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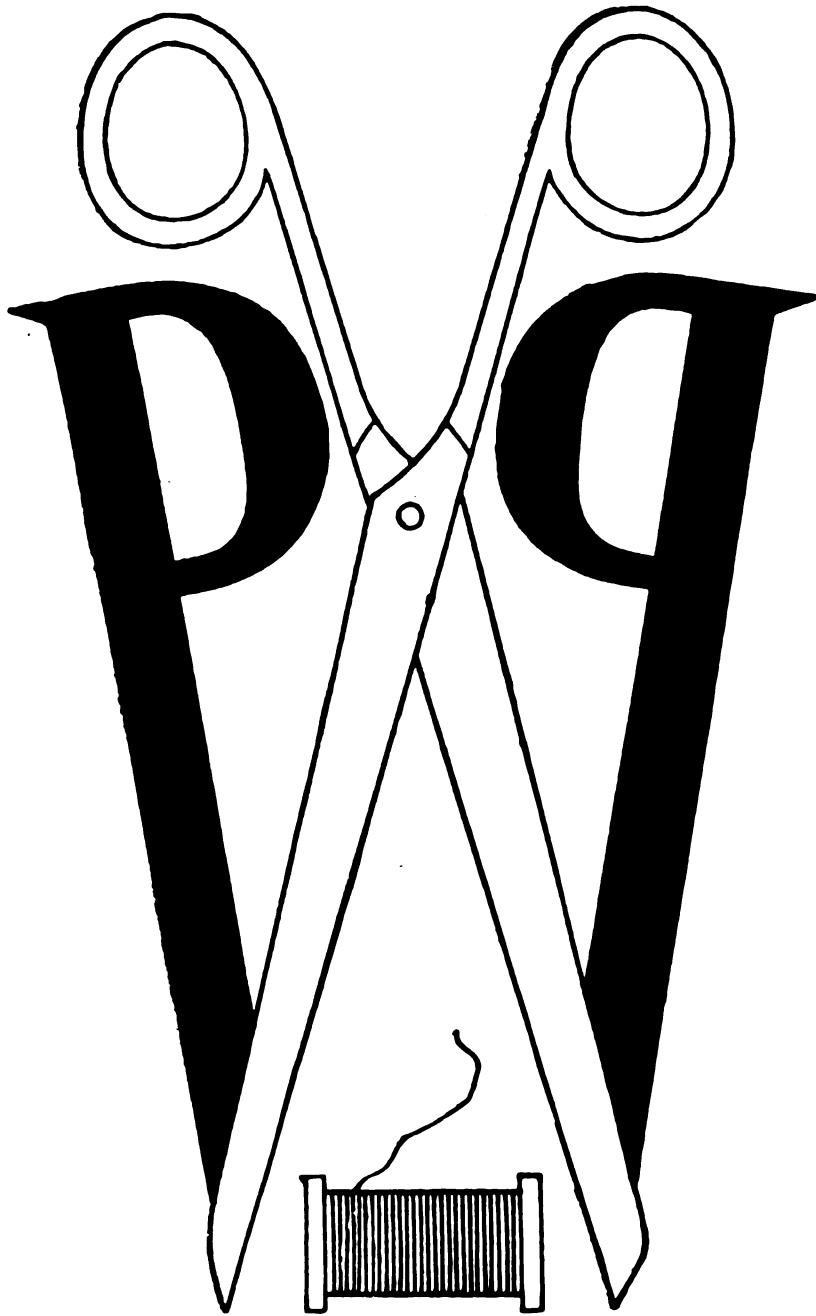
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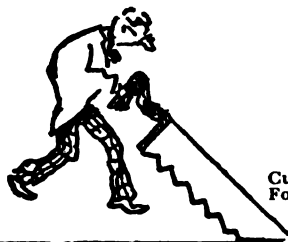
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT is now clear that only Brooklyn and Queens can save the Mayor from tragedy on the Ides of September. He holds those boroughs, they say, in the hollow of his head. If they pull him through, it would be a graceful little act to change the name of the regions across the river to Long Hyland.

THE publication of the income tax returns panders to the basest form of curiosity. Not only that, but the lists have been so non-alphabetical that it is almost impossible to find anybody's name.



OUR own vulgar curiosity goes even farther. What news is left out of a paper to make room for eight pages of pitiless publicity? Whistling kings, jacks queens, dumb-bell statements by returning notables, desperate attempts by Swampscott correspondents—so far as we can see, we haven't missed a thing.

NATURE-lovers and all others who like to spot the first signs of changing seasons (first robins and the like), by taking a trip to Washington Square in the early morning can spy dead leaves scuttling Autumnally. An early start is essential, as they begin covering the grass with newspapers at about ten o'clock.



HERE it is only September, and the name on every lip is not Dayton but Charleston.

ACCORDING to a dispatch, Chicago has just laughed off a deficit of \$399,275 on the books of its Opera Company, and has decided to be more gorgeous than ever next year. Sometime we must have those Western gentlemen come on and meet our own laughter-off, Mr. Otto Kahn.

WHAT will that hotel at 122nd Street which is not to allow drinking, dancing or smoking do with twelve roof gardens?

THE salesmanship shown by the police force in disposing of tickets for Field Day has not only been commendable, but magnificent. And the fact that not once during the drive did we come across any ticket



speculators goes to show how firm the police can be in such matters when they set their minds to it.

The Week

MR. MAX D. STEUER, pre-eminent counsel, pays \$198,000 in income tax and the Bar Association urges stricter administration of justice. Syracuse pastors denounce spread of infidelity and Y.M.C.A.'s yearly expenditures are announced as fifty millions. Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Church denies her husband had been drinking before recent auto accident and scientific tests prove administration of scopolamin makes truthfulness certain.



International Conference at Geneva warns nations against alcohol and Florida bootleggers are discovered to be selling liquor while serving jail sentences. Morris Gest will bring Moscow Art Theatre Studio of one hundred five players here in December and victim of Tong war is buried with weapon that he may wreak vengeance in the hereafter. Broadway show girl begins newspaper series advertised as "telling all" and 166 Chicago butter-and-egg men move their headquarters. Divorce statistics show increases in thirty-four States and striking baggage men say few people travel with trunks any more. Berlin considers increasing dog tax to help pay opera singers and Babe Ruth is restored to



his two thousand dollars a week job as a baseball player.

Promise

WHAT will be the first theatre Fifth Avenue has ever had is to be constructed in the course of the remodeling of the old Macmillan Building at Thirteenth Street.

Mr. Albert Boni, I learned, plans to convert a lower floor into a little theatre, for which project he has secured ample financial backing from a millionaire, not Mr. Otto Kahn. He has drawn to him, as associate in producing, Mr. George Cronyn, a classmate at Harvard, who has been conducting at the University of Montana a course somewhat like Professor Baker's late efforts at Cambridge.

The upper stories will be turned into apartments, to be rented, if possible, to those having interest in the theatre. Further, there is talk of a restaurant which would attempt to attract a distinguished patronage.

At present sentiment inclines to a permanent repertoire company for the theatre. If this is effected, Mr. Jacob Ben-Ami may be recruited, for he is deeply interested, and Mr. De Balta, the impresario. Further, there is Miss Elizabeth Mack, who conducts a school of the theatre in Paris, but who is aching now to make a dramatic invasion of her native land. This last, of course, would mean novelty.

With ample financial resources, such as are reported, the experiments to be conducted in the new theatre should be interesting, whatever shape they take finally.

ARROWSMITH" goes its golden way towards the one hundred thousand mark, but even its popularity—not so great as "Main Street," how-

ever—and the sixty thousand dollars he received for the serial rights to that work have not impaired Mr. Sinclair Lewis's industry. He has about finished a new novel, although in what magazine it will be printed before book publication is not yet known.

The reason for the uncertainty is that the magazine serial rights are open to all bidders; the highest takes it. Thus far, three sealed bids have been received and several others are due very shortly.

One understands Mr. Lewis's hesitancy. It is one with the auctioneer's when he holds suspended the gavel which sounds a sale, reluctant to let it fall lest some higher offer be voiced.

Income

THE compilation of America's Almanac de Gotha or Roster of Peers—that is to say the compilation of the annual Income Tax Return lists—disclosed a new force in urban journalism. Efficiency has apparently got its teeth into the reputedly amiable and haphazard business of reporting.

I dropped into the Internal Revenue office at Fifty-seventh Street, where most of the Dukes and Earls, not to say a few Princes of the American aristocracy, file their claims to nobility. I don't know just what I expected the gentlemen of the press to be doing, but there was a hazy notion they would be scrambling and quarreling and killing time over the precious volumes.

But it was quite different from that: The leading papers each had a single reporter present. And his job was no more arduous than to sit as foreman over a battery of typists, who were reeling off the lists in expert fashion. The typists, I gathered, were working in shifts: a complete roster of forty

young women. And furthermore, carrying the efficiency idea to an incredible peak, the typing apparently was being done on paper of two colors.

"Yes," I heard one of the foremen-reporters say, "individuals on white paper, corporations on blue."

The paper itself was tricky. Perforated sheets, to be torn into narrow slips, each slip bearing a single name. And at the *Times* office, I was told sixty more clerks were employed and a special table had been built, equipped with slots lettered A to Z. It was relatively simple to co-ordinate the slips alphabetically, by dropping them into the proper slots.

It was thus that we learned all about each other's business all in a few days.

The *Times*, they said, would print some ninety columns of names, discarding all who paid an income tax of less than \$500. The *World* was to print every name, if they died for it. While the *Herald Tribune* struck a medium between the two. The afternoon papers, it would seem, were content with the old-fashioned method, reprinting most of their lists from the morning papers or from a city news association to which they subscribe.

I was happy to note that there were no cataclysmic upsets in the peerage. The Fords preserved their dynasty, occupying the top of the list with the obvious title of Emperor. Andrew Mellon retained his rank as Grand Duke, while all the Rockefellers, when the returns were complete, held to their titles as Princes of the Blood.

THE one striking elevation in rank which caught my eye was in the case of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, a mere Baron of last year, who presumably by magnificent deeds of derring-do in

behalf of his *Saturday Evening Post* was hoist to the blood royal. His return of \$583,872 gives him, past doubt, the right to name himself marquis.

The intrepidity of Marquis Cyrus in our ceaseless commercial jousting is worthy of comment, if you are not in a hurry. He sells for a simple nickle a book which costs him to produce twenty-eight cents the copy, or which did, at any rate, a year or two ago. I rely upon the statement of Mr. Edward Bok for the latter figure. Twenty-eight cents, then, worth of paper and printing he sells for five cents. Once it was proposed to him that he hike the fee to a dime, and spend a couple of million in advertising to salve over the hurt to this vast nation's pocketbook.

"Not so," exclaimed Mr. Curtis. "Our best advertising, indeed, is the very fact that we charge only a nickle. Haven't you heard them marvel, standing beside the newsstands, 'All that for a nickle!'"

Figure out for yourself, if you are that curious, the value of advertising in a week's issue.

SOMEWHAT familiar silence story from Swampscott:

"Do you wish to say anything about prohibition?" asked a journalist of Mr. Coolidge.

"No."

"About the coal strike?"

"No."

"About the world court?"

"No."

The newspaper man turned to go. "By the way," added Mr. Coolidge, "don't quote me."

Origin

FOR Mr. William Randolph Hearst the puzzle probably is Al Smith's possession of old-fashioned virtues, one of which is his deeply sentimental regard for his mother, while she was alive, and for her memory now.

Before the Governor's mother died, during his first term in the Executive Mansion, the Hearst newspapers opened a heavy offensive upon Mr. Smith. Among other things was printed a cartoon in the *Evening Journal*, depicting the Governor as an ogre, snatching milk from the thin lips of woefully anaemic babies. As a public man used to the amenities of journalism, Mr. Smith was unmoved when first he saw it, but the after-

noon the cartoon appeared was chosen by the Governor for a visit to his mother, in Brooklyn. He found the old lady wracked by sobs and at her feet he saw the reason for her tears, the *Journal's* virulent cartoon.

An old friend of Mr. Smith tells me that his bitter and undying political enmity for Mr. Hearst was born that afternoon.

Staple

SO many theatres are being battered into dust—but even this may be better than the former ten-thirty fate of the Academy of Music—that it is well to have a stock anecdote to serve for all such future occasions. This will be it, then, and the gentleman awarded the distinction of central character will be Bill Nye.

Mr. Nye was giving a reading to a crowded house when, during a pause, a voice called from the balcony, "Louder."

"Why don't you pay more and come down where you can hear?" demanded Mr. Nye.

"Because it isn't worth it."

Titles

SOME of those who journeyed to Atlantic City for an earlier view of "The Green Hat" commented on the scantiness of the stage version as compared with the book. For such sensitive souls, a shock is in waiting when "These Charming People" tread the boards.

"The Green Hat," within the limitations of the drama, is faithful to the novel, but in "These Charming People" is not one character out of

the collection of short stories.

The play concerns an elderly gentleman and his two somewhat obstreperous daughters—and in none of these is a Shelmerdyne, or a Tarlyon.

Indeed, the comedy originally was entitled, "Dear Father," and as such was offered first to a producer, other than Mr. Charles Dillingham, who decided not to present it though his staff advised acceptance of the work.

It was Mr. Dillingham who saw the advantage that would accrue from such a title as "These Charming People," and it was he who suggested the change. Further, it is to him that the engagement of Mr. Cyril Maude for the comedy should be credited.

Custom

PEOPLE apparently go to Canada chiefly for one reason these days, and when they return, naturally, they try to bring some back with them. This involves difficulties with government inspectors which are not, however, insuperable, as witness:

Two gentlemen whose compartment was stacked high with case goods, wandered back to the observation platform as the time for the border search drew near. Before leaving their compartment they were careful to place a fifty-dollar bill in a prominent place, as a mute appeal to the inspectors to forget that such a man as Mr. Volstead ever had lived.

The federal search progressed, and presently a loud voice was heard calling in the observation car, "Who's got Compartment Z, Car Two?"

Fear seized the guilty pair. Arrest, imprisonment, disgrace—all the tremors of innocence assailed them. But at last they acknowledged possession.

"Come with me," commanded the inspector. Dejectedly they followed, in a silence that held until they reached a vestibule between cars. Then the inspector spoke.

"The tightwad next door didn't leave anything," he informed the trembling pair, "so we put his five cases in your compartment. Good luck to you."

MR. DAVID H. WALLACE, returned not so long ago from 'Sconset in Massachusetts, tells of the pleasant spectacle staged for porch loungers by rum-chasers in pursuit of rum-runners . . . two streaks of spray and then the popping of guns.

"The runners may be caught now



and then," explained Mr. Wallace, "but at 'Sconset, rum is still seen with or without the chaser."

Price

THE train pulled into the South Norwalk, Connecticut, station and the passengers dismounted, hurrying towards the taxi stand, where waited, apprehensively, a meek, lowly, battered Chevrolet touring car.

The taxi starter met the arrivals in order. To the first, a somewhat dapper clerk, he explained that he might ride in the only vehicle available at the moment, or wait a few seconds for a more lordly and comfortable sedan. The clerk, disdainful of the shabby automobile, chose to wait.

To the second arrival at his stand, the taxi starter made the same proposal.

"Fine!" said this burly, fleshy individual. And the meek Chevrolet bobbed under his weight as he clambered into the rear seat.

The motor groaned loudly and away clattered the puny touring car, bearing to Hickory Bluff, his huge estate near Darien, Mr. James Farrell, president of the U. S. Steel Corporation.

Exposé

NOW that Mr. Will Rogers's shrewd quips on things and persons are on the point of betaking themselves to the provinces accompanied by their perpetrator and the De Reske singers, a secret may be revealed. Which is, those sprightly comments on people in the day's news and the "Follies" audience were not always so impromptu as they seemed. In other words, Mr. Rogers knew they were there even before he went on the stage; and he knew where to look for the celebrities when he did face the footlights.

A certain row in the New Amsterdam Theatre is reserved each night for Mr. Ziegfeld's personal guests among whom the press agent for the "Fol-

lies" makes sure to include, by invitation, well known persons at the moment in the public eye. Mr. Dudley Field Malone, on his return from the Scopes trial, will do for an example.

So Mr. Rogers had some time, at least, to prepare his seemingly impromptu remarks.

The same plan is being followed in the "Vanities," although the presentation of victims to Mr. Julius Tannen is more open there, since the celebrities in attendance at the revue are banded about the tables, all tense for the monologist's quip to lash about their ears.

SCENE: City Hall Steps. Discovers: Delegation of five hundred odd youngsters waiting on His Honor. Appears Jimmie McCarthy, aged nine, presenting paper to Lord. "It's a poem," says Jimmie. "He says it's a poem," broadcasts the Mayor. "I want to sing it." "He wants to sing it!"

"Don't mind what others say
Vote for our mayor on primary day."
"If I'm elected Mayor," says Mr. Hylan, "I'll see that this boy gets a job."

Zachary Lansdowne

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER Lansdowne—the Zach of friendly greeting—was a silent member of a class celebrated in Annapolis's annuals for its noise. To many, he gave the impression of a plodder, but to a

few who saw the spark beneath the formal exterior was revealed a quiet intellectual charm not easily forgotten. Outside his profession, unless urged by a member of the laity, he never talked shop. This alone should mark his place in naval history.

Shenandoah's fate was a shock to the navy and to the army as well, but in the latter's air service it was not wholly unexpected.

Some years back, when a British-built dirigible was being flown in England preparatory to crossing the Atlantic, the army sent a board of air officers to observe its behavior. That was the ship which crumpled into flames above the Humber. It was the plan then to build another such ship and divide possession of it between the army and the navy, six months to each service during the year.

The army board returned from England. Presently, in effect, the Navy Department inquired from the War Office: "What about sharing the new dirigible with us?"

"No, gentlemen," replied the army authorities, politely firm. "You keep it. It should be far more valuable for naval than for military maneuvers."

THE return of the late Nat Goodwin's last wife, Miss Margaret Moreland, to Broadway, reminds us of a story still told about Mr. Goodwin by Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams. It was when Mr. Goodwin was rehearsing in Mr. Williams's "Why Marry?" and the question came up as to the correct reading of a certain line to which the word "monogamy" was the key. Mr. Williams abjured Goodwin to put more unction into it.

"I'll read that line any way you like," replied Mr. Goodwin, "but what in the devil does monogamy mean?"

In Our Midst

OLD-FASHIONED gentleman who thought "Black Cow" milk bars around town heralded revival of ancient drink concocted from ice cream



YOU CAN'T WIN



"JUST BREAK THE NEWS TO MOTHER"
EARLY AMERICAN FOLK SONG ENG. BY JOHN HELD JR

and sarsaparilla was greatly disillusioned to discover young ladies serving therein had never heard of "Black Cow" as a beverage.

Great increase of thrift among stenographers anticipated, because savings bank has begun supplying neat, gold-plated vanity case to young ladies opening accounts. It is called "vaniti-bank," being designed to entrap dimes, but vault is easily removed, and space left is perfect for lip-stick and other paraphernalia.

Suburban strategy by gentleman kept from important telephone call by gossipy matron on party line. Says matron, presently, "We are having pork and beans for dinner." Inspired gentleman yells, "I smell beans burning," and is rewarded with clear line.

Tailors forecasting more color in gentlemen's clothing. Latest: vegetable hues—the egg-plant, the brachen, heather, etc. etc. Also pheasant and grouse. Also double breasted top-coats.

The Miss Mildred Glass Lief playing minor rôle in "The Jazz King" is a niece of Mr. Montague Glass. To Broadway by way of dramatic school course and a little Little Theatre-ing.

Observations: Purple dresses now driven below the Macy-Gimbel line (as the Garrick Gaieties call it) . . . seen in the air-cooled Astor Grill, din-

ing in overcoat, Mr. D. W. Griffith . . . gay touch to rainy days: stenographers in yellow slickers, same custom adapted from collegiate ways . . . one thing about these dial telephones—it's a quick ear that can count the clicks fast enough to tell what number one is calling.

Further observations . . . of new motor signs noted: on rear of "De Lux Parlor Chair Motor Coaches" which ply between Boston (Mass.) and the Astor Hotel: "Please Blow Your Horn: This Coach will Gladly Move Over" . . . on a humble Ford: "My Rear End is No Bumper" . . . and over bad rent in same: "Newest 1925 Gnash" . . . also more of these manufactured placards: "If you're close enough to read this, you're too damn close."

Meeting Mr. Emory Buckner, padlock-extraordinary, Mr. Willie Collier innocently mentioned that he had a good tip on the market. "What?" inquired Mr. Buckner. "Buy Yale & Towne, common," murmured Mr. Collier.

Recipe for bacardi cocktail without bacardi: three parts gin, two parts rye, one part Scotch, total added to equal quantity orange juice. Use much ice and frost shaker.

London advices: Mr. Ben Travers said to be new sensation as writer of

comedies. His "Coo Coo in the Nest" running successfully. Also has new book, "Mischief" reputed quite funny. . . . Mr. Gilbert Miller is doing "The Firebrand" there. Barbier the sketches for costumes and scenes.

Departing soon for California: M. Paul de Croisset, French playwright, said to be Parisian Michael Arlen. Was interested in "The Miracle of the Wolves" and is flirting with movies here. Wrote the play "Arsene Lupin," "The Hawk," and many others. Young, good-looking.

Mr. Julian Eltinge, delineator of the female type, conversing with Mr. Johnny Black, composer of "Dardanella" who ventures: "I'd like to try female impersonating, Julian. Which course should I take?" His answer: "Only one—don't!"

Proposed twenty-four sheeter heralding new show celebrated condition of critic at premiere with this: "In Vino Veritas—'Best Musical Comedy in Town,' Says Mr. X——." Producer exercised charitable censorship when he saw proof. "In Vino Veritas" was deleted.

Recipe returned to popularity: Cut one portion of strained honey with lime juice, add to two parts (or more) of gin . . . dash of cream and a little mint . . . and frost.

—THE NEW YORKERS

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

EVERY WEEK HE ASKS A QUESTION OF FIVE PEOPLE SELECTED AT RANDOM.
THIS WEEK THE QUESTION IS: DO YOU APPROVE OF INCOME TAX PUBLICITY?

THE ANSWERS:



JAMES A. REED, Senator, of Missouri: "HEH! Heh-heh-heh-eh-eh-eh! Do I *approve* of it? Wow! Why, I *done* it—me and George Norris! There ain't nobody in this country better than nobody else and it took me and George Norris to show 'im! And here it is all in the papers again what me and George Norris done! Whoopee! It's more than them kings and dooks ever dared do over in Europe, gol ding it. And we got away with it and they don't! HEH! Heh-heh-heh-ch-ch-ch!"



GEORGE W. NORRIS, Senator of Nebraska: "Look at 'um writhe and squirm! EE-Yow! Me and Jim Reed has done more to make the people sore and caused more tarnation trouble than Volstead and p'u't nigh the whole dern Congress put together, we have! I should say I do approve of it! I like to busted waiting for another year to roll round so's I could see it all in the papers again—and here it is! There ain't nobody ever tortured the people like me and Jim Reed. Gosh!"



WILLIAM R. GREEN, Representative and Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, of Iowa: "You ain't heard nothing yet! Us fellows down in Washington allus tries to fix it so's the people get a *fresh* wallop every now and then. The American people have a way of getting used to anything, so we have to think up new ideas to nag 'um with all the time. Next year we're going to start making income tax payers embroider the amount of their tax on the seat of their pants so's folks can see it all the year."



JOHN A. FOSTER, Prohibition Director, of the Marshall Field Building: "Oh, I suppose tax publicity is all right in its way. But that sort of thing is very small beer. As an official annoyer of the people, I feel that I am qualified to put tax publicity in a class with hangnails, hangovers and other such temporary nuisances. Now, *my* department, as soon as I get my card index system in full swing, will combat peace and comfort *the year round*. I promise that, after I have been at it for six months, a civilized dinner will be practically out of the question in this town and even gin will cost \$75 a case."



SADIE GOLDFARB, hat carrier, of Avenue K: "Oh, I think tax publicity is simply gra-a-and! Gee! Tabloid newspapers and snappy magazines and radio and now this swell chance to poke your nose in everybody's business! Congress has certainly been good to us. My days ain't long enough anymore. Tax publicity has made life simply swell."—RALPH BARTON

FOR MAYOR, MR. HYLAN

The time has come, the Walrus said,
To talk of many things;
Of songs, and votes, and fountain pens,
And interests, and strings.

HYLAN, Waterman, Walker.
One of these men will be
your next MAYOR. Right at
this moment a great deal of SECRET
proposing is going on, but YOU, the
VOTER, will do all the disposing.

Rochefoucauld, able commentator,
speaking of the candidates in a pro-
vincial French election, said:

*"Celui qui veut entreprendre les
grand choses, doit auparavant éprouver
ses forces."*

Translated into the language with
which you are familiar, this means:

"Whoever wants to undertake BIG
things, should first try out his
strength."

Hylan, Waterman, Walker.

WHO are they? WHAT are they?
What HAVE they done?

Let us examine into the REC-
ORDS. Let us rend the veil of VE-
NOM and forget the red fire and
tom-tom of politics. Let us do a
little THINKING.

Consider Mr. Waterman. An able
BUSINESS man. His fountain pen is
an excellent article. He has spent
MILLIONS advertising it. No man
who spends millions in ADVERTIS-
ING can be lightly overlooked. A dis-
cerning philosopher once said "The
Pen is Mightier than the Sword."

Consider Mr. Walker. A compe-
tent POLITICIAN. Also something
of a SONG WRITER. He is au-
thor of that touching ballad "Will
You Love Me in December as You Do
in May?" Millions sang it. No man
who can make MILLIONS sing may
be dismissed without some considera-
tion. An acute observer once said,
"I care not who makes the Nation's
laws, if I can but write its songs."

Then take Hylan. Neither a foun-
tain pen manufacturer nor a song
writer. Nothing as PROSPEROUS
as the former. Nothing as ARTIS-
TIC as the latter. Once he was an
HUMBLE MOTORMAN. To-day
he is an HUMBLE EXECUTIVE.

To-day this man HYLAN wants
to undertake BIG things. And he has
already tried out his STRENGTH.
It has been proven MIGHTY. Why?
HIS strength is YOUR Strength.

The ape, CONSUL, was taught to

write with a fountain pen. But he
never knew what he was writing.
Why? He couldn't think.

A parrot may be taught to sing
songs, but it never knows what it is
singing. Why? It can't THINK!



The Ape Doesn't THINK

An able POET once wrote "Great
oaks from little acorns grow."

Let us vision Hylan, the HUMBLE
MOTORMAN. Red Mike, they
called him in those days of the simple
beginning of a GREAT career. Mark
you this: the train that Hylan piloted
in those days when he was a MERE
MOTORMAN was always well pi-
loted. Nobody was ever KILLED on
a train piloted by MOTORMAN
RED MIKE HYLAN. Nobody was
ever even slightly injured. Why?
Because he put every once of himself
into his JOB. And he never ceased to
THINK.

He looked into the cars, and saw
PEOPLE hanging on straps. He
made a CONVENANT with himself.

"If I am ever in a POSITION
where I can do it, I will ABOLISH
strap-hanging."

That thought is still running
through the MIND of John F. Hy-
lan, husband, father, grandfather,
home builder, and humble servant of
a great people. Five or SIX more
terms as mayor of New York, and he
will see his life's DREAM realized.

But YOU must help. You the peo-
ple must DECIDE.

Already he has stamped his SOUL
upon the city in indelible ink such as

no fountain pen can carry.

When you ride in Hylan BUSES,
when you cross the water in Hylan
FERRYBOATS, when you listen to
HYLAN concerts, when your children
gambol in Hylan PLAYGROUNDS,
you are unconsciously paying tribute
to the humble MOTORMAN who
piloted his train of cars and dreamed
the dream of the humble RAIL-
SPLITTER—a government OF the
people, BY the people and FOR the
people.

For his dream Lincoln was assassi-
nated. For his dream, Hylan is cal-
umnated, traduced, jibed, mocked.
The pharisees and the scribes fling
MUD. Upon that mud Hylan the
Dreamer has built the foundations of
better government.

Hylan knows he will be reelected.
He knows, because he realizes that
THINKERS will vote for him. You,
who read this, are THINKERS.

New York has gone up hundreds of
thousands in population SINCE Hylan
first became MAYOR.

Real estate has GONE UP im-
mensely. Think!

There is 2.18 per cent less tuber-
culosis in Staten Island. THINK!

Chrysler Motors has gone up.
THINK.

The birth rate has gone up.
THINK. Everything has gone up
since the humble MOTORMAN be-
came the great EXECUTIVE. He
has been elected again and AGAIN.
Do you know WHY? It is because
Hylan is YOU, the people. And
YOU, the people, are Hylan. The
MASTER is the SERVANT, and
the SERVANT is the MASTER.

Therein lies the ESSENCE of De-
mocracy.

When election day comes, get up
EARLY and go to the POLLS with
a SONG on your lips—Mr. Walker's
song, if it'll make that estimable com-
poser feel better. When you get to
the POLLS, take your pen—even Mr.
Waterman's FOUNTAIN pen, if it
will cheer that honest and praise-
worthy manufacturer and advertiser
—and record your vote for John F.
Hylan, the man who thinks, the man
who depends on PEOPLE who think,
the humble MOTORMAN who will
never be sidetracked in his dream of
a GREATER New York.

—PIER-GLASS



THE PERFECT SECRETARY

"How many flies we have
in here!"

"Yes,—forty-one."

METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

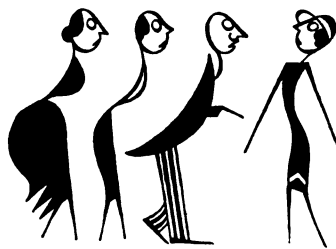
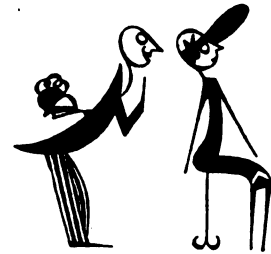
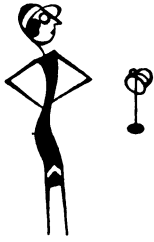
IT TAKES ALL KINDS
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

THERE is, for instance, the Society Professional. She attributes her desire for a career To the vapidities of the strictly social life; At least that's what the newspapers say In the stories which carry her picture, But investigation usually proves That father's or hubby's net haul on the Exchange Ain't, as the academicians have it, what it used to be. If she picks on the stage as her medium of expression, She tells the managers that she speaks four languages. He lets that one go by all right, And manages, by the time he has cast her as a maid or a merry villager, To dig up the fact that her great grandfather Was war Governor of Maryland, or something. She wants to begin at the bottom and work up, of course, Having no idea of using her name and position As a box office attraction; Nor does she want to back herself financially— Hints that Sothern and Marlowe stooped to such procedure Go in one ear and out the other— No indeed! She is confident of success on her merit alone, Having been a riot for years in those theatrical enterprises So mercifully covered by the cloak of charity. After the stage manager finally takes her in hand,

It is remarkable how many things She simply couldn't think of doing. She has been known to balk at going on at a première Through a sudden fear that she has not been sufficiently rehearsed. Sometimes the S. P. decides to be an author, She had tea in Paris once with Anatole France, And her friends have always told her That she wrote the most wonderful letters! Even casual acquaintances have suggested That she should capitalize her line of conversation— What are Clare Kummer's plays but a lot of talk, anyway? The S. P. who goes in for literature probably would never think Of playing the violin before an audience without having taken lessons, But it's different with *vers libre* or prose sketches, Especially if some nice writing man whom she meets at dinners— Frank Crowninshield or Owen Johnson or Charley Towne, say— Will write the introduction for her little book. All she needs is the proper start And a story or two, with quotations and her photograph, In the Sunday magazine sections. Sometimes amateur standing just can't be lost.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

—BAIRD LEONARD



WANTED: A HAT

M



A Man, A Museum—and Their Secret Vice



ACROSS Mayor Hylan's own park, and, climbing the many steps of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, drag out Mr. Richard F. Bach. The *Museum Bulletin* refers to him as Associate in Industrial Arts. In case that does not mean anything to you, we could designate him as the man who beat them on their home grounds, the man who "sold" Art to the United States without the United States ever knowing it. We will talk to Mr. Bach for about thirty minutes. If we stay longer, we may learn what we already suspect, that there is a trick in it somewhere, or we may wake up.

He is a thin, wiry man, constantly racing his engine, and you pant to keep up with him. He is smiling constantly, and his eyes seem to be hiding a joke. Perhaps it is this big joke he is telling you about that keeps him amused. For fifteen minutes you listen in dumb amazement, and the next fifteen you sit dumb, wondering how long this has been going on.

The answer is about ten years. Mr. Bach, a decade ago, was an aspiring architect, preparing himself to teach at Columbia. He wrote now and then for trade papers. Someone had told the Grand Rapids people that the Museum contained more salable stuff in the way of furniture than did East Aurora. They began to copy the periods in the Museum exhibits. Then the gods opened another oyster, and the interior decorator was sent upon the earth.

Mr. Bach wrote a piece about the furniture dealers and what they owed to Art and the Museum. It came under the eye of Henry W. Kent, secretary of the Museum. Mr. Kent had a talk with Mr. Bach about a dream he had had for some time. And Mr. Kent felt that with the furniture dealers and their profits to point to, the assault could be begun on

Big Business. He took up a post with the Museum the next week. He started with one idea. To-day he has a thousand satisfied customers, covering all the important manufacturing fields from talcum powder cans, on through neckties and collars to wall paper and soap. His bureau reaches millions of tradesmen through the trade papers and the out of town buyer making his yearly trip finds a visit to the Museum as necessary as his visit to the girl shows. Believe it or not.

TO get you to believe this at all, we must divulge part of the secret. The business man has not gone cuckoo; he has not accepted ART. He has merely been convinced by trials, graphs and charts that an article will sell better if it looks better. There is one way to convince the business man, and Mr. Bach knew that way. He never spoke of art. Now and then he did have to use the word, design; but he usually cloaked that with some familiar term in the vernacular. Mr. Bach knew that he could have lectured for seven days on vision and design, the history of personal adornment, or why the male bird dresses better than the female, and have won no recruits among the busy manufacturers. He also knew that he could light a cigarette, put his feet on the president's desk, and say: Why is it that fifty cents worth of felt, fifty cents worth of ribbon, and eighty cents worth of labor can be turned into a hat that will sell for \$45? And when the president gave up, Mr. Bach could say, The answer is, Design, and not be thrown out of the office.

So day by day, year by year, Mr. Bach has gone out on the highroads and in the byways spreading his gospel of design. Once gained, a customer is never lost so our hero can spend all of his time proselyting. In fact, he has the thing down to such a system that the minute the news of an incorporation by a manufacturer is

printed Mr. Bach is on the job even before the insurance man or the bond salesman has arrived. Hundreds of trade papers carry the gospel. Every year there is a special exhibit of goods of American design, owing their source to the Museum. Manufacturers from every State come to the rooms for free assistance or guidance in their projects.

Every new acquisition to the Museum is noted by a mailing system and sent to the thousands of clients. It is usually a return post card which says in effect that the Museum has purchased a new chair, or set of armor, or vase; and if the firm designer is interested, mark off the time convenient, and he will be given an interview in which the relation of the new piece to the manufacturer's business will be explained.

You may jump to the conclusion that something from an Egyptian queen's hand might interest the jewelers and no one else. And that would show that you don't know anything more about it than we do, Mr. Bach is earnest about it. Copying is no good. In fact, he altogether leaves out of his plans the individuals or firms who merely see the Museum as a place where beautiful things are on view to be copied. They come and go unmolested, and are helped only when they seek help. Design, to Bach, is not static. It is living and should be adapted to this day and this period. Take for instance the textile people. Came a man who had read about King Tut. Great, says he, let's have a line of King Tut silks.

Mr. Bach shook his head sadly and tried to explain that it wouldn't do. The idea wasn't sound design. The adornments of King Tut's tomb were architectonic; they would be out of place in a lady's dress. Now we do have some very fine scarves that the Queen's maids wore; they might suggest something in the way of design that would better suit the medium.

But the business man had read the

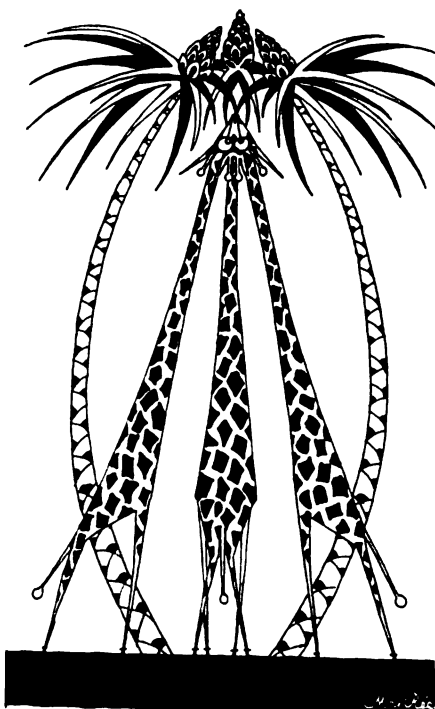
paper and he knew a front page story. He insisted. So Mr. Bach pointed the way to the Egyptian room and said, go ahead, it's a fad and can't last five months. Mr. Bach smiles when he recalls that exactly five months to the day the silk man called and asked if Mr. Bach could suggest any way to utilize or reprint about a half million dollars worth of King Tut Novelty Fabrics!

One of the International Silver Company subsidiaries was bent on a new coffee set. The designer for the firm conferred with Mr. Bach. You are wrong again, Mr. Bach did not lead him to the Coffee Pot wing of the Museum. Rather they strolled through the aisles where stand the Japanese armor exhibits. And on the leather visor of an ancient warrior's helmet, Mr. Bach and the silver designer found an embroidered design that satisfied their hearts and the contours of the coffee pot. Perhaps you had your coffee from such a pot this morning. It is safe to say that you won't get through the day without using something that owes its origin to the Museum on Eighty-fifth and Fifth.

A talcum powder firm, to increase sales, copied an ointment pot from some dusky queen's toilet table. The new can sold so much better than the old container that the firm changed its whole line. If you don't know how

far north that is going, just ask any manufacturer.

A moving picture has recently been filmed under the guidance of the Museum. The press agents of the movies have been talking about Art for some years. At last the directors have caught up. Sounds like the millenium to us. Most of the wall paper firms depend on the Museum, as do the textile plants. But it is the vast array of miscellaneous things that we buy



to wear and live with, born of the beauty of the world's best Museum that staggers the layman. The tired children listlessly strolling through the great galleries, the visitors from Dubuque showing their New York cousins the Corots and Rembrandts, the people from First Avenue resting from the heat. These no longer are the need and reason for this great structure. There's some sense to it after all.

The function of the place is to make a raucous country a little beautiful and its inhabitants, or its offspring, a little conscious of the beauty of life. That it has to be done under cover of darkness and by the weight of "selling points" will offend only the idealist. The trade jargon of the suave Mr. Bach is the mere lip service he is willing to render unto Mammon. He knows his America and is willing to put a phoney label on his bottle. What does he care if the business man in swallowing Art salves his Puritan conscience by calling it "good business" or "higher sales potential."

A great man is this Mr. Bach, influencing more lives than he, or anyone else knows about. We wish he would have a talk with Henry Ford.

—MURDOCK PEMBERTON

A Big Step Forward

A magazine written and edited by lunatics has been started in England.

—Indianapolis News

OF ALL THINGS

ACCORDING to their leaders' statements, both the miners and the operators are fighting valiantly for the interests of the public. We have despondent moments when we wish they would leave us to our fate.

So's Your Old Manager

The importance of Babe Ruth in the Cosmic Plan was never before as clear as it is to-day. He got more censure for misconducting himself than Huggins did for misconducting the whole team.

If the President hopes to sell the World Court to the citizens this Fall he might begin by pointing out that it does not involve jury duty.

"Sober Republicans and sober Democrats will smash every jug and break

every bottle, from brilliant and blasé Boston to gay and godless Gotham, from beery and boozy Baltimore to fair and foolish Frisco." This alliterative addition to the sum of human knowledge is from the ubiquitous, upright and uproarious Upshaw.

The Department of Agriculture is uttering recipes for keeping cider and other fruit juices from fermenting. At a rough estimate we need this information about as much as Joseph Caillaux needs a hair net.

Pay it Like Rent

The French debt commission will come across next week, and we hope this puts ideas into France's head.

An English inventor has proposed a code designation to supplement personal

names. There are, he says, 530,000 Smiths in England and each could have a monomark of his own. Over here we could pin one on every great golfer named Jones.

Mr. Hornaday is quite right in demanding the conservation of game before it is gone forever. Look what happened to the buffalo and mah jong!

"Although entire libraries have been written about investors as such," says the *Saturday Evening Post*, "we have no really scientific knowledge of the classes into which they fall." We only know they fall.

The yearnings of Messrs. Waterman, Bennett and Lyons for the G.O.P. nomination strike us as a pathetic example of desire under the elephant.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



THE TOUGHEST DUMP IN TOWN

THE Good Fellow told the taxi driver where to go—somewhere in the West Fifties, it would be—and took delight in stepping on our feet as he climbed in opposite us. The Good Fellow has a comfortable bed, and we had routed him out of it after midnight. Once, long ago, he had boasted of a passport to the toughest night club in town. Now he was paying for his old bravado. The cab window next the curb, as it passed under the pale, successive street lamps, showed that side of his face all creased with petulance.

"I hope they shoot the whole bunch of us up," he yawned. "Don't say I didn't warn you, the place is a regular Potter's Field of poor, damned, desperate outcasts. Toughest dump in town."

We turned out of Broadway, into a trough of darkness and dim garages. Overhead there was the peculiar, unseen dismalness of electric signs already shut off for the night. The grey glisten of plate glass gave way to old stoops and house fronts, black upon black, sardonically quiet. The taxi shuddered down to an unwilling stop, backed, lurched forward once more against an especially dark piece of side-

walk. Out front, the driver's hand was shoving the little meter flag up. We had arrived.

"Well, you would come," said the Good Fellow. "Whatever happens, stick together."

He gathered us before an iron basement gate. It was the usual tradesmen's entrance, an areaway sunk into the shadow of the stoop and shrouded windows. The white face of an unknown quantity floated back and forth behind the grille; went away with the Good Fellow's name, came back and turned a silent lock for us. We stumbled down the short, pitchy passage, shivering to a sound of overhead music, and of a grim, incessant creaking of the ceiling.

"Coats and hats here, chents. Memberchip tickets, ten tollars."

They take no chances at the toughest dump in town. Pay as you enter. We did. There was a brass tabouret alongside the downstairs room, and a huge thug hunched over it, counting our money under a red and yellow light. His knuckles flared among the bills. A lone waiter brushed us into the stifling basement-front, where the low ceiling seemed almost to quiver under the stomp of dancing over us and the tables and glassware rattled.

The room was full of soiled drapes, parchment lamp shades, heaps of floor cushions. There, on these last, a man and a woman raised themselves out of a battered stupor to stare at us; then let their elbows subside, and their whole bodies along with their elbows.

"Peer, chents? Two tollars a pottle . . . real peer!"

We did not want it, but we ordered it. These preliminaries were customary, evidently, before we might ascend to the dance floor. The beer was a wretched, faked, lukewarm stuff, without benefit of labels. When we set it down unfinished on the table, the vibration slung it in tiny waves against the rims of the glasses. The gentleman friend of the lady in the corner rolled his head across her mouth, and both of them slept.

At length the music hiccupped a few final notes; the ceiling ceased its tomtom of heels; the stairs and the downstairs room began to choke with hot-wet-faced, wilted dancers.

"One peer. . . . One ink und seltzer. . . . Two rattlesnakes. . . . Hey, quart champagne for Mr. Moische!"

Mr. Moische was very young and shiny. The creature in red hair and magenta décolleté who was with him

began a shrill applause for his splurge. The others at his table took it up, mopping their faces, slobbering listlessly: "Here's to Moische, he's true blue . . ."

Something in shoulder blades and reeking chiffon, came downstairs alone, stood whirling her rouge compact by its chain in an all too obvious effort to divert the Moische eye. Failing in that, she slumped over in our direction, ordered a rye straight and a pack of cigarettes at our slightly hesitant expense, and launched into a guttural account of Moische, his morals, his parents, and his race. The big thug from the hallway lumbered in, clamped a playful paw around the back of her neck, and told her to lay off the loud pedal.

"Another quart champagne for Mr. Moische!"

Pain clawed through the belladonna in the girl's eyes. She could only whimper about her feet. She danced all day somewhere else. Here she danced all night. Gawd, for two cents she'd take off her shoes and stockings and show us how sore they got. Last week a fat hick had come right down on her little toe. . . .

She pocketed the cigarettes and limped away. She had not touched her drink. "Maybe it's dope that's wrong with her," whispered the Good Fellow, slowly. "You know, she's one of the chief dancers in . . ." He mentioned a well known Summer revue. "So they say, anyhow," he added.

The sour, relaxed room fell upon silence. Under the hot draperies and fly-swamped lamps, everyone guzzled, rested, and guzzled. Moische was a single idol, upright, sleek, indomitably spick and rich above his lolling, wearily adoring congregation.

The negro musicians came out from the kitchen, grinning, licking their great lips with a burlesque show of pleasure. They passed upstairs. The crowd followed them, and we the crowd.

A bare floor, front parlor, back parlor, a little corner dais for the band, more drapes, more parchment shades, windows shuttered like the windows downstairs against the night, the cops, the dawn. Lights were stronger here, the walls more scarred and snuffy. The crowd spread out across the

emptiness, tucking itself up for business. Moische sauntered magnificently down the rooms, his magenta lady behind him. He stopped and awed the Good Fellow by thrusting out his hand.

"Seen you here before. Some little joint for bad boys like us!"

The Good Fellow didn't know his name, really, he told us when he had passed on. But he was a fabulous millionaire, cotton broker or something like that, the people here had said. Made oodles in the war, and spent and spent. . . . Gee, had we seen the way he put his arm around the Good Fellow's shoulder?

Over on the dais a saxophone sent out a long, crazy tongue of noise. The first bars, rocket-wise, burst with a crash of cymbals. The tune began in earnest. Then the heels. Then the steady brush, jostling and jamming of bodies, in a grim, mechanical circulation. The blare grew hurtful; it thrashed over, under and all around the shuffling and contorted humans; it provoked a tremor which was like an invisible dust, through which the dancers fought in a preposterous and unmeaning anguish. Not a smile among them, nor a single word. Screwed, sweaty faces, conscious only of a multitude of feet in a morass of clamor.

"Any you guys dance?" It was the girl who had sat with us downstairs. "Gawd, what a lotta dubs!"

The Good Fellow ignored her carefully. "See that odd mark in the wall over there?" he asked us. "That's a bullet hole. One poor devil tried to dance with another one's girl. Only one bullet went into the wall. . . ."

We looked for it through the shuffling figures. It might have been a bullet hole.

The girl began to cackle. "You'd believe anything. When did they spring that one on you?"

The Good Fellow did his best to ignore her, but a passing couple shoved them ingloriously together.

"Hey, whadder you up to? Don't-chr know a decent goil when you see one? I suppose you've been listening to that swell stuff, too, about my bein' a faded queen of the footlights, yea? Sure, why not? It's just part of the war paint. . . . Every night club's

gotter be wicked to be any good!"

The Good Fellow backed away from her. The big thug of the hallway was sidling up along the wall.

"That Moische pal of you boys said I should tell you he hadder leave ahead of you."

True enough, Moische was gone. The Good Fellow could not help nodding pleasantly over this term of being pal to a millionaire and a famous spender.

"He said you was to settle his champagne bill, see, and meet him later on. Here it. . . . What's that? Now, now, don't get mad, brother, it's just a mistake, and this is a nice, respectable place. We don't like arguments here." He was painfully apologetic.

The Good Fellow paid.

When we were out in the street again, the morning world was so soft and silent, it was hard to remember that, back there behind the shrouded windows, the dance, the blare, the booze were still straggling on. No sound at all out here, except the dawn. Dawn and the faint pranks of two lean cats among some milk bottles down the block.

The Good Fellow stood there a moment, oblivious and rueful. "*Maybe it isn't the toughest dump in town,*" he said at length, "*but . . .*"

—GILBERT W. GABRIEL

RESOURCEFULNESS

—and the pungent informality of the modern miss as exemplified in a current advertisement:

"We'll be over for you in ten minutes," her friend was saying on the phone.

"But I can't possibly make it that soon," she protested. "It wouldn't even give me time for a tub and to get dressed!"

She was in a terrible quandary. Then suddenly something occurred to her—an advertisement she had read about using Listerine to freshen up quickly. It solved her problem. And she joined the party.

EXASPERATING

There are moments
When I am seared
By thoughts of you;
And yet invariably
When I meet you
A flighty embarrassment
Spoils my intention,
And so we part
The usual strangers . . .

—LE BARON COOKE





THE ANARCHIST DISCOVERS THAT HIS BOMB WAS MADE BY THE PAIN FIREWORKS COMPANY

IN THE NEWS

Omen in Black & White

TEN days of desperate sleuthing brings the conclusion that there is something more in the present shake up of prohibition forces than the mere agonized writhings of an uneasy and ineffective body. There is, to be blunt, a definite motive behind the reorganization effected by Secretary Mellon, with the approval of President Coolidge. And the affair is not, despite the cynical insistence of my bootlegger, "just a new shake up so they can give us guys a new shakedown."

As a matter of fact, bibbers of my acquaintance who also are equipped with a shrewd discernment, are loosing restrained cheers at the first rift in the dark Volsteadian clouds which have dulled our days.

Packed into a capsule: the present reorganization of enforcement agencies means the elimination, for the first time, of the Anti-Saloon League and all prayerful spinsters of that genus, from the work of drying up America. We are to have an efficient enforcement program, craftily planned for an even craftier end. The scheme, in all its shrewdness, will be exposed if my breath holds out.

Men of deep wisdom detected a dissonance in the sweet harmony of the Messiahs when, some days ago, the new Prohibition Director for this district, Mr. John A. Foster, made his first public statement, to wit: that he promised nothing, and even had faint doubts that he could dry up Broadway within the waning of a moon.

IN its editions of last Sunday, the *World* revived the optimistic predictions of all the men who preceded Mr. Foster. It was an amusing gallery of prophecies—last year's promises usually are amusing—and beside them, the cagy doubtings of Mr. Foster appeared violently unorthodox. Taking his heresy for a cue, the sages peeped behind the scenes, hopeful of discoveries.

The first significant fact to be encountered was that Commissioner Haynes, Janizary of the Anti-Saloon League and moral policeman extraordinary, had been stripped of his oaken billy. Quickly, then, it developed that Mr. Yellowley and Mr. Merrick, local familiars who also cast their devotions before the League, likewise

were shorn of power. A rapid thumbing of the list of new appointees generated the suspicion that the earnest crowd of gentlemen, who hitherto were morally concerned with the prosecution of their jobs, had been replaced by a cooler and less holy company.

My encounters with Mr. Foster, with his chief aide, Mr. Tuttle, and with Mr. Buckner, confirmed the suspicion that sanctity had been weeded out of the Prohibition Department. For the first time, it was made convincingly clear, it is planned to keep us dry with hard-boiled cops, and not with missionaries.

The first grave concern of the new authorities was the situation they had inherited from those same gurus. The new men are well aware of the evil smell that hangs over enforcement. It was with a hardly concealed grin, for example, that they gave out the total of arrests for the New York district during the past year. Exactly 12,357 luckless booze-mongers were brought in chains to the throne of the Anti-Saloon League during the twelve-month ending August 31.

But the figure was announced with a grimace for the thundering reason that it had no effect whatever upon the tide of red-eye pouring into New York. Likewise, it compares amusingly with the meagre total of convictions. A few of the desperate criminals were made to pay their \$100 fines. The great majority, however, escaped through the courts.

But there are other figures, more difficult to procure, to be charged against the reign of the missionaries. Of their agents, 1,114 were dismissed upon the reports of Treasury Depart-

ment detectives, who found those same agents grafting, selling liquor on the side, or bousing on the job. And 327 actually were given sentences in Atlanta for gross violation of the law they were hired to press upon our groaning bodies.

Among the specific defections, it is difficult to forget the deplorable case of the CG-203, sloop of the dry navy, whose crew was hurled into the brig when discovered unloading priceless vintages from rum ships at sea, toting the contraband into the harbor, and getting fancy prices in the city for same. Seventeen men of this good ship were court-martialed—penalties lost in secrecy.

So much for scandal.

By selecting its leaders with extreme care, and by notifying its agents that a sleepless watch will be kept on their activities, the new regime plans to avoid such embarrassing circumstances. The whole key to its cunning plan lies in producing one year of real prohibition enforcement, carried out with thoroughgoing efficiency, and without a breath of scandal.

IT is necessary to ponder now, for a moment, the elements which produced prohibition in America. A group of tightwad puritans: hard-fisted, greedy—more deeply concerned in the end with their wads than their morals—that vast body of the vulgate lying to the South and West of us, precipitated the calamity.

Their leaders were the Fundamentalists, the Rotarians and the country bankers. These gentlemen had worked themselves into a state of despondency over the tipping of farmers and migratory farm labor. They saw the rustics drinking themselves, at times, to a pitch of hilarity which left them cold to the payment of mortgage notes, the purchase of village store offerings, or the salvation of their own souls. Such joy was unprofitable to the clergy, the industrial captains, and the bankers. Laughter has ever sounded dangerous to the file-closers of men's destinies.

The rural oaf made up the rank and file. Aware that he could not take a drink without dealing black eyes to the kiddies and the little woman, he felt bitter resentment toward those more urbane humans who could dispose of a cocktail or a demijohn with-





... said Mr. Bumble, "the law is a ass . . ."

out feeling the urge toward mayhem. But, even for the oaf, the dynamic control was cupidity. The banker had talked to him. And the Ford salesman was calling daily.

Under their local, if wide flung skies, these myrmidons of the uplift have seen prohibition as a success. Evil winds, drifting down from the cities of the East, brought the whisper that the law is not accepted hereabouts as an item of the decalogue. But this failure they have blamed upon the aforementioned graft and scandal and upon the notoriously unruly morals of the citified outlanders. Give us time and honest enforcement, they pleaded, and even New York will succumb.

Yet, even while uttering this sanguine prophecy, they have kept an angry eye on that item of the national budget marked "Prohibition Enforcement, \$20,000,000." Which brings us, after circumlocution, back to the wily plan of the new administration in affairs three-star.

Catching up phrases and sentiments dropped here and there, it is apparent that these gentlemen, from Mellon and Coolidge down, do not believe that prohibition can be enforced in all parts of America. When I murmured "public sentiment" to several of the new leaders, they nodded understandingly. And I quote one of them directly, following a discussion of Manhattan's dampness: "Well, of course we must be reasonable."

The design, then, falls out simply: New York and environs will be given a season of honest, vigorous prohibition enforcement, reft of the prior air of moral salvation. The effort will be a failure. Kansas and Iowa will begin to complain, echoing their greed, that it is foolish to spend their good money saving New York from the devil. The notion will strike them that New York may be allowed to destroy itself without in the least affecting their own souls or prosperity. And the administration will nod its

head. Thus, prohibition in America will become once more, without benefit of referendum, old-fashioned local option: enforced violently in regions where it is wanted violently; ignored, even by the cops in those sinful localities where public sentiment is against it and where the spending of wheat-field money is begrudged.

—MORRIS MARKEY

WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

BECAUSE the other day I hailed a taxi at Forty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue. As the other fare was getting out I told the driver to go to Times Square. He looked puzzled. I repeated "Times Square." He said he didn't know where it was. The stranger who had just got out almost fainted. We tried to describe where it was. The driver knew nothing about it. Finally, I asked where he came from. He said from a Brooklyn stand and he didn't know anything about New York. We finally did get to Times Square and then I wanted to go to 233 East Seventeenth Street. "Oh, yes," he said. "Sure I know where that is; it's the Smith College Club." Can you beat it?—DOROTHY HOMANS

Because, in the first place, I attach no extremely high value to my life. I like to be walking along and have some man flop from the elevated structure above my head and land a few feet from me. While riding on top of an omnibus I enjoy having a steeplejack fall from some high chimney and light on the seat at my side. I even relish having some chap leap from the fortieth story window of a building and come crashing through the roof of the taxi in which I am riding. I fully appreciate Fifth Avenue, Broadway and Forty-second Street, and I will hazard across any of them on the slightest pretext. It thrills me to know that most any one of our citizens, when filled with moonshine, is likely to kill me at any moment. I get a mild kick from having an epileptic attack me in the subway, or from the stray bullets of a policeman-bandit duel whistling about my head. Most of all, though, I love to be in the vicinity of an occasional bomb explosion.

—LEIGH HOFFMAN

Because I can walk the deserted streets early in the morning and whiff cool air and the cabmen insist they know a quiet place to go and the men working on the tracks politely stop and stare and curse pleasantly at a stranger's intrusion and sophisticated cats sit on the street and grin, resembling the old women who will take their places during the day, and the blind man at Seventy-second Street comments on the weather.

—LEONARD MAC TAGART

THE SOCIAL CUT



HERE will, of course, always be a certain amount of difference of opinion on the question of whether to use the cut or not. But after hearing a good deal of argument on the subject, I may say that I still think that there is no better way of conveying to a man that you don't like him and don't ever want to see him again than to cut him dead. For a number of years I have used the cut frequently, and, excepting on one or two occasions complicated by the unusual circumstances that the man I dislike was blind, with uniform success.

The cut as practiced in this country differs in several respects from both the Continental and the British cuts. In the first place, the cut in Europe has nothing to do with physical violence. Yet I have known a number of Americans who, after cutting, have administered a swift kick to the subject under the impression that they were in some way "bringing it home." I unreservedly condemn the practice. My opinion, indeed, is flatly against auxiliary measures of any kind, even the curse—that is, the practice of saying half under the breath, "You dirty bum," or, "You infernal rotter," or some other expression of the kind: if you must say something let it be the simple, "Ass!" which besides being a really first class vituperative has the additional advantage that, if the man turns on you, you can pass it off quite easily with "As I was saying—" or some other phrase.

In this connection I have known "Asphodel" to work very well, although it has a rather too poetical sound for most people. For general use "Asurbanipal" (King of Assyria 668-636 B.C.) does very well. But why say anything? The cut alone is quite adequate, and the wise man will not try to embroider it.

Let the cut, then be a simple one. And now a word concerning the use and misuse of it. It is a mistake to think that as soon as you have mastered the principles of this simple social act that the best houses in New York will be thrown open to you. Cutting is no panacea. Yet, I have known people who after one or two fairly successful cutting trips up and down Fifth Ave-

nue have gone up to Mrs. Astor and berated her for not inviting them to dinner.

Cutting, like any other art, requires discrimination; and blunders in this field, as in any other field, are penalized.

For instance, cutting people who have held amateur boxing titles is always foolish, and may land you in the hospital. And it is unwise to cut bootleggers, chorus girls, vendors of indecent pictures, and gunmen, because nine cases out of ten they will think you mean, "Follow me up to my apartment—I've got a proposition that will interest you." And don't indulge personal preferences. I, myself, one time religiously cut an American friend of mine who affected an English accent, only to find that he was a full-blooded Englishman, born in Hants Pants, Bumpshire, and an Oxford graduate.

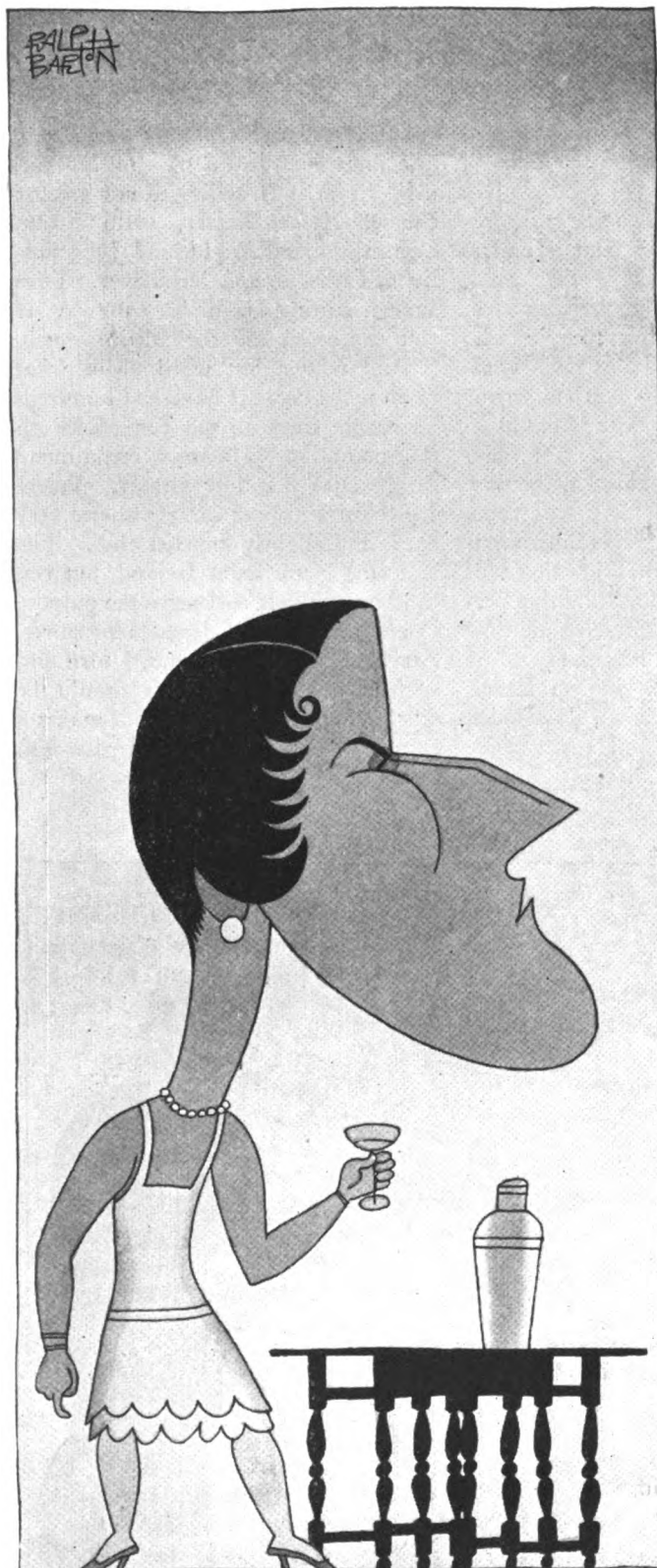
Cutting all domino players is rather

foolish, although I know some very fine men who do it. A few individuals whom it is useless to cut are, of course, Helen Keller, Otto Kahn, Commissioner Enright, and John Sullivan, Fifth Avenue bus driver. I am against cutting bus drivers anyway, if you expect to use the service much.

And now a last word about what to do *when* cut. I have had hundreds of people come to me for advice on this point, and I always recommend the practice I follow myself. When I go out, I always carry a short, very hard, and slightly knarled club. The best ones come from Ireland, but you can buy one that will serve the purpose in any of the good department stores. And when a man cuts me, I turn and with a quick motion (it should be quick enough so that the club makes a faint "swish" in the air) I give him a crushing blow at the base of the brain.—A. VAN STEENBERGH



"I've got my own wagon and all. This is no ordinary job, Joe. It's like a little business of your own."



AT THE BOOTH AND AT THE LITTLE
High Jinks in the Suburbs and in Chesapeake Bay

ON THE left hand leaf of the above diptych, Miss Ruth Gordon, who has the leading rôle in "The Fall of Eve," a suburban comedy by John Emerson and Anita Loos, a pair of authors who seldom put digit to Corona without producing something brilliant.

On the right, Miss Blanche Yurka in Willard Robertson's "The Sea Woman," a rip-snorting, gun-toting, lighthouse melodrama, at the Little Theatre. Since her superb performance in "The Wild Duck," Miss Yurka's work has assumed a new importance in the theatre.

CRITIQUE

*The Theatre*

LIGHT the fires on the hill tops! Clash the cymbals! Let there be dancing in the streets and let every citizen be merry! A new young man, of an intelligent and sophisticated mind, has come to the writing benches of the American theatre! . . . In the event that this means nothing to you, turn quickly to the page of *THE NEW YORKER* headed "Tables For Two" and get the hot news direct from "Lipstick" as to what kind of free lunch they'll be serving at the "Hotsy-Totsy" next week.

What we've been getting at—it will be an open secret by the time these lines are printed—is that "The Book of Charm," at the Comedy Theatre, as merry and adult an American comedy as you will, with luck, see for many months to come. And on the night of its opening there were those in its audience—one, anyway, the writer of this piece—who experienced that same happy feeling of being in the presence of new and promising talent that was theirs or his anyhow on that sultry night three years ago when a little thing called "The Torch-Bearers," by an obscure vaudevillian named George Kelly, made its first equally hilarious and humid bow. For the benefit of those who do not keep up with that kind of thing, an appendix, in which it is explained that Mr. Kelly's second New York offering was "The Show-Off," is being prepared.

Kirkpatrick has chosen to deal with the 11,359,109 citizens of the American scene—the number is not exact, for memory has developed a foot-fault and reserves to serve, but there are even more of them than voted for Coolidge—who have in the last few years invested in that great signpost to all the graces, all the beguiling arts, all the handmaidens to social success, that he calls "The Book of Charm." And so an enterprising salesman, in his stride, sells the book to two deso-

late small town parents and a bewildered youth who are about to lose to the wiles of New York a daughter and a sweetheart at one and the same time unless her own home surroundings are rapidly made more genteel, more like the elegant reaches of the Nation's Metropolis, more *charmant*.

In a second act, as madly entertaining as was the second act of "The Torch-Bearers," the newly charmed stage a grand effort to keep the beloved young woman from journeying to New York in search of what, they will prove, is easily to be found at home. There is a "souper," though some of the guests have experienced some difficulty in staying up until ten o'clock, when it starts. The mother is induced to do her receiving on a *chaise longue*, in a negligee fashioned out of her wedding dress, with a rose in her hair: the father has learned a little anecdote that begins "I once heard a legend. It had to do with Capri—you know Capri, of course, that gem set in an azure sea? . . ." which he is prepared to introduce into the general conversation at the slightest encouragement; and the rejected suitor, as a kind of a floor walker-manager, keeps the startled villagers moving about and constantly reforming into new little groups, as is the approved social usage of the quality folks of the world.

The third act is not particularly good, which, people with long—three years is long—memories will remember, was true too of "The Torch-Bearers." (There should be a dispensation allowing playwrights of first-rate talent the privilege of having their first plays produced in only the first two acts. The dispensation is hereby granted.) But all ends merrily, happily and to a glow of pleasure, in the sentimental bosoms of the playgoers.

The acting, one regrets to have to announce, is not what it might be. Exceptions, however, are to be taken in the cases of Elizabeth Patterson,

gorgeous as the harassed mother; Maidel Turner, a stoutish young woman with the conversational resources and manners of back-yard talkers on wash-day: Robert Strauss, the conventional slow-moving, dull-witted and over-rated general practitioner of the benighted Hinterland; Lee Tracy, a Benchley-like salesman who first introduces the devastating thought of culture; and Mildred MacLeod, an excellent young actress, who once again is given too little to do.

The main issue of any discussion of "The Book of Charm," however, must be the young Mr. Kirkpatrick. He has written a fine and crowded, though uneven, first play. And this department herewith offers to open book and back its conviction at long odds, that he will be heard from to really startling theatrical effect in his second or third offering.

THE week of August 31 saw two other openings. They were, one herewith sets down for the benefit of idle future historians of the theatre, of "Clouds" and "The Fall of Eve."

Any reader of this paper, not a member of its staff nor related to any such member, who sends to the undersigned the names of these two plays, or either of them, a year from today will be awarded a free ticket to Seattle and be allowed to give Addison Sims lessons. Of the two, "The Fall of Eve" is the better, on account of amusing acting by Ruth Gordon.

Between now and the next issue of *THE NEW YORKER*, you just go to see "The Book of Charm" at the Comedy Theatre and then go right home and read a good book. Go to sleep if you want to. We'll wake you if anything happens.—H. J. M.

Music

THE most regrettable feature of intercollegiate football, an institution which, we understand, has

more drawing power than Tschai-kowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, is not the commercialism involved, but the cheering and singing which is supplied in the hope of making punts carry ten yards more than nature intended them to.

For where can you hear worse music and more incompetent yowling than around the gridiron?

Leaving to the sports commentator the issues of organized cheering and somewhat organized singing, we stick to our beat with the thesis that the college song is probably the lowest form of music and that the football anthem is incontestably the most maudlin. Consider the texts of the inspiring ballads. The boys always go marching down the field and "we" shall conquer or die. The music has only one virtue, which is that it suits the words admirably.

"Boola Boola" and the rest of them all derive from mediocre German military marches that may have had a place in beer garden concerts and the like.

The swan songs, bleated lugubriously when the other team leads by a score of approximately 41-0 and two minutes of play are left, are masterpieces of mush. When you have a few minutes to waste, read the words of "Fair Harvard," "Old Nassau" and "Bright College Years," to name only the dirges of the Big Three. The Harvard lyric is spliced to one of the

least interesting of Irish melodies, the Princeton tune is commonplace four-part writing, and the banal wistfulness of the Yale hymn is to be sung to "Die Wacht Am Rhein," a song that begins with a brilliant bugle theme and fizzles off into one of the most mawkish bits of *cantilena* ever devised.

There is a tradition that farthest north in contemporary poetry begins in college gazettes, that the humor of the academic comic is singularly spontaneous and that undergraduate musical shows would be sensations if parked in the New Amsterdam Theatre. A like belief extends to the "college song." Hopping noncommittally over the "Lit," the funny and the varsity revue, this department takes its chances with alumni associations and goes on record as holding that, of hundreds of college songs, only about half a dozen are pleasing to the civilized ear. The best of them, we think, is "Lord Geoffrey Amherst," and even this well written ditty suffers from a lapse into irrelevant sentimentality in the refrain. Dartmouth men, by the way, are advised that the "Stein Song" and the "Winter Song," both capital works, are ruled out of this discussion on the ground that they were written and composed by professionals.

AN important addition to the literature of opera transcriptions is

"Die Schönste Lengevitch," by Kurt M. Stein, better known to readers of the *Chicago Tribune's* colyum as K. M. S. Mr. Stein's paraphrases of "Faust," "Lohengrin" and several other operas do for *die schönste lengevitch* what Newman Levy's "Opera Guyed" did for the contemporary vulgate.

Some of Mr. Stein's offerings may have seen print before Mr. Levy's verses, but they are thoroughly up-to-date even to *Lohengrin's* "gänseflivver."

To tenors we recommend particularly the perfectly singable version of "Celeste Aida," which is considerably more intelligent and literate than the original.—R. A. S.

Books

THE lightest, and in a sense, the heaviest new novels of pronounced "sophistication" are, respectively, Charles Brackett's "Week-End" and Wilbur Daniel Steele's "Taboo." Brackett is a rather surprising and shining debutant. His gifts with spun sugar have been noticeable in the *Saturday Evening Post*, but "Week-End" (*McBride*) is about as un-Post-ish a morsel as you could imagine. An idea of it can be given by mentioning that the weekend hostess, well out on Long Island, has, at forty, a weakness to which her husband, a bishop, prefers the Nicene



Eugene O'Neill Learns to Spit and Swear on the Wharf at Provincetown.

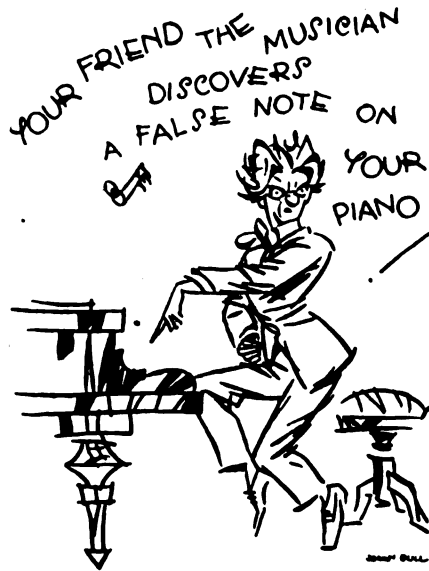
Creed—wherefore young men had better lock their doors; that some of her guests are sprightly and more or less arty conversationalists; that two who are not are a muscular young man and a determinedly coltish girl; and that between these two a treat-'em-rough romance develops at the hostess' expense. Also, that digressions include a plot for a Great American Novel, an ever-so-decadent medieval legend, and a dream of reciting Swinburne and Amy Lowell to Dr. Johnson.

Much of this is mockingly flippancy, and all is so prettily confected that parts of it seem more clever than they are.

THE sense in which "Taboo" (*Harcourt, Brace*) is heavy is barometric. If you have read Wilbur Daniel Steele, you will know what we mean. His is perhaps the most oppressively serious emotional nature now finding its outlet in worth-while American fiction. He writes about souls in predicaments that he takes as hard as they do, and usually puts the air in a state like that before a thunderstorm. In this case he does so more than ever, owing to his theme.

The taboo is the incest taboo, both psychological and conventional. The souls up against it are father's and daughter's—which is a welcome change, for the mother-son situation has seen hard service. And while Sherwood Anderson has capered naked in the direction of the father-daughter, and others have depicted women with father "fixations," nobody, as far as we know, has made with either of them as dramatic an experiment as Steele does. By psychoanalytic bitter-enders he will be accused of dodging his problem, because after the father in "Taboo" has begun to be aware of what is affecting him, the daughter proves to be another man's. But Steele isn't writing a case-report or trying to be sensational. What he is after is a loftily beautiful arrangement in stress and passion, with sordidness left out and the barrier, or barriers, retained.

Does he get it, and does it get you? Well, it got and kept hold of us till theatrical things began to happen. It has always been out of experience in reading him that something in his awesome gravity was likely at a climax to upset ours and clear the thunderous air. And over "Taboo," we



regret to say, our breath unabated in mirth.

TO readers who like sentiment better than they do sophistication, provided it isn't of the Tootsie Roll kind, and provided humor, quaintness and originality go with it, "The Chicken-Wagon Family" by Barry Benefield (*Century*) is confidently recommended.—TOUCHSTONE

Art

NOW is as good a time as any to say a few words about window dressing for art galleries. Of the sixty-odd emporiums, only a few have the knack of getting people into their shops. For the most part the galleries are content to stick pictures in their windows, and let it go at that. Their answer might be that they have customers and that they are content with the trade ensuing. But we doubt that. We hear from time to time of the difficulty of increasing the esthetic appreciation of the country and the almost negligible increase of the art buying public. Surely there is a vast slice of the general public that could be easily interested in buying pictures. The first step, obviously, is to get this cross section in front of a picture. A credible tenet, we believe, is that if more people saw pictures more people would buy them.

The foregoing is written with the assumption that there are individuals with complexes as irrational as ours. Before duty took us there (we had almost said before we were an art critic, but it is too hot for a debate) we looked longingly into many an art gallery and saw no more art

than the window displayed. They were so forbidding, most of them; so austere and well bred. We longed to go in and look for hours, but feared the waxed scorn and high disdain of the princes who stood about in morning coats, watching over the treasures. Later we learned that this is all in our own mind. Still a little card in the window, written say by the Macy ad writer, would be a good thing. Something democratic and friendly that would lure the timid New Yorker as well as the old lady from Dubuque with corn crop money to spend. Some invitation to enter and rest on the velvet couches, or anything to the point that though the wares are called art, they will not bite.

Durand-Ruel we stormed, and now as many cops as guard the Cathedral couldn't stop our weekly visit. What you see once inside is so worth while. The John Levy Galleries were subsequently taken. Try it yourself and you will find the habit of dropping in as refreshing as a daily visit to Hicks.

The Levy Galleries are showing pleasing samples of the stock they carry with a little extra weight thrown to the paintings of L. Bonamici. These are the highly pigmented things you may have seen in the window of the artist this gallery sponsored a couple of years ago. Since his first showing of one hundred paintings, a good many of his canvases have gone out to brighten the land.

Bonamici is French-Italian and in the popular parlance, combines the best features of each. As prolific as he is, his arrangements are never trite, and he brings to his design an economy that adds to the strength of his medium. It is not the sort of pigmentation that you often have seen from the hands of the beginners. It is a well-thought-out technique with meticulous handling. The result is a brilliance never gained with the flat colors. It might be careful brushwork, so ably has the palette knife been handled.

Bonamici came over recently and tried his luck in California. Two of his Western paintings are on view; they lack somehow the wealth of color he found in his home. The Pacific was not the kind complement he had found in the Mediterranean. The house, too, is prone to be of a Puritan staidness, having none of that riotous abandon the Italian abodes go in for. It is interesting to learn that Bonamici has sold well in the great Northwest,

where men are either mounted police or lumbermen (according to the movies) and women are art buyers.

The cool waters of Aston Knight are also on view in the current show. No one around can, or does, paint as many pink roses and green streams as does Aston Knight. And no one does it better. Then there are some classics, J. Francis Murphy, A. H. Wyant, et cetera.—M. P.

Motion Pictures

TO say that as a piece of Super-jewelry "The Phantom of the Opera" (at the Astor) was pretty poor paste indeed for at least half its gruesome way, would be saying something very nice about that curious Guignol phenomenon. And then to catch right up on ourself and acclaim the last half of it as almost flawless rough diamond of ghoulish horror, would be making the honors even, or what have you? This, however, is the case.

"Grand Guignol in imitation of Poe with a generous smear of Laemmle hokum thrown in" would describe it to a T. It is one of those heavily adorned things that came originally from between the flaccid covers of the ordinary Parisian penny dreadful, so dear to the literary hearts of the Parisian Babbitts. It presents all the trappings of sex, plus the morbid, plus the gaudy, plus the ornate, plus the rotted, and it makes as elemental and rancid an appeal as you could ask a thrill from.

Thus we have the Phantom living in the dripping cellars of the Parisian Grand Opera and manipulating that stuffy house to his vicious heart's content. Naturally he loves the girl prima donna and is a terror of ugliness to behold. So he lures her hypnotically into his bedroom in the Paris sewers, and shows her his coffin bed to impress his deep cynicism on the fragile lass. He further suggests

marriage. But you know how finicky girls are. And so, what with one bit of murder and terror after another, and what with the intrepid but slightly stupid blunderings of a precious hero, the girl is saved. The diabolical and insane Erik is torn to bits by a vindictive mob and thrown rat-like into the Seine. And again you have the forces of his Satanic Majesty meeting eternal defeat.

NORMA Talmadge smiles and the mob rocks happily; Norma Talmadge weeps and the mob tears sympathetically; Norma Talmadge pleads for happiness and the mob weeps luxuriantly. So that popular lady Fiskes her way through a gay little romance of imaginary royalty, "Graustark" (at the Capitol) winning her audience with that wistful appeal of hers. To grow frantic over the thing seems trivial to us. To damn it would be futile. It is merely inconsequential musical comedy plot, handsomely mounted and cleanly directed by our German cousin Dimitri Buchowetzki. Miss Talmadge, as Princess Yevette Guggenslocker, seems to be getting over her princess days, judging from the uncomfortable way she scurried here and there to express flapping expectancy. It is pleasant Capitol Theatre experience, all in all, and at least taught us a point in royal etiquette. Should one happen to be "it" for blindman's buff at a kingly garden fête, it is improper to kiss the king.

THAR'S hill gold, thar's Little Nell, thar's Grizzly Bill hating the wimpy, thar's Devil's Gulch and thar's a double-dyed villain . . . all disporting themselves gloriously in Miss Betty Bronson's "The Little Princess" (at the Rivoli). Without fear of man or god we can recommend this grand melodrama of the gold-lusting '49 days, as a priceless example of American Folk Drama, as

much a part of local Western legend as "Abie's Irish Rose" is melting pot history. After good natured preliminaries, the drama hits a rough and tumble racing pace full of villainous sneers, gunpowder, murder, pitiful cries from the mother-harlot, and, to cap it off, a sunshine finish with the clouds dissolving into the happiness of the lover's smiles. Proving, happily, the old truism "That there's never a death but there's a marriage."

THE best way to warn you about "The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted" (at Warner's) would be to tell you right at the start that it is based on the axiom that "YOUTH—PLUS RECKLESS DRIVING—EQUALS—," well you know what it equals. The offence is further aggravated by the fact that Cruel Fate Hurlled Back an Awful Blow at Mr. District Attorney and got him into a lot of trouble with his wife. But a thankful forest fire managed to creep in for the sex appeal or something cleared up the domestic drama and the boy was able to marry the girl after all. And, if you can make anything out of this suggestion as an epitome then you are the sort of person who would go and see this sort of a picture.—T. S.

AT SIEGFRIED

"Sorta funny, isn't it?"

"Yea; what's all that chop suey?"

"That's Siegfried's treasure he won from the dwarfs."

"Dwarfs, hmmm. Sorta funny. Say, what's a vassal?"

"Oh, someone that helps around. An assistant, sorta."

"Ohho. Look at him bathing in the dragon's blood."

"It ain't blood. It's water."

"Yea, I know. Funny."

"Kinda like a fairy tale you'd call it."

"Yea. That's it. Fairy story like . . ."

—W. R.





Tickling an infuriated squid to get ink for printing THE NEW YORKER. In the background may be seen our Mr. Eustace Tilley, one of the General Managers of Squid Ticklers, directing the ticklish work.

THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

V. Getting the Ink

IT HAS perhaps occurred to the careful reader of this series that a very important element in the Making of a Magazine lies in obtaining ink to print the pages. If ink were not interposed between the type and the paper of the weekly issue of THE NEW YORKER, the resulting sheets would be totally blank, and not only would the stories be quite incomprehensible, but the reader might well be under the impression that he was perusing a copy of the *Dial*.

Since the inception of THE NEW YORKER, the first issue of which was printed in pencil in 1847, the problem of getting ink has indeed been a pressing one, to which hundreds of experts have devoted hours of study. In those early days, THE NEW YORKER obtained its ink by the simple method of sending an office boy next door to the old Brevoort (now demolished) to fill the barrel of his fountain pen at the writing desk. Whenever the ink supply grew low, this office boy would hasten to the Brevoort to get more ink, sometimes making two and three trips in a morning. One day he conceived the idea of a double-barreled fountain pen, which would carry twice as much ink; and it was in this way that Thomas W. Lamont got his start.

Rapid strides in the circulation of THE NEW YORKER soon made inadequate this antiquated method of ink fetching; and in addition the Brevoort fell into other hands and the ink wells were allowed to go dry. For a time thereafter THE NEW YORKER got its ink from the inkberry (*ilex glabra*). This source soon proved insufficient, and in 1898 a statistical report showed that 39,000,000 gallons of ink were required for a weekly issue of THE NEW YORKER. This report caused considerable consternation, but in accordance with the efficient organization of this magazine, the staff laid plans at once for its own ink base, where

enough of this fluid could be obtained to meet the new demand.

Our readers are probably aware that the best ink nowadays is procured from the *squid*, a cephalopod mollusk of uncertain etymology.

In addition to this question of lineage, the *squid* is provided with an ink sac (says the International Encyclopedia) and when attacked it will discharge its mantle through its syphon, the ink passing out with the water as if from a syringe. In order to get ink from this strange creature it is necessary first to attack him in such a way that the ink will flow into an ink well or other handy receptacle; and it may well be imagined that this work requires delicate handling. Methods of attack vary, but the most common are biting, kicking, and tackling just below the knees.

The most common form of attack is accomplished by means of a small tickler (*Lüdvig*), consisting of three long feathers on the end of a stick. These feathers are slyly brushed over the *squid's* eyes, while he pettishly ducks his head and knocks them aside with his flippers. His resentment increases as this goes on and after an hour or so he has worked up enough indignation to fill a gallon can. At this point Mr. Eustace Tilley, one of THE NEW YORKER's field superintendents in charge of ink, steps up suddenly in front of the *squid*, pulls his hat down over his eyes, yanks out his necktie, and unties his shoe laces; and as the outraged *squid* stumbles backward, he watches to see that none of the ink catchers misses a drop.

For every drop of ink, no matter how small, is estimated as worth five dollars. And you can see for yourself that if much ink were spilled, there would soon be no more five dollars left for persons to send as payment for a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER.

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

IT was unbelievable; but it was true. It was incredible; but it was happening—there before our very eyes. Patterson, the husky Australian tennis star, was defeating Rene Lacoste the French champion, winner at Wimbledon, peer among European players. He was not merely defeating him, he was blowing him off the court. One set, two sets, three sets. An upset? More than that. When Lacoste netted the final drive and one point went up for the Antipodes in the final round of the Davis Cup matches at Forest Hills last Friday—well, frankly, you could have knocked me over with a Citroen.

Yes, the unexpected had happened. Patterson, who failed to win a set against Lacoste at Longwood last Summer; who dropped sixteen games in a row to Johnston in the National Singles a year ago, this same player was forging a remarkable and decisive victory over France's champion. Not only did his serve, ever a powerful weapon of offense in his attack, tear holes in Lacoste's court; but his driving and volleying were just as good.

He ran off the court toward the clubhouse, happy, radiant, despite all his efforts to conceal his feelings. Borotra warming up with Brugnon, the third member of the French team, on a side court called out to him as he went past: "Well played, SHERAL!"

Maybe they weren't happy, those Australians, up there in the dressing room on the second floor of the West Side Club as Patterson tramped in and dropped his racquets on a bench.

"That's tennis, that is, Gerald," said the tanned Hawkes.

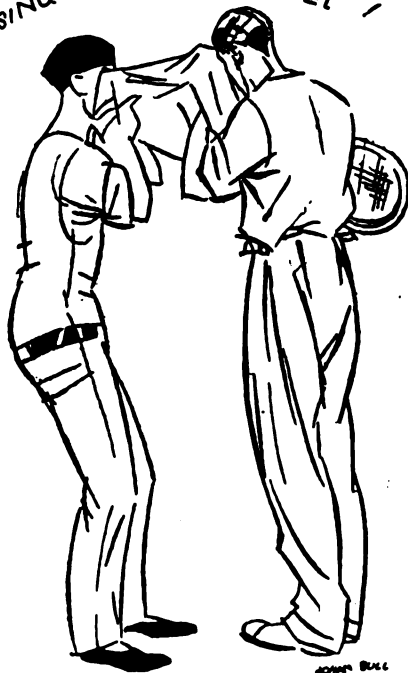
And Anderson, pulling on his blue blazer with the white pipings, nodded.

"Yes, when Gerald's right, he's right!"

And Anderson ought to know. No later than last winter Patterson beat him in a four-set match at Melbourne.

Things looked bad for France at this point. Max Decuigis, the French captain—he was a contemporary of Larned and Clothier, and played on France's

FRIENDLY ENEMIES!
BOROTRA AND ANDERSON
USING THE SAME TOWEL!



first Davis Cup team in 1904—had gambled and lost. His ace had been beaten, his star had gone down to defeat. And the chances of Borotra, the second string player, against Anderson, the man who on his last visit to this country beat Johnston, seemed slim enough. The sixth ranking player in the world to beat the third ranking player? Not very likely.

But Wallis Myers, the critic of the *London Telegraph*, who probably knows more about tennis, the world over, than any one else, seemed to think it was likely. Sitting beside me in the press tent as the players went onto court, he suggested:

"Care to make a little bet on Anderson?"

"Certainly would."

It looked like easy money. Even when Borotra, jumping around in impossible

attitudes at the net took the first set. Nor did Anderson appear disturbed. To be sure, his backhand was not standing up well against Borotra's irritating chops. Whereas Borotra's backhand was disarmingly steady against the Australian's furious forehand drives. Wallis nodded approvingly between bursts of handing out copy to the insatiable telegraph that was conveying the news of the struggle to Fleet Street, as the agile Frenchman made a remarkable get:

"Shouldn't be surprised to see the boy win!"

But even with two sets chalked up for France, my money seemed safe. Anderson hadn't really started. Borotra was tiring—every time he passed the umpire's chair he filled his mouth with sugar, and in between Decuigis, sitting at the net, tossed lumps to him across the court. And Anderson was a fighter. From the race of Brookes and Wilding. Bulldog grit would do it. Muddle through would bring victory. Of course, one felt a bit uneasy when games went to five-three for Borotra in the last set. But the Frenchman was nervous. He pulled his beret down on his forehead. He shook his head. He gripped his racquet. Whereas Anderson—well, you might have thought by their attitudes that he was in the lead.

Fifteen love. Borotra serving. Thirty love. Forty love. Was this the end? No, of course not. Brugnon, sitting in the stand must have had memories of that terrific match at Wimbledon last June when he himself had Anderson in the same position, same score, only to lose in the fifth set. Bulldog grit did it. And once more it was saving the tall Australian. Borotra, tensed for that vital point, hit two balls out. Then he netted a volley. Deuce. And a minute later he lost the game!

Anderson won the next, evening the score. It looked as though Borotra had shot his bolt. You can't beat the Anglo-Saxons in a pinch. Borotra was going to blow up. Borotra was through. Borotra

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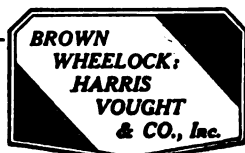
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would go to pieces. Sure to, now that the crisis was over, now that he was caught.

It is hard to realize, but it is true that a new generation of tennis players has grown up in France since the war. Lacoste was a youngster in short trousers in November, 1918. Borotra was taking his examinations for the Polytechnique when the Germans were being driven from the Meuse. Go to pieces? Not they. Blow up? No indeed. The tighter the corner, the more dangerous they become. They don't care whether they are playing Anglo-Saxons or Czecho-Slovakians. Did Borotra go to pieces when the set was deuced and Anderson began to hit out with something of his old time confidence? He did not. He ended the set and match with a love game, evening the score at one point all, and incidentally giving bulldog grit the worst setback it has received in some time. And the worst it received until twenty-four hours later.

The Australians had counted on those doubles. Never in the twenty-four years' history of the Davis Cup has the French team won a doubles match. To make sure their passage into the challenge round, the Anzacs had to win the doubles. So important was it that on the eve of the match, they shifted their batting order and placed Hawkes alongside Patterson. You see that defeat of Anderson's was having a psychological effect on the Australians. They had to have those doubles on Saturday.

And what a doubles match it was! Since 1903, when the Dohertys beat the Wrenns in the third year of the Davis Cup at Longwood, I suppose I've seen hundreds of doubles matches in this country and Europe. But never one like this for sheer, tense, excitement. First the French won a set, then the Australians, then the French went ahead and the Australians evened the score. Borotra was as brilliant as ever, his true Wimbledon self, daring, masterly in his interceptions, destructive overhead, severe off the ground, mixing his chop with a speedy drive across court. (By the way, who was it said he had no forehand?) Patterson was the mainstay of his side, the heavy artillery of his service and his drive winning many points in the French defense. And then in that final set, with the score even, at two sets all and one game apiece, Borotra was struck by a ball from Patterson's racquet that knocked him unconscious.

He got up and played, and he deserves lots of praise, but it seemed to me that in that last agonizing moment the hero was Lacoste. Lacoste at first seemed a little dazed by his defeat of the previous days, his volleys were less accurate, his shots had less sting than usual. But after the accident to his teammate, he it was who took the full brunt of the Australian's attack, took it and fought it off with

the power of a champion. He exchanged drives with Patterson and volleys with Hawkes, and he did what escaped a great many in the stands. He repeatedly worked the Australians into a position where their return could be killed by his teammate, enfeebled as that young gentleman undoubtedly was. If Borotra won the first part of the match by the dazzling brilliance of his play, it was the headwork and coolness of Lacoste that brought them through in the end.

Two-one for the French. Three-one. Four-one. The right to challenge this week at Philadelphia was edging toward the Rue de la Paix. Or should one say the Tennis Club de Paris? Four-two, and then the French made it five-two. It looked almost over. Especially when in the ninth game, Borotra and Lacoste needed but one point to win. But they couldn't get it. A drive of Patterson's down the line.

"Ah, oui," exclaimed Borotra, throwing his hands up. It was disappointing to come so near. And lose the advantage.

Because that it is just what happened. The Australians won the game and evened the score at five all. The cheering must have been audible in New South Wales when Anderson won the last point of the tenth game.

Now here more than ever was the time for the French to crack. Within a point of winning the doubles in a Davis Cup match for the first time. One member of the team shaken by a blow in the temple. Bulldog grit was snatching the prize from under their eyes. But notice, please, that not only did they refuse to go to pieces, but they won the next game. And though caught, they went ahead at seven-six. And again at eight-seven. And for the last time at nine-eight. In other words they were never once headed.

Poor old bulldog grit. Twice in twenty-four hours!—J. R. T.

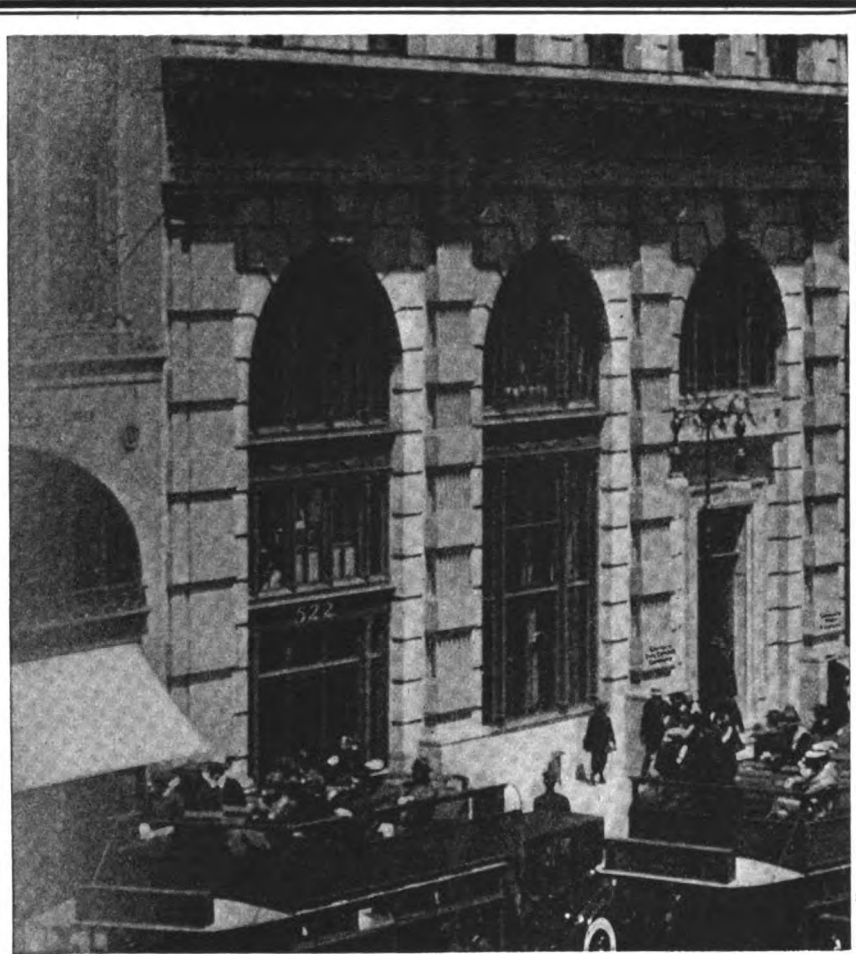
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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 1—

ALL right-minded persons should dine their first evening in Paris at *Ciro's* or at the *Château Madrid*. *Ciro's*, perhaps makes slightly the better night. Our reason for recommending it as the place to start out with is that it's the best place we know of for connecting up with all your friends from America at once. Which supposes that you didn't get in in time to get to the Ritz bar on Rue Cambon at lunch time.

But it doesn't matter: *Ciro's* is colorful anyway. Make a reservation in advance if you can, and if you can't, take your party to the little bar on the left of the foyer and use your eyes. American and English women all got up, cocktailing with monaced Italians; herring-hipped Argentinians and splendidly jeweled ladies of no nationality or scruples; a cosmopolitan and dressy crowd; lots of hand kissing and hand waving. It's the same crowd that meets season after season at Deauville, Biarritz, the Lido, and Palm Beach—with John F. Hylan lacking. Clarence Mackay, Peggy O'Brien, "Feathers" Havemeyer, Barbara and Mimi Brokaw, June, the beautiful London stage favorite, Leland Hayward, and lots of others, are to be seen there with fair regularity when they are in town. And the dancing and music are good.

NIGHT clubs have been a little weak lately. The *Perroquet*, which used to be one of the best of them, was closed for awhile in company with many others, but is opening again in the Fall in a new setting—*Theatre Marigny* in the Champs Elysée, when we shall make a point of dropping in after dinner or the theatre.

Next door to the *Casino de Paris* is a new dance club; the *Florida*, which is attracting the class of people that frequent *Ciro's*, *Voisin*, and the Ritz. Paris, as you may guess, has been pretty generally colored by the *Exposition Internationale des Arts Decoratifs*—the really modern, that is; and it's not unusual to find big gobs of color, star rays, and whatnot in the restaurants. But *Florida* seems to have done it pretty well. The effect is good, and to touch it off they have made their dance floor of glass divided into panels a yard square, which is lighted up from beneath during the dancing by light of changing colors. It is very becoming, and for some reason *fails* to show what people are wearing or are not wearing. The orchestra is Russian, and succeeds in being eccentrically so, giving to the tango more fancy tempos than any we have yet heard.

AND by the way, if luck is good to you, when you go to *Ciro's*, the fat Marquise de Chateaubriand, whom we

have seen complacently losing wads of francs in the *Deauville Casino*, will be there presiding at a table of mixed nationalities. She is usually perched in the center of a rose-colored sofa, if she can find one, and her bosom always ornamented with what looks like the bottom of a tumbler—in reality a colossal diamond.

AS TO *Les Acacias*, Harry Pilcer, famed as the dancing partner of Gaby, is now the boss. The cabaret performance is good—in spite of the *Notre Dame Collegiate Orchestra*—and is changed frequently. One night we saw Harry Pilcer dance with the stimulating Guy twins. We have been told, and we believe it, that the Guy twins and their dressmaker, realizing that Nature was rather careful with her modeling the day she made them, make no particular effort to hide her handiwork. Although we have seen the *Folies Bergère* every year for a decade, our pulses responded to the Guy twins very nicely, thank you.

Another feature of *Les Acacias* program has been dancing by Clare Luce, now of the *Casino de Paris* and not so long ago of our own dear *Ziegfeld Folies*. I heard several people murmuring as she stepped out, "Now let's give this little girl a big hand." But their help wasn't needed. She dances with, if anything, more grace than ever; and there were plenty of "hands" when she bowed her pretty bloneness out.

Which brings us to Mme. Bobe of robbery notoriety, than whom no one is blonder. When we saw her last she had a ringside table. And near at hand were Fanny Ward, Jack Dean, Sam Lynch, Margaret Hawkesworth, Maurice, the Princess Rospiglioli, and Judge and Mrs. Carey. Present also were all three of George Carpentier, pugilist; the Maharajah of Kapurthala, potentate; and Erskine Gwynn.

GLENWAY WESCOTT arrived from Pornic, where he went to find sunshine and finish a second novel, but found nothing but more rain and colossal mosquitoes. He sauntered to the terrace at the Ruhl, in Nice, with a cumbersome and strangely cubistic-looking volume under his arm. Thinking it some new literary hoax, there was an uproar and everyone wanted to see. He refused to let go, so it was wrested away by sheer force and proved to be what he calls his Bible—a copy of the Sears-Roebuck catalogue.

"I couldn't write a book without it," he admitted. Highbrow Paris, by the way, is fearfully excited about "The Apple of the Eye" which is now being translated, and much talked about.



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PARIS -

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TABLES FOR TWO

MERRY excursions to the slums downtown in the quest of new and strange dishes in even stranger places are all very well in their way. My girlish delight in barrooms, more or less converted, which serve the best beefsteaks in New York received a serious setback a week or so ago in a place which shall, not to say should, be nameless. The cause was a good, old-fashioned raid.

It wasn't one of those refined, modern things, where gentlemen in evening dress arise suavely from ringside tables and depart, arm in arm, with head waiters no less correctly clad, towards the waiting patrol wagons. It was one of those movie affairs, where burly cops kick down the doors, and women fall fainting on the tables, and strong men crawl under them, and waiters shriek and start throwing bottles out of windows. It was very exciting, and, to me, anything but funny until a particularly big Irish cop regarded me with a sad eye and remarked, "Kid, you're too good for this dump," and politely opened a window leading to the fire escape. I made a graceful exit.

THE net result of this experience was that I felt an urge, for several days to eat in the dignified fastnesses of the Plaza. The grill, which opens October 3, has always been a smart rendezvous for youthful tea-dancing, but a new interest in lunching at this hotel is due to the fact that it is beginning to take on a slight theatrical flavor, in its quiet way. This is probably due to the recent activities in Columbus Circle, where Ziegfeld and Hearst, not content with the Cosmopolitan Theatre, are planning yet another one. I lunched in the cafe on the first floor overlooking the Park, with Charlie Chaplin and Adolphe Menjou as near to me as I am to you this minute! Menjou (fashion note) wearing a shirt, high collar, and bow tie of glowing pink with an ornament of some kind dangling sweetly at the throat. It goes without saying that the food here is excellent, though slightly more robust than that served in the main terraced dining room, and that the atmosphere is most leisurely and charming.

BUT by far the most enjoyable and unique lunch of the week took place at the Jumble Shop, on Eighth Street. To all outward appearances, it is just ex-

AGNES KREMER



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actly like a thousand Greenwich Village tea rooms that serve palatable table d'hôte meals at small prices. For this reason, the ordinary tourist passes it by, greatly to the relief of the proprietors.

The interesting thing about it is the clientele, which is composed to a large extent of painters, sculptors, and rather serious young writers. There is no round table, no head waiter, no music, no boot-legger—just a scattering of trim painted tables with people talking very quietly and occasionally getting up to roam around and chat with friends or to snatch some coveted article of food that the casual waiter has left around with no one to guard it.

The people who go there steadily are quite distinguished and the place has its own atmosphere. It is to be doubted that half the people there know who the other half are. One of the proprietors was greatly amazed when she realized that the nice old gentleman who had been eating in his own corner regularly was Daniel Chester French! Others who are to be seen there constantly, I am told, include John Dos Passos, Cyril Hume, Arthur Lee, Art Young, Hunt Deidrich, Floyd Dell, John Howard Lawson, Edgar Arlington Robinson, and Dudley Digges. None of them ever seems to tire of the food, which is a tribute in itself. A visitor whom the owners do not care to see again, however, will find himself the victim of burnt steaks, lumpy mashed potatoes, warm iced tea, bad service, and other afflictions administered with such artistry that they rarely reappear upon the scene. Which is just as it should be. I, fortunately, was under the wing of a cherished habitue, and found the food excellent, though comparatively unimportant.

In November, the Jumble Shop will move into Macdougall Alley, taking with it a most interesting collection of original paintings and drawings presented by the great and the near great.

THE loud wails of anguish from those who used to go to Sardi's, on Forty-fifth Street near Broadway, in the same mood that the Jumble Shop calls forth, are due to the terrible influence of too much publicity. After Sardi's had been going along very quietly and nicely for some time, serving really delicious Italian food to few patrons, the world suddenly became aware that, in the tiny dining room or in the garden beyond, the lucky, lucky sightseer might get a glimpse of Lee Shubert, Arthur Hopkins, or members of the Winthrop Ames office almost any day at lunch. The result was an influx that is causing beaming smiles on the visage of the proprietor and the gradual dropping off of exhibits A, B, C and D—present lunching places unknown.—LIPSTICK



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WHAT is more difficult for a mother than the instruction of her daughter in the facts about feminine hygiene? No matter how scientific and up-to-date her own information may be, it is hard to know just where to begin, and how. This little book solves the problem for mother, daughter or wife. It carries a clear and sensible message for every woman who values her health and peace of mind.

In this age of wholesome frankness there are still far too many women who stumble along unguided. Some have absolutely nobody to tell them what they should know. Some have received wrong or incomplete advice. Others are simply too shy or timid to ask.

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the standing of Zonite as a genuine germicide. How different in its nature is Zonite from the compounds containing carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury! These fluids, even when greatly diluted, remain so caustic in their action that they cannot, for instance, be held in the mouth without sharply corroding and withering the delicate tissue-lining. Zonite, on the contrary, is non-poisonous and so absolutely safe that dental authorities are actually recommending it widely for use in the practice of oral hygiene.

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Entrance on 46th Street

MADE IN NEW YORK

I DROVE 637 miles to Quebec over fine, mediocre, and rotten roads, used my best obsequious tone on the clerk in Quebec's leading hotel and was assigned a small inside room with view of the service kitchen, bribed the steamship agent in Quebec to obtain the last available room on the Saquenay River Boat, stood in innumerable lines for the privilege of handling meal tickets to the Gilbert and Sullivan Admiral at the door of the dining saloon, left the boat at each stop and bought Coney Island Japanese rolling ball prizes from natives who differed from Park Row hawkers only in that they could not speak English, attended a ship's concert, escape from which was prevented by rain.

But I was consoled. We were told that the ship would pass Cape Trinity where we would stop while the foghorn was sounded and that we might hear the marvel of the universe, four distinct echoes. We did hear them, and some of us took photographs, presumably of the echo.

To-day I was landing from the Jersey shore. The Sandy Hook boat was unable to dock at Liberty Street as an impudent tugboat was tied up at the end of the pier. Our captain sounded his horn to induce the tugboat to move. Five distinct echoes resounded from the buildings of lower Manhattan.

SEE NEW YORK FIRST.

—R. S. W.

HOW TO PASS THE TIME IN NEW YORK'S WAITING PLACES

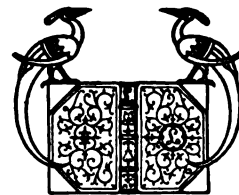
*A*T the Grand Central Station—Go to the information booth—take out all the time tables you can carry—pick out the smallest town on the map and find how you could reach it from the ten next smallest towns—would you do it—examine the newsstand—does it sell stationery—does it sell toys—does it sell smokes—can you find ten other nonnewsy articles that it sells—why do they call it a newsstand—why don't they call it a department store—what time is it inside the station—guess what it is in the rest of New York—walk outside and make sure—find ten couples that are or should be going on their honeymoon—draw up ten conclusions on marriage as an institution—how many gum, weighing, drinking cup, etc. machines can you find—suppose you dropped a cent in each one how much would you have left—would you be in debt—would you be any wiser—would you do it again—listen to the announcer—how many of the towns that he calls out have you visited—how many would you like to visit—how many can you understand.—JOSE SCHERR

68
West
58
A Mid-Size
Hotel
in Mid-Town

PARK CHAMBERS is a medium size apartment hotel—neither cramped for space nor sprawling all over the lot—just big enough to be substantial but not big enough to absorb the individuality of its guests—smart, exclusive, homelike, and conducted by a management that knows how to keep people contented.

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Yours for your name and address.



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Madison Avenue
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Management of Mrs.
George P. Robbins

The Antoinette

"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones
Best Worth While

NOVELS

THE RED LAMP, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (*Doran*). A genuinely baffling mystery, with the highest degree of suspense.

SAMUEL DRUMMOND, by Thomas Boyd (*Scribner's*). Bright morning and gray afternoon of the life of a backwoods Ohio farmer, the change of weather coming with the Civil War.

ELLEN ADAIR, by Frederick Niven (*Boni & Liveright*). The Pretty Moron's Progress, from Edinburgh to Patchouli Mansions, London.

PRAIRIE FIRES, by Lorna Doone Beers (*Dutton*). Scene, North Dakota at the beginning of the Townley ferment. (Neither "Samuel Drummond" nor this is one of those "epics of the soil.")

THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). Italian servants and their English employers, and finally a set-piece of comedy.

FIRECRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten (*Knopf*). A Manhattan reunion of characters of his, enlivened by some new ones. His most amusing novel, and as to "brilliance," his best.

SERENA BLANDISH, by "A Lady of Quality" (*Doran*). A slight but very graceful satire that is finding favor. The artless Serena just can't resist, which makes her hard to marry off to advantage.

SHORT STORIES

CARAVAN, by John Galsworthy (*Scribner's*). Fifty-six of his stories, from novelette length down.

GENERAL

THE QUEEN OF COOKS—AND SOME KINGS (*Boni & Liveright*). Rosa Lewis, as drawn out by Mary Lawton. Rosa has ruled the Cavendish hotel in London from its kitchen, has known no end of potentates and celebrities, and has as much personality as half of them put together.

JUNGLE DAYS, by William Beebe (*Putnam*). More nature essays like those that won him reputation as a man of letters.

ORANGES AND LEMONS AND THE HOLIDAY ROUND, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Two collections of "A. A. M's" contributions to *Punch*. In the former is some of his best verse.

IN WASHINGTON SQUARE

The finish to a perfect day
It is, to watch the children play;
To hear their cute Sicilian tongues
Emit the contents of their lungs;
To watch them climb the iron fence
In constant disobedience,
And grimacing to carry weight,
Their little friends vituperate;
To see them in their dirty dress
So innocent of gentleness.
O children, why contrive to mar
The only beauties that there are?
Why scatter papers as you pass
Upon the unoffending grass?
What purpose is it to advance
A heritage of ignorance?
How scarce perceptible a void
T'would leave were you to be destroyed.

—A. VAN STEENBERGH

TEDESCO ~ A shoe to uze ~
a shoe to abuze ~ One that is
supremely comfortabl and outstand-
ingly correct ~ Design and bilt for
servis but not, on that account, neglect-
ful of good looks

Plantation Crepe Rubbr
soles upprs of soft, pliabl
calfskin and smokt horse



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just below Times square
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Philadelphia Shop
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just below the
Hotel Adelphi

Also a new shop at 26 East 42 street, New York City
[between 5th and Madison] Open all nite



"THE AINSLEIGH"
The newest of three bus-
ness models, fashioned
for the business man.
\$42.50

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preparation does not go with-
out its just reward. A distinct,
original, and clever Fall line
does full justice to our careful
interpretation of the latest mode
From hats to socks—only the
finest—priced at less than usual.
Values are beyond compare, and
New York's smartest dressers
will find their whims and fan-
cies gratified here.

Suits—\$34.50 to \$42.50

AINSLEIGH
ENGLISH CLOTHES

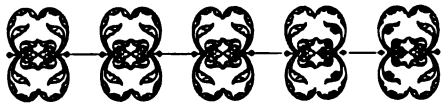
920 B'WAY AT 21ST STREET 11th Floor NEW YORK

SUITS TUXEDOS ACCESSORIES

IMPORTED
MAP
OF
LONDON
DELIGHTFUL
AMUSING
GAILY COLORED
QUAINT

SHOWING QUITE CLEARLY THOSE INTERESTING SPOTS YOU EITHER KNOW AND REMEMBER, OR WHICH YOU ARE EAGER TO VISIT AND KNOW
THE MAP
36x29. IS A STUNNING DECORATION FOR YOUR WALL. SEND US \$1.50 AND OWN THIS MAP.
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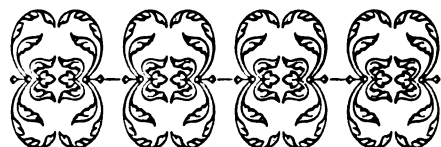
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HOLLIDAY
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*Current English
Books*

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ESSENCE OF THE
CAMPAIGN

IN view of the conspiracy of silence which surrounds it, there is little wonder at the difficulty the average citizen experiences in grasping the salient issues of the primary campaign. This is a cunning effort to scatter dust in the eyes of the people. The issues are definite. An unintimidated electorate has only to scan them and decide. Odd or even? Heads or tails? Or what do you think of some woman's chances of swimming the English Channel before it freezes over?

Which, of course, accounts for the meat on the inside of the coconut, but not for the hair on the outside of it. That is where the catch is. On the other hand, Pershing is having troubles of his own refereeing that boundry dispute in South America and Mr. Browning feels that the Near East Relief was the real author of his discomfort.

Amid such confusion your correspondent had but one course to pursue. That was to go straight to the candidates themselves and win their confidence. This task was simplified by a little incident. We met a reporter for *True Stories*, who, though only 16 years of age, had anticipated our design and seen the candidates first. We dexterously pushed her under a Fifth Avenue bus and made off with her notes. Five days have elapsed and the body is still unidentified at the morgue, which enables us to present, without violating the ethics of our profession, the following exclusive intelligence:

By Mayor Hylan

[His Honor's statement took the form of a personal letter to the Deputy Commissioner of Weights and Measures.]

More people have visited Grand Canyon this year than any season in history. Trubee Davison is elected chairman of the Crime Prevention Commission, but says he can't hold the job long because he means to be active in politics this Fall. That is the type of men who are fighting us. A street car motorman in St. Louis has resigned to become vice-president of a suburban bank. I am informed that this was done on a five-cent fare. The Interborough quit painting "L" cars yellow when it discovered that not while I am Mayor can they dupe the people into mistaking those cars for taxicabs. The population of India is 400,000,000 and there is a potato surplus in Minnesota. It is for the people to consider the facts and say what kind of a Mayor they want.

By Senator Walker

[The Senator's statement consisted of words and music, but the latter was in cipher and you couldn't read it.]

I wear no man's collar, but if I am

IDEAL COUNTRY LIFE
WITHIN A HALF HOUR OF
GRAND CENTRAL



Hotel
GRAMATAN

BRONXVILLE, N. Y.

Directly at the Station

All City comforts in the midst of the Hills and Woods of Westchester County, offering either quiet rest or every seasonable outdoor sport.

*The rates, too, are
surprisingly reasonable*

Henri Pauchey & Son, Inc.
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7 FOOT casement windows
will give you sunshine and
breezes in pleasant abundance
if you live in one of the
4-room apartments at 251 West
71st Street.

May we send you full details?

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All the charm of a refined old Country Home
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Lake Mahopac, N. Y.
52 Miles from New York City
Delightfully situated on the Lake Shore
HOTEL GOLF LINKS

Dancing, Tennis, Horse-Riding, Boat-
ing, Fishing & all Seasonable Recreations.

The Dean House Week-Ends with Special
Rates including Golf are now in effect.

Telephone 56 Mahopac.

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WANTED, FURNISHED APARTMENT—
Must have two bedrooms and be in
neighborhood of Central Park or Drive.
Communicate Gilbert, 226 West 42nd
Street. Telephone, Chickering 1972.

FINE SHOES *ASA* SINCE 1887

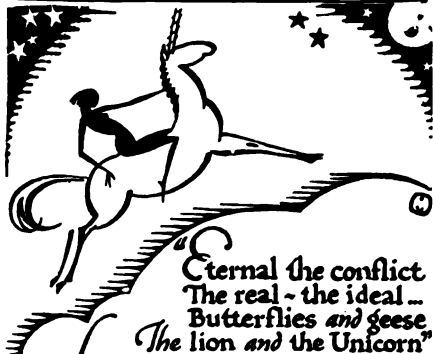
FOR walking, or driving one's car: a model both restful and smart. Of golden tan calf-skin, with soles of leather or crepe.



\$16

ANDREW ALEXANDER

548 Fifth Avenue
Above 45th Street



Eternal the conflict
The real - the ideal -
Butterflies and geese
The lion and the Unicorn

HUNEKER calls these Unicorns: De Gourmont-Cézanne, James George Moore. James Joyce..

BOOKS

At the Sign of the



UNICORN

32 West 8th Street New York

elected Gene Tunney, another Greenwich Village boy who has made good, will become the world's heavyweight champion. After that it will be a simple matter to make Al Smith President of the United States. In July eastbound trans-Atlantic travel broke all records. I am not only for a five-cent fare but for five per cent beer. I believe every man has a right to follow the dictates of his own conscience and that vice should be abolished and virtue should prevail, each according to his own interpretation of the terms involved, but I respect Judge Olvany as a friend and who wouldn't?

By Frank D. Waterman

[Mr. Waterman's statement was written by himself in a neat Spencerian hand.]

The pen is mightier than the sword. There are two sides to every question. A public office is a public trust. The boys and girls to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow. It is always darkest before dawn. Look before you leap. Honesty is the best policy and perseverance wins.—MARQUIS JAMES

INTIMATE GLIMPSES

APROPOS of all the pother in the press because Miss Swanson rightly refused to pose by her suitcases for a photographer, a similar trend is to be observed among the ultra-chic.

We were recently at Newport as the guest of Count and Countess Frederick Von Schrechlen-Holschrech, who have rented the house of Mrs. Harry Oerlbright VIII for the season. Just before dinner on the night of my arrival (and there was only a small party of intimate friends, some two hundred and fifty of us of the innermost circle), some slight consternation was caused by the entrance into the bluer drawing room of the Dowager Duchess of Chesterfield-Camels, who was attired in the famous Chesterfield-Camels tiara, the Chesterfield-Camels rope of pearls and a pair of the late and twenty-first Duke's golfing knickers.

Stuyvesant Van Stettin, who had flown over from Southampton that afternoon and who is noted for his scorn for the conventions, asked:

"Why, did you lose your baggage, Duchess?"

Whereupon, Her Grace very properly snubbed him.

"Since the Marquise de la Falaise has shown us the way, Mr. Van Stettin," she rebuked him coldly, "we of the *haut monde* do not refer in polite society to such a thing as—er—baggage!"

When, with his usual tact, Count Fredrick rushed to the rescue by having dinner served that night in the green marble swimming pool.—GWYNNE

The Water Tower

THE NEW YORKER becomes steadily more complete as a handbook and vade mecum for enlightened metropolitans. With its Profiles, Critique, Goings On, Bold Nights, Talk of the Town and Tell Me a Book to Read, it just about makes both ends of this hard contemporary life meet.



But not quite. Man cannot live by bread alone. And while it is true that beverages receive indiscreet comment here and there throughout the pages, this is not adequate representation, considering the importance of the subject.



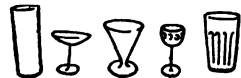
It has remained for an altruistic advertiser to step in and seize this column in the name of fair play and all that is wet. "The Water Tower" will appear fortnightly until the editors come to reason and run such a column themselves.



And if they prefer to call it "What the Hard Pressed Man about Town will Drink" we have no objections.



In the meantime we hope that F.P.A. will not rap us regarding our own heading. After finding that he took no action about Ralph Barton's picture of him in the last issue but one, we decided we could get away with almost anything.



If nothing else, this outbreak does seem to prove that while some people may be born columnists, others are liable to acquire a column and still more liable to have a column thrust upon them.



"I spotted this thing from the first,
Though quite unpictorial,
An advertised cure for the thirst
In guise editorial.
What an antiquated old wheeze."
Said the small Pekinese.



Owing to the lack of space this week we can report only one item of interest to drinking men and women. And that is, that Aquazone Mineral Water, at the time of going to press, is on sale at most clubs, cabarets and restaurants. Ditto drug and grocery stores. Try one bottle as the advertisements say and be convinced.

VANDERBILT 6434

Advertisement



WHERE TO SHOP

AND HOW TO SHOP

Where to shop, is, of course, a matter of vital importance. Of equal import, however, is the technique of the shopper, and that is particularly true in this season, when Fall Sales crowd the large stores with suburban mothers making avid bee-lines for the gingham remnants.

In this season the shopper must do considerable significant purchasing, crowds to the contrary notwithstanding. But if she is wise, she will select one of the attractive smaller shops in the gay little breathing spaces just off the streaming avenues of people.

Small shops are better able to give intelligent care to single articles, selective service to the discriminating individual. Whether it is new chintz, or new dishes, THE NEW YORKER's Guide becomes a touchstone to the shopper who is desirous of knowing not only where, but how.

<p style="text-align: center;">Antiques</p> <hr/> <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 style="text-align: center;">Beauty Culture—(Cont.)</p> <hr/> <p>Moles, Warts, Birthmarks and other Skin growths removed without using knife or drugs. Leaves no scar. Practically painless. Dr. Achorn, 6 W. 51st St., Telephone Circle 1144.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Gowns Made to Order</p> <hr/> <p>DOUCETTE MODELS 158 West 44th Street "Do Say" Snappy Styles. Estimate Gowns. Your own material if desired. Special attention given to Theatrical Clientele. Fall models now ready.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Arts and Crafts</p> <hr/> <p>ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, potteries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Bestcrafts-Skylight Shop 7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.</p>	<p>THE FACE can be "youthified." Defects which mar the contour can be corrected. 24 years' experience. DR. ROBINSON, 1440 Broadway at 40th St. Penn. 1153</p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">Books</p> <hr/> <p>HOYT CASE 21 East 61st Street Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Hats</p> <hr/> <p>Artistic Hats at Moderate Prices. Remodeling from French Models.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">ELSIE MAILLARD 834 Lexington Ave. at 64th St. Rhi. 8358</p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">MME. REUBER Millinery Importer Copy of original French Hats from \$15.00 up 2385 Broadway Schuyler 7725</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Auction Bridge</p> <hr/> <p>ONLY COLLEGE OF AUCTION BRIDGE Any Desired Form of Lessons Taught by Experts SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC. 20 W. 54th St. Tel. Circle 10041 New York City</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Flesh Reduction</p> <hr/> <p>Chickering 4174 128 West 34th St. ANA de ROSALES REDUCING REMODELING REJUVENATING Look Young Be Young</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Ladies' Tailors</p> <hr/> <p>D. Valtry, 425 Fifth Avenue, will please the woman of taste who wants the best materials, cut and fit. Fall models ready for your inspection. Cal. 7111. 15% allowed at mention of THE NEW YORKER</p> <hr/> <p>J. Tuzzoli, 27 W. 46th St., makes a suit for \$65 which cannot be duplicated under \$125. Quality and material faultless in make and fit. Models ready. Furs remodeled.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Beauty Culture</p> <hr/> <p>ROSE LAIRD The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE 17 East 48th Street (Near Fifth Avenue) NEW YORK Telephone Murray Hill 5657 and 6795</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Footwear</p> <hr/> <p>CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Restaurants</p> <hr/> <p>AT THE RUSSIAN INN, 33 West 37th Street Unusual surroundings and good food—Balalaika Orchestra from 6:30-1 o'clock. Russian and Gypsy songs—Dancing after theatre.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Beauty Culture</p> <hr/> <p>Holmes Sisters Wonderful Secret "Pac Vetable" Cleanses and Purifies the Skin Administered Solely By Them 517 Madison Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Golf School</p> <hr/> <p>EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY WELL-KNOWN professionals. Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repaired. ALBERT G. ELPHICK & CO. 135 West 72nd Street Trafalgar 2712</p> <hr/> <p>A GUIDE TO GOOD GOLF by Jim Barnes. The 1925 British Open Champion tells how to improve your game. Numerous illustrations. \$2.00—Dodd, Mead & Co.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Shirt Hospital</p> <hr/> <p>Don't Throw Your Old Shirts Away Worn places restored invisibly at low cost. Shirts made to your own measure. OTTO RIEFS, 81 W. 50th St. Circle 7330</p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">Swimming Instruction</p> <hr/> <p>SWIMMING GUARANTEED TOPEL SWIMMING SCHOOL BROADWAY, CORNER 96TH ST. RIVERSIDE 0440. BOOKLET N</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Beauty Culture</p> <hr/> <p>Superfluous hair and moles removed by Electrolysis. Expert in Charge. Strict privacy. LOUISE BERTHELON, 48 East 49th Street, N. Y. Murray Hill 2768</p> <hr/> <p>FACE, NECK and THROAT REJUVENATION. Tissues Lifted—Contour Restored. Hours 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. PHYSICIANS' ENDORSEMENT. Regent 1303. Evelyn Jeanne Thompson. 601 Mad. Ave.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Gowns, Frocks and Dresses</p> <hr/> <p>"SMILE" FROCKS—New Fall models in Artsilk, Flannel, Faillie & other fashionable fabrics, latest shades. \$3.95 to \$9.95. Samples on request. Gloria Browning 156 East 47th Street</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Tea Room</p> <hr/> <p>A Real Home-Cooked Dinner \$1.00 and \$1.25, also a la carte. Luncheon and afternoon tea. Dorothy McLaurry. 10 East 50th St.</p>



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

(From Friday, September 11, to Friday September 18, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—George M. Cohan Eugene O'Neill has put the stubborn earth and its stubble into the character of a terrible old New England Puritan of '50.

GARRICK GAIETIES—Garrick Madcap Theatre Guild youth imitating and guying their elders in a good amateur revue.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam We are now nearing the end of the long trip of this actually funny Follies, spruced with W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley.

THE GORILLA—Selwyn A carbon copy mystery farce burlesqued into life, what with the way the wise remarks are passed out one atop another.

THE STUDENT PRINCE—Jolson's Go for those precious memories of your gay student days at "Old Heidelberg." The music will help you weep reminiscently.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw If you must know, the old Italian wanted a baby, the little waitress wanted a home, and the hired man his freedom. They all collected. Sidney Howard, the author, got the Pulitzer prize and Pauline Lord does this and last season's best acting.

ROSE-MARIE—Imperial There's still life in this old lady of the music shows—a 1924 relic.

IS ZAT SO?—Chanin's Forty-sixth They don't come harder nor more amusing than this pleasing comedy of some tough babies talking Mencken's American Language in good theatre situations.

LOUIE THE 14th—Cosmopolitan Leon Errol glorifying his crumbling legs amidst acres and acres of indescribable Ziegfeld beauty.

SPRING FEVER—Ambassador If you Golf or don't you can't help liking this delightful thing of Romance on the Greens.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Apollo Now, we ask you, just what can we say about a typical, good George White revue?

ARTISTS AND MODELS—Winter Garden Although Rembrandt, Hale and Van Dyke do not make their appearance in this grandiose revue, the Hoffmann girls and Phil Baker do.

THE BOOK OF CHARM—Comedy Reviewed in this issue.

MUSIC

No events of great moment scheduled.

ART

L. BONAMICI—John Levy Galleries A pleasing show of brilliant painting and some of the old school.



HARWOOD H. SIMPSON—Weyhe Galleries Introducing, via Sherwood Anderson, something new in American artists.

SUMMER SHOW—Dudensing Average collection of this shops' wares with a few new ones from the South.

MOVING PICTURES

THE GOLD RUSH Charlie Chaplin being a Pierrot in the land where men are men. Not his best, but then he couldn't have any worst. At the Strand.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA Colorfully morbid cruelty and ugliness in the sewers and cellars of Paris. Terrible at the start, and splendid at the finish. At the Astor.

SALLY OF THE SAWDUST Separate the pantomimic charm of Mr. W. C. Fields from Mr. D. W. Griffith's glucose bathos and you get what? Why, Mr. Fields, of course! And comedy! At the Cameo Fri., Sat., Sept. 11, 12, and possibly a week more.

SIEGFRIED A favorite son wanders through a mythological world and is wrecked on the matrimonial rocks. To the tune of Wagner's score, this is generally impressive. At the Century.

THE UNHOLY THREE Mr. Lon Chaney, a dwarf, and a Hercules involved in diabolical though laughable meannesses. Bloody and thunderously dramatic. Loew's Circuit, Fri., Sept. 11 to Fri., Sept. 18.

SPORTS

TENNIS—West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I. Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sept. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, National Turf Singles Championships with members of the French, Australian, Japanese, Spanish and Canadian Davis Cup teams competing with the first ten of the United States, including W. T. Tilden.

GOLF—Apawamis Club, Rye, N. Y. Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sept. 15, 16, 17, 18. United States Seniors' Golf Association Championships.

YACHTING—Indian Harbor Yacht Club Sat., Sept. 12, Annual Fall Regatta.

RACING Belmont Park: Mon., Tues., Sept. 14, 15. Aqueduct: Meet opens Wed., Sept. 16.

BASEBALL Polo Grounds: New York vs. Brooklyn, Fri., Sat., Sept. 11, 12. Yankee Stadium: New York vs. Boston, Sun., Sept. 13. New York vs. Cleveland, Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sept. 15, 16, 17. New York vs. St. Louis, Fri., Sept. 18.

OTHER EVENTS

MARDI GRAS—Coney Island Now called "Frolics of 1925." One week beginning Mon., Sept. 14. Opportunity for one's annual frisking with the multitude.

RADIO SHOW—Grand Central Palace Aerial innovations under one roof for the convenience of fandom; Sat., Sept. 12 through Sat., Sept. 19.

Theatre Guild Productions
Garrick Gaieties
Sparkling Musical Revue
Garrick Theatre
65 West 35th Street
Evenings, 8:40
Matinees, Thurs., Sat., 2:40

The Pulitzer Prize Play
They Knew What They Wanted
with Pauline and Leo Lord Carrillo
Klaw Theatre
West 45th St.
Evenings, 8:40
Matinees, Wed., Sat., 2:40

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE
West 42d St.
Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mg. Dirs.
458 Seats at \$1. Pop. Price Mats. Wed. and Sat.
NEW SUMMER EDITION
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
WILL ROGERS—W. C. FIELDS

Eugene O'Neill's Greatest Play
DESIRE
UNDER the ELMS
With WALTER HUSTON
Now at **COHAN THEATRE**,
GEO. M. B'way & 43d St.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

SIEGFRIED
UFA'S great music photo drama based on the Norse Saga and Wagner's Ring Operas.
Limited Engagement.
Symphonic Orchestra of 60 musicians from the Metropolitan Opera Co. render a special score compiled from
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