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THE

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NEW YORKER





AMENITIES OF MODERN SOCIAL LIFE
A Busy Morning In the Studio of A Fashionable Hair Artist

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Martyr de Jour

TENNESSEE has not been noted widely for its martyrs since the days of Mrs. Andrew Jackson. Indeed, New York has had no acquaintance with any of this species from that segment of country until last week, when the somewhat rural frame of Mr. John T. Scopes was presented to this city; and its slightly amused owner was introduced in circles with which, hitherto, he had been acquainted only through his love for books and periodicals.

He was fêted and lionized, this back-country school-teacher, a shrewd, slow-speaking, slow-moving individual such as novelists have misrepresented as being typical of our agricultural regions. He was lionized socially, that is. Although, of course, there was that rather distressful incident of entertainment when Mr. Scopes and Dr. George W. Rappleyea, his devoted friend, attended the "Follies" by invitation of the late press agent for the American Civic Liberties' Union, and found, on arrival, that while guests they were expected to pay for their own tickets.

In the more serious matter of arranging for his defense against the onslaughts of Bryanites, he was pushed into the background, whilst the Darrows, and the Colbys, and the Malones maneuvered for a foremost position among his counsel, and consequently upon the first pages of the fifteen hundred odd dailies published within the confines of these United States, not considering the European press.

But not for long. Mr. Scopes, when he realized what trend events were taking, drily reminded all concerned that, after all, he was the defendant; and complained, a bit petulantly, that his importance was being minimized. This was an unheard of stand for any defendant hereabouts, such persons customarily

yielding with proper deference all glory and prominence to so greatly distinguished counsel as those above mentioned.

Even after defying the established order, Mr. Scopes was not finished; at least, so report has it, for upon being asked what was his opinion of the eminent counsel who clamored for his defense, he is said to have murmured, vaguely:

"It's hard to imagine any greater trial."



ONE may be permitted to wonder whether this elaborate array of counsel will serve Mr. Scopes well when it confronts a representative jury in Dayton, Tenn. If, as has been asserted, the object is to lose the first test in order to permit appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court, that desideratum is almost assured by the appearance of nationally known counsellors for the defense.

It was so, for example, in the famous Leo Frank case, which arrayed Atlanta against a large portion of the nation

some years ago. When the tumult had died and Mr. William Burns had almost recovered from the shock of being treated so rudely by indignant Georgians, a newspaper man asked one of the jurors who had sat on the murder trial: "What convinced you that Frank was guilty?"

"Well," replied the juror, shifting his cud of tobacco before advancing what must always be a clinching argument, "well, if he wasn't guilty, what did he get all those high-priced lawyers for?"

A Prophet at Home

MR. GEORGE M. COHAN was strolling along Broadway late one evening, or early one morning, in the company of Mr. James Hussey, the comedian, of late returned from Europe. It was a gay

night, or morning, and a cool breeze, for a change, swept its intoxicating refreshment from over the Park along the curving stretches of the Gay White Way.

Mr. Cohan grew expansive under the whip of the cool wind's rigors.

"This is my street, Jimmy," he pronounced, with Cohanesque twang and roll. "Broadway. It's my street. I made it. They all know me on this street. Everybody knows me. I made this street. Broadway. They all know me here."

"That's all right, George," Mr. Hussey murmured. "Let's go in for a bite." And he piloted into Johalem's the enthusiastic Mr. Cohan who, at entrance, was still assuring his companion that, "They all know me here. Everybody knows me on this street."

The couple entered Johalem's, filled as it was with the mimes and players lately released from their labors. Great cries went up as the suppers recognized the foremost of the pair.

"Hello, Jimmy. Ah, there, Jimmy. Jimmy Hussey. Hey, Jimmy. When did you get back, Jimmy? Jimmy! Jimmy! Jimmy!"

Mr. Hussey turned to Mr. Cohan with what might have been a sardonic grin, and then turned away again, holding his hand up for silence.

"Fellows, let me introduce my friend," he began, and then broke off, "Aw, what's the use? You wouldn't recognize the name, anyway."

This Week

FROM the mills of the gods issued: The atrocious murder of a young lady and the appointment of a president, William H. Edwards, for the new Police Academy. A splendid dinner to Mayor Hylan on the evening that Judge Olvany dined frugally at home. Announcement, from Washington, that prohibition is effective, and announcement, in New York, that alcoholic insanity has trebled since the Eighteenth Amendment. Mr. J. B. Duke gives two more millions to Bull Durham—or is it Duke?—University and Mr. J. P. Speyers offers for sale three old masters as means for meeting his alimonies. President Cool-

idge returns from the Great Northwest after expatiating on the glories of the adventurous Norsemen and W. A. Harriman & Co. negotiate a valuable manganese concession with the Soviets. Mr. George Bernard Shaw calls the Hon. William Jennings Bryan's views "infantilism" and Shurtleff College confirms Dr. John Roach Straton's degree, awarded for "outstanding character." Judge Elbert Gary diets experimentally, for longevity, at a Birmingham Hospital, and a playwright dies in Berlin, from heart-strain, upon the opening of his first production after twenty years of failure. A baby is born in an automobile speeding to a Brooklyn hospital and the newspapers lose interest in Amundsen's fate. The On Leongs and the Hip Sings, late feudists, spend a peaceful day picknicking on the Upper Hudson, with 200 white girls as guests and the agent of the Philippine Government protests that the subsidized native students sent here have far too gay times in this city. Judges of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals decry unfair usage of the statutes and several thousand new lawyers are graduated from local schools of law. Mr. John S. Sumner crusades against art magazines and an old-fashioned peep show on Sixth Avenue enjoys profitable patronage.

Note on Charm Abroad

THE great charm of Paris—say fortunate friends, or unfortunate, in that they return—lies in its complete individuality. This is why, they add, as many as two thousand Americans a day enter its smoky stations by boat trains at this time of year.

"The *chic* place this summer," these friends run on, "is Florence's. What is Florence's like? You remember that little place west of Seventh Avenue in the Fifties, that little hole in the wall? Well, it's just about that size, with a lot of tiny tables and a piano.

"Run by coons . . . same band that plays at the Jardin de Ma Soeur . . . comes in later . . . Florence sings . . . when she isn't slapping duchesses on the back with a hearty 'glad t'see yuh back agin!' It's so nice; you don't hear a word of French except when Buddy



Notes on the Annual Garden

passes the hat for the band. He's a great kiddier, Buddy. He always says '*merci bien*' and everybody laughs.

"Sometimes, if you come early, before they've filled the space up with tables, you can dance. The real charm is that they haven't tried to decorate Florence's at all; it's just itself with its dirty wall paper and its smoky ceiling. It's worth your life to get a table there.

"Diversion? Oh, outside of making friends with the coons it's always fun to watch indignant Southern Gentlemen stamp out. They sort of punctuate the evening."

Further Advice

IT is the jolly custom at the Lido, still considering foreign parts, to change to another bathing suit after each swim—it is done under a large sheet made into a tent with the bather's head for a tent pole; that's what the Walrus, who was thereabouts, has to say about that—and one doesn't, one simply *doesn't* wear the same suit twice in a week. What an example to our sports-for-sports-sake girls who present themselves in the same two piece suit all summer long! *Zut alors!* The Walrus could tell them something about that!

There was the lady, for instance—no it wasn't Mrs. Nash—who went to the Lido with a hundred and five bathing suits; but so carefully selected that they packed into one bag, all, and three beach robes besides. The Walrus, who is widely travelled, speaks at length and lyrically of the freight of that one bag. There was the black velvet one painted in red and amethyst, the gold fishnet one-piece embroidered discreetly in peacock blue and green. There were three batiked masterpieces, and a handpainted cubist *chef d'oeuvre*. There was the ribbed white silk one, and the green velvet one laced together—the Walrus says *apart*—at the sides.

There were twenty-seven stocking silk one-pieces in as many colors, the two piece woven of ribbons, the old-fashioned one with the ribbon frills, the silver cloth one with the signs of the Zodiac in appliqué, the

one with the pearl paillettes, there were the seven woolen suits *comme pour le sport*, five of them with cross stripes, the black taffeta one with the bouffant skirt and the orange underpinnings, and the one with a skirt of red and yellow cork beads over which the Walrus waxes ecstatic and can remember nothing more.

And why should he? From even this it is evident that *le sport pour le sport* is admirable, but there are also amenities.

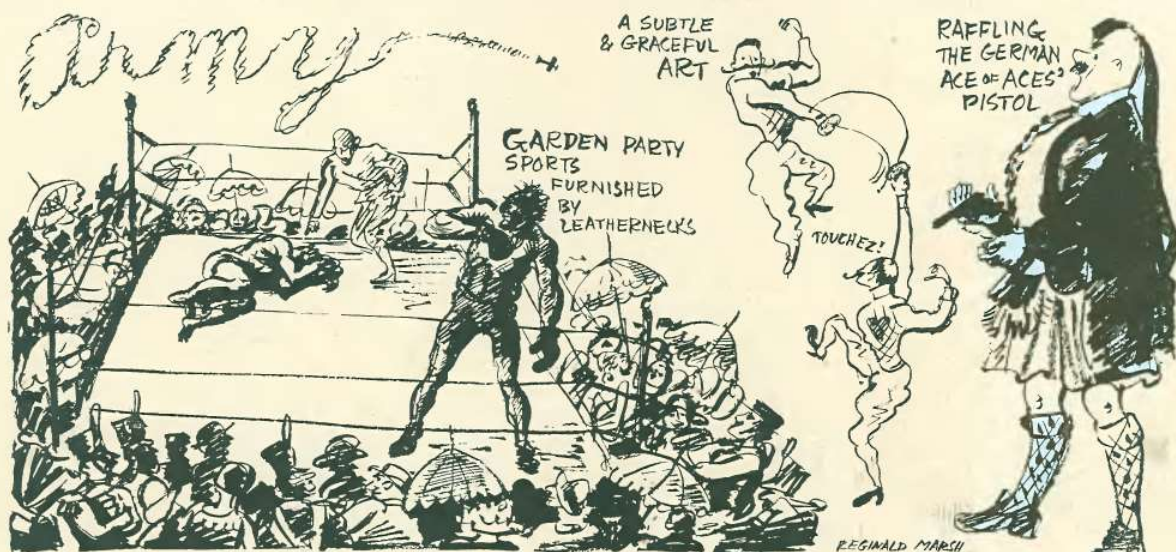
Annoying Modesty

COLONEL THOMAS E. LAWRENCE is modest to the point where it annoys; not merely acquaintances, but, in his case, a large public. It was he who, on a roving commission from the British government, organized the Arabs' resistance to the Turks and helped bring about the fall of Jerusalem. His accomplishments and his adventures therein never have been disclosed fully, except to the notoriously reticent British Foreign Office, although they are said by those in some degree familiar with their story to comprise the greatest individual deeds of this century; or, say some, of any other.

The records of his operations have been given by Col. Lawrence to the British Museum, there to repose sealed until fifty years after his death, when they will be available to historians.

Now, Col. Lawrence has written a book, whose title is "The Seven Pillars," and which deals with some of those amazing exploits of his during 1917-1918. The work will be published shortly after Christmas and it is limited, according to the publisher's guarded announcement, to editions, in England of one hundred copies, and in America of fifty, not all of which will be for sale. After the printing of this limited number, the type will be distributed.

What promises to be the most thrilling book of a decade, at least, confined to a total of 150 copies for both editions. It would seem a wild invention of press agency, this condition, were it not for Col. Lawrence's known and exasperating indifference to the



Party at Governor's Island

world's praise; and the earnest assurance of Doubleday, Page & Co., his American publishers, that none regrets the half hundred limit so much as they.

Honest John Kelly's

THE wreckers have finished their work on the brownstone house that was Honest John Kelly's gambling establishment, next door to the Claridge. The last of the walls have been crumbled and the foundations are being cleared for new construction.

Honest John's was the last outright gambling establishment to exist in New York. It survived Canfield's and the raids of William Travers Jerome, not closing until the first rumbling of war echoed over Europe. Never as pretentious as Canfield's, it was, nevertheless, luxurious enough in appointments and it enjoyed an excellent patronage until, after years of police annoyance, it succumbed and closed its doors. Afterwards, the house endured various vicissitudes, the last of which was a two-year effort as a supper club, which proved fruitless.

The card room in Honest John's was maintained on what, in an old-fashioned private house, would have been the parlor floor. The walls were hung with many canvases, including one inevitable huge nude, but only one; the rest were marines, landscapes, still lifes and a few portraits of persons unknown, by artists scarcely less so. On the floor above, where the faro and roulette games flourished, the walls were done in heavy, rich, gold cloth of some sort, unrelieved by paintings.

Raids were frequent in the last years of Honest John's existence and police searches of the premises were many. But there must have been some secret store room in the building, so cunningly arranged as to foil the most thorough raiders, for, when the movers carted away the furnishings a few weeks ago, we observed them loading into their vans some strange pieces of furniture. These bore suspicious resemblance to such gambling paraphernalia as roulette wheels and tables, faro outfits and the like.

It is said that a theatre, the smallest in town, will be erected on the site, seating only 299 persons. Upon hearing this Mr. David H. Wallace commented that a sense of the proprieties would compel the management to open the playhouse with Singer's Midgits.

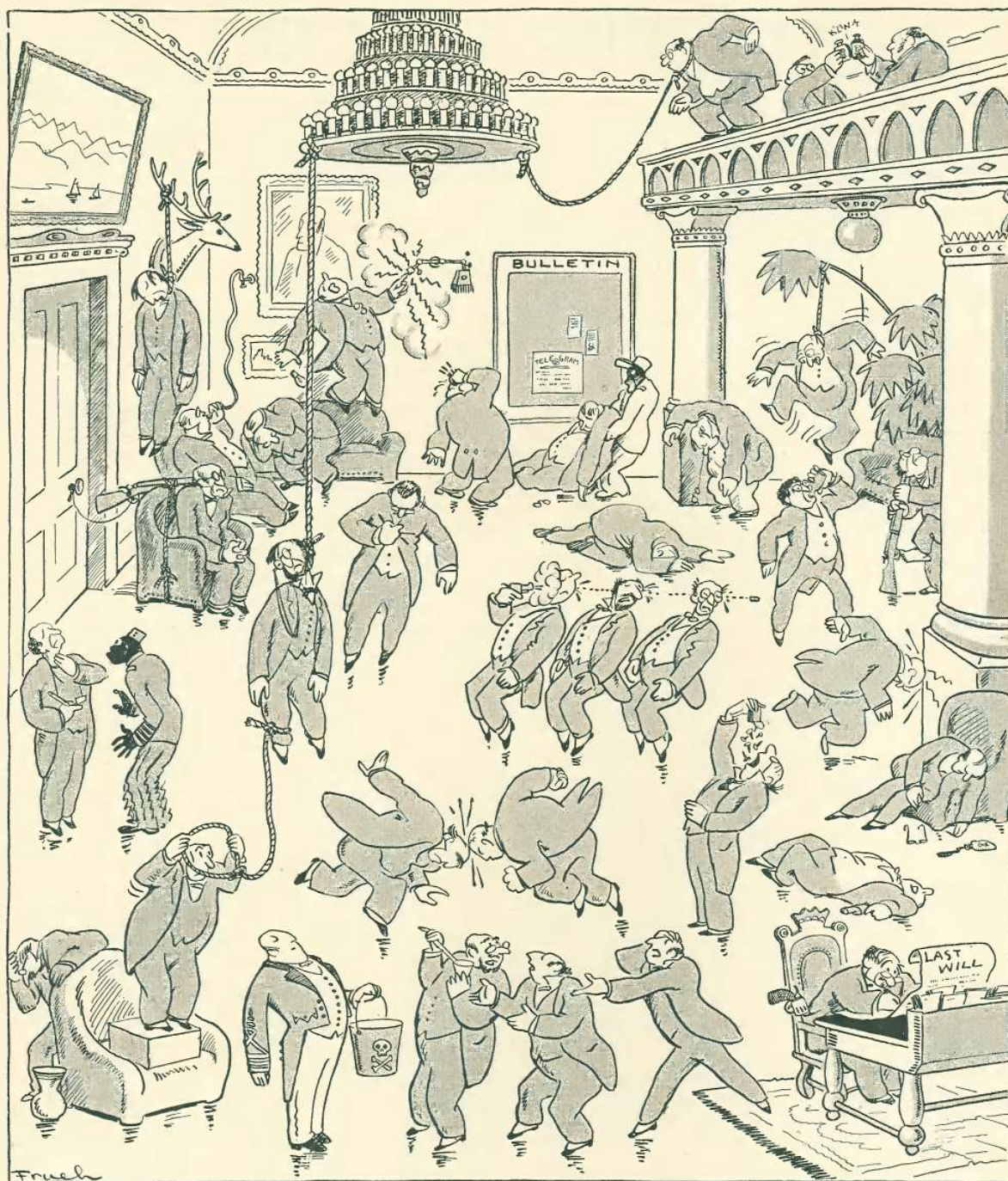
THERE are, of course, no elaborate gambling establishments in town now, although seekers after such diversion as roulette and faro offer may find it in apartments, on both the middle East and West sides. But these are small places, in the nature of things, and their appeal is more to a wild party of youths than to the silent, solitary and frequently solid individuals who studied the chances of the wheel in other times.

In Our Midst—and Out

NEW detachments joining American Expeditionary Forces in Europe include: Dr. Alexis Carrel, master of surgery. Mr. George Gibbs of Gibbs's Literary Trust. Miss Anne Morgan, to look over some more devastation. Mr. Eddie Cantor, blackface golfer, and Mrs. Cantor. Mr. E. Ray Goetz, lyricist in waiting to Mlle. Irene Bordon. Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, to look at Fall lines in history. Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, Ambassador, to make acquaintance of President Paul von Hindenburg. Mr. and Mrs. John N. Willys, automobiles, and daughter, Virginia. Mr. Alfred C. Knopf, to look over files of London *Mercury*, and Mrs. Knopf. Mr. Seamus MacManus, Free Stater. Mrs. Arthur Bodanzky, consort of conductor. Mr. George Arliss, interpreter of elder Briton. Mr. Joe Kirkwood and Mr. Macdonald Smith, to keep British Open open. Miss Minnie Dupree, decorative actress. Mrs. C. P. Hugo Schoell-

kopff, jewel fancier, to visit, it is hoped, Lloyd's. Mr. George Gaul, follower of Thespis. Mr. Clark Silvernail, likewise. Mr. Raymond Orteig, Brevoort and Lafayette, planning to fly back for glory, fun, honor and publicity. Mr. Joseph H. Widener, of turf and Rembrandt family. Sir Esme Howard, Ambassador from Court of St. James to Monastery of St. Calvin . . . In town for orange blossom season, Mr. Harry Kendall Thaw, *bon vivant* and volunteer fireman . . . Numbers of shiny sheepskins about. By grace of New York University, LL.D., Mr. Frank Andrew Munsey, author of "Afloat in a Great City," "The Boy Broker" and "Under Fire." Additional LL.D., without authorship, Col. Michael Freidsam, D.S.C., cable address Altman's . . . From Paris word of two plays by Miss Mercedes de Acosta produced by Miss Eva La Gallienne, played by bilingual company. Said that the French do not know their own language . . . Home again, Mr. Otto Kahn, patron of drama and defender of free speech after dinner. Greeted by son, Detective and Bandmaster Roger Wolfe Kahn . . . In town, also, temporarily, at least, after varying stays abroad, these: Mr. James W. Gerard, pining for more Kaisers to beard. Mr. William Wrigley, Jr., maker of skylines, and Mrs. Wrigley. Miss Evelyn Law, with toes, calves and high kicks. Mr. James Hussey, comedian Hebraic. Mr. George Pattullo, best American correspondent in late war, still member Second Corps, First Army, Lorimer Literary Forces. Mr. Charles Dillingham, hugging script of "These Charming People," and musing, one supposes, on Shelmerdyne. Herr Alfred Blumen, Austrian pianist. Mr. Richard Wyckoff, Wall Street's favorite author. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, sculptress of Titanic Memorial, to do as much for Duse. Mr. Harold F. McCormick, Mme. Ganna Walska's most dependable audience. Mr. Percy Hammond, with fresh





News Reaches the Bar Association that the Stillmans, the Stokeses, and the Goulds Have Decided to Settle Their Differences Out of Court

adjectives for forthcoming season of drama, and Mrs. Hammond . . . Overheard, lately, in front of Palace Theatre, a voice, crying, "Dearie, it's stifling. There ain't a bit of atmosphere in the air" . . . To appear on speaking stage, where there is no Hays, by grace of Mr. A. H. Woods, Miss Mabel Normand, late victim of circumstances . . . In Balkans, seeking operatic material, Mr. Arthur Train, literary law expert . . . Shaking a knee in shaking Hollywood, Miss Ann Pennington, at luncheon to Handsome Rodolph. She to appear on screen with Mr. Tom Mix, Tony and nine-gallon hats . . . For London, to enliven the

Kit-Kat Club, those Sisters Dolly, Madame Sophie Tucker, juvenile, Mr. Ted Lewis, shy jazzist, Mr. Brooke Johns and banjo . . . In Moscow, forwarded by Mr. Morris Gest, petition to allow visit here of members of Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio. Number of signatures appended, 21,436, without consulting second section of telephone directory . . . In town, looking for job as chauffeur, Prince Basile Swiatopolk-Mirski, late of Russia. Prospective employers should address applications for interview, care of Hotel Shelton . . . Mayor Hylan guest of honor at one of Mayor Hylan's Dinners.—*The New Yorkers*

BETTER BANDITRY

I'M from the West; I lose my temper easily and, in regard to one certain subject, I have kept silent just about as long as I can. I don't like the way in which New York City conducts its business of banditry!

Of course it isn't any of my affair, but why, in the name of Commissioner Enright and the rest, for they are all, all, honorable men, are not the hold-uppers and the hi-jackers and the daylight, as well as the flashlight, robbers in this civilized community encouraged to do their work in a manner that is artistic and picturesque? Rotary, Kiwanis, the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, the Theatre Guild and Will Hays ought to get together and devise a code of ethics—Rotary is especially long on ethics—to which all would-be and actually-are members of the dishonest and unlawful, but regularly recognized and respected profession of robbery should be made to adhere.

If some such action as this is not taken, just think what a reputation New York City will have in the eyes of future generations! It will be awful, and the Manhattanite's grandchildren will think a lot of him, won't they (?), when they look back into the record and see where the Madison Avenue specialists, in the year 1925, adopted the system of robbing a shopkeeper first and then, in order to prevent immodest pursuit, taking his pants off and carrying them along with the rest of his valuables. Posterity will be deeply interested in reading about such indelicate carryings on as this, and the only grain of comfort the present day New Yorker can get out of the situation is that from the perusal of this kind of high class literature the youth of the future will know why it was that, in this present generation, men, especially all who worked in jewelry stores, began to have their shirt tails embroidered and to wear rosettes on their B.V.D.'s.

Then, take another case; one that was reported in the *World* on the morning of May 28. Read this one and weep because it is a disgrace that such a thing should have occurred in a city which has for years struggled along under the intellectual animadversions of the two great columnists, William J. Bryan and Heywood Broun.

Dennis O'Brien, peaceable citizen and storekeeper, was calmly putting away his money when in walked

a stranger who rudely cried: "Throw up your hands!" Being badly scared O'Brien threw up a can of peas instead, but as this missile missed the intruder he followed it quickly with a varied assortment of other kinds of foodstuffs. Some of this barrage landed squarely and the infuriated robber retaliated with pears and peaches. It must have been a fine sight!

The combat waged hotter. O'Brien brought up heavy artillery of a larger calibre, disgorged two-pound cans instead of one-pounders, and the bandit, who later said he dwelt in Featherbed Lane but felt that he was a long way from it, beat a hasty retreat, heavily bespattered with everything that goes to make up a square meal. O'Brien went in pursuit and Policeman Christ, who happened to be standing on the corner of 135th Street, joined in the chase. The inartistic criminal dived into a tenement and when he attempted to dive out, at the rear, he landed fairly and squarely in the bosom of Christ. "Safe at last, in the arms of the police," murmured the fugitive as he was led away.

It would be much better, I think—and for that reason I have included the Theatre Guild and Will Hays in my suggested list of reformers—if New York would only go back to the good old days of the Golden West and do its banditry after some accepted and approved fashion. The stage—in fact a hundred of them—is already set for the improvement. Tom Mix and Will Rogers, who have been stage robbers for years, are both in town to coach the beginners.

This suggestion will, I am quite sure, meet with the hearty approval of Mayor Hylan. His Honor—although I have never heard anybody else call him that—every time he has opened his mouth for the last thirty days has said he is not in favor of the crude form of robbery which, he asserts, is now being practised throughout his dominions and that there must be a radical change. If my suggestion is adopted there will be. Regularly organized bands of bandits can "stick up" the buses in fine fashion. They can wear high boots, big hats and bandana handkerchiefs; carry smelling salts with which to revive the women, six shooters with which to convince the men and Union Cards with which to protect themselves. They can commit acts of devilry with one hand and chivalry with the other; and, in the end, they can die, leaving behind them a record which all men can reverence.—Owen P. White



PROFILES

After June 30, the Deluge

RECENTLY the by no means reluctant newspapers of the land broke out in a rash of advertisements wherein large type shouted aloud the dreadful proclamation:

"After June 30, I quit.

"HALDEMAN-JULIUS"

And underneath were obligingly printed the names of several hundred Little Blue Books which (in what became, by delicate implication, a fast-waning interval) you might still buy at the alluring price of five cents a volume.

Doubtless, you know the Little Blue Books—essays by Emerson, La Fontaine, Bacon, Oscar Wilde and Haldeman-Julius; plays by Ibsen, Shakespeare, Euripides, Molière and Haldeman-Julius; poems by Goethe, Longfellow, Poe, Byron and—oh, yes—Haldeman-Julius—a vast wealth of classical literature almost imperceptibly interspersed (like laxative in apple sauce) with the works of Haldeman-Julius. And all at five cents a copy. For some years past, unless memory is up to one of its pranks, you have thus been offered your positively last chance, your irrevocably final opportunity to acquire a five foot shelf at five cents a copy. And now the announcements bear the tidings in that crisp and costly utterance:

"After June 30, I quit—Haldeman-Julius."

Alarmed as were the bookish fellows in old Alexandria when the Roman flames licked the foundations of the great library, affrighted at this prospect of popular price culture thus doomed in America (after June 30), this conscientious journal dispatched a foaming messenger to Girard, Kansas, that Home and Fountain Head of the Little Blue Books, seeking at most to dissuade Haldeman-Julius from such desertion of the great work, seeking at least to learn what he had on for July 1, say, or July 2.

The report from Girard was immensely reassuring. It is true that Haldeman-Julius will cease (at midnight on June 30) to edit the Little Blue Books, which, if they are to appear thereafter will have to do so under the editorial supervision of some presumably inadequate underling. For, beginning July 1—doubtless around one in the morning—the young master himself will turn his now celebrated attention to the editing and publishing of Big Blue Books—bigger and bluer and purchasable at fifty cents a volume.

Of the Little Blue Books, one thousand titles have been published. You may be interested to know which

of the thousand titles proved the best seller. It was "Æsop's Fables." In fiction, the most popular was Gautier's "One of Cleopatra's Nights." In humor, "The Jumping Frog"—that most humorless of all Mark Twain's efforts—led all the rest. The best seller in poetry was Omar Khayyam. The best seller in biography was Bowers's "Life of Lincoln." In science, it was William J. Fielding's book on psycho-analysis. In drama, it was Ibsen's "A Doll's House." All told, Haldeman-Julius has sold 75,000,000 volumes. And now that's that.

As the fateful June 30 approaches, you may be moved to ask who this Haldeman-Julius is. And why, of all places, Girard, Kansas? That second question of yours is happily put. Thereby hangs a tale. For if it had not been for the idea which a feebly struggling young actress, lodged at the Three Arts Club in New York, was suspected of entertaining on the subject of Girard, Kansas, the name of Mr. Haldeman-Julius might be entirely unknown to-day and most certainly would have been plain Mr. Julius. And the Little Blue Books might never have been published at all.

The struggling young actress aforesaid, who averted this calamity, was Marcet Haldeman. She had rebelled at the confines of Girard and come on to New York to go on the stage. She was the daughter of Girard's foremost and wealthiest citizen, but she did not like Kansas. The elder Haldeman—physician, banker, musician, philosopher, autocrat of the little Kansas town and holder of formidable mortgages on the farmlands roundabout—had died and Marcet, under the stage name of Jeanne Marcet, was braving it out alone at the Three Arts Club, along with Margaret Wilson, Gilda Varesi and other aspirants for the glory that was Broadway and the grandeur that was Times Square.

Then came news from Girard that Mrs. Haldeman had died. A wise and gracious lady was Mrs. Haldeman, less celebrated in the outside world than her sister, Jane Addams of Hull House, but not less highly regarded in Girard. It is possible that she had small confidence in her daughter's career as an actress: it is certain she had great patience with it. To Marcet she willed the Haldeman fortune, with no stipulations dictated by the inordinate vanity of the dead. She left it all to her daughter with a single condition. Marcet



MANUS STENGEL

E. Haldeman-Julius

was to enter into her inheritance only after she had dwelt for a whole year in Girard. If, thereafter, she preferred New York and the hard benches of the managers' waiting rooms, it would at least not be because she did not really know how pleasant life could be in Girard, especially if one lived in its finest house and in the Spring twilight could motor out along the new roads and look at all the newly planted fields on which one held the mortgages.

So Marcet put away her make-up and costumes, packed the old batik in the bottom of her trunk and started for Girard. It may well be that in the back of her mind some such phrase as "After June 30, I quit" formed in the rhythm of the wheels as the train roared its way from the Three Arts Club to Kansas. And if she is still in Girard, as, at last accounts, she most abundantly and completely was, it was less due to the insidious comfort of that little city or to the agreeable mortgages held in the name of Haldeman on its abundant environs. It was due rather to Emanuel Julius.

Emanuel Julius was a young, swarthy, eventful, challenging, compelling, unforgettable Jew from Philadelphia who had been working stormily as a reporter on that erstwhile daily, the *New York Call*, at fifteen dollars a week when he heard there was a job for the likes of him on the *Appeal to Reason*, the famous Socialist weekly, which was published in Girard because its editor happened to live there. So Julius migrated and he was settling in the town when Marcet came home.

The rest—the courtship, the marriage, the children,

the hyphenated name legally established by court order, the purchase of large shares in the *Appeal to Reason*, the mollifying of that once bitter weekly into the present reasonable publication known, oddly enough, as the *Haldeman-Julius Weekly*, the expansion of the modest printing plant into the vast, cunningly integrated and brilliantly competent establishment which has turned out 75,000,000 Little Blue Books (figures furnished by E. Haldeman-Julius) and which now stands straining at the leash, impatient

for the word of command which will start the presses whirring on no one knows how many Bigger Blue Books—all this has followed by the simple process of nature taking its course.

You who read this may be tinged with that easy cynicism which would hastily think of Emanuel Julius as one who has sold out to Mammon, contrasting the passionate Socialism of that threadbare reporter on the *Call* with the mellowed utterances of the solid citizen who dwells in the manorial house on the edge of Girard and lords it over a plant so efficient that its

capacity for culture can be measured almost to the page. But you would be jumping too hastily to conclusions. You would not be taking into account the admirable short stories on which Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius collaborated for the *Atlantic Monthly* or the novel "Dust" they wrote together for Brentano's. Or the crusader's pride the whilom reporter of the *Call* feels, when in a subway, he sees a workman settle back on his strap and reach automatically to the pocket where he keeps his Little Blue Book.

—Alexander Woolcott



OF ALL THINGS



IN these days of theological peril somebody might do well by writing a book, "What to believe till the doctor of divinity comes."

❖ ❖ ❖

Bernard Shaw denounces the Bryan propaganda as infantilism. The Garden of Eden method *does* seem a childish way for an important God to create an important world.

❖ ❖ ❖

"You have given your pledge to the land of the free," the President told the Norwegians in Minnesota. How much better that is than the land of the ski and the home of the Scandianave.

❖ ❖ ❖

A social event worth going miles to see would be Senator Borah being presented at the World Court.

According to the N. Y. State Hospital Commission, the number of people sent to insane asylums by whisky is three times as great as just before prohibition. On the other hand, savings banks deposits have greatly increased. This gives us both sides of the picture; we have more dollars and less sense.

❖ ❖ ❖

Senator Wheeler is shortly to be tried in Washington on the same old charge. This is what is known in legal parlance as a two-piece suit.

❖ ❖ ❖

No doubt Irving Berlin, like the Mackays, was annoyed by the false rumor of his engagement, but in denying the report he managed to mention the title of four of his songs, four Marx Brothers, one Sam Harris and

the Music Box Review. It's an ill wind that has no Berlin silver lining.

❖ ❖ ❖

France does not seem to be doing so well in Morocco these days. Those second hand wars are never entirely satisfactory.

❖ ❖ ❖

"Coolidge Sure of Patriotism of Northwest," says the *Herald Tribune*. There is a presumptuous, overbearing, insolent quality to that idea that sounds much more like the H.T. than like C.C.

❖ ❖ ❖

The British, we hear, are planning to pay their war debt to the United States with rubber. At last we are to realize the economist's dream of an elastic currency.—Howard Brubaker

AGAINST TOBACCO

I BELIEVE any student of America will admit that Prohibition of *something* has become necessary to her life. Having once known the joy of declaring war on human nature and expending her vast energy and resources upon the dual course of breaking an impossible law and of enforcing it, it is absurd to dream that America ever will return to the dull ways of Europe, where laws are fashioned after the prosaic philosophy of common sense.

We have a right to assume that Prohibition will stay: at least, until some dim future when America ceases to be a gigantic child. Prohibition meantime must serve us as a sort of game, easing our perversities and channeling and exhausting our energy which we have not yet learned a better way to spend. The question, then, is merely whether perhaps a better object for Prohibition might be found than alcoholic drinks.

For a number of reasons, ranging from the metaphysical to the dietetic, I propose Tobacco. Tobacco has come to be used by us, almost exclusively as a means for producing smoke. Snuff has gone out, save in the aboriginal South. And the chew, possibly because it is the most vital of its uses, is frowned upon, not by ineffectual law but by imperious custom, and is waning. Now, tobacco smoke is obtained by burning the tobacco. Fire killeth. Take a flower and place it in a flame and you will see it shrivel. Smoke, moreover, is not the escaping life of the tobacco. Life, in the act of being burned to death, goes up in heat and flame. The smoke is the dross. The smoke is the gross waste matter that the fire, in its ecstasy of epuration, has rejected. This offal, but meagerly pungent with escaping essence, is what the smoker takes into his mouth, soaks through his sinus, and breathes into his lungs.

Against this sterile, this ephemeral matter cast from the burned tobacco, consider the substance of alcoholic drink! The juice of the grape or the grain is left in concentrated quiet, until it comes to life. Fermentation is a pregnancy; and the alcohol that comes of it is birth. Distillation is a sort of enhanced, excited pregnancy: a manner of inspiration. It is more intense, more spiritual than the slower process of fermenting. It results more richly in alcohol. It is related to the brew or to the birth of wine, as the deliberate act of art to the instinctive creativity of play or love. But both fermentation and distillation are fertile and life-bearing. They partake of the beneficent light of the sun; not of its immediate and killing fire. They are kin to the natural lucubrations and secretions of the

earth. Seed and soil, the labor of bacillus and enzyme go to this mysterious rite. And the child thereof is alcohol: alcohol, whose life is subtly transfused in the loamy life of the fruit itself or of the grain that has created it and is transfigured by it.

Men for all ages have loved the alcohol wondrously indwelling in the blood of the grape and the corn. They have known why they loved it. The religious spirit with which, from the Rig-Veda to the Roman Church, wine has been presciently endowed proves man's awareness of this fertile magic. To imbibe juice quickened by ferment or distilling is indeed to absorb the life-force, the god-spirit. To take too much is naturally to grow mad—or to become unfitted (another term for the same thing) to human usage. This is no argument against the wine, although the transcendentalists of all ages have made it an argument against the business of mundane living. "Behold," say the drunkards, "this natural world of appearance which you so seriously adore is a thing so pitiful that a few drops of wine give it the lie: and a few drops more take it quite away."

I am not of this school. I hold that the divine should be constantly transfused through human life, even as the alcohol is constantly transfused throughout the juice. Wine should be drunk to fit man for life and love, not to unfit him.

But in all solemnity I declare that the people which puts a ban upon this soluble, imbibable form of the life-process shuts itself dangerously off from an immortal highway to fertile realms.

Smoke of the killed tobacco has the dull caress of death: it is a shrouded kiss. It is grey, it is the negative of fire. It is at best the aftermath of flame. A little of it brings sleep to the exquisite diseases of the soul upon which genius feeds. A little of it, indeed, is peace; and as such the Indians in their vivid culture used it. But much of it is a blanket to life, a sedative. And to make of it a substitute for the alcoholic drink—that living substance—is perverse. It is a courting of death in lieu of life. It is a spiritual sodomy.

Consider two peoples who for different causes did not use alcohol. The North American Indian did not know its virtue. He lived on the landside. He did not need it. The fermenting processes of sun and soil and seed soaked in his flesh, informed his song and dance. On the other hand, the Arabs knew alcohol, but their Prophet forbade its use. Mohammed was bent upon the making of a practical, mechanically-perfect people—a people that was an Army. He succeeded. He suppressed alcohol, whose diony-



sian life would have impeded the Machine of his ambition. But Islam built cities. And cities, without alcohol, are cities without the fields and the sun. Islam grew sterile. It took to tobacco and to sweetmeats as a substitute for the life-juice. Its sterility became as death.

Let us beware! We, too, are taking the grey smoke as a surrogate for the radiant white spirit that burns in the wine and the mead. We, too, are giving ourselves to the gross intoxications of sweets, in place of the profounder mystery of the wine.

Of course, in offering to the metaphysical consideration of our Congressmen the choice of tobacco to prohibit in place of drink, I do not propose that no tobacco should be smoked in the United States; any more than to-day there is no alcohol drunk. This brings me to the second point of my pleading.

Tobacco prohibition will keep the Government agencies even busier than they are to-day. Liquor is hard to transport in concealment, owing to the need of bulky, brittle bottles. Tobacco can be packed in any shape. It will lend itself to infinite varieties of smuggling. More, it will stimulate our Burbanks to fresh

splendors of invention.

In all the windows of our cities, there will grow tobacco leaves, masquerading with geranium blossoms. In all our suburban gardens—and how many more there will be!—tobacco will nestle under pea vines and tomato bushes. Men will pack the leaf in their wallets. Restaurants will provide the makings in their sugar bowls. Fair women will conceal smokes in vanity bags, in brassieres and in knee-top stockings. The delights of search will be heightened. Indeed, the whole adult population will have to be drafted into the delicious service of Enforcement.

Our economic and psychologic problems will be solved. With one hand America will earn bootleg fortunes; with the other, spend the revenues of the land fighting and searching the smugglers. And since the whole of our intellectual energy will be devoted (1) to devising methods of getting the weed and (2) to devising methods of enforcing the law against it, we shall be a happy people. For we shall be a people (Is it not our present tendency and our ideal?) utterly free of all abstract thought and of all fruitless action.

—Search-light

RADIO SANS STATIC

WJZ . . . KWB . . . WCCO . . . WJZ . . . WBBX . . .
WOR . . . KWB . . . WFAF . . . WFAF . . .
WBDA . . . G.G.G. . . . L.M.N. . . . I.X.B.U.
V.W.Y.L.Y.T. announcing . . . U.Y.D. announcing . . .
U.V.D. announcing . . . our next number will be . . .
our next number will be . . . our next number will be . . .
good evening folks . . . good evening folks . . .
good evening folks . . .

WLS . . . WYNC . . . RHV . . . RGTS . . . TRYODGHEF
... signing on signing off . . . good night . . . good day
... goodbye . . . mama gotta new poppa . . . our next
number will be . . . Cornhusker's Trio . . . American
Shoeleather . . . 65 1/4 . . . Flying Dutchman Rubbercollars . . . 76 3/8 . . . Andrew Woodenhead . . .
tenor . . . mighty like a rose . . . mamma's got what
pappa wants . . . mammy . . . mammy . . . mammy . . .
and the bad old witch says to Johnny Adenoids what
a nice little banana you turned out to be and the
grumpy old opossum . . .

All art is a matter of morality . . . what isn't moral
isn't art . . . my good people you must give up drinking,
smoking and believe in . . . United Flatheads . . .
78 1-700 . . . Yucatan Chewing Rubber . . .
7658 1-9 . . . Special concert program of Miss Harriet
Spiegelhausen coloratura alta escalator tenor of the
Biegelbaum Furniture Glee Club Association . . .
bend six times to the waist . . . raise the hips and lower
the eyebrows . . . one . . . two . . . six . . . one two six
... one two six . . . one two six . . . signing off for
the night . . . cloudy and somewhat cooler in the . . .
Cleveland, 6 . . . New York, 2 . . . Katarina, my
Katarina . . . classical program of Lithuanian folk
dance music . . . closed at 56 1-5 . . . unhand me,
woman . . . you shall not have my husband I'll not

give him up . . . you must—we love each other . . .
over my dead body do you get him . . . and the people
of India have the quaintest custom . . . I have seen
them fry the tiny children before eating them on salad
... good night folks . . . hello folks . . . good night
folks . . . we stick together like sap to the tree me and
the boy friend . . . kiss me again . . . sweetie . . .
daddie . . . big fat mamma . . . last number was Saint
Saens's "Swan" . . . Chiropractic hour of music next . . .

The crude material is collected by stripping the
onion skin from the *Glymphantum Palagantus* and
transported on the backs of one eyed camels across
the desert . . . The Jazz Kids themselves will render
by popular . . . the Goodnight man wishes every little
Soldier and little Lady a big goodnight with all the
stars thrown in . . . and American profits on goods
sold to the native Armenians amounted to 65 percent
per capita as against the 67 percent of the year . . .
so we took the canoe and toted it twenty eight versts
or six inches across the living crater at Frispa . . . and
a star to little Fanny Schvump who is always being
sweet to her dear mother and father and now the
Candy stick man . . . come kiss papa . . . hard hearted
hannah . . . Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty . . .
Did you ever hear the one about the two Irishmen . . .
the best way to approach a customer is to get a button-
hole hold . . . go-get him . . . that's the thing . . .
sticktoitiveness is where you make your start . . . home
study course number six . . . signing on Cleveland . . .
signing off San Fransicco . . . signing on . . . Zanzibar
... signing on Siberia . . . signing off Universe . . .
New York . . . Chicago . . . Heaven . . . blah . . .
blah . . . blah . . . blah . . . blah . . .

—Nettles



The Memory Course Graduates

THE WHY OF GENIUS

THE evolution of a Genius in the Republic has become almost as standardized as the annual installation of officers in the Elks. A genius, it has been decided upon, (I am not certain who did the deciding—probably Mr. Will Hays) a Genius is a personage whose talents offer neutral ground on which the Intelligentsia and the Rabble may foregather and rub noses.

Mark Twain, after convulsing the nation for twenty years with his high humor, became a Genius only after it was discovered that he was a second rate iconoclast and an atheist at heart. Flo Ziegfeld became known as a Genius when it began to be bruited about that his father was a gentleman who hated popular music and devoted his evenings to playing Beethoven on the cello. Morrie Gest became a Genius when the news leaked out that Professor Max Reinhardt was writing him personal letters. Next year Ring Lardner will write a brochure on the technique of Gertie Stein and clench his status as a Genius with the editors of the *Dial*.

There are cases without number, but the most interesting, perhaps, viewed from the clinical side, is that of the evolution of Charlie Chaplin's genius. In the years of his greatest popular success Charlie was thousands of miles away from being a Genius. The millions who came away from his pictures with their sides sore from laughing, identified him as a Riot and a Knock Out. But no Genius.

And to the high tight citizenry consecrated to the finer things of life, Charlie was no Genius, either. He was, in fact, a low, nauseating fellow who thought that custard pies were funny as an ornament for the face. It sounds preposterous at the moment, but the correct social thing to say about Charlie between the years 1913 and 1917 was, "Oh I can't stand him at all. He's so vulgar and duhrty."

And then presto! there arrived astride a purple mantled charger—Charlie's Genius. The new evaluation of Charlie launched in about 1918 was not so mysterious a thing as it seems. It followed the rules to a dot. Mr. Chaplin became a Genius not because he was an excellent pantomimist with a first rate sense of dramatic clowning, but because he was a befuddled Socialist with the moon struck soul of a Booth Tarkington boy hero. The high tight minority, when it discovered that Charlie read good books and used long words and was interested on the side in Art (in fact, in *The Arts*), was flattered into a state of hysterical silliness—and still is.

The idea of so tremendously popular a figure interesting himself in (and thereby vindicating in an involved social way) the highfalutin preoccupations of

the Intelligentsia knocked the latter for a row of Ivory Towers. The Intelligentsia, be it known, are a collection of superior souls who are always being viciously derided by their inferiors. People like Irvin Cobb are continually, out of a sense of inferiority, picking on them and emitting loud and malicious horse laughs right in their faces.

When so representative a mob favorite as Mr. Chaplin not only approved but seemed to share their

superior soul states, the Intelligentsia naturally felt that they had scored a vital victory over their detractors and deriders—a victory, so to speak, behind the lines. If Henry Ford were to come out to-morrow and declare that the Jews were the greatest and finest people on earth the B'nai Brith would obviously issue a special edition of its lodge organ proclaiming Mr. Ford a Genius. Similarly, the Intelligentsia gathered Mr. Chaplin to its bruised bosom and labelled him Genius.

Charlie's rise from Knock Out and Riot to Genius in the eyes of the crowd has been equally amusing. The crowd and its Irvin Cobbs, suffering from the accusations of the Intelligentsia and secretly envious of these superior folks, awoke gradually to the fact that Charlie was a Great Reader and full of terribly highfalutin and unintelligible ideas. A delightful sensation stirred in the bosoms of the millions who loved Charlie as a clown. The idea of a Superior Person—in fact, an Intelligentsia all by himself—devoting his energies to the entertainment of the masses aroused in them the sense of gratitude which people have for those who increase their pride.

What is meant is that Charlie, being a three ring Intelligentsia all by himself, enabled the mob to say, "Here is a Great Reader and a Deep Thinker who don't look down on us."

Chaplin's genius as a result is to-day the largest plot of neutral ground on which the Consecrated Ones and the Unconsecrated Ones can foregather to rub noses. The Intelligentsia will admire Charlie's art as a clown if the rabble will venerate his moonlit soul and thus everybody will be happy for the moment, being Just Folks together. Which, to conclude the matter, is one of the chief functions of Genius in an inferiority embittered Republic.—Ben Hecht

"Pinafore" is to be given a large scale production at the Polo Grounds in July and the field will be a representation of Portsmouth Harbor. Here's hoping that the game will not have to be postponed on account of wet harbor.



CURBSTONE ART: GROUPING

A Further Study of Fugitive Art*Typical Curbstone Art*

AMID scenes that have been unequalled since the famous Astor House Riot, while shrieking women and clamoring children stormed the doors of the Museum, Cleveland Van R. Pulse made his heralded appearance before the Art Society last night (*applause*), laid before them the facts of Curbstone Art (*cheers*) and in an impassioned address showed the hold this hitherto-undiscovered branch of Fugitive Art has upon the people of New York (*pandemonium, cat-calls, and cries of "Hylan for Mayor!"*) Artists said afterwards you could have knocked them over with a ten-ton truck.

All day long Mr. Pulse had been carrying ash cans and garbage cans and cans and cans into the Museum, while the police held back the surging lines; and by the time the meeting was called his display was ready.

"Where in this city," demanded Mr. Pulse, (this same Mr. Pulse, who married Aunt Em) "where can you find the struggle for self-expression that lurks in this display of cans, ashes, garbage and cats arranged at your very curb? What a sense of mass! What a feeling for grouping dominates the feigned carelessness with which your artist couples barrel and box, basket and newspaper bundle, the dark brown of coffee grounds mingling with the flashing yellow of a half grapefruit or the shell-pink of a watermelon rind. What a story is told, of the gaiety that was last night—the ice cream wrappers and the lobster claw!"

It seems Mr. Pulse has been a collector all his life, in one way or another. He began collecting for the city, in the D. S. C. branch, and it was this work as a white wing that first brought him into daily contact with Curbstone Art. Mr. Pulse was a great follower of horses in those dark days, and his painstaking work with the brush earned him a considerable reputation. After his apprenticeship had satisfied the Department, he was allowed to gratify his ambition as a real collector. To this end the city furnished him with a handsome motor truck and several foreign assistants named Tony.

Mr. Pulse declares that while the Park Avenue groups furnish greater quantity and variety, it is in the Delancey Street section he finds the deepest love for

this art. "Here there is a genuine affection for curbstone groups," declares Mr. Pulse, "and long after Artists have set out their exhibits people will remain picking over the group, rearranging the contents carefully."—*Corey Ford*

On the Bus

"—so I sez, Mr. Stickle, I sez, I been woikin' for the foirm for 15 yeahs sittin' at my desk day afteh day, day afteh day, I sez, woikin' my head off like a fool. Why, I sez, there wasn't a fella that didn't come to me every day with his troubles, I sez, big or little, they'd all come to me. You'd think I was a mother or somethin', the way they'd come to me, I sez. For 15 yeahs I sat there and this is all the thanks I get, I sez. I know what you done, sez Mr. Sickle. And I sez, Mr. Sickle, I sez, I sez—."

"—and ya vanta go on the stage. Say I gotta friend with the Schubetts. I'll fix it up for ya. Ya vanta act? Yeah, I can fix it up for ya. I gotta friend with the Schubetts. I should live so, I can fix it up for ya, I gotta friend with the Schubetts. I kin getcha a job in the chorus. Ven ya start in the stage ya gotta go first in the chorus. Yeh, I'll fix it for ya, I gotta friend with the Schubetts, yeh—."

"—yeah, an she was like a mother to her. The way she treated that pooah womin was somethin' terrible. Yeah, somethin' terrible the ways she treated that pooah womin. Ya oughta see, it was somethin' terrible the ways she treated that pooah womin. Yeah, she was like a mother to her and the way she treated that pooah womin, yeah, it was something—."

"—an' he sez to me, say dontchu get too fresh; an' I sez, I can't, I'm stale; an' he sez, dontchu know a gentleman when ya see one, an' I sez, yeah, but I don't see one; an' he sez, hey, ya think you're smart, an' I sez, well, I'd rather be smart than dumb; an' he sez, say you ain't gettin' personal are ya, an' I sez, if the cat's whiskis fit, wear them. An' he sez, th' fresh thing—."—*Hornet*



Old Lady (rapturously): "—and she got a studio on Fifth Avenue and she just created and created and created, and she sold all her creations to the Four Hundred."

They Meet On the Subway (Fortissimo)

"WELL, I'll be damned if it isn't Charlie Apple from Indianapolis—"

"Well, I'll be damned. John Skiver from the old town. Put it there."

"Well, I'll be damned. Glad ta see ya. Put it there."

"Well, I'll be damned, old Johnny. Glad ta see ya."

"Think of seeing you here. I'll be damned."

"Sure glad to see ya. How are ya? I'll be damned."

"Sure glad ta see you. I'll be damned, how are ya?"

"Well, I'll be damned. Gettin' off here, are you?"

"Surest thing ya know. I'll be damned. But how are ya?"

"Well, I'll be——"

And they both are so wrapped up in it that they fail to get off at their station. No moral.—*T. S.*

Vaudeville Talk

VA: Where's that girl I always used to see you with?

VI: I don't go around with her any more.

VA: What's the trouble; did she throw you down?

VI: No, I married her.

VA: Well, well, well, is this the first time you have ever been married?

VI: No, it's the last time.

VA: No, no, didn't you have a wife the last time I saw you?

VI: Yes, but her husband asked me to give her up.

VA: And did you do it?

VI: Sure. You see it was Lent, and I wanted to give up something.

VA: What do you think of marriage as an institution?

VI: It's all right if you like institutions, the only difference between warden and wife is in the spelling.

VA: Oh, you just like to talk. Where would you be to-day if it wasn't for your wife?

VI: I'm not sure. I've got three or four good telephone numbers.

VA: Ah, it's a wonderful feeling to go home at night and have the little woman waiting for you.

VI: You bet it is, if it's a little woman, but if it's a big woman, it's dangerous.—*Julius H. Marx*

The Optimist

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?



"What's the idea in always using my cream?"

"Well, it's only fair to use it where it's got a chance!"



The Theatre

THIS department herewith breaks down and openly confesses that it knows nothing at all about comedy. It doesn't even know the meaning of the word.

As might have been expected, we have become aware of this lack only after all the world was openly commenting on it. The break in the dyke occurred in the following manner.

On Saturday night, June 6, a negro musical comedy called "Lucky Sambo" opened at the Colonial. Among its other attractions, it has two comedians who are about as funny as anything that has come Broadway-wards in a long time. Of course, being negroes, they probably receive about \$100 a week—and this department is prepared to submit a list of six white comedians with one-tenth ability who receive over a thousand.

Anyway, the show went on its "Shuffle Along" course until there came a scene in which one of the comedians ordered the other to do this or that.

"I don't gotta do that at all," said the other. "I only gotta do two things in this life—stay dark and die."

The remark was greeted with much hilarity, and two reviewers—*Variety's* critic and Burns Mantle, of the *Daily News*—made special mention of it as among the show's funniest material.

To us it seemed about as funny as the famine in Russia in 1921 or the Herrin massacre. But we are ever one to confess ignorance where it is clearly proved on us and so we admit frankly that we're wrong. The remark, however, lacks a climax and so we submit to *Variety* and Mr. Mantle that they join us in a petition asking for hot irons to be applied regularly to the soles of the negro comedians' feet.

Outside of that, however, "Lucky Sambo" is a good negro musical comedy and does not further stray from its function of amusing you without making you think. There are, in particular, a dancer named Johnny Hudgins who has replaced Jim Barton in our affections and a chorus that does the "Charleston" as it should be done.

THE sudden cold spell, of course, was not just so much velvet. If the heat had kept up a few days more, probably the producers of "The Right to Love" would have thought twice—or maybe once would have been enough—and not brought their show to town.

Some shows—let this henceforth be regarded as an

axiom—are so bad that they're funny and some shows are just bad enough to embarrass their audience. "The Right to Love" is not funny.

The plot concerns a woman whose mother seems to have been scared by "Madame X." Anyway, things are well into the second act before she tells little Rollo who bore him. And then little Rollo gets into a lot of trouble because a man is shot—a man whose mother, in turn, was scared by "The Cat and the Canary," because he is mortally wounded by a blank cartridge that goes off with a terrible bang—and that man, it develops, is Papa.

Well, the actual murderer is a fellow you never would have suspected in the world and if he calls this department as a witness when the trial is held, he's going to be able to show a perfect alibi.

Somebody sometime is going to make a fortune inventing a game that can be played by the audience while such shows as "The Right to Love" are being displayed. Something, perhaps, with a big competitive element, not too much strain on the brain, a chance for some gambling, and a dash of sex.

Until the game is perfected and made popular there should be a law.—H. J. M.

Moving Pictures

"DON Q," which had its Broadway premiere at the Globe theatre on Monday night, is cram full of Fairbanks acrobatics. Doug does everything but play a saxophone. All the leaps over walls, swings from windows and plunges on and off horses are here, plus a new stunt—the use of a long whip as a weapon. Doug handles this with the same accuracy that Buffalo Bill used to achieve with a rifle.

"Don Q," be it noted, is the son of the famous Zorro of "The Mark of Zorro." Don Q goes to Spain, meets the usual pretty señorita, has the unjust accusation of murder thrust upon him by an unscrupulous officer, but finally achieves vindication and the girl. It's the usual screen formula, although Fairbanks presents the whole thing with a great deal of zest. In fact, "Don Q" is highly entertaining most of the time, although it does not equal its predecessor of some seasons ago, "The Mark of Zorro." "Don Q" hasn't quite the spontaneity of "Zorro." Still, it is good Summer amusement.

The best performance of the picture is contributed by Warner Oland, who plays an archduke, a sort of royal dim wit, to the hilt.

"ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?" Alice Duer Miller's story of middle age marriage and its attending mishaps, has reached the screen with a good measure of intelligent direction, not to mention an excellent acting cast.

Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou, both excellent celluloid players, enact the married couple, and the erstwhile Peter Pan, Betty Bronson, plays their daughter—the twentieth century ch-e-eild who reunited 'em. It is safe to say now that her Peter Pan was no accident. Miss Bronson plays her with the same vibrant spirit of youth plus an added silver screen assurance.

Incidentally, "Are Parents People?" is the first serious film venture of one Mal. St. Claire, who has been making two reel slapstick comedies for years. St. Claire can throw a subtlety just as far as he could a custard pie.

WE regret to report dire things regarding John Galsworthy's "The White Monkey." It has just been jelled into celluloid by Barbara La Marr, as horrible a fate as one could wish upon a defenseless novel. It is all dreadful—unless you are a lover of the gruesome. In that case the La Marr as Fleur Forsyte may give you a ghoulish giggle or two.

Art

WE would urge upon you all a visit to the Grand Central Galleries to see the current exhibition of Anders Zorn. Firstly, because collections as complete as this one seldom are assembled for the multitude and secondly, because in a country that produced Roosevelt, Zorn is sure to be appreciated. For Zorn is your Rough Rider of painters. He has gusto, color, blatancy and he wields the big stick. A walk around the galleries is almost as refreshing as a visit to Coney Island and certainly cooler.

Funny thing about Zorn, Sargent and others of that school. Their love of color is so great that we almost forget our pet idea—imagination—and set about to admire and praise. A second visit usually brings us to our senses, or prejudices, or something and we go back to our original tenet, that a great painter must also have a great vision. We saw this show, or the show of which this is a part, in the Pittsburgh International last Winter. It was on a gloomy, usual Pittsburgh day and we marvelled at the blare of color and movement that shone out of the fog of the smoky Institute. But Zorn amid the circus trappings of the big top in the Grand Central Station seems not so rampant. Some of the vividness and life is lost in the glitter of the gold walls and high incandescence of Mr. Clark's pay-as-you-enter emporium.

Anders Zorn was a great representative, of that there can be no dispute. And because he lived a full life and knew its meaning, his representative paintings have a warming effect even upon those of us who follow after the latent rather than the manifest content. At the least, the man had guts and never grew squeamish in execution. We once viewed a Zorn show with a young man who was not especially an art addict. As we passed canvas after canvas of glistening flesh our friend shook his head and muttered, "That fellow always got up before the girls." Of the generous nudes about in the current show we like best the painting of the two girls taking their

bath in front of the open fire. It is a tour de force that catches the casual as well as the technician. The quality of the reflection of fire on the wet skin is certainly a bit of slick painting. His idealizations in the nude are also lovely to behold, now that the barrooms are closed and there's nothing to cool us in the hot weather.

Where Zorn plays a bit with composition and departs from the accepted A, B, or C, of arrangement he gives a better picture. "Rowing to Church" and "In My Gondola," we have in mind, uses of masses and arrangement that he seldom employed. And when it came to movement Zorn was at his best. The "Peasant Dance

in Gopsmor" is a fine example of the artist painting in a familiar medium and yet bringing in a bit of imagination. There is fire and excitement of the country people whirling out their amours in the atmosphere of the smoky room. "Breadmaking" and "The Brewery" are also of the category where the color and texture of the subject make you forget for the moment that it is merely representative painting in a pleasing form.

There is a room of the water colors in the exhibit. But none of the etchings. The few water colors have the same quality of the oils, vigor and loose handling. It is an interesting show and one that will doubtless not be collected again, the sources being so widespread. We would recommend it, whatever your school, as a worth-while chronicle of a vigorous, lusty man. And don't forget your dollar for admission.—M. P.

Music

THE Great Jazz Controversy was clarified considerably by the "Popular Symphony Concert," offered in Philadelphia at the Wanamaker Auditorium on the hottest night in the world. The hospitable Dr. Alexander Russell provided for our relief eighty-five members of the Philadelphia Orchestra, four guest conductors, two pianists, an organist and



Ann Pennington

quantities of contemporary tunes, with an organ concerto tossed in as a bonus. You didn't have to pay your money, because admission was free, but you took your choice of a symphony built on popular themes, classical jazz, piano jazz, symphonic jazz, grill room jazz and primitive American dance rhythms. And then there was the organ concerto.

Granting allowances for the heat, the necessarily limited rehearsals and the difficulties involved in parking eighty-five men in a long, narrow gallery, this department came to the conclusion that jazz must develop its own forms. The most spontaneous segment of the evening was the contribution of Ben Bernie, who led Mr. Stokowski's boys in his own "Sweet Georgia Brown" and J. Kenneth Sisson's "Bell-Hopping Blues," both hand-painted for the large band by Mr. Sisson.

Mr. Bernie was the least "legitimate" conductor on the program, but he succeeded in persuading the Philadelphia musicians to stamp their feet rhythmically. We thought that Señor Torello, the first double bass, stamped most musically, but we're open to arguments. The "maestro" took jazz for what it is, and it became something energizing and entertaining. Mr. Sisson's arrangements kept the music at its own level. It was jazz, not so pure and not so simple, but it was jazz on its own, not jazz masquerading as the spirit of Max Reger. Incidentally, Maestro Ben slipped into the orchestra his own trumpeter, Toots Bryan, of the gilded derby-mute, his trombonist and his hot saxophonist. All of the brothers were valiant, and the grilled audience klatsched tremendously.

The other contributions to the program were various dressings up of jazz. Eric Delamarter, vice-regent to Mr. Stock of Chicago, conducted his "Symphony, After Walt Whitman." Mr. Delamarter didn't confine his thematic material to jazz, and his second movement, founded on the Lonesome Tunes of Kentucky, was charming. The jazzier episodes were less successful, because Mr. Delamarter was too polite with his material. Jazz must be treated rough. The familiar Riesenfeld classical jazz, led by Willy Stahl, sounded a bit tame, for which we're inclined to blame the heat, if not the humidity. Gene Rodemich of St. Louis introduced two elaborate pieces of popular scoring

and led the orchestra with no little skill, although he obviously was embarrassed at the thought of conducting so distinguished an organization. The works seemed to prove chiefly that good orchestration sounds well, but they made good listening.

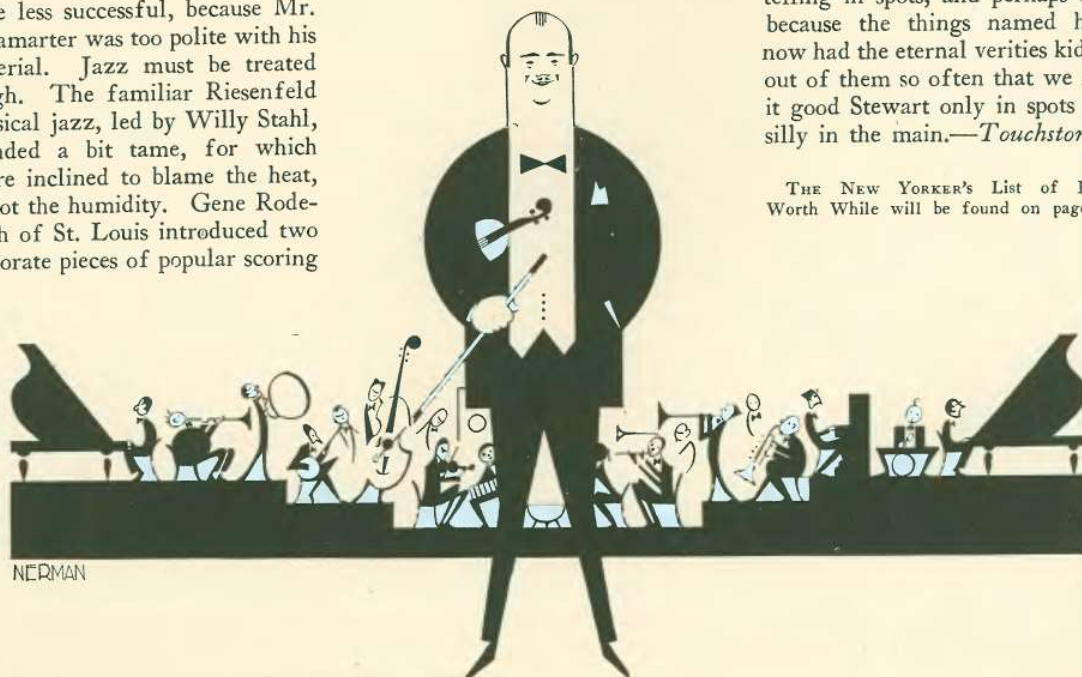
Three Characteristic Pieces in Rhythm by Eastwood Lane, scored by Messrs. Carver, Florida and Grofe, showed the possibilities of negro and Indian music. There are too few good short works for orchestra, and Mr. Lane's sketches should be welcomed by many a conductor. They are simple and effective, and create their moods unpretentiously. Messrs. Fairchild and Carroll played three of their well-known piano etudes, but we'll reserve discussion of the piano school for another Friday. Mr. Delamarter's concerto for organ and orchestra, with Palmer Christian operating the stops and pedals, made an impressive if inconsistent finale.—R. A. S.

Books

"THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN" (*Dutton*) is as conventional in angle as Bodenheim is otherwise. Sheila Kaye-Smith has later ideas than—oh, Phillpotts's name comes handy—but doesn't make them much more uncomfortable than his to people who object to the new freedom. Indeed, this is the novel for those of such people who value literary quality and relish the born family man who suffereth long, served up in a brown sauce of sympathy. It shifts between Sussex and the island of Sark, on which it is consistently attractive. It has its share of both its author's days of heavy-handedness and of her hours when she can weave a spell.

DONALD OGDEN STEWART'S "The Crazy Fool" (*Seltzer*) plays horse with, among other things, Business Science, success stuff, the movies and magazine fiction. It is very funny and telling in spots, and perhaps it is because the things named have now had the eternal verities kidded out of them so often that we find it good Stewart only in spots and silly in the main.—*Touchstone*

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





POLO is the caviar of sport. Either you like it excessively, or you don't like it all. As with caviar, you can learn to like it, and in case you don't care over much for the game, a few matches such as those being staged by the new Intercollegiate Polo Association at the Westchester-Biltmore Club at Rye ought to give you a taste for it. For the colleges have been putting on a high type of game up there above the Sound at Rye. It is polo under ideal conditions, and very fine polo at that.

Unquestionably, Yale is the best of the lot. I have seen a great many teams at Roehampton and Hurlingham that did not possess the polo sense, that intangible something every great four has, of which the Yale team can boast. In fact, I have seen very few teams at Hurlingham or Roehampton or Cannes or Santander that were smarter and better mounted than these self same Elis. They ought to win the tournament without too much trouble. But then, they ought to have won last year, and they were beaten by Princeton.

Young Mr. Baldwin of Yale and Honolulu, Hawaii, was supposed to be the star of the first afternoon's play, but he was completely eclipsed by Winston Guest, the number two on the blue four. This tall young Englishman showed that he knew the game and could play it as well. He should be able to, for he comes of a

POLO

well known polo family in England. His father, Captain the Honorable Frederick Guest, is the first chairman of the reorganized Hurlingham Polo Committee which challenged last year for the International Cup. Hurlingham, as all the world knows, is the home of polo in the British Isles, and it was on the fine playing fields of that club young Guest learned the game. Number two, the position he plays, is about the most difficult position on the field, but he was everlastingly on the ball, made few misses, and his riding off of his opponent was exceedingly timely. Altogether he showed himself to be a fine player, one we shall hear more of in international polo circles in the next few years.

While Guest was the star on the first afternoon, the hitting of the whole Yale team was as long, as crisp, and as accurate as you could ask for, and Baldwin, Herold and Hewitt all delighted the spectators by the brilliance of their play. It seemed as if no distance was too long and no angle too sharp for these hard-shooting young men from New Haven; while their horses were all faster than those from the Pennsylvania Military College.

Yale has a very workmanlike team, easy to watch in action, that plays together with excellent judgment. On the rare occasion when one of them overrode the ball, there was always a teammate just behind to pick it up. Their riding off was the best of the afternoon; every man was in his place and marked his opposite number carefully. Besides which they have a thorough knowledge of each other's game, and they put that knowledge to good use. Yale may not win this tournament, but depend upon it, the team that beats Yale will do so.

This, the first meeting of the newly formed Intercollegiate Polo Association under the aegis of the United States Polo Association, was significant. Those who



remember tennis in this country in its early days will recall the struggle that ensued in getting the National Singles away from Newport. Newport had been, and was the center of the game. But the game spread, new centers developed. So with polo. Long Island has been the home of American polo in the past; but as in the case of tennis, the horizons of sport are widening. If we have no Roehampton or Ranelagh in this country, the Westchester-Biltmore Club comes the nearest to measuring up to it. And the scene was quite as brilliant as Ranelagh; the hard, green field, unyielding even after eight or ten chukkers; the colorful stands filled with devotees of the game; the galloping horses racing from goal to goal; and the sun shining down on it all, flags, stands, players, autos parked at the open side of the turf, and the waters of the Sound sparkling in the distance. It was a picture: a picture quite as fine as anything in the advertisements of Abercrombie & Fitch. If not, indeed, a trifle superior.

Noticed at Rye this week in the front row boxes: General Robert Lee Bullard who was observed to nod a reluctant approval before the matches as the negro tampons with their weapons at right shoulder arms marched out on the field in a solid platoon and then did a perfect squads right directly under his eyes; John





PICTURE by Covarrubias of his friend N—M—, same as in last week's New Yorker.

Why the "38"? If it's "38 E" it might be part of an address. But if it's "38 F—"!

Continued next week

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McE. Bowman, fresh from the horse show across the road where his jumpers had been winning added laurels; Louis E. Stoddard, the Generalissimo of the United States Polo Association seated with Devereux Milburn looking over the youngsters with a view to future international teams; Morgan Belmont, himself a fine player, pointing out to a charming lady the fine work of the number two of the Yale four; Major General Charles P. Summerall, one time commanding the First Division, A. E. F., watching with interest the success of the team from the United States Military Academy; also, it goes without saying, Thomas Hitchcock, Malcolm Stevenson, Robert E. Strawbridge, Jr., and other polo enthusiasts.

This was a great week for sport lovers in the vicinity of Manhattan. On Monday there was the Harvard and Yale track meet at New Haven; Tuesday Princeton and Harvard got into action at Rye; while Thursday saw the semi-finals of the tournament run off. The Metropolitan Tennis Championships at the New York Tennis Club with Tilden and Richards participating began on Monday; and Friday was the day for the annual Yale-Harvard regatta at New London. Saturday the 20th is the date of the matches at Forest Hills for the benefit of the building fund of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, with Tilden and Richards playing against each other in singles and with each other against Watson Washburn and Norris Williams in doubles. This incidentally, marks the first time that Tilden and Richards have played together since the close of the 1922 season when they were so badly defeated in the Davis Cup doubles by Patterson and Wood of Australia. Their play will be watched with more than passing interest on this account.

—J. R. T.

If young Roger Wolfe Kahn wants practice as a detective, he might try to find out who started all those false reports about father's speeches in France.

* * *

Liberty is offering ever so much money for the best title for the cover design each week. The idea that magazine covers mean anything at all will come to most people as a gratifying surprise.

* * *

There is little question that Mayor Hylan is losing popularity but where it is going is quite another matter. The usual reform candidate for mayor is that depressing spectacle, a good man going in for civic culture.

* * *

The voters are generally allowed to choose between government by banks and government by mountebanks.

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WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD



TAKE right hand turn at water trough and drive to large electric sign." Yes, we feel like the suburban motorist's Guide Book this week since the heat chased us from our Town to the outlying diversions. In search of cooler spots, we hied forth to roadhouses in the environs. This idea was not unique with us, the congestion of like-thinkers on the road being terrible.

Long Island affords many inns, some of which are decidedly interesting and others are not sweetened at all to our taste. Entertainments, other than the spontaneous antics of the guests, are now running on Summer schedule. The programs have become so elaborate that there is a regular circuit, with routings much like small time vaudeville. Some teams and acts even play one night stands. At the Massapequa Inn, on the Merrick Road, the other night the entire week's schedule was announced, with extra special features for Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

The Pavillon Royal is also on the Merrick Road; and one of the most attractive hostleries of the type. Meyer Davis's orchestra furnishes the music for dancing on the big floor indoors and the recently constructed outdoor floor. The food is good; and although no entertainment is scheduled, the Sunday evening impromptu performances involve such diverters as "Hard Hearted Hanna," "Texas" Guinan and other attending celebrities. There is always plenty of professional talent on hand, because the place is popular with the theatrical-movie set of Great Neck and Bayside, as well as the social groups of the other Island communities.

Joe Smallwood's is another roadhouse that has kept its prestige for several years. The good music, plus the very large dance floor with tables around it and in the balcony, has kept it going as a worth-while place.

In Westchester County, accessible stops are California Ramblers and Post Lodge on the Boston Post Road. The famous music of the Ramblers seems not to be up to its former standard, and the place is not as lively as last year. Post Lodge runs on

like the well known brook without much change from one year to the next. If anything, the crowd seems a little more choice this year. More people from Rye and that neck of the woods are using it and the collegiate synthetics are not so in evidence as of yore.

Right in the center of New York we have an open-air restaurant that is doing a big business these warm evenings. The Casino in Central Park is carrying on so well, that in order not to wait for a table on the porch or dine inside, you have to get there before seven-thirty. It is owned by the City, so that probably accounts for the semblance of Tammany silhouettes on the dance floor in the evenings and Saturday-Sunday afternoons. The music is by an *ensemble* of young women under the leadership of Miss Florence Richardson. It is apparent that the patrons approve, inasmuch as last year one of them sent her an Amati violin, made in 1651, and valued at ten thousand dollars.

The contrast between the nearest New York has to a Paris outdoor café and the real Parisian article is worth a couple of tears, because you could hardly say that the Casino is gay. We remember well the days of our youth, when the adults left us in the carriage or tandem cart to refresh themselves with cocktails in the Casino during a drive around the park. We didn't know what we were missing then, but now it's a sad, sad, song.

With a definite purpose in mind we have bought ourselves a brand new frowning-piece. We are going to hunt the guy who urged us to go to the Epinard Club in Greenwich Village. We are a miser with our evenings and we resent spending one at a dreary resort like that. When we lose sleep we want to gain amusement.

A languorous looking pony is hitched in one of the stalls to give the stable atmosphere. Such subtle realism! We were told by one of the hostesses, who was promptly plunked down in our stall as "company" for us, that it was considered

quite a feature to permit the removal of men's coats for dancing. We feel that a classification of the place need but contain the statement that the gents avail themselves of this privilege.

A pretty safe bet for coming in contact with attractive and well-groomed people is the Ritz Roof. The social, or perhaps we might better say economic, status of the Ritz Hotel is practically a constant in all the cities of the world, which sport its branches. The same people haunt its halls in London, Paris, New York and even occasionally in Philadelphia. The food is always good; the incomparable chicken hash and floating heart are just two examples of the culinary art. At the Paris Ritz the palm of the *Académie* should be bestowed upon the successive bartenders, who concoct those champagne cocktails. They are something for the old gentleman from Dubuque to write home about.

The Ritz Roof is as cool as any place of the kind in New York, and the frosty reflections of diamonds in the ice-banked buffet make dancing tolerable.—*Top Hat*

At the suit of the United States demanding forfeiture thereof under the provisions of the National Prohibition Act of October 28, 1919, and Section 3450 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, I have seized and held one bottle liquor, Lot No. 6470 and other lots of intoxicating liquors, etc., heretofore seized by the National Prohibition Director of the State of New York, from on or about January 28, 1925, up to and including March 10, 1925, and the details for which are set forth in the schedule annexed to the original libel filed in the office of the Clerk of the United States District Court on the 27th day of March, 1925; notice is hereby given that the case is appointed for trial in the United States Courts and Post Office Building, Borough of Manhattan, City of New York, on the 29th day of May, 1925, at the opening of Court.

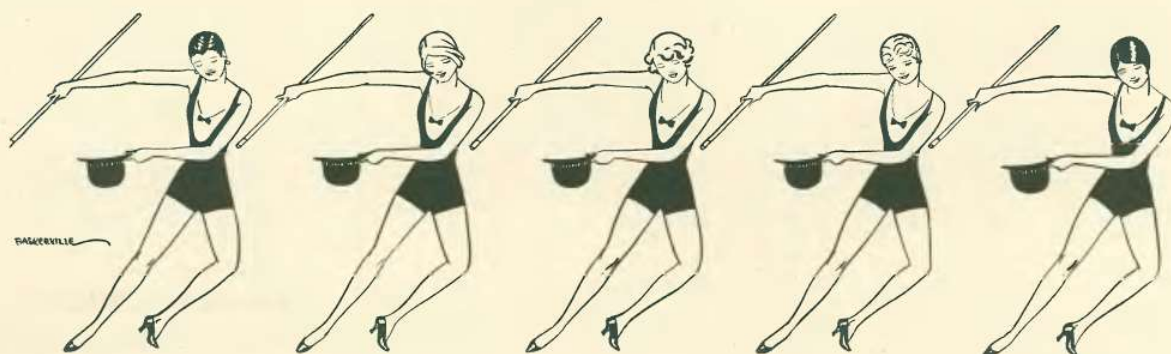
—U. S. Marshal's notice

In a word—pinched!

Line Forms to the Right

WANTED—Bookkeeper and assistant to club manager.

—Miami (Okla.) *Herald*





THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

THE THEATRE

WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth

Still the play above all others that you should see.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Guild

What is generally considered Shaw's masterpiece is being given a lavish production, with Lionel Atwill and Helen Hayes, by the Theatre Guild in its handsome new theatre.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

An adroit comedy, that won the Pulitzer Prize despite the fact that there were many worse entries in the running, with as good acting by Pauline Lord as the season has seen.

LOVE FOR LOVE—Greenwich Village

A little thing by Congreve showing that the Merrie Old England of Good Queen Bess also knew a thing or two about the Facts of Life.

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

A vigorous and highly amusing slice of American life much less out of focus than is customary in the theatre.

THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

Another play in the American language, having to do with the perils of keeping company with bootleggers.

THE FIREBRAND—Morosco

A sophisticated and extremely diverting comedy of night life in Old Florence, with Benvenuto Cellini as the Harry K. Thaw of the day.

LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

The season's best score—by George Gershwin—with the season's most charming comedians—Fred and Adele Astaire.

ROSE MARIE—Imperial

A good musical play, produced on the grand scale, with excellent voices and amusing comedians.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

The funniest Follies Mr. Ziegfeld has ever produced, with W. C. Fields and Will Rogers at the head of the cast.

LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan

The most beautiful production Mr. Ziegfeld has ever made—but he could safely lend it some of the comedy from his Follies, thus improving "Louie" beyond words and damaging the prodigal Follies only slightly.

THE GORILLA—Selwyn

An hysterical evening is to be had at this burlesque of the standard mystery plays, unless you bring your William Archer or Gustav Freytag with you.

TELL ME MORE—Gaiety

An average musical comedy book with a better than average Gershwin score.

GARRICK GAETIES—Garrick

The younger boys and girls of the Guild, in a revuelet full of youth, speed and bright skits.

THE STUDENT PRINCE—Jolson's

A musical version of "Old Heidelberg," with the extra attraction of good music and capable voices to sing it.

MOVING PICTURES

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Criterion

The Kaufman-Connelly fantasy screened with unusual imagination and humor. Well worth seeing.

DON Q—Globe

Doug Fairbanks's newest adventure into the field of acrobatic romance. Good Summer stuff.

ART

ANDERS ZORN—Grand Central Art Gallery

A comprehensive exhibit of this virile and prolific painter. Worth a visit, even in hot weather.

WATER COLORS—Montross

A fine exhibit of the work of twenty American painters working in the less popular medium.

SUMMER SHOW—New Gallery

Interesting things by the younger moderns.

SPORTS

GOLF—Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N. J.

Tuesday, June 23, and following days, the annual Intercollegiate Golf Championships, for individual and team titles.

TENNIS—New York Athletic Club, Travers Island, N. Y.

Monday, June 22, and following days, the Eastern New York Championships on the courts of the N. Y. A. C. Herbert L. Bowman, who recently won the New Jersey title by defeating Jose Alonso, Spanish Davis Cup player, in straight sets, is the club champion and will be seen in action.

BASEBALL—Yankee Stadium

Chicago vs. New York, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, June 19, 20, 21, 22.

At Polo Grounds

Brooklyn vs. New York, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, June 23, 24, 25, 26.

OTHER EVENTS

HORSE SHOW—Huntington, L. I.

Friday and Saturday, June 19 and 20. Fifth Annual Huntington Horse Show at Huntington Bay Club.

COLONIAL GARDEN PARTY—Bedford Hills, N. Y.

Saturday, June 20 afternoon. Colonial Garden Party at White Gates Farm, country home of Mrs. Henry Marquand, in aid of District Nursing Association of Northern Westchester County.

ROSE SHOW—Glen Cove, L. I.

Tuesday and Wednesday, June 23 and 24. Annual Rose Show of the Nassau County Horticultural Society in the Horticultural Building on the Pratt Estate.

FAIR—Manhasset, L. I.

Friday, June 26. Annual fair and tea for benefit of Babies' Milk Fund of the New York Welfare Association of Nassau County and of the New York Hospital, on the lawn of Greentree, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Payne Whitney.

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Bennett Lord
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Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

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GOINGS ON

A conscientious calendar of events worth while

WHEN NIGHTS ARE BOLD

Where to pass the time after 4 A. M.

PROFILES

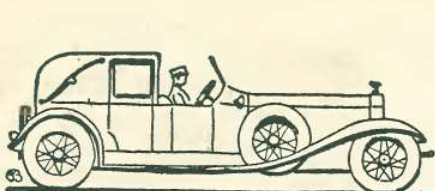
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About all sorts of who's-whos and what they're up to

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"Tell Me a Book to Read"

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

THE GUERMANTES WAY, by Marcel Proust (*Seltzer*). Two volumes. Another installment of Scott Moncrieff's translation of Proust's "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu."

THE RECTOR OF WYCK, by May Sinclair (*Macmillan*). The wages of the rector's sincerity is starved lives for him and his wife and disappointments in their children.

UNVEILED, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (*Seltzer*). A militant foe to cruelties, her husband a personal moralist, her mother a slut, and her husband's consolation a human jellybean, head the cast of this fascinating comedy.

THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*). Gatsby is a rough diamond of romantic devotion and chivalry, cast before swine on Long Island.

THE APPLE OF THE EYE, by Glenway Wescott (*Dial Press*). Adolescence between Puritanism and Walt Whitmanism, by a highly gifted young prose poet, colorist and draughtsman.

THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). "Dolly Dialogues" for this generation, and better than the originals were in theirs.

ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). The scientific conscience vs. Success considerations, in a doctor who becomes a bacteriologist.

LUCIENNE, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Live-right*). Girls in love. Subtle psychology, and its poetry.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). The world tries to strait-jacket young Tessa of the composer Sanger's household "circus."

DRUMS, by James Boyd (*Scribner's*). A long, warm, pleasant novel about the time of the Revolution.

SHORT STORIES

BRING! BRING! by Conrad Aiken (*Boni & Live-right*). Brilliant modernist stories, rather evolved than worked up from life.

TRIPLE FUGUE, by Osbert Sitwell (*Doran*). Quiet, ironical character stories in a book with a longer satire.

OVERHEARD, by Stacy Aumonier (*Doubleday, Page*). Contents: Class A, "The Friends;" Class B, two or three others; Class C, junk.

GENERAL

CREDO, by Stewart Edward White (*Doubleday, Page*). A remarkable and most readable philosophy, whose author is now in Africa annoying lions with a bow and arrow.

BEGGARS OF LIFE, by Jim Tully (*A. & C. Boni*). The most honest book of personal hobo memories we know, and the best writing done by any one who really was a hobo.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES, by Van Wyck Brooks (*Dutton*). James as a seeker in vain for an imagined beatitude in life in England. An admirable study.

JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Two volumes. This fine work really seems to exhaust its subject.

PAUL BUNYAN, by James Stevens (*Knopf*). The lumber camp myth cycle, well presented.

Hylan vs. Craig

Some Highlights On an Issue

COMPTROLLER CRAIG learns that Mayor Hylan gets out of bed on left side. Publishes shrivelling letter anent that fact addressed to Gustav Stickle, janitor at 5687 Avenue A. Asks what became of that \$50,000 for new white wing nail files.

Mayor retorts to press that Comptroller is a troublesome meddler.

Comptroller retorts with press interview calling Mayor a primitive sideswiping webfooted cheesehound. Claims Hizzoner admitted authorship of Dante's "Inferno" at North Beach Tammany Beer Racket in 1908.

Mayor caustics that he never even heard of the "Inferno," but admits he wrote "Paradise Lost" for the Hearst magazine section. Asks what is beer. Expresses desire to see Craig eaten by alligators.

Comptroller replies that alligators would not touch him since he has hundred year contract with them against being eaten. Besides he, Craig (in person) knows that the Mayor ate with his knife during his undergraduate motorman days. Besides as a motorman the Honorable ex-Judge was google-eyed, grass-eared and gally-bushed.

Hylan records that if Craig visited Mayor Hylan's Central Park Zoo near the place where Mayor Hylan's Park Concerts are being given, the Monkey House might give Mr. Craig certain interesting data on his ancestors.

Craig replies that the Mayor could hardly believe in evolution since he is so poor an example of it.

Hylan says, so is your old man.

Craig says, see?

Hylan invites Craig down to the Aquarium to push each other off the Battery.

Craig accepts. Names date.

Hylan develops double Saratoga Springs and takes two weeks off away from the city's humility. Vacation includes date.

Craig is called away on week-end furniture polishing party on date of duel.

Deadly lull—till the next affray.

—Harpie

At the Thé Dansant Sweetly While Dancing

"AND do you like dancing?"

"I simply adore it."

"Do you like Whiteman?"

"I simply adore him."

"Do you like polo?"

"I simply adore it."

"Do you like the Follies?"

"I simply adore them."

"Do you like dogs?"

"I simply adore them."

"Do you like the Russian Eagle?"

"I simply adore it."

"Do you like gin?"

"I simply adore it."

"Do you like——"

(At this point the dancers are cut-in on by a meddling stag, thus breaking off one of the most engaging conversations yet and leaving a question hanging suspended in a dangerous way over the heads of the other ennuisers.)—Gotham



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The Outside World

Points West

WITH an hour to spend in Cleveland your correspondent took a walk through the pleasant park, past the art museum, along Euclid Avenue and back; and in the course of that stroll he passed the statues of the following worthies in the order, given: General Milan R. Stefanik ("erected by the Cleveland Slovaks in memory of their national hero"), Tadeus Kosciusko, Mark Hanna, Kossuth, Harvey Rice, Goethe and Schiller.

Should a scoffer hint that the City on the Sewage Canal always takes itself too seriously, the steadfast Chicagoan need only wave his hand toward this advertisement of a Greenwich Village resort, painted on a signboard overlooking the Boul Mich:

"Bert Kelly's Stables. Stop and hop. Our Waiters sing! Our Cook dances! Atmospheric as the Devil!"—A. G.

Chicago is now being sold on the pyorrhea proposition. There are three firms advertising magic cures below the danger line, and warnings to lookout for the gums are rampant. It is rumored that Wrigley will make a protest.

The famous Lake Michigan drinking water now has the combined flavors of chlorine, drainage canal, iodine, and lake flounder. It is soon to be bottled and marketed as near beer.

There are so many murders on the front pages of the papers, that they hardly have room for the weather reports. Last week one of Chicago's favorite bandits was fined a hundred dollars and costs for murdering a citizen outside of his own district.—Julius H. Marx

Tangier Chat

AMONG the recent arrivals here are Mr. and Mrs. John Held, Jr. of Weston, Connecticut, U.S.A. They report that London, which they recently left, is passing through the glacial period and advise any one who intends to visit there to take a team of sled dogs.

Kesmal Bey, leader of the Riff forces, has sent out information that he will attack the Spanish Expeditionary Army as soon as the consignment of explosives arrives from the Paine Fireworks Co.

There was a large gathering at the market square yesterday. The snake charmer and the story tellers report a good day.

Mr. and Mrs. Held depart shortly for Fez and Barack, where they expect to spend a few days.

Among the other recent arrivals at Tangier is a colt born to a pack mare from the Riff. This took place on the main street near the Hotel Cecil last evening. Both mare and colt doing well. They proceeded on to the market place a few minutes afterward.

Mr. and Mrs. Held report that the "Parfums of Araby" are small potatoes compared to the odors of the old Moorish city.

"The Baths of Apollo," a small cantina down the beach from the city, announce the arrival of many new records for the mechanical piano. The most popular of the new tunes is "Si, no hay Bananas."

Prince Mohamed Ali, Crown Prince of Egypt, has left here with his suite for Portugal. He complains of bitter treatment in Spain, where at the frontier he could find no one who could understand Spanish.

The Fez-Casablanca Railroad has just been completed. All the equipment seems to have been furnished by the Schwartz Toy Co. of New York.—John Held Jr.

Los Angeles In One Lesson

IT is the greatest tobacco-chewing town on earth. Perhaps the only one.

More arrivals by every train, the rich scent of the cowbarns clinging to their boots. Lean old gentlemen with goat whiskers. Poor old grandmas, wrinkled, bewildered. Plow mares, turned out to a pasture. Though the grass is sweet, their teeth are gone.

High-powered realtor showing around a customer: "Now here, sir, is a very scenic site!"

Bally-hooer on a sightseeing tour: "On yer right, ladies and gentamen, the Pacific Ocean—Biggest Thing in the world!"

Figueroa Street called "Figger-O." A Hollywood clothing shoppe: "Broadway Styles—100 Per Cent Chic!"

Two thousand seven hundred and eighty-four police pups, some carrying pipes.

Real estate sign: "PLEASANT VALLEY, \$300 an Acre. The opportunity is here To-day; To-morrow will Never Come Your Way. LOOK, FOLKS, LOOK!"

Proud Boast: Why, ten year ago they wasn't any such place as Holysmoke Hills. Just a bunch of mountains and trees!

Fences painted by itinerant Methodist missionaries on a roadside where jazz parties park. "What Would Jesus Say?"

Suggested plank for L. A. Platform: A Bigger and Better Pacific Ocean by 1936!

"What parta Vioway yuh frum, pardner?"—Carl

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