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THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents





ABOVE—*The start of the expedition*
RIGHT—*Civilization follows the flag*

Into Darkest Tennessee!

With THE NEW YORKER'S Extraordinary
Explorational Expedition!

FAR to the South of Manhattan, invisible even to the eagle-eyed argus who mans Ambrose Lightship, lies an unknown terrain, a land rich in cobalt, cocoa, copra and cole slaw, yet one to which even the most primitive form of civilization has never penetrated—*Tennessee!*

Tennessee!!! But a few scant weeks ago not one in 876 Americans, it may safely be assumed without fear of successful contradiction, was aware even of the existence of these broad, bounding, billowing acres, this vast uncharted natural wealth, these immense but unplumbed resources.

But then arose in America a *man*, a pioneer, a Daniel Boone of a more modern day! William Jennings Bryan! Fateful figure, disciple of destiny, who has written his name into the history of his country in bold letters as he who first had the hardihood to throw in the teeth of a skeptical world the positive assertion that *human life exists even in Tennessee!*

The revolutionary effect of this radical statement shook the civilized world, and THE NEW YORKER, ever in the van in projects for the advancement of science, has equipped an explorational party, the valiant members of which are even now standing on the brink of that gigantic abyss which separates the known from the unknown.

Whether this hardy little band of adventurers will ever again emerge from the impenetrable mass of jungles, the desolate waste of swamp land that is Tennessee is a matter that lies in the laps of the gods. But if they forfeit their lives, they will at least know that they have sacrificed them in the cause of progress.

Countless thousands lined the sidewalks of New York and crowded the seawall of the battery, cheering themselves hoarse, as Lionel Macfadden, leader of THE NEW YORKER expedition, stepped to the gunwales of the municipal fireboat Edwin Franko Goldman, chartered for the first stage of the journey, and waved a brave farewell.

"Friends," said Corporal Macfadden, "—for I may call you friends, may I not?—in this moment of departure I have but one thought—God save America and preserve the best mayor who ever gave a great city seven years of progress." At this point, overcome by emotion, Macfadden was unable to continue and was replaced by the Four Marx Brothers who rendered, in pantomime, "Tennessee, I Hear You Callin' Me."

The Edwin Franko Goldman deposited its precious cargo at Rahway, N. J., whence the party proceeded to Atlantic Highlands, where a brief but satisfactory stop was made for camels and other supplies. From there the route is as follows: Guttenberg, N. J.; Punxsutawney, Pa.; Baltimore (& Ohio), Md.; back to Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Ogunquitt, Me.; Pikeville, Ky., and thence into—

Tennessee!

As may readily be comprehended, the cost of financing such an expedition is stupendous. Setting aside the five-cent fare extorted by the Interests for transportation to the Battery, the camels themselves cost \$1.60 a pound on the hoof, \$1.10 for preferred cuts, 15 cents a package, or \$1.35 a carton, with ten certificates on Saturdays and Sundays. An additional item of expense is the charge of the native guides, or "Georges" as they are known in the vernacular of the region, each of whom demands at least 25 cents, or more, if called upon to carry heavy bags. There are, too, such incidentals as chocolates and magazines on the trains, weighing machines at station platforms, orange drink stands and what not.

THE NEW YORKER cordially enlists your aid. Five dollars will not only bring the Promised Land of Tennessee closer to civilization, but it will also bring this Epitome of Enlightenment to you for a year. The address—although of course it is silly to give it, since it is already world famous—is 25 West Forty-fifth Street.



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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Commemoration

THE radio loudspeaker snarled with static, although not so loudly but that the voice coming from it, deep and reverent, could be heard. The words of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address rolled on, as they were read to the thousands assembled in the amphitheatre of the Arlington National Cemetery for the Memorial Day services.

"We are met to dedicate a portion of this field as a final resting place" . . . the words came through. "It is altogether fitting and proper. . . . But in a larger sense. . . . The world will little know, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget. . . ."

Above the booming voice and the harsher static rose a sharper, shriller, more insistent note, drowning all else; the buzz of commercial wireless. A gentleman who had served as a wireless operator in the navy during the war interpreted the message with a quizzical smile.

"Offered eighty-five thousand thirty cash advise," he said, solemnly.

The sharp sputter subsided and the voice from Arlington was heard again . . . "Shall not perish from the earth."

Pride of Name

IT develops that Mr. William Randolph Hearst was not wholly in accord with the editors of his magazines as to the ultimate fate of that monthly journal which dauntlessly flaunted his name to the world. He agreed to consolidate it with *Cosmopolitan*, which is a matter of record, but consolidation did not mean to him what certain of his subordinates had hoped; that is, complete submergence.

When the word finally came forth from California

that Mr. Hearst had consented to end *Hearst's Magazine* as a separate, and costly entity, gay souls at 119 West Fortieth Street forthwith went into conference on the form of the cover for the combined monthly. Under instructions, the artist produced a telling design, whereupon the name *Cosmopolitan* was flung in high letters across the top. Remembering the style set by a more experienced combiner of periodicals, a small panel was left blank for minute lettering of

some such message as that the amalgamated magazine would retain the best features of each.

Unfortunately, when this proposed cover was shown to Mr. Hearst, so report has it, the publisher made an ascent so truly vertical as to be of great interest to the experimental branch of the Army Air Service. Nothing like this at all, he said on landing again; nothing at all.

A new design had to be formed. Presses waited; airplanes whirled to California and returned with proofs; minor dignitaries chafed, and occasionally shivered, in the ornate offices on West Fortieth street. Eventually the chief's assent was given. The printers stirred to action and presently the approved cover blossomed on the newsstands of the nation; where, lo, *Hearst's* name led all the rest, even so high

sounding a one as *Cosmopolitan*.

The Higher Learning

BUSINESS, it becomes more and more apparent each day, is business; and nowhere more so than in our higher institutions of learning. We are not referring now to such accepted commercial incidents to education as wheedling reluctant millions from to-be-degreed millionaires, but to practices evidenced by



"Brother, thy tail hangs down behind."
—Kipling

the procedure of a branch of learning conducted under the auspices, and presumably with the approval of Columbia University, which was once King's College.

It is to Mr. W. T. Brownell, who bears the title of General Sales Manager—odd title in connection with an educational institution—of the Home Study Department, that Columbia University is indebted for its introduction to the methods of Babbitry, Kiwanism and High Pressure Salesmanship. This has been effected in connection with the course in banking practices offered by Columbia, for the placement of which, among the banks of the country, Mr. Brownell recruited a corps of salesmen. These unfortunates were required to memorize twenty-two typewritten pages of selling argument, which, probably to lessen the hurt to their dignity, was called a "standard presentation."

Quite an interesting formula this "standard presentation" offered. There were sentences noted with such instructions as: omit if talking to an individual; include when speaking to the president of the bank; omit if talking to prospective student. There were arguments plausibly designed to impress small town banks with the absolute need for following after the lead of New York financial institutions. There were shrewd bids to the unsuspecting ambition of individual employes. There were convenient arrangements whereby boards of directors might be induced to vote payment of a portion of the fees for a number of employes, thereby placing these latter in the unenviable position of having to advance the remainder of the sums due, or to brand themselves to their superiors as unambitious louts.

Altogether, a lovely scheme, although more worthy, one would think, of a stock selling campaign than of the dignity one is accustomed to associate with such an institution of higher learning as Columbia.

Scientific Item

AFFIDAVITS attesting the truth of the following furnished on request.

A doctor and a nurse from a hospital in the Columbus Circle district were walking down Broadway one evening lately. They passed an itinerant vendor of magazines, who approached them in the listless manner of his kind.

"Birth Control Review?" he inquired, defensively.

The doctor glanced at the nurse; and the nurse glanced at the physician, whereupon the latter drew himself up to full stature and dignity.

"Certainly not," he replied, in icy tones. "This lady is head nurse in the maternity ward of my hospital and I'm chief obstetrician."

Pioneer in Art

HERR KARL LOEVENICH reverses somewhat the conventional order of things. He finds old masterpieces in American garrets and junkshops and

sells them back to the Old World whence they came. How far is this system departed from the former mode only an art expert might tell. The layman, in his ignorance, is aware only that, until Herr Loevenich, all art scouting was done in the opposite direction. If any buying was done, we did it. If any discoveries were made, Europe was the scene.

Not so Herr Loevenich. The unsatisfactory character of the war's conclusion found this young German destitute, with debts of his own in addition to his per capita share of the Fatherland's consequential obligations. So he and his bride set sail for these shores and Loevenich found occupation as assistant to a well known dentist on Fifth Avenue. Dentistry leaves little enough time for art, but this little was enough for Herr Loevenich. At auctions, storerooms and such odd places he found many valuable paintings, the true worth of which our vicarious culture was not quite equal to appreciating. Experimentally, he bought a few and sent them over to France and Germany where their merit was recognized and paid for. Then he surrendered his aspirations toward dentistry and began to devote the whole of his time to restoring to Europe for trifling sums wonderful pictures which had been brought away from there, in earlier epochs, by our wealthy art collectors.

Some of his more noteworthy discoveries include a painting of Washington at Yorktown with La Fayette in the background, by the German artist Leutze. Leutze also painted Washington crossing the Delaware (really the Rhine) which hangs in the Metropolitan museum here. Herr Loevenich also retrieved Sir Peter Lely's Nell Gwynn at an auction for \$7.50. His profit on this transaction was \$992.50. Herr Loevenich's latest turnover is Feuerbach's painting of his model, Nanna. He bought it for \$75 from a man who rented it as a motion picture "prop." The Gallerie Casparie in Germany paid \$15,000 for it.

By this means Europe not only is getting back some of its pictures, but a European is getting quite predatorily rich on the process. Some satirist will hear about this sooner or later and enjoy the heartiest breakfast he has had in months.

Lucrative Endorsing

INTELLIGENT and attractive young ladies might do much worse, in casting about for a life's work, than to consider the profession of royalty. The social position assured the occupant is fairly good and, although the salary is not always what one might ask, an up-and-coming person may profit com-

fortably from incidental sources of revenue. Such, for instance, as those found by the Queen of Rumania, who was persuaded by Miss Zoe Beckley to write that series of articles for newspapers which are appearing currently, in this city, in the *World*. Her Majesty also received a tidy piece of money for endorsing,



The Rise and Fall of Man**Primate****Neanderthal Man****Socrates****W.J. Bryan**

under the royal signature, a certain facial cream much favored by young ladies in the great Middle West, where men are men.

This same facial cream concern, an advertising friend informs us, has dispatched an emissary to the Court of Spain. Object: to persuade Queen Victoria to lend her endorsement, and photograph, to the advertising of the cosmetic item already so heartily approved by her sister of Rumania. The ambassador for the occasion is the society editor of a daily newspaper, whose entrée is unquestioned here. Yet, they are a bit conservative at the court of His Majesty, and the unofficial diplomat may encounter difficulties.

THESE searches for endorsements from the highest are not confined to Europe. Alice Roosevelt, known in some circles as Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, is reported to have succumbed to the lure of the facial cream. The sum mentioned is five thousand dollars. There will be a photograph of Princess Alice and, one hears, a statement of what she owes to the beneficent workings of the cream in question. She will be in good company, for Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, Mrs. Marshall Field and Lady Diana Duff-Cooper have appeared already, among others.

Of Mrs. Field it is said that she refused flatly to entertain the proposal at first and only consented, most reluctantly, when the solicitor, a girl, tearfully said that her job would be forfeit if she was not successful in obtaining the endorsement. Then, together with her agreement, Mrs. Field gave the girl the amount offered by the company for her portrait and signature.

Note on a Passing

JOEL'S has closed; perhaps the last of the older order of restaurants, whose hosts were individuals, not corporations. It was never a gaudy, nor a gilt-edged establishment, that one on Forty-first street, with its green-tinted door; and its heydays were ten, or even fifteen years behind when it surrendered to the inevitable.

But it did know heydays, such as would lead a profitable procession of American tourists to visit it still if Joel's were in Paris, or London, instead of a few doors west of the second-hand clothing marts of Seventh avenue; and how picturesque, by the way, these would be in, for instance, Vienna.

There was in Joel's on the night it closed, the table at which Sidney Porter used to sit, back to the window, looking on life. And another that knew the young Booth Tarkington many a long night years ago. The older Mark Twain looked in occasionally. Alfred Vanderbilt was a patron in those times when it was the thing to stay up all night on the eve of a Vanderbilt Cup race and drive through the greying dawn to the Jericho turnpike to look on the daring of Barney Oldfield and his ilk.

George Luks was seen there often, and Alan Dale when his caustic comments were feared far more than the ponderous pronouncements of the venerable William Winter, another patron of Joel's. It was, too, a favorite resort for earnest Mexican revolutionists before that nation substituted the ballot for the bullet in presidential elections. This last, probably, because Joel Rinaldo served admirable *chili con carne* when that dish was almost unknown elsewhere in New York.

THERE is a new Russian Eagle, this time on West Fifty-seventh street, next door to Chalif's. It is a cooperative enterprise, as was the last, forty partners participating. One familiar is missing, The General, who has taken his Slavic dignity to Hollywood and the movies; and taken, also, they say, a comfortable profit garnered from the sale of the lease of the former establishment, which he held.

Each partner contributed to the new Russian Eagle whatever he could, being helped by a generous sum from the purse of Prince Felix Youssouppoff, the erstwhile owner of the two Widener Rembrandts. The house was decorated hurriedly for the opening and not without difficulties, for the forty partners take seniority according to their former military rank under the Czar. Thus, a colonel who superintended the decoration of one room and fixed upon a pale shade of blue was overruled, after completion of the work, by a general whose sense of the aesthetic told him that red was the proper color.

On the opening night, about a fortnight ago, Grand Duke Boris entertained a party of eight in the French room and yielded either to democracy or langour sufficiently to wear sack clothes. The particular high spot of the occasion was furnished by a lady who, acting in quite pre-Volsteadian manner, yet insisted to all interested, and to several who were not, that she needed no liquor to be gay, since she came, she said, from "Lansing, Michigan, where they raise the dick-

ens all the time." Nobody present claimed Dubuque as home; not audibly, at any rate.

THERE are, it should be made widely known, numerous situations in life for which there are no established rules of behavior. What to do, for instance, when an airplane in which one is a passenger suddenly begins to drop?

Edwin Justus Mayer, playwright and boulevardier, is the first subject whom History has undertaken to record in such a predicament. An eye-witness recently returned from foreign parts has supplied the essential data.

Mr. Mayer, not particularly a friend of airplanes, was reluctantly lured recently into one that left Paris for London. Mid-way across the Channel, according to the story, it fell—one hundred feet, the story says, so it was probably ten.

Mr. Mayer, stirred to action, rose to his feet and reached for that absolute necessity, his hat.

Oddities

IT was a flashing car; a Pierce-Arrow limousine to be exact. The chauffeur's waxed mustache was a thing of glory, and of art. He might have been a foreign count. Possibly he was, thought many a sighing shopgirl on noonday promenade along the Avenue. The two German police dogs perched on the seat beside the driver were true aristocrats. One might not have been impelled to say the same for the two blondes lolling behind, but one reflected, nevertheless, that they must have come from, or into, a wealthy family. Probably the latter. All this before the limousine passed along and revealed, below the spare tires, the tell-tale omnibus license. It was a hired car and so, too, it was learned later, were the police dogs hired. Quite a thriving trade of the kind exists these days.

ONE hostess in town, at least, has solved what has been for some years an embarrassing problem. Whenever one of her friends is put on a diet by a physician, she requests a copy of the diet list. Thus she is able to ask, for a bridge luncheon, those of her friends who have received the same interdictions as to food; and the menu worry which had been so aggravating is no more.

MOST disturbing of all cries, for the native New Yorker, is that of the Fifth Avenue bus conductor:

"Hundred an' Thirty-fifth street. Change for uptown."

MODERN art, it would seem, has seized upon the perpendicular expression of The Spirit of the Age, if such there be. America still produces the highest (we say it advisedly) in modern architecture,

and Paris, as we have heard once or twice, evolves the *ne peut plus* in modern costume. Both have claimed the perpendicular for their own.

Observe, as a seeker after truth, the full back view of Lynn Fontanne's latest gown in "The Guardsman." Compare its silhouette with that of the Bush Terminal Building. The composition is the same. All that is lacking is the lights, and Miss Fontanne's countenance is so glowing that one wouldn't want to be distracted by diamonds about her shoulders.



Or go into the streets and observe any trimly tailored damsel and compare the silhouette she affords with the Woolworth tower. If the damsel has the style sense to wear one of those peaked hats the silhouettes are identical. Same perpendiculars. Same narrowing to the top. The only point of difference is the base. The base of a skyscraper seen from a distance is visually immaterial, however solid it must be by nature of the laws of physics. But the base of the feminine silhouette, praise be, is not immaterial. Let us, there-

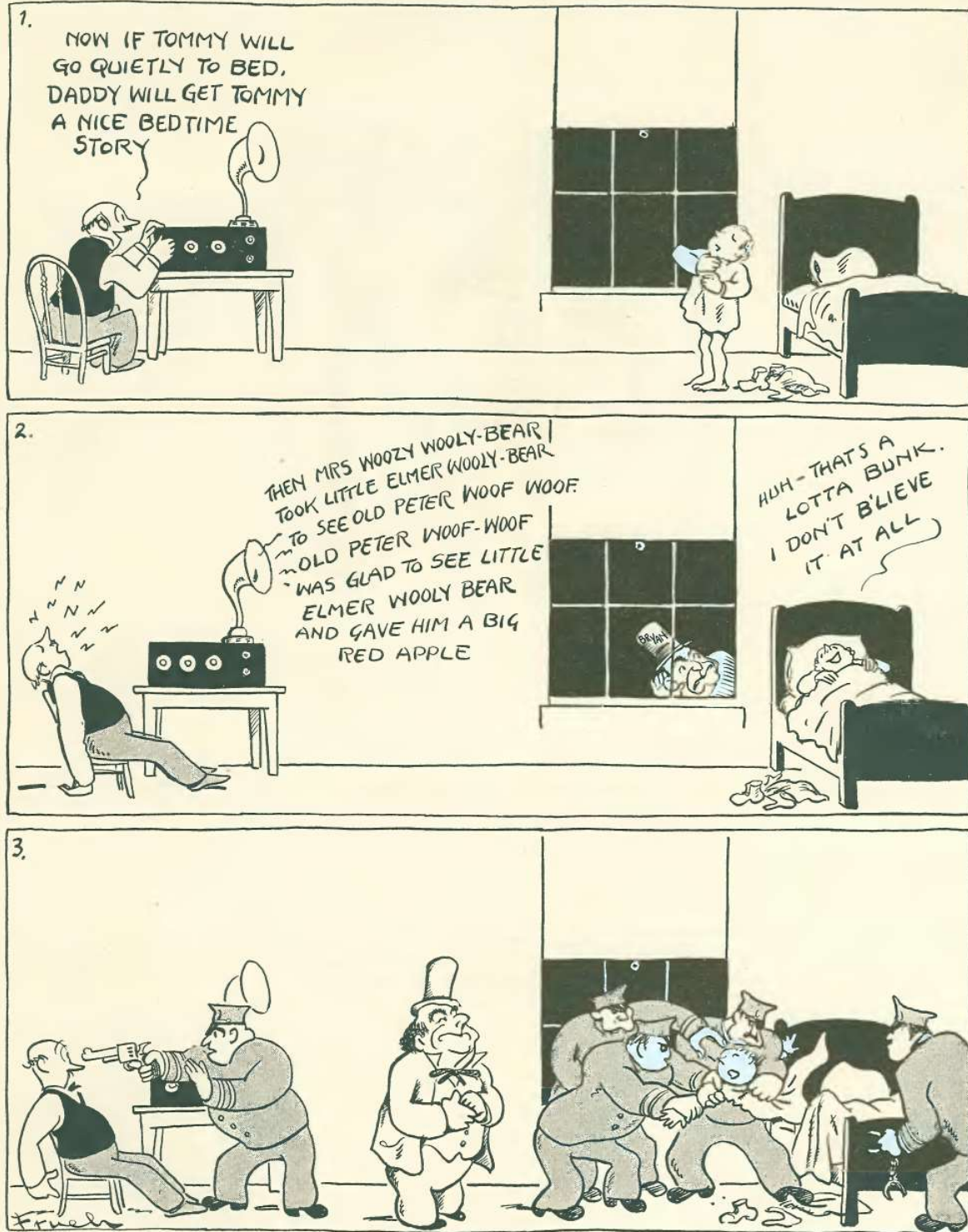
fore, trust makers of silk stockings and the Shoemakers Board of Trade to keep before our eyes this last remaining assertion of femininity in physique, though the opulent out-curves and the inviting in-curves of the higher woman be lost in the modern passion—or perhaps merely fashion—for the perpendicular.

And the next time that the uxorious male asks his spouse why she persists in wearing these dresses without incurve, waistline or belt let him answer himself with the philosophical proposition:

"Why is a Skyscraper?"

In Our Midst—and Out

GONE to the lands of good Americans: Mr. Paavo Nurmi and new yellow shoes. Lived here for seven dollars a day and left without imparting secret of how to do it. Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and son, Mr. George Hearst, for whom father founded the *Daily Mirror* as an ante-elopement gift. Mrs. George Hearst, also. Mr. Walter E. Frew, president of the Corn Exchange Bank. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh S. Fullerton, he of the editorial staff of *Liberty*. Mr. Gilbert Miller, producer, and Mr. Harry Frazee, theatre owner. Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, for rest from New York dramatic critics, and wife. Mr. Alexander Woollcott, for rest from British playwrights. Contract with the *World* signed. He starts in Fall. Miss Edna Ferber. May drop in on honeymooning F.P.A.'s. Miss Ruth Gordon. Mr. Eliot Wadsworth, Assistant Secretary of Treasury, escaping passport and vise fees. Dr. and Mrs. Roswell Miller, to join her mother, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, in Skibo Castle. Mrs. Holbrook Blinn. Mr. Vincent Youmans, vacationing on royalties accruing from score of "No, No, Nannette." Mr. and Mrs. George Ruppert, of baseball—formerly brewing—Rupperts. Mme. Alma

*The Heretic*

Clayburgh, concert singer, and daughter. Miss Mary Eaton and sister, Doris. Mrs. George Gould, of noted family of litigants. . . . Soon to follow, Miss Jeanne Eagels, to rest against next season's tour in "Rain." . . . Home in Mayfair with harsh words for America, Mr. Michael Arlen. Complaint about failure to black boots; or was it blacking? . . .

Here from Europe: Mr. George W. Wickersham, to face Washington's frowns because he men-

tioned war debts abroad. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid of the ambassadorial and journalistic Reids. Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse, jobless since the Nineteenth Amendment. Mr. Francis L. Wurzburg, Mr. Condé Nast's vice-president. Passed his boss in mid-ocean. Fraulein Luise Huber, sculptress from Munich. Mr. Frank W. Stearns, chief ear-to-grounder of present Administration. . . . Lately among us, Mr. Harry K. Thaw, noted butter-and-egg man. Much sought

"SOIR"

MADAME wishes——?"

"The Harrick, on Forty-fifth Street, if you please Gustav——"

"At once, Madame——"

Leaving Perri's on Park Avenue with effort the grand Renault swung her enormous length into Forty-fifth Street and shot west at the bidding of the green lights. With difficulty Gustav brought the powerful beast to a pause and she crouched, a purring monster, beneath the canopy of the Harrick Theatre. The Bassington-Greves descended, the door banged and Gustav was carried off by his restless charge.

The Bassington-Greves entered their box in time to see the indecent advances of a woman of thirty toward an ethereal young man whose profession was verse. Through two and a half acts they watched the decadent young man sing of his alabaster women with green eyes and ebony hair, and then decided that the atmosphere of the Vido was decidedly more entertaining. So with a nod here and there to acquaintances and friends, and with a mental notation of what was being worn in the matter of gowns, Mrs. Bassington-Greves preceded her husband to the motor. And right willingly the motor bore them up into the fifties to the entrance of the fashionable supper club.

And joining forces with a party of friends awaiting the Napoleonic dictates of Henri, Captain of the Waiters, they finally passed through rows of congested revellers to a far table, glowing white and crystal—a table far enough to permit unmolested indulgence in the lesser improprieties. And the decorations of blue and gold looked down at them and seemed to approve of the vividness of the play upon words. Anecdotes and scandal; literature and whisky; drama and the frocks of Poiret, Lanvin and the rest, all came up and as swiftly went down.

Then their attention was drawn to the center of the room, where, in a chrome yellow light, a young Spaniard was handling a lady, with a rose in her teeth, in a most familiar manner indeed. Brutally, he seized her by the waist and swung her away in a symmetric motion; then suddenly, for no apparent reason at all, he threw her to the floor and lit a cigarette. Instantly, he dashed the weed upon the floor, and seized the lady in a sophisticated grasp, and whirled her and whirled her, around the room; and the light turned red, and the light turned blue, and the Spaniard threw the lady on the floor once again. And of all the gallant young men, in this crowded

supper club, not a single one would rise and smite him a most awful blow upon the jaw! And the light turned green and the Spaniard grabbed the lady by the fragile wrist and dragged her from the room.

Everybody clapped and a few called "encore." And still they clapped and called "encore," and shortly the inconstant Spaniard came forth, affectionately leading his lady by the hand. He beamed gold teeth on the pale throats of the décolleté ladies and his little partner spread a row of perfect pearls. Amazing lady—she loved it!

The trumpet blared; the saxophone crooned and the audience rose and took to the dance. To the plaintive wails of the music they gently swayed to and fro. And it is to be joyed that our young men do not throw our exquisite ladies hither and yon, in the familiar manner of the Spaniards; for our night clubs have not adequate space for the promiscuous hurling of pretty women, whether they enjoy it or not!

The music ended and some called for further pleasures, but in the main they were satisfied, for dancing in a club in the city tremendous is an exhausting business, as of course you all know. One young man from the provinces became extremely conscious of his hands and his hard boiled bosom; but he vanished his misery in some excellent table water of a sparkling kind, and took to a vigorous applauding to employ his hands.

Demands were made of the orchestra for certain pieces; the orchestra responded and those who had come to sup and dance disported themselves in a graceful manner; kaleidoscope of color and bracelets of many jewels, the gifts of husbands, sons and many lovers.

If one friend takes another to her home, it is said of this action that one is "dropped" at one's home. So it is then, that the Bassington-Greves "drop" their friends, with treble cries of "Thanks for the lift!" and "Au revoir" and "Lunch with me to-morrow, if ever I wake in the morning"; and speed to a house in the belated sixties and fumble for keys, and strip their gloves, and finally gain admittance.

* * *

When the sun goes down in the west he only exhibits a childish inclination to play. And it makes not one whit of difference what Fauns may do with their Afternoons, nor mortals their Evenings, he never waits, this constant fellow who is always there and on time.—Noël Scott



IN THE MENAGERIE



WHEN I quit work for the day it was four o'clock. I started toward the Park. The streets were grimed, as if the incessant thresh of cars and men left a dull stain within them. I found myself at the entrance of the Zoo. Nursegirls and mothers sat in sparse groups on the benches; their children frisked as far away as they dared go. The women were motionless and heavy.

I stood before the iron grille behind which lived a family of bison. The day was very still. This world of animals, sluggish and museful, was more real than all the shuttling city.

I cropped a bunch of fresh grass and reached it between the bars. A bull and a cow bison ambled up to take my offering. The newborn calf sprawled after its mother. The family settled down near the grille. The two old ones tried to sleep. But the calf was wide awake, and full of questions.

"Where are we?" it asked its mother.

The mother bison shook her heavy head.

"We're in a desert."

The bull's little eyes blinked in their jungle of wool. His ears jerked. But he kept silent.

"Why are we in a desert?" said the youngster.

"Can't you see for yourself? You've been here two weeks! Haven't you learned yet to use your eyes? See how little grass there is? See how we're all alone? Now listen. Everything's silent, isn't it? Well, that's a desert."

The bull bison grunted.

"Why do you tell the kid such nonsense!" He shifted his great head toward the little one. "We're not in a desert at all. We're in a city—the biggest city there is."

"What is a city?"

"Your father's dreaming, my child. He sees things which are not. Listen to *me*, I'll tell you *facts*."

"What is facts?" said the calf.

The old man darted a heavy purple tongue to a stray peanut at his hoof. He was affecting indifference. He was getting irritated.

"Facts are: this place is empty," replied the mother. "And that's what *I* mean by a desert. Facts are: there are few living things around—and they're empty, too. They're starved. Look at those women. And *that's* what I mean by a desert."

"I don't see much," said the baby.

"There's nothing to see," she said. "I ought to know a desert. Don't I remember the plains? There are two worlds. Prairie—that's full of things; and this place that is all quiet and all empty."

The bull allowed his mighty head to sink in weariness to his forelegs.

"You ought to know better yourself!" his mate turned on him. And the calf pricked its ears, and

was happy. "You know the plains, too, don't you? Have you forgotten the plains? What of the nights on the plains? Aren't they alive? Don't the whole sky dance with stars?"

She paused. The bull bison shut his eyes and made as if he slept.

"Did you ever see anything like that in this *city* of yours? . . . Night's dead here. The moon's as weak as a starved nursling with a broken leg. Stars? A few of them, like fireflies in a drenching night."

"Well, what about the day," the old man blinked.

"What is day?" said the calf.

"This," came the mother's answer. "This is day. Well, what of it? Motor cars and buildings, just like the night. No different. That's all the people have to feed on. Everything, day and night, is dry and arid. And weak! The people are athirst."

From the neighboring house came the voice of a lion. It spoke with a liquid freedom against the unchanging murmur of the city. I rubbed my eyes. I had been working hard. And the nursegirls were dull. All feverish: none pretty. And the bison-talk was fetching. So far, so good. But I caught myself beginning to see sense in it! That would never do.

The bull raised himself. He was perturbed.

"Look here," he quavered. "You're talking a lot of nonsense. And since this child is going to have to spend the whole of his life right here—in this city, in this cage—I think you had better consider what you're saying. My dear," he sententiously addressed the calf, "this is the busiest spot on earth. And the people who live here are the most energetic of the world's most energetic animals."

The calf wagged his stub tail and swung its puppy head.

"Then why do we feel 'em so little? Why are they so far away?" the cow went on. "A camp of men in the plains—miles off—you'd feel 'em! They'd make your hoofs ache; they'd put panic in your legs. These people? I tell you, the motor cars are running 'em over. I tell you, those cold high houses are eating 'em up."

"You are simply behind the times," said the bull bison. "You can't understand this new world—this new life—which we are so fortunate to share."

There was a racket of wheels grinding the asphalt: a curved tail of rowdy boys on roller skates swooped down, solidified and broke as it collided with a cluster of gentle children frisking near the benches. An officer ran up. His club worked like a magic wand above the scrimmage. It was purified of its rough elements: it became a handful of weeping boys and girls who looked on their bruised fineries and tried courageously to laugh at what had happened. The rowdies had scuttled like rats.

The family of bison did not stir. The calf was at its evening meal of milk. The mother, content with her share in the process, chewed her cud: her dull eyes rolled in a sort of passive rapture: and all her body swayed with the sucking baby.

The bull bison slept. . . .—*Search-light*

PROFILES

Versatility Personified

ASK any of his friends about Deems Taylor and you will be told "He is the most versatile man in America." That is, if you happen to ask friends who are moderate and restrained in their utterances. But it is hard to be moderate and restrained about Deems Taylor. In the language of baseball, the fellow has everything.

During his three years on the *New York World* he has acquired a reputation as the most brilliant music critic in the city. Concert goers know him as the gifted composer of "The Chambered Nautilus," "The Looking Glass Suite," "A Portrait of a Lady" and other symphonic works.

No song recital is considered complete without at least one of his songs on the program. Followers of lighter forms of entertainment during the last few years have come to believe that if a play has to have incidental music the music must be by Deems Taylor. And the movie patrons, of course, know him as the composer of the charming score written for Marion Davies's "Janice Meredith."

But those who know Deems Taylor only as a composer and a writer on musical subjects don't know the half of it. Many years ago, when he was a student at college he wrote the score of the annual Varsity Show, an operetta called "The Oracle." Bill Le Baron, now a distinguished playwright and motion picture impresario, wrote the book, and a darned good show it was, too. The scene of Act Two was before the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, and the theatre in which the show was given, although well equipped with exteriors and interiors was rather shy on Greek temples. So Deems, one morning, went down to the theatre with a lot of lumber, canvas and carpenters' tools and built the temple himself. It was a gorgeous affair. Later he painted some of the scenery and at the performance he led the orchestra. It happened that some of the cast were disqualified by a cruel faculty so he went behind the scenes and acted as pinch hitter for a male quartet.

There is a famous novelist in New York who will show you a handsome sofa in her living room and tell

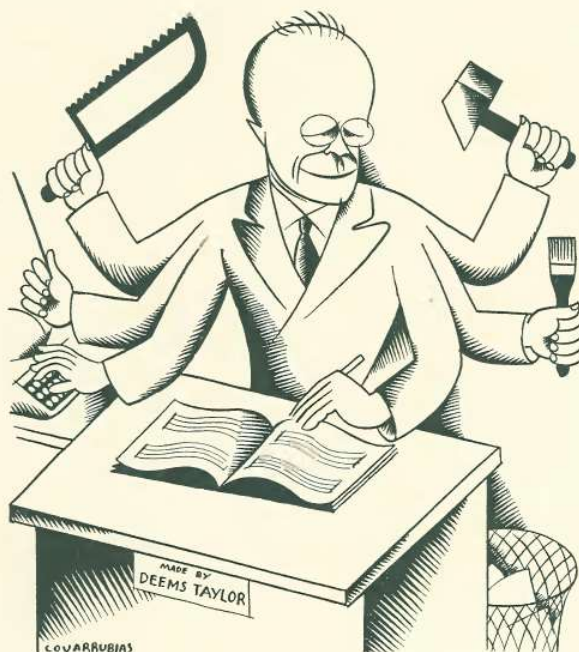
you proudly that it was made by Deems Taylor. For he is an amazingly skillful cabinet maker. To those of us, like the writer of this article, who have to call for help when we want to hammer a nail in a wall, the handiwork of Deems Taylor, his beautiful painted furniture, his elaborate scroll work, that amazing desk of his that he made once when he happened to have an afternoon off, are nothing short of miracles. Carpentry is one of his passions in life. There is an ornamental well house that he built on his country place in Connecticut in which he takes more pride than in his recent election to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

For several years he was editor of an electrical magazine—a job that called for considerable technical knowledge as well as editorial ability. That was before he went to France as a war correspondent, and sent back those keen, straight-forward reports from the front, written with the same lucidity and directness that characterizes his music reviews.

While he was studying music with Oscar Coon, a gray haired patriarchal old scholar, who knew everything there was to know about music, but could not create it himself, Deems Taylor augmented his

income by doing illustrating for magazines and posters for advertisements. For he draws and paints beautifully. There is nothing of the halting, hesitating amateur about him; his work has that sureness and clearness of technique that is usually achieved by a life time of devotion to art. Any one who wishes to see examples of his skill as an artist should buy his song cycle, "The City of Joy," and look at the attractive cover and the delightful little drawings illustrating the songs.

As a writer of light verse he ranks among the best in the country. For years his verses appeared in *F. P. A.*'s column under the pseudonym of Smeed, and the piece for which *F. P. A.* awarded him what is graciously known as "the coveted watch" was one of the most popular that ever appeared in the *Conning Tower*.



Deems Taylor

Up near Stamford, Connecticut, there is an old colonial farm house that has been remodeled into one of the most charming country homes in the region. Last Summer the owner was showing the place to some friends who were enthusiastic in their praise of it.

"It's perfectly beautiful," said one of the guests. "Who was your architect?"

"Why, Deems Taylor," said the owner.

At some time, during a lull in his rather full life, Deems must have taken a day or two off and studied architecture.

And now we are told that Frank Damrosch has

ordered an orchestral piece from him for the New York Symphony Orchestra, and that Gatti-Casazza has commissioned him to write a grand opera for the Metropolitan. Of course every one expects him not only to compose the music, but to write the libretto, paint the scenery, lead the orchestra, supervise the lighting, and design the costumes. That is expected as a matter of course. But it would surprise none of his friends if Gatti were to announce that Deems Taylor had been engaged to sing the principal tenor, baritone, bass, soprano and contralto parts, and that he was to supplant Rosina Galli as the leader of the Metropolitan Ballet.—*Newman Levy*

The Good Little Saxophonist

AN UNTRUE STORY

(Recently an aged woman willed her estate to the conductor of a jazz band which had given her over the radio, she said, the only enjoyment of her life.)

Ninety years had Mary McGargle,
Ninety years of struggle and strife,
Work and worry and hurry and scurry
Had been her portion through all her life.

Born on a farm was Mary McGargle;
She milked the cows ere her years were ten.
While she was growing she did the sewing
And cooked the grub for the hired men.

Mary McGargle married at twenty
And raised of children some half a score.
Fed and swathed 'em and spanked and bathed 'em
And help raise theirs for thirty years more.

By and by it began to tire her
After seventy years or so,
For she'd never been free a minute to see a
Lecture or play or a picture show.

So, having decided she'd just quit working,
Believe the statement or not, she quit.
Then building a one-room shack (with sun room)
She settled down in it to rest a bit.

Twenty years more she continued resting
Without a worry or care or fret.
But she said it was lonely with just her only,
So some friend gave her a radio set.

The very first station that she tuned in on
Was Jimjam Jim and his Band de Jazz.
And without no maybe, what that there baby
Ain't got to quiver you, no one has.

Mary McGargle was no exception;
She thrilled to the sob of the saxophone.
Her shoulders wiggled; her ankles jiggled
To banjo, fiddle and slide trombone.

Mary McGargle at last was living.

Now she'd discovered what life is for!
She was happy and life was snappy.
Existence no longer was just a chore!

Mary McGargle was not a piker
And Mary was grateful to Jimjam Jim.
So she willed her money, six jars of honey,
Her cat and her real estate all to him.

* * *

Here, perhaps, I should end my story;
In real life 'twould have ended so,
But this is fiction, so my depiction
Must be of the facts as they aren't, you know.

Well, if Mary was grateful, so too was Jimmy,
And when he had heard of his windfall grand
He promised to play her every day her
Choice of tunes on his jazbo band.

And Jim's jazz music made Mary younger.
Straight grew her spine and springy her step.
Her eye grew brighter, her head grew lighter;
Believe this writer, she just oozed pep.

Ere a month had passed she looked scarcely eighty;
In three, not a day over sixty-five;
In six, not fifty; in ten, quite nifty;
And in barely a year she looked all alive.

In ten years more she'd become a flapper
While Jim, whose tunes were the reason why,
Was slightly graying, for jazz band playing
Takes the pep all out of a guy.

But gratitude still kept Jim performing
Though Mary grew blonder as he grew gray,
Till at last, by gollies, she got in the Follies
The very morning Jim passed away!

When they told poor Mary she dropped down lifeless
(I think they both were a trifle cracked)
And that, dear children, is how your great-granddaddy
Krauskopf won the boat race for old Harvard,
And shows that fiction's stranger than fact.

—*Baron Ireland*





TENNESSEE

THE BEAN BAG CORNER

I HAVE never been able to get a letter of protest or any sort of communication printed in that part of the daily newspaper identified as "The Voice of the People" or "What Everybody Thinks." Nor have I, to my knowledge, ever encountered any of that vociferous and fugitive army of humble philosophers who bombinate dreamily from day to day on the hem of journalism.

I have spent a large part of my life (rather foolishly, indeed) talking to authors and have little if any curiosity concerning them as a tribe. I know that Mr. Sinclair Lewis, if engaged in conversation, will mention with considerable pride that more than 100,000 copies of his latest novel have been sold. I know also that Mr. Lewis's pride is as nothing to the pride with which Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim will announce that only 84 copies of his latest opus have been snatched up by a greedy minority of *schoen geisten*. In fact, the pride of authors is a monotonous and uneventful phenomenon—socially encountered—and no longer lures me as it did in the days when my interest in literature was more juvenile and tolerant.

Toward these strange and endless literateurs, however, who daily harangue me out of the all too spare columns of the People's Forum in the press I have an overwhelming and even morbid curiosity. I frequently find myself eyeing people in the crowded subway and wondering which of them is Lydia, or A Mother of Seven, or Just a Bachelor. And it has often pleased me to fancy that men or women who pass me in the street, muttering to themselves and with enigmatic gleams in their eyes, are anonymous philosophers whom I have surprised in the first throes of composition and whose secrets I will encounter the next morning in The Voice of the People.

There is something peculiarly engaging about the very makeup of this Voice of the People department when one turns to it in the morning. One gets the impression of a group of tireless and exuberant inmates herded together in a corner of the paper whom somebody has presented with a bean bag to divert them and keep them quiet. I do not mean so much the prominent patriots and equally prominent anarchists who are always pulling each others' beards or lost in some mysterious though vital controversy involving Japan, the City Comptroller or Judge Gary. Nor am I much taken by the belligerently modest person who identifies himself as Only a Citizen and is to be found courageously and defiantly informing the paper that "Your editorial on 'Can Crime Survive?' is a timely and masterly summary of the situation from an intellectual and broad minded point of view . . . etcetera."

I prefer the humble philosophers, the "Blue Eyes" and the Lydias and The Mothers of Seven. These,

in fact, stir a deep wonder in my soul, indifferent as it is toward authors as a tribe. For instance there is Mrs. L. (an amazing pseudonym in itself) who writes, "The recent severe cold wave, which is claimed to have killed seventeen people, brought one thing forcibly to my notice—the apparent disinclination of men to wear ear muffs." And there is John Q. Brown whose exotic middle name has obviously been a source of hope and inspiration to him through the dullness of his life and who crowds the mails with such communications as "Now that summer is coming the beaches will soon be open and we will again see the people rushing from the overheated sections of the city to cool themselves in the great playgrounds which Nature has provided at our front door."

To enumerate them, however, would be useless. They are old friends and known to all good students of literary byways. And they are, as a type, unvarying. One gets a picture of them as citizens so stuffed with editorial chestnuts from reading the newspapers that they have begun to overflow. They become, on closer acquaintance, a curious and even charming variety of tax payer who has been put into a state of coma by constant journalistic injections and who moves through life wistfully with his eyes closed and muttering in his happy sleep.

To the pedant these slow motion mental exhibits debating the morality of goloshes, bobbed hair or defending short skirts on the basis that they do not sweep up injurious germs from the ground, are a spectacular answer to the question "what influence has the daily press on the thought of the people," which nobody has asked for a long time. Stripped of the high priced editorial writer's adjectives one finds in these naive Voices heralded as the People's, the true soul of the American newspaper and finds it a thing neither as horrible as it is painted by Upton Sinclair nor as vicious as it is pronounced by Oswald Garrison Villard. Instead one gets a glimpse of querulous matrons, sleepy eyed owners of "Speeches of Our Presidents," middle aged men who always compress their lips when being photographed—in fact, whimsical, sometimes grotesque, citizenry playing Ring Around o' Rosie and Button Button Who's Got the Button with yesterday's platitudes.

I say that one gets a glimpse of them but the statement is merely theoretical. I have yet to meet one of these authors and to verify the innumerable notions their work has aroused in my mind.

My own failure to intrude upon their newspaper playground with what I fancied were shrewdly connived and controversial letters has filled me with an almost humble, or if you wish egoistic deference, toward these individual segments of the Newspaper Mind.—Ben Hecht





The Theatre

IN a constantly changing world it is pleasant to find at least one or two enduring and permanent phenomena. Thus, the captains and the kings may depart, but scenery is still being shifted on a darkened stage, to indicate the phases of a dream fantasy, by stage hands in white shirt sleeves. And whenever the family that lives above the iron works complains of the noise, the boisterous workmen who are then discharged are re-employed forthwith as stage managers to direct the movements of the underlings during these scene shiftings.

One is approaching a discussion of "Bachelor's Brides," May's gift to the Cort Theatre.

The plot of the play—don't stop us if you've heard it before—has to do with a young man on the eve of his wedding, who is suddenly confronted with tangible materializations of a happy past. These include a brand new baby delivered to his home in a cardboard box, a young woman whose husband is about to name him as co-respondent, and the father of an amorous domestic in his employ.

What to do? Ring down the curtain and have a second act.

So, in the second act, he dreams.

He dreams, for the most part, of the night he saw "Beggar on Horseback," but he can't remember very well. What he remembers is pretty good but what he has to supply, out of his own head, for the unremembered spaces is rather poor.

However, the author fools us all in the last act by clearing up things, mostly like the hired girl on her afternoon out who just throws things under the bed and back of the piano and calls that a solution, and the young man marries the girl after all.

There are two good performances in the piece—that of Charles Davis, just over from the Mother Country, as the young man, and that of Walter Kingsford, as something just a little short of a Joe Jackson comedy butler—but we want to talk of something else. To wit, what is to be done about beautiful, Oh so beautiful! young women who get jobs on our stage and then it turns out they can't act.

For instance, Miss Lee Patrick, of "Bachelor's Brides." Miss Patrick recently, in "The Backslapper," was the most radiant young woman this department has seen since Lily Langtry used to dance in the Hofbrau Haus in Muenchen. In "Bachelor's Brides," now, she's twice as beautiful as she was six weeks ago. Unfortunately, she's as much an actress

as is Jack Dempsey, also on the stage.

There's your problem in a nut-shell. Solutions, in letters of not more than a hundred words, will be received by this department until July 31, 1925, at which time they will be publicly burned, unread. The winners will receive copies of *The Dial* for June, 1924, and also consolation prizes.

AT this moment, in far-flung corners of the world, there are homesick Americans who are eating their hearts out with their desires to be back on dear old Broadway. Well, on the night of May 25, they could have had "Odd Man Out," at the Booth, for their coral isles, their skies of Alice blue, their palm trees, and all the other burdens of their existence.

"Odd Man Out" is all about a young woman who should never have been allowed to marry. Nothing vicious, mind you, but just an investigating type of mind, always saying wistfully to itself, "Good Heavens, is that all?" She has an amenable and understanding husband and a nice collection of purple patches, but still she goes on coqueting with life and its representatives. So, when she is informed that her husband has died, she contemplates a new existence, under benefit of clergy, with a nice young man but also turns over in her mind the advantages of a short misstep with an accomplished roué.

The sudden return of her husband, who is, it must be understood, not dead, for a few minutes seems likely to drive her, through pique, into the arms of the young man of honorable intentions, but before long her better nature triumphs and she is on her way to a two months' Mediterranean cruise with the abandoned wordling.

Unfortunately, the development of the evening's entertainment at the Booth does not hold up to the promise extended, we hope, by this brief recital of its plot. For one thing, the authors, of whom there are two, talk their play to death. And to make matters worse, the talk is almost all in the shape of epigrams. If you want to know about why a woman is like a liqueur, for instance, "Odd Man Out" is your playground.

The acting is good. One of these days this department is going to deliver the definitive opinion that nor acting nor anything else will do where the script is amiss. We're working on something like "The play's the thing." Let us know how this hits you.

In the meantime, you people on coral islands stay where you are. We'll wake you when the dancing starts.—H. J. M.

Motion Pictures

"**B**EGGAR ON HORSEBACK," in which Marc Connelly and George Kaufman spoofed big business, efficiency and all the things that go to make up our merry age, is just slipping back to town. On the screen, too, but have no fears.

Luckily "Beggars on Horseback" had James Cruze for its director. This Cruze is our best native director. Here he proves himself again by catching the elusive, intangible spirit of Neil McKrae's nightmare and getting it into celluloid with a fine zest and humor. We are not at all sure how the provinces will receive this fantasy with its dash of madness. It may puzzle the old lady of Dubuque. However, there is no reason why New York should pass it by. If Cruze had a Von to his cognomen and the picture had been made in Berlin, the critics would be falling upon their knees to worship at this very moment. Take our word and see "Beggars on Horseback."

IF the esteemed old lady of Dubuque would shake her head at "Beggars on Horseback," another recent screen play, "Drusilla With a Million," will come very close to her heart. So we do think.

The makers of "Drusilla" have acted upon the premise that, if one old woman is pathetically moving and one baby can sweep an audience to interest, twenty old women and twenty babies can have twenty times that effect. The story tells of the aged Drusilla Doane, charity inmate of an old lady's home, who inherits a million and begins adopting babies. Running through this is the story of a young wife who is persuaded to run away from her husband by the lies of an unscrupulous other woman who tells her that she is "of another world" and is "dragging her husband to ruin." Of course, Drusilla reunites them.

The director has laid on hokum and bad acting with a heavy hand. Yet, with all the claptrap there is a courtroom scene, with the distraught young mother being tortured by a merciless lawyer, which had the Capitol theatre audience in tears.

"Drusilla" will probably earn a million, but it is just old fashioned movie. While "Drusilla" is going the box-office rounds as, what the exhibitors term, a "clean-up," we can pause to think of "The Last Laugh."

The German film is at this moment having subtitles injected into its action. Exhibitors in the West insist that their audiences do not understand the picture without titles.—F. J. S.

Art

HURRAH! The three ring circus, Emil Fuchs, is to remain in the big tent, Fine Arts Building, until July 1. Come and bring the children. The signs on the buses will tell you how to get there. If you don't care for painting, sculpture, etching, medalling, drawing, lithography, there are canary birds, miles of smilax garlands, palms, picture post cards, catalogues, book advertisements and what not. The lemonade boy and the peanut man had probably gone to Central Park as it was a nice day and most folk outside on the day we attended. But there is sure to be something to amuse you, if only nudes from all points of the compass. Poor Earl Carroll! What a tyro he is in the show business.

The serious consideration of Emil Fuchs and his life work can be done by your correspondent only in the good old melodramatic technique—a smile and a tear and a thrill. We had the smile after we saw the yards of smilax and listened to the sweet warblings of the canary birds. The tear we feel we must shed for that great god, Regularity, who lived, breathed and had his lusty being for

so long in the studios of the land. Alas, he is dying and the monuments reared to him are many. Part of the tear, too, we must share with one of his victims, Mr. Fuchs.

What a thing it might have been for American art if young Emil, that day in the Academy at Rome, after having received the prize for that remarkable representative drawing of a nude, had walked out on them. He need not have torn the old photograph up, (Eastman hadn't done so much with the camera in those days) but he could have forgotten it. He could have sat on one of the seven hills and thought to himself: "Well, that's that. Nobody living can draw any better than I can. Now, I've got a swell idea for a picture. I'd like to go off some place and paint it."

But evidently he didn't. He sat right there and after taking the medal and buying the drinks, went on to the next study. Emil Fuchs and his life work, to us, is the epitome of all that is wrong-headed in American art. If you don't agree with us, we don't think you are crazy. In fact, we know that you think we are.

But there it is and we can't help feeling sorry for the system, or the age of innocence, that takes an artist, runs him through the mill and brings him out a nice shiny dollar, like so many other shiny dollars.

—M. P.



Countess Dombosky meets the Marquise de Falaise de la Coudray.

Music

LISTENING in on Station WHN last week, we became aware once more that most musicians are unmusical. After N. T. G. (Yes; he read verses in the course of the evening) relieved the gentleman who had the none too simple task of announcing synagogue services, a soprano, whose name eludes us as it eluded N. T. G., sang Musetta's Waltz Song from "La Boheme," the much navigated Waters of Minnetonka and a couple of songs which usually appear on student recital programs. It was plain that Puccini's music was an effort. Somehow, the singer pushed it from her throat to the microphone, but we doubt whether she enjoyed the operation. She achieved the sounds indicated by the composers whom she espoused, but it was exercise.

A quarter of an hour later, a young lady named Evelyn Hoey, if we caught her name correctly, appeared briefly to sing something called "Yes Sir, That's My Baby." Miss Hoey, we believe, entertains at a cabaret, and she probably would be complimented if we designated her as one of the best blues singers that we have heard. Yet she projected her song—which, by the way, is just as difficult to sing as most solemn *opera*—with brilliant diction and something that must be called musicianship. A few minutes later, Jack Smith, hitherto unknown to this department, interpreted a few reasonably commonplace ditties with equal clarity and understanding.

Miss Hoey and Mr. Smith, we assume, do not pretend to be *lieder* singers, but most *lieder* singers could study their methods to advantage. Our Summer Suggestion to vocalists is that they listen thoughtfully to some of the artists who grace the WHN studio. Of course, they will have to discriminate between such performers as Miss Hoey and Mr. Smith, and the self-serving song writers, café proprietors and rathskeller Chaliapins who also may be led into the loud speaker.

N. T. G., in passing, is a rare announcer. He introduced a pianist of no little merit with an allusion to the jest about Chopin being a kitchen utensil, but nevertheless, we should like to hear him disporting with some earnest musical offering. Perhaps it could be arranged for N. T. G. to announce a program by the Friends of Music next season, with the rigid proviso that he refrain from reciting.

OVERLOOKED by busy critics, the Sunday Symphonic Society, led by the indefatigable Josiah Zuro, has been presenting an interesting series of orchestral programs at the Criterion Theatre of Sunday mornings. Mr. Zuro's men play with snap and enthusiasm, in spite of the fact that few of them have attempted symphonic music previously, and a season under Mr. Zuro's energetic baton has fused them into a homogeneous orchestra. The programs make no concessions—even Tschaiowsky is con-

sidered somewhat "popular" by the Sunday Symphonists—and we commend their concerts to all who may take interest in an experiment which is based on the premise that good music can stand on its own feet. And to all others.—R. S.

Books

MICHAEL ARLEN as a high light on high life doesn't impress us much more than "Beaunash." As a romanticist, his sentiment and chivalry are always flimsy and sometimes seem crocodile—the prize example being in the case of Iris Storm. As to brilliancy (wit, subtlety, etc.), he has it, but a lot of what he passes for it is manner: swank. As to craftsmanship, his insouciant method fudges around difficulties, and as to scrupulous origination—well, the names of a literary creditor or two who are famous turn up in his pages; it would be nice of him to mention Leonard Merrick's.

And yet we have plenty of sympathy with the Arlen fans, and none with fogies who do not enjoy him. The celebrated shimmer is indeed over all he writes with a free hand. It is choice amusement, and to reject it on the ground that it is full of airy humbug would be to refuse champagne on the ground that champagne is a-bubble with gas.

They keep telling us "The London Venture" is the book of his to read, and it is the one we haven't. Of the others, we like him best in "These Charming People," short Nights Entertainments, avowedly artificial, and in which his qualities are at their freshest and his sentiment goes and his laziness doesn't matter.

"May Fair" (*Doran*) announces itself as more, and the Charming People do reappear in it. But something is lacking. They are industriously sprightly and their adventures are fantastic, but rather wearily. For Arlen, half these tales are pretty damp; and you notice that except in the two he calls Prologue and Epilogue (the latter a real firework, by the way), he is depressingly on his good behavior, and does nothing more Improper than to seclude a marital reconciliation with some archness anent rows of dots. It is evidently the abeyance of the strongest feature of the Arlen verve that leaves the Arlen brilliancy dimmed and the failings conspicuous.

Hunting for a reason for this abeyance, we found the following:

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And hunted no further, although to judge from more than one of his plots, we might also have taken a look in the direction of Hollywood. When in Rome on the make, write as the Romans require for their provinces.—H. D.

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





Two Typical Examples of Shattered Glass Art

SHATTERED GLASS

A Fugitive Art in New York

ART Connoisseurs (and you can't blame them) are agog as anything over the recent discoveries of Artemus J. Teeter, Harvard '09 A.B., Columbia '11 A.M., Daylight Saving Time. It seems Dr. Teeter appeared before the Art Society last week (Dec. 3) with his remarkable collection of broken window panes gathered from odd corners of the city; and his sympathetic interpretation of the symbolism and design in Shattered Glass opened the eyes of the Society to an entire new field of Fugitive Art in New York.

According to Dr. Teeter, the mute inglorious band of hardy pioneers who have labored daily to perfect their art by smashing windows, lamp-posts, mirrors and anything handy, have received scant recognition in their struggle for self-expression. In fact, adds Dr. Teeter whimsically, you might almost think they didn't *want* to be recognized, the way they run away from public attention after they have smashed a masterpiece, and avoid the locality for weeks afterward.

For example, Mr. Micky Sullivan, a young artist living on Jane Street, was discovered and questioned recently by Dr. Teeter with regard to his effective treatment of a Drug Store Window on Eighth Avenue with a piece of cobble stone; and he modestly disclaimed all credit for the work. "Honest, it was an accident, Mister," he explained to the elderly Art Collector, "and anyways, it wasn't me done it, it was me little brudder, and anyways, neither of us done it because it was busted that way before."

"Oh, practically any old pane of glass will do for the work," said Dr. Teeter in his speech before the Art Society, "although the best results are usually to be obtained in a large oblong frame several feet long and quite wide, too, probably lettered: 'Bakery and Restaurant, Getz Bros., Props.', or the globe in a street light, or even a watch crystal. Your conscientious artist usually employs a variety of tools in his work, and the well-rounded studio equipment will include a brick or two for knocking out large masses,

an ordinary horsehide baseball or a piece of coal for a quick, running handling, and perhaps a few marbles and immies for stippling. If none of these are handy, however, a swift kick will sometimes turn the trick; and moving men have been known to get results by simply sitting down hard."

In the course of his talk Dr. Teeter showed the Society a number of interesting things, including the great big vaccination mark on his left arm and his prize window entitled: "Fly Ball! an impression of L. Schmalz's Delicatessen and Groceries, at Twilight." Here we have an effective rendition of glass, treated in the angular manner of one accustomed to the Cubistic School of Expression. Observe what a devastating effect the unknown artist has achieved by the simple process of pasting a horsehide baseball against the pane of glass, and then removing the glass. The resulting frame, according to Dr. Teeter, is either the sun breaking through the clouds over Lake Winnepesaukee, or else where a Mr. Montrose of Montreal fell through the ice, probably neither.

The masterpiece was later bought and paid for by Mr. L. Schmalz himself, the lucky fellow.

—Corey Ford

Omar Up To Date

A book of verses underneath the bough,
Provided that the verses do not scan,
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine—and thou,
Short-haired, all angles, looking like a man.

But let the wine be unfermented, pale,
Of chemicals compounded—God knows how!
As much like wine as ginger ale is ale,
And Paradise were Wilderness enow.

—E. J. Bruen

The Optimist

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

Times Change

1910

Chawklit sody? Fi' cents. Thanks.

1915

Chawklut soduh? Ten cents, please. I'll letcha pay the boy at the register.

1920

Chahklitt soda? Fifteen centz, please. No, I'll give ya a check t' present to the cashier.

1925

Choclatt soda? Hey, don't give *me* yer money. Getcha check from th' cashier. *I* do' know how much it is, mebbe she does. Over there behind the arch-supports. No, no—not that one, th' next one; now go straight up jus' this side th' door.

1930

Chuckalut soda? Where's yer credentials? Say, feller, I don't even *know* ya! You know any member of the concern? No? Well, I'll tell ya. Go over to that young leddy writing in the book there an' give her yer name an' address. Then come back in five days, an' our investigation department will of looked ya up an' reported. Then, if everything's all right about ya, you countersign the report an' it'll be forwarded to Washington. 'Bout three weeks later you'll get a duplicate of their recommendations, an' if it's O. K. persent it to our recordin' secretary an' he'll fix ya up with a check. Then you bring that check ta me, an' I'll give ya th' soda. I fergot ta tell ya we'll have ta have two pitchers of ya, full face an' profile, an' a set o' fingerprints—both hands. . . . Didja ever see th' nerve of that guy, Archie? He wanted me ta sell him a soda right off the bat, without no documents nor nothin'.—*Wayne G. Haisley*

Sic Semper Cinema

A RACE between an Automobile and a Train is NOT a Race between an Automobile and a Train UNLESS the Automobile beats the Train at the Crossing.

A Crossing is NOT a Crossing UNLESS both the Gate-tender and the Gates are Missing.

The Mortgage on the old Manse is NOT a Mortgage on the old Manse UNLESS the Proud Daughter fails to Lift it by NOT riding the noble nag to Victory.

A Log Cabin in the Wilderness is NOT a Log Cabin in the Wilderness UNLESS it has a Woodshed where the Hero can Sleep.

A Desk is NOT a Desk UNLESS the Top Drawer carries a Revolver.

A Girl about to Increase the Duties of the Census Taker is NOT a Girl about to Increase the Duties of the Census Taker UNLESS she is caught Knitting Baby Clothes.

A Husband about to Assume the Duties of a Parent is NOT a Husband about to Assume the Duties of a Parent UNLESS his Wife has Taken him by Surprise by Whispering Confidentially in his Ear.

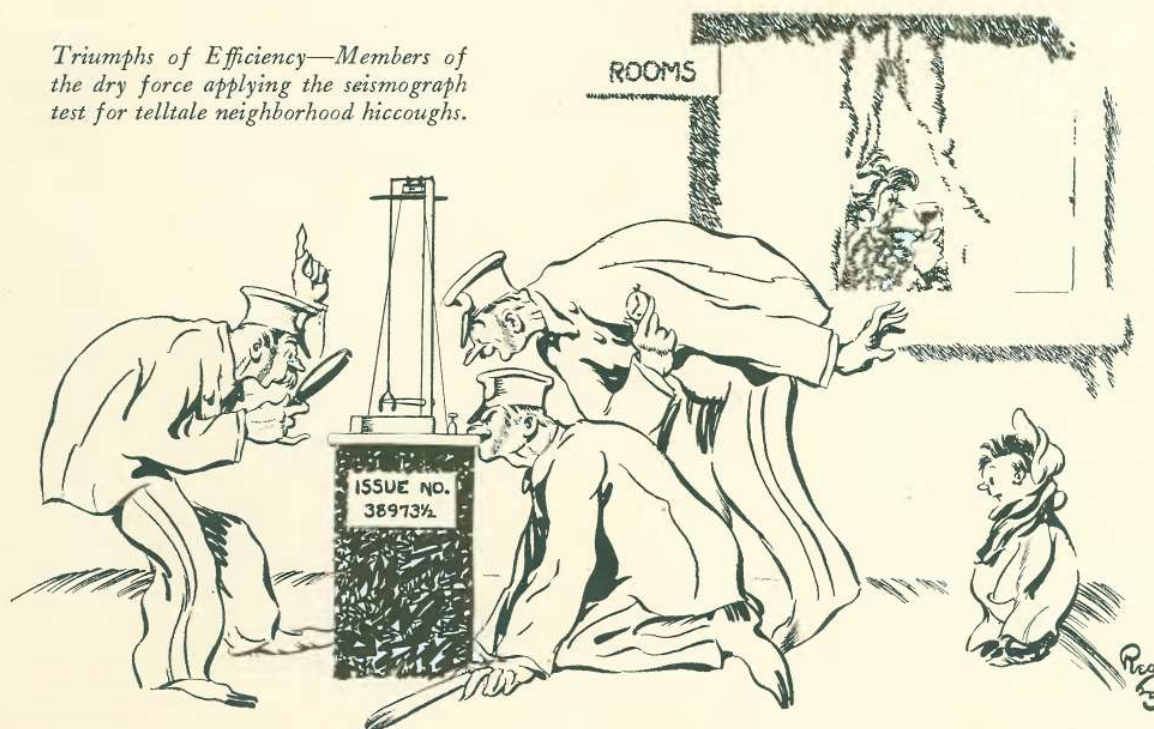
A Maternity Nurse is NOT a Maternity Nurse UNLESS she has Told the Patient Father waiting in the Ante-Room: "You may now go Inside."

A Dead Man is NOT a Dead Man UNLESS the Motley Throng surrounding him Doff their Stetsons—and a Thoughtful Friend Pulls a Blanket or Sheet over his Face.

A Man Stricken with Blindness is NOT a Man Stricken with Blindness UNLESS the Miracle fails as the Great Eye Specialist removes the Bandages.

An Identification of a Long-Lost Son by his Mother is NOT an Identification UNLESS she has Opened the Locket carried around his Neck and seen her Photograph.—*Laurence Reid*

Triumphs of Efficiency—Members of the dry force applying the seismograph test for telltale neighborhood hiccoughs.



GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

THE THEATRE

WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth

It's an even money bet that this play will be remembered long after the War it deals with has become just a number.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Guild

Shaw's great comedy given a Theatre Guild production, with Lionel Atwill and Helen Hayes in the leading roles.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

The play that won the Pulitzer Prize and a good play, to boot, with acting that would make a more emotional nation call Miss Lord the divine Pauline.

LOVE FOR LOVE—Greenwich Village

Merrie Olde England may not have had telephones and airplanes but it had at least as many of the delights of ribald dialogue as we have, if Congreve was a faithful observer.

THE SHOW OFF—Playhouse

You have only three weeks more to see this greatest of American comedies.

IS ZAT SO?—The Forty-sixth Street

There's very little in town that's more entertaining than this hokum comedy, in the American language.

THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

An expert and amusing play, with less of the virtues and less of the vices of "Is Zat So?", James Gleason being a co-author of both.

THE FIREBRAND—Morosco

An intelligent and merry comedy of life in Old Florence, with the historical film scraped off Benvenuto Cellini and the Home Life of the Medici.

LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

A musical comedy you should enjoy, if you like tuneful music—one refers to George Gershwin—and graceful and happy principals—one refers to Master and Miss Astaire.

ROSE-MARIE—Imperial

Still the most successful musical production of the season, with real voices, sumptuous settings and a dash of humor.

THE MIKADO—The Forty-fourth Street

A first-class revival of that old thing of Gilbert and Sullivan's.

LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan

The most beautiful production Mr. Ziegfeld has ever made—O, what a lot that says!—with about as much comedy as Mr. Ziegfeld generally offers—and O, what a lot that says!

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

The funniest show in town, bar none. It's not, as you think, a different Ziegfeld, but there are W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley.



THE GORILLA—Selwyn

A most amusing burlesque of the mystery plays.

TELL ME MORE—Gaiety

A Gershwin score, with happy fooling by Lou Holtz and Andrew Toombes.

MOVING PICTURES

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Criterion

The Kaufman-Connelly satirical fantasy done with genuine celluloid imagination.

ART

SCREENS AND OVERMANTELS—Fragile

From the studios of Arthur B. Davies, Hunt Deedrich, Ernest Lawson, Warren Davis, Emil Carlsen and George Luks.

EMIL FUCHS—Fine Arts

A comprehensive exhibit of everything done by a hardworking artist in a full life time. Also canaries and flowers.

SUMMER SHOW—New Gallery

Interesting examples of Roosevelt Dick, Gregoriev, Guy Berlin and others.

ETCHINGS AND DRAWINGS—Weythe

Examples of work by Harry Wickey, Wanda Gag, Thomas Handforth and others.

SPORTS

RACING—At Belmont Park

Friday, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, June 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium

St. Louis Americans vs. New York, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, June 5, 6, 7, 8, Cleveland Americans vs. New York, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, June 10, 11, 12.

OTHER EVENTS

GARDENS EXHIBIT—Westchester County

Saturday, June 6. Private gardens exhibited for benefit of Westchester County Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

SALE—516 Lexington Avenue

Monday, June 8. For benefit of Italian Welfare League.

HORSE SHOW—Westchester-Biltmore Club

Thursday, June 11. Opening of Westchester County Horse Show. Continues Friday.



Where the Blue Songs Come From

BLUE SONGS, INC., is situated in the heart of one of the great manufacturing centers of this country. In fact it is *the* heart of this manufacturing district, as the plant occupies an acreage so large that statisticians who have attempted to compute the total floor space have invariably succumbed to brain fog and have been carried to the hospital for special treatment.

The history of Blue Songs, Inc., is pretty well known by now. Everyone is fairly familiar with the spectacular rise to prominence of the struggling song writer, A. Ernest Singer, who started with a small factory with an output of not more than three or four blue songs a day and who now virtually controls the blue song trade of the world if not of the universe.

Mr. Singer was found in his richly furnished office, which is hung with blue velvet curtains. Outside could be seen the factory chimneys of Blue Songs, Inc., belching forth great volumes of blue smoke.

"The secret of my success is simple," said Mr. Singer, looking up from his mahogany desk, which was piled high with plans of blue songs. "I found that Americans, being a humorous nation, really have a hankering for songs that contain the word 'blue.' Any nation that was not really humorous would succumb to melancholia after a steady diet of blue songs, but Americans thrive wonderfully on such a diet.

"I found that the blue song trade was scattered and comparatively ineffective. It was not supplying public demand. Therefore, I merged all the blue song factories in the country, with the result that you see here. We control all the products that enter into blue songs. I have just closed a contract that gives us a monopoly of the indigo market abroad. We have first call on every blue composer in this country. As soon as a song writer proves that he has any trace of blues in his nature, we sign him up on a long time contract basis."

It was in the factory that the full extent of Mr. Singer's genius became apparent. Here were thousands of workmen, assembling blue songs. One workman, for instance, put together two lines as follows:

I'm sitting alone at my window,
Feeling down and out.

The lines were passed to another workman, who added two lines, reading:

I've got some swell blues, my honey—
Of that there ain't any doubt.

The song, as now assembled, was passed by an ingenious contrivance of belts to another department, where the chorus work is done. As the song came in, a

workman seized it from the moving belt and deftly added the chorus lines as follows:

Yes, I'm feeling quite grand,
With my chin on my hand,
And my system is shaking
And aching
Just like some blue flowers
In far distant bowers.
Such marvelous blues!
I can't give 'em their dues.
Those wait-for-a-letter
From my little petter—
Those perfectly wonderful,
Feeling-like-thunderful
Bloo-hoo-hoos.

The completed product was put on another belt and whisked to a warehouse, to be stacked with thousands of other blue songs which had been turned out that day.

In a subsidiary factory, containing more floor space than all the wheat acreage of Kansas, with the cranberry acreage of Massachusetts thrown in for good measure, it is planned to produce auxiliary parts for blue songs which wear out or break down. As the banks throughout the country are even now bulging with Mr. Singer's profits, other banks are being rushed to completion to house his returns from the sale of these auxiliary parts.

"I am not boastful," said Mr. Singer, "in declaring that, through our efforts, we have made the blue song an integral part of American life. But we propose to go even further. We are going to make the people think in terms of blue songs. For instance, at twelve o'clock noon, on Saturday, instead of saying that he is going to shoot eighteen holes, the business man will say: 'I have those gotta-get-out-on-the-golf-links-blues.' Or at nine o'clock on the day after her husband's pay day, the housewife will say: 'I've got those must-get-downtown-and-get-some-shopping-done-blues.' When that takes place, we will feel that we have achieved the results for which Blue Songs, Inc., was founded."—*Arthur Chapman*

Invasion

The army of Springtime tried to invade New York.

The hordes of June tried to beleaguer the city, and shatter its towers with a million spears.

They made great chinks in the solid walls,
But the grim old city is still unvanquished.

Now a thin stream of sunlight finds its way through the chinks,

And here and there, in the pale gold of it, a clean slim tree grows up in a city square,

And weaves a little pattern of leaf-shadows and sunlight

Over hot pavements

And straining faces.

—*Anita Grannis*

FINE SHOES *AA* SINCE 1857

JUNE weddings? —
we can provide bridal
party and guests with
their festal footgear
—shoes, pumps, hos-
iery—and speedy ser-
vice.



\$15

*Graceful sandals of blonde kidskin
with brown kidskin trimming*

**ANDREW
ALEXANDER**

548 Fifth Avenue
Above 45th Street



\$39.50
with
knickers

NOTHING

we can do or say can impress
too strongly the fact that our
clothes are the equal of any \$50
to \$65 garments on the market!

AINSLIEGH INC.

ENGLISH CLOTHES

920 B'WAY, AT 21ST ST., NEW YORK

11th Floor

HABERDASHERY

ACCESSORIES



WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD



SURPRISING as it may seem, we insist that the "great open spaces" are not really in the West, but way East on Park Avenue. This claim is established by Pierre's having the largest amount of space per table that we know of in the restaurants of our fair town. The luxury of not elbowing your neighbors and having a channel all around your table for the passage of unbumping waiters is rare. The cuisine is splendid and equalled only at the Marguéry down the street a few doors.

Sherry's is of the same class and a New York institution of long standing, but the other two places have a charm peculiar to small restaurants. One dances during dinner at Pierre's to music that creates none of that hurry induced by syncopated digestion. The calm and ease of the place naturally enough invite the "proper people," neither catering to or attracting the blatant spenders from points pastoral.

... Let these dots denote the passage of time, as no one could think of moving over from a dinner at Pierre's to the Club Richman direct. Their moods are as opposed as the indicative and the subjunctive and shouldn't be brought into contrast.

The Club Richman is a supper resort presided over by Harry Richman, who has a certain following. Said following considers him a droll fellow and shrieks at his every quip. We laughed a couple of times ourselves, and were much edified by the studied carelessness of his dancing.

A lissom lassie entertains the "customers" with the most elastic hip dance it has been our privilege to admire. Her costume is of an economical cut that brooks no quibbling as to whether or not she may



DANKENVILLE
CLUB RICHMAN

be a female impersonator. Facts are facts, and so are other things.

Another feature of the performance should stir Maurice to the refurbishing of the skating dance, which he invariably announces he "will try to do." Ben Blue, a clownish person in an idiotic costume *pour le sport*, does a skating dance which makes Maurice's look like the perambulations of an ice cart. Without a single icicle he produces an illuminating illusion of St. Moritz. It is a deft bit of fooling and ranks high in our cabaret experiences.

The Club Richman would be called Persian in decoration, but with a strong Russian influence. We wager its mama was a Slav, or had taken an over-dose of caviare. At all events it is comfortably dark in light effects.

The White Horse Tavern specializes in a sturdy sort of cuisine and waistcoats of yellow and red stripes on the waiters. The food and the service are in imitation of an English inn and successfully so. For that certain business of dining and talking it is very pleasant.

Of those other establishments, ornate and either achieving or attempting luxury, enough remain, despite padlocks, for the needs of the city. With Summer almost upon us—according to the calendar, anyway—the hotels are opening their roof gardens. The Ritz already has done so and will offer additional inducement to the visiting butter-and-egg trade in the form of its Japanese Gardens whenever the weather is kindly, which may be any night now.

The Hotel McAlpin, which appeals strongly to Kiwanis and Rotary delegations on holiday bent, has bethought itself, through its management, of an or-

iginal name for its roof garden: to wit, Bagdad-on-the-Roof. It opens Monday evening. No doubt the delights of the place will be in keeping. The Ambassador will follow, on Wednesday, with its Italian Gardens, taking its decorative *motif*, no doubt, from the courtyards of neighboring Park Avenue apartment houses. The Waldorf-Astoria will not venture the rigors of our present climate until Monday, the 15th, on which date its roof will be the scene of a dance under auspices and for the benefit of the New York Newspaper Women's Club. These latter young ladies are, to say the least, persistent in their entertaining.

In Mr. Enright's police college there should be a special course in modes and manners for prohibition agents. The last time we got caught in a raid on a supper club the raiders might have been considered insulting, if they hadn't been so ridiculous. The act they put on was far funnier than the paid performance usually scheduled there. During a lull in the music five self-conscious ginks, looking precisely like the burlesque detectives in "The Gorilla," stalked across the dance floor toward the kitchens. Large black cigars were screwed into the corner of each of their faces, check caps or slouch hats were pulled mysteriously down over their eyes, and their pants bagged mightily at the seat.

These caricatures, wearing their hats and flashing pocket lights, prowled about the premises accompanied by the proprietor, who probably followed the rules of that children's game in periodically informing them as to whether they were getting "warmer" or "colder" in their search. All this went forward with an obligato of derisive laughter from the on-looking guests, who frequently called out, "Take off them false whiskers, we knows ye."—*Top Hat*



DANKENVILLE
CLUB RICHMAN



VIEW OF A RUM RAID

A Study in Vituperation

Those two quaint old characters, the Man From Mars and the Man In the Street, encountered each other at Broadway and Forty-second Street for the first time in many years. The usual warm greetings between long separated friends were passed and then—

THE MAN FROM MARS: Who is Mayor of New York now? I've been out of touch with things.

THE MAN IN THE STREET: John F. Hylan.

M. M.: What does the F. stand for?

M. s.: Hanged if I know. Some say Faithful, others Faithless, others Foolish and still others Fromagenous.

M. M.: Has he no nickname?

M. s.: Aye, indeed he has! These seven years, since he came riding out of Bushwick, the populace, sometimes fondly, sometimes jeeringly, has called him Red Mike.

M. M.: Then, I take it, he is not altogether admired and beloved?

M. s.: You said it. Indeed, he has been the butt of many barbed jests. He is the pliant tool of the sinister Hearst. Moreover, his monumental dumbness, coupled with a certain adroit cunning in low political maneuvers, has made him a nationally known enigma.

M. M.: What do people say of him? I mean, of course, the things that can be printed.

M. s.: Well, for one, General O'Ryan on a certain occasion called him a golem in one language, a bosthoon in another, and some other name in yet another.

M. M.: And who is this O'Ryan?

M. s.: He once fought in the war, and is now a Transit Commissioner, and, according to the Red One, is in sympathy with the predatory interests.

M. M.: What else have people said of him?

M. s.: Well, there was Ogden Mills, who, among other things, called him an unprincipled demagogue and a reckless wastrel.

M. M.: Fightin' words. And who is this Mills?

M. s.: He is a Republican, and very wealthy, being a holder of certain important corporation stocks.

M. M.: What are some of the other names—if there have been others?

M. s.: There have been many others. Sam Untermyer once designated him as a Bumptious Vulgarian, and William Travers Jerome, on yet another occasion, said he was a Grotesque Mountebank.

M. M.: This is indeed a strange case. Then, I take it, this Hylan must be a low fellow, stupid, untutored, not above low tricks, a mouther of meaningless phrases and all that sort of thing. Yes?

M. s.: Yes. And he is going to run

again for Mayor. It will be his third term.

M. M.: You don't say! But of course a man like that couldn't be elected. What is his platform?

M. s.: "I am Honest John and I am for the five-cent fare and for the People against the Interests."

M. M.: Is that all? Well! Surely he will be defeated.

M. s.: Far from it. He will be elected by between 300,000 and 400,000 votes.

M. M.: But who will vote for him?

M. s.: I will, for one. In the first place, there isn't anybody else that can be elected. Moreover, there may be a modicum of reason in the man's strange platform. It could be worse.

M. M.: I fear you are either a fool or a knave.

M. s.: A little of both. And besides, my cousin has a job in a city department. Everybody has cousins or nephews or nieces in city departments.

(With that the Man From Mars, his mind addled, turned on his heel and strode away, while the Man In the Street ducked into a subway and a few minutes later was neatly crushed to death in the jam.)—S. W.

Jottings

By Busybody

"Oh, to be in England, now that Spring is here!" Or anywhere else in Europe, if you believe the current lists of steamer sailings.

✱ ✱ ✱

Albert Extine, the local insurance agent, has been considering a Rolls-Royce car, but has decided that he prefers a left hand drive so will continue to use his present Ford over the Summer.

✱ ✱ ✱

A pleasing blue tint is being given to the atmosphere of Fifth Avenue by various automobile exhausts.

✱ ✱ ✱

Abolition of the yellow traffic lights now brings the local signals within the scope of New Jersey motorists' intelligence.

✱ ✱ ✱

Coney Island merchants report that business is good and their wares are selling like hot dogs.

✱ ✱ ✱

Inquiries about who Busybody is will not be answered by this department, none having yet been received, but Busybody desiring to forestall same.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Three More Bodies Hit Park Playground.

—Heading in the Times.

Theatre Guild Productions
Bernard Shaw's Famous Comedy

Caesar and Cleopatra

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

Opens Monday, June 8th

Garrick Gaieties

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

The Pulitzer Prize Play
They Knew What

They Wanted
with Richard and Pauline
Bennett Lord

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

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE
West 42d St.

Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mgrs.
458 Seats at \$1. Pop. Price Mats. Wed. and Sat.

LATEST! GREATEST! FUNNIEST!

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

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

ZIEGFELD COSMOPOLITAN

THEATRE, Col. Circle, 59th St. & B'way
POP. MATS. THURS. & SAT.

Leon Errol in Louie^H 14th

1st Balc. Seats \$1 & 2. If bought in Advance

Eugene
O'Neill's
Greatest Play

DESIRE

UNDER the ELMS

With WALTER HUSTON

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

Eves. 8:30.

Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.

BIJOU Thea., 45th St., W. of B'way.
Evs. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:35

4th Month

Night Hawk

with MARY NEWCOMB

ANNE NICHOLS presents

WHITE COLLARS

A COMEDY OF AMERICAN LIFE

Now at **SAM H. HARRIS** W. 42 St. Mats.
Wed. & Sat.

LAFFING, SMASHING HIT

THE

FOUR FLUSHER

2nd Month

APOLLO Thea. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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

2nd Year of the Comedy

The SHOW-OFF

THE

GORILLA

FUNNIEST SHOW IN TOWN.

Selwyn West 42 St. | Nights \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50.
POP. MAT. TODAY



**YOU'LL find
our new Bilt-
more Shop a
convenient
spot to buy
your straw .**

"and they wear like the name"

LONG
The Custom Hatter

What Shall We Do This Evening?

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

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

100 Years Ago (From the New York daily papers of 1825)

CITY POLICE.—A more scandalous disregard of the laws and ordinances of any city in the world is not to be named than is daily witnessed in the public streets of New York. I mean the oft-repeated fact of swine of all sizes running at large, roaming unmolested throughout the most frequented parts of our city, at all times of day, not only to the great disgust but to the extreme inconvenience and real danger of its inhabitants. Not long ago a large sow, with a litter of pigs, had taken up her daily abode in a gutter, situated in South Street, between Coffee House Slip and Old Slip, one of the most frequented places in the city, which she held undisturbed day after day, in the very face of the law; and that since she had been there, the beast had seized on a small coloured girl and would probably have killed her, had she not been rescued from her fangs by some persons who happened to be passing.

BREAD.—Complaints have become loud, and are every day becoming more so, that the price of flour and the price of bread are altogether disproportionate. It is said that when flour was more than 50 per cent higher than it is at present, our bakers' loaves were quite as large as they are now and, some say, larger.

RISE OF WAGES.—Some months ago the price of all kinds of labor took a sudden start in our city, and among the rest, cooks, chambermaids and waiters took advantage of the rise in cotton to demand an advance of at least 25 per cent, which perhaps was no more than was reasonably to be expected and housekeepers were obliged to submit and did submit to it accordingly; but now that cotton has fallen again to its proper price is it not fair that the cooks, chambermaids and waiters should also come down to their old prices? But they won't do it and don't do it, wherefore it becomes our duty to proclaim to the world, that servants' wages are in New York higher than anywhere else, and plenty of demand.

TO LET.—From 1st of May a pleasant situation for a small family about 2½ miles from the City Hall, on the Third Avenue near Rose Hill. Attached to the house is a large garden and piece of pasture ground. From the house is a beautiful view of the East River and surrounding country. The rent reasonable.

COPPER.—This mineral is found (a Missouri paper says) in such abundance and purity from the Falls of St. Anthony to Lake Superior that the Indians make hatchets and ornaments of it without any

other instrument than the hammer. The mines still remain the possession of the Indians.

TO LET.—The commodious three story brick House at No. 30 Pine street. The house is well adapted for a boarding establishment, having many rooms, and most of them with fire places; also a convenient yard and a passage way to Cedar Street.

Other Distinguished Visitors

HARDLY had New York's welcome for Mr. Harry K. Thaw subsided when, at La Pay Club, at the most fashionable hour last night, the manager was seen escorting two smartly dressed young men to a table near the centre of the room.

Faultlessly clad in dinner coats, their shining black hair crowning a picture of sartorial perfection, they were about to seat themselves when a sudden cry from several patrons nearby caused the diners to look up. Instantly, they recognized the two handsome newcomers as Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb of Chicago. After a moment of silence the chamber rang with cheers.

Alphonse, his face wreathed in smiles, beckoned to a corps of waiters who immediately placed tables and chairs to accommodate the scores of enthusiasts who rushed to join the Chicagoans. The first young woman to reach them unclasped a priceless rope of pearls which she wore and fastened it about Leopold's throat.

A host of men and women all prominent in the supper club life of the city mingled with the eager throng until the two young men were the cynosure of all parties.

At a signal from Alphonse the entire orchestra stood up and played Gershwin's "Homicide in Light Mauve." Choking back their sobs, the youths turned to the musicians and distributed monogrammed chisels of mahogany and silver. The gratitude of the orchestra was touching.

After this ceremony Miss Trixie De Lys sang a song extemporized for the occasion.

Oh Nathan—Sweet Nathan,
My ever lovin', big-eyed Satan,
He's the kid that knocks em cold;
My sweet poppa, Leopold.

To distribute the honors evenly, Miss Kitty Horton, whose brain had been also active, leaned toward Loeb and caroled:
Oh my sweetie, hear my words,
Slick haired sheik that hunts for birds,
Pd sell my Rolls and swell wardrobe
To nest in trees with Dickie Loeb.

Everyone joined in the chorus and the waiters passed souvenirs from the distinguished visitors—Sears, Roebuck Catalogues for the ladies and horn rim spectacles for the men. As the two departed they were made to walk between a double line of admirers who showered them with flowers from the table decorations.

"Tell Me a Book to Read"

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

UNVEILED, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (*Seltzer*). A caustic and exceedingly clever account of a marriage of idealists.

THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*). Contrasts assorted human fauna of North Shore Long Island with a Yankee Quixote so fine as to be taken seriously.

DRUMS, by James Boyd (*Scribner's*). About the Revolutionary period, and not unlike a mellowed and de-bunked "Richard Carvel."

THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). Very light and very amusing sketches that remind old timers of "The Dolly Dialogues," and are better.

LUCIENNE, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). About three nice girls in love with one man. A psychological novel that no more parades its psychology than life does.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). A "circus" of musical antinomians is dispersed in a moral world. The book is best-selling, as it should be.

ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). A young doctor goes into bacteriology, gets rid of all success considerations and saves his soul. Not Lewis's most popular novel, but his best one.

THE RECTOR OF WYCK, by May Sinclair (*Macmillan*). Most easily described as the opposite of her "A Cure of Souls."

SEGELFOSS TOWN, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). The hero is the town, the theme its deterioration under sham democracy.

SHORT STORIES

BRING! BRING!, by Conrad Aiken (*Boni & Liveright*). You need not be as fastidious as Aiken to enjoy these stories of his.

OVERHEARD, by Stacy Aumonier (*Doubleday, Page*). Recommended because of "The Friends" and two or three others in it.

TRIPLE FUGUE, by Osbert Sitwell (*Doran*). The short stories are likelier to appeal to Americans than the longer, title satire.

GENERAL

JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). The best book on Keats and possibly—without disparagement of Miss Lowell's other work—her highest achievement.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES, by Van Wyck Brooks (*Dutton*). As distinguished in its literary quality as by its conclusions about James.

BEGGARS OF LIFE, by Jim Tully (*A. & C. Boni*). Tully as a youngster was a hobo. His memories are vivid and clean of bunk.

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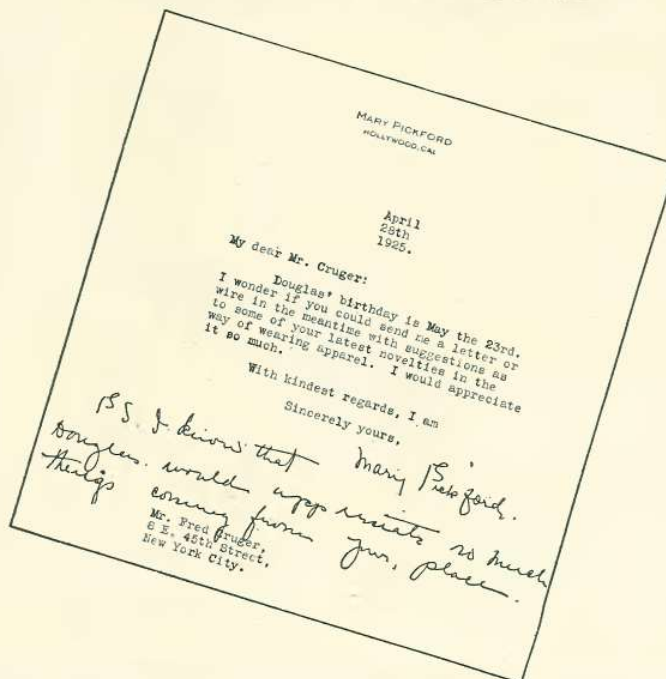
Yes, if they fit. Hoover himself could not suggest a better saving of shoe leather, and this is a splendid way of supporting President Coolidge's economy program. If the rubbers should be too large, stuff the toes with wads of newspaper; on the other hand, if too small, slip them on as far as they will go and fasten with string. Should the lady who owns the rubbers happen to be along, let her follow you home. Good manners demand that, having no more use for the rubbers, you return them by parcel post.—C. J.

Cruger's Column

By

MARY PICKFORD

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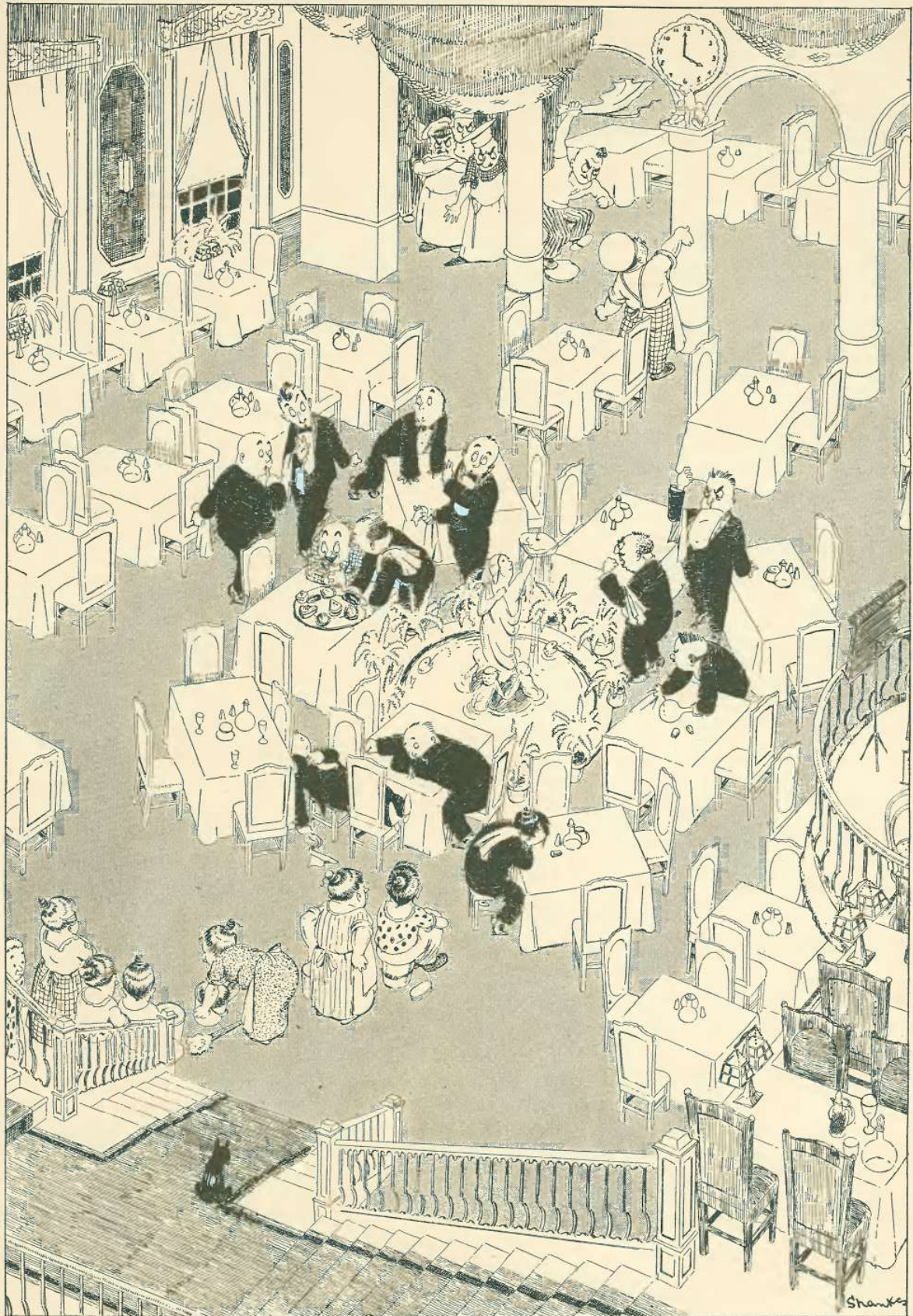
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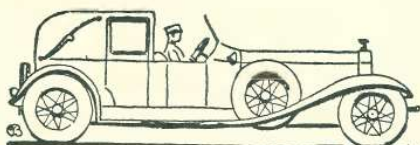
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