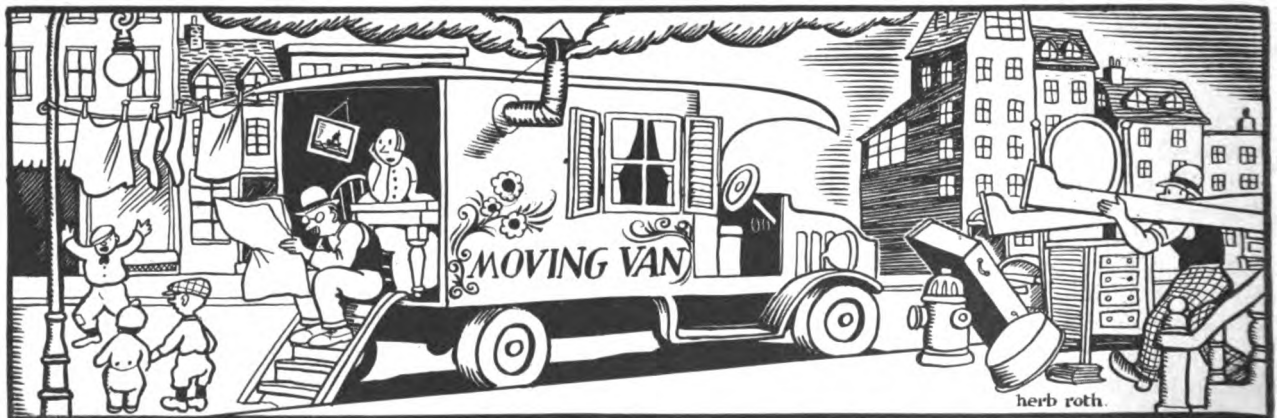
Nevertheless, despite opposition of the landlords, the population of New York increased amazingly. This was a never-ending marvel to visitors from out of town, who were always asking: "How do you keep it up?"

The cost of living in Manhattan soared, but everybody seems to have agreed that it was worth the money. Instead of complaining about the rent, the people moved into hotels; and instead of paying their hotel bills, they gave lectures on the New Psychology. Many workingmen, however, were compelled to discharge their chauffeurs and millions of manicurists were forced to become screen stars. The screen stars eked out their living by recommending facial creams.

The people soon had more money than they could carry and invented a game known as the Telephone Booth. They began by betting on a number and finished by kicking the door down. If a player got the right number, he died of shock.

The New York girls were noted for their looks. Looking was one of the best things they did. The manicurists couldn't all manicure, and the stenographers couldn't all stenog, but in the fine art of looking, they were uniformly faithful, and hard working.

The most famous beauties of the period were Flo Ziegfeld and Babe Ruth.—*Sawdust*



The Landlords Wouldn't Let Them in Unless They Got Rid of Their Children



A Symbol in Pugilism

WHEN the world was still in the process of being made safe for the democracy of Messrs. Calvin Coolidge, Stanley Baldwin and Benito Mussolini, Jack Dempsey posed for his photograph one morning in the overalls of a shipyard worker. That week the slogan was, "Overalls will win the war."

Prints were despatched nationwide to newspaper offices by a government publicity worker, for the emergency was urgent. Germany was tramping to the Marne a second time. Our best minds were performing cerebral acrobatics trying to devise a slogan that would stem the tide of field gray and our Administration went so far as to throw some troops into the fighting.

In the midst of these excursions and alarums, Mr. Hugh Fullerton, then a Chicago newspaper man, received a proof of the shipyard photographer's work. His keen eye espied the brilliance of patent leather footgear below the patriotic overalls. The great machinery of journalism creaked into action almost

instantly. Hack artists pointed barbed arrows at the boots and drew about them circles of Chinese white which damned beyond Richelieu's resonant curse.

Overnight Jack Dempsey became a symbol, a tragic experience shared with him by Woodrow Wilson. One martyred for an ideal. The other pilloried for a pair of patent leather boots. It is a nice question which is the more ephemeral.

It may not be wise to dwell at length on the present heavyweight champion's earlier years. One may devote a paragraph to hints of out-of-the-way streets in Salt Lake City. One may smirk and say something about youth's lustiness; or one may frown and indulge in hypocritical denunciation. What difference?

The interesting fact is that out of Salt Lake's brawls came a conqueror who had learned his strength. He went the inevitable way of the beginner in the prize ring, gaining minor triumphs and the acclaim of a local reputation. Then he married and suffered a professional setback.

His first manager regarded the defeat as a victory for guile rather than for skill. He contended that Jim Flynn, an outworn trial horse, was incapable of a one-round knockout of Jack Dempsey. After questioning the first Mrs. Dempsey about her sudden acquisition of an expensive diamond ring, he showed her

husband the door. A highly moral manager.

Subsequent events bore out the manager in large part, for Mr. Dempsey never again was defeated. Since coming to pugilism's highest estate, he has refunded privately to his earlier guide the loss incurred by promoting that one suspicious fight.

Jack Dempsey has made a long stride in the ten years since he first became a figure in Salt Lake City's sporting circles, allowing time out for his quaffing of the diluted hemlock brewed by the American Legion. There is a wide gulf — geographically — between Sadie Thompson and the daughter of an earl. It has been traversed in a decade.

The defiant outlaw of nineteen has been weaned away at twenty-eight from the viewpoint of times when lounging policemen were inspected covertly and when travel was inexpensive if the freight crew wasn't looking.

Mr. Dempsey has learned that the camaraderie of poverty cannot survive the blight of wealth. Splitting the last dollar with a friend is

not so much, but sharing the first million is a large contract. So he lines his pockets with carefully folded single banknotes, to be fished out one at a time, wherewith he may meet quick touches from those who "knew him when."

A queer mixture, this Jack Dempsey. One hundred ninety pounds of perfect physical manhood, he has a high, piping voice, such as one expects to issue from an adolescent boy. He is nervous as a girl, never in repose, always anxious to be elsewhere. He has left a New York apartment for a stroll and on a whim taken the first train to the Pacific Coast.

Strangely, he honestly detests drunks; real drunks, that is. Their maudlin compliments sicken him. He has to put up with them, smile and gladhand the crowds of fans, sycophants and sport writers, but he hates this side of his life. As soon as he can do it diplomatically, he deserts any party whose members are drinking in the latter-day fashion, not wisely, but too well. How different from the first of his line — the old Roman, John L.

His business sense is acute. In an important law suit his pencilled notes on a witness' testimony were of almost vital assistance to his counsel. It was Mr. Dempsey who proposed investment of some of his own and his manager's immense earnings in a coal mine



Jack Dempsey

with no expectation of immediate return, but with a weather eye to future years and, perhaps, to present income taxes.

He reads nothing, not even the sporting pages of the newspapers. One literary critic, anxious to discover what library the champion might possess, found that the only book in which he was interested was the one wherein he had noted certain intriguing telephone numbers.

His sense of humor is sufficient to permit realization of some of his shortcomings. He takes neither his stage nor his motion picture efforts seriously; an unusual attitude among his kind.

"It's the bunk," he says. "All I do is mug around."

Young ladies of eminence, real and assumed, have been indulgent of the social crudities of a champion who fights for half-million dollar purses. They have chaffed him winsomely into ordering such things better, and their lessons have borne fruit.

"They're both charming," testifies a young lady who danced with the Prince of Wales and lately with Mr. Dempsey.

But it could not be expected that these kind young souls, being feminine, should extend their absolution to include the usual members of a prize fighter's entourage: the fifty-dollar a week trainer; the rough-and-ready sparring partner; the manager who is what he is and to hell with being anything else.

The champion goes his own social way now. Not often does he seek diversion in the company of his one-time inseparable companion, Mr. Jack Kearns.

In the course of his travels he has met most of Hollywood's expensively winsome beauties. He is a welcome guest at their gatherings, along with more earnest workers in the youngest of the arts. He is at home in New York's supper clubs. He is, to put it bromidically, a favorite with the ladies. He has even been presented to a duchess (not Russian) who smiled sweetly.

He converses about men's clothes as Broadway converses about them, out of the knowledge gained in expensive establishments two blocks too far West for exclusiveness. He knows the feeling of assurance created by intimate contact with shirts costing four hundred dollars the dozen.

His recent announcement that he would retire soon bore to the general public a flavor of press agency.

To those who were aware of the change being wrought in him, it rang disappointingly with truth. The lusts of conquest gratify him little now. He aspires to what any Sunday School Superintendent would assure him are "better things."

Jack Dempsey has embraced a new wife and the tenets of respectability. He has acquired property, made judicious investments. He looks with relish on the fat existence of a well-to-do citizen. If ever he is invited to become a Rotarian, he will accept, eagerly.

Pugilism has developed a great genius for fighting. The nation, with its supreme gift for the ordinary, is making of him a Babbitt.

"All good prize fighters come from the gutter," is the dictum of an able developer of such incidents to our civilization, "and most of them go back there."

But not Jack Dempsey. He has learned too well to be in danger of the return journey.

Should there be another war in his lifetime, he will not be the national goat. His valet would not permit him to wear patent leather boots in the forenoon.—James Kevin McGuinness

History of an Eighth Avenue Shop

SOLD, December 31 by Abraham Ginsburg to the A. Ginsburg Apparel Shoppes Inc.

January, Special Introductory Sales Event

February, Annual February Clearance Sale

March, Semi-Annual Spring Mark-Down Sale

April, Annual Easter Sale Offering

May, Spring Clearance Sale

June, Alteration Sale

July, Unprecedented Expansion Sale

August, Mid-Summer Clearance Sale

September, Introductory Sale For Fall

October, Fall Final Disposal Sale

November, Tremendous Pre-Xmas Sale Event

December, Fire Sale

December 31, Sold by A. Ginsburg Apparel Shoppes Inc. to pay creditors.—C. C.

From the Last Row On a First Night

"**W**ONDER why the curtain doesn't go up."

"I knew there was something! We forgot to get any programs."

"Oh, Look! There's John Drew. Or maybe it's Sam Bernard."

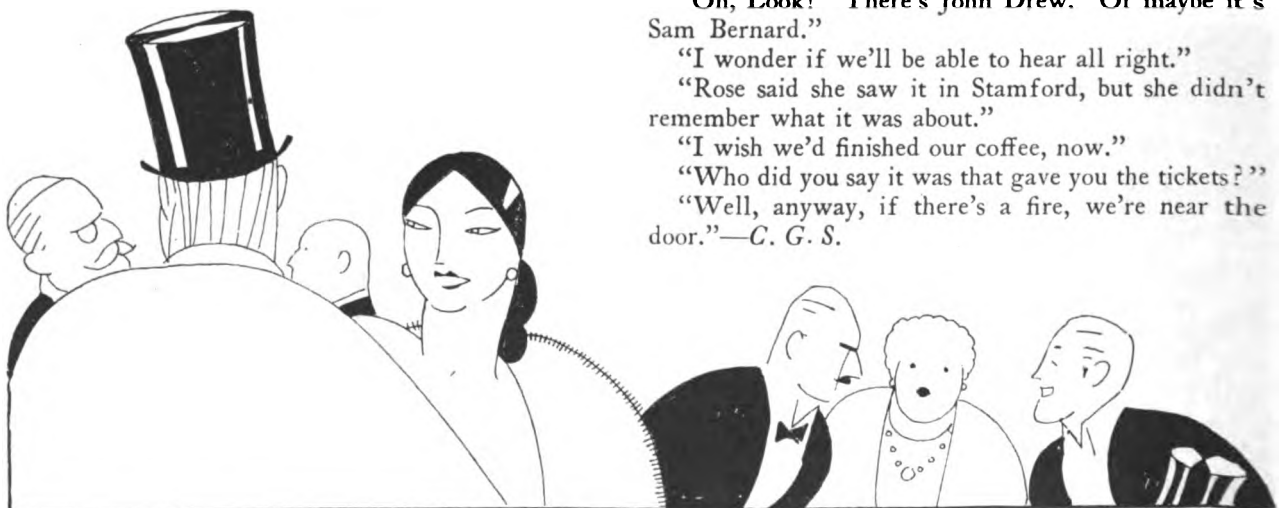
"I wonder if we'll be able to hear all right."

"Rose said she saw it in Stamford, but she didn't remember what it was about."

"I wish we'd finished our coffee, now."

"Who did you say it was that gave you the tickets?"

"Well, anyway, if there's a fire, we're near the door."—C. G. S.





"We-ell, that's not so bad, comparatively. We might take a chance."

New York

THE sandwich man with the "no speculators' tickets accepted" at the Palace in the middle of the scalping zone. . . . The Greenwich Village Inn, filled with Columbia students from One Hundred and Sixteenth Street. . . . Gray's drug store, meeting place for six million people. . . . Petting parties at Inspiration Point crowded more thickly than the after-theatre jam at Times Square. . . .

The pretty cigarette girl at the Parody Club. . . . Coney Island and Chinatown for fifty cents. . . . Ice cream soda dissipations at the McAlpin. . . . Sailors having the time of their lives on the Park Place escalator. . . . Filling stations built in imitation of English village architecture. . . . The something-hundredth-and-somethingth performance of "Abie's Irish Rose." . . . Hard-boiled Broadwayites shedding tears over the latest sentimental song wafted from the windows of Tin Pan Alley. . . .

Spats, cutaways and Pomeranians on Park Avenue. . . . Fat ladies leaning on window sills near the New York Central tracks. . . . Take the kiddies a Zeppelin balloon fer fifteen cents. . . . The one-legged pencil-seller in the Fourteenth Street subway entrance. . . . Visitors from Lansing, Michigan, who inspect Grant's Tomb once a year. . . .

Perpetual auction sales along Broadway in the Forties. . . . Fifth Avenue busmen wearing name

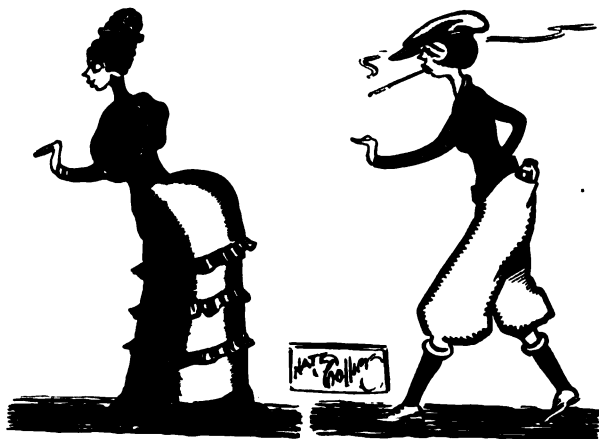
plates. . . . Marion Davies's pictures "reviewed" in the Hearst newspapers. . . . Orange drink stands selling hot dogs. . . . The Clicquot sign at Forty-third Street. . . . Crossword puzzlists in the Interborough. . . . Malt and hops stores, or what have you? . . . The white-haired, young-faced information girl at the Commodore. . . . The man who lives at the Astor and subscribes to *The American Mercury*, *The Country Gentleman* and *Snappy Stories*. . . . The tragic figure who mistook the 1 A. M. South Ferry train for the Flatbush express. . . . —T. H. B.

Lead All, Journalistic Candor

Fiction—An instalment of a novel with wide popular appeal, and a true short story—every day.
—From a prospectus of the *Daily Mirror*.

Would I could journey to some lone grot
In a far Samoan vacant lot.
Would I could hie to some Iceland floe
Known only to unread Esquimaux.
For I want (have you any furnished nooks?)
To travel where there are no travel books.

Item: "Late steamer arrivals are
Ida Gemish and Ffolliott Carr."
The point of which is, devoid of trimmin':
The late ones are, as usual, women.



Something on the Hip
Yesterday Today

A Play We Want to See

THE RUINED BANKER

(Scene. A library. Mr. William Gordon, a ruined banker, discovered sobbing like a ruined banker. J. Elmer Clipp, the villain, is sneering around the room.)

GORDON: "God, man, I can't pay that fifty thousand. All I have in the world is \$200 and that I owe my butler for this week's wages."

CLIPP (Looking at his watch): "You have until next Wednesday. If you don't meet your obligations then—!" (He laughs.)

(Enter old Dwiggins, the Gordon butler who has been a butler in the Gordon home for ninety-seven years.)

DWIGGINS: "Mr. Gordon?"

Gordon (Replying in a word of one syllable): "Yes?"

DWIGGINS: "Mr. Gordon, I overheard that man say something about fifty thousand dollars."

GORDON: "Yes?"

DWIGGINS: "By a curious coincidence I have \$49,800 in the bank at this moment."

GORDON: "Whatever do you mean?"

DWIGGINS: "So if you'll give me the \$200 that is due me—"

(The banker pays him and the fine old face of Dwiggins lights up.)

DWIGGINS: (With tremendous emotion): "And now—sir—now that I have this fifty thousand dollars, there is something I want to tell you. . . . For ninety-seven years I have wanted to punch your nose! I shall now do so!"

(He does so.)

CURTAIN.

Song of the Traffic Rules

Oh, it's East and West and it's West and East,
Whenever the light shines green,
But it's ho! for the North and South, my lads,
Whenever the yellow is seen.

So it's never lose sight of the avenue light
Whenever you're faring forth,
For it's green for the jolly old East and West
And its yellow for South and North.

There's a traffic cop in the tower top,
And he sits at his post all day,
And he pushes the button that flashes the light,
That guides us on our way.

And the traffic stream responds to the gleam
Of the light when the button is pressed.
And it's North and it's South when the yellow
light shines,
But it's green for the East and West.

Remember the rule of the one-way street
And watch for the officer's nod,
For the east-bound streets are the even streets
And the west-bound streets are odd.

So it's hey! for merry old rules of the road,
And it's hey! for the traffic cop.
When the green lights glow, or the yellow show
"Go!"

But the crimson light always means "Stop!"
—Newman Levy



The Optimist

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.
Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?



Suggestion for popular song title: He May Be the
Brains of the Business, But He's Just a Red-Hot
Daddy to Me.

SWEETHEART

A Model for Mademoiselle 18 to 20



COMES the spring, of Sheik associated so
when Mademoiselle exclusively with the
18 to 20's fancy lightly product of this maison.
turns to thoughts of— And what a lovely dis-
but la! la! one may position it has! Above
easily guess. all, it is suitable to be
Matchless value is this Mademoiselle's com-
model's, enveloped as it panion at any affaire,
is in that indefinable air whether de societe or du
coeur!

And So Moderately Priced—at Only

ONE HEART

CUPID, EROS & CO.

"The Maison of Excellence"

—Baron Ireland



Figures of Speech

I JUST want to remind Leonard Hatch that we of the business world cannot stand still—we *must go ahead*. The idea he speaks of (that of substituting code phrases for after-dinner speeches) was all right for last week; we have gone far since then. We are using numbers instead of words.

Let me illustrate the increased saving in time with a partial report of the dinner held at the Pompadour last night.

The wall behind the speakers' table was simply decorated with the national colors and papier-mâché radiators (it was a meeting of the National Radiator Association.) Against this background the shaggy head of that fine old battler, George F. Kuh, of Kuh, Ah & Pnuh, made a rare picture as he rose and swept the gathering with his keen, undimmed eye.

Mr. Kuh said:

"27."

One felt the weight of these simple words of welcome, none the less sincere for their striking brevity. (No. 27 is a speech of only two thousand words.)

John Slemp, representing the visiting Sioux City radiator men, rose in response. With head inclined and one hand toying with the chewing gum fork he waited until silence was restored and then remarked quietly:

"7—208."

The well-turned witticism at the end of this address relieved the tension and precipitated the big, hearty crowd of good fellows into laughter and applause.

An untoward incident somewhat marred the address of Borough President Schneeweiss, however. He got into action breezily, his massive form radiating vigor and good will.

"Good Lord! Here I've come away on a week-end without my jew's-harp!"

He said, trembling with undisguised emotion: "48."

Here a guest who happened to have an automatic with him fired six shots at Mr. Schneeweiss, but happily none took effect. A number of coffee cups were better aimed and the gentleman was rendered unconscious for some minutes.

On being revived, he explained that his near-sightedness had led him to mistake the number 43 ("God Hates a Knocker") for 48 ("The Benefits of Bolshevism.")

The roar of applause, the beating of teaspoons on the table and the enthusiastic ripping of planks from the floor which greeted Mr. Schneeweiss' corrected speech showed that all the world still loves a booster.

I need report no more to make the theory plain. Unless some outsider introduces an irregular idea into the repertoire of after dinner speaking, this system will continue 100 per cent. efficient.

—Ernest F. Hubbard



I Go On a Diet, and—

I am immediately besieged with invitations to dinner.

I am told of a restaurant where they serve delicious meals for virtually nothing.

Everywhere I go, food is the chief topic of conversation.

I long for everything except what I am supposed to eat.

I learn of all the dreadful things that happened to poor old Smithers who also went on the same diet.

I hear of a "very much better" kind of diet.

I invariably fall off the next day.—C. G. S.



BACH, Beethoven, Brahms and the rest of them probably are asking one another, between harp lessons, "which of us will be the next to be glorified in a show based on our life and music?" Franz Schubert is being presented to the provinces as a chuckleheaded baritone in "Blossom Time," and Jacques Offenbach is appearing nightly at the Century Theatre as a musical comedy tenor in "The Love Song." There are rumors of similar masterworks founded on Mozart and Mendelssohn, and Tschai-kowsky has been honored by being made the posthumous composer of "Natja."

Schubert, whose compositions were sold for sums that would not have bought a pair of tickets for "Blossom Time," presumably wonders naïvely about his new status, and the little Jewish 'cello virtuoso who wrote 102 operettas doubtless rips off cynical harmonies on his paradisiacal instrument as he views the strange adventures foisted on him in "The Love Song."

What would they say if someone were to present a work concocted from an episode in the life of Richard Strauss, who still lives and collects royalties? What would be their opinion of an opera in which the chief characters were Strauss, his wife, and a conductor made up to look like Josef Stransky, with a score drawn from the music of Strauss? Well, such an opera was presented in Vienna not so long ago. Its name is "Intermezzo," and the librettist and composer is Richard Strauss.

Comes in to hand a novel, "The Virgin Flame," in which a great composer is cheated of recognition by a jazz-mad public. The first article in the musical credo (European as well as American) is that all great musicians starve to death while all musical illiterates become immensely wealthy by writing "Red

Hot Mamma." We say it ain't true. Almost any competently put together symphonic can get a reading from orchestral conductors and it's easier to place a good grand opera than it is to sell a good fox-trot.

Another white hope of American grand opera will be disclosed at Carnegie Hall on the evening of March 20, when Charles Wakefield Cadman's "The Garden of Mystery" will have a premiere. The libretto is derived from a tale of Dante and Beatrice. One hopes that this text will be an improvement over the ingenuous collection of futilities which Cadman set in "Shanewis." Most American operas have failed for want of a "book." "Mona," the \$10,000 prize flivver of some years back at the Metropolitan, had Brian Hooker as its librettist, but Mr. Hooker proved to be rather too classical with his fable of Druids.

Victor Herbert's "Madeleine" and "Natoma" both had indifferent foundations, and Henry Hadley has not had the best of luck with his dramatists. Puccini had the right notion. His success with "Tosca" and "Madama Butterfly" was half won with the selection of the libretto.

Ernest Newman, guest critic of the *Evening Post*, packs up his troubles and returns to London. Mr. Newman made a far greater impression on us barbarians than his colleague, H. C. Colles, who functioned on the *Times* for a semester last year. He leaves behind him many angry artists and, we hope, some delighted readers. His four-line rejoinder to the President of the Friends of Music was the immediate cause of the edict against the presence of critics at the concerts of that serious body, and this, perhaps, was not the least memorable of Mr. Newman's achievements.



X

"**A**WAKENED, as Nature provides,
By the punctual robin,
Our President gallantly rides
His mechanical Dobbin.
According to Fame or Report,—
That publicity-mong'ress,—
A patent-adjustable sort
Of mechanical Congress
Would prove the most welcome of
gees,"
Said the small Pekinese.



Lyrics from the Pekinese

XI

"I come with a fardel of song
(What's a Pekinese song worth?)
To add to the tributes that throng
To Miss Paulina Longworth.
With sonnets in various modes
On the gifts she inherits,
I offer a bushel of odes
To her personal merits
With madrigals, ballads and glees,"
Said the small Pekinese.



XII

"'Tis Spring!—If it isn't quite
Spring,
It is Spring pretty nearly;
The crocuses don't do a thing
As their custom is, yearly;
Deep down where the blizzard can't
reach
Stays the daffydowndilly;
The wealthy remain at Palm Beach
For the weather is chilly
And noses continue to freeze,"
Said the small Pekinese.

—Arthur Guiterman



AS we go to press the boy who has been selling carrots, canned soup and eggs at Reeves' all day, is nervously wrapping something in the store's best wrapping paper, preparing to lock the door and sneak down to the Waldorf. For he belongs to the Independents, and his name begins with an S, and as things go alphabetically, his picture might hang next to John Sloan's. By the time you read this you will know the worst, for the show opened Friday, and the dailies will have noted the high spots. Don't wait for us; go right ahead and form your own opinion.

In a week in which we learned that only hundreds saw the Toulouse-Lautrec exhibition at Wildenstein's instead of the thousands who should have crowded the galleries, and that even the smallest of the Arthur B. Davies water colors at Ferargil's cost \$700, we were cheered by Frank London's exhibition at the Montross gallery. We haven't quite made up our minds about art. Some days we go in for the painter who has something to say, considering the way he says it secondary; other times we are all for the way a thing is said.

As a matter of fact London often chooses to say it with flowers. And when he does we like him most. Of all the moderns who have flowed under our ken in the last three months we have seen few we like as much as London. There is no to-do about London, no fancy foreword by a press agent. The Galleries, even, are non-committal. A business man, they say, who passed a year in Paris painting. When he makes enough he will go back and paint some more pictures. We hope it is soon, for here is a painter who carries his joy of painting over to the observer.

Marie Sterner, who handled the magnificent show of Bellows recently, is sponsoring an exhibition by Randall Davey at the Jacques Seligmann Galleries. Most of the things are of the New Mexico sojourn, the thirty paintings divided between oil and water color. The latter have a bold simplicity about them that we like, a strength not often in water colors. And there is a sureness about all of Davey's things. A feeling that he put the paint on and left it there. And he is much bolder than some of his contemporaries, whom we will not name as it is not the thing to do in polite art circles. But Davey goes straight to the mark giving a definiteness to his portraits, especially the Boy In

Blue and The Boy Hunter, that is exhilarating. The Randall Davey show continues until the end of this week.

It always gives us a thrill to see the pioneers. An unusual opportunity is there for any one with the same desire as we have. At Durand-Ruel's they are showing ten canvases by Sisley and ten by Pissarro. You probably won't go though, preferring to put it off until the masterpieces are scattered to the four winds or five collectors or whoever it is that buys masterpieces. But an hour at Durand-Ruel's would be more profitable than a day among the chromos of our best museum.

We plead to a fondness for certain galleries—places where one knows what to expect. Dudensing, taking off time from his one great love, Stella, manages to gather an army of young painters around him. This week he is featuring five; Lloyd Parsons, Dudley Morrison, Elmer Schultz, Everett Henry and Herman Trunk, Jr. If you don't see what you want, ask for it. There are dozens more behind the green curtains and up in the loft.



Willard L. Metcalf

We are glad to see a portrait that Wilford S. Conrow thoroughly wanted to do. His study of Dr. Gustavus A. Eisen at the Erich Galleries is undoubtedly the turning of the lane for this painter. It is a sorry job at its best, portrait painting, and Mr. Conrow seems to have had more than his share of deceased bank presidents et al. to do. When you look at the portrait you can see that in pleasing himself Mr. Conrow has also pleased the Doctor. A rather simple formula for portrait painting that most of them miss.

This will be the last week for you to see what the women can do. The National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors is holding its thirty-fourth exhibit in the Fine Arts Building, on West Fifty-seventh Street. We advise you not to go near your meal time; it gave us indigestion. And that is not meant in the way of disparagement. So much color, so many forms, so many windows, so many dreams. Only the old timers can approach it without vertigo. But as you get your gallery feet under you again, you can have a good time. The good old stuff takes the prizes.

GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

THE THEATRE

CANDIDA—Ambassador Theatre

A revival of Shaw's comedy. A play as nearly perfect as they come, and a nearly perfect cast, as they go.

SILENCE—National Theatre.

Max Marcin's good old-fashioned melodrama of the chivalrous crook, the noble con man, now playing in London as well as in New York, with, fortunately, H. B. Warner.

THE FIREBRAND—Morosco Theatre.

A highly costumed farce, based on some of the dandy times had by Benvenuto Cellini and a couple of local girl friends. As fresh, amusing, and full of beds as if the scene were laid on Long Island. More so.

THE GUARDSMAN—Booth Theatre.

A Molnar comedy. A full evening's diversion, provided by Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontanne, and a piece about a masquerading husband—in the order named.

IS ZAT SO?—Forty-sixth Street Theatre.

A comedy of the adventures of a prize-fighter and his manager. If you will just be big-hearted enough to disregard the plot, you will find this, if not the funniest show in town, at least deserving of a rating well up among the first two.

THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse.

A comedy of American life and those who live it. Nothing has touched it.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw Theatre.

A comedy of fertile goings-on among the grape-growers of California. Pauline Lord's performance alone is enough to make this a notable season.

WHAT PRICE GLORY?—Plymouth Theatre.

The greatest, to date, of American war plays. A story of United States Marines in action—of various kinds—told without the assistance of Our Flag, the breaking heart of the world, and the little gray-haired mother back home.

BIG BOY—Winter Garden.

Al Jolson in it. What more do you want?

LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty Theatre.

A nice little musical comedy, with the enviably active Astaires and the most delightful score in the city.

THE MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box.

The fourth of these annual rhapsodies in expense. With Fannie Brice, Bobby Clarke, and practically everybody else.

ROSE-MARIE—Imperial Theatre.

A musical comedy, of the kind that was popular when Aunt Fanny was in high school, all full of plots and things; but with charming music and good voices, and—if you're interested in such matters—a singularly competent chorus.

PATIENCE—Greenwich Village Theatre.

A revival of one of Gilbert and Sullivan's finest, done with understanding, imagination, and taste. Not a voice in the company, but you'd be surprised how much that doesn't matter.

PROCESSIONAL—Forty-ninth Street Theatre.

American life, told in terms of blaring jazz. June Walker and George Abbott in John Howard Lawson's superb experiment.

THE WILD DUCK—Forty-eighth Street Theatre.

A revival of Ibsen's play. An entirely satisfying presentation of an entirely fine drama.

MOVING PICTURES

THE MIRACLE OF THE WOLVES—Criterion Theatre.

Interesting historical drama made in France, but diluted for the American public.

GREED—Fox's Fourteenth Street Theatre, March 12, 13, 14, 15.—Orient Theatre, 125th Street, March 16.

Von Stroheim's heroic effort to make the screen tell a measure of the truth.

THE LAST LAUGH

No local showing scheduled.

ART

INDEPENDENTS—Waldorf Hotel.

Annual show. If painters ever have inhibitions they are given vacations for this exhibition.

RANDELL DAVEY—Jacques Seligmann Gallery.

Excellent show of New Mexican subjects by a good painter.



FRANK LONDON—Montross Gallery.

Paintings of brilliance done in the new manner and yet sincerely.

FIVE MODERNS—Dudensing Gallery.

Special show by Lloyd Parsons, Dudley Morrison, Elmer Schultz, Everett Henry and Herman Trunk, Jr.

SISLEY AND PISSARRO—Durand-Ruel Galleries.

Twenty canvases of two of the French masters who helped start all the trouble.

MUSIC

WILLIAM BACHHAUS—Aeolian Hall.

Wednesday evening, March 11. A swell pianist.

MICHAEL ZACHAREIWITSCH—Aeolian Hall.

Friday evening, March 13. This Russian fiddler is making his debut, and if you want to gamble he looks like a good bet.

MISCHA LEVITZKI—Carnegie Hall.

Saturday evening, March 14. Last chance, unless he puts on another farewell recital. If he does, go both times.

JASCHA HEIFETZ—Carnegie Hall.

Sunday afternoon, March 15. In addition to all the rest of it, he's the Bow Brummel of the fiddle.

YOLANDA MERO—Aeolian Hall

Monday afternoon, March 16. A woman pianist—not, be she praised!—a lady pianist.

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Wednesday afternoon, March 11, *Siegfried*; Wednesday evening, March 11, *La Boheme*; Thursday evening, March 12, *Andrea Chenier*; Friday evening March 13, *Petrouschka* and *Pagliacci*; Saturday afternoon, March 14, *Aida*; Saturday evening, March 14, *Tristan und Isolde*.

WITH THE ORCHESTRAS.

Philharmonic: Mengelberg conducting; Metropolitan Opera House, Sunday afternoon, March 15. Soloist: Erna Rubinstein.

New York Symphony: Walter conducting, Carnegie Hall, Thursday afternoon, March 12, and Friday evening, March 13; Aeolian Hall, Sunday afternoon, March 15.

Boston Symphony: Koussevitzky conducting, Carnegie Hall, Thursday evening, March 12 and Saturday afternoon, March 15. Soloist: Albert Spalding.

State Symphony, Waghalter conducting, Carnegie Hall, Wednesday evening, March 11. Soloist: Ilse Niemack.

OTHER EVENTS

RUSSIAN REFUGEE RELIEF SOCIETY OF AMERICA, Inc.—Park Lane.

Ball in aid of Russian Refugees, "The Dance in the Cherry Orchard," Thursday evening, March 12. Program of Russian entertainment at midnight.

ISRAEL ORPHAN ASYLUM—Madison Square Garden.

Fashion revue, carnival and ball, Saturday, March 14, 8:30 P. M. Stars of stage and screen to appear.

FLOWER SHOW—Grand Central Palace.

Twelfth annual exhibition, opening Monday, March 16. Continuing all week. Proceeds from the tea garden will go to the New York League of Girls' Clubs, Inc.



The Visualization of Vivienne

The Direful Dilemma of a Debutante

VIVIENNE VERVAIN was always vaulting into escapades of a galvanic and *rococo* sort. Even in the school days with her fellow roisterers at Miss Suspense's, she had crowded on full sail in her zest for a new thrill. Perhaps her most cataclysmic caper was cut when she slid down through the aquamarine moonlight from her third story window into Larry Lumbago's high power racer, wearing only a Parisian *mouchoir* over her pajamas of heather mixture satin.

Then there was the evening when she had surreptitiously brought four dozen ostrich eggs to *Les Enfants*, her favorite night club, and had evoked a maelstrom of *recherché* merriment when—in her mood of *diablerie*—she had made the waiters do a tenderfoot dance by hurling the ostrich eggs at their feet. After this, her fame was secure—*tres bien solide*.

So much for the typhoonesque nature of Vivienne the Vivacious, as one of the cocktail-hour wits of Tuxedo had so aptly described her. In personal appearance—"Quick, Bonito! another bottle of that *summa cum laude* Chablis to unleash my impotent tongue!"—in personal appearance she achieved what D. M. Staylor in one of his wilder technical moments of musical *causerie* might term a *crescendo*. That is, beginning with her feet and mounting upward past invariable loveliness one reached a climax of beauty in her pluperfect face and bobbed har. But—as in all great *crescendos*—everything along the way was all right, too.

Thus, in intrinsic aspect, Vivienne Vervain could stand pat on a pair of ankles and still hold her own against any straight figure or synthetic flush, as one of the young blades at White Sulphur remarked in his irresistibly plus-four manner at an afternoon tee.

It was by those ankles that the erstwhile seared and sardonic soul of young Rhinestone van Rhinestone—the playboy of the Roaring Forties—was delightedly *epaté* at Palm Beach. In fact, he saw her ankles before he saw her. It was one day on the beach when Vivienne in a distinctly *vice versa* posture was casually throttling a shark below water.

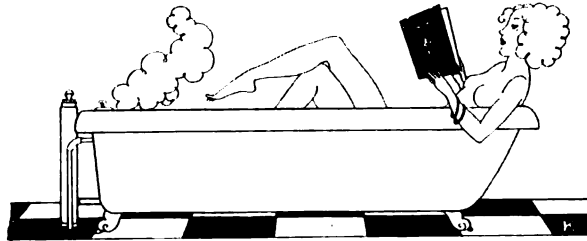
Nevertheless, veteran old *boulevardierissimo* that he was, he resisted her allurements, assuming a gelid demeanor all through the Floridian *siesta* and even back on New York's *Avenue de la Cinquieme*. This, too, though the fangs of Eros had bitten him full deep.

And she—she too was divinely stung and vowed to herself to awaken him from his lethargic attitudinizing by the swish of the inexorable matrimonial lariat. She would do this by some pulsating prank so wild and *baudelaire* that it must bind him to her chariot wheels. But her well of *insouciant* invention had run so dry that she could think of nothing more *piquante* than to go to his apartment some night when he was

out and leave her photograph upon his mantel, enthroned dominant.

* * *

Dusky against the midnight, wound Vivienne her way toward the apartment of Rhinestone van Rhinestone, her photograph clutched in her hand. She had no solicitude lest van Rhinestone be at home, for he had himself told her he was taking the midnight flier for Astoria. And she also knew that this was the night out for his Japanese man, Thang Queue. A clink of the skeleton keys . . . a twist of the knob . . . and Vivienne was in his rooms. The atmosphere—



how virile! The decorations—how *goulash*! The pictures—how *paprika*!

She left the photograph on the mantel, and she should have departed at once. *Mais non*—explore she must. . . . Soon she found herself on the tessellated floor of the bawth. There stood the tub—a symphony in porcelain. Inexorable, it lured her—the madcap *invincta*. Think of it—to lave her limbs in a bachelor's built-in bathos! . . . In a twink outer habiliments and *je ne sais quois* lay upon the tiled floor and she—a lissome vision in rosy mother-of-pearl—leaned back languorously in the *chaud* water and read her magazine.

* * *

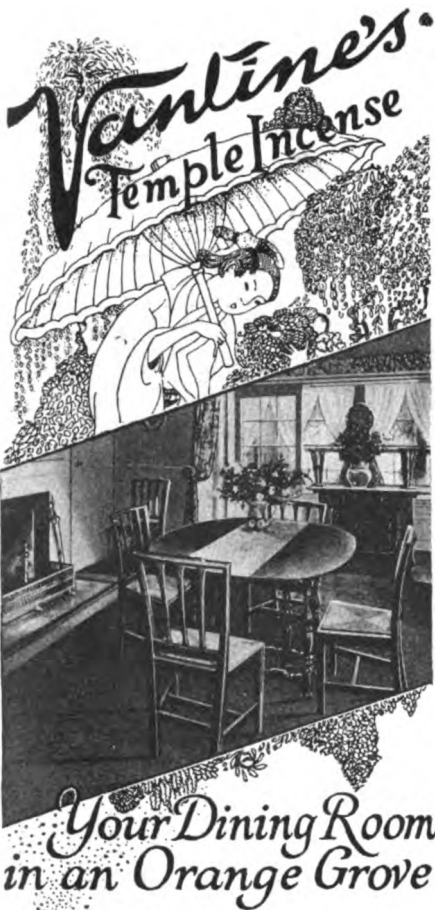
But was Rhinestone van Rhinestone on his way to Astoria? Once again, *mais non*! He had missed his train! Returning to his apartment, he was amazed by the lights—stupified by the splashing from within. He entered. . . .

Magazine in hand, Vivienne rocketed to her feet—*Diana éprise*! A maidenly rosy wave that you could almost hear surged over her alabastine form. In front of her she held the magazine—a very bulwark in time of need. *Mon Dieu*! what a text for a sermon on the Power of the Press.

But Rhinestone van Rhinestone was in no mood for sermons. Madly, he snatched away the magazine.

* * *

It was a half hour later. The room was empty save for van Rhinestone. Vivienne the Vivacious had calmly and deliberately dressed and gone—down the fire-escape. But our young man-about-town, since he had seized the magazine, had not stirred or even raised his eyes from its pages. Motionless he stood there, enthralled, lost to all the world and its transient trivialities. For the magazine which he had snatched and still perused greedily was the latest number of *Vani*—No!—THE NEW YORKER.



Your Dining Room in an Orange Grove

THE fragrance of orange blossoms, floating through your dining room, like a wisp from an orange grove, gives a new and appetizing freshness. A lighted cone of Vantine's Orange Blossom Incense drives away winter dullness.

Upstairs and down, in every room, Vantine's famous Oriental Incense gives an exquisite touch of refinement. Eight fragrances, in 25¢ or 50¢ packages, at your favorite dealers, Pine, Rose, Sandalwood, Lilac, Orange Blossom, Lotus, Violet and Wistaria.

A sample package containing six different odors sent on receipt of 10 cents.

A. A. Vantine & Co., Inc.
71 Fifth Ave., New York



BOOKS

WERE "Segelfoss Town" Knut Hamsun's one novel, you would know after reading three chapters what he is. Indeed, within the first few pages, from inconsequential looking touches, there begins to arise of itself the whole fabric and atmosphere of a seemingly flourishing seacoast village actually decaying — degenerated from the peasant staunchness of its quasi-feudal stage to a hollow sham of progress and democracy, and tottering with the bluffing old mill owner on whom its fortunes lean—and you begin to feel such a thrill as "Growth of the Soil" afforded, a sensation of watching a god make a world with almost careless ease. If "Segelfoss Town" (*Knopf*) doesn't turn out to be another "Growth," it is nevertheless a fine large work of fiction.

The earlier condition of Segelfoss was in "Children of the Age." Holmengraa, the mill owner, having succeeded its landed overlords, this is the book of the stage of his decline. At the end, when he falls, the biggest man left is Theodore of Bua—a sorry successor, for Theodore doesn't dispense or create wealth, but keeps a store; the day of the merchant Rotarian is arrived, with little for him to boast. The degeneration has been typified in the plight of Nils the shoemaker, "on the town" because people won't have any but the worthless shoes Theodore sells. Meanwhile, Holmengraa's doctor and lawyer retainers, as precious a pair of self-seeking vermin as ever crawled into a novel, have fattened and removed to a sphere in south Norway more worthy of their parts.

Theodore — sanguine, romantic, absurd, to cautious eyes always ruining himself, yet always splurging through—is the prize character. But a skeleton inventory of the merits of the others would pretty well fill *THE NEW YORKER*. With us, there is only one failure, Baardsen, an open-handed philosopher and drunkard, evidently put in to set off the Vanity Fair of Segelfoss by the contrast of one disinterested man. He affected us more as a contrast of German silver sentimentality with truth, and we were unable to weep at his sad end.

Here is a secret, from the announcements of a publisher, Knopf, who must be nameless. Within a few weeks Stephen Crane's writings will begin coming out in an edition which will be the first uniform set of them. In fact, at present most of them are and long have

been out of print. This set will cost ninety unimportant dollars, and we advise you now to cut out cubebs, so that you can afford to be one of its limited number of purchasers. If you don't know who Crane was, you can find out from Thomas Beer's enchanting book on him. If you want a sample of him, "The Open Boat" is on the market, as a valuable item of the Modern Library.

Very interesting, as a broad impressionistic picture of the crumbling of the old order and the rise of revolutionism in Berlin through 1918, is Bernhard Kellermann's "The Ninth of November" (*McBride*). We liked the crumbling better than most of the rise. The latter is hymned in a mystical way that failed to hold us spellbound, and the writing fritters off into between bad, exclamatory Victor Hugo and Arthur Brisbane.

We don't feel parliamentary toward "Things I Shouldn't Tell," which is more from the anonymous old English snob and today responsible for "Uncensored Recollections." His court cards take cheap tricks and he is full of such stale gossip as that Bernhardt's sculpturing may have been fake and that "dear little Swinburne's" amours were all imaginary. "Amusing" is the word the polite reviewers seem to have agreed on. We are not amused.

An elegant book to send to your Aunt Samantha Allen in Jonesville, who does love to read about old times and historical celebrities, is "Seventy-Five Years of White House Gossip" (*Doubleday, Page*). It's a sort of elaborated newspaper scrapbook from Washington, through Lincoln, enlivened with the story of how Anne Royall, the Claire Sheridan of John Quincy Adams's day, sat on John's clothes and kept him, ah, nude in the river until he would grant her an interview. We prefer such material nicely cooked and served up a la Strachey, by young Meade Minnegerode.

It is never too late to raise a whoop for anything as delightful as A. A. Milne's jingles of, by and for an original and fanciful fellow aged three or thereabouts. They go as well with Christopher Robin Milne's coeval kindred sprites as they do with adults who love them, and we should like to copy about half the lot as samples. The title is "When We Were Very Young," the publisher Dutton.

"Tell Me a Book to Read"

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

- SEIGELFOSSE TOWN, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). Noticed in this issue.
- LUCIENNE, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). A remarkable psychological idyll, to be noticed next week.
- THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). Our love affair with this novel must be making Doc Straton uneasy.
- SOME DO NOT . . ., by Ford Madox Ford (*Seltzer*). What they do NOT makes them almost unique in current fiction.
- THE MATRIARCH, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). Six hundred high-class Jewish characters find a clever author.
- THE CASE, by Freeman Wills Croft (*Seltzer*) and THE HOUSE OF THE ARROW (*Doran*). As the Virginian says, "Can you guess the murderer, or is the author too smart for you?"
- GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, by Sarah G. Millin (*Boni & Liveright*). Trustworthy cases of Black and White, imported from South Africa.
- A PASSAGE TO INDIA, by E. M. Forster (*Harcourt, Brace*). Oh, East is yeast and West the rest of a froth-up of race hate, admirably represented.
- THE WHITE MONKEY, by John Galsworthy (*Scribner's*). More of his fine "Forsyte Saga," and quite able to stand alone.

SHORT STORIES

- THE SHORT STORY'S MUTATIONS, by Frances Newman (*Huebsch*). She gathers and talks about sixteen stories, most of which your grandma wouldn't like to have you read.
- TALKS OF HEARLAY, by Joseph Conrad (*Doubleday, Page*). Four of them, all good.

BIOGRAPHIES AND THINGS

- JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Large, expensive and worth your time and money if you love Keats.
- A STORY-TELLER'S STORY, by Sherwood Anderson (*Huebsch*). The confessions of the most diffident "literary swashbuckler" since Currier Bell.
- WILL ROGERS' ILLITERATE DIGEST (*A. & C. Boni*). His preliminary studies for the tobacco ads. he writes.
- WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Noticed in this issue.
- MARBACKE, by Selma Lagerlof (*Doubleday, Page*). Her prose "I remember, I remember," and a charming one.

SCIENCE

- THE ROAR OF THE CROWD, by James J. Corbett (*Putnam*). The memoirs of the most scientific big man of his time.



Notes from the Metropolitan

La Tosca sprained her ankle recently in jumping from the parapet of San Angelo. The mattress will be made thicker in future.



Owing to the high price of poultry this season, it has been decided to let the Lohengrin swan double in Parsifal.



Several outings are planned next season for the supers in battle and mob scenes and off-stage noises.



By order of the War Department, Consul Sharpless, in "Madam Butterfly," has changed his line, "milkpunsch o wiskey," to "plen-soda o café-au-lait."—S. S.

HIE TOPPER!

THAT'S what they are; the new topcoats are top-high—and decidedly different.

Shades of springtime—tones of soft colors, wonderfully blended, and the models they all ask for.

Box-coats 46 to 50 inches in length. For the long or short of it, as it were—and they FIT!

Fly-front or button through, to suit your own particular taste. A splendid variety of imported cloths to choose from.

Prices sensible at \$32.50 to \$42.50.

AINSLEIGH INCORPORATED

English Clothes

920 BROADWAY

NEW YORK ROOM 1102

Meet Your Friends at Ainsleighs



Liveright Bookshop
4 West 49th Street
New York

New Yorkers appreciate a bookshop whose atmosphere is a relief from the tumult and rush of the city, but whose service is in the full New York tradition of efficiency and speed.

There is nothing more restful than bookbuying here, when tired out with other shopping; and nothing more satisfying than knowing that you can have a book WHEN you want it by phoning Bryant 4016, or jotting a line to the LIVERIGHT BOOK SHOP, 4 West 49th Street.



WHAT SHALL WE DO THIS EVENING?



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

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

For five dollars THE NEW YORKER will report to you at weekly intervals for a year.

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

NAME.....
STREET AND NO.....
CITY AND STATE.....

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York City, Dept. C.

T·O·P C·O·A·T·S
for Spring



Black Watch

"London cut" and "London favored" a smartly tailored Guards Coat in distinctive straight line military effect. Popular Worsteds or Tweeds.

\$50 to \$65

Banks Inc.

562 Fifth Avenue, New York
Entrance on 46th Street

THE NEW YORKER



THE NEW YORKER is published every Tuesday in New York City by the F-R Publishing Corp., 25 West 45th Street. H. W. ROSS, president; R. H. FLEISCHMANN, vice-president; R. W. COLLINS, secretary and treasurer.

Subscription, \$5 a year; Canada, \$5.50; foreign \$6.

All text and illustrations appearing in THE NEW YORKER are copyrighted.

Subscribers should notify this office at least one week prior to any change of address.

Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

Unsolicited contributions will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. THE NEW YORKER cannot be held responsible for loss or non-return of contributions.

THEATRE NOTES

THE old "Havoc" table may be seen once again at the Algonquin, with a pathetic chair turned down. That is the one which used to support the young and healthy person of Ralph Forbes.

"Havoc" was the short-lived English melodrama which was vastly successful in London but which suffered from undernourishment when it was thriftily produced in New York with only Richard Bird surviving out of all those who had played the leading rôles when the piece was new in London. It had no sooner opened here at Miss Elliott's playhouse than its trio of young exiles appeared at the Algonquin, as inseparable as the Three Musketeers or Acker, Merrall and Condit.

The first to go was Mr. Forbes. He disappeared into the company of "The Magnolia Lady," married Ruth Chatterton and went into rehearsal for "The Little Minister," all of which ate into his spare time. There is a general feeling that he will be excellent as the little minister of the Barrie revival, because Basil Dean, who is directing its production, so disapproved of his selection for that not unimportant rôle that thus far he has coldly abstained from showing Mr. Forbes how the part ought to be played.

The next to go was Joyce Barbour. That supremely decorative young English comedienne (who has one of the three most beautiful mouths to be seen anywhere between the Nevsky Prospekt and Troost Avenue, Kansas City) responded on seven minutes notice to the invitation that summoned her to the "Charlot Revue," which had been smitten on the road by the serious illness of Gertrude Lawrence. Miss Barbour took train to Philadelphia and thereafter, Mr. Bird lunched alone.

Mr. Bird has had a stormy winter with the harrowing details of which he will doubtless bore his grandchildren unspeakably in the years to come. He will have to tell how his *Marchbanks* was the most hotly debated performance New York had witnessed in any play in a decade. One shrewd observer of the theatre, by the way, has said that Bird's *Marchbanks* must be magnificent because no one was indifferent to it.

Then he will have to tell how he was obliged to study and rehearse "Candida" in between rehearsals of another comedy called "Collusion" (which obligingly expired in New Haven) and how all this sudden convergence of work was complicated by a troubled tooth that threw his face grotesquely out of drawing and made him resemble a pumpkin more closely than Nature had intended.

After the collapse of "Collusion" and the steady triumph of "Candida," peace

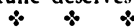
was gradually restored, and, except for the matinee girls who come firmly back stage armed with scissors to snip off souvenir locks of his hair for their memory books, his life would be reasonably tranquil were it not for the beastly new game recently invented by the wretched pressmen from the local Fleet Street. If you want to play the game, you merely pretend to believe that Bird has just landed in America. You point to Aeolian Hall for instance, and explain kindly: "This would be your Crystal Palace" and you go out of your way to talk about the clarks in the shops.

Now Miss Barbour is back at the old "Havoc" table. When the Charlot troupe wound up its engagement in Chicago and Beatrice Lillie moved reluctantly toward the gangplank, Miss Barbour shut her eyes tight and jumped into the cast of "Sky High" which was in the throes of a preparatory week in Washington before coming to New York. She was allowed only two days for rehearsal and from these two days she had to spare one hour for costume fittings and at least one hour practising self control during that number in which the Shubert chorus men, all dressed up in spats and gray darbies, pummel one another affectionately and sing a song about dear old Oxford days.

But still the vacant chair awaits the return of Mr. Forbes.

Maxims for the Musical

One good tune deserves another.



On pitch, in time, saves nine out of ten singers.



When the conductor's away, the men won't play.



It's a long ukulele that knows no tuning.



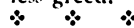
Symphony is akin to love.



Time and the critics wait for no man.



More taste, less greed.



It's an ill wood-wind that blows nothing good.



Scratch a Russian record and you hear a Tartar dance.—S. S.

This Week's Award

The prize for the most scholarly phrasing goes to the announcer from station WJZ who, on March 3, described Saint-Saens as "one of the most notorious French composers."



WILL HAYS, SR., is back from Hollywood, where he conferred with the local press agents and announced that, in future, all movie children must show their school report cards to the studio gatemen each morning. Whether they got a chance in the eighth art that day would depend upon their standings. Imagine Jackie Coogan being sent home in his Rolls Royce because he had only 74 in arithmetic!

Far be it from us to speak disrespectfully of Mr. Hays, Sr. He landed in Manhattan in the midst of the cleaning-up-the-morals-of-the-stage agitation and decided to divert any stray lightning by pointing out his moral work for the cinema. More than a hundred successful plays and books, he said, were turned down during the last year because of moral grounds.

We should like to glance over the list of excluded hits. Sometimes we while away spare moments glancing over the reports published in the film trade papers of exhibitors from the hinterland anent the pictures they run. Shrieks of anguish at the scenes disclosed in certain movies stud these reports, particularly those of Kansas and kindred middle Western states.

No, we are against censorship. And we are against bunk, too.

The most interesting recent silver screen massacre is Ferenc Molnar's "The Swan." Indeed, only a few feathers came out of the movie steam roller. "The Swan" was a finely sophisticated romance as Molnar wrote it. The screen version is just adolescent "Prisoner of Zenda" treacle.

The firm reveals the prince as a naughty, flirtatious scoundrel, the little aristocratic princess becomes a colorless sentimental heroine and the tutor develops into a clean thinking young lover. Love conquers all, as they say in the films, and the princess gets her commoner. It is only fair to Hollywood to state that this wreckage is encompassed by one Dimitri Buchowetzki, who has done considerable celluloid damage since he came from Poland. He is the only foreign film menace who has made good as a menace.

While we are in our intensely critical mood we might as well comment upon Monta Bell's newest film effort, "Lady of the Night," (not quite a sister of the Belasco variety). This Bell was a newspaper man in Washington three years ago. He got a job with Charlie Chaplin (doing the story of Charlie's European trip, they say), helped direct "A Woman of Paris,"

did two other promising films—and his salary is now over \$2,000 a week.

In "Lady of the Night" he has hit the usual flop that comes to the overpraised artist. Of course, the story is pretty bad; i.e., the usual dual role theme of the girls who look exactly alike, one a society gal, the other of the underworld. It was furnished by Adela Rogers St. John, a popular magazine author who writes with a seventh cocktail emotionalism.

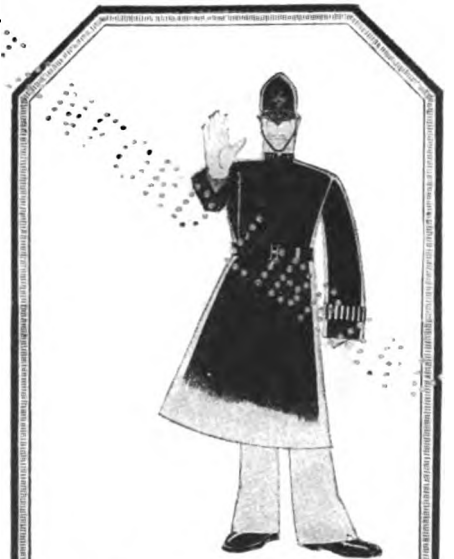
Eighth art or not, the movies are not above putting one over on the gullible public every now and then. Recently local theatres, including one of the biggest on Broadway, showed what was said to be "exclusive pictures of the race against death to save the plague-stricken people of Nome, Alaska." The audiences actually saw some scenes of Alaskan dog teams which had been lying on stock shelves. It would have been impossible to have transported authentic films to New York in the time intervening between Gunnar Kason's dash to Nome and the unveiling of the pictures in Manhattan. These pictures were sent out as part of a well known news reel, not Pathe, which has the reputation of never faking.

James Cruze, the director, rushed on from California the other day and remained only forty-eight hours or so. He made the trip to see a stage performance of Edna Ferber's and George Kaufman's "Minick," which he is next to jell into celluloid.

Cruze, by the way, has just completed "The Beggar on Horseback," that pleasant fancy of Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly. We hear the dream interlude, which runs well over half the picture, has puzzled the coast studio folk a bit. They aren't sure whether inland America wants fantasy, since reports from the provinces indicate that "Peter Pan" is getting a varying reception.

From the Coast Cruze brought Luke Cosgrave, an old actor who has appeared in several of his pictures. Cosgrave is to have the leading role in "Minick." The odd friendship of Cosgrave and Cruze is one of those curious stories of the movies. Years ago Cruze was making his way across country on the brake beams. Cosgrave was running a tent medicine show. They patched up an acquaintance and soon Cruze was joint proprietor, entertainer and cure-all salesman. The scene changes. Cruze is now a \$1,000-a-day director. And Cosgrave is a feature movie actor.

—Will Hays, Jr.



"Just
Like
London"

—the "Bobby,"
famous the world
over. You can't
imagine London
without him—so
typical is he.

Just like London
is Cruger's. You'll
find here exactly
the same things
men buy in those
smart little West
End Shops. Ties,
hose, shirtings,
etc.—drop in or
write us.

CRUGER'S
INC.
Eight East Forty Fifth Street—New York
Just off 5th Ave. and 'round the corner
from the Ritz



For
Between Seasons
The Smart
Short Jaquette of Fur

Our assortment of these exceedingly popular top coats is most interesting in points of style, variety of pelts and general utility.

They are moderately priced too.

"It pays to buy
where you buy in safety"

AJEK-L
Furs

A. JAECKEL & CO.
Furriers Exclusively
Fifth Ave. Between 35th & 36th Sts. New York

Indianapolis Notes

THE New Yorker (Pennsylvania Lines) arrives daily at 5.40 p.m. and departs at 5.45. It can get in four minutes late and pull out on time.

The date of the Shriners' annual ball was fixed to coincide with the appearance of Daphne Pollard in the Greenwich Village Follies at the Murat Theatre, in the Shriener Temple. The nobles dispatched an envoy to Cincinnati to invite Daphne and company as the honor guests at the party. Daphne said swell.

The Follies arrived for a week's stand, but before the night of the ball certain wives of the noble Shriners saw the show. The exalted potentates forthwith were confronted with a situation. Either the Follies invitation would be withdrawn or—!

Finally—a compromise. Daphne's invitation could stand. But nary a member of company or chorus should set foot on the chaste floor of the Shriener ballroom. The troubled nobles negotiated in vain for better terms until the close of the first act of the show on the night of the ball. But no go. So a delegation of the bravest went back stage and confessed to Daphne how the land lay.

"But, certainly, Miss Pollard, *you* will come."

"Yes. Certainly—*not*."

The Shriners' ladies are more positive than ever that they were right.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company is one of the few publishing houses outside New York that can claim status as a national institution. But chamber-of-commerceism, gnawing at the vitals of culture, has bitten out a sizeable hunk. On the title pages of Bobbs-Merrill books nowadays appears a likeness of the local soldiers' and sailors' monument, the ultima thule and ne plus ultra of Civil War memorials in America. The result is a typographic calamity that must cause B. Franklin, printer, to turn in his grave.

From the Situations Wanted—Female columns of the Indianapolis *News*:
WHITE GERMAN WOMAN—Wants washing, ironing, and cleaning. Lincoln 4758.

Well, didn't Germany use to own a considerable chunk of East Africa?

Indiana produces, among other things, the world's worst coal. Mining it, however, is just as perilous a pastime as digging out the finest grade anthracite. Fifty-one lives was the price at Sullivan the other day—Sullivan's previous best claim to fame was the fact that it was the boyhood home of Theodore Dreiser. Airtight legislation rigorously enforced might

do much to remedy some of the conditions that made the Sullivan disaster possible. But the Indiana Legislature has been too busy toying with a blue Sunday law and debating an amendment to the prohibition enforcement law which would assume, in case of a raid, that if an occupant of the raided premises were detected emptying any liquid out of a bottle, the bottle must contain intoxicating liquor.

Here in his home town the Honorable Harry New, Postmaster General, enjoys the reputation of having the best line of funny stories in Indiana.

Whereas the Honorable Tom Taggart, former United States Senator, is known to every student of the billboards as the baker of Perfection Bread.

Harry and Tom, shoguns respectively of the state G.O.P. and Democratic machines, are the closest of personal friends. None of your phoney professional amenities go with them, either. It's a real Hoosier comradeship which has lasted from boyhood.

The Honorable Tom Marshall, former Vice President, opened a law office lately. "Resuming active practice?" he was asked.

"As soon as a client shows up," he replied.

"What do you think of the political situation?"

"Unsatisfactory. Vice Presidents should be elected for life. About the time they get used to a life of idleness their term is up and they have to go to work again."

Booth Tarkington—or Tark, as we call him—commonly referred to (locally) as a resident of Indianapolis, has passed the Winter in Africa. In the Spring he will return to his Summer home in Maine where he lives eight months of the year. He will stop off here next fall on his way to Chicago to keep an appointment with George Ade.

The vision of those hardy pioneers! More than a hundred years ago when the new state capital was laid out in the wilderness, the inhabitants of the settled fringe along the Ohio river protested that civilization would never penetrate that far north in Indiana.—*Terry Hutt*

Ohio Theatrical Note

The Ladies of the Plum Street Church have discarded clothes of all kinds. Call at 44 North Plum Street and inspect them.

—The *Classmate*, Cincinnati

Nassau Notes

DOWN here where the velvet night is pierced with diamonds, as the Steamship ads say, and the buccaneers drive 1908 Cadillacs, masters of finance from the canyons of Wall Street are buying a March sunburn at rising prices. Dwight Morrow is here. So is Tom Lamont. Both wear cocoanut hats and meet the incoming boats. Neither could be induced to dive for pennies.

"This guy Morrow," said the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the Bahamas, "is some mean dancer. I've been watching the little fellow closely and I notice when they do their dancing outside on the platform he joins in. Colored lights drifting through the palm trees, the thin, wild note of the Sax and I see he can't keep his feet still. He always dances best when the orchestra plays that religious tune 'We'll Have Just One More Rum Tum Tum Before We Go Away.'"

This tune which in happier days was sung on street corners by the Salvation Army under the more cheerful monicker of "The Bells of Hell Go Ting Ling Ling" has become the natural anthem of the Bahama Islands where big men like their liquor strong and their women weak.

Ring W. Lardner left here for Miami before your correspondent had a chance to interview him.

Honest John Kelley is said to be losing money this season. "Too many horse shoe pitchers from Miami playing red and black" is the diagnosis.

John King, bartender at the New Colonial, says the visitors are drinking more than ever this year. He was referring to Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One of the new drinks here is a Magnesia Flip. Two parts bacardi, one part orange juice, one jigger magnesia.

Harold Webster the cartoonist is trying to work every afternoon in room 443 of the Colonial. What with the tourists who come up to watch a wild cartoonist at his task and the lack of pipe cleaners in Nassau, he is having troubles. He finished one drawing at 4.45 o'clock yesterday afternoon. At 4.46 a breeze from the Carribbean entered and he saw one of "Life's Darkest Moments" carried over the courtyard and down a chimney. He lit another pipe and without a word started a new drawing.

—Ila June

Dine and Dance
IN THE
DELLA ROBBIA ROOM
OF
The VANDERBILT Hotel
Thirty Fourth Street east of Park Avenue
Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat.,
Seven to Twelve o'clock
\$3 per person Formal Van. 7100

THE GUARDSMAN
ALFRED LYNN DUDLEY
LUNT FONTANNE DIGGES
BOOTH W. 45th St. Evgs. 8:30.
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

They Knew WHAT THEY WANTED
with RICHARD and PAULINE
BENNETT LORD
KLAW West 45th St. Evgs. 8:30.
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

Playhouse 48 St., E. of B'y. Bry. 2628 Evs.
8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

The SHOW-OFF
By GEORGE KELLY
2ND BIG YEAR. 227 reserved seats at \$1.00

ARTHUR HOPKINS PRESENTS
Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings'
What Price Glory
Eve. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30
Plymouth Theat., 45th St., W. of B'way

LAURETTE TAYLOR
Appears in "Pierrot the Prodigal" for Special Tues.
and Fri. Mats., at 48th St. Theatre, George Copeland,
concert pianist. Seats Now.

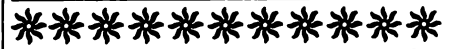
'SHAW'S "CANDIDA"
Comedy masterpiece with Actors' Theatre cast at
Ambassador Theatre, W. 42d St. Evgs. 8:35. Mats.
Wed. & Sat.

Tonight at 8:30 the Actors Theatre will
present "The Wild Duck" by Henrik Ibsen
at 48th St. Theatre. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

The cast includes: Tom Powers, War-
burton Gamble, Blanche Yurka, Cecil Yapp,
Moffat Johnston, Thomas Chalmers, Pearl
Sindelar, Helen Chandler, Philip Leigh.

A REAL COMEDY TRIUMPH
THE YOUNGEST
with
Henry HULL & Genevieve TOBIN
Dir. A. L. Erlanger **GAIETY** B'way & 46 St. Evs. 8:30
Mat. Wed., Thurs., Sat. 2:30

GLOBE B'WAY, 46 ST. MATINEES
WED. & SAT.
ED. WYNN (The Perfect Fool)
in "THE GRAB BAG" 300 RES'D SEATS at \$1
Direction A. L. Erlanger.



NATIONAL THEATRE
41st St. WEST OF BROADWAY

CROSBY GAIGE PRESENTS

H. B.

WARNER

IN THE MOST ABSORBING PLAY
OF THE SEASON

"SILENCE"

"I would not have left the second act to play in a poker game in which I could call my own hands and show them to no one."

—Heywood Brown—New York World



RITZ 48th W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:30. Mats.
Wed., Sat., 2:30

George ARLISS
with JOHN GALSWORTHY'S
"OLD ENGLISH"

VANDERBILT 48 St., E. of B'y. Evs.
5th Month 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.



MY GIRL
Snappiest Musical Comedy in
the U. S. A. HARRY
ARCHER'S ORCHESTRA

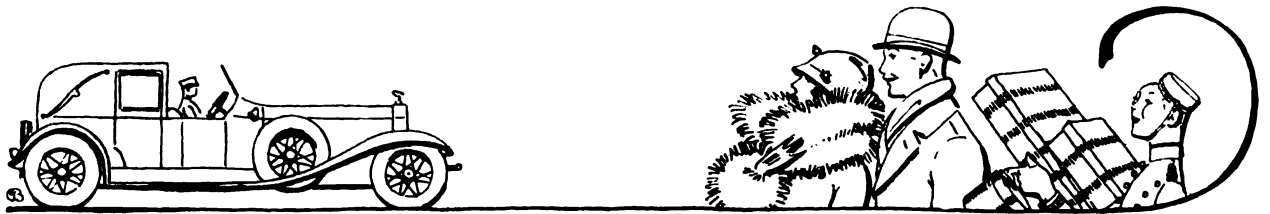
SAM H. HARRIS Presents
IRVING BERLIN'S FOURTH ANNUAL
MUSIC BOX REVUE
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON.
MUSIC BOX THEATRE W. 45 St. Evgs. 8:30.
Mt. Wed., Sat., 2:30.

DUNCAN SISTERS
RECORD BREAKER OF MUSICAL SHOWS
TOPSY AND EVA
Based on "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

SAM H. HARRIS THEATRE, W. 42 St. Evs. 8:30.
MATS. WED. AND SAT.

EXILES By JAMES JOYCE
Every eve. (except Mon.) at 8:20
Mat. Sat. at 2:20
Orchestra \$1.50
Balcony \$1.00. .75
Tel. Dry Dock 7516

466 THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE GRAND ST.



WHERE TO SHOP

BY THEIR SHOPS THEY ARE KNOWN

—the smart, sophisticated New Yorkers, just as surely as by their clubs and their bootleggers. For it is indeed a provincial fallacy that only the great *maison* may be relied upon for charm and good taste. Many are the quiet little shops to which the discerning New Yorker turns for originality and moderate prices—and here, on this page, are several of them.

<p>Antiques</p>	<p>Candies</p>	<p>Ladies Tailors</p>
<p>HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jewelry and silverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 13 W. 47th St., Bryant 6526.</p>	<p>QUEEN OF HEARTS CANDIES Professionally Home-Made of finest ingredients. 144 MacDougal Street—Greenwich Village Bridge Parties Spring 5727 Refreshments</p>	<p>FINEST HAND TAILORED COATS, dresses, sport skirts; very latest models; suits, \$50; smartest patterns. Your materials. Andre Balod, 63 West 50th. Circle 9877.</p>
<p>Arts and Crafts</p>	<p>Corset Hospital</p>	<p>Maps</p>
<p>ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying Handwoven or decorated textiles, potteries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts. Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.</p>	<p>Old Corsets Rejuvenated—Made Like New. We remodel, copy and make to order Elastic Corsets, Girdles, Brassieres. Room 418, 500 5th Ave. Longacre 8173.</p>	<p>THE MAP MART offers a varied assortment of old and decorative maps for all purposes. Your inspection is invited. 41 East 60th Street Regent 2655</p>
<p>Auction Bridge</p>	<p>Electrolysis</p>	<p>Party Favors</p>
<p>WHITEHEAD AUCTION BRIDGE STUDIO Advanced and Elementary Instruction Private or Class Lessons 25 West 51st Street Circle 9015</p> <p>ONLY COLLEGE OF AUCTION BRIDGE Any Desired Form of Lessons, Taught by Experts SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC. 29 W. 54th St. Tel. Circle 10041 New York City</p>	<p>SUPERFLUOUS HAIR permanently removed without injury to the skin. Results GUARANTEED absolutely permanent. Further information cheerfully furnished. IDA WEINBERGER, 373 5th Ave., Room 463</p>	<p>Paper Hats - Horns - Noisemakers - Balloons Everything for a snappy party! JOHN ROSENSTEIN 12 E. 17th St., N. Y. C. Stuyvesant 0535</p>
<p>Beads</p>	<p>Footwear</p>	<p>Permanent Hair Wave</p>
<p>WE SPECIALIZE IN BEAD ORNAMENTS MADE TO ORDER. ALSO CARRY FULL LINE OF FINE BEADS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. RONZONE & CO. 373 FIFTH AVENUE</p>	<p>CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878</p>	<p>Now is the time to get the Permanent Hair Wave that is really beautiful. Go to HENRY'S HAIR SHOP, 17 West 34th Street. Whole head, \$25. Make your appointments now Telephone Fitz Roy 1209.</p>
<p>Beauty Culture</p>	<p>Furniture</p>	<p>Portraits</p>
<p>ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE 17 East 48th Street (Near Fifth Avenue) NEW YORK Telephone Murray Hill 5657 and 6795</p>	<p>WILLET A. LAZIER 9 East 33rd St. Near Fifth Avenue High Grade Furniture—Medium Prices</p>	<p>PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHY. I shall not be satisfied unless you are. MARY DALE CLARKE Plaza 1492 665 Fifth Avenue</p>
<p>PAC VETABLE cleanses and purifies the skin, solely administered by Holmes Sisters 517 Madison Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza</p>	<p>Before you decide to buy, call and let us give you the details of our direct from manufacturer's and wholesale purchasing method. Unusual savings. No obligation. Manufacturers agent. HENRY C. MEYER 119 E. 34th St. Ashland 7979</p>	<p>Restaurants</p>
<p>SUPERFLUOUS HAIR can now be permanently destroyed thru the TRICHO SYSTEM. Lifelong guarantee. Booklet No. 22 free. TRICHO, 270 Madison Ave., New York.</p>	<p>GOWNS</p> <p>LESTER LIVINGSTON, Ltd., 7 E. 46th Street Adjoining The Ritz Smartest Gowns, Wraps and Suits Most Modern Models. All Moderate Prices.</p>	<p>THE RUSSIAN INN 33 W. 37th St. Unusual in its surroundings and the food it serves. After the Theatre—Gypsy Chorus and Orchestra.</p>
<p>TEMPLE DE BEAUTE, MADAME DORVILLE Scientific treatment for removing wrinkles, freckles, tightening muscles, given only at my one address, 32 W. 47th St., New York. Bryant 4856. Booklet. Physicians' endorsement.</p>	<p>BERTHA HOLLEY 26 W. 58th St. Originator of the Ensemble Wardrobe. Beautiful and practical clothes which solve the dress problem for women who seek individuality in dress, rather than commercialized fashions. Phone Plaza 3541</p>	<p>Silverware Hospital</p> <p>Old Silverware Repaired, Refinished and Replated. All Work Guaranteed Equal to New. FRED. KUEHNE, Silversmith and Electro Plater Est. 1850 88 John Street Beekman 5020</p>
<p>MME. MAYS treatments for permanently removing wrinkles, scars, freckles, tightening muscles, given only at my one address, 50 W. 49th St., N. Y. Bryant 9426. Booklet. Physicians' endorsement.</p>	<p>GOWNS BOUGHT</p> <p>Mme. NAFTAL, Bryant 0670; will buy your misfit or slightly used street and afternoon dresses, suits, wraps furs, etc. Highest cash value. Prompt service to out-of-town patrons. 69 W. 45th St. N.Y.C.</p>	<p>Tea Rooms</p> <p>THE SPINNING WHEEL 12 West 47th Street, Bryant 0912 Cafeteria Service, 11-2:30 p. m. Dinner or a la Carte Service, 5:30-7:30 p. m. Afternoon Tea</p>
<p>Books</p>	<p>Interior Decorating</p>	<p>The shops advertised in these columns are reliable and THE NEW YORKER requests that its readers give due patronage to them. Like many of the smart little shops found in the byways and narrow streets of London these shops, too, bear a hallmark of which they are worthy.</p>
<p>THE HOLLIDAY BOOKSHOP, 10 W. 47th St. CURRENT ENGLISH BOOKS TEL. BRYANT 8527</p>	<p>CURTAIN CRAFT 19 West 50th Street Ready made Draperies, custom finish, new Spring Designs. Furniture for Summer Homes. Slipcovers attractively made. Tel. Circle 9895.</p>	
<p>LIVERIGHT BOOKSHOP 4 W. 49th Street Book Service in the New York tradition of efficiency and speed. Drop in—Write or phone Bryant 4016.</p>		

The Dawn of Speech

THE archaeologist of the remote future was lecturing upon the written language of the early Americans, those who had lived in the primitive civilization of the twentieth century.

"These people," the professor continued, "were a race of dawning intelligence and possessed of a very limited vocabulary. Apparently, they spoke in monosyllables, with distinctive words for pain, surprise and the elementary emotions. This remnant of what the ancients called paper, fortunately preserved to us through some kindly chance in nature's chemistry and recently brought to light in the ruins of well-nigh prehistoric New York, sheds much light upon their language. Sentences, it appears, they never used. They were, we must remember, but one higher than animals in the long ladder of evolution.

"This precious relic, combining as it does crude pictures with cruder text, enables us to state with some certainty the relationship of word to action. For example, we quickly discover that the word 'oof' was spoken when one of these primitive people was the recipient of a violent body blow, a frequent occurrence. 'Oof' was apparently the passive voice, the active form, used by the aggressor, being 'pam' or 'pow.' Other monosyllables were less pugnacious. For instance, there is 'awk' which seems to have been synonymous with sudden surprise of an unpleasant character, but was rarely if ever employed in physical combat. 'Glub,' a most singular word, appears to have been spoken solely by persons under water. . . ."

Science, after a lapse of several thousand years, was reading the comic supplement.—A. H. F.

Jottings About Town

By Busybody

Here it will be summer again in another three months, although it hardly seems like any time since we had it last.

* * *

Winter greens are now being used by many of our golf clubs. And at the nineteenth hole so are peppermints.

* * *

The quaint dialect of the modern newsboy is a source of constant amusement. One urchin at Wall Street and Broadway calls "Telegram! World! Journal!" Inquiry disclosed that he was vending the *Telgram, Woild* and *Joinal*.

* * *

Dopoulos P. Dopoulos is showing an advance spring line of goobers at his peanut stand at 161st Street and Gimph Avenue.

* * *

_____ is nursing a cold, same being her husband's, as usual.



An Absolutely New Creation!

HYPATIA
CORS-O-BAND

THE natural grace of American Womanhood is happily interpreted and enhanced by Cors-O-Band, the Ceinture recently adopted by prominent women of Society and the Stage.

The backless model illustrated, designed for Evening Wear, is fashioned of finest material, and closely confines the hips, while affording entire freedom to the upper part of the body.

The CORS-O-BAND gently yet firmly controls both Diaphragm and Bust, is easily adjusted, fastening at left side front with cleverly concealed hooks and eyes, gives support just where it is needed and assures the flat straight back line below the waist. Straps are detachable and may be dispensed with for evening wear.

A Particular Garment for Particular Women

- BATISTE \$10.50
- SILK BROCADE 18.50
- SKINNER BOOT SATIN 28.50
- SILK JERSEY 35.00

If preferred—you may order by mail—giving exact natural measurements of hips, waist and bust—or visit our Corset Studio and be fitted by an expert corsetiere, under the personal supervision of our designer.

Mail Orders Given Careful Attention
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE—Dept. 26



20-22-24 West 37th Street
Just off Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK, N. Y.



\$3.50 for 50 Packs

\$5.00 for 100 Packs

Monogram
(Trademarked and Copyrighted)

Match Packs
WITH YOUR OWN INITIALS

Colors of Match Packs: Gold, Silver, Light Blue, Black, Blue, Orange, Yellow, Green, Purple, Lavender.

Colors of Initials: Gold, Silver, Black, White. Smart for the Vanity Case—Ideal for the Hostess.

A Charming Gift—Packed in a Tin

Mail order and check at once to:

THE
CAN-DLE-LUXE
SHOP

(CANDLES OF QUALITY)

619-N MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK

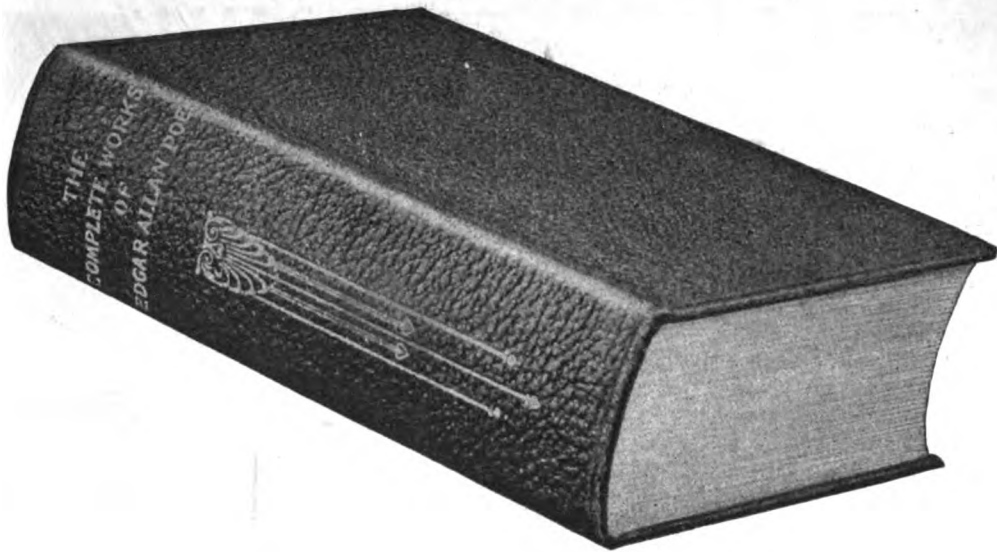
Also carried by such smart shops as

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------|
| Lord & Taylor | New York |
| Alfred Dunhill, Ltd. | New York |
| B. Altman & Co. | New York |
| The Ritz-Carlton Hotel | New York |
| Kaufman & Baer | Pittsburgh |
| Gimbel Bros. | New York |
| Hall's | Chicago |
| James B. Russell | New York |
| Saks & Co. | New York |
| Daniel Low & Co. | Salem |
| S. S. Pierce Company | Boston |
| M. T. Bird & Company | Boston |
| L. S. Ayres & Co. | Indianapolis |
| M. M. Importing Co. | New York |
| Boggs & Buhl | Pittsburgh |
| Sim & Co., Inc. | Troy |

KAY AND ELLINGER,
INC.

342-N Madison Avenue
New York

The Monogram Match Co., 319 De Young Bldg., San Francisco



NOW-All of Poe in ONE Volume!

EDGAR ALLAN POE—master-writer of thrilling detective stories, of horror and mystery tales, of romantic adventures, of haunting poetry, of brilliant essays. All, all the infinitely varied writings of this great American genius are now yours in one marvelous volume! Everything formerly printed in ten volumes is here. And in exactly the same size type—large, clear and readable. Two thousand pages are in this amazing book! *Yet it is less than two inches thick.*

Incredible? Surely—for when was such a book ever known before? A great new advance in paper-making is responsible—*genuine India Paper*. So finely woven that it is almost without weight, yet so white and opaque that the large type stands forth crystal clear.

To this rare paper, book-binders have contributed their art—to make a volume as beautiful as it is convenient—limp covers, heavily grained; gold title and decorations; silk headband and footband; sepia frontispiece. Truly, a book to grace the finest library.

The New "Midnight Edition"

But what richness of binding could compare with the treasures within—the priceless treasures of Poe's immortal genius! Turn the cover and you are in the enchanted world of his soaring imagination. All the masterpieces of his inspired pen are yours to enjoy. Here is a whole library in itself, for the amazing versatility of Poe responds to your every mood.

Enthralling tales of mystery to hold you spellbound! Humorous sketches of scintillating brilliance. Poetry to stir your heart, with its haunting beauty. Read, too, James Russell Lowell's fascinating account of Poe's life, and the intimate reminiscences of his friend, N. P. Willis. Know the true Poe, unhappy victim of a wild, tragic life.

PERSONAL

It is the firm belief of my associates and myself that the book you see above represents one of the most remarkable publishing achievements of the decade.

So confident am I that you, too, will share this opinion, that I have instructed our Advertising Department to offer the book to you for free examination. No cost, no deposit, no obligation of any kind is required.

This remarkable offer is being made so that you may be sure of being satisfied before you purchase. If you do not agree, return the book at our expense.

WALTER J. BLACK,
Pres. Plymouth Publishing Co.

THIS MARVELOUS BOOK SENT FREE!

Once you see this remarkable volume, you will assuredly want to own it. So we offer it to you for a week's free examination. No cost, no obligation to you. See for yourself the richness of the binding and the convenient form of the book. Note the largeness of the type. Read some of the strange, weird, gripping tales of mystery and terror—The Black Cat, The Pit and the Pendulum, the Masque of the Red Death. Thrill again to the haunting music of The Raven, Ulalume, Annabel Lee. Then if you have not fallen irresistibly under Poe's enthralling spell, simply return the book and the week's examination will have cost you nothing.

You risk nothing by mailing the coupon. You lose a great opportunity by not doing so. Tear it out now, before turning the page and mail to:

THE PLYMOUTH PUBLISHING Co., DEPT. 422
7 WEST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE PLYMOUTH PUBLISHING CO., DEPT. 422
7 West 42nd St., New York City

Gentlemen: You may send me for one week's examination your one-volume "Midnight Edition" of Poe's Complete Works, printed in large, clear type on genuine India Paper. I will either send you \$5.45 plus the few cents postage within a week in full payment or return the book at your expense.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Mark X here if you prefer book bound in Persian Morocco at only \$1.50 more. Same approval privilege.