

July 3, 1926

Price 15 cents

THE NEW YORKER

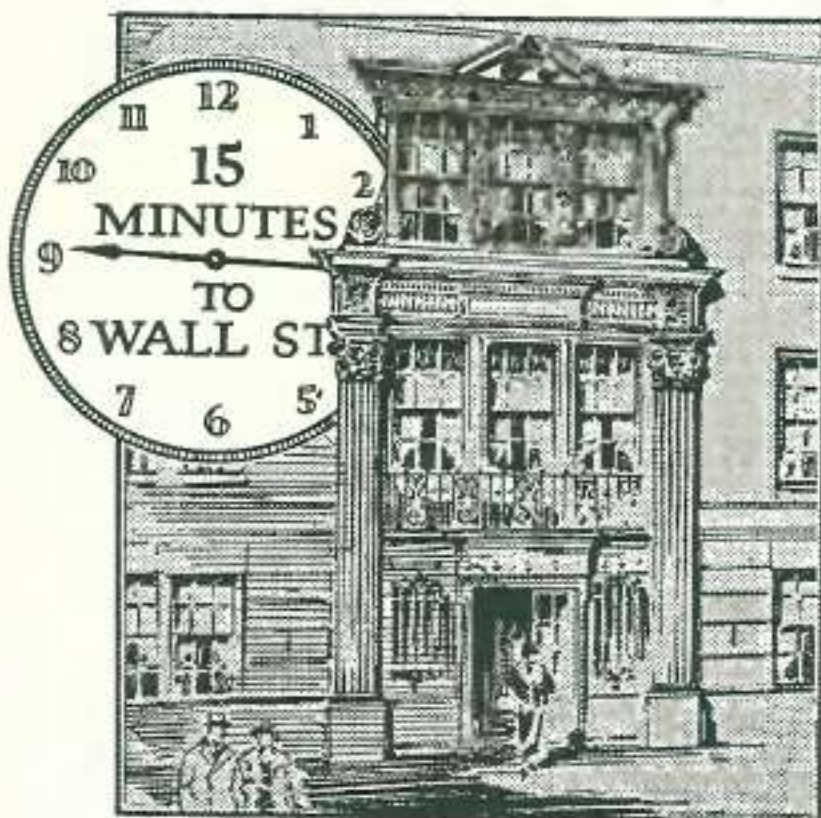


Eugene
Givé

Douglas L. Elliman & Co.

15 East 49th Street · Plaza 9200

Having specialized in the rental and management of apartments and apartment buildings east and south of Central Park, it is natural that New Yorkers "who know" come to this organization first—and thereby save time by looking at only the most desirable apartments, and in precisely that section where they prefer to live.



1035 PARK AVE.

ONLY 15 minutes from Wall Street, 1035 Park Ave. is particularly favored by those whose time is at a premium.

Electric dishwashing machines, ample kitchen and pantry cabinets, cedar closets, etc., instantly appeal to women.

The large, sunny rooms are particularly well arranged, and well-distributed wall spaces make for effective decoration and furnishing.

The location speaks for itself. Apartments of 7 or 8 rooms and 3 baths are now renting for September occupancy at \$4600 and up.

Management of Douglas L. Elliman & Co.

A NATURAL Choice—for the shops, theatres, restaurants and clubs are only minutes away.

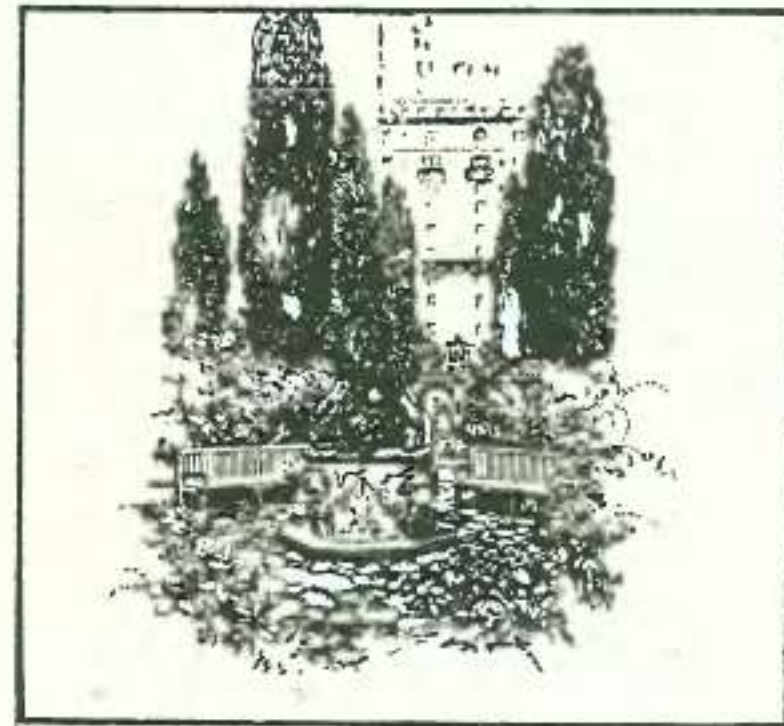
Restaurant Crillon, located on the premises, extends service to apartments when desired.

Hourly maid and valet service is available.

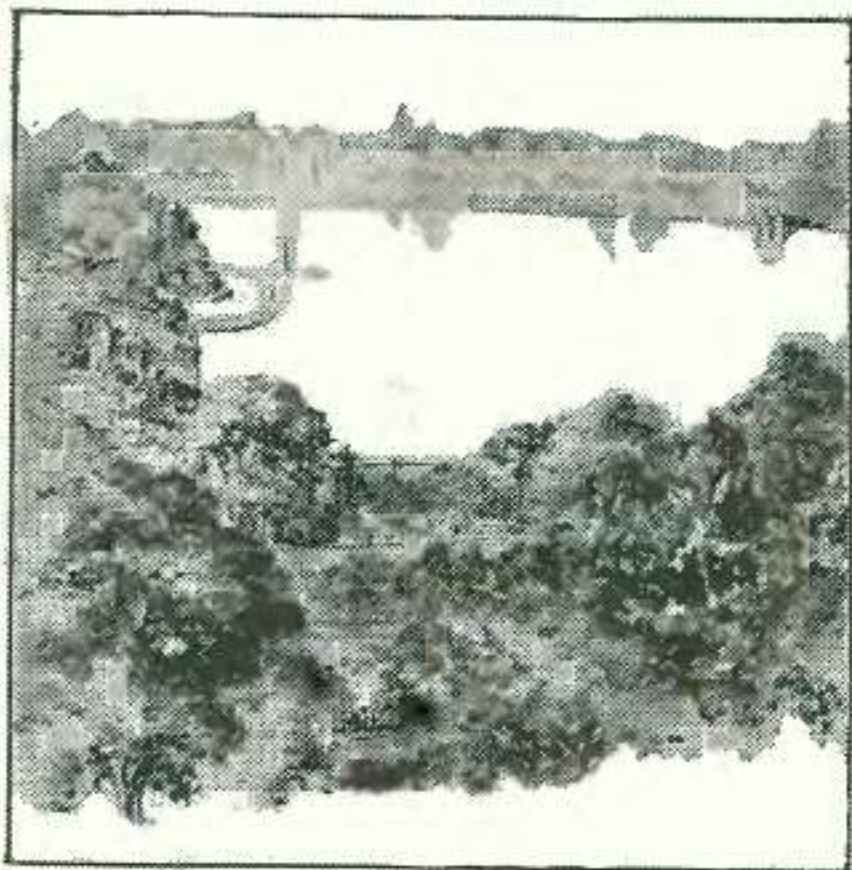
Built around a great garden quadrangle, an acre in size, each apartment is assured the maximum of sunlight and air. Homelike entrances, wood-burning fireplaces and many other individualities add to the charm of this conveniently located building.

Although 88% of this building is now occupied several of the most desirable apartments—2 to 7 rooms—are still available at moderate rentals. Our representative on the premises will be glad to show them to you.

Management of Douglas L. Elliman & Co.



277 PARK AVE



1035 FIFTH AVE.

IS there a New Yorker, with soul so dead, who never to himself has said: "Give me an apartment overlooking Central Park"? Certainly there would be none if they would inspect this splendid new building on the southeast corner of 85th St.

Here, just across the Avenue, is a place to play, lakes for children's boats or skating, gentle slopes for coasting and inviting walks. The entire family will enjoy living at 1035 Fifth Ave.

12-Rooms, 5-Baths	\$9,500 to \$12,500
11-Rooms, 5-Baths	8,300 to 11,000
9-Rooms, 4-Baths	7,700 to 9,000
7-Rooms, 3-Baths	5,700 to 7,100

Renting for October occupancy

Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Renting Agents

Fifth Avenue

B. Altman & Co.

New York

GENTLEMEN, *what are you going to do this Summer?*

STAY IN THE CITY?

Very well; you will find that the well-tailored, silk-lined Summer suits especially designed for ALTMAN SQUARE, enable one to assume that cool and collected air of superiority while merely mortal men are sweltering. These suits are made in a variety of patterns and have the same smart cut and appearance of heavier suits.

Summer suits from \$20.00 to \$75.00

Lightweight oxfords, black and brown 9.50 and 12.50

GO ABROAD?

Fine! One always needs a lot of new clothes. For instance, a 4-piece sport suit, a smart topcoat, flannel trousers generously cut, luggage, and some cool and comfortable shirts, underclothes and pyjamas.

Four-piece suits	\$48.00
Topcoats (English and domestic) .	\$45.00 to 65.00
Flannel trousers (white, gray, etc.) .	7.50 to 21.00
White buckskin sports oxfords . .	10.00 to 14.00
Lightweight felt hats	7.00



UNDECIDED?

Eh bien! Whether you divide your time between the city and country, or whether you stay the Summer through in either, one simply must act out the part of preferring the city while in it, and whoever heard of leaving the city without purchasing at least one pair of new socks?

Wool socks—silk socks—lisle socks—golf hose—in fact, every sort, color and description of hosiery at very moderate prices.

Golf and tennis apparel and equipment.

Whatever you do this Summer



Visit Altman Square at least once



Did bobbed hair make you a dandruff-brusher?

MANY women never realized how much trouble dandruff could be—until they bobbed their hair. So they brush, brush, brush, all day long.

But why bother with brushing, when the Wildroot treatment is so simple? Wildroot Hair Tonic not only removes dandruff, but, if faithfully used, prevents its recurrence.

A very interesting thing happens with the first few applications of Wildroot. The accumulated dandruff loosens up and is temporarily more apparent—but soon disappears under regular treatment. This shows how quickly Wildroot works.

After applying to the scalp, dress your hair with Wildroot, to renew the lustre and beauty. Get some Wildroot Hair Tonic at your druggist's or barber's today. *And stop brushing dandruff.*

Don't ask your DRUGGIST
to cut prices. He deserves
his fair profit.
Remember the many
services your DRUGGIST
gives you without charge
. Give HIM a
SQUARE DEAL!



IMPORTANT NOTE

It is incorrect to suppose that Wildroot grows hair. Only a healthy scalp can grow hair. Wildroot removes the very unhealthy condition of dandruff, and thus prevents the loss of hair that is sure to follow dandruff.

WILDROOT CO., INC.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

WILDROOT

H A I R T O N I C

for
dandruff



Ah-h!

"A good cigar," said Kipling, "is a smoke!" Very true, that. There are cigars and again cigars, but to quote Liggett and Myers—"What a whale of a difference a few cents make!"

Those extra "few cents" do buy something, you know. The purchase of quality not only yields economy but a tangible pride of ownership, pleasure of use and a valued respect from others.

It does not take the Packard Six owner long to realize he has gotten the only genuine bargain—that of "value received." He may not know the engineering principles, design and grade of materials that went into the superior riding quality, ease of operation and striking performance of his car, but he does appreciate the results. He probably does not know the valve action of the Chassis Lubricator, but he thoroughly approves of the slight effort necessary to entirely lubricate his car. He undoubtedly cannot conceive of measurements of 1/10,000 of an inch—but he sure does like to see his car rolling along, smoothly, silently, efficiently, year after year for as long as he will keep it.

It isn't so much more, really. A Packard Six five-passenger Sedan, for instance, will be delivered at your door tomorrow for \$2788.78. And we have a simple and convenient Deferred Payment Plan available.

→

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
of NEW YORK

Broadway at 61st Street
1037 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn

Dealer

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
247 Park Avenue New York

THE HEIGHTS PACKARD CORP.
St. Nicholas Ave., at 174th St.

PACKARD BRONX CO., INC.
650 E. Fordham Road

PACKARD

Ask the Man Who Owns One



THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS

(From Friday, July 2, to Friday, July 9, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

DRAMA

CRAIG'S WIFE—Of the woman whose selfishness was her undoing. With Chrystal Herne. MOROSCO, 45, W. of B'way.

GREAT GOD BROWN—In which man's dual nature is touched on by Eugene O'Neill. Occasionally confusing. KLAU, 45, W. of B'way.

THE SHANGHAI GESTURE—White men's misbehavior in China. Which is descriptive enough. SHUBERT, 44, W. of B'way.

LULU BELLE—The tempestuous career of a dark-skinned lady. Well played by Lenore Ulric and Henry Hull. BELASCO, 44, E. of B'way.

COMEDY

AT MRS. BEAM'S—A searching and amusing comedy of boarding-house life. With Jean Cadell. GUILD, 52, W. of B'way.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—A sympathetic and pleasant revival of Barrie's play. With Helen Hayes. BIJOU, 45, W. of B'way.

IS ZAT SO?—A slang play of the prize fighter and his manager who took up domestic duties. 46TH STREET, 46, W. of B'way.

THE PATSY—Of the cruel mother, and the cruel sister, and the oppressed but triumphant younger sister. BOOTH, 45, W. of B'way.

CRADLE SNATCHERS—A very funny and very bawdy play that you should not see if you are Puritanic. MUSIC BOX, 45, W. of B'way.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Ina Claire as an epigrammatic crook, and Roland Young as her epigrammatic suitor. FULTON, 46, W. of B'way.

LOVE-IN-A-MIST—Madge Kennedy in summer entertainment about the kind-hearted girl who could not say "No." GAIETY, B'way at 46.

POMEROY'S PAST—Ernest Truex as the shy young man who conjured a past for himself and got into difficulties. LONGACRE, 48, W. of B'way.

ALIAS THE DEACON—The activities of an amusing card sharp. Good hokum for a summer's evening. HUDSON, 44, E. of B'way.

MUSICAL COMEDY

SUNNY—Marilyn Miller in a massive three-ringed musical comedy. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42, W. of B'way.

THE MERRY WORLD—A good combination of girls and humor. The first supplied by the Shuberts, the last by the English. IMPERIAL, 45, W. of B'way.

SCANDALS—A mass of stars surrounded by all that a large revue should have. APOLLO, 42, W. of B'way.

THE COCOANUTS—About the funniest musical play now running. The four Marx Brothers make it so. LYRIC, 42, W. of B'way.

THE VAGABOND KING—A good operetta derived from "If I Were King." CASINO, B'way at 39.

A NIGHT IN PARIS—The Gertrude Hoffmann Girls in various stages of undress. No matinees during the summer. CASINO DE PARIS, atop the CENTURY, Cent. Pk. W. and 62.

NO FOOLIN'—Ziegfeld glorifying the American girl again. Formerly "Palm Beach Girl." GLOBE, B'way at 46.

SONG OF THE FLAME—Gershwin music, very pretty staging, and the Russian Revolution supplying a plot. Not much to laugh at. 44TH STREET, 44, W. of B'way.

THE GIRL FRIEND—The intimate musical comedy of other days. Amusing and with good tunes. VANDERBILT, 48, E. of B'way.

GARRICK GAIETIES—The Junior Guild, not quite as good as last year but still plenty good enough. GARRICK, 35, E. of B'way.

IOLANTHE—A splendidly presented Gilbert and Sullivan revival. You should not fail to see it. PLYMOUTH, 46, W. of B'way.

GREAT TEMPTATIONS—Girls and then more girls, if that's what you like. WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50.

GRAND STREET FOLLIES—An intimate revue with several very amusing take-offs on the season's efforts. NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE, 466 Grand St.

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

ARROWHEAD INN, 234 and Riverdale Ave.—Good for a drive, a dance, and a sandwich before the one o'clock closing hour.

CAFE DE PARIS, Cent. Pk. W. and 63—Music by Ben Selvin, entertainment by thirty-six Hoffmann girls, decorations and



ABOUT TOWN

CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

clientele by the Shuberts, view specially created by the Municipal authorities.

CLUB LIDO, 808 7 Ave.—The four Yacht Club boys, singing amusing songs in close harmony every hour to very smart crowds.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50—Miller and Farrell singing nightly in this, the aristocrat of summer dancing places. Larry Stry orchestra.

COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9—Rustic atmosphere, antics by the orchestra, one of the best dance floors in town, and informal atmosphere.

RITZ-CARLTON, 46 and Mad. Ave.—Society dining and dancing nightly on the so-called roof. Evening dress advisable.

SMALL'S, 2294 7 Ave.—The show place of Harlem for white patrons.

HOTEL ROOFS—The following is a list of more or less open-air roofs recommended for dinner and dancing until about one o'clock: ALAMAC, ASTOR, BILTMORE CASCADES, BOSSERT (well worth crossing the Brooklyn Bridge to see), McALPIN, MAJESTIC, PENNSYLVANIA, and WALDORF.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BIG PARADE—The War vividly and accurately brought to Broadway. With John Gilbert and Renée Adorée. ASTOR, B'way at 45.

BEN-HUR—Contains a stirring chariot race and an excellent galley fight. EMBASSY, B'way at 47.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS—A revival for one day only of this splendid whaling picture. PLAZA, Mad. Ave. and 59, Sat., July 3.

GOOD AND NAUGHTY—Pola Negri in an amusing picture adapted from "Naughty Cinderella." LOEW'S LEXINGTON, Lexington Ave. and 51, Sat., July 3, through Mon., July 5; LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83, Sat., July 3, through Mon., July 5; LOEW'S AMERICAN, 8 Ave. and 42, Mon., July 5, through Wed., July 7.

VARIETY—The newest German picture. With Emil Jannings. RIALTO, B'way at 42.

SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN—An amusing and romantic comedy. LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. and 86, Mon., July 5.

FOOTLOOSE WIDOWS—A mildly diverting comedy of Palm Beach and thereabouts. LOEW'S 7TH AVE., 7 Ave. and 124, Thurs., July 8, and Fri., July 9.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP—The newest comedian, Harry Langdon, in some divert-

ing fooling. LOEW'S CIRCLE, B'way and 60, Sun., July 4, and Mon., July 5; LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. and 86, Sun., July 4; LOEW'S RIO, B'way and 160, Mon., July 5, through Wed., July 7.

(No Manhattan showing this week of "For Heaven's Sake.")

ART

FRENCH MODERNS—BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway and Washington Ave. A remarkable show of Cézanne, Renoir, Redon, Gauguin, Davies, and Prendergast.

SUMMER GENIUSES—WEYHE, 794 Lexington Ave. A mixed show of Americans who find no room in the winter—Texie Myers carves wood.

NEW AMERICA—NEW ART CIRCLE, 35 W. 57. A fine showing of some of the best young painters in this country.

MUSIC

POPULAR GRAND OPERA COMPANY—STARLIGHT PARK, 177 St. at Bronx River. Italian and French opera. Sat eve., July 3, and Sun. eve., July 4.

GOLDMAN'S BAND—NEW YORK UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. Mon., Wed., Fri. and Sat. eves. Other nights, CENTRAL PARK MALL.

STADIUM CONCERTS—CITY COLLEGE STADIUM beginning Wed. eve., July 7, and continuing nightly thereafter. The Philharmonic Orchestra with von Hoogstraten conducting. Held in the Hall in the event of rain.

SPORTS

POLO—ROCKAWAY HUNTING CLUB, Cedarhurst, L. I. An invitation tournament at 4 p.m. daily. Take the Long Island R.R. to Cedarhurst, L. I. Trains at 3:35 p.m., Daylight Saving Time.

TURF—AQUEDUCT, N.Y., Queens County Jockey Club Spring Meeting. Daily at 2:30 p.m. Special trains leave from Long Island Station between 1:15 and 2:15 p.m., Daylight Saving Time. Last day, Tues., July 6.

YONKERS, N.Y.—Empire City Racing Assn. Spring Meeting. Daily at 2:30 p.m. Train from Grand Central Station to Mount Vernon, N.Y., at 1:29 p.m., Daylight Saving Time. Bus to track from B'way at 41st St. First day, Wed., July 7.

BASEBALL—PROFESSIONAL—AT POLO GROUNDS. N.Y. vs. Brooklyn, Sat., July 3; N.Y. vs. Boston, Sun., July 4; N.Y. vs. Phila., Mon., July 5 (morn. and aft.). AT YANKEE STADIUM. N.Y. vs. Cleveland, Fri., July 9. Daily at 3:30 p.m. Sunday at 3 p.m. Morning game at 10:30 a.m.

SHOES

By

Julienne

233, RUE SAINT-HONORÉ, PARIS

*Premier Shoemaker
of Paris*

Madame and Made-moiselle who previously have gone to Julienne's own Paris shop, may now select those same inimitably smart custom-made shoes—the identical leathers, colours and Paris workmanship—here in New York through her exclusive agents.

Franklin Simon & Co.

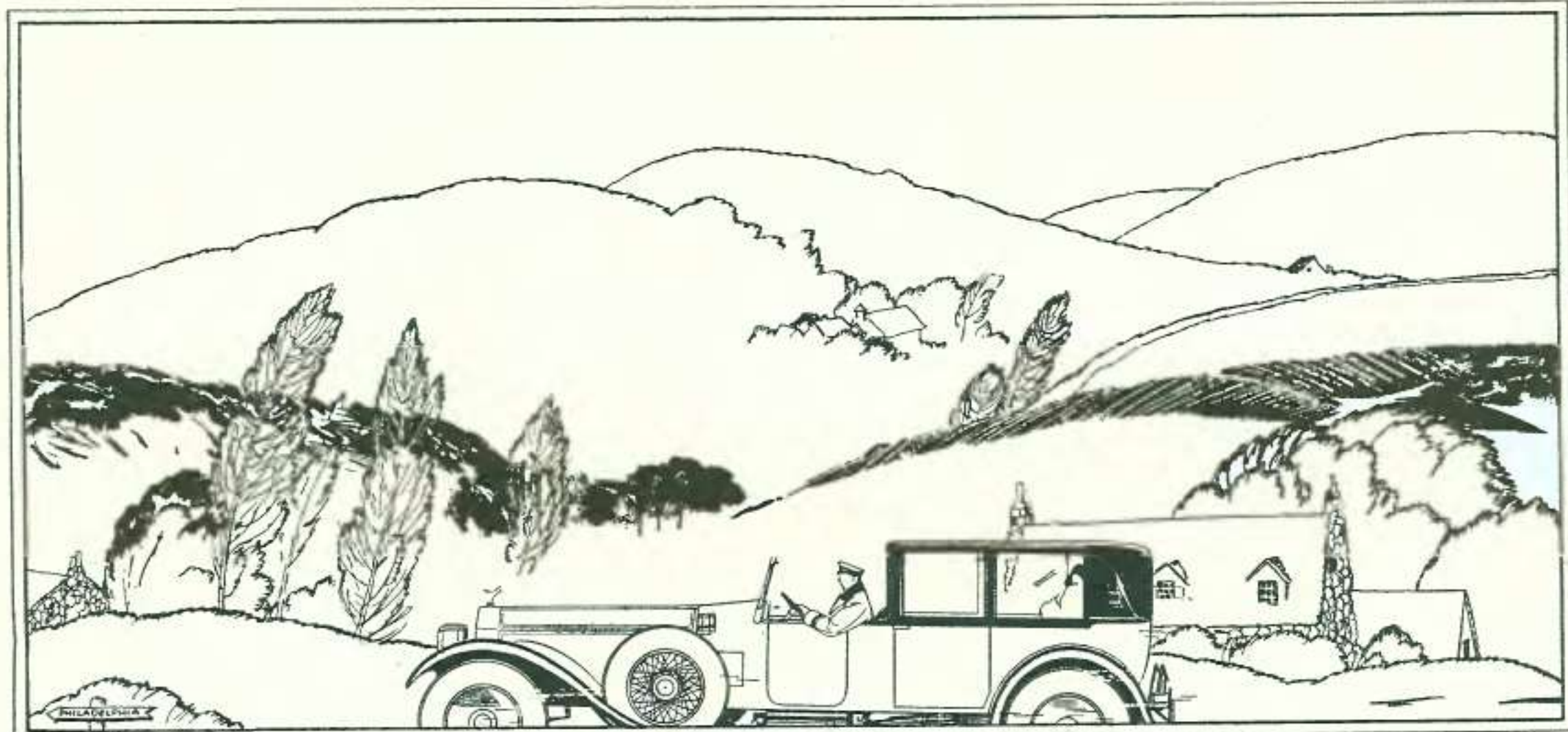
A Store of Individual Shops
Fifth Ave., 37th and 38th Sts.
New York

Entire contents copyrighted, 1926,
by FRANKLIN SIMON & CO., INC.



The owner of chassis 73-MG* takes his car for granted

**Inspectors visit every Rolls-Royce chassis frequently during its entire life
This advertisement is based upon detailed records kept at the Springfield works*



HE is a quiet, plain-living man of few words. Sentiment prompted him to buy his Rolls-Royce as a birthday present for his wife in 1922. Business acumen shows him how profitable an investment he made in comfortable miles.

Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, this man's early home in the Alleghanies, is some 260 miles from Philadelphia. The run is made frequently in 7 hours, over a variety of roads, good and bad, with hill driving much of the way. "How did the car run, sir?" the chauffeur often asks. "Works very well," is the invariable reply.

Even on mountain trails, this owner's mind is free from dread. Experience has shown him that his brakes will hold, *without burning*, on any grade, however steep. The fact that there is no shifting to a lower gear is a distinct contribution

to his riding comfort and mental ease. Because the Rolls-Royce is a vibrationless motor-car, cushioned on matchless springs, neither he nor his wife suffers fatigue, even when riding long distances at an average speed of 37 miles per hour.

Certainly this Rolls-Royce was bought for comfortable transportation. Certainly it is making good. It has yielded that value for four years. It will yield it for at least fifteen more. The absolute 3-year guarantee against failure of any mechanical part was never called in question.

Can you *take your car for granted* as this owner does? We shall be glad to demonstrate a Rolls-Royce at your convenience, on a 100-mile trial trip, over any roads you may select. Rolls-Royce, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York. Branches in principal cities.

ROLLS-ROYCE



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE came across the statement in a serious magazine that the hardy Scotchman, being raised in a wet country, doesn't mind going out in the rain. We at once deter-



mined to test this statement, and took up a position for observation near the Caledonian Club on Seventh Avenue during one of the horrible downpours of last week. We saw a number of wet Scotchmen, but, if anything, they looked more grouchy and ill pleased with the weather than the Angles, Saxons, Welsh, Irish, Semites, Africans, and the rest of us.

WE have heard so many anathemata flung at Dempsey for his obvious unwillingness to insist on fighting Harry Wills, whom, apparently, say all honest men, he ought to fight, that we are half convinced that he is the greatest colored champion we have ever had. We refer to Dempsey, not Wills—the color being yellow.

THE news is out that the ten-year-old daughter of Billie Burke and Flo Ziegfeld has been robbed of ten thousand dollars' worth of jewelry. Personally, the fantastic life and psychology of the theatrically prominent give us a good laugh; and we agree with the old-fashioned conservative school which teaches that parents who allow a child to possess ten thousand dollars' worth of jewelry ought to be spanked, no matter how prominent they are. To cap the fantastic climax,

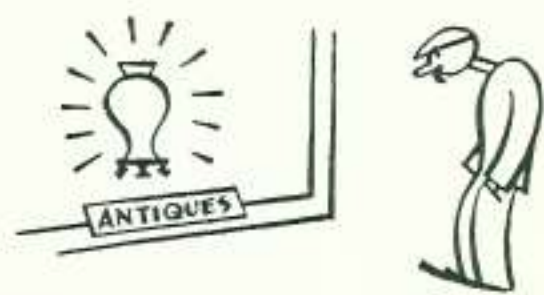
Ziegfeld has stated that the jewels were given to the little girl by great artists, including himself and Miss Burke.

THE hole that was the Madison Square Garden grows more and more stupendous as time goes on. It is rapidly approaching its most stupendous moment, after which they will begin to fill it up with building. Now is the time to inspect it. A good way to see it is to go into the Fourth Avenue Building, which is directly opposite the deepest part, and pretend you want to rent one of the front offices. While the superintendent is



telling you how nice it is, look out of the window.

WE paused before an incalculably beautiful display of early Chinese sculpture in bronze that was



dated a thousand years or so ago, in a little store next to the new Aeolian Hall. Although moved to express the emotion that filled us we could think of nothing to say. A grimy individual drew up alongside and spoke of being out of work and needing coffee. "Life's an overnight affair compared to them things, ain't it?" he added in a whisky bass. But we doubt if he altogether understood why we gave him half a dollar.

GOING along Park Avenue below Forty-second Street, we were impressed and oppressed by the boarded-up houses. At this season the well-to-do go away and leave their empty houses standing out like sore thumbs. It confirms our opinion that



New York differs from most capitals—if Washington will permit the phrase—in that the members of her upper class are more noticeable when absent than when present.

ON this same avenue, however, we saw what we think was a man mowing his lawn. The house which stands on the west uptown corner of Thirty-ninth Street has a considerable plot of healthy grass in front of it and a gentleman who didn't at all look like a gardener was busy with a lawnmower. Ten or twelve messenger boys and clerks stood about in awed consideration of this phenomenon quite as if they had never before seen a gentleman mowing; and perhaps they hadn't.

PRAISEWORTHY imagination is being shown by those in charge of the red flags which warn those who pass the former Vanderbilt house in Fifth Avenue at Fifty-seventh Street that there is going to be a blast. They carry the skull and crossbones.

The Week

JOHAN HAYS HAMMOND deplores public apathy toward law and Congressmen who would lose seats block reapportionment on new census.

Economist proposes new par for franc on gold standard and Russian prosperity disrupts Soviet leadership. August Heckscher starts campaign for \$3,000,000 to restore Central Park and Transit Commission control of taxicabs is urged. Ebb of theatrical season is felt on Broadway and Florenz Ziegfeld reports theft of his ten-year-old daughter's jewels. Ecclesiastics of seven creeds appeal for brotherhood at New Thought conference and James Cameron declares charges of War contract frauds are baseless. Southern political leaders decry religious attack on Governor Smith and Al receives ovation while visiting Chicago for Eucharistic Congress. Dr. Harris estimates dairy graft profits at \$34,000,000 annually and James W. Gerard plans change in Democratic financial policy. President Hibben of Princeton warns against sins of the mind and bond offerings to public total \$31,000,000 in day. Dry leaders move to revive National Prohibition party and country prepares to celebrate sesquicentennial of independence.

Navicularium

WHO would ever have suspected the late municipal administration of having permitted the erection in our city of an edifice endowed with so classic and grandiloquent a title as "Navicularium"? We may now boast of what is probably the only "Navicularium" in the country, with its name emblazoned in big letters on its architrave. It stands in Pelham Bay Park, where our Italian fellow citizens gather every Sunday in large numbers to sing and dance and drink home-made grape juice, or whatever it is. They look at the "Navicularium," and take pride in their descent from "the grandeur that was Rome."

"Navicularium" is the Gotham-classic name for "boat house" and the one in Pelham Bay Park was designed and erected by the Isaac L. Rice Foundation, in connection with the Rice Memorial Playfield.

Lost and

OUR sympathies went out to Charles Hanson Towne when we heard of his first dilemma as editor of *Harper's Bazar*. It appears that as Mr. Towne was to put to press his first issue of the magazine he was without the copy for an installment of Anita Loos's current serial, which was, of course, the feature of the number. Miss Loos had last been reported in Paris, but cables there brought the response that she had gone to the Black Forest, address unknown. It was after several days of hand-wringing and hair-tearing that Mr. Towne went to lunch at the Ambassador and in the lobby met Mr. Jules Glaenger. Mr. Glaenger, it was disclosed, had returned from Europe a week or so before.

"And what's new with you?"

"I am editor of *Harper's Bazar*," said Mr. Towne.

"Oh!" said Mr. Glaenger, and a far-away look in his eyes faded. "I'm glad I met you. It reminds me that

Miss Loos asked me to give you a manuscript of hers. I had forgotten all about it."

The Savoy Plaza

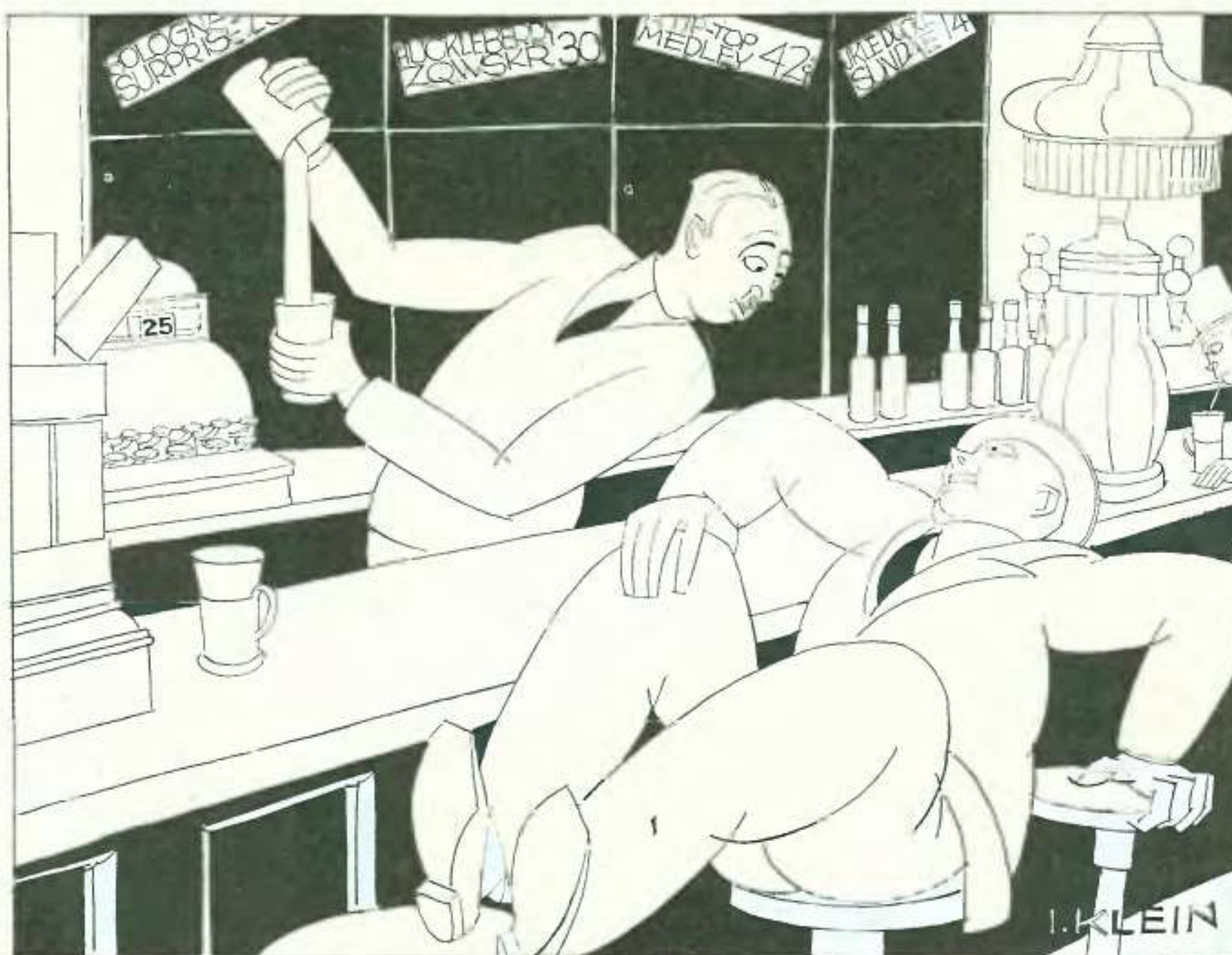
OUT of the maelstrom of rumor as to why all the hotels facing the Plaza are being torn down, we have picked some facts in the shape of a picture of the hotel that is to fill the gap left by the old Savoy. It is to be called the Savoy Plaza, and is vaguely to suggest the Plaza just across the way.

That is, the coming edifice is to be some thirty-five stories high with chimneys 420 feet above the sidewalk, and is to be in the French Renaissance style of the eighteenth century as interpreted by McKim, Mead and White, architects. The picture shows a stunning building, a tower of marble and brick running up thirty stories without a break on either side of which are steps, the first sixteen stories, the second four stories. On top of the steps will be gardens and balconies for the benefit of those who have rooms adjacent thereto. Its sky-scraping roof will be a giant mansard after the Renaissance manner of the Plaza, the town halls of Bruges and Antwerp, the Château Meillant, and a new building noticeable just now on East Fiftieth

Street. A few rows of dormers creep up the roof toward the chimneys.

Within will be 900 rooms clean-swept and decorated for guests by September, 1927. Paneled rooms will be offered those who can afford them. Downstairs in the public rooms all will be eighteenth century Renaissance to go with the exterior. Each sitting room will be equipped with electrical refrigerators so that every guest will be able to have all the ice he needs for his ginger ale.

The cost is to be seventeen and a half million dol-



"What's the idea, my dear Paphnutius, of raising a mustache at this time of your life?"

"The reason is, your Worship, that my friend William has gone a-touring Europe and my friend Joseph has gone a-tramping America, so the blood of adventure is astir in me, and I am gone a-raising a mustache."

lars. In this day and generation ventures of so great a size are commonplace, but this particular one is more important than most. It means a change in the constitution of the Plaza, a square which is much loved by New Yorkers. Less important, this new building will prevent tenants in the Ritz Tower from seeing the statue of the pretty lady on the fountain and will cast a shadow over hundreds of buildings which now enjoy the afternoon sun. It also will create a row of new expensive shops on Fifth Avenue, for its lower floor is to be given over to shop windows.

We can thank Heaven that this responsibility is going to be carried by a handsome building.

Imagination

THE inventiveness of school children or the renowned alibis of office boys during the baseball season must pale before the latest tale of a chorus girl's creative imagination. The stage manager of a current Shubert production the other day received a note from one of the chorus ladies reading thus:

"Please excuse me for not attending today's matinee as I am sick in bed with a bad attack of typhoid fever. However, I will positively be around for tonight's performance."

Ship Models

WE have heard the fear expressed lately that the vogue for ship models would tend to discourage the true amateur and collector and that taste in models would be tainted with the cheaper German factory-made ships which now flood the market. But such fears are definitely unfounded. Many stores and antique shops carry models running in price from twenty-five to one hundred dollars for the general public, and the newspapers and magazines are running articles about ship models; but the true ship-model collector and maker is carrying on his hobby independently of this.

You cannot buy a good model for one hundred dollars. That's all there is to it. Captain Percy Ashley, for instance, one of the outstanding makers, who has made boats for Colonel Rodgers, W. K. Vanderbilt, and other collectors, and whose entire output is contracted to Max Williams, the Madison Avenue dealer, spends about two months on the construction

of a boat and charges not less than one thousand dollars. They can't be made by machinery and so they can't be sold for a hundred dollars.

THERE are two kinds of good models: the antiques and the handmade produced by experts. Both types



are made from the plans of boats which actually existed. Very few, if any, of the good ones are fanciful. We ran into one man who makes a hobby of this work who told us that he was repairing for the British Museum a model of a ship which had been one of Nelson's fleet. Models of this kind are most highly prized; and there are a great many of them, because of the custom of building a model before the keel of the ship herself is laid. A model of an English frigate, *Coronation*, made in 1690, has been current lately with a price tag of \$25,000.

Similarly the best modern boats are made from the plans of the ship, either before the ship has been built or afterward.

So far as we know, Colonel Rodgers' collection is the best of them

all; whenever and wherever there is an auction of the little ships you will find him present. Junius Morgan, James Stillman, Theodore Roosevelt Pell, all have fine boats; Roger Wolfe Kahn values his lot at over \$100,000.

And the experts say that when the vogue has passed, the true model maker and collector will be a little relieved: there always have been and always will be both these classes of enthusiasts. There will always be plenty of good boats to go round, none of which can be bought for a hundred dollars.

H. L. and a Hearse

ANOTHER Mencken anecdote concerns a Baltimore blizzard which threatened to keep the editor of the *Mercury* from his editorial rooms in New York. Taxis and trolleys had ceased to function, and the sleety downpour put walking to the station out of consideration.

During an hour the only vehicle that neared his home was a somber, deliberate hearse. "Well," decided Mencken, "hearse then it is." He ran to the street and caught the near horse by the bridle.

"To the Union Station!" he shouted.

The driver gaped, but Mencken marched brusquely to the rear, unlatched the door, and climbed out of the blizzard into a chamber of ease.

Half an hour later the hearse drew up at the terminal baggage room. The driver ceremoniously unfastened the door, bowed, and Mencken emerged with as much dignity as if he had arrived in a Rolls-Royce. The fare, he was politely informed, was ten dollars.

"Like hell," said Mencken pleasantly.

He drew a five-dollar bill from his pocket, presented it with a nod, and strode off to await his train. The driver looked after him mournfully.

"That guy," he said, brushing snow and sleet from his shoulders, "has no respect for the dead."

Report

THE Bronx Zoo, which keeps turning up periodically in the life of New York as a subject for discussion, is now outrageously crowded, whereas six weeks ago the complaint was that the vanity of the animals was being wounded by the absence of visitors. Two things are responsible for the

crowds: the warm weather and the fact that the animals are out-of-doors. Animals look better out-of-doors—wilder and healthier.

For the rest of the season, the Bronx will be a kind of thick soup of population; the hotter the day, the thicker the soup, for a large, short-waisted matron with four children takes up, or seems to take up, more room on tepid than on gelid days. It is because of these facts that the monkey house and the snake house at this season remind one of the picture of the French convict camps in Guiana at meal time. But the eating places—the Rocking Stone and the one by the water—are not overcrowded. It is magical.

Most of the visitors lunch at home, or bring a sandwich or two, or make out on Crackerjack. Our advice is to go for an early lunch and see the animals during the slack hour.

The new King penguins have the misfortune to be placed next to the fur seals and are almost unnoticed. They are the soul of foolish dignity, while the seals are clownish and consequently the more beloved. Khar-toum, the African elephant who used to spray visitors with a trunk full of water before the glass barrier was put up, has grown a foot or so and grows dearer and dearer to all. The ponies and the camel are working overtime carrying enthusiasts under eleven years. The Zoo has taken on its summer pelage and plumage, and everybody except the polar bears is happy.

Detour

ACCORDING to her best friends, one of our most celebrated actresses is being victimized this summer by the government, just as though she

were an ordinary human being without a speck of talent. She had planned to spend the summer tranquilly abroad and announced to one person that she was sailing Monday on the *Majestic*, to another that it was the *Arabic* on Saturday. There seemed to be no doubt whatever that she was sailing. In order not to miss paying their adieux, these friends both called Friday. The great lady was in bed with ice packs. In her sitting-room reposed two revenue officers. She was in arrears on her income tax some \$22,000, and leave the country she might not until the item was paid. Hence at the moment she tours the sticks in vaudeville, working in the hot months to raise the \$22,000.

Vandals

IT will interest those who have wondered why "Sunnyside," the old Washington Irving home near Tarrytown, is surrounded by such an exceedingly high fence to learn that it was built as protection against the depredations of sight-seers. This ever diligent tribe went so far even as to pull the stucco off the house and, upon one occasion, an enterprising fleet of sight-seeing buses deposited one group of six hundred and forty visitors to tramp over the grounds and through the home. As Mr. Louis du Pont Irving, grandnephew of Washington Irving, now lives there, such visits became irksome. Hence the high fence, iron gates and no admittance to the curious. The present tombstone of the famous author, incidentally, is his fourth. The first three were carried away chip by chip by his ardent admirers.

After Washington Irving's death

"Sunnyside" was occupied by the Misses Irving, who were also troubled by unwelcome visits. The guests then, however, were in search of more substantial gifts than stucco. They were of the unique species known in that day as the "Hudson River tramp." These gentlemen were not as ferocious as they looked, but their appearance was such as to startle gentle ladies; and the Misses Irving finally moved away after an adventure with one of them. They were having tea on the lawn when a tramp walked up, sat down and calmly joined them at the repast. It was soon after this that Irving's home descended to his nephew, father of the present *châtelain*.

ALL this we learned at a luncheon of the Maiden Lane Historical Society held long ago in the Chamber of Commerce. Before the luncheon all guests gathered in the Chamber of Commerce "Assembly Room." And to those unacquainted with it we hereby recommend this hall as one of New York's unique sights. Never, we venture to say, have so many unrelieved masculine pictures been put into one room—147 tremendous portraits covering the four walls.

"You can't smoke here," explained a guardian impressively. "The President of the United States can't smoke in this room."

Nor did we wonder at President Coolidge's inability. For the room is so dark that every white face above its conventional black coat stands forth startlingly—from Pierpont Morgan and John D. Rockefeller to Alexander Hamilton and George Washington, each looking severely down and seeming to say: "Don't smoke. Don't smoke." Cadwallader Colden of



Colonial fame, in red velvet, white wig and stockings, and black pumps, furnishes the sole leitmotif. He looks shockingly giddy and Watteau-esque for a lieutenant-governor, as he saucily gazes at Levi P. Morton.

Questioned

IT was a young lady and she thought she would learn to drive a car, the supposition being that if she knew how to drive a car, what excuse would her father have for not giving her one?

She decided to take very private lessons, and telephoned the Automobile Club to see what they could do about giving them.

"We don't give them here," said a male voice, "but call up the Y.M.C.A."

"Are they good?" she asked.

"Madam," he shouted in an outraged tone of questioned moral integrity, "it's the Y.M.C.A."

Bass

THE great bass drum mystery of Times Square has been solved. Ever since the beginning of the Jazz Age the curious have been baffled by a phase of New York night life left unexplained: what becomes of bass drums during the day? Hardy strap-hangers braving the honest workmen's scorn in the early hours have often seen those who play the piccolo or the violin on their way home, carrying their tools in neat cases. But never the bass drum.

Our Mr. Terwilliger has, quite by chance, come upon the solution. The bass drums and all the little drums are checked for the day in the Times Square subway check stand. At night

their owners alight from the Flatbush, Bronx, and New Lots subways, quickly take off their whiskers or other disguises, and blandly walk up to the counter and claim their drums. During the wicked hours of darkness they follow their nefarious trade and then before dawn sneak the drums back to the checking stand. The owner of the establishment is thought to be behind the police crusade against the cabarets. There is practically no profit in checking bass drums at ten cents.

More Traffic

THE latest traffic cop sarcasm that we have heard, by the way, followed the attempt of a private chauffeur to cross Fifth Avenue the conventional fraction of a second after the lights had been changed against him. He dashed successfully ahead of the right-angle travel but was waved to the curb by a policeman, who strolled slowly to the car. The officer said nothing, but with great impressiveness opened the door of the tonneau. He gasped when he found it empty. He was incredulous. He voiced his surprise with many grunts and exclamations. Finally he recovered so far as to remark in feigned amazement, "Well! . . . I thought you had the Commissioner with you."

STILL one more story on traffic: this from San Francisco where, it appears, it is generally customary to remember the guardians of the intersections at Christmas time. A hundred dollars is considered a fair yield from the average corner but there was one scowling policeman whose gatherings never exceeded fifty. One day, however, a purse snatcher chose to steal a woman's bag on his corner and

he saw the transaction. He gave chase and, coming upon the thief, received a knife slash in the face. His wound healed, but a small scar remained. It began at one corner of his mouth and slanted upward giving him a perennial and irresistibly merry smile. Since then this policeman's receipts have multiplied more than tenfold. The wound, it is calculated, has been worth five hundred dollars a year.

Uniform

ALERT, as ever, on the trail of social research, we have just learned that the waitresses at Childs' have to buy their uniforms. We have always supposed, for some reason, that a management which can conceive such solicitous advertisements would provide the girls with their uniforms.

But no, it seems they must buy them—and from the management too. To a cynical mind, this may account for the not too rare changes in the uniforms, and the fact that this summer's bluish-green-trimmed-with-white are different from last summer's.

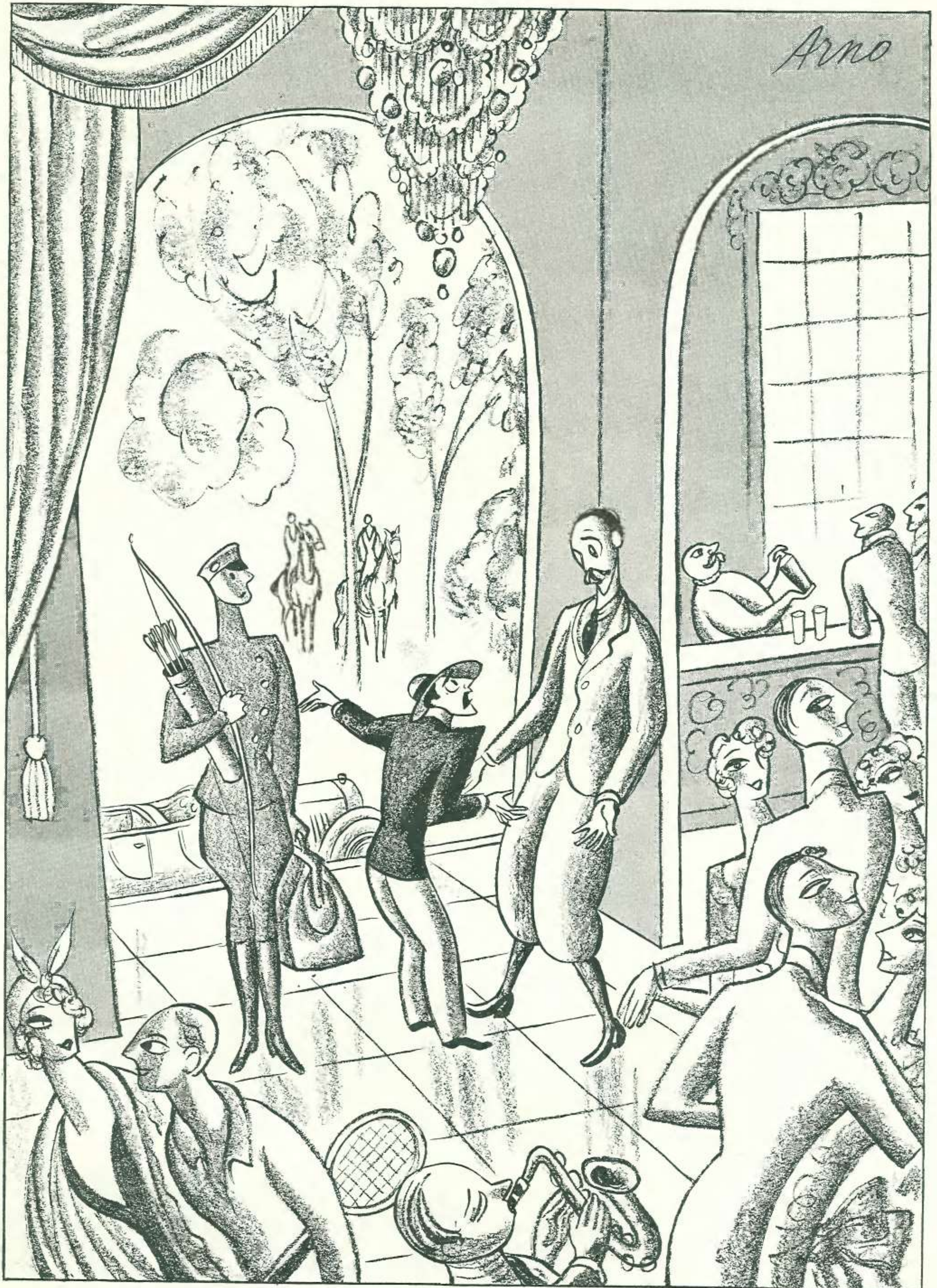
Fully aroused, we pushed our inquiries further and discovered that the girls also have to launder their own uniforms but, to add insult to injury, not only are the men in the restaurants provided with their plain white suits gratis but their laundering is done.

Clearly, here is a case for some feminist equal rights organization.

AND now, since we are on educational subjects, it might interest Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler to learn that, to gain admission to any speak-easy in the Morningside district, all one needs to show the most skeptical doorkeeper is a receipt for tuition fee signed by the bursar of his university.

—THE NEW YORKERS





THE RUINED WEEK-END: *What! No archery butts?*

PREHISTORIC NEW YORK

AS I KNEW IT

THERE have been some very good recollections of old New York published from time to time; and I have loved them. I too, like the authors of the recollections, have mellowed wonderfully and yet not quite lost my ability to read and write. I am just a garrulous old lady, and I think I can remember some things that will interest you.

New York, as it happens, is much older than is usually supposed. It may seem hard to believe, but it existed before Edith Wharton was born. My family is also very old. Grandfather, whom I remember well, was Cro-Magnon, known as Old Cro, and in his time was President of the Fifth Avenue Fossil Club, which exists today and which was founded and endowed with easy chairs by my ancestor Pithecanthropus Erectus. This ancestor of mine married a Miss Neanderthal, and it will give you some idea of the age of our family when I say that her mother wasn't even a mammal. She died intestate, which was quite a common disease at that time, and in the ructions that ensued, my father inherited Central Park. I was born in the Casino in the room that is now the gentlemen's coat room.

Manhattan Island at that time was sweltering in a tropical climate. It was impossible for the men to wear anything but straw hats all the year round. There was absolutely no such thing as winter and summer. So that if a vine got started climbing up one of the tall buildings, it was very difficult to stop it; and with the vines would come some of the smaller reptiles. We used to complain, but Grandfather would tell us about Paleozoic days when there was more than twenty feet of ooze all over the business section and J. P. Morgan's grandfather used to come to work in an ooze boat. Finally, however, an old actuary who had been with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for years was seriously bitten

by a climbing lungfish which came in at the window on the eighteenth floor, attracted by the smell of some statistics he was getting up; and soon after that the present strict laws against vines were passed.

Perhaps my earliest recollections are of the beginnings of the Opera—that everlasting source of friction between those who like music and those who like to go to the Opera. The head of the Opera Society, I remember, went to Brooklyn one Sunday very much against the advice of his friends and was carried off by a



dinosaur as every one knew he would be—for Brooklyn, except for a small stockade near the end of Brooklyn Bridge, was completely savage. And his disappearance opened the controversy again. There had been no music at the Opera up to that time; just a lot of boxes in which people sat and looked at each other with opera glasses, from which instrument the word Opera is derived; and my uncle, who had become very rich from the sale of some fish hatcheries that originally stretched the whole length of Fifth Avenue, stepped into the breach. He said voices ought to be trained and music written to be performed while the Opera was going on. Of course those in power were outraged, and I remember the night when Mr. Vanderbilt drove a coach and four into the Opera House and up into the balcony as a protest. How they argued! Mr. Astor said that instead of spending money on musicians they had better get busy cleaning what was left of the ooze off the financial district; and Mr. Morgan answered that it was no affair of Mr. Astor's what they did downtown.

Father and Uncle used to have long talks, and eventually the present compromise was reached. It was decided to keep some of the boxes and to hire singers, but to have enough musicians to drown out the singers.

Another unforgettable year in my life was the year of the Glacier. The previous summer it had been extraordinarily cold, and during the winter there was a fall of snow; with spring came even colder weather. One Thursday I was going downtown with Mother, and we came upon a great crowd of people on the Avenue at Thirty-seventh Street, in front of Tiffany's. Mr. Tiffany was standing indignantly on the steps of his store. It seems that a gigantic diplodocus had somehow got on the Avenue and refused to get off. As it turned out the poor creature was too weak to move. We had heard stories of how the cold weather had been driving various kinds of dinosaurs into the city, but neither Mother nor I had taken them very seriously. There was a veterinary on hand who maintained the animal was weak from lack of food and said that in its present condition the sight of the old-fashioned bronzes in Mr. Tiffany's windows was killing it.

That was what annoyed Mr. Tiffany so. He said he had had bronzes of that kind in his window ever since the store was opened and that he wasn't going to change them at this stage for the sake of a sick diplodocus. We pushed to the front and caught a glimpse of the great body lying right across the street, with the veterinary standing beside it and stroking its head. It was quite pathetic. "Take in the bronzes," some one shouted menacingly.

That was the first of a number of incidents of the kind. Then one day a man came down from Yonkers and said there was a great glacier coming down the river. Amundsen, the explorer, was in town and went up to



look at it and to report. He came to dinner with Father soon afterward; and I remember how he insisted on the butler's calling up the *New York Times*, which had defrayed the expenses of his trip, and telling what we had for dinner. He told us substantially what the papers reported him assaying—that he couldn't see much on account of not having had an airship.

That week came the panic and the freezing of the lakes in Father's park. For the first time in my life I put on a pair of skates. I remember there began to be crowds of people coming down the Avenue, carrying mattresses and chairs and things. While I would be skating I would hear them cry, "The Glacier! The Glacier is coming." It was true. President Butler of Columbia reported one day that he would give degrees to anybody who

wanted them inasmuch as the probabilities were that the college would have to close for some time; and Bishop Manning, in a stirring prayer, prayed for strength to go on collecting money even if it became impossible to build the Cathedral. Everybody was moved. The cold increased. The Junior League gave a show entitled "The Frost"; members of the Union Club appeared sitting in their chairs in coonskin coats, and a chorus girl who took a bath without any clothes on froze to death before they could get her dressed again. Mr. Buckner caught a chill and had to go round the corner to a place he knew of and get a drink.

Then we saw the thing—a great wall of ice, covering the northern horizon in every direction as far as the eye could reach. Yonkers dis-

appeared; Harlem was temporarily reduced to a black smudge; the Palisades Amusement Park closed its doors; money was tight. It was not known yet that it would stop at Twelfth Street, and we were naturally perturbed. My older sister was a débutante that year, and I remember that she sold dried peas for charity and that we had a bazaar with the proceeds, which was great fun.

It was an exciting year. Soon afterward I married. And the climate changed and we began to have winter and summer quite regularly and things became very much as they are today.

But I can say one thing from the bottom of my heart. While the exciting times lasted, they were wonderful; and I have never regretted that I was born when I was.

—FILLMORE HYDE'S GRANDMOTHER



THE SOAP KING: *Momma, d'ye realize we ain't seen one of our billboards for a hundred miles? I guess I'll have to fire that new advertising feller.*

PROFILES

FIFTH AVENUE'S NIZE BABY

STORIES about Benjamin Winter began to go round when he made his first big turns in real estate, some five or six years ago. It was natural for people to talk about him because nobody knew him; then, too, his career lent itself beautifully to fable. From Immigrant to Millionaire. It was quite in the best tradition.

But the stories soon bloomed with amazing variations. What had been stereotyped success-spreads in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* suddenly began to climb and blossom; and when he bought the W. K. Vanderbilt house, the Vincent Astor house, and the old Jay Gould riding academy, rumor erupted, like a magician's rosebush, with flowery sprays of legend. People said that Benjamin Winter, a peasant, had sworn to avenge himself on aristocracy for the wrongs he had suffered under its heel in Poland. Then there was a preposterous tale to the effect that he was a realtor against his will—that he had a genius for painting. The newspaper men who went to interview him after one of his transactions tried hard to find out what in heaven's name had set these stories going.

They found a short Jew in a prismatic tie talking cryptically into the telephone. His face—a rather Napoleonic face, slightly blue about the jaw—his semi-soft collar and the body whose energetic fleshiness surged beneath a pin-stripe cheviot were not in any respect arresting; in fact, they quite obviously had their counterparts in the faces and bodies and clothes of innumerable business men of his age and race. And when he began to talk he evidently had at the tip of his tongue some ripe formulas to use on pressmen. "Yes, my days I keep busy with business and my nights with communal affairs. Social gatherings and like that, charities, good fellowship. I am tired after talking all day in big figures trying so everybody will get a fair proposition. So then I go to my

home, 276 Riverside Drive, ten rooms, and wash and slip on my tuxedo and go and attend my communal affairs. . . ." He stopped, noticing with annoyance that the poised pencils were idle. It was the familiar clap-

ascribed to him. At least, it is the name for winter in Polish, and publicity juntos of a romantic turn bestowed it on him in the conviction that no newspaper reader would believe that a successful Jew had retained his baptismal label. As a matter of fact the name to which he was born, in 1886, in Lodz, was Winter. His family was of a remote German descent and his father, Michael, made an excellent living marketing to retailers the products of the factories of Lodz—towels, gloves, millinery, shoes, umbrellas, mechanical pianos. And the one touch of fantasy in the life of Michael Winter is that he wanted his son to paint portraits. In his own youth he had gone to school with a boy whose talent had taken him to an atelier and then to Warsaw where he painted the wives of noblemen. Michael, the jobber, never saw him again, but whenever he found the painter's name in a newspaper he cut out the item and spoke proudly of his friendship with this man who had forgotten him. When young Benjamin displayed a knack for reproducing household shapes in crayon—"Cat," "Plate," "Mama"—Michael, the jobber, sent him away to learn painting.

He did not stay long in art school. There was sickness in Lodz; hard times arrived and with them, one day, a neighbor who had made money in America. He told Michael Winter how things were across the water. That winter the jobber talked excitedly to his wife and in the spring, when the glittering neighbor went back to his Golconda, Michael went with him. In a few years he sent passage money for the woman and younger children. Benjamin, then 20, worked his way to a ship at Rotterdam; his father met him one windy Monday at Ellis Island. That evening Benjamin Winter studied the want ads and borrowed a pair of overalls. On Tuesday he applied for work as a house painter.



Benjamin Winter

trap—the cinema of the bigwig posturing before an unreal desk until it is time for him to preside at the collations of phantom boosters.

The reporters went away irritated. Somewhere, under this blurred generalization, was a personality, a man of strong racial inheritance, indigenous to another soil. What he had done proved that, proved it beyond cavil, in spite of the brittle attitude which for some reason he wanted us to mistake for his mind, in spite of the queer, bodiless stories that glittered like fox-fire around his reputation. Whether these stories amused Benjamin Zimar of Poland has never been discovered.

That is a name that has been

All self-made men do these things. It would be gratifying to note that the following week he began to squander his wages and keep bad company, but one finds that he made no effort to mend the plot of the Great American Fairy Story. Instead, he got his rent free by painting his landlord's tenements. In 1912 he went into real estate, taking over some tenements that were not renting well and, in 1913—still running true to tradition—he formed a partnership with an Irishman. Exactly ten years from the day that partnership was sealed, his Horatio Alger career had progressed to its most thrilling chapter—the one in which he passed Ellis Island bound the other way, romping home to Lodz on his first holiday, a millionaire.

Straddling a chair in the best hotel in Lodz he filled in, for a marveling audience, the gaps in his story. He had had trouble that first Tuesday; his father knew little English and he knew none, but they got a man in a Polish delicatessen to read the want ads to them. By the time he left the man who gave him his first work and started in for himself as a painting contractor, he had saved a little money; and all his savings and a good deal of luck were behind that first tottering venture in tenement-house real estate. Then Andrew O'Brien came along, a shrewd Scotch-Irishman without eyebrows or affectations and with a perpetual air of having just been interrupted in the middle of a witticism. They rented an office at 150th Street and Broadway.

It was a successful combination. O'Brien had a photographic mind that retained every clause of an intricate lease, every scrawl on the post-no-billboard of a proffered site; Winter's thoughts motioned on like clouds, piling and dissolving in tiers and terraces as the citadels of dream rose and fell. O'Brien could interest a client, but Winter could get a bank to extend a note that should have been called in a month before. His instinct for property drove him to curious decisions, snap judgments, apparently made on the instant; several times he bought in three minutes some site that more experienced operators had rejected after weeks of deliberation. But his instinct was never wrong. He and O'Brien moved out of their first office and began to trade in lots on Washington Heights. Then they bought their first apartment house. . . . Something of the magic of their rise after that must

have lit his talk in the Grand Hotel.

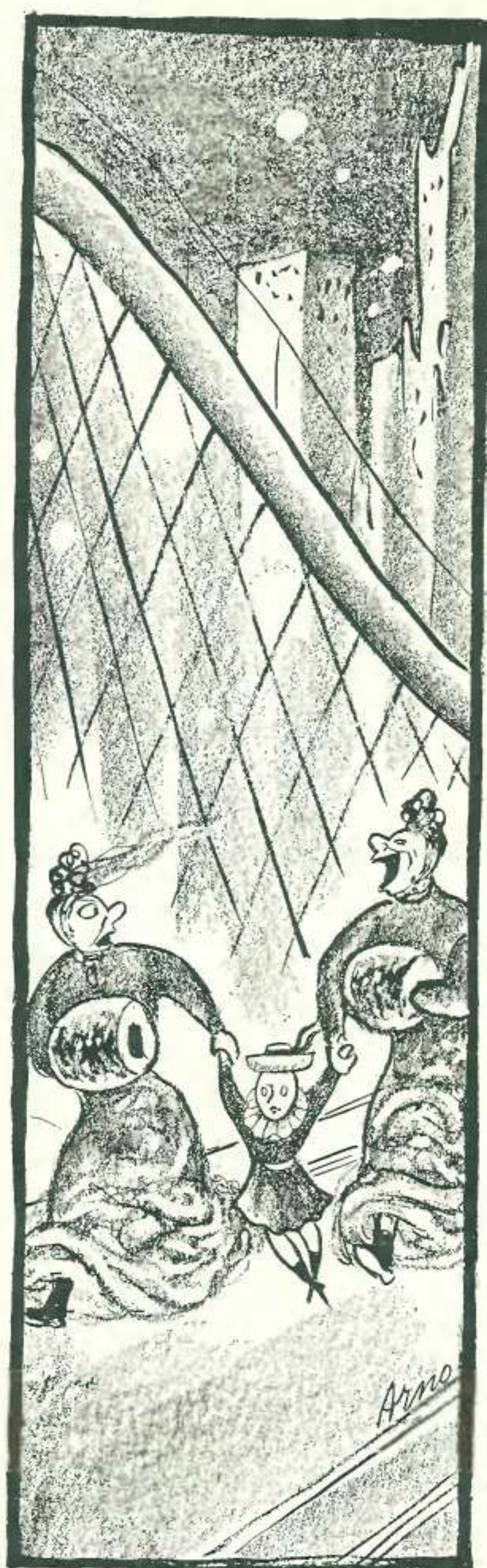
And how were things in Lodz? There had been more typhus, a neighbor told him; the poor were dying, without medicines, without bread. Benjamin Winter sent the local relief committee a check for \$50,000 in American money, and at the fêtes which followed he told how he had made that money three days before he left New York by buying and selling the Claridge Hotel.

The gift was a generous one, for his profits at that time were purely paper. Much of Winter's profits are still paper, a condition common to all big plungers; but whatever proportions his wealth actually assumes, the most conservative estimate of the property he at present controls fixes the value at \$40,000,000.

When he returned to his Park Avenue office, fixed resplendently forever in the hearts of the people of Lodz, it was noticed that a new dignity had come to him. It was then that he began to work at that series of operations that have made him famous across the Continent as Manhattan's most precocious child of fable.

First came the Jay Gould house in West Fifty-eighth Street. Then he bought the line of baroque atrocities that abut on Seventh Avenue at Fifty-eighth Street; brownstone and marble apartment houses with plush carpets and elevators that a Negro boy operates with a cable, collectively known as "Spanish Flats." The price was \$7,000,000. The Vincent Astor house cost him \$3,500,000 and he picked up, for \$4,000,000, the W. K. Vanderbilt house, the price including the inlaid ormolu bathtub in which Mrs. Vanderbilt used to wash in the days when she was trying to find four hundred nice people in New York. After the sale a sort of farewell party was held downstairs for the benefit of one of Mr. Winter's charities. Ted Lewis played in a half-dismantled salon and people got into the dining room for a dollar who couldn't have set foot there for any sum when the guests of the late dowager consumed birds and wine under the soundless glass Niagara of the chandelier. They stared at the faded tapestries and told each other in whispers how this man Winter had sworn to get even with aristocracy.

As a matter of fact, he is quite devoid of social consciousness. To realize this one has only to behold him, with a paper cap on his head,



"Hic—gets my dander up, lettin' the poor little thing get lost. Let's keep him ourselves."

"Sure, whadda we care about the Mann Act? Whoops!"

making loud mirth at the banquets he gives for the janitors of his numerous apartment houses. Perhaps he is subtly aware that his power depends on that Olympian vulgarity that shaped him in its mold long ago, blew luck into his mouth and pushed him, a stubborn bubble, up to glory. At any rate, he has resolutely refused to adopt any of the pretensions that money makes so easy. He has never pretended, on Long Island, to be a country squire, nor does he own a bungalow in Maine; he likes to declare with a great guffaw that his only rural excursions are

those which take him every Sunday to visit his mother in Hoboken. He sends his three small children to Public School 93, and he permits his chauffeur, a lank Swede, named Henry Anderson, to treat him as an equal. At prize fights and bicycle races Mr. Winter and Henry Anderson and Mrs. Winter generally occupy adjoining seats; sometimes an acquaintance sits with them. One evening such an acquaintance, who had several times enjoyed Henry Anderson's company at a public function, ventured to protest; with lifted eyebrows and fingers that fluttered with tact he pointed out that though Henry Anderson was charm-

ing, he belonged rather on the box than in the pit; one's chauffeur was, after all, one's chauffeur. Mr. Winter looked at him darkly.

"Listen," he said, "a feller can drive a car without he is a momzer. . . . Look next time and you'll see him sitting like my pal alongside me and my wife the same way. . . ."

They were not quite so tolerant, and they spoke another language—the people whose proud houses he has bought for office sites. But if one stops to ask which clan more accurately represents the city, the answer is obvious. Benjamin Winter has counterparts wherever you turn; men who share his

crudities and loyalties, who speak, who dress, as he does. Yet, in a way, he sums up these scurrying simulacra; he has made himself, in some measure, inclusive. If the power he finds in himself has made him look like all the rest, let it go; if his collar is too tight, if his larynx is in his nose, if his grammar comes unbuttoned like that of Milt Gross's celebrated infant, forget it, forgive him. Understand; the power that shapes the others from without has shaped him from within. That power is the city. Towers rise in his shadowy heart, dreams taller than cities. He has included New York.

—NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

WHAT IS THE BLEAKEST JOB IN NEW YORK?

THE NEW SYMPOSIUM

AS an evidence of the keen public interest awakened by THE NEW YORKER's "What Is the Bleakest Job?" Symposium, our Mr. Eustace Tilley, who has been ferreting out and exposing the lonely hearts in New York, announced with great satisfaction yesterday that Mr. J. Carl Roscher, president of the B. F. & L. Electric Company, had aided the cause by firing all of the employees holding bleak or desolate positions in his factory.

As a further evidence of Mr. Roscher's generosity, the wealthy manufacturer, in collaboration with THE NEW YORKER, has founded the Roscher Relief Fund for Bleak Job Holders. In order to establish a nucleus for this fund, Mr. Roscher presented THE NEW YORKER yesterday with the sum of \$23.71, which was the entire contents of his little son's bank.

Since the receipt of this initial donation, THE NEW YORKER is pleased to acknowledge the following contributions to the Roscher Relief:

Samuel J. Goldfarb (in memory of Julie, Mattie, Cousin Herbert, Aunt Emma, Mother, little Hermie, and my faithful dog "Pep")	.98
"Sympathetic"	1.00
Miss Flora L. C. (from selling old gin bottles)	.27

In addition there were several smaller contributions from well-wishers signing themselves "Lonely," "I Had Such a Job," and "My Father Was One."

THE NEW YORKER feels more than confident that Mr. Tilley's touching weekly interviews have been large-

ly instrumental in twanging the purse-strings of the public.

III. FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

By Eustace Tilley

HAVE you ever looked for happiness only to find it just beyond your grasp? Have you ever searched far and wide for a friendly face and then found it at last right beneath your feet?

In other words, have you ever walked on stilts?

Far above the hurrying, carefree throng that passed unheeding between his legs . . . far, far above the indistinct faces of laughing children that blurred before his tear-filled eyes . . . twenty feet in the air I found Mr. Simeon Dreyfuss, dressed in a huge policeman's uniform, and parading the theatre district on a pair of stilts, as an advertisement for a current mo-

tion picture playing on Broadway.

"You are sad," I called, climbing up on top of a taxi and shouting into his ear, "else why do you weep?"

He started from his reverie with a gasp, and in two great strides was at my side. "Loneliness, Mr. Tilley," he replied, keeping pace with my taxi as we progressed up Broadway together. "I am too far above my public to hear their sympathetic laughter. I never know the plaudits of the mob. Mine is a solitary life!"

"Have you no friends?" I asked kindly. "Have you no one to whom you can talk?"

"Only the window cleaners," he replied, stepping with ease over a perambulator. "Sometimes I cross the street and talk with them, high up in the buildings. They are the only people in life I can look up to."

"And how long has your existence been made miserable by this bleak employment?" I inquired.

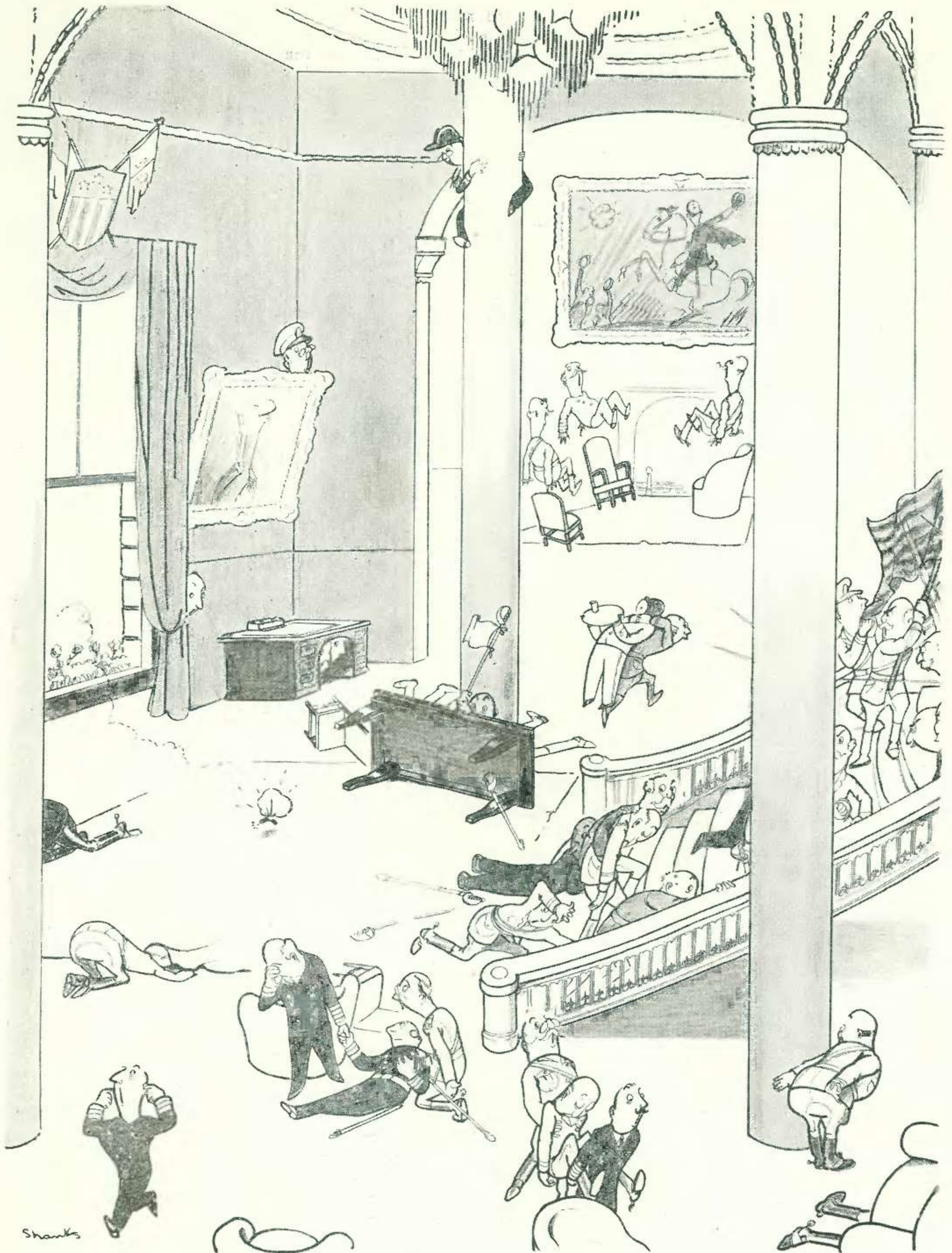
"I started in the fall of 1914," he replied, wincing slightly as he kicked aside a small dog which had halted beside his leg. "I lost an election bet, you see, and I was forced to parade down Broadway on these stilts. Well, sir, I've made my living on them ever since—twelve long years. That's what comes of gambling," he added bitterly.

"But why don't you change your job?" I suggested. "Why do you stay up on those stilts if you hate being there so?"

"That's the trouble," he confided, glancing dizzily at the pavement twenty feet below him; "I don't know how to get down off the darned things."

—COREY FORD





THE THIRD OF JULY

A firecracker, exploding prematurely, finds the Army and Navy Club unprepared.



"CLEAR the battens," yelled the first mate.

"Certainly," I said. "If there is anything I like to see, it is good, clear battens. Where are they?"

I don't recall the exact answer. It contained some general information and several nautical terms. It appears, however, that the battens are *in* the sail (or should be). They are a kind of slat to stiffen it. A common sailor's phrase has arisen: "Slatting about."

I laughed over my error. It is just as well to laugh at such times. Above all, on our boat.

"I thought battens were what you nailed the hatches down with," I explained, when I could control myself again. "All big vessels, I have heard, carry no end of hatches well battened down; and coolies under the hatches. Have you any coolies under the hatches, captain?"

The captain did not answer. The mainsail, which had been partly run up, came down on him at that moment on the lee side and he was completely and inarticulately folded away in a billow of canvas.

When he reappeared he said one or two important things, but there was no immediate reference to my question. I did not seem to care to repeat it. It was my first venture at cruising.

Worse than that, it was almost my first time aboard any sailing boat at all.

So naturally, in my clean white ducks, I felt very new at it. I even felt a trifle inferior, though I had known the crew (on land) for years.

It was quite a windy afternoon. Too windy, I thought. I was about to suggest as much, and that we start the cruise in the morning and have a last, quiet night ashore and leave the gale to windmills and nature, but I sensed, even then, what is a peculiar trait of mariners: that the more it blows the more they are for it. So I undid my necktie and looked around for action.

There was plenty of it.

The navigator I detected at the foot of the mast, up to his ears in rope. The bos'n was still having a little innocent fun with the battens. The sail was gradually going up. The glass (at the same rate, I believe) was going down. Only the captain was making suggestions.

He looked at me. (I was supposedly the guest of the captain for a pleasant week's cruise, but he often forgot it.)

"Go below and coil the halyards," he said in his abrupt way. The peak and throat halyards, I believe he called them.

I stumbled below. Somewhere in the half-light I came upon a tangle of rope that suggested inventory day on Brooklyn Bridge. I began to coil it.

You may not know it, but mariners are extremely sensitive about the art of coiling rope. It is a sacred art. It is one of the great prides of a hideous profession. Their knotty hands have a compelling, even a soothing, way with rope, and by a few arbitrary passes the most kinky strands of it are made to fall with a truly marvelous grace into beautiful consecutive loops, as a cobra might gently arch its head

under the spell of a charmer's pipe.

I sorted out a length suitable for my design (about 500 yards, at a guess) and began slowly to wind it concentrically over my right arm. In a kinky and rebellious way it tolerated the crude process until my arm became overloaded. Something had to be done. But what? I tried to slip out of it softly and take the coils by surprise. But you cannot surprise rope. It is thoroughly vigilant; and extraordinarily stubborn. I did various things with it, and finally dropped the whole mess on the floor. Then with a sharp curse I kicked it. I did, really.

That was a mistake. In the first place, my foot became rather entangled and made the end of the rope impossible to find. And further, it rendered the entire length with which I had been working irritable and acrimonious. Yet I began again. This time I decided to coil it on the floor as I had seen the captain do it. After one or two bad starts I discovered that it went much better thus until I got so dizzy circling about that I had to sit down on a bunk.

There the bos'n found me, gazing sadly at the little pool of halyard.

"You've done it all wrong," he said with private satisfaction. "It goes the other way. Give it here."

I gave it.

So it appears that a rope, a common rope, a mere twisted rope smelling of tar and other vulgar substances, is like a watch: unless it is wound and going the right way it is of no use at all.

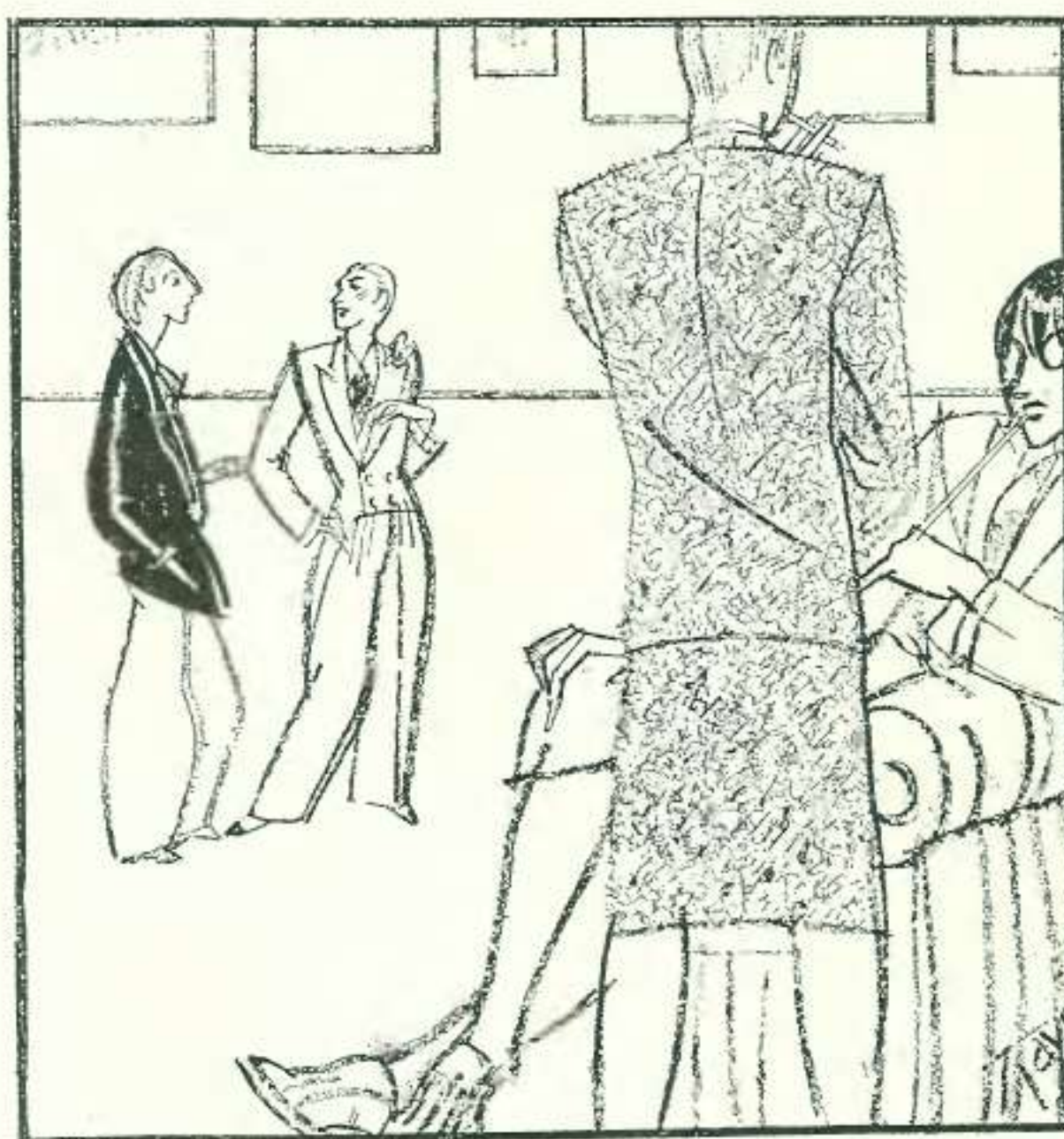
Silently the bos'n toiled.

I fell into a contemplative mood and carried the speculation out into wider fields. How like life! Of how little use is anything in this world unless it is going in the right direction: the morning train, the week-end guest, 55 shares of Boston common.

I smiled at the parallel.

Then I was ordered on deck.

—DAVID McCORD



"Who was that gentleman I seen you with last night?"

"That was no gentleman, that was my wife."

OF ALL THINGS

THE ovation to Byrd and Bennett was a well-merited tribute delivered in the best star-spangled manner. It also provided welcome work for our unemployed medal-pinner, laurel-weavers, and bay-twiners.

Washington Democrats are delightfully wrought up over the Pennsylvania revelations, but at this distance we cannot be certain whether they are red with indignation or green with envy.

The K.K.K. is not to be allowed to have a parade at the Sesqui, and it strikes us that another place where the Kluxies are having a poor summer is Chicago, Illinois.

Night club proprietors say they would like to find a more refined term for their establishments. But the public will probably not accept a substitute when, as, and if issued. New Yorkers are a plain, blunt people, calling a spade a spade and a club a club.

In our own prejudiced opinion, a night club might easily be called an unrestaurant.

Probably there is no truth in the rumor that Mussolini's daughter is to marry the Italian crown prince. He could scarcely support her in the oratorical style to which she is accustomed.

It doesn't take Briand very long to pass a given point, but how can one tell whether he is coming or going?

Congress still seems reluctant to call it a session and go home. The President should never have revealed the size of the surplus.

The *Literary Digest* boasts that one-third of our physicians and surgeons are on its subscription list. But where, we wonder, does a doctor keep his copies until they are old enough to appear in the waiting room?

According to report by the Foreign Policy Association, Soviet Russia has thrown over some of its communism and is growing solid and prosperous. The Moscow statesmanship seems to have a capitalist to starboard.

The Anti-Saloon League spent at least thirty-five million dollars making America "dry." It would have cost still more without the quotation marks.

We wish success to the English women in their fight to reduce the voting age from 30 to 21. The change would be a boon to five million girls, for nobody can thoroughly enjoy staying away from the polls until he has the right to go.

Sic transit gloria mundi. Alexander is released by the Cubs, Bucky

Harris is hooted in Washington, fifteen million Germans vote to take away the ex-Kaiser's property and Lloyd George is moving from down to out. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

POET DERANGED

(In Effort to Meet Friends at Pennsylvania Station)

How can I watch both sides at one time?

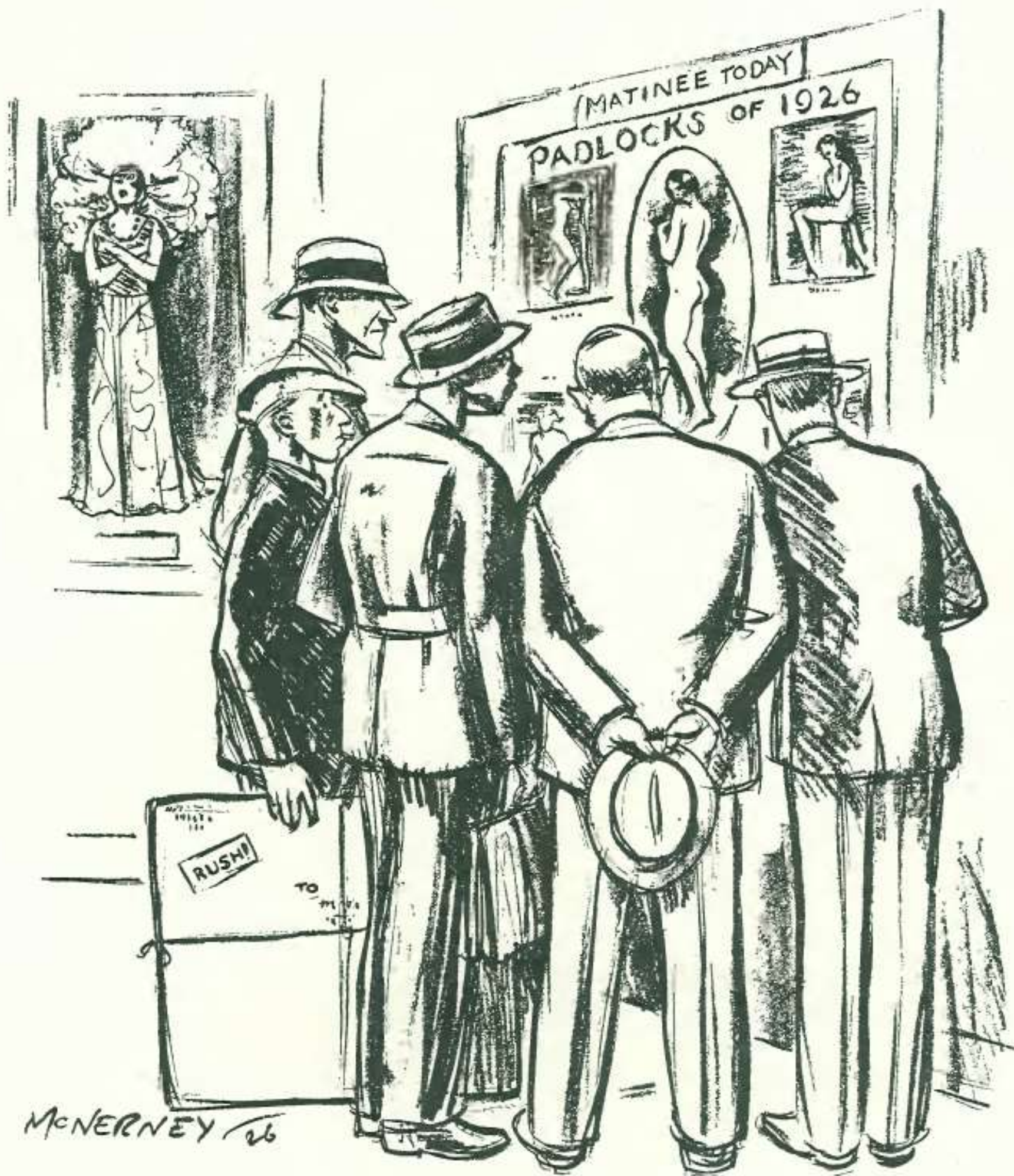
He who arranged this is guilty of crime.

Where will they come up? How can I guess?

Only the wall-eyed are sure of success.

Often I try to meet friends by this system,

When it's all over I find I have missed 'em.



The Life Class

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

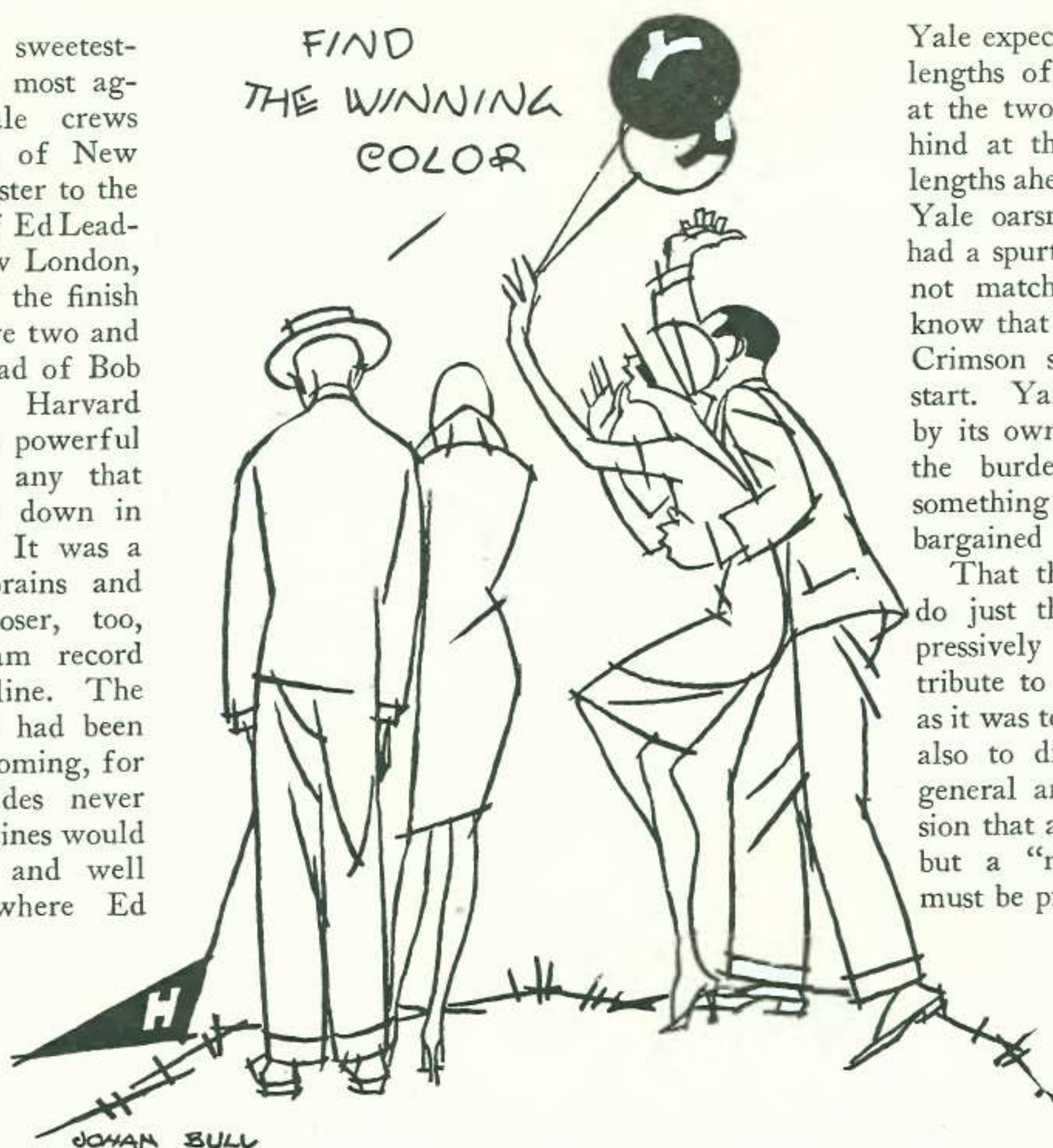
What Happened at New London

ONE of the sweetest-looking and most aggressive Yale crews that ever came out of New Haven added new luster to the Eli record and that of Ed Leader, the coach, at New London, when it spurted over the finish line in Bartlett's Cove two and one-half lengths ahead of Bob Winthrop's toiling Harvard eight—a boatload as powerful and as finished as any that Cambridge has sent down in many a long day. It was a true triumph of brains and finesse, for the loser, too, cracked the upstream record when it crossed the line. The hot fight that Yale had been expecting was forthcoming, for Leader and his aides never doubted that Bert Haines would carry on smoothly and well from the point where Ed Stevens was compelled to drop the task—would even add delicate touches to the blade work at both catch and finish.

Further, while every one who really knows rowing understood that the removal of Barry and Watts to the Juniors would weaken the Varsity, maugre the opinion of Bob Winthrop on that subject, they knew that there was quite enough left in the Harvard ship to make a terrific battle with any crew in the land over the Thames course. There is little doubt that the shift was directly responsible for the victory in the Junior struggle, but it would be robbing a practically perfect Eli boatload of its earned honors to say that Harvard might have won had Barry and Watts been in action where they belonged.

There was, as a matter of fact, never a moment when Harvard had a remote chance for victory, barring accident in the Yale boat. Yale's victory was assured when, in the first half minute of rowing, with a terrific drive from the dory, Yale was confronted with the necessity for changing the entire plan of generalship, and met that confrontation superbly. It

FIND
THE WINNING
COLOR



is a striking fact that the necessity for the decision made by Captain Kingsbury, Tommy Laughlin at stroke, and little Stewart in the coxswain's seat, arose from a sudden show of the crew's own superb ability. In a word, Yale went to the mark prepared to row the same type of race as last year, and found it necessary to reverse the plan under fire in the first half minute when the Blue jumped the Crimson with one of the greatest starts I have ever seen. Yale rowed 21 for the first half minute, clearing the puddles on the fifth stroke, and ran off 19 for the second half minute.

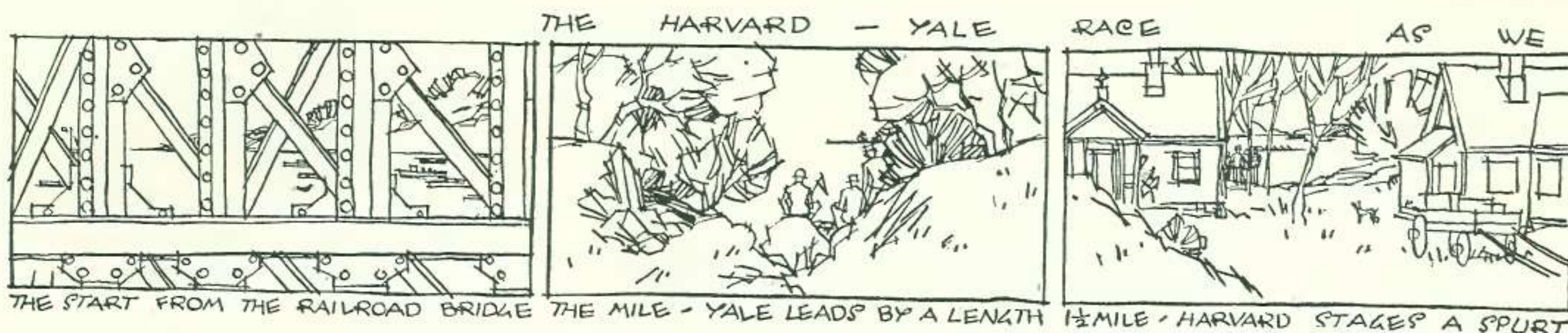
With the first minute over, Yale's decision was made, and the eight settled down to row a "front race." This is the oldest and perhaps the most effective form of two-crew generalship, and the only reason that it was not the original plan was that the time trials under practically similar conditions showed that Yale was practically certain of victory by rowing a waiting race. As the time trials worked out,

Yale expected to be almost two lengths of open water behind at the two miles, a length behind at three, and about two lengths ahead at the finish. The Yale oarsmen knew that they had a spurt that Harvard could not match, but they did not know that they could jump the Crimson so effectively at the start. Yale was really forced by its own excellence to carry the burden of pace-making, something that Leader had not bargained for.

That the Blue was able to do just that and win so impressively is quite as much a tribute to the men in the boat as it was to the coach. It ought also to dispose finally of the general and erroneous impression that a fine crew is nothing but a "machine." Precision must be present, of course, and it is this precision that gives birth to the machine idea. There have been, certainly, "machine-like" crews, but they seldom

win. This Yale eight was a collection of smart oarsmen under remarkable leadership. There was a happy aggressiveness in the boat that was more than a match for the more plodding method of the Crimson, powerful though that method was.

THIS was one of the best crews that Harvard ever turned out, and the credit for it must be split between Stevens and Haines. Haines undid none of the work that Stevens had put in. He simply added little niceties of watermanship in the manner of the best English coaches who understand rotation in coaching a crew. That Harvard in its one great effort in the fourth mile could whip up the stroke all the way to 38 and hold it there so long was tribute to the power in the boat and to the effectiveness of the style; but in the last analysis it fell just short of being as good as Yale's style, which had more nerve, and the added advantage of taking as little as possible out of the men while the ship



was kept running beautifully. And in the climax Yale proved that it could make up, in a quarter of a mile, the length that it took the more powerful Harvard oarsmen a full mile of the hardest kind of rowing, with a stroke all the way from two to four, even five strokes higher to the minute, to pick up.

IN the original plan of generalship, Yale had expected to be able to drop down as low as 30 to the minute for at least half a mile and perhaps longer, storing away power for the finishing spurt. As it turned out, once the Blue took command and found it advisable to put on a punishing pace, 32 was the most effective beat for the body of the race. It is high praise for Harvard when it is possible to say that at one stage the two rowed stroke for stroke for at least two minutes without any gain for Yale.

No one outside the boat, however, realized the confidence and reserve strength of the Yale eight. The drop to 34 from

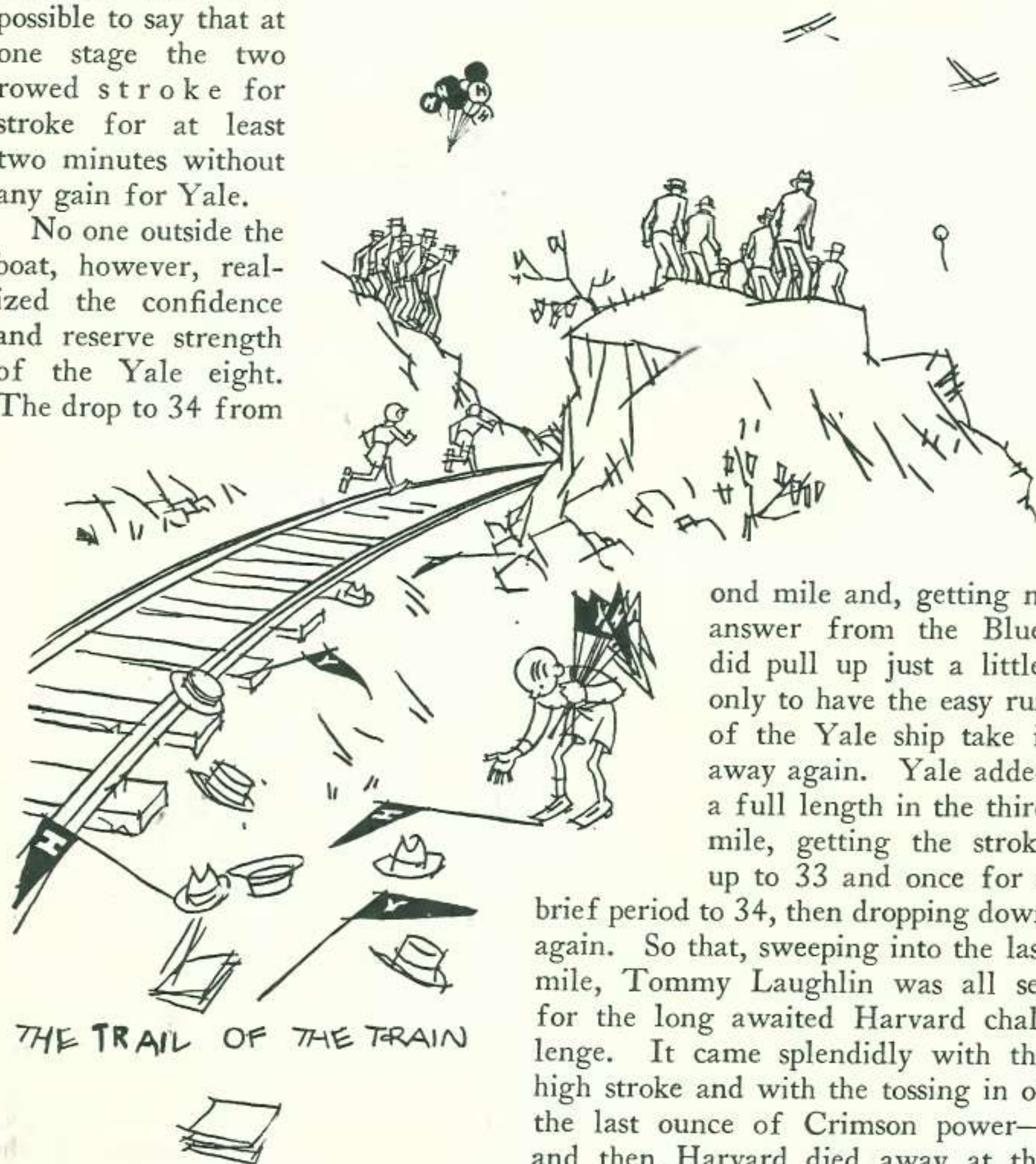
the racing start came very quickly, and even with Harvard clinging to a smooth and magerful 35, the Blue ship slipped steadily away until, at the half-mile mark, the Crimson was almost half a length of open water behind. Yale broke five minutes for the first mile by $3/5$ of a second, which is tearing going for a four-mile race. And the Blue blazed through the last and decisive mile under the ancient two-crew generalship (almost standardized from Putney to Mortlake) in $4:53 \frac{1}{5}$. That is sound and gorgeous racing.

The fast beginning gave the Blue the two middle miles in which to shift the burden of responsibility to Harvard. The Crimson made a brief bid to close up the open water in the sec-

crucial point just as Yale went out.

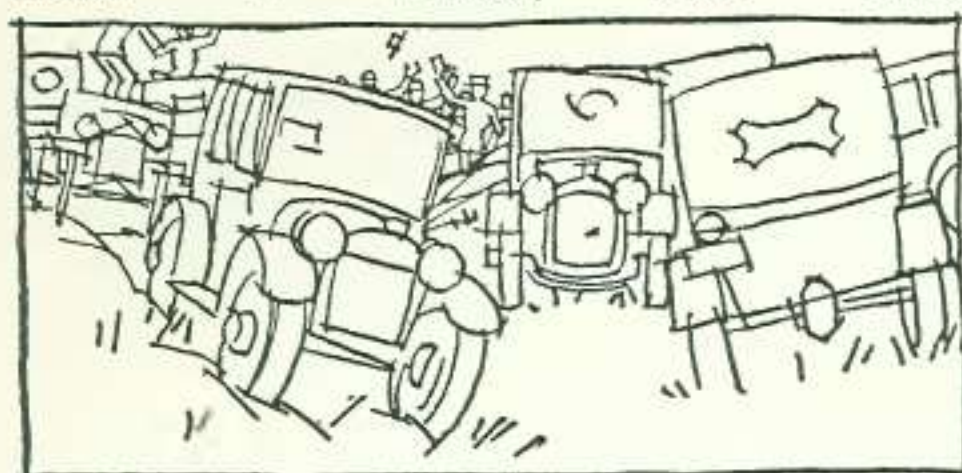
Up went the Yale beat as little Stewart waved the famous red flag from his post in the coxswain's seat, and then the Blue, showing as much resilience as any crew Leader has ever turned out in the East, lashed the blades through the water, and the shell leaped along under the urge of 34, 35, 37 to the minute as the craft slipped between the flags marking the finish. That Yale finished without distress of any kind is all the more remarkable when one remembers the gait they had set all the way. The only fear that any Yale man felt once the Blue took the lead was that Peterson's recently mended wrist might give him trouble. But this fine bow oar was quite himself all the way, and finished as strongly as any of them. Harvard was gamely and thoroughly rowed out as a losing crew should be in so hard a race. Winthrop was down over his oar, and the men in the waist of the boat showed what they had been through in the course of their terrific bid for victory.

YALE'S technique was as nearly faultless as anything I have seen this year, and the life in the boat was in marked contrast with the dogged rowing of the Crimson. Yale oarsmen were lost in admiration of the Cambridge watermanship, so much so that they had not time to consider their own. The truth is that they were happy to have such a tough proposition over with. There was not among Yale's general following the confidence of those who were close to the crew, and even one or two of these had their doubts. Not, however, the men in the boat. Undoubtedly, as it turned out, Yale reaped a psychological advantage from the forced switch in generalship. There were other things on the minds of the Harvard men when they were in action. Tucked away in their craniums was a realization of the fact that they were trying to "vindicate" themselves for their mutiny against the coach. It

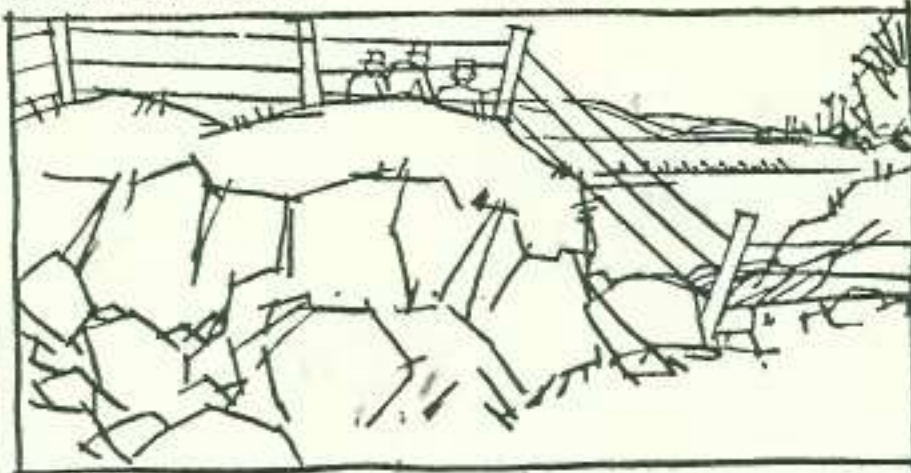


ond mile and, getting no answer from the Blue, did pull up just a little, only to have the easy run of the Yale ship take it away again. Yale added a full length in the third mile, getting the stroke up to 33 and once for a brief period to 34, then dropping down again. So that, sweeping into the last mile, Tommy Laughlin was all set for the long awaited Harvard challenge. It came splendidly with the high stroke and with the tossing in of the last ounce of Crimson power—and then Harvard died away at the

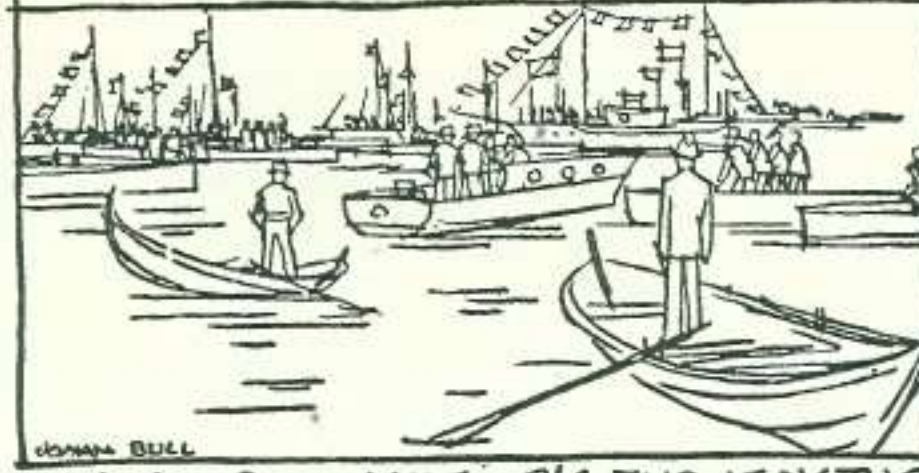
SAW IT FROM THE OBSERVATION TRAIN



TWO MILES - AN EXCITING MOMENT



THREE MILES - HARVARD'S DYING ATTEMPT



THE FINISH - YALE BY TWO LENGTHS

affected Saltonstall, for instance, to such a degree that early in the race he kept looking around to see how far Yale was ahead. And he could not see the Blue at all. This is bad business in a tight race. Eyes belong in the boat.

The day before the race the rumor came to Red Top that Cornell oarsmen had mutinied against Pop Lueder, their coach. The Harvard oarsmen seized upon this as vindication of their own attitude. The avidity with which they did so was not a pleasant thing to contemplate in a group of presumably good sportsmen. This and other little signs, omens, and portents served to indicate that worry would ride with the Harvard shell. And, gallant and fine a race as Harvard rowed, worry was there.

HARVARD'S victory in the Junior event was not exactly a surprise, especially after the advent in the boat of Watts and Barry, but it was most satisfactory to the men of Cambridge. The Freshman race was, of course, a foregone conclusion. Pity that so fine an organization could not have been brought into action against the group of youngsters at Poughkeepsie. However, so remarkable is the Harvard material that it is certain to be heard from in Varsity eights of the future. Norton ought to develop in time into a high-class stroke oar of the snappy variety. He is a fine figure of a boy, as indeed are all the stalwarts of that unusual crew. The Yale youngsters who so pluckily responded to the call of their alma mater deserve a vast amount of credit, for they rowed away beyond their natural ability. It was as stiff a test as any youngster could be asked to meet. Mike Murphy had them well together, and actually turned out a most presentable crew. They were overpowered, that's all.

TO return for a moment to a last look at the two styles of rowing. In blade work there was nothing to choose between Yale and Harvard,

but there was just a shade more waste of Crimson power. Not an ounce of Yale bone and muscle was thrown away. Yale's shell rode better because, while Yale swung well back at the finish, the shoulders were on at that finish, and there was a fine final drive of the legs that shot the shell along as the men started the slow and well-controlled recover.

Laughlin proved a much better pacemaker than Winthrop, good as Winthrop was. There was greater freedom to Laughlin's style as well as better judgment in its application. The men "took it away" a little better than did the Harvard oarsmen from their pacemaker. Even though the Crimson finished a little more erect, there was so much weight up forward that the shell dumped down noticeably at the finish of every stroke, materially increasing the immersion. This is a small thing, but accounts for many inches and sometimes yards in a four-mile affair. There should have been greater camber up forward under the Harvard style of stroke.

—HERBERT REED

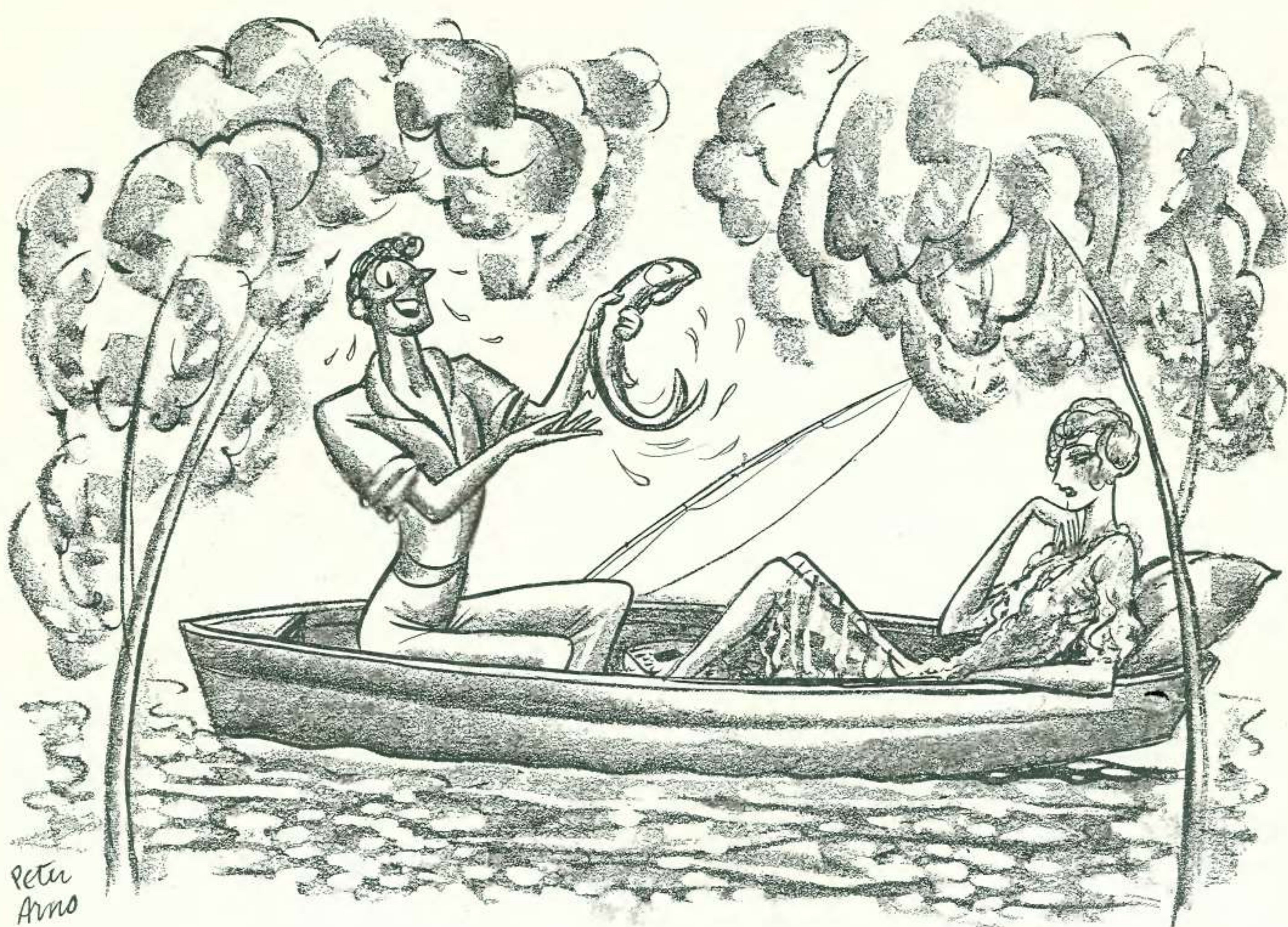
College Polo at Its Best

YALE'S four young horsemen rode away from the Westchester-Biltmore polo field, intercollegiate champions for the second time in the history of the tournament, after defeating an excellent Harvard team, holders of the title, by 11 to 4, a score that was in no way a measure of Harvard's excellence. Better college polo has not been seen since the tournament was established, partly because the mounts were better than in the old days, and partly because these young players have mastered far more of the technique of combination, horsemanship, and stroking than anything put on even by the best of their predecessors. Yale's power and brilliancy was greatly enhanced by the presence of W. F. C. Guest, son of Captain the Hon. Freddie Guest, of Hurlingham, Long Island, and wherever the galloping game

is played. If he keeps on at his present gait the glory of Guest père will be considerably dimmed. But Guest had fine support from Muir at back, from Barrett, first at No. 1, later at No. 3, and from Baldwin, who started out at No. 3 and then was moved up as the spearhead of the Blue attack. The Yale team play, just a little ragged at the start, when the Crimson mounts were faster and handier, gathered strength as the chukkers went along, and at last was so nearly perfect that the Blue was constantly attacking with the Crimson defense ridden off wide and far.

The Blue had the great advantage of the perfect generalship and delicate and effective stroking of Muir at back. I think this young man knows more polo than any other player in the colleges. Time and again he formed and reformed his team in such a way that the man on the ball was able to get free on a run for the goal with no opponent near him, or have plenty of time for a full long-distance shot. The Blue began the bombardment instantly after they had crossed the middle of the field, and they kept it up steadily, so that whenever the teams were bunched in Harvard territory it was almost a certainty that the New Haven four would score. Guest brought off stroke after stroke in the best manner of Tommy Hitchcock.

Muir supported his big gun superbly with smartly fed up shots from all around his pony, and as the game wore on the whole Yale team gave an exhibition of backhand passing, turning from defense to rapid-fire attack that was remarkable in a college outfit. Occasionally this attack broke up on the fine defense of Stranahan, the Harvard back, or Pinkerton at No. 3, but in the main Stranahan was smothered, and Pinkerton failed of the proper aid at the right spot. On the day's work Muir was a better back than Stranahan, and that is saying a great deal. Alexander Shaw kept up the good play he had shown in the first day of the tourney, but he was



THE BORED LADY: *Oh, dear Heaven! Hand it here and I'll kiss it!*

eclipsed by the great work of Guest, and in addition he was at times fairly well covered despite his excellent horsemanship. But from the Harvard point of view Pinkerton was easily the star. This young man proved a splendid pivot for his team, but was forced to ride out to the attack himself again and again when he found that his two forwards were smothered by Yale horsemen. Both he and Guest offended with fouls, but each tallied from free hits, which squared that matter.

Pinkerton's hitting was for accuracy a close second to Guest's, although he could not match the tremendous distances of the Eli, and his horsemanship was worth traveling all over the big county to see. There were eminent polo players of considerable experience and some handicap rating on hand to watch the youngsters, and Pinkerton was among their favorites along with Guest and Muir. One simply could not escape this little whirlwind. Even though the tally mounted steadily against him, the indefatigable Pinkerton never lost heart. His shots were

crisply made and had excellent direction, a point in which young Shaw was a little below his previous form.

WARNING of what was to come had been given by the Elis when they defeated a really good Army four in the semi-finals. Yale put away the soldiers by a score of 14 to 4, another case in which the loser played a better game than the figures indicate. It had been feared that this game, coming so close to the finals, would take something out of the Blue mounts, and no doubt it did, but not enough to yield an advantage through a full game. The Crimson had its best mounts in action in the first and fourth chukkers, and in the first they had the Blue badly outpaced. This little edge had disappeared by the time the Harvard four-footed stars had reappeared. Yale was far too strong by that time, and its continuation was much better than that of Cambridge.

It was noticeable that Yale's four used the corners of the field to excellent advantage on the attack. They kept the wide shots in play as often as

possible, and more than once they realized on this policy. It was a true mirror of the best Meadow Brook form of attack. Add to that the constant menace of Guest from anywhere past the middle of the field, and the game could have only one outcome. Yale made no permanent rearrangement of its formation under fire, but as the team gained in confidence Muir came up closer to the press, and often slipped through to lead the attack. Harvard made a mistake in switching Stranahan, I think. It was a desperate measure, for he could not gain enough support to let him fully utilize his flair for the lead position, and the change made a vast difference in the defense.

Despite the rain and the consequent long wait for the play, the crowd was better than fair, and it was an appreciative gathering—one that knew a lot about polo. That has been one of the great benefits of the tournament, I think. It has rallied around the young players spectators who are competent critics of the play. And there was little indeed to criticize.

—RIGHT WING

GARBAGE, THE NEW SCIENCE

GARBAGE has at last come into its own. The Department of Street Cleaning's latest bulletin "To Householders and Janitors" has made an exact science out of a necessary nuisance. The study of refuse has become a part of every conscientious New Yorker's education.

The first inkling of this development arrived recently in the shape of a printed placard, which solemnly set forth the rules for segregating waste matter. Householders have since thrown themselves into an hysterical effort to understand the D.S.C. orders. Where there was once only garbage, it appears there are now three varieties of waste. The good citizen must understand the social chasm that separates a grapefruit rind and an old shoe, and the class consciousness that unites a tin can and a clam shell. Garbage at last is a science.

It was not always thus. There was once a fraternal camaraderie among our garbage, when apple cores, burnt toast, fish scraps, corncobs, cans, bottles, all went into the same garbage pail. Many were the beautiful friendships that sprang up among the humble and complex perfumes of the pail. It was not an unusual thing to see a fish-head and a broken tumbler pass their last days together. A straw hat and a mess of coffee grounds would come to be known as inseparable.

The pronouncement of the D.S.C. has routed the old simplicity. "Put into the Garbage Can," it states firmly, "Organic Waste, such as meat, fat, bones, fish, fruit, vegetables and other material which will decay. Put into the Ash Can," the manifesto continues implacably, "Inorganic Waste, such as ashes, sweepings, bottles, glass, crockery, tin cans, oyster and clam shells and refuse which will not burn." The Ash Can is not, of course, as smart a resort as the Garbage Can. Still, its middle-class clientele is jealous of its position. Though they may not be fancy refuse, they have enduring qualities.

Of the third and lowest order, the D.S.C. says only: "Tie in a Bundle—Rubbish, such as paper, rags, shoes, leather scraps, straw, old clothes, carpets or material which will burn." This class gets only abuse. It is called, not Waste, mind you, but Rubbish. Finally there is an ominous postscript

which reads: "Building Materials and Trade Waste Will Not Be Removed."

On the face of it, this D.S.C. bulletin sounds simple enough; but the untutored householder must make subtle distinctions. In dividing all matter into three Essences, the Department has undertaken a mammoth task; and contradictions and dilemmas are discovered in every sink. A bone will not decay—the householder is pretty firm on that point; but what about a bad egg? The white and the yolk are Organic, but what of the shell? Can fishbones, the beak and claws of a chicken, buttons in the stew, be properly included in the class of Organic Waste?

In the kitchen, the cook is equally puzzled. She is a conscientious and thoughtful member of society and has read the poster carefully. She wants to cooperate with the Department. Overcome by the terrible differences between Organic Waste (which will decay) and Rubbish (which will burn), she has removed the wooden skewers from the meat. She has carefully picked the pieces of a broken glass out of the potato peelings and carried the former to the Ash Can. She has pulled out the thread with which the chicken was sewed up. But what of the grit in the spinach? The grit is inorganic, the spinach organic, and the total is indivisible.

The D.S.C. has before it an infinity of problems on this vast subject; and conflicts among Organic, Inorganic,

and Rubbish are bound to arise. Knowing that the Department welcomes assistance, we have anticipated some further problems. The exact status of chewing-gum, for example, calls for analysis. Hash presents a staggering difficulty; the vegetables are Organic, the salt Inorganic, stray pieces of string are Rubbish. Nut meats must be separated from their shells. Butter wrappers, the charred skin of a baked potato, spaghetti that has burnt into the pan—these will challenge the best intellects.

Only one loophole is given by the D.S.C. Splinters in the omelette, nails in the soup, pebbles in the chicken gizzard obviously come under the head of "Building Materials," which, the poster states explicitly, are not removed. The householder must keep these. In contemplation of the metaphysical problems that arise, cooks have been known to run happily amuck.

In its great laboratories for the segregation of garbage, the Department of Street Cleaning carries on this work. Its experts sort the garbage, at this stage somewhat commingled and confused, all over again. Every atom is analyzed, classified, and segregated. The garbage is disposed in three piles of pure organic waste, pure inorganic waste, and rubbish. No effort is spared in this great work to achieve a perfect purity in garbage.

When these three class distinctions have been completely and exquisitely established, the three piles are placed on small scows and dumped into the East River, where they are all mixed together again. —DAVID CORT



THE FUNDAMENTALIST: *It's amazing what preposterous things people will believe.*

A REPORTER AT LARGE

Scientific Evenings in New York. No. 1

WITH one foot actually inside the elevator, misgivings suddenly fell upon me and I was seized with a violent inclination to bow hastily to my companion, mutter something about a forgotten engagement, and escape through the street door in a headlong dash. For I am assailed with a peculiarly Methodist uneasiness in approaching the occult. Even vaudeville magicians affect me unpleasantly. There is always the lurking fear that I shall not be quick enough to detect their mechanical devices, in which case I should never be able to shake off the horrible notion that perhaps no such devices were actually employed. Table-tapping distills a cold sweat upon my brow.

I had started out upon this adventure because I believed, at the outset, that my companion was making sport of me. When he remarked that the science of phrenology had not been abandoned, that it was, instead, currently practiced by a number of devout adherents, I chid him for reading too many of the tales about the mauve decade. He grew indignant, the talk ended in a challenge for him to produce his phrenologist—and here I was, stepping into an elevator.

The neighborhood was slightly encouraging. I had expected, I think, to be led into nothing more elaborate than a gypsy's scarlet tent and had even suggested that we might carry a weapon of some sort. But our taxi had drawn up in Forty-fourth Street, just a step or two from Fifth Avenue. And although the lobby of the building was empty with that queer, echoing emptiness which comes upon office buildings after twilight, it was somewhat reassuring to remember that only a few hours before the place had been filled with a noisy throng.

The dynamo whirled, and the elevator slipped upward. Its door opened again at the ninth floor—and all my misgivings vanished in an instant. If I had looked forward miserably to the dark, sweet smell of incense, the hushed clamor of oriental gongs, and the stalking presence of lean, oily men who whispered remotely as they pawed my skull, then here was a scene to make my fancies thoroughly ridiculous. There was a clamor in the cor-

ridor, it is true. But it was entirely forthright and jovial. Young men and old men greeted each other familiarly, moving along the floor with merry smiles and outstretched hands faintly reminiscent of the Kiwanis Club membership, gathered for the Tuesday luncheon.

PRESENTLY I found myself in a corner, listening to the swift talk of a paunchy fellow with horn-rimmed spectacles to whom I had been introduced as a visitor.

"My friend," he was saying, "you may prepare yourself for a revelation. Now don't think you're going to see any black magic, or any of the stuff they feed you in the fortune tellers' tents at the circus. This science of ours is devoted to the improvement of American business, through the improvement of vocational selection. Look here!" He shoved out a pamphlet which proved that the presidents and treasurers of a hundred great corporations held the Merton Institute of Scientific Vocational Guidance in high repute. The names were impressive. It was a profound shock to learn that American commerce approved of phrenology.

I inquired whether the gentlemen milling about us had come to him this evening for inspection of their skulls. He laughed indulgently. "Ah, no, indeed. These are our students. This is the Thursday night class, do you see? These men are training themselves as experts in vocational guidance. They will be employment experts and personnel efficiency experts in the biggest corporations in this country when they have mastered our system and received their diplomas." A bell clattered. "There!" he exclaimed. "The class is beginning."

Following the students I passed into a large room, lighted by a score of dazzling electric bulbs. The folding chairs were arranged in rising tiers and faced a platform. Behind the platform was a blackboard, and on each side of it stood racks containing charts of the human head; immense drawings in the most astonishing colors, cut by black lines into segments that bore mysterious symbols. Fairly in the middle of the platform was a high-backed chair, riveted fast to the floor. And arranged so that they would play upon the chair were pow-



erful, shielded lights, as yet unlighted.

From my obscure rear seat, I glanced about at these men who would be happily engaged, before long, in directing the careers of that great stream of workers who pour up unceasingly into commerce, pleading to be shown the tasks for which they are most perfectly suited. And I thought: How little may one judge from appearances! For most of them seemed to be just ordinary boys and men, the faintly shabby sort whom one sees bending over great ledgers in banks, or making up statistics in insurance offices, or selling vacuum cleaners to kind ladies standing in their doorways. How stirring it was to think that with a little more study of these charts they could simply look at a fellow creature and tell at once whether he should devote himself to the trade of doctor, or lawyer, or beggar, or thief—butcher, or baker, or candlestick maker!

THE gentleman who had explained matters to me was mounting the platform, smiling hospitably.

"I'm glad to see such a full class tonight," he began with quiet pleasure. "I see a number of beginners among you. And I have asked Dr. Merton to take my place a few moments, and for the benefit of newcomers outline briefly the purposes of the course."

A tall, languid man stepped upon the platform. He explained in a tired, diffident voice that his discoveries concerning the science of character reading which he had developed grew from the analysis of several hundred thousand individuals and as many more photographs of famous and infamous humans. These tests, he said, had convinced him that certain cranial and facial peculiarities were invariably identified with certain peculiarities of character. Everybody knew that a man with a protruding jaw was pug-

CHANDLER



FORE!

The new 20th Century Sedan—
the Greatest Chandler
ever built.

More Power—
More Beauty—
More Value—

BUT—the price remains
the same.

\$1590

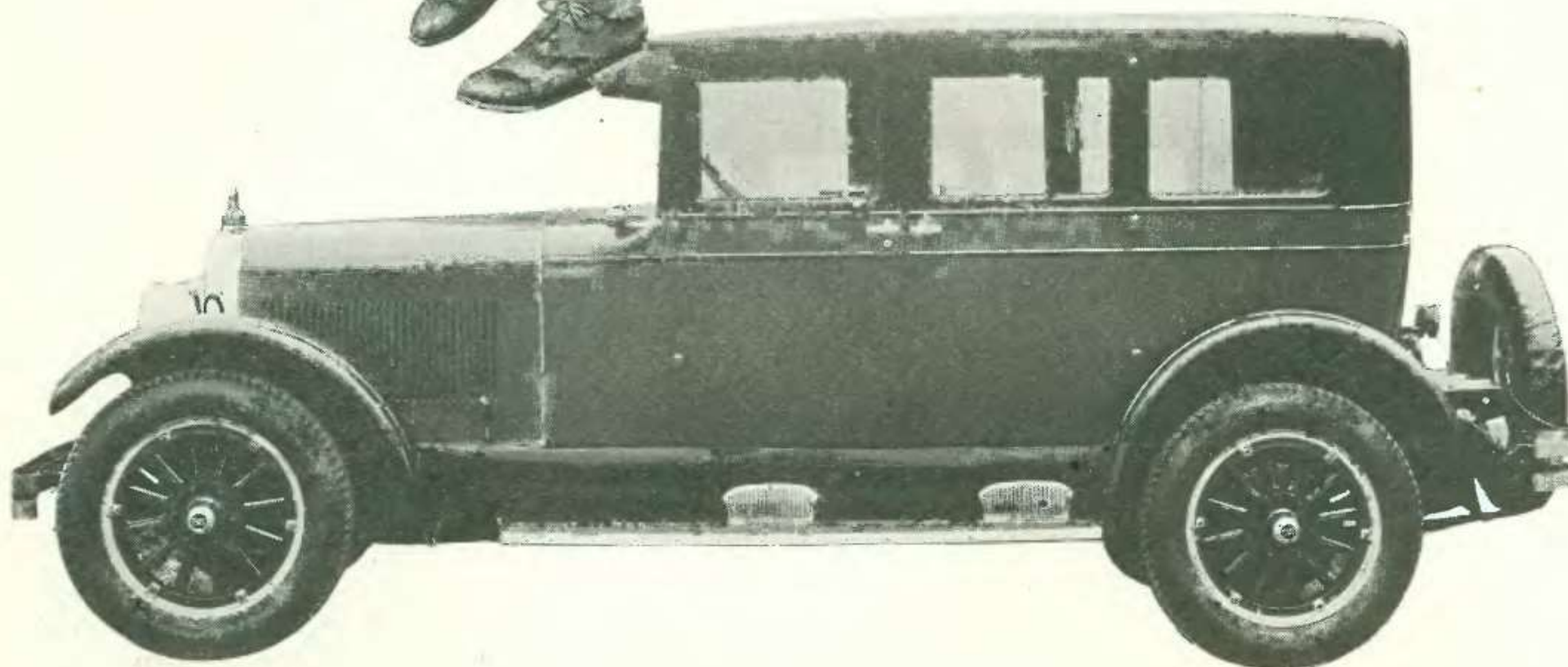
F. O. B. Cleveland

See this car before you buy any car!

HULETT
Motor Car Company
INCORPORATED

1884 Broadway
at 62nd Street, New York

CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORP.
CLEVELAND, OHIO



The Water Tower

HURRAY
Indepenensh—(hic)—Day!

✱ ✱ ✱

*King John was forced of yore to sign
The Magna Carta, Knights
And barons showed the dotted line
Upon that bill of rights.
Now we Americans who tote
Upon the hip a flask
Would rather like a chance to vote
And Magnum Cartas ask.*

✱ ✱ ✱

Several times in this column we have dared to suggest that perhaps, after all, the weather was warming up. And each time midwinter conditions have returned even before the issue containing our observation could leave the press.

✱ ✱ ✱

Very well then. We hereby beg to state that we think it will snow over the holiday. In fact, it looks as if a new glacial era has set in.

✱ ✱ ✱

DUCKS

The next time your bus breaks down on Long Island, arrange for it to do so near John Duck's Eastport Inn. It has played an outstanding part in putting that aquatic bird of four letters on the map, knows how to cook and serves you with a bottle of AQUAZONE on the slightest excuse.



NOW YOU KNOW

Of the millions of Americans who daily consume bottled carbonated beverages, thousands do so under a misapprehension, declares Dr. Frederic W. Murphy, well known food authority. "These drinks have great value in that they quickly restore energy," he says. "They contain a certain amount of . . . invert sugar, a highly nourishing food. It is carried into the blood and there is an instantaneous feeling of exhilaration. It is this restoration of energy which thousands unknowingly seek . . . with the thought that they desire only to quench thirst."

✱ ✱ ✱

And, if we may say so, you will find Aquazone particularly exhilarating, the reason being that it is supercharged with Oxygen. See for yourself. Ask your grocer, druggist, waiter, club steward or boy friend to supply you. Or

VANDERBILT 6434

Advertisement

nacious. But that was a broad and obvious instance. His concern was with the nuances of cranial contour: the faint differences which disclosed hidden qualities. To the student who learned to perceive these nuances accurately the character of his subject was an open book. The knowledge was invaluable to employment experts, seeking the proper vocation for applicants.

The students listened, rapt, until he had done. But before he could escape from the platform, the paunchy gentleman halted him. "I'm just wondering," he observed, "if we could induce Dr. Merton to give us a reading. We'll select a subject, doctor, if you will." The tall man nodded, lost in some preoccupation of his own. And presently a member of the class was led to the chair on the platform. The spotlights were turned on his face and Dr. Merton moved toward him.

"Hum, yes," he mused. "Observing this slight variation of contour"—he touched a spot on the student's head—"I should say that our subject is kind-hearted. He would hardly do for the boss of a section gang. And there, the slight swelling of the brows: I read that as a definite visual talent. Perhaps he is an artist, or would do well as a window dresser, scenic designer. Now here—where my finger is. Suppose you tell me what you learn from this."

A dozen or so of the more advanced students nodded eagerly, one of them half rising from his seat. His bid was accepted, and after clearing his throat he said gravely: "The point indicates synthesis. The subject arrives at his conclusions by cool logic and is rarely impulsive. I would propose that he become a surgeon. His visual sense would be valuable there, too."

The doctor's lieutenant nodded amiably, turning a brief, triumphant glance toward his superior. The subject, too, was smiling. He had often thought, he confessed, that he would make a good surgeon. At present he was employed in a bank. It was very remarkable how aptly they had caught his salient characteristics, he said.

After that, there were mass exercises. They went over the areas in chorus. Pointing with a long stick to the brow of the skull drawn on a chart, the instructor called out: "Lower forehead!" And the answer would come in a chanted cadence: "Visual Perception, Physical Energy, Ethical Integrity!"

Perhaps I am not giving the answers

Play the SILVER KING



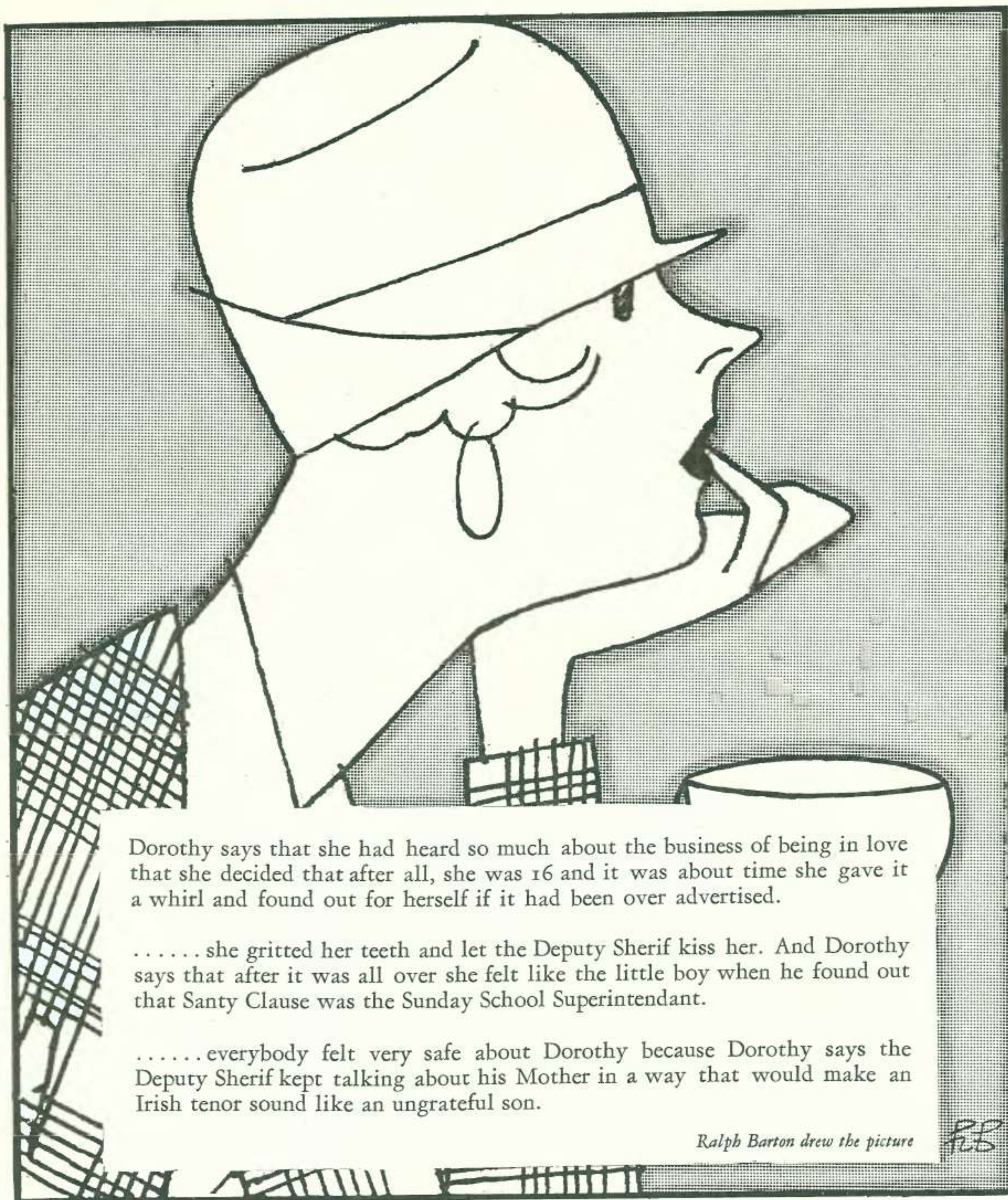
WHEN you come to the hole that always wrecks your score, take out a brand new Silver King—there's nothing like fighting fire with fire, psychology with psychology or an inferiority complex with a superlative golf ball Most golfers find that they get 15 to 25 yards farther with this best of all good golf balls.

STILL A DOLLAR
no raise in the price



John Hanamaker
NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

Wholesale Golf Distributors



Dorothy says that she had heard so much about the business of being in love that she decided that after all, she was 16 and it was about time she gave it a whirl and found out for herself if it had been over advertised.

..... she gritted her teeth and let the Deputy Sherif kiss her. And Dorothy says that after it was all over she felt like the little boy when he found out that Santy Clause was the Sunday School Superintendant.

.....everybody felt very safe about Dorothy because Dorothy says the Deputy Sherif kept talking about his Mother in a way that would make an Irish tenor sound like an ungrateful son.

Ralph Barton drew the picture

“GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES”
 “WHY NOT BRUNETTES?”

Answered by Anita Loos in the JULY

Harper's Bazar

NOW ON ALL THE BETTER NEWSSTANDS



To shave easily is one thing.

To enjoy shaving is quite another.

To shave easily, pleasantly, and feel refreshed after every shave is to use Fougere Royale.

HOUBIGANT PARIS *Fougere Royale*

Fougere Royale Stick, 75c; Cream, 50c;
Talcum, \$1.00; Eau Vegetale, \$1.25;
Facial Soap, 50c.



quite correctly. It was rather confusing, there were so many segments of the skull and so many characteristics. And after all, I was only a beginner.

Toward the end of the lesson, the instructor delivered a short inspirational talk. He pointed out the huge benefits of thorough study of the science, and abjured reference to it by the term "phrenology." As an example of what might be done by an expert, he related a little story. A gentleman from Philadelphia, he said, who had engaged the advice of the Institute more than once on vocational problems connected with his vast corporation, had finally decided that the difficulties involved in the rearing of his youthful son might be considerably lessened by a consultation. The boy was brought to New York. After a ten-minute reading, a member of the faculty had perceived that the lad was wasting his time and breaking his heart in the commonplace life that he led. He was equipped with remarkable musical talents.

"Money being no deterrent in the case of this corporation president," concluded the instructor, "the boy was at once sent to a musical school. He is now studying abroad and promises to be a very successful violinist."

IT was two days later that an idle stroll took me along Third Avenue. My thoughts were still with that remarkable evening, and I felt a curious pity for these poor, unenlightened humans, plodding along at distasteful tasks when unsuspected talents were positively shining from planes and curves and depressions in their skulls. Presently, I came to a small, forbidding doorway which opened beside a dimly lighted show-window. The place, plainly, was a deserted store. But in the window was a raveled canvas sheet, painted over with the figure of a human head, the lines and brilliant colors of which resembled strikingly the charts I had seen at the Institute. As I peered through, a burly fellow, somewhat unsteady on his legs and with eyes that were unmistakably bleary, came out through the doorway into the street.

He caught my arm. "Great little guy in there, kiddo. Looka here!" He clawed at his hat until it came off. "Bump here, see? Know what 'at means? Means I'm gonna be a big guy, see? Banker. 'At's me. Big banker—" And he lurched off down the street.

—MORRIS MARKEY

Values are values..... even to New Yorkers

Not all the young Lotharios of gay Gotham sow their wild oats with coin of the realm . . . no indeed! The short story scribes who foment these foolish fables have never observed ye typical n'yawker. He's as keen a judge of values as a certain down east yankee now in high office. How do we know? . . . hearken to history:

In the space of four years, this house has enlarged its quarters twice and has built up a following numbering thousands of well-dressed men, not only in New York, but in many of the large cities throughout the country, even as far west as the coast. New Yorkers come here from all parts of the city, from the suburbs . . . from surrounding towns, to purchase Luxenberg clothes. This is not a pilgrimage to a sartorial shrine . . . it is prompted by a more mercenary motive—these men have discovered the same kind of suits sell for at least ten dollars more elsewhere . . . that we sell clothes, not elaborate store fixtures . . . that if the suit they want isn't in stock, we make it without extra charge . . . that in other words—

We are never satisfied until you are in every detail whether it is fit, fabric or service.



NAT LUXENBERG & BRO.
CLOTHES

37 Union Square, New York
Between 16th and 17th Streets



FILLING THE TREASURE CHEST

MEN from every quarter of the world intent on papers of blazing diamonds . . . studying, in locked and guarded rooms, the glowing rubies and deep sapphires . . . bent over little lots and rows of kingly emeralds . . . weighing and grading the lovely pearls . . . buying, buying, buying.

In European markets where jewelers gather, the principals of the firm of Marcus & Company are familiar figures. Personally, they fill anew each season the treasure chests of this establishment. They buy frequently, largely and for cash. And their purchases go directly to their own store on Fifth Avenue, and into the jewel boxes of the many celebrated men and women who have trusted the taste and judgment of Marcus & Company through three generations.

This is one of the several reasons why Marcus & Company consistently offer the finest jewels at prices that are not only reasonable, but in many cases much lower than elsewhere. In this connection

it is interesting to note that the great majority of precious stones offered in European markets are bought by wholesalers.

Unless the retailer has the organization and credit to buy in Europe directly from original sources, the jewels, by the time they reach the public, are carrying two and often three profits.

To buy jewels in the open market calls for intimate knowledge and for extreme care. To sell them, year after year, to a growing clientele requires absolute truth and fair dealing. And so often has the word of Marcus & Company proved true, so often has their judgment been vindicated, that their pronouncements are regarded by their patrons as final on all the delicate questions concerning the worth of jewels. These patrons have come to *know* that the selections made by Marcus & Company from all the unique and precious stones on the market invariably represent full value.

MARCUS & COMPANY JEWELERS

At the corner of 5th Avenue and 45th Street, New York City



A young

New Yorker naively confessed that whenever that magnificent Lincoln of his sweeps up to the curb and he is confronted anew with its marvellous beauty and grace, he finds it difficult to appear nonchalant.

We consoled him with the information that in all our experience, no one yet was ever casual about Lincoln ownership. Incidentally, he said the purchase of his Lincoln at Park Central Motors was a refreshing experience—and we might add that a multitude of prominent New Yorkers have very kindly said the same.

Telephone
Ashland 3020



PARK
CENTRAL
MOTORS

INCORPORATED

Park Avenue
at 46th Street

Branch at STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT



Very Little Fooling

IT is of course a truism that Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld holds the same relation to the summer months that Saint Nick does to the winter ones. Time was when there was hought to be about him a liberal bit of the Old Nick as well, but with "No Foolin'" Mr. Ziegfeld definitely puts himself on the side of the angels. "No Foolin'" is very nearly smug about the pudency of its costumes, and none the less so because Mr. Ziegfeld manages to convey the impression that he hasn't dropped nakedness because it's immoral but for the much better reason that it's distinctly Old Hat.

Honestly, after seeing "No Foolin'" I don't know how a girl who really cares about being consistently modish is going to keep clean this summer.

In changing the title of his revue from "The Palm Beach Girl," Mr. Ziegfeld has shown an aptitude for the exact word which Flaubert might envy. No Fooling! Why, there's positively an air of reverence about it.

If more beauty has ever been packed into a revue, it was a revue I didn't see. Every expedient of scene painter, electrician, and costumer has been used and, amazingly enough, foremost among them restraint and simplicity. There are dozens of costumes which don't glitter at all. Miss Claire Luce descends in a luminous globe against a night sky and dances on the gleaming surface of a mirror without its being thought necessary to have eight luminous balls carrying two dancers each for a climax, and even without having each star in the backdrop turn into a chorus girl. The settings have a cloudily cool spaciousness, infinitely welcome to the jaded eye. The costumes are almost as beautiful as the girls who wear them. Greta Nissen is present, extinguishing an entire stageful of the most glorified girls with her loveliness. There are several good songs, best among them, to my practically tone-deaf ear, "Wasn't It Nice?"

Yet with all this, an evening at

"No Foolin'" is a good deal like spending a week or so with an indefatigable collector who insists on showing you his bibelots—a collector endowed with that sublime, solid ivory humorlessness which is, in the American tradition, the very quintessence of good form. There are official jokes, of course, but to me there were exactly two funny interludes.

James Barton provided one interlude as "The Pest," and the other is a sketch in which J. P. McEvoy has played Dante to the inferno of one of our public utilities with hilarious effect by plunging the violent infancy of Ray Dooley into a day coach of which Mr. Barton is the conductor. During both I had a feeling that it was just luck that we'd been permitted to see them, that Mr. Ziegfeld had dubitated long on the problem of whether they were quite good taste or not.

I find that the effect of a long, long evening of this on me is very curious. Though far from a creature of pure spirit, I become stifled with materialism. Before Mr. Ziegfeld had shown me half the toys in his cabinet my powers of appreciation had begun to wear out, and by the time he was through, all I wanted to see was something I didn't have to admire. I'm not sure, but I think that the result of about two more revues would be to make me sell my goods and divide them with the poor. What a triumph for summer Broadway if it should produce a lay St. Francis!

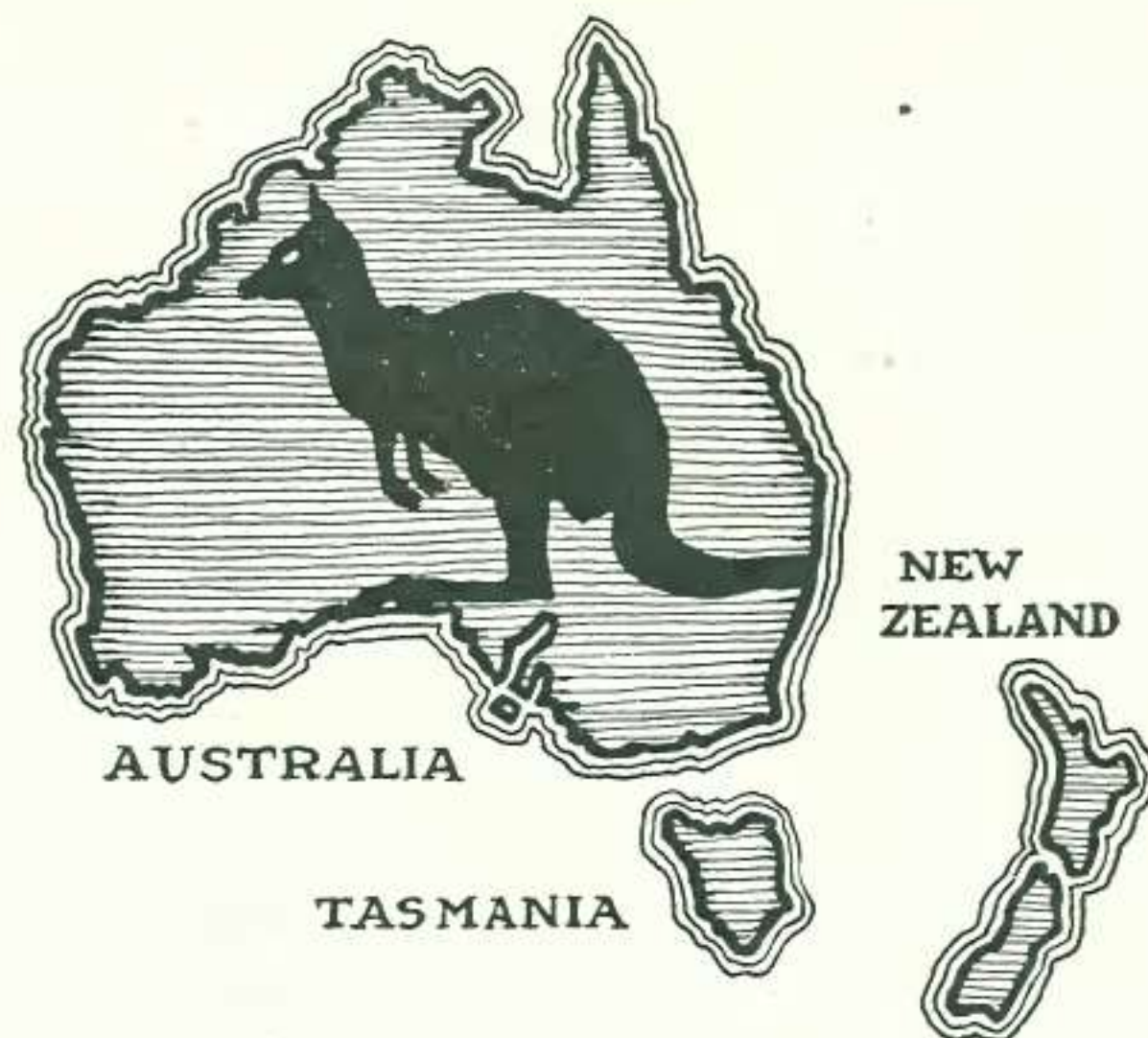
—CHARLES BRACKETT

A SUGGESTION

Each time my window cleaner comes
The snow drifts down or else it rains.
This cruelty my spirit numbs.
Of what avail are all his pains?

Why not give him a sheet of glass
And send him to each place of
drought,
And there, with just a chamois's pass
The rain will fall and flowers come
out!

A New Continent for the Traveler



RAYMOND-WHITCOMB have given *Round the World* travelers a new continent ~ Until last year, *Round the World Cruises* were chiefly tours of *Asia, Japan, China, the Philippines, Java, Ceylon & India* ~ To these fascinating *Oriental* countries, RAYMOND-WHITCOMB have now added *Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania & New Guinea*—an important & extraordinarily interesting section of the globe ~ For the first time in cruise-history the RAYMOND-WHITCOMB CRUISE of last winter visited these "Lands Down Under"—and all the *Asiatic* countries of other cruises ~ Next winter's cruise will follow the same attractive & comprehensive route—with several notable additions.

The Raymond Whitcomb ROUND THE WORLD CRUISE

*Sailing from New York, October 14, 1926—from
Los Angeles, October 29—from San Francisco, October 31*

NEVER before was such a complete or alluring cruise-program devised ~ There are visits to all 6 continents; to 21 countries or colonies; to 60 cities & famous places—*Japan*, with its ancient temples & its flowers; *China*, with its seething cities, the most fantastic in the world; quaint *Korea*, the Hermit Kingdom; *India*, with its relics of old emperors & its countless pilgrims; the great *Australasian* cities (*Sydney, Melbourne, Perth, Auckland, Wellington & Hobart*); *New Zealand's* spectacular

fjords (*Milford, Bligh & George Sounds*); the *Maori Country*; *Rotorua* & the wonderful *Geyser Land* in *North Island*; the *Philippines*; *Java*; *New Guinea*; *Ceylon*; *Egypt*; *Greece*; *Italy* & *France* ~ This is the only cruise to visit every country at its best season & then to reach *Europe* in time for *Spring Travel* ~ On the 20,000 ton "*Carinthia*," the newest *Cunard* liner—designed especially for cruising & without question the finest cruise-ship in the world today ~ Rates, \$2,250 & upward.

Send for the Booklet—Round the World Cruise

ANOTHER REMARKABLE WINTER CRUISE ~ ROUND SOUTH AMERICA

IT COVERS the entire continent in the 2 months that are usually required to see a scant half ~ It visits the great cities—*Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Montevideo & Santiago*—the *Straits of Magellan* & the towering *Andes*—the *Indian Country* of the *West Coast*, picturesque old *Lima* & the mysterious *Inca Ruins* in *Peru* ~ Truly a wonderful opportunity really to see *South America* ~ On the popular *Cunard* liner "*Laconia*." Rates, \$975 & upward ~ Send for the booklet—*Round South America*.

Raymond & Whitcomb Company

New York Offices: 606 FIFTH AVE., AND 125 FIFTH AVE.

BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES



The Fairfield

Apartment Hotel
72nd Street
Just off Central Park West

Broad Vistas

A few of the suites now available command a view of wondrous Central Park to the east, or the "Lordly Hudson" fringed by the jagged Palisades to the west.

Now Available

A Few Choice Suites
of One, Two or Three
Rooms Unfurnished

Such ultra-refinements as private bath with each chamber, running ice water, refrigeration, private serving pantry and a large cedar-lined closet in each suite, make the Fairfield the town residence *par excellence*. Maid service is included in the rent.

The splendid restaurant makes dining an event here and provides complete ease in entertainment.

Booklet on Request
Apply at Offices

20 West 72nd Street
Telephone Trafalgar 3800

THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Hurrah for "Variety"—And Lon Chaney Is Nearly Everything Else



THE newest German picture, "Variety," is showing at the Rialto, and is very nearly all that a movie should be. It is a simple story told without wan-

dering, and it is grown-up. It concerns itself with triangles among side-show and vaudeville folk. There isn't any originality to the plot, but there is in the straightforward and mature handling of it. The acting, with fleeting exceptions, is perfect, Emil Jannings standing out as usual.

ANOTHER descendant of "The Unholy Three" appears at the Capitol as "The Road to Mandalay" with Lon Chaney. Little quarrel can be had with acting or producing, but the story is forced and improbable. There is a lot about the evil that smears men's souls when they play in the mud, and a nice girl, and regeneration, but somehow it doesn't matter much.

LON CHANEY can be found again at the Colony as Gaspard, a French-Canadian, in "The Trap." It is one of the least offensive North Woods stories that have turned up in the movies. Gaspard is a nature-loving trapper who likes nothing better than little children, sunsets, and scenery. A rascally city fellow plays him a few rough tricks, and he thinks on revenge. At the end, you will be glad to learn, everything is all right.

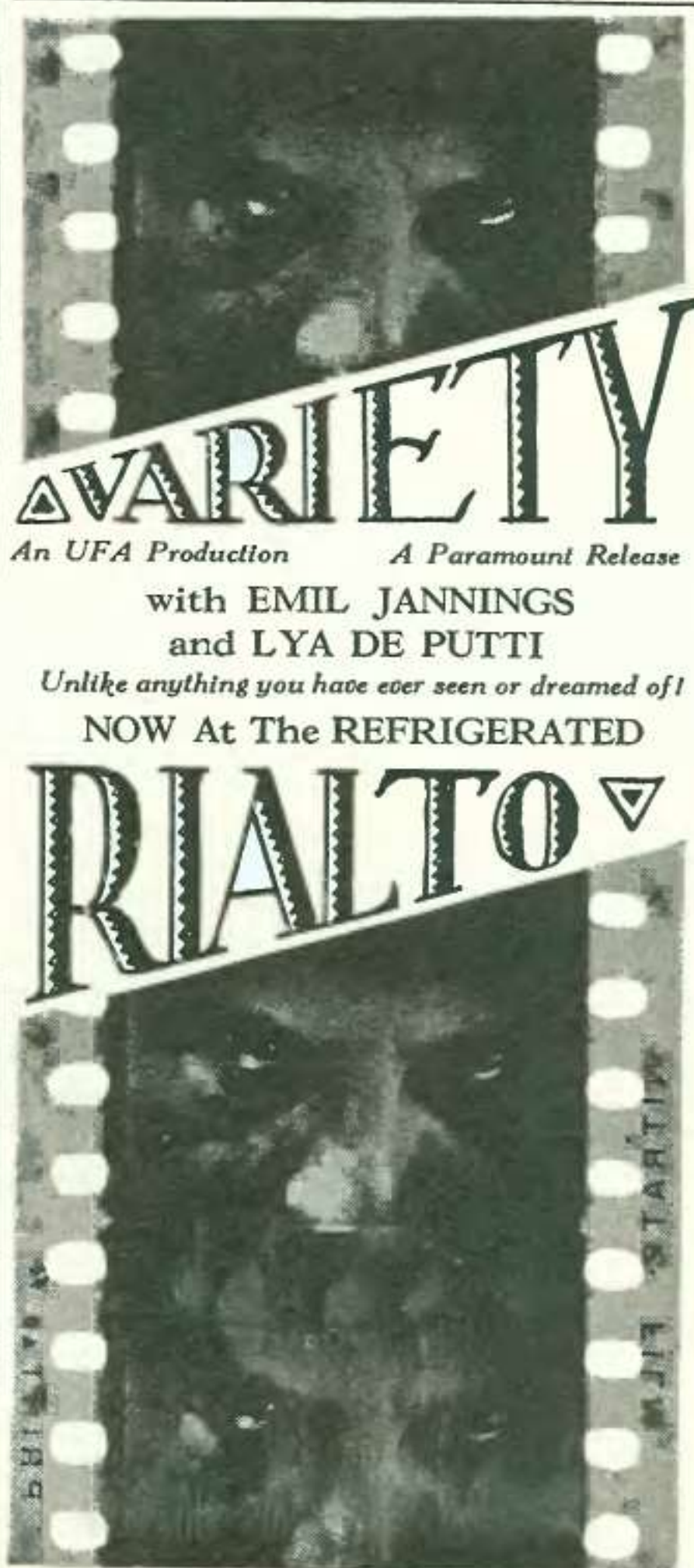
AT the Rivoli, another Zane Grey picture of the hardy West named "Born to the West" is shown. It substantiates the tradition that in those days sheriffs sold themselves, cattle rustlers hid in every hollow, saloons were more lively places than now, but in spite of it all, good women were to be found running through the woods.

"UP in Mabel's Room" at the Strand is one of the saddest perversions of the comic muse ever put on view. It is terrible. —O. C.

HANS FLATO



THE
GREENWICH
VILLAGE INN
IS ON SHERIDAN SQUARE
TELEPHONE SPRING 0772



THE ART GALLERIES

We Make the Great Pilgrimage to Brooklyn and Are Not Sorry

IF there be any one in town like us (God forbid) he or she will be more than willing to go through the torture of subway rides, guards, and connections to the Brooklyn Museum to see the great show of modern art. The chronicle of the trip belongs to the humorous department, so we shall only record for your guidance that you must get there after ten and before five. The West Side subway takes you right there, if that is any comfort.

Perhaps on account of the keen competition during the winter art season, the Brooklyn people have seen fit to spread a show during the off months. Aside from some of the paintings which were in the Quinn collection, most of the things are shown publicly together for the first time. And things too, that the New Yorker who does not travel, seldom has a chance to see. It was Cézanne who lured us, and his dozen canvases are well worth the trip. The Brooklyn people like you to be comfortable, and there are chairs on which you can sit and ponder some of the finest inspiration of the ages. We spent an hour before a Cézanne still life and a Gauguin portrait, and we intend to go back again. Then there is the park window of Derain and a beautiful landscape that we have never seen, by the same artist. Monet, Picasso, Renoir, and the unearthly flowers of Redon are on adjacent walls. The Redon pieces seem almost too perfect to be of this world.

The show includes dozens of things by Arthur B. Davies, and some of his best things. Davies, being a specialist, is more or less of an acquired taste. We feel ourselves swinging back to an earlier viewpoint where we find a great deal of self-sufficient beauty in Davies. The two Prendergasts, Maurice and Charles, are represented by



He detects the slightest trouble

If you go to your dentist at least every six months for a thorough inspection of your mouth he can prevent serious teeth decay and detect the first trace of dangerous gum infections. It is better to see him in time than to suffer needless pain and take chances with your health.

Pyorrhea robs **FOUR out of FIVE**

According to dental statistics, pyorrhea steals into the mouths of four out of five men and women after forty. You can tell pyorrhea's approach by tender, bleeding gums. Go to your dentist at once for treatment and be sure to use Forhan's for the Gums night and morning.

If used regularly and in time, Forhan's prevents or checks pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which dentists use in combating pyorrhea's ravages. It firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy.

The entire family should begin to use Forhan's today. Besides safeguarding the health it cleanses the teeth perfectly.

You owe it to your health to make Forhan's a regular daily habit. At all druggists 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



"Next to myself
I like 'B.V.D.' best"



Every Time You Dress

give yourself the delight of slipping into cool, fresh "B. V. D."!

There are two prime secrets of summer comfort. One is to have the right underwear; the other is to have enough of it!

Get plenty "B. V. D." Always look for the label. Nothing without it can bring you the Matchless Comfort, Fit and Wear which have given "B. V. D." world-leading popularity.

From its specially treated nainsook, woven in our own mills, to the last detail of its scientific construction, "B. V. D." is an underwear with differences that count. Write for our free booklet, "Why the Knowing Millions Say: 'Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!'"

Be Sure to SEE it's "B. V. D."

It ALWAYS Bears this Red-Woven Label



© 1926 by
The B. V. D. Company, Inc., N. Y.
Sole Makers
"B. V. D." Underwear

carved-wood panels and some oils. The panels surely belong to the rare bird, the history of American art.

The Brooklyn Museum, in case you do not know, is so far ahead of our Metropolitan in its permanent modern collection, that we blush for Manhattanites. It includes superb Degas, Gauguins, Cézannes, and things you cannot see unless you know the rich collectors. And perhaps what is more important to the greater population is that the museum, again in contradistinction to our own, employs a few gay guards instead of one thousand surly ones. These point the way and then go about their chat, leaving the great open spaces for most any device attractive to the young. Making, we feel sure, for a happier life, a higher birth rate and so on and so on and perhaps increasing the world's interest in art. —M. P.

MUSICAL EVENTS

*Tenors from Everywhere
Except the Winegar
Woiks—On the Mall and
on the Campus*



CITIZENS who enjoyed the municipal comedy revolving about police interference with the public

demonstration of the gentleman known as the Singing Tailor, may wonder if the much paragraphed cloth virtuoso really is the successor to Caruso. Our answer is, "No," and it is based on a peculiarly pathetic concert pitched onto the stage of Carnegie Hall a few months ago by this same chanting couturier. The tailor has a fairly good voice, but the exploitation of it by half-witted feature writers can lead to no good end.

The year was rather prolific in industrial tenors. There was also the barber tenor, whom somebody dragged into the intimate confines of Chickering Hall for an open hearing. Here again, a not too prodigious natural equipment was hurled at an audience long before it had developed even an elementary style. Who does these things?

Of the year's laboring tenors (we mean tenors who have trade jobs, not

AFTER SMOKING



There is nothing more soothing for the mouth than Squibb's Dental Cream. Keeps the breath sweet, the teeth clean. Nothing can compare with it as a protection against acid decay. Use it morning and evening.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

BEN BERNIE
Himself
and his original orchestra
Exclusively at the
Berkeley · Carteret



Asbury Park

85 minutes from New York by rail
48 miles by motor

SHOP HERE
for
**ARCH PRESERVER
SHOES**

Prices for the
same grade as low as
at other stores.
J. VAN BUREN BROWN, INC.
Jaeger Bldg.—Fourth Floor
590 FIFTH AVENUE, AT 48th

German tenors), the only one who had any evident reason for hiring a hall and singing in it was the steel-mill tenor, Louis Caton. Mr. Caton's voice is one of charming lyric quality and, except up top, where the best of them get into trouble, he handles it well. If the steel-mill tenor's imposing committee of sponsors will put him in touch with a good vocal coach, the bets are that Mr. Caton will become so expert that he won't need to use any industrial labels. He'll just be a good tenor.

THE Goldman Band is functioning nightly now, playing up at N.Y.U. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, and in Central Park on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays. Most band concerts are pretty terrible, but the outfit headed by the genial "Eddie" is something else again. There are no traces of the traditional pomposities with trios for trombones and you can hear Wagner, Tschaikowsky and Beethoven skillfully rescored for winds and brasses. The soloists run chiefly to soprani, and all of them know how to sing without hollering, which, paradoxically, is the only way to make oneself heard in the wide-open spaces of the Campus or the Mall. —R. A. S.

ARE YOU A NEW YORKER?

TEN EASY QUESTIONS THAT WILL HELP YOU TO KNOW. THE ANSWERS ARE PRINTED ON PAGE 44.

1—Which New York street is named after the Irish birthplace of a politician's mother?

2—Whose vegetable garden used to be at Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, where the Harriman National Bank now is?

3—Where do clerks walk around the streets carrying trays of unroasted coffee?

4—Who tried to make an independent republic of New York City?

5—Where is "Harry Howard Square," and how did it get its name?

6—How is Coenties Slip pronounced?

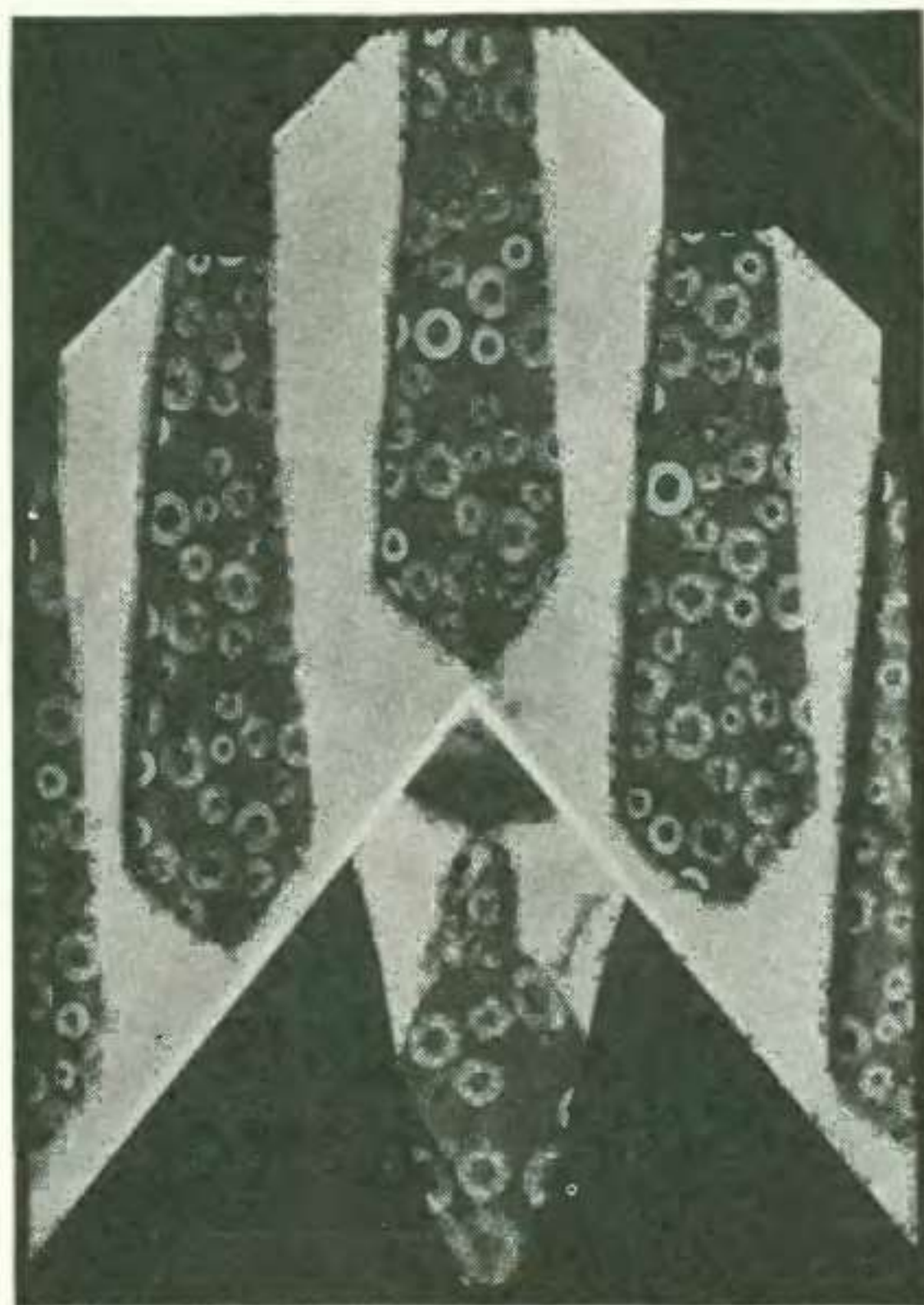
7—Where is there "A Place of Interment for Gentlemen" in New York?

8—Where is Tin Pot Alley, and why is it so called?

9—Where did Jeannette Park get its name?

10—Which hotel in New York has the largest assessed value?

TIES : IN THE NEW YORK MANNER



The Eternal Triangle

In that eternal triangle above a man's waistcoat is his necktie—reflecting his taste in dress and his individuality. Ours is the largest stock of neckwear in New York. An endless variety, assuring good taste, and allowing individuality. Bold, dazzling, silks from Italy . . . cool, opaque colorings from the Alpine country . . . bizarre, daring, notes from France . . . soft, dignified, tones from England . . . fresh, youthful, departures from America. Carefully made, easy tying, long-wearing, distinctly handsome.

Weber and Heilbroner

• CLOTHIERS • HABERDASHERS • HATTERS •

*241 Broadway	28th and Broadway	Nassau and Spruce
345 Broadway	*42nd and Madison	*10 Cor'dt—179 B'way
9th and Broadway	*34th and Broadway	*30 Broad
*24th and Broadway	7 Wall Street	*Nassau and John
BROOKLYN: *Clothing at these stores		NEWARK:
*381 Fulton St., Borough Hall		*800 Broad Street

ON AND OFF
THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



NO sooner, it seems, do fashion cables arrive from Paris than it appears that the big shops had been anticipating them all along.

The latest proof of this is the prompt response of Saks-Fifth Avenue to the edict of blue. This shop is showing every possible type of garment in every possible shade of this flattering color, with gray-blue and royal blue especially featured. Its hats of natural straw, with trimmings of royal blue velvet have already been commented on. In addition, the shoe salon harbors daytime slippers of navy blue kid with trimmings of lizard skin, either in gray-beige or in another shade of blue which is most accommodating.

AT Arnold, Constable's the hand-bag counter has recently been graced by the arrival of some imported things from Paris. And last week traffic was considerably held up on the Avenue by feminine consideration of the most spectacular of these—envelope purses of black antelope, adorned with jade and marcasite and boasting a perfectly adequate watch, set conveniently on the outside.

Within the shop you will find a great variety of the more tailored things, most of them employing either antelope (a material resembling suède and very smart for hats at present) or calfskin in various colors. In the main, these bags are considerably smaller than the pouch bag of the last winter; in shape, they either offer variations of the pouch style or combine the appearance of an envelope bag with a pouch opening. Also, greatly to my relief, there is less attempt at futuristic designs, which have been done so much by cheap shops that I am rather tired of them.

Some of the calfskin bags have the body of the bag shirred on toward the top and finished with a diminutive heading. Some of the antelope bags have a box-pleated effect. Many blue bags employ sterling silver for fasten-

In Recent Years

New York has lacked a restaurant of high order possessing distinctiveness of tone derived from the personality and expertness of its directing head until the advent of

THE MADISON RESTAURANT

in connection with

THE MADISON

15 East 58th Street

*Furnished or unfurnished suites
Transiently or on term leases*

Telephone
Regent 4000

THEODORE TITZE
Manager

For The Beach



A striped worsted shirt with blue flannel shorts is the smartest combination. \$6.50

Shirts in every possible color combination. Sizes 32 to 42. \$3.75

Blue flannel shorts as illustrated. \$2.75

Beach robes of finest English flannel. \$13.50

Orders by mail given prompt attention

Brill Brothers

Broadway
at 49th St.

35th St.
and 7th Ave.

Cortlandt St.
Near Greenwich

ings. Some of the handles disappear into the main part of the bag when not in use, and one of them, in an original way, resembles the wooden handles employed by housewives when carrying home packages.

AN increasing number of the very smartest women are wearing open-mesh stockings, which until lately could be obtained only in Paris. Franklin Simon has a particularly good assortment of them, in every shade—the imported variety at about \$9.50 a pair; the domestic versions at about \$4.50. These are reputed to wear very well; not that it matters, if you happen to like them.

Eccentric note in stockings: Altman has some with a slave link bracelet painted around one ankle, and some coyly showing a single embroidered initial in the vicinity of the knee.

TO revert to Franklin Simon, as is excusable under the circumstances, this shop has a number of very interesting things that, selected in my usual haphazard way, may go far toward perfecting the details of your costume.

There are, for instance, some customized silver kid evening sandals. That, in itself, is not news. But across the toes they have insets of crêpe de Chine, in any color desired, adorned with touches of exquisite petit point embroidery. The embroidered crêpe de Chine was imported from France especially for Franklin Simon; the shoes are made to order here. And they are just as smart as they well can be.

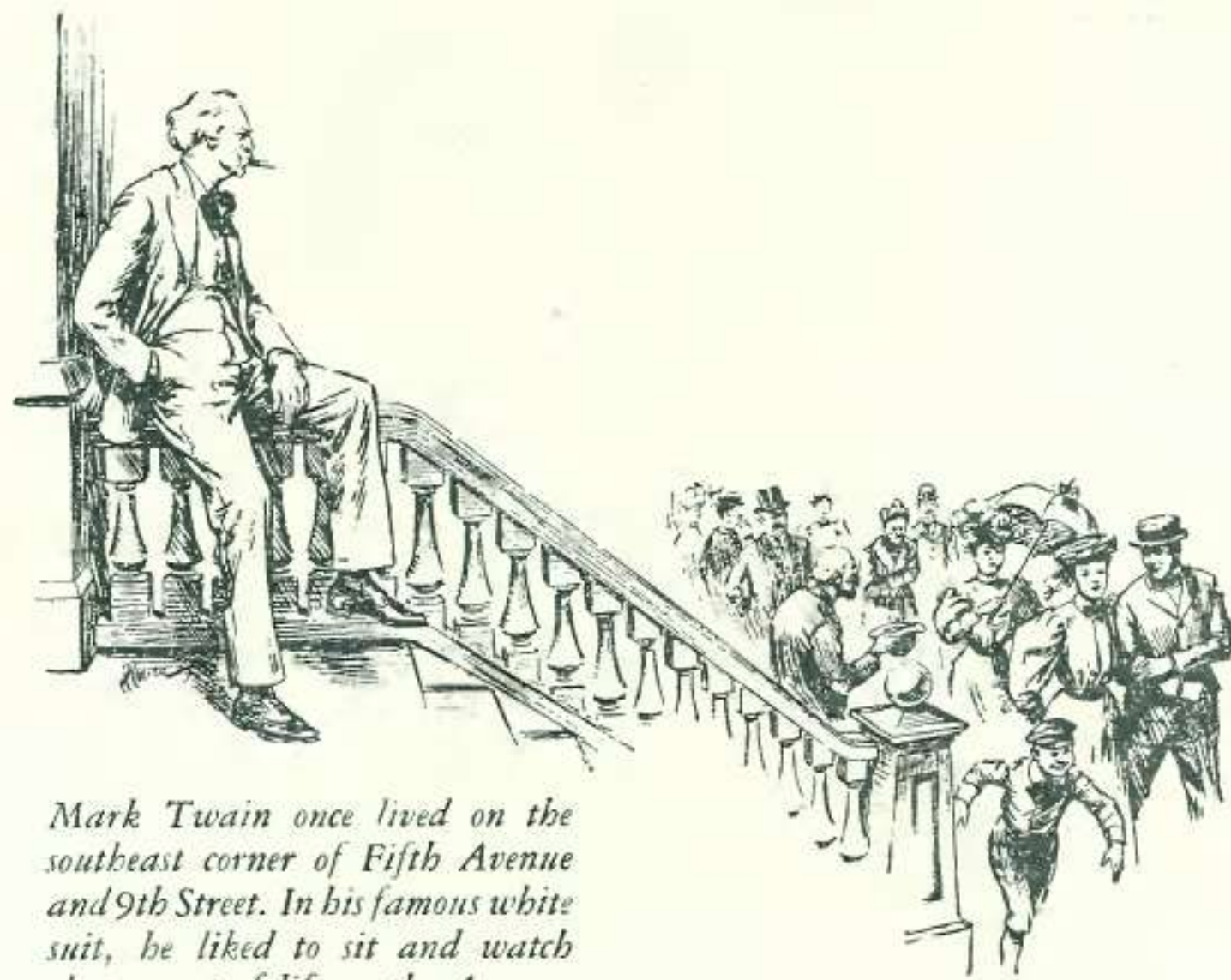
Also, I noticed a washable golf glove, in the natural chamois, bound with braid and perforated over the knuckles, that is the favored style. The new feature is the reinforcement of kid in the palm of the left hand, showing sublime indifference to duffers who blister both palms. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT



JUST about the least scholarly atmosphere in which to pursue a leisurely course through first editions is Holden's Dog Shop, at 516 Madison Avenue, the window of which, advertising "Dogs and Books—Both for the Home," has aroused comment even

HEIR TO A FINE OLD NAME



Mark Twain once lived on the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and 9th Street. In his famous white suit, he liked to sit and watch the current of life on the Avenue.

If Mark Twain Had Known

¶ If America's greatest humorist could come back to his old home across the way from the new Fifth Avenue Hotel, he might well be surprised that the Avenue has changed so much in appearance and so little in spirit; that here, in the center of Manhattan, is the one residential section preserving the glamour of old New York. And what would he think about the magnificence of the city's largest apartment hotel?

¶ The complete living comfort once afforded in a 14-room "Brownstone" can be enjoyed in the modern suites at the new Fifth Avenue. Mansion sized rooms with many large windows—hotel service that cares for everything—luxuries that please alike the old timer and the modern sophisticate.



1, 2 and 3 rooms with foyer and serving pantry, automatic refrigeration. Furnished or unfurnished. Supervised maid and hotel service included in the lease. Complete hotel comforts. Owner-managed restaurant. The time-saving convenience of Washington Square.

The New FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL

24 FIFTH AVENUE, AT NINTH STREET, NEW YORK

Telephone Stuyvesant 2273

Now ready for inspection — Occupancy August 1st

Ownership - Management — Representative on Premises Daily and Evening

Same Management as Hotel White
Lexington Avenue and 37th Street

SETS
Handkerchief
and Cravat
Matching

of the finest imported foulard and twill silks. Patterns designed by BUDD, NEW YORK.

\$5.00 to \$9.00



The
SULLYTON
Collar

A new model for both country and town wear during the warm months.

75 cents

SPORT SHIRTS

(Ready made)
Perfectly finished
\$5.00



ESTABLISHED 1861

Budd
NEW YORK

BUDD BUILDING
572 Fifth Avenue

SINGER BUILDING
149 Broadway

Special Announcements

LEO STAATS, Premier Danseur of The National Opera, Paris, is conducting Master Classes at the
ANDERSON-MILTON
SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE AND DANCE
for 10 WEEKS ONLY
ALSO

A SIX WEEKS' INTENSIVE COURSE IN THE DRAMA WILL BE CONDUCTED BY ROBERT MILTON BEGINNING JULY 15TH. SUBJECTS TO INCLUDE REHEARSALS, STAGE MANAGEMENT, STAGE DIRECTION, VOICE, Diction, Pantomime, SCENIC AND COSTUME DESIGN, PLAYWRITING.

Applications for these courses and enrollment for the Regular Fall Term of the School received at 128-130 E. 58TH ST., NEW YORK



TRAVEL GIFTS

IF YOU Must
LEAVE NEW
YORK (AWFUL
THOUGHT!)—

we can soften the pangs of parting by sending you a real New York "Bon Voyage"—you might suggest this to your most generous friends.

We'd rather have you come in and choose for yourself—but we have a fine new catalogue we'll be glad to send.

ELIZABETH H. PUSEY, INC.

598 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.
Telephone Plaza 1941 N. W. Corner 57th Street



LEARN TO SWIM

with grace and ease. Effective reducing methods; exclusive pool; instruction by international exponents.

Send for Booklet M

MARY BEATON SCHOOL
OF SWIMMING
1 West 67th Street

Trafalgar 3162 Susquehanna 8440

**ONLY COLLEGE
OF AUCTION BRIDGE**

Any Desired Form of Lessons Taught by Experts

SHEPARD'S STUDIO, INC.

20 W. 54th St. New York City
Tel. Circle 10041

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Removed by the only perfect and safe method—Electrolysis—as prescribed by eminent physicians. No pain, no discomfort and positively no injury to skin. Personal service guaranteeing satisfaction.

MARION BARRETT Registered Nurse
[Established 1918]
10 East 49th St., New York

Tel. Vanderbilt 1168



**GRAND CENTRAL
SCHOOL OF ART**

Courses in Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Illustration, Advertising Illustration and Costume Design under the instruction of successful modern artists. Catalogue on Request.
7013 Grand Central Terminal, N. Y. City

in the blasé editorial pages of THE NEW YORKER.

The books, most of them in English, include many first and rare special editions. As you look them over, all around you are wire-haired fox terriers, audibly expressing the desire to be taken home and appreciated; Brazilian cardinals, Alexandrian parakeets, rose-breasted parakeets, and plain, ornery parrots chatter amiably; very red squirrels dash madly around in cages.

All in all, the sounds are a little distracting; especially since every bird and animal I saw seemed to have a sweet and lovable disposition, and I am not one to deny them affection. I am not expert in pedigrees, but I assume they all have excellent ones. All I know is that it was all I could do to remember that a New York apartment is no place for a lively dog, anyway.

AT Best's are some sunbonnets for very tiny children, of natural-colored raffia, with elegant designs in colored raffia to make it interesting. These in the Lilliputian shop.

ALL of you must have seen the art décoratif delivery wagon of M. Baumgarten on its daily rounds. If not, you must have lunched at the Crillon (temporarily closed and preparing new quarters at 277 Park Avenue) or, at least, have admired the deceased candy boxes used by hostesses for cigarettes.

The reason for it all is at 15 East Forty-eighth, where a tiny shop sells Baumgarten candies, Caron perfumes, and some unusual glass containers for powder, amusingly decorated with painted Viennese designs in fascinating colors.

The candy, you must know, is all made by hand, of the purest ingredients. Furthermore, there is none of this nonsense about cream candies to be thrown in the fireplace after the first nibble. The \$1.50 a pound box contains softer candies, such as caramels and nougatines, while the two-dollar package includes trickier concoctions, among which are to be found the fruit candies.

Outstanding successes to my mind and palate: cherries, and liquid coffee; both chocolate-covered; fruit candies, especially crystallized marmalade; dragées from Vienna—round, chocolaty things containing hazel nuts, slices of orange, and so on; and

nougatines in which slices of orange are inextricably mixed in. Elegant.

POSITIVELY the first week-end beauty package that I have not found as useless as most of the articles in fitted suitcases: The gayly painted box containing the prime essentials of the Primrose House daily treatments—compact, complete, and like all the products of this dandy house, satisfyingly beautifying. Which, you must admit, is a mouthful.

—L. L.

AS TO MEN



KASKEL & KASKEL are featuring as smart a bathing suit as I have seen in town—always providing one's tastes are on the noisy side. I noticed it in their Fifth Avenue window adjacent to the black marble entrance to S. W. Straus and Co.'s well-known mausoleum—and stepped into the shop to make a closer inspection. Loose, woven trunks of finest wool with contrasting stripes again woven, if you please, down the sides. Shirt in a solid color to match the stripe, and (oh, extraordinary innovation!) a sash or band—*inches broad*—extending diagonally from shoulder to hip. The wearers, I presume, will resemble track athletes of the better sort or, if conformation precludes this supposition, K.C.B.'s in strictly formal undress.

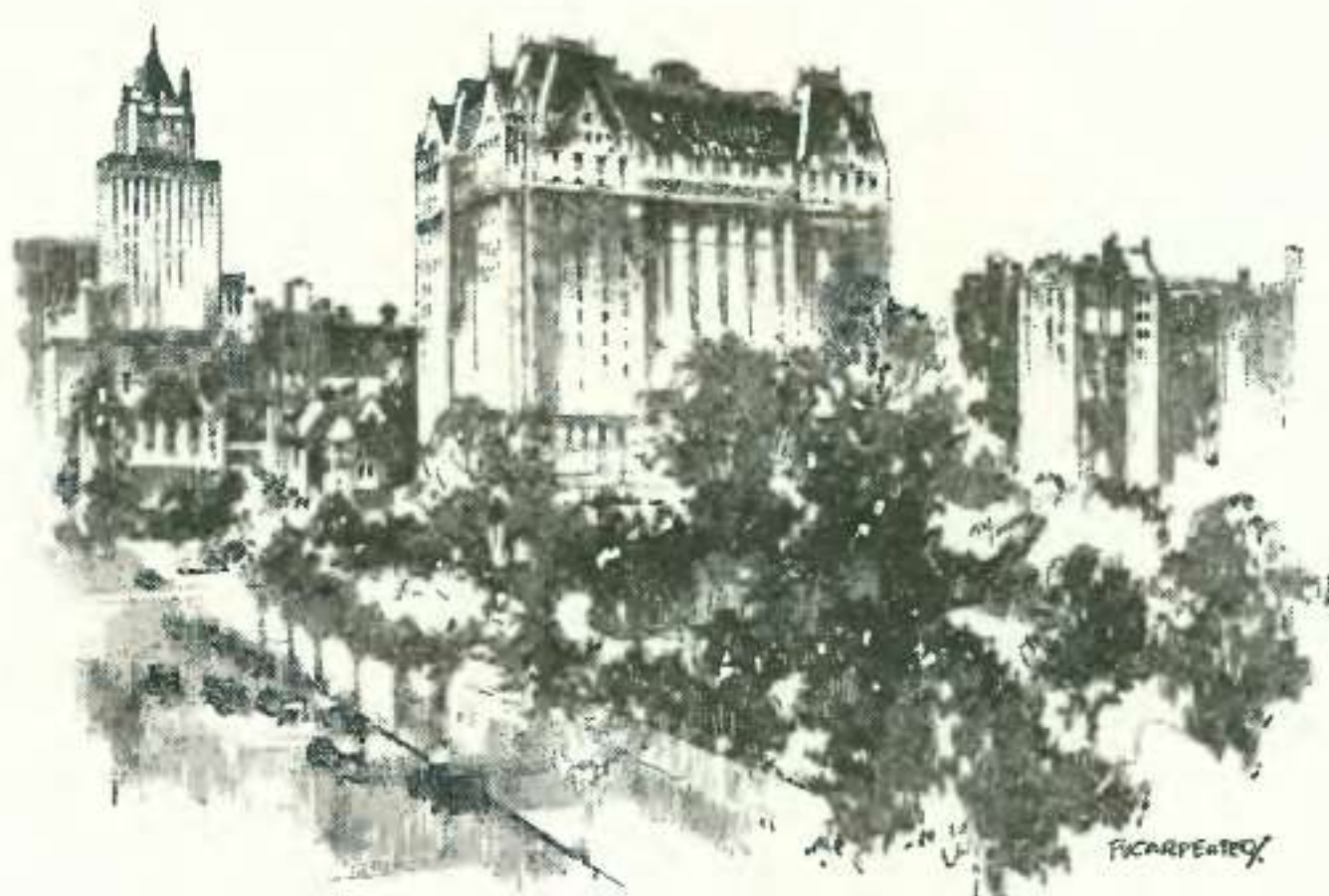
Recalling the days when a Spalding six-dollar suit marked the height of my ambition I inquired the price of this noble confection. It might be had, I learned, for the modest sum of \$23.50—but I've always preferred swimming to mere bathing anyway, and these loose trunks play the devil with a six-beat kick.

Kaskels are showing a very good-looking hat of Milan straw, on a Homburg block, at \$15.50. My own preference is toward light felts or Panamas for early summer wear, but reliable informants insist that these Milan affairs—when exceedingly well shaped—are the last word.

SPEAKING of hats, let me call your attention to the department at Saks-Fifth Avenue. They carry an excellent line of Panamas—in every

810 Fifth Avenue

SUNNY CORNER
OF 62nd STREET



VIEW FROM 4th FLOOR

The Most Central of All Fine Residential Sections

62nd Street and Fifth Avenue leads all other desirable sections in the matter of convenience to the theatre, shopping and business centers. Either transit lines or motor will take you to them in a moment.

Apartments of 13 rooms and 5 baths are now available, and a beautiful maisonette of 17 rooms and 6 baths, or smaller if you wish. Every apartment has southern exposure over the Knickerbocker Club and a lovely view of Central Park. Changes in the floor plan can be made. No mortgage on land or building.


100% Cooperative

J. E. R. CARPENTER, *Architect*

20 East 48th Street




Vanderbilt 0031



Wetzel
Established 1874
2 and 4 E. Forty-Fourth Street
NEW YORK

THE prestige of Wetzel as tailors for gentlemen is recognized throughout the world.



Copyright by Wetzel

conceivable shape—at fifteen and twenty dollars. Further, they are featuring a light, stitched felt, made by Ward, of London, which is quite the best knockabout hat for the hot weather that I have seen. It is particularly well suited for riding or motoring and costs but six dollars. And don't miss the Ayres and Smith shooting hat, also at Saks-Fifth Avenue. Like the Ward hat, it is stitched from brim to crown in concentric circles, spaced about three-eighths of an inch apart. It is made of a peculiar material; not felt, not cloth, but rather resembling corduroy or the reverse side of Bedford cord. It is so smart that Will Hays could wear one and be mistaken for a drawing by Henry Raleigh. Price—six dollars.

THE London Shop at Wanamaker's, in addition to Willy Pogány's murals, displays foulard dressing gowns—bearing the Redleaf label—at twenty-five, thirty, and thirty-five dollars. They are better looking than the average. Other London Shop merchandise seemed to me rather usual although it is probable that I missed several gems which lay hidden, awaiting the discovering touch of a more careful shopper.



"Thanks to your tip, my dear Lottie, I got these seats without the usual tour about town."

"That's all right, Fred. I always tell the boys about it when I name the show I want to see. It obviates all alibis. That's the beauty of Bascom's just above 44th, you know..."

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

MY liaison group, in Paris, reports that all the smart Frenchmen (who wish nothing better than to be mistaken for smart Englishmen) are renouncing their British tailors in favor of the native M. Barclay. This unnatural phenomenon is accounted for by the fact that Barclay is dressing the magnificent Maurice Chevalier (reputed to be the best turned-out man in Europe), a music-hall performer who consistently out-angles the English in their efforts at sartorial preeminence.

And from London the rumor comes again that men are to doff somber colors in favor of the plum, buff, and scarlet of years ago. When? Oh, almost any time. Even now, it is said, the better dressed men are going in for evening clothes of Oxford gray and very dark blue.

ALL of which, as usual, is nothing to what is going on right here in New York. Somewhere on this island, in a lavender-hung designing room, Aline Bernstein, of Neighborhood Playhouse and wider fame, is in the throes of creating a deep brown dinner jacket for that symphony in brown, Ernest Boyd. The lapels, if

I have not been misinformed, are to be of nut-brown grosgrain, the batwing tie of rich baratheia—keyed a bit lighter—and the pleated piqué shirt will border on the cream. It sounds grand, and my enthusiastic but humble contribution to the ensemble is that the shoes be of bronze patent leather . . . after Perugia.

—BOWLER

IN AND ABOUT THE HOUSE



LEATHER furniture is both luxurious and cool. On the hottest day you may sink into a big leather armchair and feel a pleasant chill down your back. Tobey's handmade furniture shop on Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street has heavy, handsome armchairs that can be made up in four different qualities of leather, according to the taste and income of their prospective owners. One model is in rich red, an oriental poppy shade, and in quality a sort of double-strength morocco, fine as a limp book but guaranteed wear-proof. Men love these chairs, and they can be ordered in colors to seduce the taste of ladies as well.

You can have couches to match if you can afford them. Tobey has leather screens, too, for dining rooms or wherever you want to soften the light. Again, you can choose your colors. They are hand-painted in different designs, especially frail Pompeian tracteries or backgrounds of deep red and peacock-green. They have one screen which is extraordinarily decorative. Reminiscent of India, it has four enormous panels, suggesting a parade of elephants between rows of coolies with long spears and bamboo trees. It is really a bas-relief in lacquer, in gold, yellow, and tawny shades, finished like old ivory, the work of an artist and beautiful far beyond its price.

AT Lewis and Conger's it is great fun to shop for a garden. There are sundials in many odd designs, some cylindrical and others for a sunny wall—the kind that peasants improvise on white French barns, with an iron spike and black lines drawn out from it. A parrot stand, tall with big, well balanced seed cups, tempted me to buy. It would look so picturesque in a gar-


THE CENTRAL BUILDING

25 WEST 45th STREET NEW YORK CITY

THE Central Building is a modern, thoroughly equipped and serviced office building offering floor space at the lowest comparative rates to be found in the Grand Central zone. Its planning was done with an intelligent consideration of every present-day business need.

A few of the lower floors have been thrown open and are particularly adapted to showroom purposes. They are provided with specially designed illumination.

*Occupancy may be made at once
Agent on premises*



World Cruise

on the
"Queen of Cruising Steamers"

RESOLUTE

Sailing Eastward from New York, Jan. 6, 1927

AN enchanting voyage of 138 days, visiting 59 ports and cities in 25 countries and covering 37,511 miles. This cruise offers a golden opportunity to see the wonderplaces of the world, including all the Oriental Ports and Cities of all other world cruises plus Siam, Borneo and Formosa.

One expert management on ship and on shore.



THE right seasons everywhere—the Holy Land at its best; Cairo during the brilliant social season; India in the cool weather corresponding to our May; Japan in Cherry Blossom Time. An extraordinary program of shore excursions included in the rates of \$2000 and up.

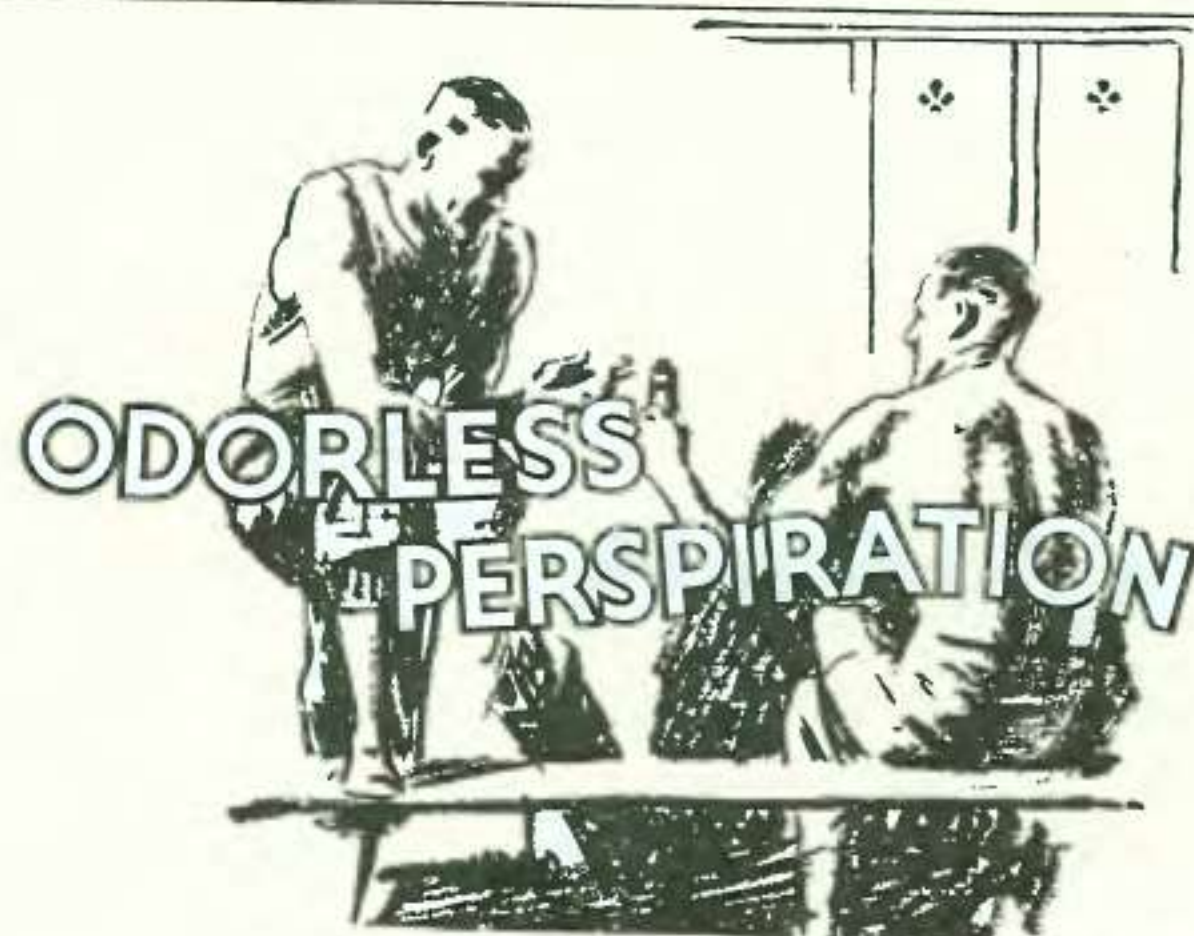
Descriptive literature will be sent on request.

"The Voyage of Your Dreams"

United American Lines

(HARRIMAN LINE)

35-39 Broadway, N. Y. 177 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 131 State St., Boston
230 South 15th St., Philadelphia 574 Market St., San Francisco
or local steamship and tourist agents



Perspiration is no handicap *when odorless*

IN the locker rooms of athletic and country clubs Amolin is a saving grace. This pure, white, antiseptic deodorant powder renders perspiration absolutely odorless and cools and comforts a reddened, chafed skin.

Amolin is not a preparation that clogs the pores. It contains no talc. It deodorizes in a healthful, medicinal way by combining with the heavy, fatty acids of perspiration and changing them into odorless alkaline substances that quickly evaporate. It kills bacteria, purifies the skin and gives lasting comfort. An all-over

sprinkling of Amolin protects the skin from irritation by heavy sport clothes and in many other ways makes summer activities more enjoyable.

For men and women, Amolin has many important uses as a body powder and to keep feet comfortable. For 35 years it has had the endorsement of physicians and chiropodists. In shaker-top cans, 30c and 60c everywhere. Or mail 10c for Guest Size Can and booklet, to The Amolin Co., 356 West 31st St., New York.

Amolin

THE ANTISEPTIC
DEODORANT POWDER

—makes perspiration odorless

den, although I suppose you should get the parrot first. More practical are their large parasols that rise through the center of an iron table and would shelter four or five tea drinkers or card players from the sun. They collapse just above the table level and could easily be transported in an open car.

TWO shops in New York are introducing Narrow Valley Pottery. Mrs. Wiltbank sells it in her shop on Madison Avenue, and the Arden Studios, Inc., at 599 Fifth Avenue, exhibit it with pride. It is pottery of a new sort, yet very old, made on a private estate in Connecticut, yet in form classical and ancient enough to have been dug up out of a Roman garden. The explanation is as follows:

Sicilian pottery has long charmed wandering connoisseurs. Some of them have tried to bring it home with them, usually to have it broken on the trip. Then a prominent sculptor, enthusiastic about the possibilities of terracotta, discovered that these pots could be reproduced in the clay of Narrow Valley. From a few imported models he has designed a wide variety of pots and trained a Sicilian boy to shape them by hand on a wheel. They conserve the classical simplicity, the Greek beauty of the originals that grew out of the old soil of Sicily—and they are fresh too, with the touch of a new master, each one different, unsymmetrical, and alive as a piece of fruit.—Tj.

ARE YOU A NEW YORKER?

THE ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS PRINTED ON PAGE 37.

1—Kenmare Street; named for the birthplace of the mother of one of the Sullivans. 2—The garden of Richard T. Wilson, father of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. 3—In the wholesale coffee district, around Front, Pearl, and Wall streets. 4—Fernando Wood, mayor when the Civil War broke out. 5—On Canal Street; named for a famous old volunteer fireman. 6—Quincy's Slip. 7—On Second Avenue—behind the buildings between Second and Third streets. 8—Exchange Alley; also named "Tuyn Poat" (Dutch for "Garden Path"). 9—From the Arctic expedition sailing from there on the *Jeannette*. 10—The Waldorf.

LONDON NOTES

MONDAY, JUNE 21.



IN my last dispatch I related how we had been provided with a perfectly terrible General Strike and hardly knew that we had had it. Now, all unconscious of the fact, we've been through another peril. On a given date last month we had in London simultaneously 5,864 Americans, two Turks, five Germans, eight Poles, ten Frenchmen, a brace of Brazilians, and representatives of twenty-four other countries. And still the Big Parade is showing at the Tivoli, and Paul Whiteman's band is playing on one side of the English Channel or the other, or possibly in the Channel itself, for the Channel swimming season opened officially last Monday.

The presence of such a cosmopolitan collection in London was due to the annual assembly of the International Commercial Parliamentary Conference. It is not suggested that the 5,864 American visitors were all delegates to that particular commercial conference; but they had their commercial conference, you may be sure. It goes on perpetually, and it is no uncommon experience to encounter a sad-eyed son of Broadway, tired of his vacation, hanging around the manager's office, palliating an attack of homesickness by listening to the click of the hotel typewriters. Indeed, I was a listener at a session of the eternal commercial conference held on board a Channel boat, at which a man from Chicago dilated on the importance of cheap labor to a Pullman representative, who thought he might as well listen to this as to the pleas of passengers for reservations which he could not make.

BUT, as I hinted, conditions are more or less normal. Chaliapin has been and gone, having given a wonderful performance in Boito's "Mefistofele" at Covent Garden. It followed close upon a rendering of the "Ring," and was none the less appreciated on that account. The Wagnerian tetralogy attracted great audiences, and there were many regrets that it could not be completely

Four Charming Suburban Homes

In Chilmark Park have recently been completed and are now ready for occupancy. Situated in the most beautiful and exclusive section of the Westchester Hills, surrounded by famous estates, these four homes in Chilmark Park command glorious views of the Hudson and beautiful back country vistas.

Chilmark Park offers the business man unsurpassed commuting service, located, as it is, within 30 miles of New York City on the main line of the New York



Central with 50 trains a day, a number of which are through expresses on which ideal club car service is maintained.

All forms of outdoor recreations, including boating, swimming, tennis, riding and 3 famous golf courses, are readily available.

These homes built in the attractive English Cottage style ranging from 8 rooms and 3 baths to 10 rooms and 3 baths are provided with every modern facility including laundry and garage.

FOR SALE OR RENT with privilege of future purchase if so desired. For further particulars phone, write or call



CHILMARK PARK REALTY CORPORATION

Arthur M. Holbrook, Vice-Pres.

Ossining, N. Y.

Phone Ossining 1479

Rare
Books
First
Editions



Sporting
Prints
Standard
Editions

BOOKS

New Yorkers invariably go to Himebaugh & Browne. An immense stock and intelligent assistants make it easy to find just what one seeks. Prices are GUARANTEED to be as low as any other shop and every purchase not meeting your full approval is returnable for credit. What more can one ask?

Write for catalogue

HIMEBAUGH & BROWNE
Booksellers and Stationers
4 East 46th Street



**MARY
GREENE**

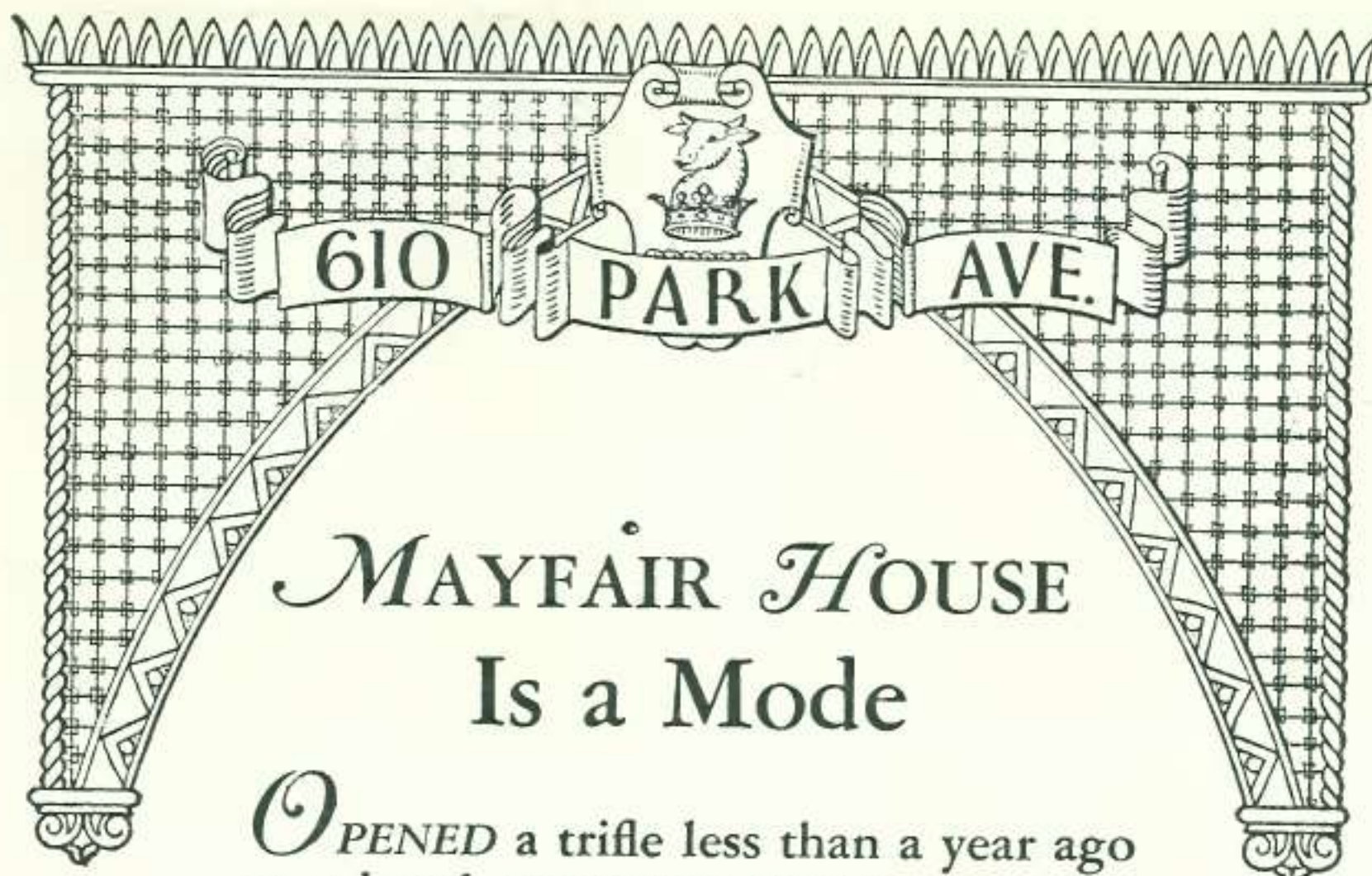
53 West 48th St.

Expert on Hair
Coloring and
Care of the Hair

17 Years'
Experience

GREY Hair restored to natural color—Hair ruined by unskillful dye operators made healthy and beautiful in color. Permanent Waving by newest methods—Scientific Scalp Treatment, Marcel Waving, Shampooing, High-grade patronage. Perfect Satisfaction assured.

Evening Appointments Made
TELEPHONE BRYANT 6286



*O*PENED a trifle less than a year ago as a hotel, MAYFAIR HOUSE is today established as a mode among people accustomed to sophisticated standards of living.

A few furnished suites available for those who want temporary city quarters while living in the country.

Edward H. Crandall

Mayfair House

610 Park Avenue, at 65th Street

A N A P A R T M E N T H O T E L

**You Bring a Topcoat
and We'll Supply
Blankets!**



Be under no delusion about Atlantic City!—you can keep cool there in a bathing suit by day but you'll need more than a bathing suit to keep warm in the evening!—and you'll need blankets by night!—that's what COOLING OFF means at Atlantic City!—bathing suits by daytime and blankets at bedtime! And adding Ambassador Service to Atlantic City's climate leaves nothing to be added!

The **Ambassador**
ATLANTIC CITY

*Rhineland 9000
Fixes Everything*

FELTMANS'
CONEY ISLAND



TWO ORCHESTRAS

HANGMAN'S HOUSE

The glorious and
joyous romance by
Donn Byrne
8 illustrations, \$2.50

performed again this season. Covent Garden has committed itself to an ambitious opera season, from which the only notable absentee is Strauss. High cost of performing rights is the reason assigned for this omission.

A determined effort is being made at Covent Garden this season to get back to the pre-War rule that evening dress must be worn in the more expensive parts of the auditorium. The enforcement of this rule is legally difficult because the law demands admission for any one who has the money, and who is "clean, sober, clad with dignity and behaving with decorum."

WHILE it is not easy to believe that any one will be found foolish enough to contest in court the evening dress rule, theatrical managers are not so sure of their ground in endeavoring to introduce a rule against "hissing." The right to hiss, boo, and make other vocal signs of disapprobation, in sibilants or explosives, is a warmly cherished liberty of the British subject. Indeed, there is a decision of the High Court in the case of *Clifford vs. Brandon* which establishes the right beyond dispute. That decision was given in 1810, and no manager has dared to challenge it. Old playgoers are firm in their determination that this right shall be upheld, since it is the only known way of disturbing the smug complacency of managers and of wounding the conceit of certain overrated actors. The pity is that the efficacy of hissing does not extend to film shows.

THE interesting discovery has been made that there actually lived and breathed a Mrs. Grundy. Formerly we knew her only as a creature of the playwright's mind, the invention, probably, of Thomas Morton, in "Speed the Plough" (1798), in which, though she was referred to, she made no physical appearance. Now, however, comes the news of the discovery of an actual Mrs. Grundy who was a housekeeper at Hampton Court Palace, about seventy years ago. Her achievement was that she caused to be locked up securely in an obscure chamber some very fine works of art, including Cariani's "Venus Recumbent," and a fine leaden statue of Venus. Another discovery of the week is that rice pudding is one of King George's favorite dishes. Some of the newspapers are excited, but the public is remaining calm. —C. B. T.

TABLES FOR TWO



Protest — The Greenwich Village Inn—and Castle Cave

I WILL now print an unexpected protest on the part of one of those hitherto docile escorts whose spiritual inspiration has gone so far toward making this column possible. It is just another attempt to play on my sympathies and corrupt my editorial integrity—joining the cries of sensitive managers, hurt orchestra leaders, and enraged prima donnas, all trying to make a publicity agent out of me.

"I'm a conventional sort of person and when I take people places I expect them to say they enjoyed it and be somewhat appreciative. I've been told that was the proper thing to do and I was brought up that way. Several times you have hurt my feelings by writing that a place was terrible when I had had such a nice time with you and thought it was swell. But your last column was too much.

"Last week you praised the curfew edict. You gave as a reason for your approval the usual incoherence of your escorts after 2:30 and implied that we habitually became pugilistic or wanted to lead orchestras. That's slanderous, an apology is needed, and your head should bow (or be bowed) in shame for talking about your poor little playmates that way after they have tried so hard to be helpful. "W. L."

DESPITE distortions and personal pettiness, there is some justice in this. Any male who desires to present his own covert-charge side of the going-out problem is hereby offered the courtesy of this department.

WELL, I have been to dinner at Greenwich Village Inn. There is a little dandy! It has been done

Her Diary

Shoecraft Annual Sale \$14⁷⁵

One of Jimmy's ancestors signed the Declaration of Independence. In formal commemoration he signed a check for the Shoecraft Sale. Just an ink-ling of how blood will tell.



SHOECRAFT

714 FIFTH AVENUE

Between 55th and 56th Streets

FITTING THE NARROW HEEL... Sizes 1 to 10... AAAA to E

HOTEL MARGUERY

An exclusive and luxurious hotel on residential Park Avenue, just north of Grand Central Terminal, patronized by distinguished residents and visitors in New York

270 Park Avenue, at 47th Street
New York

**CHAUFFEUR
OUTFITS**

SAVE DEPT. STORE'S PROFITS!
BUY DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS

BROOKS

143 WEST 40th STREET
(OPP. MET. OPERA HOUSE)

These hats are hand made and are just like those I make to order. They have character and originality and are specially priced for summer sale at \$5, \$8 & \$10. From June 20th to July 10th.

Elyse Schol

MILLINER

16 East 8th Street

Tel. Spring 5017

Your Hidden Powers and Talents Revealed

through Scientific Character Delineation. Personal Counsel and Expert Vocational Advice included with every analysis.

Send for Free Booklet A

General Consultation Bureau
2 W. 45th St. New York City

EXCLUSIVE!
Water-proof canvas case for portable Radiola No. 26; traveling, camping, etc., \$6.50

An "electric whisk-broom,"
whirling vacuum-brush for
clothing, furniture, etc. \$18.50



CUSHMAN & CUSHMAN, INC.

1010 Sixth Ave. Circle 6482

Open 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.



Clothing for Gentlemen

for
Business
Sport
Dinner
Evening

At astonishing reductions

\$90.00 to 100.00	suits at	\$75.00
80.00 to 85.00	" "	65.00
65.00 to 75.00	" "	52.00

Top Coats far below cost



*A Step From the Avenue
and Up the Steps*

CHARLES GEIB

8 East 45th Street

over of late and, as you enter, the impression is most pleasant. Much murals of bathing nymphs and Parisian dance-hall scenes—not for close inspection, but effective. In addition, the dance music was good.

The food was a sock in the eye. Upper New York State predominated in the diners. At the next table, a young semi-intellectual was saying, in a bored way, that I wrote rather nice, light stuff for a middle-aged and rather hard-boiled woman. I am getting rather tired of the forty-year-old rumor, except that no one could possibly be disappointed when he finally met me.

THE Castle Cave, at 271 Seventh Avenue, has been an old and established institution for so many years that I was a little abashed at never having been there. It looks like a medieval castle outside—within, picket fences are distributed around the tables to give a sort of backyard effect. The beefsteaks are renowned, and one of them I ate, faithfully following the instructions set forth on the menu:

"The Castle Cave—has an Ice Box that would keep fifty people cool, and a grill that would melt a salamander. Follow your waiter to the Ice Box to select a steak or have one cut to suit you. . . . This done, trail him to the grill and watch the chef stoke up the roaring hickory.

"Ask for a plate of Roasted Oysters served on the half shell over hot hickory embers and a delicious Vegetable sauce. This is an international favorite."

This notice is not timely, in view of the heat and the temporary departure of the oyster season. But it gives you an idea that the Castle Cave is a place for a he-man meal that *is* a meal.

Little Hostess Department

REMEDY for a dented flask, demonstrated to me when I expressed incredulity: Fill the flask with ginger ale or carbonated water, put the stopper in, and shake. Really! All right, try it yourself. Flasks, like humans, become better and more beautiful when filled with innocuous beverages. —LIPSTICK

The Rev. John S. Cole preached upon the fact that life has its chief inspiration in immorality.—*Iowa paper.*

Amen.



The New Mode in The Permanent Wave and Bob

THE fame of Paul rests upon his reputation as an artist who creates, rather than follows, the coiffure modes. Here, you are assured of that which is always new—always smart—and always superbly individual!

Call or Write for Appointment

Telephone Bryant 9964

Paul

586 Fifth Avenue - - New York

Between 47th and 48th Streets

This Fall there will be available for lease in PARK LANE a few desirable apartments, either furnished or unfurnished, from which a comprehensive selection may be made.

The cost of living in PARK LANE is less than a house-keeping apartment of comparable size and character, considering the many services included in the rental.

Park Lane
AMERICA'S FINEST
HOTEL APARTMENTS
299 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY
Charles Wilson, Managing Director

NEW BOOKS

A "Real Jesse James" Is Repudiated—Biographical Stories by Maurois, Who Wrote "Ariel"—"As I Like It"

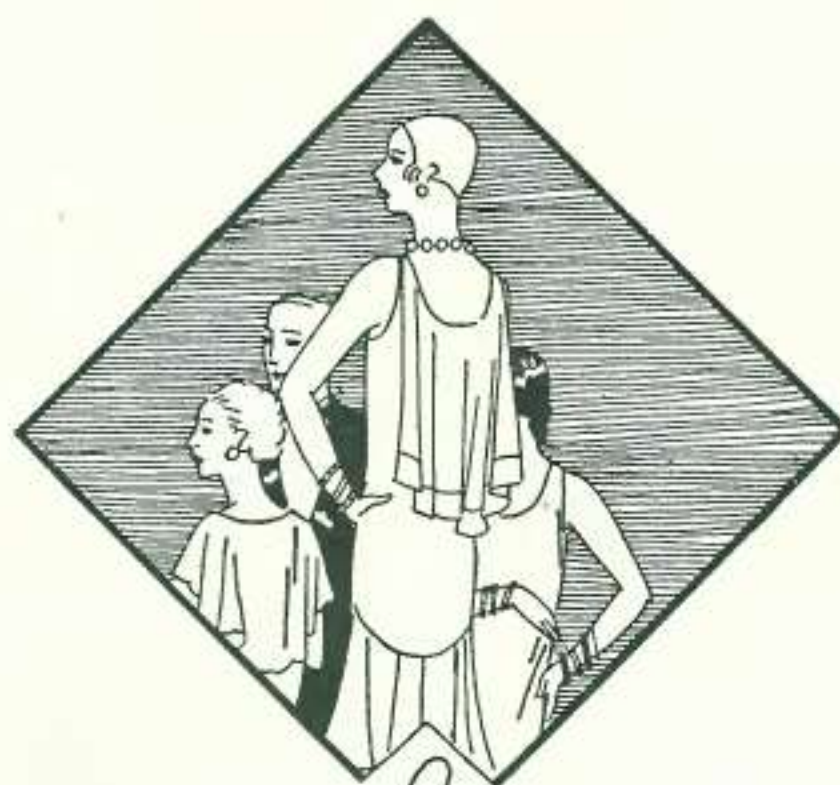


HOW dear to our heart are the fiends of our childhood! One was Jesse James. We knew him, Horatio; he had a proud sneer and yallerish curls and whiskers, and used to meet posses alone and drill them all between the eyes, after the James Boys had robbed a train or raided a craven town. And we don't thank Robertus Love, the cheery author of "The Rise and Fall" of him, for "transforming" his story to "documented historical veracity."

Veracity, forsooth! A plain case of mistaken identity. Unquestionably Love knows all there is to know about a Jesse, an impostor, a galoot, who raided and robbed in a credible, humdrum way, and who was the devoted son of a sterling mother, and carried a well thumbed Testament, and had no vices, and was as model a family man as his trade allowed, and who (judging from his photograph) would have ornamented any Baraca class, and couldn't have raised *the* Jesse's beard to save him.

Love has loved writing about Jesse James, and he has produced a meaty, homely book which, provided you don't mind its copious, small-town-newspaper jocundity, and provided you never knew *the* Jesse—ours—you may find reasonably interesting. But Gosh, if you never knew ours you have not lived.

A SNOOP around several such bookstores as the likes of yourself would patronize yields word that "Mape, The World of Illusion," by Maurois, is in demand. His "Ariel" accounts for a good deal of the vogue of fictionalized biographies, of which it is still among the newer best. "Mape" is threefold: the well known story of Goethe's writing "Werther"; a so-so, pure fiction about a youth illusioned by reading Balzac; the story of Thomas Lawrence's oscillating passion for the daughters of Mrs. Sidons, and the effect of its fatal re-



The
DRAKE

440 PARK AVE.
AT 56th ST.

AN APARTMENT HOTEL
OFFERING THOSE LUX~
URIES TO WHICH THE BEST
PEOPLE ARE ACCUSTOMED

Experienced
Apartment dwellers
will tell you many advantages
of living in a building owned and oper-
ated by Bing & Bing, Inc. Inquiries invited.
BING & BING, INC., 119 WEST 40th ST. PENN. 4180



FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York.
Phone: Bryant 6300.

Please enter my subscription to THE NEW YORKER for—

☐ 26 Issues—\$2.50

☐ 52 Issues—\$5.00

(Canada, \$5.50; Foreign, \$6.00)

Name

Address

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect.



You won't get taxi-itis if you live at the White. This apartment hotel is a short ride from anywhere and a pleasant walk from many frequented places.

Suites of 2 rooms, including serving pantries, furnished or unfurnished, for long term lease or short rental. Complete hotel service. Restaurant

Special Summer Rates

Direction OSCAR WINTRAB

Hotel White

Lexington Avenue at 37th Street

sults upon that awesome lady's art. The last is the one this department liked, but the "Werther" has Maurois's honesty. Tradition makes "Werther" a much more preternatural feat than he does.

PROF. BILLY PHILPS was earliest of the professors to appreciate Mark Twain. He "spoke his mind" on Mrs. Humphry Ward when she was sacred. Yale men, some, revere him; some who don't are indulgently fond of him, and he is the most indefatigably genial creature living. Wherefore it seems to be deemed bad form to speak one's mind on him; and besides, almost every one has done it, and it never has done any good.

He has been conducting a colyum, "As I Like It," in *Scribner's Magazine*. Pearls from this colyum are cast in a book with its title. We shall grunt at but three. He appreciated "Arrowsmith"—by falling in love with Leora; otherwise, he took it for a satire on "the medicos." He couldn't read "A Passage to India," which he says has been fulsomely praised and is dull. ("Those are not facts about Thackeray; those are facts about you."—*Disraeli*.) And he has a kind word for Edward Bok's "Twice Thirty." No wonder. In self-satisfaction, he and Bok are not unlike.

MISS ADELAIDE BOODLE is the *Gamekeeper* of some dozen of Stevenson's letters. She knew and worshiped the Stevensons at Bourne-mouth; she has written her memories of them, adding pleasantly to the orthodox picture and recording an appalling trial by Stevenson on the "little dog," herself, of his abilities as a teacher of writing by the sedulous ape method. He was present while that couple had some tearing rows. Oh, the pity that Miss Boodle is too much of a lady to tell what they were like then, when Louis's Fanny's patience had slipped and Fanny's Louis came off all his pedestals, and, heedless of the presence of an awed young friend, they flew at each other's hair! It would be more illuminating than anything we lack on Stevenson.

This book is "R. L. S. and His *Sine Qua Non*" (Scribner's).

—TOUCHSTONE

The weather's hot—or cold as ice. One never says—the weather's nice. Streets are dusty, streets are wet. No one has seen them perfect yet.

The Luxury Cruise to the Mediterranean

PALESTINE & EGYPT

By the famous "Rotterdam" 6th Cruise

Leaving New York, Feb. 3, 1927

Under the Holland-America Line's own management.

The "ROTTERDAM" 24,170 tons reg., 37,190 tons displ.

Has a world-wide reputation for the magnificence and comfort of her appointments, the surpassing excellence of her cuisine and the high standards of service and management on board.

70 Days of Delightful 1 diversion ITINERARY includes Madeira, Cadiz, Seville (Granada), Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples (first call), Tunis, Athens, Constantinople, Haifa, Jerusalem (The Holy Land), Alexandria, Cairo (and Egypt), Cattaro, Ragusa, Venice, Naples (second call), Monaco and the Riviera. Carefully planned Shore Excursions. Stopover in Europe. Number of guests limited.

American Express Co. Agents in Charge of Shore Excursions.

For choice selection of accommodations make RESERVATIONS NOW. Illustrated Folder "Y" on request.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

21-24 State St., New York



Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, New Orleans, San Francisco, St. Louis, Atlanta, Ga., Mexico City, Montreal, Seattle, Winnipeg, or any authorized Steamship Agent.

Luxury Cruises to the WEST INDIES Jan. 29 (15 days), Feb. 17 (27 days) Mar. 19 (15 days) For the 1 excursion to ATLANTIC HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE in cooperation with the FRANK TOURIST CO.

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION

The GARRICK GAIETIES of 1926

GARRICK Thea., 65 W. 35th St. Evgs. 8:30 Matinees, Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

It's A Great Comedy

"THE PATSY"

with CLAIBORNE FOSTER

BOOTH 45th St., W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:30 Matinees WED. and SAT. 2:30

CASINO 39th and Broadway. Evenings 8:30 Matinees Mon. July 5th and Sat.

RUSSELL JANNEY'S MUSICAL SENSATION

Vagabond King

Based on McCarthy's "If I Were King" HERBERT CORTHELL—CAROLYN THOMSON—MAX FIGMAN—OLGA TRESSKOF—ROBERT CRAIK MUSIC BY RUDOLF FRIML

SHUBERT THEATRE West 44th Street EVENINGS 8:30 MATS., Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Florence Reed in The Shanghai Gesture

New Amsterdam West 42d St. Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mgrs. Dirs. CHARLES DILLINGHAM Presents

MARILYN MILLER

And Her Star Company SUNNY Aristocrat of Musical Comedies

The Alāmāc
is NEW YORKS ideal SUMMER HOTEL

Cooled by the Hudson's Breezes

Every Room Has Bath and Chilled Showers

CONGO DINING ROOM
"Coolest Place in town"
20 Floors Above the Heat!

Lowered Rates
FROM
June to October

The Alāmāc Hotel
BROADWAY & 71 ST STREET
NEW YORK

LATZ MANAGEMENT



When the finest cost
but a quarter for twenty—

"Why not
Smoke the
Finest?"



25¢ FOR TWENTY

TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE

NOTHING

is more fascinating than the study of character as revealed in handwriting—entertaining and instructive. Let us analyze and report on the handwriting of yourself or your friends. Thoroughness and honesty assured.

Send specimen with One Dollar to

INSTITUTE of
GRAPHOLOGY
P. O. Box 93, Station A
Hartford, Connecticut

Four
Corners 108 East 57

Beautiful Things for
The Home and the Individual
at Moderate Prices

FULTON Theatre, West 46 St., Eves. 8:20
Matinees, Wed. & Sat. at 2:20

CHARLES DILLINGHAM Presents

Ina Claire "THE LAST
OF MRS.
CHEYNEY"

By Fred K. Lonsdale. Staged by Winchell Smith
with Roland Young and A. E. Matthews

TELL ME A BOOK TO READ

These Are a Few of the Recent Ones
Most Worth While

NOVELS

THE SACRED TREE, by Lady Murasaki (*Houghton Mifflin*). More of "Genji," a Japanese novel about a Great Lover and Prince Charming. Timeless in delicate comedy; written 900 years ago.

ROUNDAABOUT, by Nancy Hoyt (*Knopf*). A sad-glad romance, very young, very fetching, and ever so up-to-date, although by no means as bold as it is advertised.

TWO OR THREE GRACES, by Aldous Huxley (*Doran*). A novel and three stories representing their author as artist—in which capacity some of us prefer him.

THE SILVER STALLION, by James Branch Cabell (*McBride*). Not the naughtiest, but otherwise about the most enjoyable of his fantasies of Poictesme.

TREEFALLOW, by T. S. Stribling (*Doubleday, Page*). Its immediate effect is to cause you to thank a non-Fundamentalist God that you don't have to live in eastern Tennessee.

BEATRICE, by Arthur Schnitzler (*Simon & Schuster*). Very short. As good as nine in ten mother-son "taboo" novels, and infinitely more artistic.

CANDLE FOLLOWS HIS NOSE, by Heywood Broun (*Boni & Liveright*). This pleasant, allegorical fairy tale's second meaning is always clear—which may be why some don't appreciate it.

EVA AND THE DERELICT BOAT, by Franz Molnar (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Neither novel equals "Prisoners," yet either will make an hour pass agreeably. "The Derelict Boat" is the better.

THE VIADUCT MURDER, by Ronald A. Knox (*Simon & Schuster*). It won't give you gooseflesh, but then, you will not guess the murderer.

And Don't Overlook—

SOLDIERS' PAY, by William Faulkner (*Boni & Liveright*). CLARA BARRON, by Harvey O'Higgins (*Harper*). SPANISH BAYONET, by Stephen Vincent Benét (*Doran*). MARY GLENN, by Sarah G. Millin (*Boni & Liveright*). OR GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY, in their ways the most amusing books of the closing season.

SHORT STORIES

THE LOVE NEST, by Ring W. Lardner (*Scribner's*).

GENERAL

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY, by Will Durant (*Simon & Schuster*). As well done as any of these "Stories," and without the style and tone that make some of them insulting to intelligence.

THE VERDICT OF BRIDLEGOOSE, by Llewelyn Powys (*Harcourt, Brace*). Reactions to this and that in this country. Often naïve, but candid, intense, and for the most part beautifully written.

SIX BAYONETS! by John W. Thomason, Jr. (*Scribner's*). *Hors concours* as an American, World War book. About the Marines.

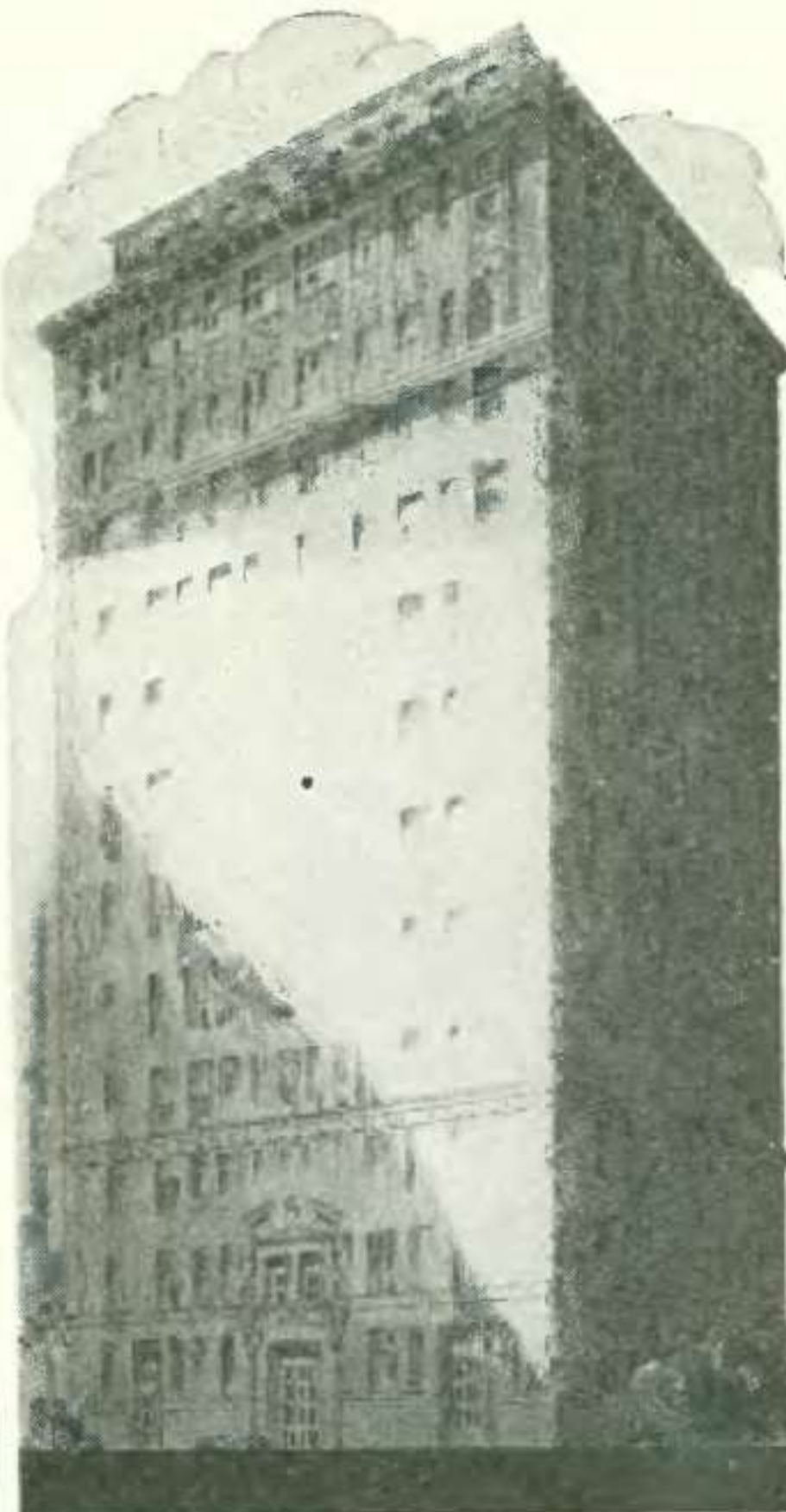
THE ROSALIE EVANS LETTERS FROM MEXICO, (*Bobbs-Merrill*). The closing season's best in the "document" line.

THE MAUVE DECADE, by Thomas Beer (*Knopf*). The sins of the mothers of the generation now near middle age; and other shortcomings of These States in the 1890s. A work of art.

THE ARCTURUS ADVENTURE, by William Beebe (*Putnam*). Easily the best new book in the line of "Nature."

NOTORIOUS LITERARY ATTACKS, edited by Albert Mordell (*Boni & Liveright*). Every one has heard of most of them, but comparatively few can have read them. They are worth reading. HAVELOCK ELLIS, by Isaac Goldberg (*Simon & Schuster*). The first "Life" of Mencken's "most civilized living Englishman."

EDGAR ALLAN POE, by Joseph Wood Krutch (*Knopf*). Psychoanalysis is the basis of a highly interesting interpretation.

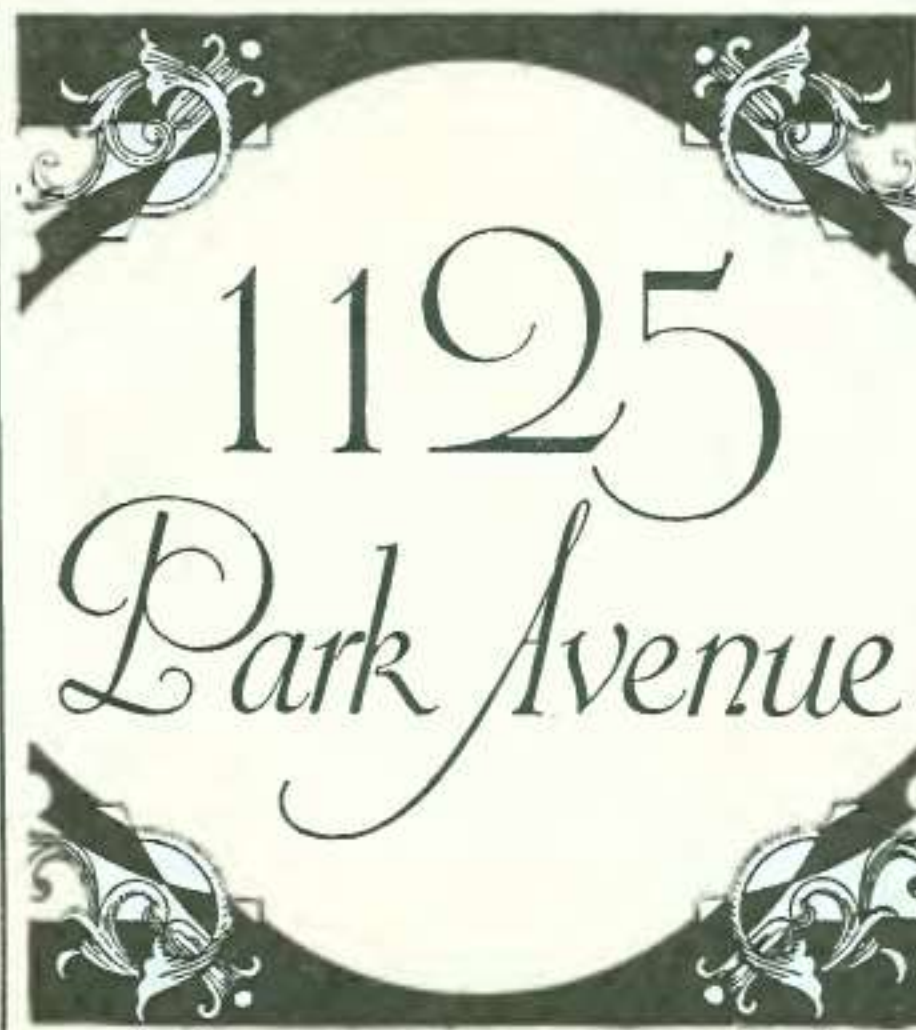


"ONE • ONE • TWO • FIVE
P A R K"
New York's Combination
to a Home of Ideal Charm

The New Yorker who seeks a beautiful home with a refined environment will find the 6, 8 and 9 room apartments of 1125 Park Avenue exactly suited to his requirements: Living rooms, master chambers and galleries unusually large and well appointed.

Booklet of plans and interior
suggestions at your request

JULIUS TISHMAN & SONS, INC.
285 Madison Avenue





Fish not the Only School at Sea!

BUT it's school let out! School applauding Judy as she hands Punch a precise and effectual *coup de bâton*. For it's the famous Petit Guignol on a French Liner. And it's the beginning of a new school for Johnny and Janie. They will learn things that they'll never forget. Things about the ocean . . . a ship . . . new countries. It's education with that much talked about but rare sugar coating.

Too, this trip means freedom for you. Governesses will take care of the youngsters. There's a separate dining-room for them . . . a special diet . . . their own deck space . . . sand piles . . . everything to make them happy. And there's Paris in the distance . . . just down the gangplank at Havre . . . then three hours in a boat train. Lucky children and lucky you . . . when you travel on a French Liner.

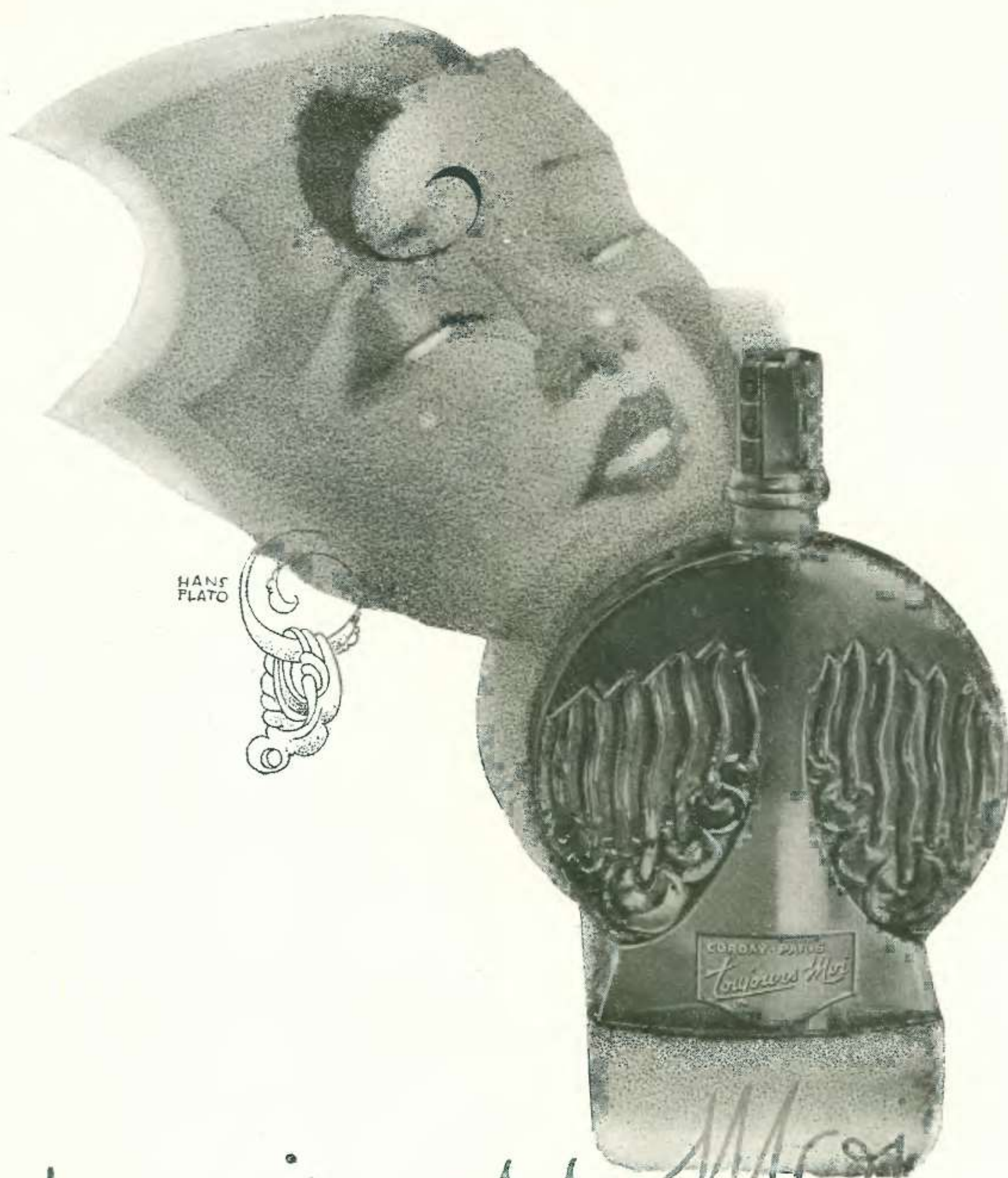
French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, 19 State St., New York

Offices and agencies in principal cities of Europe, Canada



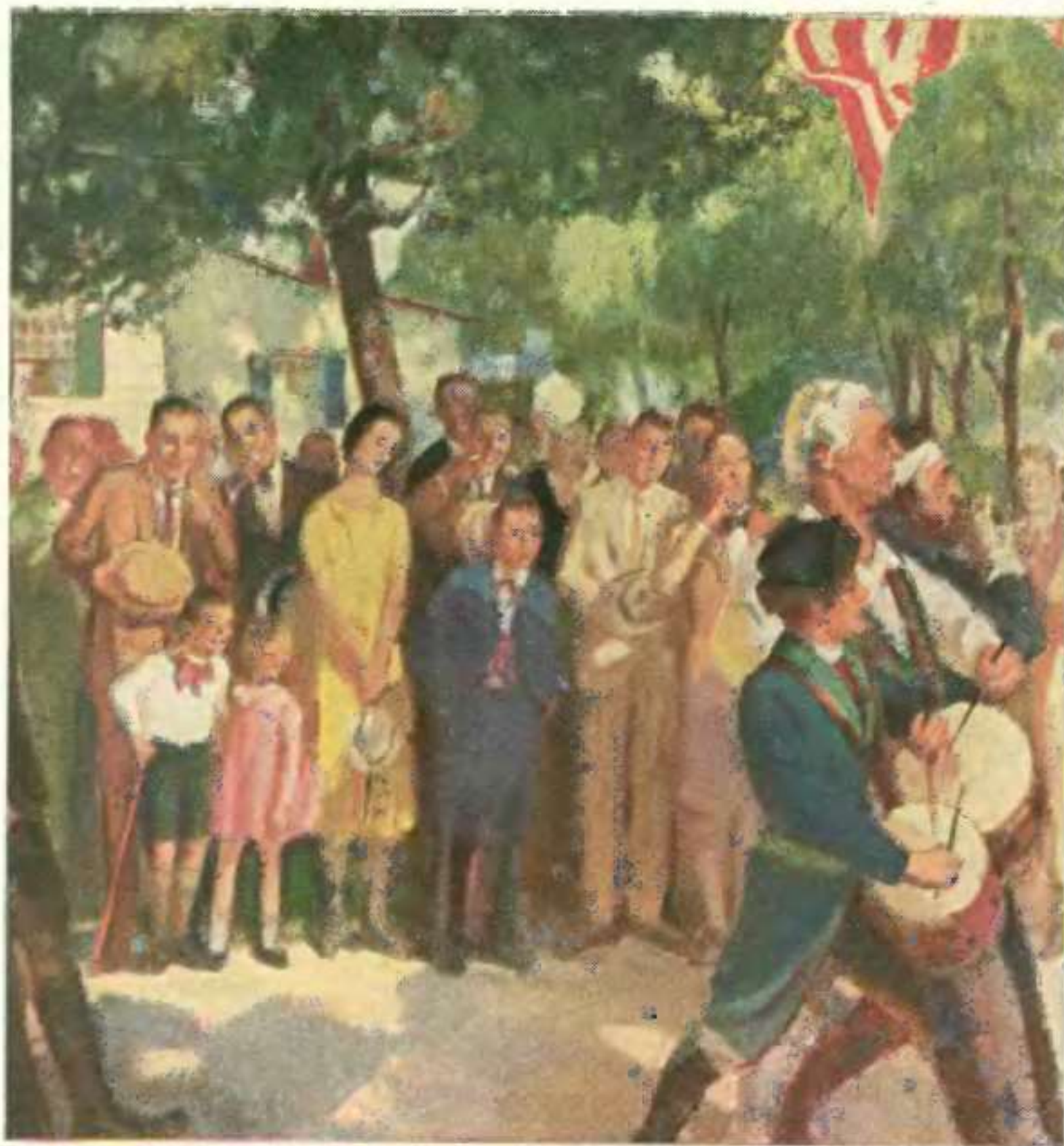
and United States, or ask any travel or tourist agent



Toujours Moi

PARFUMS CORDAY PARIS, IMPORTED
BY LIONEL, 320 FIFTH AVE, NEW YORK

When Fourth
of July bands are playing—and
the cannon are roaring out their
celebration of another day of
Independence and Freedom
—have a Camel!



Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. No other cigarette is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

WHEN the noisy shouts and songs of freedom burst forth on Independence Day. And bands and parades and booming cannon join in the joyous celebration. When you think again that our country and the men in it must be free—*have a Camel!*

For no other cigarette ever brought such liberation to so many millions of smokers. On the day of its birth, Camel decreed the end of tired taste, of cigarette after-taste. Mild and mellow flavor, full enjoyment have made Camel the most celebrated name in the history of smoking.

So this Independence Day, as you watch our country's defenders march by in inspiring parade — know then the deepest goodness that ever came from a cigarette. Have the utmost in smoking enjoyment.

Have a Camel!



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

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.