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# THE NEW YORKER

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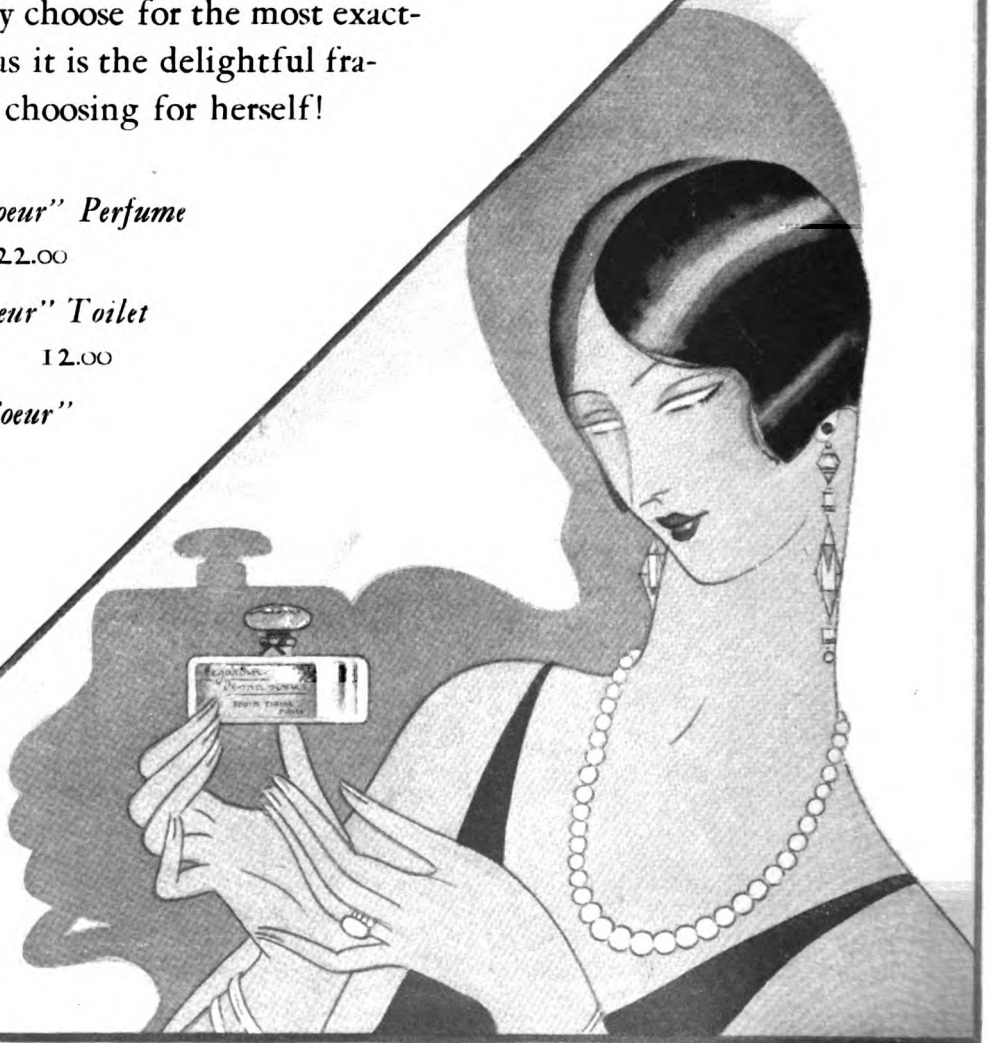
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Advisory Editors: Marc Connelly, Rea Irvin, George S. Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Parker, Hugh Wiley

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## Notes and Comment

**S**INCERELY and respectfully we extend to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt Pell our congratulations on having bought the Clipper Ship *Benjamin F. Packard* and turned it into a public museum. It was a most civilized and altogether decent act. We only wish George F. Baker, who is even richer, had done as much for the Brevoort House when he bought it, instead of consigning the delectable old mansion to the wreckers.

**A**S ever one hundred percent American, Bishop Manning gave thanks on Thanksgiving Day for the decline of intolerance, and the Anti-Saloon League gave thanks for the decline of drinking, while elsewhere the Methodists gave thanks for being virtuous enough to want to abolish New York and the jewelers of Fifth Avenue gave thanks for an increase of 250% in the cocktail shaker business.

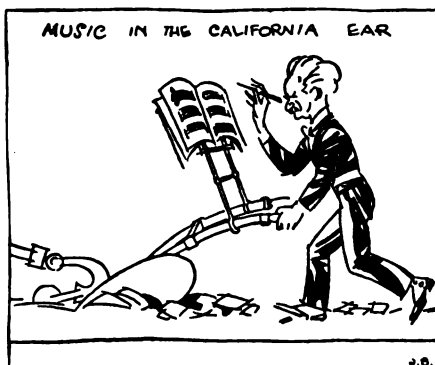
**W**E observe that the newest apartment houses are advertising Fireplaces that Work. This means real chimneys. Avoiding the obvious joke about another flue epidemic, we may say it is a grate improvement. Fires are becoming. It is said that even the wives of congressmen look attractive by firelight.

**T**HE annual Report of the Directors of the Illinois College Fund laments the passing of W. J. Bryan '81 as the "institutions' most distinguished son since its foundation." We



understand that the reason the Directors say this is not to give Illinois a black eye, but to prove that Red Grange (their other great man) is a good football player because he knows he is not descended from a monkey.

**A**LL doubt as to what makes music in the California ear subsided last week. After hearing Paderewski, we met a Californian at dinner. "Oh yes, Paderewski! I saw in the paper he was here," she said. "I suppose you know he has a ranch out in our State," etc., etc. We didn't mind—the lady on our other side was prettier anyway.



**W**E are not entirely convinced that debutantes as a class object seriously to stags drinking. We used to believe that the poor girls were sacrificing their self respect to satisfy a mother's craving for a popular daughter. We wondered why the debts didn't exercise the boycott, which would have cured the drink evil in short order. But age has altered our opinion and put to rest our wonder. We now believe that the female always objects to the way the male treats her, and loves it.

**H**OWEVER fashionable it may be for women to ride astride, our heart nevertheless went out to the few who last week in the Armory still clung to the pommel of their side saddle. It looks so much better. We don't care who disagrees with us.

## The Week

**T**HIRTY thousand attend hanging in Greece on Thanksgiving Day and Gerald Chapman declines to accept commutation of sentence. Congressman Rainey charges plot to modify Dry Law and Archbishop Curley prays God to save us from reformers. George Bernard Shaw advocates trial marriages and Dr. Eugene Fisk asserts that nagging wives prolong life. U. S. rejects Roumanian debt funding offer and Judge gives ex-convict ten dollars to help him go straight. Dispute rages over compulsory military training course at C.C.N.Y. and British Army abandons use of spats as measure of economy. Lady Astor pities bachelors, eulogizes old maids, and movement is begun in

Texas to impeach Governor "Ma" Ferguson. "Red" Grange gets \$12,000 for first professional football game and Governor of Ohio earns forty cents setting type. Commissioner Enright prepares his apologia and General Butler, expecting to return to the Marines, censures Philadelphia for not being a good little city.

### Triumph

OUR weekly advice from Haysland informs us that Hollywood is again in the throes of one of the itches for authorship which occasionally sweep that intellectual center. There is a recurring aspiration among the more gifted and splendid males there to achieve the He-Man pinnacle in fiction and share honors with such lions as Mr. Zane Grey and Mr. James Oliver Curwood.

The latest victim of this intellectual stirring has been one of the screen's perfect profiles, who has been laboring on a novel.

"How many words are there in a novel, anyway?" he inquired from a scenario writer, who might be presumed to be a literary authority.

"About a hundred and twenty thousand," said the scenarist.

"Fine," exclaimed The Perfect Profile. "That means I've finished mine."

### The New Order

EVERYBODY tacitly agrees that it was an off year at the Horse Show; but for an off year, it was a very good year.

Everything was slightly altered. Even the management was changed. Mr. Moore is dead. And Mr. Bowman, famous for his hotels, has stepped in, which should mean, if nothing else, good food from now on. These things count. There was everywhere last week the touch of a younger hand and a modern day blotting out the old. The old Garden atmosphere was gone. But by way of compensation, the brass band was better than ever before; the decorations were more complete; the whole machinery moved with a precision not altogether in the tradition of the old regime. An eye, they say, was ever and anon leveled at the gate receipts. On the verandah of a replica of Mount Vernon was a tea room carefully arranged to attract the current debutante and her boy friend,

whom the Horse Show used never to bother about. One guesses that the annual deficit, which Mr. Moore used to meet so placidly with his hand in his pocket, will be no more.

Mr. Reginald Rives is credited with having got the exhibitors together, and he did a good job. He is Secretary and Treasurer of the new organization, and he and William du Pont, Vice President, and Mr. Bowman make up the triumvirate now in charge. Entries were varied and colorful, with plenty of European officers to give a cosmopolitan air, and young ladies in breeches, from California to give the title, National Horse Show, some meaning. Almost the most active exhibitor of all was Jean Browne Scott, who they say has a rein in her hand six days out of seven in all seasons. James Cox Brady, under the pseudonym of Hamilton Farms was not far behind her in energy. J. M. Willets nobly upheld the hackney end of things; and others were J. P. Crozer, George Crouch, and Mortimer B. Fuller. Some of the exhibitors this year were old in the Horse Show, but not most of them. Alfred G. Vanderbilt is dead, and so is Reggie Vanderbilt. The clientele, on the whole, is younger.

At the moment, the triumvirate won't say definitely what they plan for next year. The reason why the show was held in the Armory this year was that Rickard's Garden was not

completed in time to take care of it. Had this not happened, there probably wouldn't have been any off year; and everyone supposes that next year Rickard will have it, and will make it once again the foremost event in the horse world.

Another indefinite point is the future date. It used to be coincident with the Opera opening, but was changed on account of the strain the double function put upon enthusiasts who would rather die than miss either. Since then it has been first earlier and then later. Staggering it with the Opera is probably a good idea. The general feeling, undoubtedly, is that the Horse Show is worth building up again, and there would be no sense in running it in competition with the most colorful event of the entire Fall Season.

### Original Hamlet

THE forthcoming production of Hamlet with no clothes at all, which is to succeed the version of the classic in modern dress, has been the subject of no little conversation about town. We are able, after investigation, to report that the idea originated from a witticism shared by no less than Mr. John Emerson and Miss Anita Loos; but since their early inception of the idea, there has been a deluge of suggestions for casting the production, changes, replacements,



• THE GREEN GODDESS •

new arrangements. It may still, however, be of interest to publish, of the many which have passed through our hands, one of the most complete prospectuses. It ran as follows:

Negotiations are under way to secure Mr. Bernarr Macfadden for the part of *Hamlet*, and it is hoped that Miss Gilda Grey will be the *Ophelia*. The *Queen Mother* will probably be played by Miss Texas Guinan, and the *King* by Mr. Ernest Boyd. Messrs. H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan will be the *Gravediggers*, and *Polonius* will be played by Mr. Augustus Thomas. *Voice of Ghost*, Miss Ganna Walska; *Yorick* (Alas!), Mr. Sam Shipman; *Horatio*, Mr. Charles Hanson Towne; *Laertes*, Mr. Maury Paul (Cholly Knickerbocker).

The part of *Rosencrantz*, will be filled by Mr. Frank Munsey and other rôles as follows: *Guildestern*, Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis; *A Priest*, Mr. David Belasco; *A Gentleman*, Mr. Michael Arlen; *Fortinbras*, *Prince of Norway*, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudrais; *English Ambassadors*, Messrs. Noel Coward, Freddy Lonsdale, Cyril Maude, Ashley Dukes.

In charge of Ladies Lounge, Mr. Rudolph Valentino; vice versa, Miss Peggy Hopkins. Costumes by Elizabeth Arden. Bedroom settings by A. H. Woods. Fig leaves by John Sumner.

A private undress rehearsal will be held February 29th next.

### Colosseum

THE plumber was overheard to say that he had had six hours sleep in seven days, and that money wasn't worth it. This was the new Madison Square Garden—the Six Day Race. Plumbers, glaziers, electricians, plasterers madly looking for their foremen; the lobby paved at five o'clock the afternoon of the opening; the last board nailed to the track forty minutes before the doors were opened; and Colonel J. S. Hammond, Mr. Rickard's vice-consul standing around in knickerbockers and explaining, "Yes, we have a special runway for elephants in Forty-ninth Street, and we've made the door extra wide in case they invent a bigger animal."

The new Madison Square Garden (the gods forgive us) is a veritable Foresight Saga, a masterpiece. Ice can be made in eight hours and melted in two. You can leave a boxing match at midnight and come back in the



morning before the office opens and see a hockey match. In the afternoon a circus or an opera. There are steam pipes and compressed air pipes and twelve miles of ice-freezing pipes, telephone wires and every other kind of wire, including the wire the Dare Devil slides down in Barnum & Bailey's. Under every seat is a ventilator. In the roof are great fans forcing ozone in at a rate that will change the air of the whole place in eleven minutes—dry ozone, warm in Winter and cool in Summer.

There are two floors to the new Garden, an arena and an exhibition room beneath it.

The Arena is finished in the simplest fashion. Its beauty is the beauty of engineering: white beams and white concrete. Every inch is filled with seats. One gets the impression that the spectators actually arch overhead from the fact that the two galleries protrude so far. The old Garden looked cluttered with supporting pillars; the new does not. The old Garden looked inconvenient; the new Garden looks eminently practical. The old Garden seated 13,000; the new Garden seats 17,000. As to seats: they are all good ones, and at least six and a half times as comfortable as the torture chairs of the old Garden.

The exhibition room downstairs is where the sideshows will be. It is a room with many pillars, looking very cryptic. It is but rough plastered, as yet, lighted only by a few bulbs hanging on naked wires, and is silent except for the tramp of workmen. From the floor you can look up through the stairwell and see the engineers walking on the trusses overhead, a mile away.

It is hard for anyone but the overworked plumber to say anything against the Garden. There is no Florentine Façade of course, but at the present moment there is a blank wall against which they say a hotel will go, and which is now seen from Eighth Avenue over the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, of proportions that Picasso would call stunning.

### Sport

THE sportiest proposal of the season was made, early on a morning, lately, when the first breath of frost was stirring, to a veteran *cocher*, half dozing on the box of his cab. A youth approached, in meticulous evening dress but with his shirt bosom showing the crinkles of a long evening.

"Cab, sir?" the jehu solicited.

"No; don' wanna ride," said the youth, after solemn consideration. "Tell you what, though. Wrestle your horse for twenty dollars. Give you th' twenty if I don't throw him in five minutes."

The cabby pondered this strange proposal, and, presently, assented.

"Take his shoes off," the youth commanded. But this point the *cocher* would not yield. His horse must remain shod, if there was to be a contest.

"Bout's off then," the swaying one pronounced. "Only professionals wrestle with shoes on. I'm 'n amateur. Bout's off."

### Mrs. Insull's Fling

ON Sunday night next George Tyler's "School for Scandal" will stop off for one invitation performance on its way from Boston to Newark and points west. This is his way of acridly calling attention to the fact that he cannot get a theatre in our town without breaking all his own rules (and himself, perhaps) by paying the rent in advance. This custom of guaranteeing a theatre against loss is a comparatively recent exaction, exceedingly painful to an old showman like Tyler and nothing short of infuriating to him in the light of the fact that, by dint of it, a production of this very play has been pre-empting the Little Theatre for weeks and weeks by sheer weight of money and without the question of comparative merit even being permitted to enter in.

For it is a *secret de Polichinelle*

that it is not the public which is keeping Gladys Insull at her nightly romp as *Lady Teazle* on the Little Theatre's stage. Mrs. Insull (she as was Gladys Wallis in the W. H. Crane troupe a quarter of a century ago) is the wife of the mighty Samuel Insull of Chicago, in which city scarcely a wheel turns or a lamp glows except at his pleasure. Now she has returned to the stage after years of retirement made endurable by occasional performances in her own beautiful private theatre at the Insull estate on the outskirts of Chicago.

The great wave of applause which shook Chicago last Spring when Mrs. Insull played *Lady Teazle* for charity, swept that gratified veteran right on to Broadway where, after an opening night made notable by more floral tributes than have been flung across the local footlights in a generation, her handsome production has been running at a staggering loss since early October. The wisecracks say the whole adventure will cost Mr. Insull more than \$100,000 even if his lady should weary of the sport ere Michaelmas. But such pin money had been well spent on the glorious fun Mrs. Insull would have had if only the critics had been less glacial and even facetious in their reviews and if only the New York public had not stayed away in droves.

### Hucksters

LOCAL journalism excelled even in its tabloid self in reporting the clinical aspects of the Rhinelander trial, but even the pink-sheeted early editions could not muster sufficient courage to print the famous letter which, at some future date, may be incorporated in the American parallel of Krafft-Ebing's works. We were interested to note, though, that transcripts of the letter did find their way into circulation, the streets in one part of town at least being populated, one might almost say thickly populated, with hucksters who husked to the male passerby: "Th' Rhinelander letter, dollar a copy. Th' real thing, mister—not a woid left out."

The last time we encountered these foggy-toned gentry was a year or so ago during a police parade. On that Spring day, when the Finest were thumping ponderous rhythm on the asphalted Avenue, little knots of men were conspicuous on the side streets. The core of each group was a slinking



figure cautiously offering postal cards for sale—postal cards reminiscent of those which startled the A.E.F. in Paris.

Extremely wary were these salesmen, and when a lady approached there was a warning from the side of the mouth: "Gen'mun in private conversation, lady. Gen'mun talking private."

The thought occurred that this business of selling risque postal cards is probably the most desirable occupation in the world, because one must work but one day a year—when the police parade. Or, perhaps, these merchants work also in other cities. "I've got to go to Cleveland on business next week. Big police parade out there," we can imagine one of them saying.

### Last Agony

WERE it not for the year 1883, crowds of the curious would not now be tramping through the W. K. Vanderbilt residence. It was in that year that Hunt, the architect, whose statue showing him with blouse and chisel was put atop the house by appreciative and roguish workmen, designed it in the style of the chateau at Cheneceaux, thereby dealing a heavy blow to the hitherto supreme brownstone. Everybody who has ever been

by Fifty-second Street thanks him, including the Vanderbilts, excepting the second Mrs. W. K., who prefers Sutton Place.

Like everybody else, we went through the house last week with hushed voice, gazing at the room where the famous Vanderbilt Ball was given, and also gazing at the movie screen put up in the banquet hall, the radio equipment, the professional entertainers and the slot machine against the wall. It was a two women to one man affair, so the bathrooms, the closets, the pantry and the private stairway out of Mrs. Vanderbilt's room drew most of the crowd. The dumb waiter was the *pièce de resistance*. It was pulled by probably ten thousand hands with practical wedding rings on them. All in all most entertaining.

We wonder if the shades of the old names that once were formally called there went through with the rest—D. O. Mills, Pierre Lorillard, the first Morgan, Ward McAllister, who lived to see his phase die. Not, by any means, incidentally, are these names which arrived with the Vanderbilt name, which *did*, or nearly *did*, arrive with the house—or at least with the Metropolitan Opera House, which came the same year. That was the time when the Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street was animate. It had Mrs. Astor's patronage, and Mrs. Astor, though she took a box in the new Metropolitan, refused to sit in it. Mrs. Vanderbilt took a box and *did* sit in it. The situation was critical in 1883 and almost as important as the building of Brooklyn Bridge that year. And then the Academy died and Mrs. Astor had to come to the mountain, which put the biggest feather ever in the Vanderbilt cap.

IT was not only Mr. Bret Harte's Heathen Chinee who contributed to fastening upon poker its enviable reputation. The game has built about itself more safeguards than almost any other form of gambling; and one of the oldest of these came back to mind forcibly when I entered Abercrombie & Fitch's place, bent upon the purchase of some new equipment.

"I should advise against plain chips," said the gentlemanly clerk. "So many people complain that they find the banker's accounts never balance when plain chips are used." There was a significant cough. "Chips with distinctive designs are



better from every point of view," the gentlemanly clerk confided.

### Emissary

THE Scouting Fleet is in the Navy Yard, and its officers are flooding the town with reminiscences of their visit to Australia, most enthusiastic of national hosts. So widely were our navy men fêted, it appears, that it became necessary to appoint committees of one to represent each ship at the various functions for which invitations went out.

It fell to the lot of a junior officer to make the rounds of various clubs which had extended privileges to American officers during the Fleet's stay. In each one, of course, he was greeted by the secretary, and then by the president—"and won't you have another 'spot', ol' deah?"

Thus it went; club after club, "spot" after "spot" and, as the day wore into evening, the junior officer found himself wabbling uncertainly into yet another club. His stride was unsteady, his eyes a bit glazed, but the honor of the American Navy was in his keeping. He went on.

When he managed to make a fairly straight entrance into the last club on his list, he was overwhelmed with introductions. The names seemed familiar. The places mentioned certainly were. "Of New York." "Of Chicago." "Of Dallas."

"Where am I?" inquired the befuddled junior officer.

"You're in the American Club," he was told.

"Oh, my lord," groaned the gallant sailor. "Now I've got to do some real drinking."

### Artist

IT was announced as a "one-man show" of Bessie Lasky's paintings; and it was really through no fault of Mrs. Jesse Lasky that her exhibition in the Anderson Galleries was identified as the work of the wife of the prominent movie producer. The artist herself tried sincerely to avoid undue publicity—but who could expect complete escape when sales of canvases were being made to Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, for instance, and Mrs. Bowes, and Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld?

The show itself was interesting, but so are many other shows through the year, and it was only natural that the

artist should prove the chief item in her own exhibition. Mrs. Lasky is slim and young. She wore, on the day we saw her, a simple frock of black satin. They say she was in attendance every day during the show, and that every day she was simply attired.

Mrs. Lasky likes her own paintings; indeed, she seemed pained when a sale was made—for a sale meant a parting. And she is not without a philosophical twist of mind. Surveying the crowd in the galleries, she murmured, "All the invitations seem to have gone astray except those mailed to Hollywood."

### Boon

THIS magazine has been approached by a gentleman who has formulated a plan which, at this date, promises to be of more service to humanity than anything perfected

since the discovery of fermentation.

In brief, it is his purpose to issue from a central bureau, a universal certificate which will identify the bearer as a person of unquestioned honor; and so entitled to admission to any bootlegging establishment in town. If possible, it will be arranged to have the certificates printed on U. S. bank-note paper in order to guard against counterfeiting.

This scheme, when it has achieved its ultimate development, will put an end to the greatest nuisance of our time. It will not be necessary to go to the trouble of procuring an introduction before one can be served in a new place. The identification card will be a city-wide passport. And, of course, the old cards of admission which have cluttered our billfolds for so long will be consigned to flames.

This magazine hopes to report, from time to time, the progress of the movement.—THE NEW YORKERS

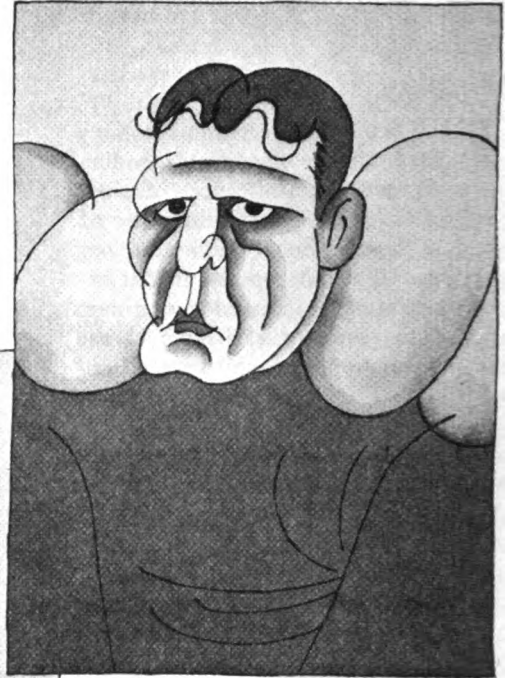


"There!" says I, "consider our bank posters and then accuse us of evil."  
 "Ah," sobs he (the vice-crusader), "I was rash, forgive me, there is sweetness and light in this sad city, after all."

## Heroes of the Week



**JOSEPH PENNELL**—Who has, for many years, held a unique place in art and letters and who is about to hold the most important exhibition of his work ever given. Beginning on December 5th, the Anderson Galleries will show his lithographs, etchings, water colors and illustrations and his new book, "The Adventures of an Illustrator", in the process of making.



**"RED" GRANGE**—Who is the most eminent footballer of this epoch, and who has lately been criticized a good deal by various stock-brokers and penny-a-liners for prostituting his art for a mere \$100,000 or so. Grange will make his sordid professional debut in New York next Sunday.



**MORRIS GEST**—Who has done about as much, if not a little more, for the American Theatre than anyone else, who has done it by seeking out and fetching over for purposes of study the best the rest of the world has to offer, and who is about to do it again by placing before us (beginning on December 14th) The Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio of Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko.



**COMPOSITE PORTRAIT OF THE MOGULS OF THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE**—Who have pronounced Prohibition a complete success and credited it with the nation's present prosperity. No mention was made of its having emptied the jails.



**THE REV. FRANCIS P. DUFFY**—Who is one of the reasons that Christianity and the Catholic Church have lasted as long as they have and who celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as an army chaplain and his tenth as chaplain of the 69th Regiment last week.



## LAWNDALE'S FAST SET



... backslappings ... and exaggerated curtsies ... most of those present have not seen one another since five at the Golf Club.

**MR. HUDDLESTON:** Mr. Fuddleston. You boys ought to get together."

"How do you do, Mr. Duddleston?"

"Pleasure, Mr. Culbertson."

"Live in Lawndale?"

"Greggs Manor."

"Nice place, too. Likit there? Know Joe Goop?"

"Met him."

"New York every day?"

"Eight-fourteen."

"Eight-fourteen Greggs Manor, eight twenty-one Lawndale," said Mr. Fuddleston, recapitulating. "Herman Ruff and Charley Fetz take that train. Standing bridge game with a couple of fellows who get on at Cedarhurst."

"You g'win every day, Mr. ——?"

"Fuddleston."

"Fuddleston. Pooronnames but neverforgetaface. G'win every day Mr. Ruddleston?"

"Seven fifty-seven. Seven fifty-seven Lawndale, seven forty-nine Greggs Manor. Fine train. No stop after Verdantville."

"Boys, your flagons. A dividend," the perfect host announces.

"That's the time," subscribes Fuddleston, "A bird can't fly with one wing."

Mr. Huddleston lowers his glass. "Ever hear that story of the two Scotchmen and the drink of whisky? Well, Sandy was over at Angus's house and Angus brought out a bottle and Sandy took a drink. 'What do you think of that liquor?' asked Angus. 'Well, that whusky,' replied Sandy,

'that whusky, is just right.' 'What do you mean, just right?' asked Angus. 'Well,' said Sandy, 'if it was any better you wouldn't give it to me, and if it was any worse I couldn't drink it.'"

"Here, Hank" (the perfect host reappearing), "I want you to meet some more of the crowd."

"Mrs. Banner: May I present Mr. Huddleston? Mrs. Royce, Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. Swann, Miss Jourdan: Mr. Huddleston. Hank Huddleston: reading from left to right, Chet Orth, Bert Banner, Herman Ruff, Dr. Charley Fetz, Sam Swann. Folks, he has a swell line of parlor stories."

Bows and handshakes. Sam Swann

playfully barges the newcomer off his balance, spilling his juice and gin. Sam is the suburb drunkard. The office has its prerogatives.

"Accidents will happen," says Mr. Swann, with allusion to Huddleston's despoiled drink. "I propose restitution."

"In kind?"

"Words," added Mr. Swann. "Namely, Old Parr."

He leads Huddleston to the sun porch. Gertrude Banner interposes herself between them. Swann whips out a flask of startling proportions and fills the three cocktail glasses with Scotch.

"This little group. Intimate. Informal. What I like about life here is its camaraderie," Mrs. Banner's wistful voice is saying by the door. "Sam you'd love a book I'm reading. 'The Young Archimedes.' Mr. Huddleston, you are in Greggs Manor, aren't you? Do you go to New York every day? Do you like Thomas Hardy. Lovely party, isn't it?"

"The eight-fourteen from Greggs Manor," replies Mr. Huddleston. "It's the eight twenty-one from here."

"The five-five at night's a slick train," observes Chet Orth, who can pick up the scent of Scotch at 800 yards against a high wind.

"Don't care if I do," said Huddleston. "Bird can't fly with one wing. Hear the one about the two Scotchmen, Sandy and Angus and the drink of whisky?"

More guests arrive as if precipitated by a gust of wind. Hearty greetings



"Bird can't fly with one wing."

and backslappings, man to man fashion, and exaggerated curtsies for the ladies, accompanied by laughter. It is nine-thirty p. m. and most of those present have not seen one another since five at the Golf Club.

"Get Charley to tell you about that little bet we made on the fifth green . . ."

". . . you old bandit, where you been keeping yourself?"

". . . redoubled and I took her out in spades."

"Steady up that backhand a bit, and sweet papa!"

"More money than the Diamond Match Company has matches . . ."

". . . can't fly with one wing."

Big-hearted Herman Ruff is planted before the mantel with his arms conspicuously around Mrs. Helen Carroll and Eve Royce. Which is all right. "What about that dress, Eve? You'll catch your death of cold."

Eve smiles and dexterously escapes Herman's authorized embrace and sways into the questionable arms of Oscar Linlocken, the big down-town publicity man and Lawndale Bohemian and literateur. They dance.

"'. . . that whusky,' said Sandy, 'that whusky is just right . . .'"

"Left him so flat you could play him on that Victrola . . ."

". . . world statistics show that the available supply of tin . . ."

"As Bill Shakespeare so well said paragraph quote . . ."

"This country life does get hold of you, somehow. I'm a son of a gun if it doesn't," says Mr. Chet Orth, two hours later.

"I'll tell the world!"

"Bird can't fly . . ."

—MARQUIS JAMES



## METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

IT TAKES ALL KINDS  
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

**T**HERE are, for instance, Visiting Relatives. They are usually holding half of the State of Illinois At a fabulous price an acre, Or the President of the Northwestern Bankers' Association Doesn't dare make a move without consulting Cousin Charlie, And yet they get the same kick out of leaving fifteen cents for the waiter That larger plutocrats derive from headlines telling the world Of a new university endowment. Cousin Hattie, who doesn't miss a trick in *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*, Wants to be taken to a night club where she can see Gloria Swanson, And when she gets there is so soon overcome by smoke, noise and synthetic gin That she must be literally carted home, And the long-suffering host's fifty or sixty dollars Might just as well have been dropped in the Hudson. She also wouldn't mind getting a good look At Peggy Joyce, Herman Tappé and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, And when the question of Sunday morning service arises, willy-nilly, Her choice is the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Cousin Charlie wants to go to dinner at Billy the Oyster Man's— It takes an inlander to appreciate good sea food, yes *sir!*— And out to the Yankee Stadium to see Babe Ruth play, Under the delusion that the only poles are the North and South. Sometimes Little Lucy comes along with her parents. She, although eating a longshoreman's breakfast Such as has not been seen in the house since Grandpa died And a luncheon which would have been too much for Tantalus's first attempt, Nevertheless gives out regularly at the hours of eleven and four

And must be dragged somewhere for a chocolate malted milk Or turned loose on the ice-box. Little Lucy sulks on all the shopping expeditions Because she is made to choose her clothes in the misses' departments, And hints pleasantly of the dire things that may befall her If she is not allowed to stay behind in New York And study to be a professional dancer. The V. R.'s are always ready for a game of bridge; They don't play for money—just for the fun of it. When Cousin Charlie takes out in a weak minor suit Or Cousin Hattie doubles an original four-bid unsuccessfully as a signal, They announce boldly that they play that way at home And suppose that different communities have different conventions, To which the answer is affirmative, with the silent crediting of an assist to the Deity. Visiting Relatives are grim in the determination not to be impressed; If they were taken to the top of a high hill and shown, etc., They would always remember that the First National Bank of Clayville Ranks ninth architecturally in the United States. It is a long lane that has no turning, And the day finally comes when the Twentieth Century Does not pull out in vain. You receive calmly their declarations about a marvelous time, Knowing that for Cousin Hattie the high spot was her facial at Elizabeth Arden's, And for Cousin Charlie meeting Chauncey Depew on the Avenue. God gives us to our relatives— Sometimes he *delivers* us to them.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS  
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

—BAIRD LEONARD

# PROFILES

## Apostle of Perfection

THERE is a viola player in the Philharmonic Orchestra who is by way of being also a cartoonist, and one of his most celebrated efforts is a labyrinthine bit of *chiaroscuro* setting forth the character of Willem Mengelberg, baton wielder. In this composition the energetic musician is to be seen piloting a chariot whose freight comprises "Don Juan", "Les Preludes", "Ein Heldenleben", and other favorites. Above the symphonic vehicle floats a banner with this surprising device: "100 Per Cent". Which is the favored slogan of the Philharmonic's leader, and which helps explain not only his popularity, but also certain cracks tossed at his emphatic red hair by our Hanslicks.

Mengelberg's first commandment is that everything be 100 per cent, and behind his insistence lies his terrifying vitality. When he was a commuting conductor, directing orchestras almost simultaneously in Amsterdam and Frankfurt, he used to hop the rattler or its Dutch equivalent from Amsterdam, sit up all night, smoking heavy cigars (later, an Amsterdam perfecto was named for him), studying scores which long since he could have written out from memory, and then plunge into a rehearsal with an energy that startled and perplexed the *gemütliche* fiddlers and blowers of Frankfurt. It was that way when he emerged from a competitive examination as musical boss of Lucerne at the age of twenty-one, and spent one-third of his time composing music, another third rehearsing it and the final third performing it. It is said that he sleeps, but nobody knows when. If you were bold enough to ring him up at 4 a. m., you probably would be told that Mr. Mengelberg was busy with a new score. And if you were a Philharmonic musician and you came to rehearsal later that morning, a little the worse for a night's

wear and tear, Mengelberg probably would chide you paternally for your lethargy.

"You should get enough sleep!" he would tell you. "This way you are not one hundred per cent. You are not even forty per cent."



Willem Mengelberg

For with Mengelberg, people fall into two categories: those who are 100 per cent and those who are not even forty per cent. If he likes you, he will give you an autographed picture inscribed to "my 100 per cent friend," and he will see to it that your name is spelled 100 per cent correctly. If your name is Stephen, he will spend no little time investigating whether you write it with a "v" or a "ph".

Mengelberg's pursuit of perfection is, as has been hinted, more than partly responsible for the disapproving notices which he draws occasionally. He will not perform a new work

unless he can rehearse it until the last demisemiquaver for the third oboe is polished; consequently, he limits his repertoire to those compositions which have a reasonable chance, in his opinion, of getting 100 per cent performances. Nothing that a composer sets down is neglected; hence the animadversions on his over stress of details. He declines to rely on his undoubted virtuosity as a conductor. He never has been known to say to his orchestra, "Just follow me and we'll get through all right," as many another director does when rehearsal time runs short. The symphony must be played over and over until the only question in Mengelberg's mind is whether it will be 100 per cent or not. He has conducted Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben" for two decades and his orchestras in New York and Amsterdam have played it under him until many of his men know it almost by heart. But when a performance of that opus is scheduled, Mengelberg approaches the work as though it never had been done anywhere. Every composition that he conducts is a new experience for him, although he may have led it oftener than Tchaikowsky's perennial "Pathetic".

His passion for that 100 per cent extends even to the keeping of promises, a trait which is not axiomatic in musicians. A few years ago he told Samuel Gardner that he would produce his violin concerto. About a week before the announced performance, it became evident to Mengelberg that there was not time to rehearse the concerto in the proper Mengelberg manner. When a substitution was made, the usual charitable gossip could be heard in the lobbies of Carnegie Hall. Mengelberg sent for Gardner.

"I promised you I would play your concerto," he said. "Of course, we'll do it next year."

And they did. Not only that, but



Mengelberg asked the Philharmonic management to issue tidings that he considered it an honor to present the work of so fine an artist as Samuel Gardner.

Mengelberg's dressing room in Carnegie Hall usually is open to visitors, but there are times when the door is barred and entry is prohibited even to the mightiest in music. At such times, Mengelberg is not resting or devoting himself to sartorial or tonsorial niceties. He is examining once more some important musical manuscript, munching the while an apple. When Mengelberg is occupied with an apple and a score, he is somebody to avoid, for when he wants to concentrate more than the customary 100 per cent he does it with apple obligato.

Apples are the food of his active hours, but when relaxation time comes, he looks for pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut. He goes to many luncheons and dinners and he gives almost as many as he attends, but the real Mengelberg never comes forth more strikingly than when there are pigs' knuckles on the table. It is then that he will confess a fondness for radio, good jazz orchestras, Bank of Holland cigars, and a certain restaurant in Pittsburgh. He likes radio from both ends, sending and receiving. When the Philharmonic broadcasts, he enjoys particularly the few minutes which follow the announcer's remark that the invisible audience is about to hear a greeting from the conductor. Mengelberg, incidentally, is the inventor of that classic, "My dear friends of the air," and its hospitable reception has brought him almost as much glee as the praises of his version of the Bach St. Matthew Passion music. Last year he succeeded in dumbfounding a highly distinguished after-dinner audience by beginning a formal address with his radio salutation. The letters that he receives from his dear friends of the air thrill him as they might a young bed-time story teller who had just made her radio debut.

"When they say they enjoyed the music, that is fine," he explains; "but when they say they liked my speech—ah, that is one hundred per cent!"

Mengelberg loses patience quickly when he listens to a mediocre concert, except when it comes in on the loud speaker. The fact that it comes in at all still is a marvel to him, and he has been known to demand quiet in his apartment while he twirled the dials in a scientific effort to bring in dis-

ance. His beatific grin when he gets it is not short of cherubic.

This naïveté, which does not imply any lack of sophistication, is a symptom of the youthfulness of Mengelberg, although he is in the fashionable fifties. Life continually springs surprises on him, and if he does not know 100 per cent about anything, the missing fraction is an adventure. There is, for instance, the English language. When Mengelberg first came here for a short visit about twenty years ago, he addressed his band in scant, but precise English. His English then was of only two years' standing, and he had absorbed it from a text book of his own compilation. This tome still exists in manuscript. It runs something like this:

"I go into the hotel. I say: 'A room with bath, please.' 'No, that room is too expensive.' 'Yes, that will do very nicely.' 'Will you please call me at seven?'"

Almost everything that makes up the days and nights of a travelling musician is noted in this paper bound volume. The proper forms for obtaining railroad tickets, for speaking to the orchestra, for receiving visitors (including "won't you sit down?"), for ordering dinner, for bargaining with cab drivers, and for acknowledging a green room intruder's compliments are written out, with never an abbreviation, in a clear, almost academic holograph.

Mengelberg probably is not aware that the book is extant, for he no longer needs first aids to conversation. When the English word that expresses his thought does not come to mind he cheerfully invents it. He baffled his orchestra by asking them to play a soft passage "Ysayissimo".

"Like Ysaye," he elucidated. "Only issimo, please, gentlemen."

Despite the tradition that grew up in the days when he was battling with the demoralized orchestra that later merged with the Philharmonic, Mengelberg is not so hard boiled in rehearsal as many conductors whose

amiability and good fellowship is frequently paraphrased. The fist shakings which prompted Pitts Sanborn to describe him as "an infuriated Cupid" usually are nothing more menacing than exuberance. A wrong note evokes no uproar, but a false entrance is likely result in an ironic explosion. "Mr. —, I am not such a good conductor. I do not know how to follow you. So I am afraid you will have to follow me." It is the musician who does not keep at least one eye on the conductor who becomes the victim of *sotto voce* comments about people who are not even forty per cent.

But let one who is not even forty per cent be unfortunate in his personal affairs, and Mengelberg will take many steps to help him. His sympathy for an impoverished musician sometimes leads him into difficulties with critics. Once in a while—not often—he performs a novelty which hardly seems to be worth the rehearsals that went into it.

"I know it isn't a great work," he will apologize rather guiltily, "but it isn't bad and — is a nice fellow and so very poor."

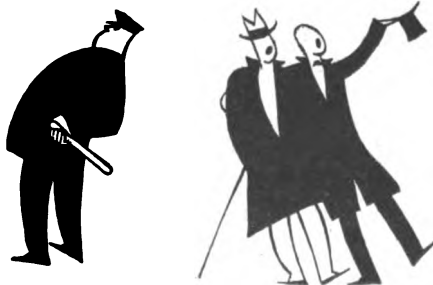
The Mengelberg lapses from 100 per cent standards frequently can be traced back to his generosity.

His personal representative, the ubiquitous and omniscient Bottenheim, reads to him all newspaper accounts of his concerts, and, departing from the *mores* of musicos, Mengelberg never pretends that he has not seen them. Unfavorable paragraphs on his conducting are met with a helpless shrug; he dismisses them as dissenting opinions ("the man may be right") on interpretation. It is only when a work for which he has a particular affection or a composer whose output he is sponsoring draws fire that he retaliates, usually with the observation that the music is not understood. When Igor Stravinsky became the subject of unkind cuts for his later works and his conducting, Mengelberg, in the presence of several newspaper men, put his arm around him consolingly.

"They do not understand Stravinsky yet," he said. "And he is a good conductor, too gentlemen, even if he does not make many pretty motions."

Yet his free-handedness does not prompt him to the distribution of apple sauce. Nor has he any marked appetite for that inescapable dish. Mengelberg prefers apples.

—TYMPANI



# THE CURRENT PRESS



NOT since the mountaineers of Tennessee sought to strike the anthropoids from their line of ancestry have the newspapers given us such a gaudy story as that now current, detailing the efforts of a laboriously civilized youth to forfend the possibility of Negroid progeny. In the years to come, the Dayton affair may be revived more frequently by theologians and crossroad deacons and co-educational classes in journalism. But the herd at large for a long time will hark back to the Rhinelander story as the classic instance of what may be done with a real, juicy scandal.

The papers clearly have outdone themselves in their accounts of the proceedings at White Plains. They have displayed a resourcefulness, a positive virtuosity, far surpassing that of the old Harry Thaw days—to cite another classic example. Sitting lazily in Manhattan, we have, at a cost of two cents, daily seen the very red blushes spreading over the courtroom throngs. We've heard the dolorous splash of tears, and the groanings of divers tortured spirits undergoing, we are told, an "ordeal". And we have been made privy to the most intriguing *correspondance d'amour* since the publication of "Letters of Henry VIII to Four Wives". Never have the emotions of the ladies and gentlemen who write for the papers been so upset. And never have they been able to set down their disturbance upon paper with such insistence.

The tabloids, naturally, have wallowed in it. A curious friend, who reads these publications persistently, informs me that in one or two instances even the daily true story has been forced out of the papers to make room for more ecstatic despatches from White Plains. Indeed, this valuable acquaintance brought me a picture printed in Mr. Macfadden's *Graphic*, showing what purported to be the defendant-bride, stripped to her underwear in the presence of a grotesque photographic gallery of other celebri-

ties in the case. It was hardly credible, this fantastic reconstruction of what must have been a tawdry scene, printed with the hope of wringing one more vicarious titillation from the hallroom boys and girls. Yet, as ingenuity goes among the tabloids, the thing was probably a coup. And I therefore present to the *Graphic* a large and healthy tubbed palm.

Of course, the letters were the very essence of the story—pitiful, intimate letters, fairly made for the guffaws of the multitude. And even while the standard papers held a firm hand on the orchestrations of the reporters chronicling the momentary developments in the case, they opened up the full diapason for the epistles. They showed, in short, what actually can be done with a good handful of letters.

Such personal messages, of course, have always been the very bulwark of a scandal story. The first thing printed in any divorce action, or homicide, or, as the papers have it "heart balm suit", will be the letters that passed between the principals when their hearts were credulous. But never before have we had such quantity, such fervor, nor, indeed, such a tincture of humor—providing that you get your fun out of erroneous spelling and faulty syntax.

The *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* paid their devoir to good old conservatism by printing the stories on inside pages. But after all, we knew they were there. And they printed just as many letters as anybody. One or two voices were raised, indignantly accusing the press of bad taste in printing the story at all. Which was, of course, preposterous, since such a protest assumes the newspapers have a sense of taste to execute.

For the rest, since it is presumably the duty of this department to make some estimate of the performance of the papers in their presentation of news, let it be put down that all of them, from the *Daily Mirror* at the bottom to the *Herald Tribune* at the

top, were simply perfect. (Perfection meaning the achievement of an aim, which obviously in this case was to be as gross and vulgar as possible in the mumbling of a gross and vulgar affair.)

It remains to be said, however, that the New York *World* considered the matter sagely on its editorial page. Mr. Walter Lippman's editorial, laying the whole unpleasant business at the doors of acquisitive and fame-hungry lawyers, was dispiritingly true. Mr. Lippman is generally true, though infrequently dispiriting. He conducts the only editorial page in New York City which has the vibration of life in it. Even the *Herald Tribune*, as superior as it is in the news columns, becomes platitudinous and yeasty beneath its masthead. And there is an obvious reason for this:

The *Herald Tribune* sets out to support a static set of principles and an administration—though defend is the word, rather than support. Like all institutions of bulldog proclivities, it often catches hold of the wrong thing, and often, in such circumstances, appears ridiculous. Any organ which postulates the amusing "right or wrong, my principles", theory, is bound to have its ridiculous moments. Mr. Lippman's pages, on the other hand, occupy themselves, as they did under the whip of Joseph Pulitzer and Frank Cobb, with the pursuit of dynamic truth. It is idle to suggest that such a hunt is not likely, on occasions, to bay down the wrong lane. But even then there is the hunt itself, which can never be quite dull. Most important of all is that the *World's* editorial page has courage. Sometimes the very exercise of this fine quality seems rather forced and wasteful. Sometimes it is spent on trivial matters. But it is there, and there are no sacred beliefs, apparently, against which it may not be used. And even the earnest chase of that phantom monster, the Ku Klux Klan, provided us with amusement on rainy days.

In view of Mr. Lippmann, various gentlemen opposite him, and Frank Sullivan, we shall, after all, renew our subscription to the *World*.

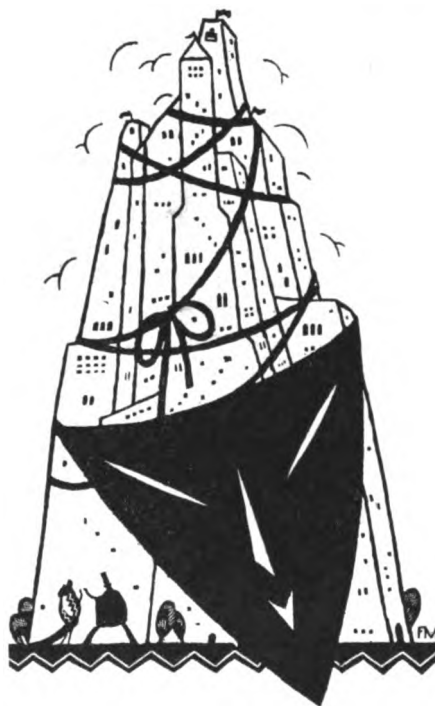
In view, also, of Mr. Arthur Chamberlin, who has been writing the pieces from Washington about the Navy hearings. I propose, indeed, Mr. Chamberlin's name as the second best reporter in New York City. There is, at the moment, nobody ready to be called best. It was a stirring and dramatic story that Mr. Chamberlin wrote after he had seen Mrs. Lansdowne testify before the Admirals investigating the wreck of the *Shenandoah*. Too often, the spectacle of a woman on the witness stand carries a reporter beyond himself. He gets mushy, and feels that his day is lost unless he lets it be known just what the tears meant to him. But, thank God, Mrs. Lansdowne didn't cry. And even if she had, I would have been ready, almost, to trust Mr. Chamberlin. For three columns he kept up the beat he set in the first paragraph. So excellent was his performance, indeed, that I tremble lest he be drafted into the sports department, where all good reporters seem, at the last, to go.

There was another good newspaper story, but unfortunately I cannot tell you its writer because it appeared unsigned in the *Times*. I refer to the despatch from Texas, telling of the political tornado that has caught Ma Ferguson amidst. That was not a thrilling or dramatic story. You may even have thought it dull. Yet its writer, finding himself in possession of an overwhelming mass of detail and incident, integrated them all to make a flowing, revealing narrative. That was an accomplishment, in view of the multiplicity of maudlin, inco-

herent news stories that greet us every morning.

For the hilarity of future generations on the day that this is exhumed from the cornerstone, I must set down the fact that on the twenty-seventh day of November, 1925, the first account of a professional football game ever to appear on the front page of a New York newspaper, was printed on the front page of the *Times*. As might be surmised, the central figure in the story was Red Grange. Mr. Grange has set many precedents. But it is my estimate that his victory over the *Times* will have the most lasting effects of all.

My tabloid-reading friend plucks at my sleeve. Say something, he insists, about the *Graphic's* expose of the dishonesty surrounding the Atlantic City Bathing Beauty Contest. I must disappoint him, however. This miraculous feat of militant journalism leaves me speechless. It is, in the *Graphic's* own deftly chosen phrase, utterly astounding. My momentary reaction therefrom is to blurt a promise: to wit, that in the next two harangues of this sort, I shall not once mention any tabloid newspaper whatever.—MORRIS MARKEY



## OF ALL THINGS

THE Italian government, people and press, showed great pleasure over the funding of the American debt. One rumor has it that he actually smiled.

Ma Ferguson is in a jam, and it is now clear that something drastic must be done about the problem of gubernatorial husbands. We suggest a happy solution of cyanide of potassium.

The President's offer of commutation of sentence to enable Chapman to be hanged by Connecticut was declined with a simple dignity. "My first duty is to my country," said this ardent nationalist. It is refreshing to find one man who resists the pernicious doctrine of state's rights.

A bottle of the new chemical element, hasnium, has arrived here, and scientists

are wondering what it is good for. Why not ask Secretary Wilbur? He seems to know a lot about everything except Navies.

Our nature is practically free from scepticism, and when Tammany says it will keep its paws off the police and school departments, we accept the statement with perfect faith and not over a carload of salt.

Mrs. Knapp, Secretary of State, warns us that the city's census figures are going to prove disappointing. Those of us who love to have the entire population of the Atlantic seaboard standing on our feet will be all broken up.

Now W. E. D. Stokes is being sued for a million dollars libel. If that old public nuisance is thrown for a heavy loss, this department is going to take a good cry, if it has to use tear bombs.

Our lively contemporary, "By-products", of the *Sunday Times* lately said: ". . . intimate personal letters are now being read aloud in a New Rochelle courtroom." It is true that literature owes this debt of gratitude to New Rochelle, but the trial occurred in White Plains, a place named in honor of the esteemed Caucasian race.

When Colonel Coolidge recovered from his illness, his first act was to visit the woodpile. This interest in fuel problems is apparently one of those acquired characteristics that are not transmitted to descendents.

It is never too late to make up for the lack of early educational opportunities. One can always attend the soft coal school.

Dear old Bituminous offers a degree of fifty Fahrenheit.—HOWARD BRUBAKER





## CAESAR AND LAVINIA

*The Second Production of the Guild's Shaw Repertory Season*

**M**ISS CLARE EAMES as *Lavinia*, and Mr. Edward G. Robinson as *Cæsar* in Bernard Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion" which is being

given at the Klaw Theatre with "The Man of Destiny" as a curtain raiser.

—R. B.



### The Theatre

FOR the second item in its Shaw Repertory program, the Theatre Guild has staged "The Man of Destiny" and "Androcles and the Lion" at the Klaw Theatre. The result is an interesting, if unexciting, evening of theatrical entertainment.

"The Man of Destiny" is not, it never was, anything but a slight playlet of moderate interest. Its point is practically disposed by the circumstance that it was written at all—with the thin veneer of Shaw varnish rubbed off, it becomes nothing more than yet another dramatic attempt based upon the thesis that historical personages were not only not always conscious that they were historical but were on occasion even vulgarly human. Tom Powers is the mechanical, stuffed-shirt Napoleon and Clare Eames is violently miscast as the *Lady*.

After the rather depressing curtain-raiser, however, there comes a worthy and intelligent production of "Androcles". Henry Travers, one of the most consistently competent actors now in the American theatre and at the same time one of its least appreciated has the leading rôle. He brings to it the literal stodginess, the sense of important, unlightened seriousness, that are his familiar qualities. And it is not only because Mr. Travers has now been cast by the Guild for both rôles that this reporter suspects that even Mr. Shaw must be aware of the great kinship between *Androcles* and *Britannus*.

Miss Eames is an extraordinarily excellent *Lavinia*, and fills with a sense of emotion a rôle that very easily is without it where the actress is deficient. And she displays throughout that rare quality in American actresses—Katharine Cornell, for one, has it to a gorgeous excess—of reminding her audience of her presence on stage even when she is in no way involved

in the action and the lines of the moment.

Miguel Covarrubias has designed novel, and for the most part effective, scenery and costumes, and Philip Moeller has supplied competent direction that is nevertheless not without its awkward pauses.

"PAID", then, is a melodrama.

Exactly what we mean by melodrama would be hard to say and harder yet to write, what with the nasty way type has of insisting that you could not possibly have been misquoted. In the case of "Paid", however, it very clearly means a most implausible and jerky play with loud actors busily ruining something that might have made an entertaining offering, in the hands of a more exacting dramatist. If this is not, even by inference, a definition of a melodrama, that's all right too. At least it sums up "Paid".

For a time—the time referred to is a few hours in advance of the opening of "Paid"—it seemed as if Sam Forrest, its author, had decided to go Drinkwater. By which one means that the press agent of his show had sent to the newspapers little notes saying that Mr. Forrest, in his drama, was trying to show the early trials and tribulations of Edison, with overtones of Samuel B. Morse. And so those reviewers who like to make a display of erudition the morning after wasted

an annoying afternoon in the Public Library, checking up on watts and amperes and pawing over those old newspaper clippings that get the dust in your eyes.

And so it turned out that the play was about an inventor who had perfected a great improvement in electric light, but who lacked the money to develop his ideas. Whereupon, at the corner of Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue one day he was a witness to the theft of a satchel containing \$4,950; and when the thief, to achieve a getaway, threw the satchel away, he seized it and took it home and used the money for his own purposes, and fifteen years later, which would be the fourth and last act, he was worth \$200,000,000. . . . If there is a trial, Mr. Edison's defense might well be that he has never been at the corner of Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue.

There is more, much more, to the plot than has been here suggested. But one has no right to spoil in advance the pleasure of any reader who is still determined to go to see "Paid" after the hints that have here been given him. This department proposes to be nobody's keeper.

**A** HYPOTHETICAL question: A asks B how he can find a show like "Paid" annoying, on account of its manifest absurdities and lack of anything approaching human conduct, and can then proceed to write a notice of approval for "Mayflowers", the new musical play at the Forrest. The answer is, man cannot live on bread alone and probably A is right, and there should be some things in this world that are not be argued about and Ivy Sawyer.

Miss Sawyer, these past few years, has been wandering around the stage of the "Music Box" heavily disguised in gold wigs, or else serving as a roast at some human dinner. That the giant



brain of Hassard Short has thought up, or otherwise concealing herself behind the simple costumes of the theatre's revues. At last, in the new piece, she has come out into the open—and an adorable, sweet, tuneful and personable musical comedy leading woman she is. She is so exceptionally attractive, in fact, that one is almost tempted to take the deadly risk of calling her wistful.

This "Mayflowers" is a musical version of Arthur Richman's play of yesteryear, "Not So Long Ago", and has managed to preserve most of the values of its mood. It is quaint and charming, in its language as well as in its costuming, and its comedy is inoffensive, even where it is not too novel. But one is afraid that Robert Woolfset, its leading comedian, will never be completely funny, even if Walter Catlett turns over all his material to him. Joseph Santley is the leading man and is put to no particular strain in executing the assignments that are his.

The attractions of the show are the charm of the period in which it is laid, and Ivy Sawyer. Take away the charm of the period in which it is laid, and you've still got much more than most musical shows.

AS, without argument, the best *Sir Benjamin Backbite* the Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, of 1912 ever knew, we are particularly qualified to review any production of "The School for Scandal". (Similar qualifications apply to "The Importance of Being Earnest", "Verzalsen", and "English Spoken".)

The "School for Scandal", now at the Little Theatre, is decidedly spotty. Mrs. Insull, the *Lady Teazle*, is dainty, earnest and high-minded, but scarcely the type. Hubert Druce, Beatrice Terry, and Wilfrid Seagram are exceptionally pleasing as *Sir Peter Teazle*, *Lady Sneerwell*, and *Charles Surface*. The screen is very beautiful and there is a graceful minuet to close the first act.

The *Sir Benjamin Backbite* of Claud Allister is good, of course, but sometimes we wish we had remained an actor. Whose gain, one wonders, was the stage's loss?—H. J. M.

### Music

IT'S no secret that music critics have been trying to be funny since the first member of the tribe wrote some-

thing about canning a Bach cantata (the exact reference will be furnished after a study of the program notes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra), but now musicians, ever primed to please the gentry of the press, are having their little jokes. At the Metropolitan, for instance, a double bill of amusing operas is proving that "Tosca" is not the only drawing card in the deck. Mr. Damrosch has revived Saint-Saens's "Carnival of Animals", and again the merry roar of the poultry and the mad cackling of the pianists have won the handclaps of Mecca's musical pilgrims. The impious Mr. Chasins, who will not be mentioned in next week's *NEW YORKER*, has been compelled to bow acknowledgments for his waggish piano works by such fine artists as Guy Maier, Frank Sheridan, and Ernest Hutcheson. And the New York String Quartet has performed the "Five Pieces" of the Czech cut-up, Erwin Schulhoff, at whose hands all music receives a mocking translation, including the Czech.

Almost all of our contemporary music mongers are indulging themselves in comedy of sorts. Ravel and Casella are the composers of "In the Manner Of—", a set of caricatures of other men's works. Stravinsky satirizes reviewers in his songs, and kids ragtime instrumentally, while Hindemith, Milhaud, and the other ultras perpetrate all manner of jests

in tone. Nor is it so long ago that Richard Strauss lampooned a publisher in a vicious little song cycle which has not yet been heard hereabouts. Some recitalist might offer it in lieu of the tedious Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century airs which make an oil can out of a *liederabend*.

Laudable as is the trend toward louder and funnier music, the contemporary achievements are lamentably esoteric. When Ravel rewrites a snatch of "Faust" in the manner of Chabrier, the result is diverting for those who have intimate knowledge of Gounod's garden scene and "Briséis", but for the rest of us it is merely like Cousin Jim's account of Aunt Clara's bout with the ice-man: it's funny if you know the people. The same observation goes for most of the lyric laughs of the time. They are entertaining only when the composer puts them on at the annual revel of the Moscow Philharmonic Society.

Occasionally, of course, the attempt comes off, as in Chasins's "Master Class", which makes sport of easily recognizable pianists and in some of the Schulhoff pieces, notably the caterwauling parody of the conventional serenade. Too often, however, we get unfunny irony, which is as irritating in music as it is in novels of life among the Dakota peasants. Musicians, we fear, are a little ashamed of having their tongues in their checks; whereupon, they try to



"Did you enjoy the Symphony, Robert?"

"Very much indeed, thank you. They play quite well, don't they."



flaunt their serious mindedness by painting the cheeks.

**T**HAT large and enthusiastic audience of which you read so frequently should not deceive you. For the great run of concerts, the audiences are small and self-satisfied, with especial reference to the gang that attends piano recitals. Paderewski, Hofmann, Gabrilowitsch, Grainger, Bachaus, Bauer, Hutcheson and a few others have drawn honest houses, but the push that eases into most key and pedal shows has been analyzed for us, with the following findings:

Professional ticket grafters.....	79%
Relatives .....	12%
Friends (paying) .....	00.05%
Friends (not so much velvet) ..	8%
Critics .....	A trace

If you go to any concert hall housing a piano session at about 8.15, you will find the lobby full of folk who play better than the evening's artist (if you don't believe it, ask them) and who therefore accept it as their perquisite to argue for "courtesies". Even at the Gabrilowitsch anniversary concert, which was by way of a tribute to a fine musician who has done honor to his art, one young pianist declaimed to any willing ear, that it was outrageous of the management to refuse him gratis admission.

"I am an artist!" he shrieked to the Carnegie Hall lobbyists, and so was his old man.

There is much to be said of the pianism on show in our auditoriums, but there is even more to be said of the audiences that listen to it. Most of the successful pianists of the day have been at it for twenty years or more. The youngsters, who may be equally gifted, will get nowhere until they compel their managers to refuse admission to the "artists" whose artistry exists only in the sphere of whining for free tickets, and whose appreciation of a performer's efforts consists entirely of telling the world by leer, snicker, and mispronounced English how much better they would have done it.—R. A. S.

### Art

**W**HAT a week with one thing and another in the art field, and the carelessness of Mr. Terwilliger in knocking the comma-shaker off the shelf on to our copy. We are the sort that have enough temperament to



mourn in silence, but not enough to face the proof reader and get nasty about our copy. So if you noticed a queer sentence a week or two back, concerning one Bourdelle, take our word for it that the sentence meant something when it left our hands. But they are very proud of their comma-shaker, and every now and then have to sprinkle a few commas on the copy just to show the time-clock is not a liar.

They have called it several things in times past; this year it is "The Artists' Gallery", situated in the back of a book store at 51 East Sixtieth. It is open now with a showing of Jan Matulka, water colors, oils, and lithographs. The Artists' Gallery is about big enough for one cigarette. The morning we were there, two or three were in operation. Then when you back off to get a view of something, you run against the other wall. We like Matulka, but we really haven't much of a memory of this show. And we think the little gallery a good idea; another place to show pictures, and perhaps sell some to help deserving artists. We want to go again when the smoke clears away.

Going around early we find art in her shift and sometimes before she has had her morning coffee. Thus we came upon Titian before the palms and ferns were set. Only the spotlight had been adjusted and the elegant plush curtains. The formula for the sophisticate is easy to follow. But we plead to seriousness and deny any spitball in the eye of reverence—we merely do not cringe before Titian. If you see his famous "Temptation of Christ" at the Reinhardt Galleries, you will do well to keep in

mind that this picture was purchased for the Minneapolis Institute of Arts at two hundred thousand (divided by two) dollars, that it was painted about five centuries ago, that the Galleries announced it by engraved cards, and furnished the ferns and spotlight, not to mention the plush and darkened room. Titian can not be blamed for painting hokum; that's all they allowed art artists in those churchy days. If you keep your gallery visiting wide and catholic, Titian will have a claim on your time. Otherwise not.

**F**OR pleasantness there is the Weyhe Gallery with a new show of the Peintre Graveurs Independents of Paris. We saw the show in our lap, and did not orient it as well as if it had been on the walls. Chagall we found the merriest with his etchings of Russian and Jewish life. Laurencin, one of our favorites, adds to her charm with some etchings. Then there are Galanais, Lespinasse, Frelaut, Boussingault, Coubine, Laboureur, Marchand, Moreau and Vlam-inck.

**T**HE American Institute of Graphic Arts condescends to give the moderns a chance to show their wares at their "Fifty Prints of the Year" show, now on at the Art Center, 56 East Fifty-sixth. With a rather stuffy foreword and explanation, they tabulate their reasons for the show. Surely, if they have reasons, there is no need for printing a defense of them to the extent of ten pages. "Here is our idea of some good prints," they might well say, and leave the rest to you. However, you will enjoy the show. Most carefully the representative group and the "modern" group have been divided and hung with equal justice. The first category ranges from Troy Kinney to such artists as Benson and Ruzicka. In the wild wing there are Peggy Bacon, Rockwell Kent, Pamela Bianco, Lankes, Marin, Matulka and most of those you like. "The Park" of Harry Wickey has been honored as a print of the year, although we are under the impression it has been hanging in the Metropolitan for some time. Winold Reiss has a clever woodcut, but we can never enjoy his art, having seen too much of it on candy boxes and restaurant menus. Cast your ballot for the representative or the "modern", and if you don't vote with us for the latter group we will transfer

your subscription from this journal to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

THE Whitney Studio Club is making it worth your while to get down as far as Eighth Street to see its new home and monthly wares. The last show we did not review, as it would be on its way before the presses did their work. There is still time to view the current show if you put on your hat now and get on the south bound bus. Beulah Stevenson has something still seething within her. We expect in time it will come out in some placid form that will satisfy her. She seems reaching around, some of her canvases are realized and some not. Peter Cammarata who shares the upstairs with M. A. Tricca is best in his two still lifes. Tricca has taken a turn about in his development and is off on another tangent, if we are to believe the dates on the canvas, his carefully considered still life of four years ago is in marked contrast to his "Woods" of this year. All three painters impress us as being of more interest three years from now than at present.

COVARRUBIAS, the sardonic young Mexican, has a show on at Dudensing's. It is made up, for the

most part, of the things you have seen in his book, with additional studies of colored folk. The notables of our time are there, running from Coolidge to G. J. Nathan and Rose Rolando. Covarrubias is in a field by himself, excepting our American Frueh.—M. P.

### Books

W. E. WOODWARD'S "Bread and Circuses" is more of what its title intimates, in the presence and vicinity of Michael Webb of "Bunk". Nothing in it stands out like "Bunk's" bunking, and bunched, Big Business man, Ellerman, and few of its circuses are as joyously ground-and-lofty as a number of "Bunk's" were. Of bread, meaning pounding and penetrating common sense, it has as much, but it hasn't as much satirical originality; the sharp points have been jabbed in, and the good things done—no better, perhaps—before. For instance, Michael hears that a useless Adonis who took his advice and married money is now "hard as nails, a regular captain of industry", smuggling in Mexican strike breakers, and what not. "A liberal in his political views, I presume," says Michael, and the answer is yes. And there are other points and things that are old, old

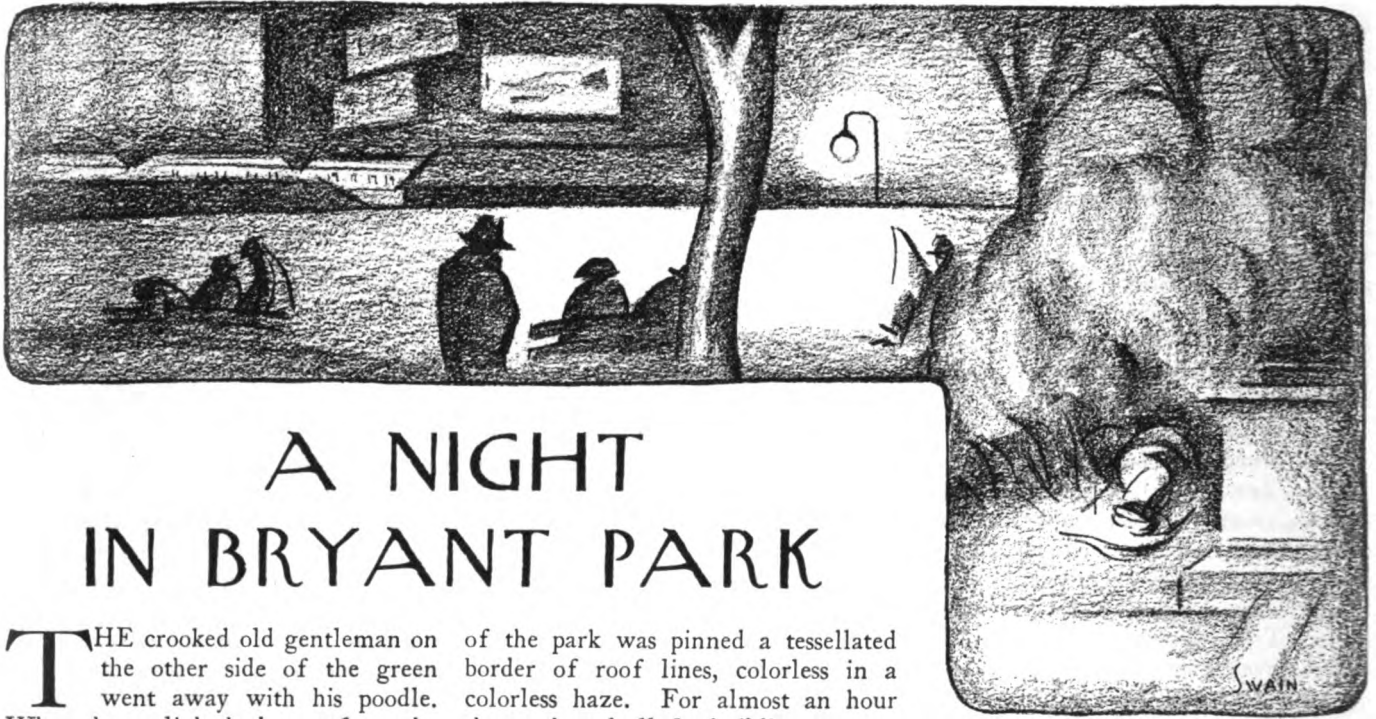
friends. Even the best bit of comedy, in which a professedly unmoral girl scandalizes her bootlegger swain by wanting to omit marriage, and Michael slyly cures her, is something of a revival. By this margin, the new book is not as good as "Bunk", which we are assuming you read.

WE had a grand time with Elmer Davis's "Friends of Mr. Sweeney" (*McBride*). As a novel about New York, we enjoyed it more than "Manhattan Transfer", although quite aware that the latter was a truly big and remarkable book, and that Davis's is just a dryly humorous, and almost affectedly unpretentious, magazine yarn, with the burdens that the worm can be turned, and New York loves a bluff. It may have been shop that caused us to be specially tickled when the long suffering editorial writer for a liberal weekly, required by its angel to "sound the note of authority but shun violence of expression," sat down with a gun in front of him, and the angel in front of the gun, to write a piece about Europe as he wanted to.—TOUCHSTONE

Goings On, THE NEW YORKER's selective list of the current week's events, will be found on page 36, the list of new books worth while on page 39.



Not precisely "What Price Glory" done over in celluloid tape, but an equally graphic interpretation, Mr. Laurence Stallings's "The Big Parade", is now playing to the multitudes intelligent enough to spend an evening gripping the high priced arms of seats at the Astor.



## A NIGHT IN BRYANT PARK

THE crooked old gentleman on the other side of the green went away with his poodle. When the sunlight had gone from the white back of the Library, the little boy with the camera went away, too. A bootblack continued, for a short while, to make the railings and benches ring with thwacks of his brush; then he, like the rest, disappeared, and the park was almost deserted, a brown stubble of discarded newspapers, sprawling and dirty through the dusk.

Darkness came like a long drawn hiss between the great teeth of office buildings at the edges of the park. Trees and benches were the first to be carried away in it. Strangely, what few humans remained sat sharp and clear, like bent wires suspended in a vacuum, with rays of the arc lamps overhead touching their hands and fractions of faces to blue fire.

Beyond the Sixth Avenue railings, the shops and restaurants were beginning to light up, their plate windows suddenly transparent, in the manner of old pantomimes. The front of the Automat, in the middle of the block, was an upright square of blonde honey, innumerable tiny creatures crossing and burrowing it in mass or single silhouette. The blotted "E1" rails lived again in mid-air, shuddering under parasitic growths of red and green lanterns and scuttling caterpillars with hundreds of pale lemon eyes along their sides. Taxicabs, coming down Fortieth towards Fifth, spangled the quiet of the street, stared with cold blaze while they waited to pass over.

To the board fence of the subway pit which is digging on the north side

of the park was pinned a tessellated border of roof lines, colorless in a colorless haze. For almost an hour the earth and all the buildings, streets and tunnels with which it is burdened, breathed heavily of night and exhaled wretched, opaque fumes. Occasionally, as these rose, windows turned patches of them pearly and tumultuous; and, when they reached the brassy cylinder of light at the peak of the Radiator Company tower, they swirled around it with the evil of a genie who refuses to go back into his bottle.

Two bums, done with panhandling in the theatre crowds, came into the park, sat, said nothing, did nothing, were nothing. Immeasurably overhead two stars gnawed through the sky. Others, with twitching inquisitive auras came after them, a scampering, irrelevant universe, until a great, cat-faced moon shouldered up from behind the Library and shooed them back into their holes in eternity.

At about ten o'clock the crooked old gentleman appeared again with his poodle. They walked slowly in and out among the benches of sprawled sleepers, with a murmur of tiny bells on the dog's harness as they passed through the shadows.

When the Broadway shows let out, a new climax of crowds and vehicles obsessed the streets which, like a great, noisy pitchfork, held this sod of grey peace clamped between its prongs. Trains and trolley cars slammed furiously along their levels beyond the railings. Taxis quacked by in red and yellow droves. A big bus, hawking for passengers under the "E1", banged up its doors and side-steps, and

started for Chinatown, fat paper lanterns rocking from its roof. A searchlight several blocks uptown wheeled stiff diagonals of white across the cement and glass of skyscrapers distantly opposite. All the air was corrupt with globules of traffic, lights as thick and changing as fireworks falling and rebounding in dense futility against the denser night.

Then, gradually, gaps came into the noise of wheels and brakes, and into the gaps the intricate, indefinite rhythm of voices and footsteps. Just as gradually these, too, grew slim, tender, speculative, so that the sound of a woman laughing along Fortieth Street became immensely important, and the slap of a taxi door in front of the swart Beaux Arts begat a sort of echo dreadful with finality.

A pair of lovers, as silent as any, found a bench to themselves, and clenched; aching sullen beasts under the deep imprint of some shrubbery. A policeman came by, past the sleepers and them, without even turning his head. But they sat scared and apart until he was outside. Then, dumb as ever, they got out by another gate.

Westward, the sky had given up its silly fever. In Forty-second Street the electric signs had all been turned off. Heroes of the billboards still smoked their giant cigarettes, contemplated their new radios—but invisibly now, behind the iron curtain of an emptied night. The elevator shaft in some nearby building was a vertebra of little glimmers, apathetic, separate,

## AN "AT HOME" AT 101

unmeaning. The park grew cold, and a wind drove through the hush of it, whipping the bushes and old newspapers into rusty moonlight. Over a low department store roof the clouds were old, strewn newspapers, too.

But, higher up, the moon itself raced upon a white, filmy road, with white outriders of little clouds ahead of it, and a very plump one in dark coat and silver edgings sitting in pomp upon the driver's box. Straight for the Bush Tower he drove, and all the retinue of fancy tumbled.

In the growing cold the bench sleepers curled in upon themselves, fumbling at their wrists and coat collars without waking. Leaves from some dwarfed shrub on the terrace came rasping over the copings, found corners to huddle in, and were as still.

Only a little while and, through the slow blenching of the air, the earliest morning trucks began to pass. Then carts and cleaning women, numb old watchmen returning home from their night shifts, and all the summoning clatter of a city dawn. An hour later, when the gold in the peak of the Radiator Building had found a new sun to sing, the crooked old gentleman reappeared walking with his poodle.

—GILBERT W. GABRIEL

Who first fastened upon Grange the nickname "Red", and what has S. Stanwood Menken done to expose this insidious propaganda? Unless, or until, corrupted by Moscow gold, we shall refer to the young man, if at all, as Harold.

WHILE visiting, as a social grace, is rapidly passing, even in society as far North as Washington Heights, it still retains its old popularity in one of the older sections of the metropolis. Indeed, no New Year's visit of the Eighties was ever attended with such punctilio, such deference to old practices and customs, such observance of the unwritten, but nevertheless, inflexible rules of etiquette as surrounds a visit to a friend in the Tombs.

Unlike the ordinary call, such a visit is not a thing to be undertaken lightly, an impulse to be felt one minute and acted upon the next. There are many customs to be observed which do not prevail elsewhere, most of which indeed have acquired such force that cases have been known where members of the oldest families have been rendered *persona non grata* for violating them.

In the first place, the visit must be announced in advance, not only to your friend but also, in order that you may be made welcome, to the servants in his temporary home, including, of course, the door man. Inasmuch, however, as there are gate crashers here, as at all social functions, it is considered necessary to have a card of admission. The card is presented at the door, the visitor's name is entered on the guest book, and he is then conducted to his friend's drawing room.

But visiting at the Tombs, while it has its responsibilities, also carries with it many privileges of a nature which do not exist in any other social stratum. Indeed, the knowledge that one will not be told

that his friend is out, in itself, outweighs all the little inconveniences. Then again, expensive presents are very much frowned upon. Some little trinket or remembrance, such as a package of "Luckies", a few cigars or, if one's friend does not smoke, a box of raisin crackers, or a few chocolate eclairs are all that good usage demands. Knives, files, and other manicuring instruments are sometimes given, but they are considered the height of bad form, and are always presented surreptitiously, as if the visitor himself felt that he was guilty of a social error.

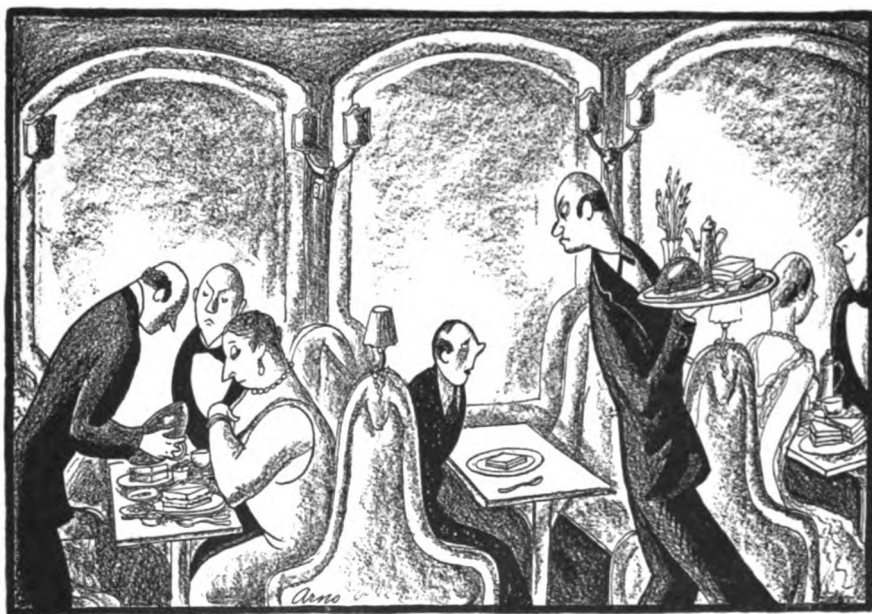
The giving of presents, even though of the most trifling character, is attended by much ceremony. They are first handed to the personal attendant who is provided for every visitor. He examines them carefully in order to preserve the guest from that embarrassment sure to follow violation of a social canon. It is considered the height of ill manners and boorishness for a visitor to pass the gifts directly.

It is as though one would himself hang up his hat and coat instead of passing them to the butler.

Perhaps no part of the visit, however, is so hedged about with long-existing ceremony, unwritten rules, and those delicate considerations which form the very cornerstone of polite society, as the conversation between host and guest. The art of saying much while saying little, the careless, but nevertheless significant gesture, the apparently innocuous innuendo (unintelligible to anyone else, but so pregnant with meaning among gentlemen of the same social status) here reach their full flower. If one has business relations with his host, it is proper to discuss them only, if it can be done, in the cultured parlance peculiar to their own caste. For instance: "I saw the big fellow to-day and he said the vinegar got in O. K." would be perfectly proper. On the other hand: "Mike says he can get fifty apiece for the furs at Blinky's" would be decidedly bad form, as it would disclose your host's markets, and the price he gets for his goods.

Fashion and custom govern the departure just as they do the arrival. There should be no vulgar display of emotion. A simple "S'long, Red," or "See you in church" is all that is required. And the sophisticated device of never cheapening one's self by overstaying one's welcome is generally practiced by every caller. Under no circumstances should the visit last more than thirty minutes.

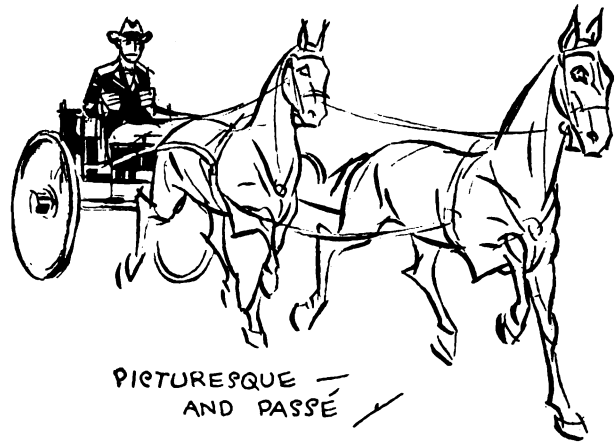
In fact, so important is this tenet of polite behavior regarded, that an infraction often results in an absence of future invitations. —JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN



"Ketchup please."



THE BUGLER  
- MILDLY  
INTERESTED

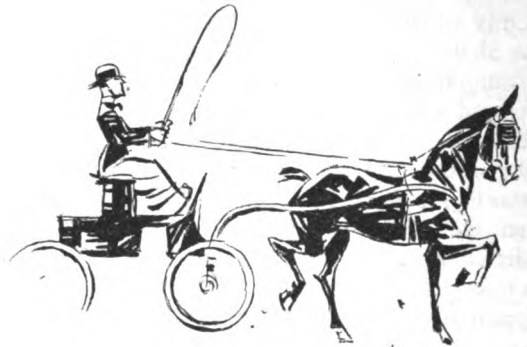


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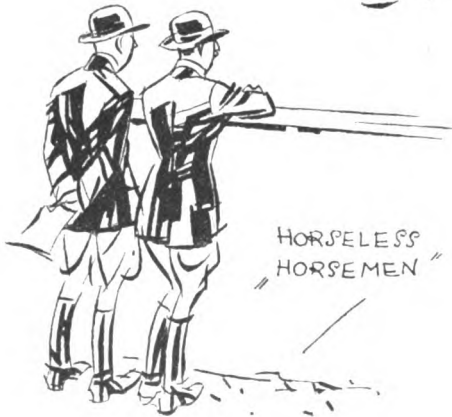


THE  
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STUDY IN  
DETERMINATION



EXAMPLE OF FORM



"HORSELESS  
HORSEMEN"

LAST  
TRIAL



THE RINGMASTER  
MR. JAMES H. ALLEN

IMPRESSIONS OF THE



RIBBON YELLOW



A YOUNG LADY SHOWING HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE

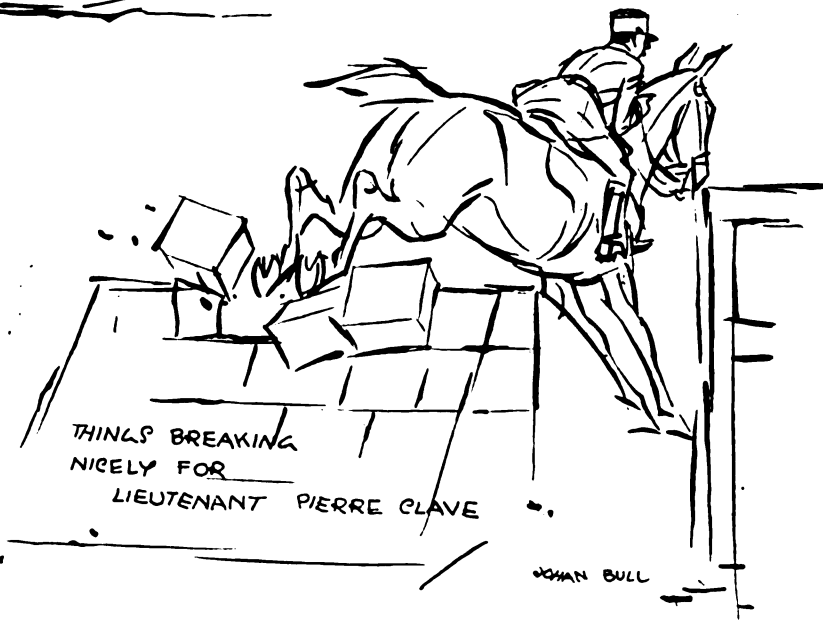
No Smoking



MR. RICHARD NEWTON IN A COLLAR HIGHER THAN EVER



OF THE  
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THINGS BREAKING NICELY FOR LIEUTENANT PIERRE CLAVE

JOHAN BULL

ONAL HORSE SHOW

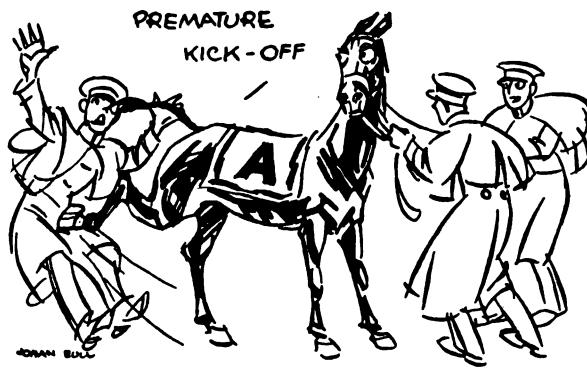
## SPORTS OF THE WEEK

SEVERAL years spent in the Army, coupled with a close perusal of the recent proceedings in the Mitchell trial—if that's what you call it—at Washington, made me an ardent rooter for the Navy up at the Polo Grounds on the last football afternoon of 1925. But all the rooting in the world (and the Navy certainly had its share of support from those lusty lunged midshipmen and its sisters and its cousins and its aunts and its Secretary Curtis D. Wilbur) couldn't have led it to victory over this year's eleven from West Point. The Army was too good for it.

Seven points too good!

As a superb and colorful spectacle, with the two bodies of service men engaged in a fusillade of cheers from the time they paraded on the field shortly after one o'clock until the cadets marched away with one of the goal posts in the twilight, it was as interesting and entertaining as anything since early October. As a football contest, however, it left much to be desired. Bobbles and wobbles on both sides, some weird forward passing into the blue by the Navy, indifferent generalship by each quarterback, and a good deal of loose handling of the ball combined to make the game anything but a faultless exhibition of football. Although, as far as I am concerned, you can take your perfect football machines and chuck them off B Deck of the *Leviathan* in mid-ocean; for it's bobbles and fumbles and intercepted passes that make the game the thrilling sight that it is. Even if the midshipmen who arose at 3 a. m. to reach the Polo Grounds on time did take a whole lot of punishment in twenty-four hours.

Now there was more than a little interest attached to this year's Navy eleven, for it was coached by a man to whom a good many Yale men—rightly or wrongly I don't know which—attribute most of the success of Yale's 1923 and 1924 championship elevens. And when he left for the Navy, there was speculation as to what would happen at New Haven and also what would happen at Annapolis. What happened you know; but here is an amusing incident that took place just before the recent Yale-Princeton game in the Bowl which you may not know about. A football expert from one of the Boston papers who has been "talking Owsley" for several years, was accosted by a member of the Yale coaching staff.



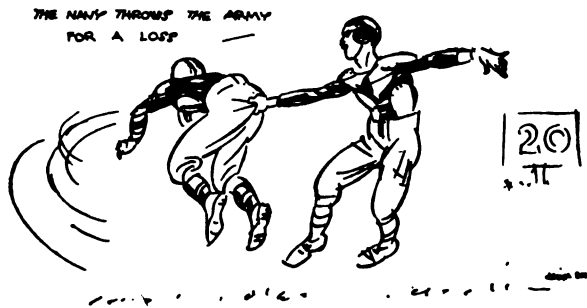
"Say, just who do you think is coaching this year's Yale team?"

"Why Tad Jones, of course."

"All right, why not give him a little credit for it?"

"Sure," said the football man, "if Yale wins to-day I'll shoot in a special paragraph."

But Yale didn't win and the paragraph never got written. So a great many people were more than curious to see what Owsley would do with the Navy.



His first season, to be sure; but his first season at Yale was fairly successful. And Percy Haughton beat Yale the first year he took over Cambridge. Against the Army, however, the Navy was not alarming. Their forward passing threat was anything but well developed; often the Navy quarter would pass to the exclusion of every other play. And when he found a small hole through the line, he persisted in rushing. In other words, he failed to mix his plays to any extent, and the Army generally knew just when the pass was coming and where it was going. The kick was little used, and it seemed

several times as if the tactical situation fairly shrieked for a kick into the corners. Nor was the Army handling punts so well that kicking was anything to be avoided.

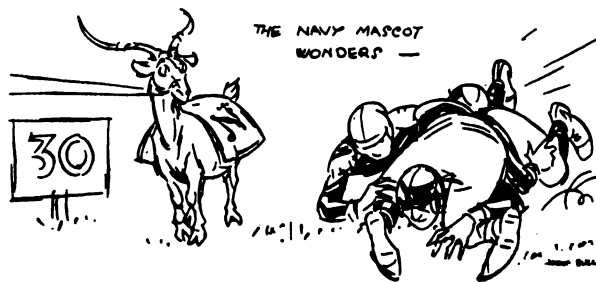
In the first half, each team gained ground fairly consistently—toward its own goal. In the second half, however, the superior Army backfield began to tell the story, and the short sharp passes of Harding to the sides and over the line were effective. Navy, meanwhile, was using the Princeton huddle. This huddle business may serve to keep the players warm; but undeniably it does slow up the game. In a few years we shall read about a football match somewhat as follows:

"Yale kicked off to Princeton at 2:04 p. m. Princeton went into a huddle and emerged at 2:48 to punt. The half was over immediately after this play—"

Possibly you think this is an exaggeration. Well, in the quarter alone, the Army, running off plays from a simple formation with the quarterback calling signals, carried the ball twice as often as Navy using the huddle.

At any rate, it was evident that the Army had the better drilled team and deserved to win, as it did, by a seven point margin. Small comfort for the Navy or those New Haven gentlemen who have been hoping for great things this year from Annapolis. The sun sank on the 1925 season with the cadets dancing in columns of

squads up and down the battlefield, the goal posts before them. It has been a great season, this one, from the first kickoff on that sunny afternoon of the twenty-sixth of September until the last play on that icy twilight in November with the Polo Grounds in a shadow—was it just a coincidence that the shadow fell over the Navy cheering section as the Army scored its touchdown in the second half? And no one will deny that we have enjoyed ourselves, those of us who have been lucky enough to follow the fortunes of the colleges upon the gridirons of the nation. There are, to be sure, a few gentlemen of the Shevlin-Rafferty school rising to attack the forward pass. But I have yet to hear anyone from Hanover, New Hampshire, speak against it with any great bitterness.



AND now comes the silly season. This is the time of year when football coaches make up their All-America teams, not

omitting a place or two in the sun for their own particular proteges; and the critics who have attended ten or eleven games in the East and as far west as Ann Arbor also get into the All-America game and placate the slopes of the Pacific by assigning players they have never even seen in action to positions on the team. Of All-America elevens you have probably had your fill and to spare. Suffice it to say, that after watching Illinois, Nebraska, Georgia Tech, Penn State, Army, Notre Dame, Cornell, Columbia, Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Navy, Chicago and Pennsylvania; what looked like the best team on the day was Princeton in the Bowl on the fourteenth of November. And the player who, if not the best, was as good as any of them on the day, was Weir of Nebraska. Mentioned on no less than eight different All-America teams last Fall, he had no need of a reputation to prove his merit.

—JOHN R. TUNIS

IN PRAISE OF PREDECESSORS

Whoever the lady was, my dear,  
 Who taught you what you know  
 (She mayn't have been an ingénue  
 And I hardly think that she loved you true)  
 Whoever the lady was, my dear,  
 God bless her wherever she go!

She may have been blonde or brunette,  
 my dear,  
 The one that you used to dine,  
 (I don't believe she was like your mother,  
 The praise that you gave was far, far other—)  
 She may have been light or she may have  
 been dark,  
 From out of the Bronx or from out of  
 Park—  
 But she taught you a dazzling line.

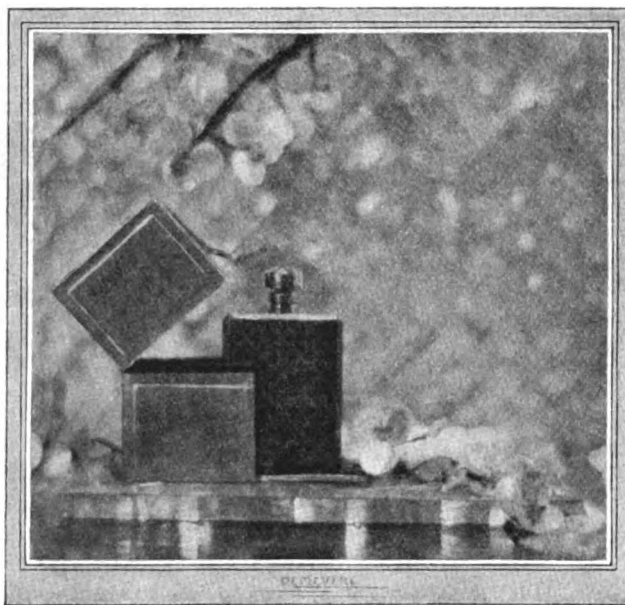
Oh, lovemaking never did come, my dear,  
 By nature or even grace,  
 And all of the beautiful things you swore  
 About how you never had loved before  
 You've learned to pull in a way I adore  
 By practice to somebody's face.

She made you the way that you are, my  
 dear,  
 Manner and voice and touch—  
 I suppose I should register jealousy,  
 But I do like superior love made me,  
 And wherever that lady to-day may be,  
 I thank her very much!

—MARGARET WIDDEMER

WOMAN, respectable, requires two days cleaning; highly recommended. Anderson, 400 East 73rd.—New York Herald Tribune

No doubt many women on the upper East Side will find themselves in the same predicament if the soft coal movement continues.



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 A PERSONAL BLEND OF BABANI PERFUMES—

THE SMARTEST WOMEN of Paris, London and New York have taken to their hearts the fashion — originated by Elizabeth Arden — of blending Babani Perfumes to make a personal perfume formula, a perfume which no one can identify or imitate. Blend *Ligéia* with *Afghani*, or *Chypre* with *Sousouki*, varying the proportions or adding drops of *Ming*, *Yasmak* and *Nandita*, to make the fragrance different and entirely your own.

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- |                |                      |                 |
|----------------|----------------------|-----------------|
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| LIGÉIA         | EXTRAIT D'AMBRE GRIS | SOUSOUKI        |
| MING           | GIARDINI             | YASMAK          |
|                | AFGHANI              | CHYPRE          |

BABANI

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 Exclusive Agent for Babani in America

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“What do you see in that underfed codfish you call Benny, my dear?”

“Well, Benny’s a bore at bridge I’ll admit. But he’s a 90-horse-power dazler when we go to the theatre. Not a bit of fuss about tickets with dear old Benny. Bascom’s, just above 44th, you know. . . .”

And branches at the Biltmore, Ambassador, Astor, Plaza, Park Lane, Commodore, Ansonia, Belmont, Imperial and Murray Hill.



## The Water Tower

**H**ONESTY compels us to admit that the telephone number at the bottom of this advertisement is not, as many readers have presumed, that of a bootlegger.

✦ ✦ ✦

Not quite. Call Vanderbilt 6434 and, with a little luck, you will be in communication with the Aquazone Corporation, manufacturers of the only mineral water in the world supercharged with Oxygen. Thank you.

✦ ✦ ✦

### THE NEW YORK GIRL

*Her hobby is the mandolin,  
She's never tasted Scotch or gin,  
I never drink and won't begin  
They can't, she says, compel one,  
And please don't keep me out too late,  
I must be home by half past eight,  
Just one more mineral water—straight.  
I've finished—now you tell one.*

✦ ✦ ✦

Speaking of horses reminds us to point with pride to the fact that ours was the only mineral water on sale at the National Horse Show.

✦ ✦ ✦

Sir Charles Higham, the erstwhile Brooklyn boy, besides returning to tell us how to make tea, sheds further light on our darkness. He says, "There is nothing a real man does that he likes to do that makes him less of a man." Apparently, he has never heard of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals.



Night club mortality, as we have said before, is something fierce. But among all the comings and goings it is reassuring to see the Montmartre pursuing the even tenor of its way. It gladdens our heart every time we see an order from Charlie Journal.

✦ ✦ ✦

*Florida again.* At the risk of being tedious we remind New Yorkers who are going south, that Aquazone is obtainable on the good ship "H. F. Alexander" and at the best hotels, restaurants, drug and grocery stores.

✦ ✦ ✦

The same can be said of New York. And here, should all other sources fail you, there is always

Advertisement.

VANDERBILT 6434



## ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

**D**ESPITE the fact that every shop in town is advertising its Christmas wares in every available place, the dearth of "Do Your Christmas Shopping Early" signs around our town makes the Yuletide season seem perilously remote. Christmas isn't Christmas unless you are informed hourly that all presents should be nicely wrapped and tagged before the fifteenth. This explains the languor and the echoing aisles of our gift shops and department stores during the week before Christmas.

**I**N Forty-Third Street and Madison Avenue, C. Klauberg's shop is doing a rushing pre-holiday business, due probably to the fascination of cutlery for men and women of every age and condition of servitude. You will find there, knives of every description, notably some very tiny and ornamental penknives for a man's watch chain, scissors, manicure sets, leather wallets, the omnipresent cocktail shaker and glasses to match, cigarette cases, and so on. Klauberg is also carrying the Cine Kodak Model B Motion Picture Camera, weighing five pounds, and very useful to parents who want to record for all posterity the doings of the kiddies and to travelers anxious to can the scenery through which they pass. Incidentally, at Kodascope, at 33 West Forty-second Street, films, starring well known professionals can be bought or rented in a size to fit the Kodak projection machine for the showing of more amateur efforts.

**F**OR children's toys and clothes, New York offers a bewildering array of shops, so tempting, even if you do not happen to be a parent, that it is very difficult to escape without substantial purchases. Best's Lilliputian Bazaar, for clothes, and the toy departments of Macy's and Wanamaker's are well-known. But I think that it is in the small specialty shops

that you can have the most fun. We have a shop called A La Jeunesse Elegante, creating exclusive models for the youth of our nation—a very, very Continental place, where it would be simple to pay one hundred dollars for a child's dress. Fairyland, at 10 West Fiftieth, has adorable French imported clothes for tiny children; Chez Les Enfants, at 856 Lexington Avenue, specializes in infants' layettes and clothes for little girls up to ten years of age. At the Children's Shop of Richmond, Virginia, you will find charming clothes for boys under six years of age, and for girls under sixteen, brother and sister suits, and some exceptionally pretty smocked dimity dresses for year-old babies. Although most of these concentrate upon wearing apparel, Chez Les Enfants has some genuine antique furniture for children, and makes up Mother Goose rugs for their nurseries.

About the most original shop for miniature toys is the Happy Heart Shop, at 23 East Sixty-fifth Street. This shop caters to children who have absolutely everything, and the proprietors proudly boast that they have nothing that can be found either on Broadway, department stores, or the Grand Central Station. A specialty is the Happy Heart bag—a heart shaped taffeta affair embroidered in gay worsteds, with a slit cut in the middle, grab bag fashion, through which the most wonderful toy novelties appear on Christmas day. The contents of these bags may be selected by the purchaser as she prowls around the shop, and can contain everything from a Teddy Bear wedding, with Teddy Bears an inch high in bridal array, sewed in solemn procession on cardboard, to tiny rubbers and handkerchiefs for dolls. This shop also makes up doll's wardrobes, including tiny gloves, lingerie, rubbers and all the accessories of the smart world. The Herbert Novelty Shop, at 47 West

Fifty-seventh Street, imports delightful woolly animals of all kinds from England. The leaping kangaroos and tigers at the Kiddie Corner have already been referred to in this column. There is also the Mayfair shop, in Fifth Avenue, opposite the Plaza, which has dolls, freak animals, tiny furniture for doll's houses, and games of every description. Schwartz, at 303 Fifth Avenue, has been well-known for years, notably for its furry animals, its doll houses, its dolls, and this year, for the children's golf clubs, in three sizes—one for the ages of three to six, one for those between seven and ten, and one for those between ten and sixteen.

THE field of children's entertainment is very well handled by Miss Madeleine Snyder, who will take the entire responsibility for the success of youthful parties off the hands of harassed parents. She can arrange Punch and Judy shows, introduce messenger boys who turn out to be expert jugglers, or a clown with his trained dog Toto, or—most popular of all!—pirate parties which cumulate in a youthful grown-up treasure hunt.

BRAUS Galleries, in Fifth Avenue at Thirty-fourth Street (or at their shop at 422 Madison Avenue) has some very nice etchings as low as \$5.50 which they frame to order. They are also experts in repairing and reframing old portraits. Also, they have very good-looking cigarette boxes, book ends, and door stops—very difficult to find if you happen to care about avoiding the banal. I also saw a very attractive incidental piece of furniture—a tiny table for cigarettes to place beside one of those very low French chairs.

THOUGH the very wide scarfs have gone out with the smartest women, the very tiny ones, about four inches wide and not more than two feet long, are very, very good for sports wear. And, after all, something has to be done about the havoc that fur coats work with the cleanliness of your neck! Bonwit Teller's has some very decorative ones, with applied futuristic designs of contrasting silk, and at the Flambeau, 7 East Thirty-ninth, there is an alluring assortment of the hand-painted variety.

—L. L.

THE NEW YORKER *Says:*

"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

*These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While*

NOVELS

THUNDER ON THE LEFT, by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page). A novel shrewd, skillful and charming, in a frame of fantasy, it purports to be the answer to some children's uncertainty whether grown-ups have a good time.

The Publisher

**Christopher Morley's**

**finest novel . . .**

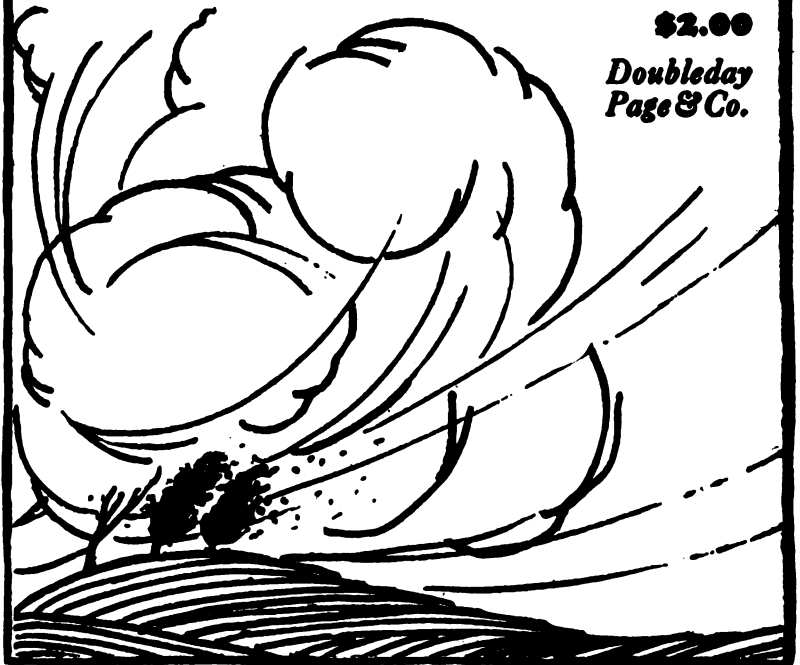
**the last book of the year . . .**

**and the biggest**

**THUNDER ON THE LEFT**

**\$2.00**

*Doubleday  
Page & Co.*



**THE LITTLE SHOP**

*of T. AZEEZ*

QUAINT GIFTS IN JEWELS THAT  
REFLECT, DELIGHTFULLY, THE  
INDIVIDUALITY OF THE GIVER

++

*Five sixty-one Fifth Avenue  
in Forty-sixth Street , New York*

# TABLES FOR TWO



ANOTHER place for one of those confidential and congenial dinners is the Russian Inn, at 33 West Thirty-seventh Street, which has been a landmark for quite a long time. There are the usual shaded lights, the usual Russian table d'hôte dinner, the usual waiters and waitresses in smocks, and very excellent music to the balalaikas (which, if I may high-hat a little, means Russian stringed instruments) of the earnest orchestra. The decorations are handicraft work, some bright murals, and lovingly endorsed photographs of celebrities ranging from Charlie Chaplin to Jo Davidson. It is a simple, jolly locale for lunch or dinner. After the theatre, dancing is in order, but I have never been present at that time.

NOW that society, via Miss Ellin Mackay, has set the seal of its approval on cabarets, all that I have to do is to fold my hands quietly and wait for the inevitable day when I am coldly informed that my services will no longer be required. After all, what more is there to say?

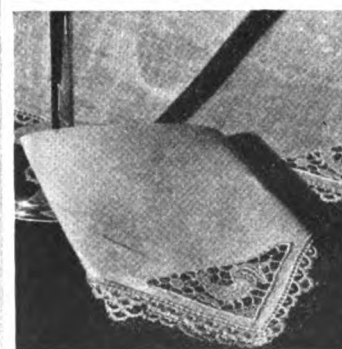
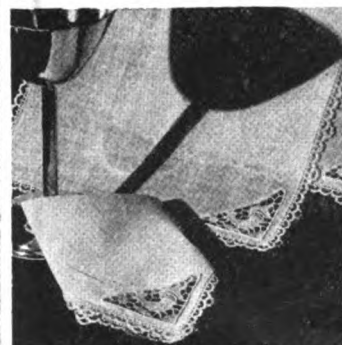
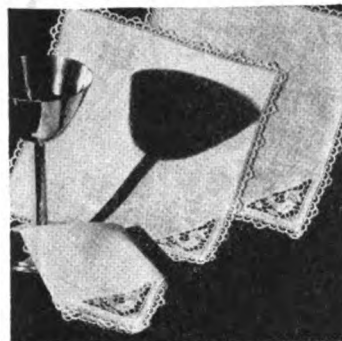
At least I have had the satisfaction, however, of having danced through practically an entire evening at the Biltmore, experiencing all the time the thrill of rediscovery. The supper room is spacious, leisurely, airy—the floor is excellent and the dancers on it, of just the right consistency to avoid crushing or collision. There is none of this nonsense of rotating spot lights of changing color, and the Roger Wolfe Kahn orchestra has more brass instruments gleaming in racks for its immediate disposal than any other band in New York.

Despite the fact that evening dress is not compulsory at any time (though at supper there is more chance of a ring-side table if you wear it) and the cover charge is negligible, there were no cheap people within my range of vision—an admirable feat. Neither, to be exact, were any *crème de la crème de la Coudrais* to be seen anywhere about, nor any recognizable branches of the Vanderbilt family. But the crowd is nice, with a strong collegiate tone, especially at tea time, that will undoubtedly get stronger with the Christmas holidays.

The only jarring notes in my evening were, first, the pathetic orchestration efforts of the desperate canaries singing high above the dancers. Canaries are not suited to night life, and they were rather woeful about it. And the second sorrow was sympathy with the loud wails of an escort, as he surveyed the Kahn heir, that he had gone to college and made a success of life instead of becoming a saxophone player and retaining his personality. Kahn, Junior, radiates personality, and his orchestra, which is in evidence for tea and supper, with that of Hazay Natzay relieving him at dinner time, is very good indeed.

IF you ever read the newspapers or get any mail, you probably have known that Vincent Lopez has taken over the old Automobile Club at 247 West Fifty-fourth Street, which has met with several disasters as a night club—first as the “Fay Follies”, then suffering numerous ups and downs as the Rue de la Paix; afterwards, for a brief period, as the possession of Phil Baker, and now under the capable direction of Lopez, who personally conducts a twenty-piece orchestra there after the theatre. The place suffers from no lack of patronage, but the crowd is very far from being a smart or an interesting one. This, despite a really superb entertainment. Possibly the elaborate and somewhat florid pictures of sprawling nudes by Willy Pogany has something to do with it, or the fact that it is irritating not to find sufficient room to dance in comfort when such music is at your disposal. Casa Lopez, however, is worth going to, if only for the concert numbers by the band and the real joy of watching Jeneska and Accent, French acrobatic dancers, on the floor. (I hope they are still there, even though the regular dancers, Tamara and Fowler, have returned.) Casa Lopez is open for dinner, and is one of the few places that are available for people who hate to spend their Sunday evenings toasting marshmallows in front of the domestic hearth. In fact, the Lopez Sunday nights are the gala nights of the week.

HOPE HAMPTON dances at the Mayfair in sweet blue taffeta with long corkscrew curls extending almost to the waistline. Report also has it that she varies this hirsute program with a coiffure resembling delicate and maidenly spirals of Danish pastry.—LIPSTICK



## At MOSSE—

Cocktail napkins are among the many gifts which, while not on the Christmas list of the old lady from Dubuque, make very acceptable Christmas presents to New Yorkers. Sheer linen, lace-edged with particularly appropriate lace motif; the dozen, ready for immediate use, \$18.00.

(Originated by Mosse; obtainable there only)

**MOSSE**  
INCORPORATED  
730 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.  
AT FIFTY SEVENTH STREET

RADIO FOOTBALL

THE football season is over. The mole-skins are laid away, the pigskins are put to soak until next Fall, and no one bothers you for tickets to the game on Saturday. If, by any chance, you have been spending your week ends since early October in Bowls and Stadia, you may miss your weekly treat. But if you are one of the unfortunate millions who are obliged to take their football synthetically, perhaps you are not quite so sorry. A few more Saturday afternoons such as we have been going through last month would mean heart failure and delirium tremens combined, to thousands. Just let me tell you how it sounds, if by any chance you are *not* sitting on the forty yard line when Harvard and Yale are meeting in the Stadium.

"Hello Folks. This is Station WHJY, New York, and Station WFRS Schenectady about to broadcast the Harvard-Yale football game in the Stadium, Herman J. Fishcake, talking. Just let me describe this great scene to you, folks. Must be eighty, no a hundred thousand people here, including Gloria Swanson and her husband, and the Governor of Massachusetts. The Stadium is packed, now I'm gonna turn the mike and let you hear the Yale cheering—

"SCRRXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX"  
 "Yeah, well now the Yale stands are singing their famous Tiger Song. The captains are going out on the field to toss. Just a minute I'll tell you who won. Harvard's won—no Yale—no, ha, ha, I was right the first time, Harvard won. Well now the teams are lining up, now the Yale team is getting ready to kick—there he goes, now there he goes—

"Now for the benefit of those of you who have just tuned in, I'd like to say this is Station WHJY, New York, and Station WFRS, Schenectady, about to broadcast the Harvard-Yale game from the Stadium at Cambridge.

"Well, there he goes, a beautiful kick. Harvard's got it, there he goes, he's off, he's through there—past those two men—looks like he's got through, they won't get him, they can't get him, he's too quick for 'em, they got him by one leg, no, he's free again, there he goes, there he goes—Ah—they got him at last—

"Whew. That was exciting. Now folks I'll tell you just what happened. The ball was kicked by Cheek er—I should say Joss of Yale, and was caught by Miller, of Harvard. And—

**"HE WAS DOWNED IN HIS TRACKS."**

"Tell you what, folks, he ran out to one side, looked there as though he was gonna get away, but he was downed in his tracks, yesir, downed in his tracks by Kline the Yale end. I mean tackle. I should say halfback.

"Now they're lining up. There it goes, RIGHT through tackle. Crash, right through—lessee, that was a gain of, a gain of three yards. Ball carried by Crosby, tackled by Richards. A nice play—now they're lining up—

"All ready—here it comes, around the end. They won't get him—no he's past them—they got him—(long pause). Cheek ran out of bounds on the fifty-one, no the thirty-three, on the fifteen yard line. A gain of two yards. Third down, six to go.

"Now folks, this is Station WHJY, New York, and Station WFRS, Schenectady, broadcasting the Harvard-Yale football game at Cambridge, Herman J. Fishcake, talking. The score is Harvard 3, Yale nothing end of the first period.

"This looks like a punt. Yes, he's kicking, No, no, NO, it's a forward. Harvard's trying a pass. A beauty. Right into his hands. There he goes. He's stumbled. No, he's up again. Right down the side lines, they can't stop him—no they can't, yes they can, they got him, no he's loose again—A TOUCHDOWN—

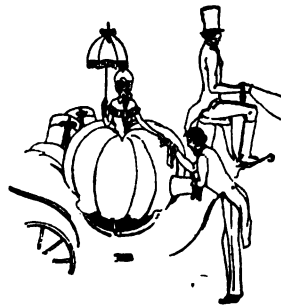
"Well, folks, this is certainly some exciting game. You'll have to excuse me, but I've been yelling with the crowd—now lemme tell you what happened—

# LEWIS

9 EAST 49<sup>TH</sup> STREET

*A New Smart Shop*

~ A new Specialty Shop where your appreciation of the entrancing beauty of a Gown need not be marred by a foreboding of its cost!



PRESENTING  
 AN INTRODUCTORY SHOWING  
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*that proclaim  
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Established 1874  
2 and 4 E. Forty-Fourth Street  
NEW YORK

**CORRECTNESS** in every detail has long characterized the artistry of WETZEL.

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"It was Harvard's ball on her own twenty-eight yard line. Don't put this down on your chart until I have a chance to check up on it. Check made a forward pass right into the hands of Bunnell of Yale. And Bunnell ran over for a touchdown. Score, Yale 14, Harvard 10.

"What's that. Offside? Yes, they're calling the play back. There was offside—I mean holding in the Yale line. Well, well, this certainly is an exciting game—most exciting game I've seen this season—

"What's this? Some fake play. Two backs off to one side—there they go—right through the line—IT'S A FUMBLE. Yale's got it. No, Harvard's ball. No Yale's. . . . No, the other man—they've got him, no they haven't—Well now I'll describe what happened. Check carried the ball and was tackled so fiercely, he fumbled and then a Yale man, no a Harvard man, no they tell me I was right after all. You see it was this way, Check on an attempted end run was tackled and lost the ball but recovered for a gain of eighteen yards. Harvard's ball on her own twenty yard line—

"A kick. A beauty, too. Way up in the air. Coady kicked to Harvard's forty-five, no thirty-three, no twenty-eight yard line. Yale's ball. Now less see what the Tiger, I should say the Bulldog can do now—

"For the benefit of everyone who has just tuned in; this is Station WHJY, New York, and Station WFRS, Schenectady, broadcasting the Harvard-Yale football game, Herman J. Fishcake talking. Yale has the ball on her own thirty-six yard line, third down eight to go, four minutes left of the third period.

"Now they're off. A beautiful hole. He's through the line. He's tackled—no, he shook himself loose. He's free again. There he goes—there he goes—there he goes—A CLEAR FIELD.

(A silence of three minutes follows, during which eight listeners collapse of heart failure.)

"Well folks, here's what happened on that play. Allen of Yale broke through the Harvard line, shook off a tackler and had a clear field for a touchdown. But he tripped over the umpire's right leg and fell down and was caught. No one seems to know just what they'll do about it. Six points up on the scoreboard for Yale—no, now they've taken it down—not allowed. Yale's ball again, third down sixteen to go.

"There's the umpire's whistle. The game's over. Nothing to nothing! Neither team scored. Well, folks, that certainly was one of the most exciting games I ever saw, a great fight between two magnificent teams from start to finish.—JOHN R. TUNIS

Says President Brandenburg of Kansas State Teacher's College: "Nothing has occurred in higher education that has so shocked our senses of social decency as has the action of Bryn Mawr." Some people are so anxious to feel shocks that they carry a seismograph.

Anyone who says that the English Nobility is not an essential element of the British Empire is not familiar with life in England today.—*Worlds Work*

As the gentleman from Brooklyn might say, "Essential oils."

THE NEW YORK GIRL

She loves to psychoanalyze,  
She knows her Freud and Nietzsche;  
And yet she loves the same old lies  
That tickled Barb'ra Frietchic.

**GOOD!** So good, we think, that you will need no knowledge of the craftsmanship of shoe making or the fineness of leathers or the intricacy of design to appreciate its distinction

A Scotch Brogue that has fulness without bulk and sturdiness without excessive weight. *By Mail if you like*



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*Aberfeldy*  
\$9

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

# MOTION PICTURES

IF Life be tending towards complete imitation of Art, we for one don't want to be alive should a Cecil B. De Millenium come around. Mr. Sherwood's excellent dissection of that monolithic magnate in last week's NEW YORKER, and this week's corroboration of it in "The Road to Yesterday", at the Rivoli, are conclusive enough reasons for our decision.

Mr. De Mille is evidently a dramatic minister, philosopher and intellectual. He is the sort that says, "Well, we'll give 'em their money's worth in this. Wow. We'll do a modern story and shove in a big sequence of Reincarnation, Metempsychosis, Platonic Substantial Hypothesis, Binomial Theorem or the Procession of the Equinoxes — something Profound, something Big—lots of Byooty, Pep, Drama, Moral, Love, Sacrifice."

And so he does—but result is always false or bogus at bottom. As Mr. Sherwood so succinctly says, "It's hokum." In "The Road to Yesterday", Mr. De Mille does up Reincarnation (capital "R") quite brownly. He also makes a daring statement at the end to the effect that, "There is a God." But as to Mr. De Mille's idea of Creator we have our doubts. We have our doubts.

THE word somehow got about that "Clothes Make the Man", at the Strand, daringly indulged in satire, a matter strictly verboten by Hays and the Screen Interests on the grounds that the Public Does Not Understand Satire. It Goes Over Their Heads. Well, we got all excited and jolly at the News and attended.

We were alas! doomed to meet disappointment. There was, to be sure, Leon Errol. Although a gifted comedian within Mr. Ziegfeld's gilded prosceniums and surrounded by Mr. Z.'s hand-tooled beauty, Mr. Errol proved either that he is not a terrifically good pantomimist, or in this cinema sappiness he wasn't given the ghost of a chance to display his hidden wares of funmaking. Aside from three laughs, there was little enough for even the kiddies.

Miss Dorothy Gish was there too, as the Xantippsy Dame Errol. Anything



## "Quick, Watson! The Thermometer"

IF a culinary Sherlock Holmes should seek to explain the absence of flavor in most soups, the trail would lead to the ice-house.

You cannot boil any virtue out of a chicken that has died two deaths—one by violence and one by the thermometer!

Fine fat fowl and beef "rosy" from the kill are the kind of ingredients that give MAYFAIR soups their gelatinous and appetizing flavor.

*Edward H. Crandall*

## Mayfair House

610 Park Avenue, at 65th Street

AN APARTMENT HOTEL

Brown, Wheelock: Harris, Vought & Co., Inc., Agent

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The First Choice of  
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8 oz.	-	1.50
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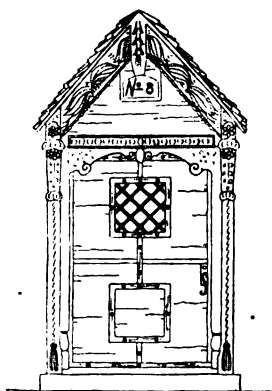
A genuine new idea in gracious living in New York—not just another place to live.

It is most gratifying to the owners, who are also operators of this new residential hotel overlooking historical Gramercy Park, to note the personal expressions of sincere appreciation of the many refinements and comforts, as well as the ideal location. The high standard of its Hotel and Restaurant Service, which is now in full operation, is unusual even in New York. Rooms singly or en suite, furnished or not.

Your personal inspection invited

WILLARD H. BARSE, Manager

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TO express personality in clothes it is necessary to obtain a personal service and interest on the part of the designer and maker of your clothes. You must enlist his ingenuity, his taste, his knowledge of current motifs.

We recommend, in consequence of this prerogative, the facilities of our shop, just off the avenue, where you are able to get away from a standard formula to something equally voguish and individual.

Charles Geib

8 East 45th Street

Miss Gish does is enough to make a Reform School for Boys laugh off their swollen heads, but the thin, farcical part she had in this instance hardly scratched her powers as leading comedienne of the screen.

Still the Strand customers seemed to enjoy it, and the box office at that theatre will have little to complain about.

**G**OODY! La Belle Murray, of the Night Club Hostess School of Acting is back with us again in a Parisian Apache Crook romance, entitled, for want of any logic in naming, "The Masked Bride". It is at the Capitol, Lord knows. Everything in the world unkind has been said about Miss Murray's style of acting—if you can call it just that. But after this picture, are we going to turn on Critical Opinion and say something in favor of the Broadway Whirlwindy Duse? We certainly are not.

And, of course, another Tom Mix picture. "The Best Bad Man", at the Rialto, too. We sat through it with beclouded, unhappy brain, thinking what a sad day it was when the Greeks invented the drama—"tragedy", it was called, from *tragos*, meaning goat—and not a glimmer of meaning fell on us concerning plot, humor or character. If someone who saw it will mail us a penny postcard, explaining what it was all about we shall be only too glad to offer a criticism, confused as we are.—T. S.

### SUBWAY PEOPLE

Sitters, waiters,—riders to eternity,  
Shuffling in the shadow world, all day  
long;

Standers, thinkers,—joggers to eternity,  
Swaying to the rhythm of the sad loud  
song.

Faces, people,—travelers to Nowhere,  
Reading what the ads say: Buy My Soap!  
Dreamers, waiters,—never getting No-  
where,  
Riding to the places of the Long Lost  
Hope.

Chewers, dreamers,—riders to eternity,  
Buried in the slumber of the deep black  
hole;

Sleepers, workers,—laughing at eternity,  
Shoulder blade to shoulder blade, and  
Soul to Soul.

—E. B. W.

Alice's mission in life, we gather, was to provide a cloud for Leonard's silver lining.



## What of Your Friends Who *Have* Cocktail Shakers?

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And to:

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**T**HE problem of Christmas giving is complicated in their cases. If you can afford to equip the shakers suitably, we have nothing more to say.

But if you would just as soon keep what you have—

Fifty-two weeks of the spice of New York; a year of gay tales and delightful anecdotes; a twelve-months' supply of informed small talk, ideal for any dinner table; a dash of bitters, and a jigger of comment—

These can be given in a year's subscription to **THE NEW YORKER**. Ideal for friends in town. A godsend for country cousins.

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*For each succeeding subscription*    **3.00**

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# THE NEW YORKER

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## THE RETORT COURTEOUS

**B**RUISED, forced to listen to a poisonous line of patter, unable to associate with their friends at private dances, the girls have rebelled and fled to the cabarets leaving the numberless, colorless young men who are the chief cause of all their woes "alone and palely loitering" in the stag line. The girls are on strike. It sounds incredible, but it is true. Great and unexpected as is this calamity, they have at least had the grace to leave us an explanation. In Miss Mackay's excellent article we are told that the reason for their defection is merely the essentially unattractive character of the young men with whom they have to dance, and the cutting in system. But, although we and, for that matter, most everyone we have heard discuss it in the racquet and the tennis courts and in the locker rooms heartily agree with Miss Mackay in much of what she says, it does seem that she is putting the blame in the wrong place. As sometime members of the "extremely unalluring specimens" we arise to disclaim the responsibility for driving the post-debutantes to the cabarets.

In the first place Miss Mackay does not go far enough in analysing the causes of the strange state of affairs now prevalent at debutante parties. Granting the cutting in system is an evil, why does it persist? How it originated we do not pretend to know, but that it must have some supporters is obvious, else it would die a welcome death. Certainly tradition does not support it even in a society so flexible as that of New York. That the stags do not like it seems obvious. In making it impossible to dance more than six feet with a belle and no less than six miles with a "wall flower" it seems to us that the cutting in system has accomplished the very reverse of its purpose. Not only has it made it more difficult to dance with the girl of one's choice, but by crowding the ball room to suffocation with men and smoke it has almost made it impossible to dance at all. No, the stags do not like the cutting in system. Neither do the hostesses, if for no other reason than that it doubles the size of the dance. We are left no alternative. It must be the girls who favor it.

The other reason Miss Mackay gives for the flight of the debutantes to the cabarets is that the stag line is composed of "hundreds of specimens, each poisonous in his own individual way." This we grant readily. On the other hand it must be remembered that to stand in a crowd scarcely less rowdy than that in the subway during rush hours, in a stifling atmosphere pulsating with cacophony, is not a pleasure calculated to draw forth the flower of American manhood. Also, most, if not all, of these same unattractive specimens were invited, and they are invited, in the last analysis, by the girls.



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That this is true is readily demonstrable. The girls, particularly the post-debutantes, who, to a certain extent, set an example, will not go to a dance unless accompanied by three or four, preferably even more, flattering admirers. These admirers are expected to prevent the lady of their choice from dancing more than ten steps with any one man and to carry food prodigious distances at supper. Now for each post-debutante to have three or four flattering admirers is impossible, for the simple reason that there are not enough to go round. But the girls must have their adulation and, failing the best, are always ready to accept the second or even third best. The result is that the gates are opened—not entirely, of course, for they check names at the door to stop would-be gate crashers, a delightful custom—and the youths of the upper West Side and Brooklyn, not wearing dress suits, gird up their Hart Schaffner & Marx Tuxedos and descend on the Ritz. In the last analysis the girls are responsible for the quality of the men at their dances by reason of the fact that they are in the numerical minority and hence can dictate. Very well. But it does not seem quite fair to criticize the pale-faced youths and dancers of the Charleston most of whom, after all, are there by request.

All of which seems very ungallant. Nevertheless, in spite of our great admiration for the opposite sex, we feel called upon to ask just what entitles these post-debutantes to the devotion of the so-called attractive man that are apparently so rare at private dances. Some of them, it is true, are very pretty. Some of them can dance very well. A few can even carry on an intelligent conversation. But what characterizes almost all of them is a restless craving for amusement and an insatiable capacity for the stimulation of jazz. No wonder the attractive men are not anxious to attend balls where they feel their welcome is only coextensive with their supply of parlor tricks.

Of course the post-debutantes are not entirely to blame for this state of affairs. We might easily go back a generation before blaming any one. Inasmuch as modern education for both sexes seems to combine a maximum of institutional training tending to preserve the type of its supporters with a minimum of personal influence, it hardly seems fair to blame the product for not being nearer perfection.


After all we are sorry to see the girls go, and we seriously hope that their defection to the cabarets will not result in an even greater disillusionment. That would be terrible. If they cannot find romance in the cabarets they might even have to come back again. But, being as they are, we cannot doubt that, if they should, they will always find a welcome from their much abused but usually faithful stags.

—WILLIAM T. ADEE


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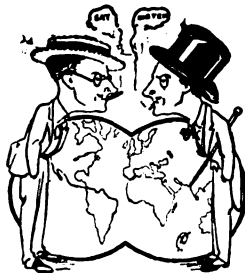
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# PARIS LETTER

PARIS, NOVEMBER 23.—

WHAT with the Exhibition finally closed and the racing season over, there remains little excuse now for not going indoors and improving the mind. November, in Paris, sees the art and music shows starting seriously. Concerts of Erik Satie's work have already commenced as partial recompense for his recent death, the opening affair being Marcelle Meyer's modern evening, with the piano at the Salle des Agriculteurs in which Satie's rare musical setting to Plato's Dialogues furnished the great pleasure. Those who can not read the Greeks should hear them on a baby grand. Intellectual jazz was also represented in Darius Milhaud's "Three Rag Caprices" and Stravinski's "Rag-Time". Jean Weiner is also giving his version, playing at his concert along with J. S. Bach, Gershwin's "Fascinating Rhythm". Wagner is also being given at the Opera. So the city is not quiet.

THE interest in the Daudet case, now being re-investigated, is the last word in excitement. It is music to the French ear. Not since Dreyfus was exiled, and Landru beheaded, has Paris been in such a criminal and political turmoil. Generals, chauffeurs, prime ministers, waiters, poets, and the Royalist and Socialist Parties are a few of those involved daily at the Court of Assizes in an effort to settle whether little Phillippe Daudet, grandson of the great Alphonse who wrote Sappho, killed himself or was killed. Already the Court, in full dress, i. e., scarlet robes, white perukes, silver buckles, pages with canes, etc., to an extent that filled eleven coaches, has gone in state to visit the scene of the crime, a bookshop on the Rue Beaumarchais which specialized in non-Comstockian literature. A regiment of the Republican Guard, mounted and in dress uniform, cleared the way, while Paris stood on the curb and cheered. The bookshop is doing a booming business, Madame Daudet, mother of the dead lad, receives packages of bad eggs in the mail daily; wit and scandal delight the Court from morning to night, and complete strangers to the case are being jerked in to confide in the Attorney General of France. Cocteau, the author of "Le Grand Ecart", is to be called because he thinks the case is suicide. An old gentleman from the hinterland who was not called, came anyhow and talked for two hours because he thought it wasn't. To Americans, the situation is fantastic. To the Parisians, it is meat and drink. It is

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a political, literary, and social free-for-all.

FOR those who like to go to cabarets, several thousand are still open every night, particularly Chez Fysher, where Dora Stroeve, of Irving Berlin's Music Box, can be heard singing to an accompaniment of champagne at two hundred and fifty francs a bottle. Mistinguett, who, now that she is nearing fifty, is turning over a new leaf, has taken over the new Moulin Rouge and will have her own revue with Earl Leslie and the Dolly Sisters as step-children. The Sistine Chapel Choir has also been here in vaudeville, which must have been a pleasant change for the choir boys, and the leader of the Palestine Choreographic Studios (Jerusalem papers please copy) gave a series of racial dances at the Champs-Élysées. So religion, one way and another, has been well represented.

NOW for a wonder! In Paris the women are wearing low heels. French women, in general, have been infected by the American idea of shoes. French women, in particular, have not. The frightfully chic, wear spike heels, black satin pumps without buckles for day, and with diamond ones if possible at night. This is Ritz. Crillon and Continental are going in for round toes and flattened heels. The balmy weather has so far ruined the fur trade that started briskly. Thousands of animals must still be alive that expected to be dead and lined with brown silk by now. Hats show the greatest change. The cloche has succumbed to modeling in the crown. It still fits the skull, but with a suavity and pictorial beauty that hasn't been seen since the caps of the Florentine Renaissance. With such lovely headwear, there seems no longer to be any excuse for those who complain against the short skirts. After all, they might look at the hats.

Just arrived is Mr. Rudolph Valentino, and just departed is Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, which leaves things about even. The East crossings have been appalling. The *Berengaria* has made its annual report of the worst trip in twenty-five years. And Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt is in town. This should settle everything till next Spring.

—GENET

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## THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS

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### THE THEATRE

**YOUNG WOODLEY**—The stormy squall of calf-love hits Glenn Hunter with pathetic results. Brilliant study of adolescence. BELMONT, 48, E. of B'way.

**HAMLET**—Walter Hampden and Ethel Barrymore. HAMPDEN'S, B'way at 64.

**THE GREEN HAT**—The seventh heaven of gorgeous maudlin sentimentality as attained by the arch Mike Arlen. With Katharine Cornell. BROADHURST, 44, W. of B'way.

**ACCUSED**—Love, the lawyer, and the bar situation, discussed somewhat dully by M. Brioux. Mr. Sothern is excellent. BELASCO, 44, E. of B'way.

**THE VORTEX**—The whorl of British intemperate society caught into a stinging play by Noel Coward. HENRY MILLER, 43, E. of B'way.

**A MAN'S MAN**—The Gotham Babbitry display the shabby stuff under their skins. Drably vigorous drama. FORTY-NINTH STREET, 49, W. of B'way.

**HAMLET IN MODERN DRESS**—Without the romantic and stuffy trappings of the classicists, this is a marvel of quiet intensity. GREENWICH VILLAGE, Sheridan Square.

**IN A GARDEN**—Laurette Taylor enmeshed in the subtle psychological experimenting of a playwright husband. High comedy drama. PLYMOUTH, 45, W. of B'way.

**ANDROCLES AND THE LION**—More of the Theatre Guild's shavian season. KLAU, 45, W. of B'way. Reviewed in this issue.

**AMERICAN BORN**—And if George M. Cohan weren't in it, we'd have said "No" years ago. HUDSON, 44, E. of B'way.

**THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN**—George S. Kaufman joyously and satirically deals with a Merton from Kansas who comes East for a theatric fortune. LONGACRE, 49, W. of B'way.

**OUTSIDE LOOKING IN**—The code of the West as expounded by some of America's best hobumans. Maxwell Anderson's dramatization of Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life". THIRTY-NINTH STREET, 39, E. of B'way.

**ARMS AND THE MAN**—Herr Shaw on this matter of devastating war. With the Lunts. GARRICK, 35, E. of B'way.

**THESE CHARMING PEOPLE**—They're not really flesh and blood people but just clever things that Mr. Arlen has to say through actors' voice boxes. GAUITY, B'way and 46.

**THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY**—Crook stuff, as the genial Mr. Frederick Lonsdale writes it. With Ina Claire, comely actress. FULTON, 46 W. of B'way.

**TWELVE MILES OUT**—A healthy melodrama of the bootlegging industry. PLAYHOUSE, 48, E. of B'way.

**SUNNY**—Gorgeously top heavy with music show genius. Topped by Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42 W. of B'way.

**ROSE-MARIE**—Lady Dowager of the operettas. Still graceful and refreshing. IMPERIAL, 45, W. of B'way.

**PRINCESS FLAVIA**—A crowded gargantuan operetta made from "The Prisoner of Zenda". CENTURY, 63 and Central Park West.

**NO, NO NANETTE**—Rivalling the songbirds in deathless melody. With Louise Groody. GLOBE, 46 and B'way.

**MERRY MERRY**—A trim little craft of a musical comedy with all hands indulging in the entertaining antics. VANDERBILT, 48, E. of B'way.

**THE CITY CHAP**—You have been dancing to, and humming "Walking Out With Josie". Well it's from this humorous opus. REPUBLIC, 42, W. of B'way.

**THE STUDENT PRINCE**—Operetta done with generous staging, choruses and beauty. JOLSON'S, 7 Ave. and 57.

**ARTISTS AND MODELS**—Something gorgeous in the way of revues, from the Shuberts. J. J. and Lee. WINTER GARDEN, B'way and 50.

**THE VAGABOND KING**—A flowing, romantic gesture of a well plotted operetta. Dennis King is excellent. CASINO, B'way and 39.

**CHARLOT'S REVUE**—An imported, esoteric British product. Not as glittering as last year's but still peer-like. SELWYN, 42, W. of B'way.

### OPENINGS OF NOTE

**EASY VIRTUE**—Another Noel Coward play with Jane Cowl. EMPIRE, B'way and 40, Mon., Dec. 7.

**THE COCOANUTS**—The new musical show for the four Marx Brothers, by George S. Kaufman and Irving Berlin. LYRIC, 42 W. of B'way, Tues., Dec. 8.

**THE FOUNTAIN**—The long postponed Eugene O'Neill play. GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE, Sheridan Square, Wed., Dec. 9. (Dates of openings should be verified because of frequent late changes by managers.)

### AFTER THE THEATRE

**AMBASSADOR GRILL**, Park and 51—Excellent dance music that does not interfere with conversation. Hancis De Medem and Evelyn Grieg dance at midnight.

**BARNEY'S**, 85 W. 3—Happy-go-lucky spirit in evening dress. Midnight revue.

**BILTMORE**, Madison and 43—Reviewed in this issue.

**CHEZ FYSHER**, 63 Central Park W.—French artistes cavorting in the very decorative cellar of the Century theatre.

**CLUB LIDO**, 808 7 Ave.—Why read the society columns? See them here *en masse*. Maurice and Bennett dancing.

**CLUB MIRADOR**, 200 W. 51—Moss and Fontana still attracting the smartest crowd in town with their tragic Apache dance.

**CLUB MONTMARTRE**, 205 W. 50—Charlie Journal holding a very charming clientele against all newcomers. No entertainment.

**COUNTY FAIR**, 54 E. 9—The newest and the gayest of the Village dancing places of the Pirate's Den type. Very good food. No entertainment.

**FLORIDA**, 144 W. 55—Frances Williams will aid Filiberto and Anita in enlivening the charms of good music, good food and good clientele.

**KATINKA**, 109 W. 49—Sufficient dancing to the clientele to amuse the Russians and sufficient Russian vaudeville and gypsy singing to entertain the clientele.

**RUSSIAN SWAN**, 161 W. 57—A slightly pallid successor to the Russian Eagle. Russian music and some dancing.

**THE CAVE OF THE FALLEN ANGELS**, 301 W. 46—Temperamental decoration and entertainment of the Russian type. One orchestra for the classics and an American jazz band for dancing.



# ABOUT TOWN

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

### MOTION PICTURES

**THE BIG PARADE**—Sentiment and bullets equally divided in a romantic version of the late war. Speed is the picture's keynote. At the ASTOR.

**BRIGHT LIGHTS**—Charles Ray comes back with a pleasant rube-broadway comedy. At LOEW'S RIO, Mon., Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7, 8, 9.

**THE FRESHMAN**—Harold Lloyd as a quixotic freshman who slapsticks his way to collegiate fame. At KEITH'S Eighty-first St., PROCTOR'S Fifty-eighth St., and REGENT, week of Dec. 7th.

**GO WEST**—And Buster Keaton does, making his peace out there in friendship of a bovine. At the PLAZA, Fri., Dec. 11.

**THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**—Lon Chaney's gruesomest makeup in the most ghoulish Parisian tale yet. At the COLONY.

**A REGULAR FELLOW**—Raymond Griffith as the heckled, burlesque Prince of Wales, in satirical and humane comedy. (No New York showing.)

### MUSIC

**RECITALS**—CARL FLEISCH. TOWN HALL, Sat. Aft., Dec. 5. One of the most famous of fiddlers.

**SHURA CHERKASSKY**. TOWN HALL, Sat. Eve., Dec. 5. A child wonder pianist worth hearing.

**YERKES ORCHESTRA**. AEOLIAN HALL, Sun. Aft., Dec. 6. A new enlistment in the jazz invasion.

**RIDER-KELSEY**. AEOLIAN HALL, Mon. Aft., Dec. 7. A famous singer of a little while ago returns.

**COBINA WRIGHT**. AEOLIAN HALL, Tues. Eve., Dec. 8. A fine program maker who can sing fine programs understandingly.

**RENEE THORNTON**. AEOLIAN HALL, Wed. Eve., Dec. 9. With Richard Hageman at the piano; here is an unusual vocal and piano ensemble.

**RUTH BRETON**. AEOLIAN HALL, Thurs. Aft., Dec. 10. A fine young violinist in a program without "arrangements".

**BELOUSOFF and GABRILOWITSCH**. AEOLIAN HALL, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 10. 'Cello and piano music of a high order.

**CHARLOTTE LUND**. PRINCESS THEATRE, Sun. Aft., Dec. 6. Opera excerpts.

**WITH THE ORCHESTRAS**—PHILHARMONIC, Mengelberg conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. Aft., Dec. 4, Sun. Aft., Dec. 6, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 10.

**NEW YORK SYMPHONY**, Damrosch conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. Eve., Dec. 4, Sat. Aft., Dec. 5 (Young People's Concert), MECCA TEMPLE, Sun. Aft., Dec. 6.

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### ART

**PAINTER-GRAVERS OF PARIS**—WEYHE GALLERIES, 794 Lexington Ave. Fine show of Laurencin, Moreau, Chagall and others.

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**THREE AMERICANS**—WHITNEY STUDIO CLUB, 14 W. 8. Buelah Stevenson, Peter Cammarata and M. A. Tricca in a representative showing. Ends Dec. 5.

**MODERNS**—DANIELS GALLERIES, 600 Madison Ave. New and good stuff by Boyd, Dickinson, Spencer. Review later.

### SPORTS

**PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**, Sun., Dec. 6, NEW YORK GIANTS vs. CHICAGO BEARS at the Polo Grounds. Commercialized football becomes a major interest with Mr. "Red" Grange's first appearance in New York.

**BICYCLING**, NEW MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, 50 & 8 Ave., Fri., Dec. 4 and Sat., Dec. 5. Finish of the six day bike race, which unofficially opened Tex Rickard's new playhouse last week. Racing continuous until 11 p. m. Sat.

### OTHER EVENTS

**CAT SHOW**—PARK AVE. HOTEL, Park Ave. & 33. Tues., Dec. 8 and Wed., Dec. 9, 10:00 a. m. to 10:00 p. m. Twelfth Annual judgment in the interests of better felines.

**CANARY SHOW**—HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA, Wed., Dec. 9 through Sat., Dec. 12. Another annual affair of the United Canary Breeders of America.

**BATTLESHIPS IN THE HUDSON**—Fleet here for Christmas holidays still on view.

**SOAP SCULPTURE**, ART CENTER, 65 E. 56. This clean show still open to the public daily.

**W. K. VANDERBILT'S MANSION**, 52 & 5 Ave., open daily through Sat., Dec. 12, 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. Demolition postponed with benefit of the New York State Commission for the Blind, whose sale will prolong the life of this famous landmark as a museum.

## OUR CAPTIOUS READERS

Dear Editor:

Referring to your picture of myself in a recent issue of THE NEW YORKER, I am writing to hand you herewith a recent photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

According to your notations under the recent picture, it will soon be time for me to have my picture printed again in the paper. I suggest that you republish your recently printed picture side by side with a reproduction of the portrait enclosed and that you run under each the following legends: Under your picture, the words, "This is Dr. Straton snapped while reading THE NEW YORKER", and under the other,

this, "Dr. Straton engaged in something really worth while."

Sincerely,  
JOHN ROACH STRATON

Unfortunately, THE NEW YORKER does not print photographs. However, to assuage our readers' curiosity as to the Reverend Doctor's "really worth while" endeavors at the moment of being photographed, we note that the pose represents him gazing at the camera.



## KATINKA

109 West 49th Street

Gypsy Music—Russian Singers  
Dancing—Dinner  
After Theatre Supper  
Tel. Circle 7080

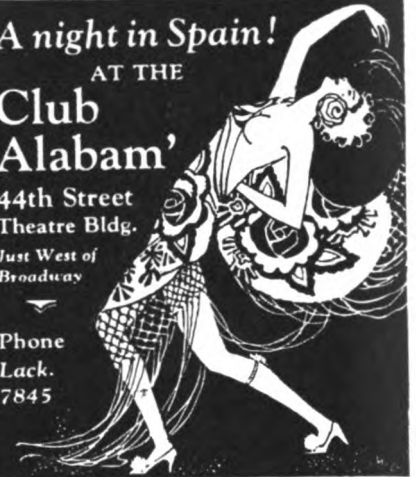
## A night in Spain!

### AT THE Club Alabam'

44th Street  
Theatre Bldg.

Just West of  
Broadway

Phone  
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7845



## the COUNTY FAIR

34 EAST 94K

An Artistically Amusing  
Dinner and Supper Club

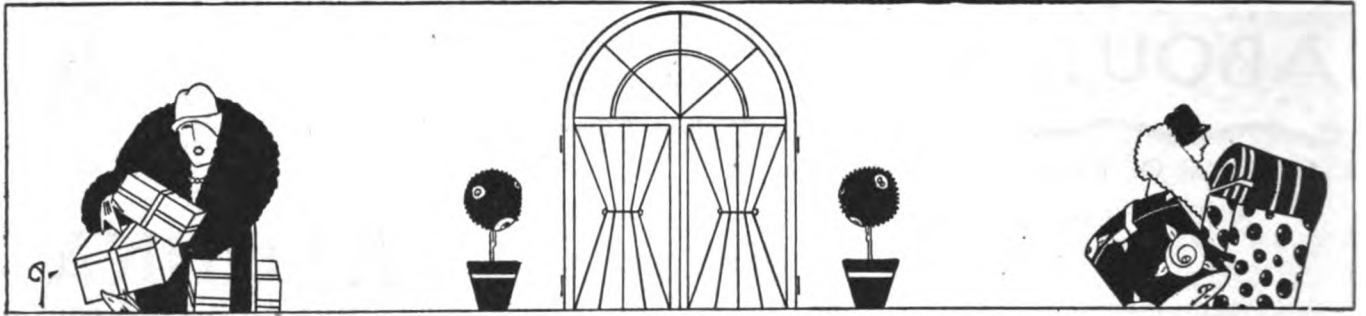
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## 4 TREES

\* JUST FOR FUN \*  
LATEST MUSIC GOOD FLOOR BEST FOOD  
DINNER 1.25 OR A LA CARTE

DANCING 7 TO 1 Before and after the Play  
CONSTANTINO PREPARES 4 CHRISTOPHER  
CANAPÉ FOUR TREES STREET  
NEAR 6 AVE.



## WHERE TO SHOP

Buried beneath the effervescent spirit of holly, mistletoe and red jacketed minions of the charity organizations, bumping along the avenue between Mrs. Van Dyme of the upper Sixties and Mrs. Peter Brown of East Orange may be found that unfortunate and unguided shopper who has neglected to take a Christmas compass bearing from these columns.

### Antiques

**HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE** or modern jewelry and silverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 709 Lexington Ave., Regent, 3448.

### Arts and Crafts

**ENCOURAGE THE AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN** by buying handwoven or decorated textiles, potteries, metals and glass. Gowns, decorative hangings, gifts.

**Beatcrafts-Skylight Shop**  
7 East 39th St., N. Y. C.

**SILHOUETTES BY BEATRIX SHERMAN** Family groups or singly for framing and Christmas Cards. Decorative silhouettes of dancing and old fashioned figures 50c. a set. Studio 102 W. 57th St. Telephone mornings, Circle 8177

### Miniatures

Your favorite photograph, painted in water color on ivory. Inquiries given prompt attention. Edward Hauser, 15 East 26th Street, N. Y. City

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**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

**FOSTER'S MODERN BRIDGE TACTICS** by R. F. Foster. The latest theories of Bidding and Play explained by the well-known authority. Illustrated. \$2.00—Dodd, Mead & Co.

### Bags and Novelties

**IRENE PENN BAG IMPORTER** Latest creations direct from Paris, 7 Rue De Metz. Your worn bags, repaired by us, look like new. 562 Madison Ave., bet. 55 & 56 Sts. Tel. Plaza 4987

### Beauty Culture

**ROSE LAIRD**  
**The SALON FOR SKIN AND SCALP CULTURE**  
17 East 48th Street. (Near Fifth Avenue)  
NEW YORK  
Telephone Murray Hill 5657 and 6795

**Holmes Sisters Wonderful Secret "Pac Vetable"**  
Cleanses and Purifies the Skin  
Administered Solely By Them  
517 Madison Avenue. Phone 4974 Plaza

**TRICHO SYSTEM OF TREATMENT FOR THE** Permanent removal of Superfluous Hair was awarded Grand Prix at Paris. Booklet No. 22 free.  
**TRICHO**, 270 Madison Ave., N. Y.

**HAIR CUTTING AND PERMANENT WAVING** by Parisian expert. Individual lines studied.  
**LOUISE BERTHELON**  
48 East 49th St. Murray Hill 2768

**ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR?** Find the cause, apply right treatment. Your hair will grow. Write for leaflet.  
**Dr. Robinson** 1440 Broadway, at 40th St.

### Books

**HOYT CASE** 21 East 61st Street  
Modern First Editions and Fine Books. Catalogs upon request. Telephone Regent 4468

### Children's Things

**MISS L. BROGAN**, 27 East 54th St., New York. Tel. Plaza 7280. Exceptionally attractive infants' & children's clothes, negligees & boudoir accessories. Palm Beach. New Orleans.

### Flesh Reduction

**Lackawanna 1936-1986** 128 West 34th St.  
**ANA de ROSALES**  
(Opposite Macy's)  
**REDUCING REMODELING REJUVENATING**  
Look Young Be Young

### Footwear

**CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY**  
Winter Garden Building  
Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878

### Furs

**Beautiful Fur Coats from \$60.**  
Slightly used samples sacrificed.  
Fur Jaquettes \$35. Fur Scarfs \$12.  
Sydell Benson, 29 West 48th St., N. Y.

### Gifts

**XMAS GIFTS OF DISTINCTION—Xmas Cards**  
Handmade, Imported and Domestic  
Handwrought jewelry by individual craftsmen.  
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### Golf School

**EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY WELL-KNOWN** professionals. Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Hand-made clubs and accessories. Clubs repaired.  
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**DOUCETTE MODELS** 158 West 44th Street  
"Do Say" Snappy Styles. Estimate Gowns. Your own material if desired. Special attention given to Theatrical Clientele. New Models.

### Hats

**ELIZABETH SCHOEN**  
Hats with Character at moderate prices. Original designs and foreign reproductions, also reconstructions  
16 East 8th Street Spring 5017

### Health Service

**Health and strength restored, fat reduced,** quickly, through Chiropractic Health Service. Fees moderate. Consultation free. 12 years' practice.  
**Dr. Sauchelli** 47 W. 43rd St. V'bilt 2218

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**TOWN & COUNTRY HOUSES** charmingly decorated and tastefully furnished within your means. Lamp shades to order. Mail orders.  
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**D. VELTRY, 425 Fifth Avenue,** opposite Lord & Taylor's, specializes in the best, in Women's Suits, Coats, Dresses and Riding Habits. Furs, new and remodeled. Mail Orders. Caledonia 7111.

**J. Tuzsoll, 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

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**A NEW WOMEN'S SHOP DISPLAYING A CHARMING** assortment of fine hand-made Lingerie and Negligees. Models on display and special orders taken. Annette Hamilton, 35 West 8th Street.

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**OLD MAPS, PRINTS, COSTUME BOOKS** for COLLECTOR AND DECORATOR  
ANTIQUES  
**MARTHA MORGAN, 120 E. 57th St. Plaza 0019**

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**Stationery New Process Engraving Name address** 75 sheets, 75 envelopes. Superfine Ripple hand deckle 6 1/4 x 8 1/4 folded or 10 1/4 x 7 1/4 single. A choice of \$3.00.  
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### Tea Room

**A Real Home-Cooked Dinner** \$1.00 and \$1.25, also a la carte.  
Luncheon and afternoon tea  
**Dorothy McLaury, 10 East 50th St.**

**THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS**  
 BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY  
**Androcles and the Lion**  
**Klaw Theatre**  
 45th St., W. of B'way.  
 Eves. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

**GUILD THEATRE**  
 52nd St., W. of B'way  
 Evenings 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.  
**MOLNAR'S**  
**Glass Slipper**

**Garrick Theatre**  
 65 W. 35th St. Eves. 8:30.  
 Matines Thursday & Saturday.  
 Bernard Shaw's Comedy  
**ARMS AND THE MAN**  
 with Alfred Lunt, Lynn  
 Fontanne.

**CASINO** 39th & B'way. Evgs. 8:30.  
 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30  
 in Russell Janney's  
 Musical Sensation.  
**Dennis King**  
**Vagabond King**  
 Founded on McCarthy's "If I were King."  
 Music by RUDOLF FRIML

**Imperial** The., 45th St., W. of B'y. Evs.  
 8:25. Mats. Wed & Sat., 2:30.  
**2ND YEAR**  
**ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN**  
 PRESENTS THE BIGGEST MUSICAL HIT  
 EVER PRODUCED IN AMERICA  
**ROSE-MARIE**

**Century** THEA., 62nd St. and Cent.  
 Park West. Evenings 8:25.  
 Matinees Wednesday & Saturday, 2:30.  
 THE "PERFECT" OPERETTA  
**PRINCESS FLAVIA**  
 Musical Version of  
**The Prisoner of Zenda**

HENRY W. SAVAGE and A. H. WOODS  
 offer  
**"STOLEN FRUIT"**

A Drama by Daño Niccodemi  
 with Ann Harding, Rollo Peters, Harry  
 Beresford, Felix Krems  
 Thea. 236 W. 42d. St. Eves. 8:40.  
 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.

**Eltinge**  
**Morosco** THEA., W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30.  
 Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30.  
 THE DRAMATIC SENSATION  
**CRAIG'S WIFE**  
 By GEORGE KELLY.  
 With CRYSTAL HERNE.

**LYCEUM** Thea., W. 45 St., Eves. 8:30.  
 Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30.  
**IRENE BORDONI**  
 in "NAUGHTY CINDERELLA"  
 AVERY HOPWOOD'S NEW SONG FARCE

Arthur Hopkins  
 Presents  
**Laurette Taylor**  
 in Phillip Barry's New Comedy  
**"IN A GARDEN"**  
 Plymouth, W. 45 St. Mats. Thurs. and Sat.

"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"  
 These Are a Few of the Recent Ones  
 Best Worth While

NOVELS

**FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY**, by Elmer Davis (*McBride*). A Manhattan Night's Entertainment, involving a supper club, a liberal journal's painful "angel", some loft-robbing yeggs, etc.  
**MANHATTAN TRANSFER**, by John Dos Passos (*Harper*). Wonderful as a cross, and even hateful, section of Manhattan life since 1900.  
**NO MORE PARADES**, by Ford Madox Ford (*A. & C. Boni*). Tietjens of "Some Do Not . . ." in France in uniform. The writing of a novel isn't done much better than Ford does it.

**THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL**, by Ruth Suckow (*Knopf*). Miss Marjorie Schoessel of Buena Vista, Ia., her parents, her playmates and schoolmates, her "lovely training" for a career, and her marriage.

**PORGY**, by Du Bose Heyward (*Doran*). A sequence of strong, vivid sketches of some negroes, and a hurricane.

**THUNDER ON THE LEFT**, by Christopher Morley (*Doubleday, Page*). Describable as searching domestic comedy enveloped in a fantasy. Its finesse may remind you, vaguely, of Katherine Mansfield's.

**FRAULEIN ELSE**, by Arthur Schnitzler (*Simon & Schuster*). Mental monologue of a naturally disastrous girl overwhelmed by a dilemma. Good for an hour's diversion after dinner.

**FABER**, by Jacob Wassermann (*Harcourt, Brace*). Or, When Sacred Becomes Profane Love—in a marriage interrupted by the war. A powerful novel notably bare of furnishing and ornament.

**CLOSED ALL NIGHT** and **LEWIS AND IRENE**, by Paul Morand (*Boni & Liveright*). Respectively, the better set of short stories, and a short novel, by this fascinating young Frenchman.

**KRAKATIT**, by Karel Capek (*Macmillan*). A rather Wellsian, scientific romance combined with rather Wellsian fantasy and parable; the fantasy has a freedom of Capek's own. He wrote "R. U. R."

**THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW**, by Elinor Wylie (*Doran*). Delicate and beautiful eighteenth-century fantasy, with irony. Cabell likes it very much, and so should all good Cabellians.

GENERAL

**THE DRIFTING COWBOY**, by Will James (*Scribner's*). Text and pictures by and about a real present-day cowboy.

**AARON BURR**, by Samuel H. Wendell and Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). Two volumes. Life and times of a mysterious and amazing little man in whose sanity a door may have swung open.

**THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE**, VOL. III, by Burton J. Hendrick (*Doubleday, Page*). Contains Page's letters from the American embassy in London to Woodrow Wilson.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER FAMOUS AMERICANS** (*Knopf*). Caricatures by Covarrubias; and **THE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALS** (*Viking Press*). Respectively for discerning eyes and ears.

SEASONAL ITEM

Glen Ridge, East Orange, New Rochelle  
 Now are busy raising hell  
 In the big department stores  
 Where the matrons flock in scores.  
 Well, I hope they break their backs  
 Or at Macy's, or at Saks.

Where Fashionable  
 New York Learns  
 the Latest Steps—



The smartest steps originate in the studio of the Vanderbilt's instructor. Arthur Murray was selected to teach the U. S. Naval Academy dancing masters and the National Institute.

Mr. Murray has just returned from Paris with the New French Tango. To inaugurate his new studio the tuition fees have been greatly reduced.

**ARTHUR MURRAY**  
 7 East 43rd Street, N. Y. C. Vanderbilt 1773

The RESTAURANTS  
 of NEW YORK  
 by George S. Chappell

All the unique eating places—  
 East Side, West Side, Harlem and  
 Greenwich Village—described by  
 an authority. 1.50

**Greenberg, Inc., Publisher**  
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FOR CHRISTMAS

You are invited to a special showing of  
**VIOLETTE'S MOUCHOIR CASES** and  
**SACHETS**  
 and **NOË JOHNSON'S** Unusual Christmas Cards  
 on Hand-made Papers. At Moderate Prices.  
 4 EAST 36th STREET

¶ *The Actors' Theatre* Presents  
**"MORALS,"** a comedy by Ludwig  
 Thoma, translated and adapted by  
 Charles Rechi, acting version by Sidney  
 Howard, staged by Dudley Digges. At  
 Comedy Theatre, W. 41st St., Penn.  
 3558. Mats. Wednesday and Saturday.

BROADWAY'S FUNNIEST COMEDY

**BUTTER AND EGG**  
 with GREGORY KELLY.

**LONGACRE** West 48th St. Eves. 8:30.  
 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30.  
**BEST BALCONY SEATS at BOX OFFICE**

**HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE**  
 124 W. 43 St.  
 Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30.  
**THE SENSATION OF NEW YORK**  
**The VORTEX** Noel  
 Coward's  
 Success  
 With Mr. COWARD & LILLIAN BRAITH-  
 WAITE in the leading roles.

DEAREST ENEMY

The Exquisite Musical Success with  
**HELEN FORD** and **CHARLES PURCELL**  
**KNICKERBOCKER TH.**, B'y & 39th St. (Dir.  
 A. L. Erlanger.) Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

4th Year—**ANNE NICHOLS'**—4th Year  
**ABIE'S IRISH ROSE**

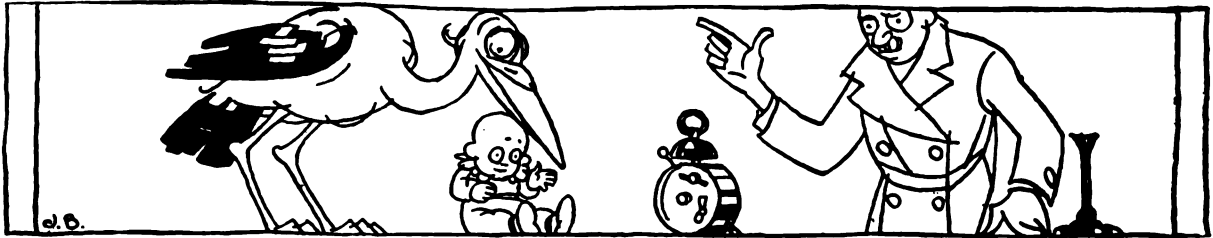
**REPUBLIC**  
 42d St., W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30.  
 Mats. Wed. & Sat.



# THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

XVII. THE NEW YORKER'S Chart Room



Proving that a new subscriber to THE NEW YORKER is born every minute. Herein may be seen one of the newest, with eyes wide open and arms eagerly outstretched to receive his first copy of the magazine.

IT is estimated roughly that a new subscriber is added to THE NEW YORKER every minute. For example, although there were only 8,657,000 subscribers when this first paragraph began, yet before it is finished there will be at least 8,657,001. This only goes to show how important this first paragraph is, since it has already raised the actual number of subscribers to this magazine to 8,657,002. One moment. 8,657,003.\*

With a subscription list that increases at such a terrific rate, it is apparent that the task of keeping any adequate record of the increasing subscribers must be a staggering one. Add to this the enormous circulation of THE NEW YORKER in foreign countries (the distribution among visiting New Yorkers in Paris last Summer being well over four million) and you may form some conception of the work of Mr. Eustace Tilley, THE NEW YORKER'S representative in charge of Circulation and Statistics.

In a gigantic Chart Room, covering an entire floor of THE NEW YORKER Building at 25 West Forty-fifth Street, or eight city blocks, an accurate record is kept minute by minute of the increase in circulation.

(\* In fact, by the time you have read this foot-note it will be 8,657,004.—Ed.)

The rise and fall of subscriptions, closings in the foreign market, surplus copies, and weather conditions along the Middle Atlantic sea-board are all indicated on what is perhaps the most elaborate graph chart in existence. (It is over 700,000 square feet in area and is played with small colored chips, like Parcheesi.)

An explanation of the operation of this gigantic graph chart may show how detailed is the organization of Mr. Tilley's Department. As soon as a subscription to THE NEW YORKER arrives, a red plug is thrust in the lower right hand corner, under "Ice Water", and the second button from the left is advanced two inches and the waist taken in. At the same time a line is drawn from A diagonally to F. This, of course, necessitates shifting the entire chart three inches higher, and building a new ceiling. Forty-three experts now set out to plot the hyperbola, which they presently discover to have risen considerably, followed by light showers and clearing. The short thick line (M-N) advances forward from this point to L, where it disappears behind a cloud, and a dotted line indicates the course of the ball to the 30-yard line, where it is recovered by Princeton's backfield. Meantime, the hyperbola, disguised as Mr. Punch, advances rapidly to the highest point (Pike's

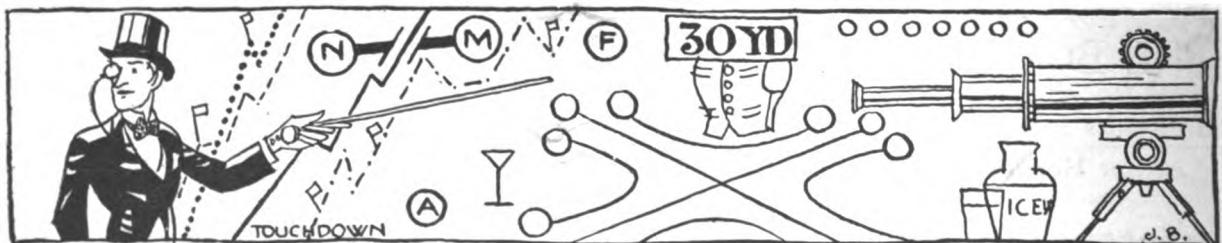
Peak) where it halts and looks about. Or just about. The market closes at par.

This chart is now sent downstairs to be framed and hung in the Editor's office, along with the subscription coupon, in order to keep the circulation records accurate. Mr. Tilley puts the five dollar bill in his pocket.

In addition, in order to bring the problem home to the public, a huge exhibit is maintained night and day on lower Broadway, where the *Aquatoria* is propped up on end, beside the Woolworth Tower and an enormous ear of corn representing the annual output of the state of Kansas, in order to show clearly how the weekly circulation of THE NEW YORKER would compare in size if the copies had been piled one atop another, confusing traffic even further.

THE NEW YORKER is constantly seeking to regulate its subscription list, and is rapidly enlisting its readers in this work. In order to simplify matters Mr. Tilley has offered a standard circulation coupon on a neighboring page which may be filled out and returned with \$5.00, making the reader a Subscriber.

As a special offer, readers filling out and returning *ten* of these coupons may order THE NEW YORKER sent to nine of their friends as Christmas presents.



Mr. Eustace Tilley, General Manager of Circulation Morale, explains how to make a field goal with a five spot when your partner holds ace, queen, and deuce in the trump suit, and the ticker misspells Locarno.

# The Romance of Old Spain!

*Revealed in the Exotic Fragrance of this New Face Powder*

CASTLES and castinets, the lilt of gypsy song and the smile of senoritas will greet you when the lid of this intriguing box is lifted. Diffused by the softest of powder—to caress the cheek of the woman who appreciates a *difference* in toiletries!

Terri Face Powder fulfills the most exacting requirements of quality and texture. Its application brings a velvet smoothness—it clings longer—and retains its fascinating fragrance. This perfect powder in the most unusual of boxes awaits your approval at your favorite shop—or you may send \$1.50 to Dept. 102 direct. Shades: Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Spanish Rachel.

**TERRI, Inc., 4 WEST 40th ST., NEW YORK CITY**

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

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**When the second act has come to an end—and the curtain is rung down amidst whirling applause—when you mingle outside with the excited throngs in the lobby—have a Camel!**



WHEN the thrilling second act of the best show of the year has just come to an end. And the stars have taken their curtain calls in answer to round after round of applause. When you join the crowds outside just as pleased and thrilled as yourself—*have a Camel!*

For no other friend is so cheerful, so resting between acts as Camel. Camel adds its own romantic glamour to the brightness of memorable occasions. No other cigarette ever made—and *kept*—so many friends. Camels never tire your taste no matter how liberally or zealously you smoke them. Camels never leave a cigaretty after-taste. All the desire to please, all the skill to serve of the largest tobacco organization in the world, goes into this one cigarette.

So when you leave the theatre pleased and inspired for greater things, when you see life's problems and their solutions clearer—lift the flame and taste the mellowest smoke that ever came from a cigarette.

*Have a Camel!*



*Into the making of this one cigarette goes all of the ability of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men. Nothing is too good for Camels. The choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The most skilful blenders. The most scientific package. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No better cigarette can be made. Camels are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.*

*Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

