

Feb. 5, 1927

THE

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NEW YORKER





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"ALWAYS ME"

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"BLUE ORCHID"

CORDAY, PARIS

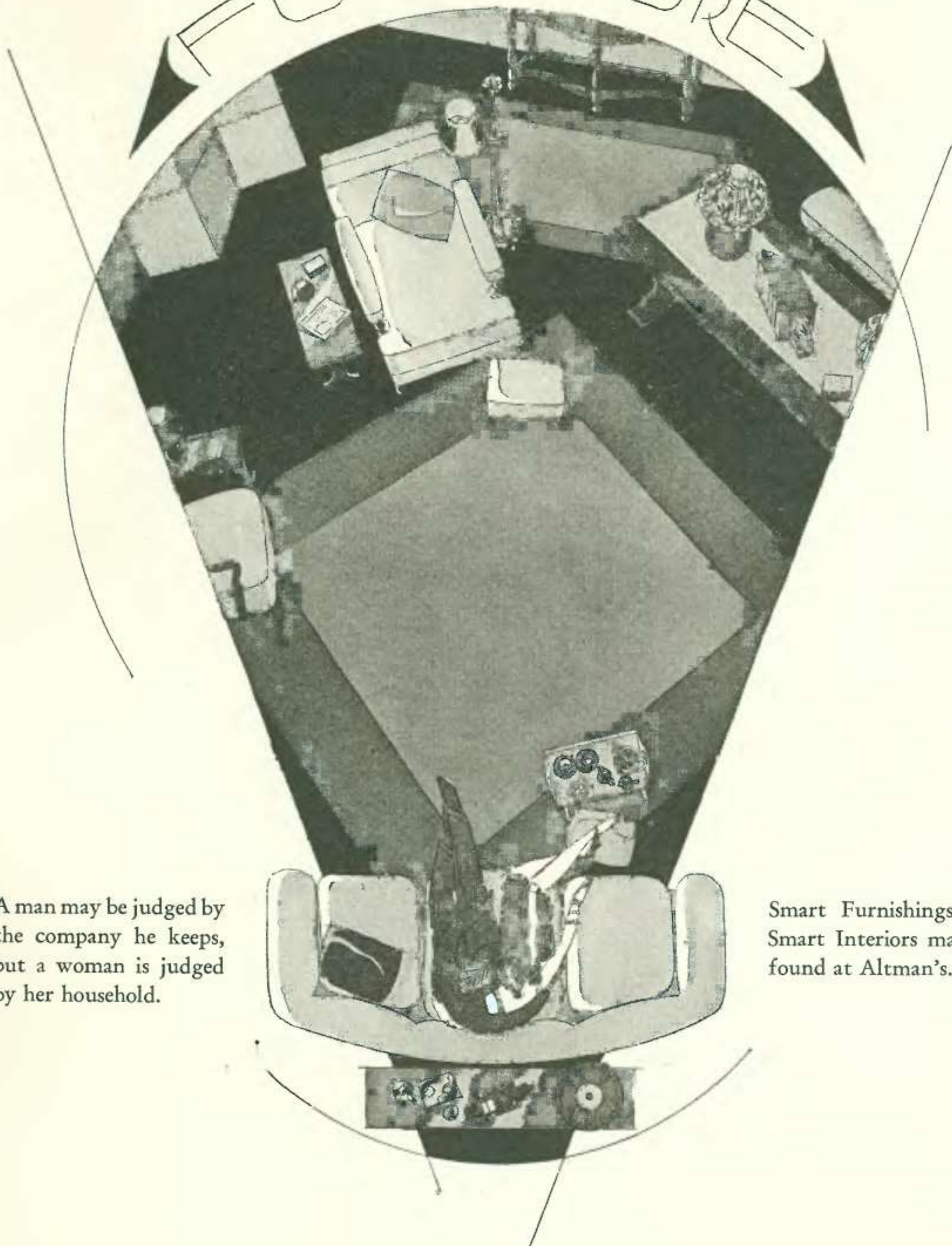
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NEW YORK

FURNITURE



A man may be judged by
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but a woman is judged
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VICI Brownstone is no accidental discovery—though what a happy accident it would have been! Here is the story of its creation. Leading stylists in fabrics and hosiery and the makers of Vici kid put their fashion-wise heads together and evolved a schedule of related colours by which every woman can achieve the costume colour continuity she so very much desires.

As a result, we present Vici Brownstone as the leather colour that supplies the correct brown motif of the Spring footwear mode.

Buy shoes of Vici Brownstone now, for all-purpose wear with the new soft blues and beiges. Wear them right through the Springtime, in the happy certainty that they are smart, new, and blood relations of the Spring costume mode.

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*The Vici Lucky
Horseshoe*



When you see this trade mark, the Vici Lucky Horseshoe, inside a pair of shoes, you can rest assured that the colour is authentic and the quality unquestionably supreme.

Send for a Sample. To help you plan for colour continuity, we shall gladly send you a small sample of Vici Brownstone. It will help you to recognize this rich new colour when it is shown to you in the smart new shoes.

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selections?
Not any more!

Here's Why~

Vici footwear colours are created in conjunction with the colour recommendations of stylists in related lines. Every Vici colour has its ordained complements in fabrics and hosiery.

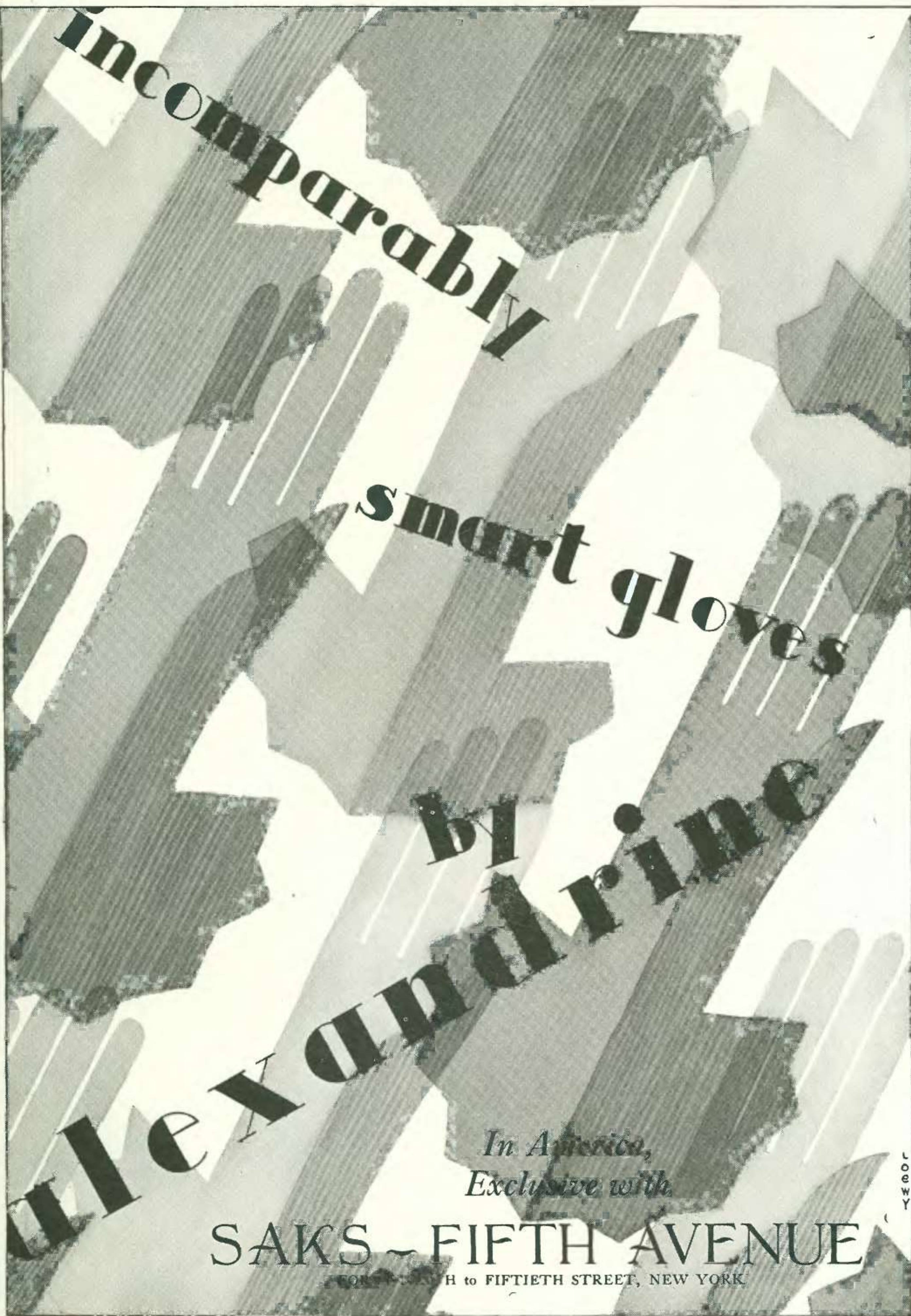
Here's How~

When you have a colour problem—"What shoes shall I wear with this or that?"—ask your shoe dealer to show you the Vici Chart of the Colour Mode. It carries the smart colour picture from fabrics to hosiery to shoes.



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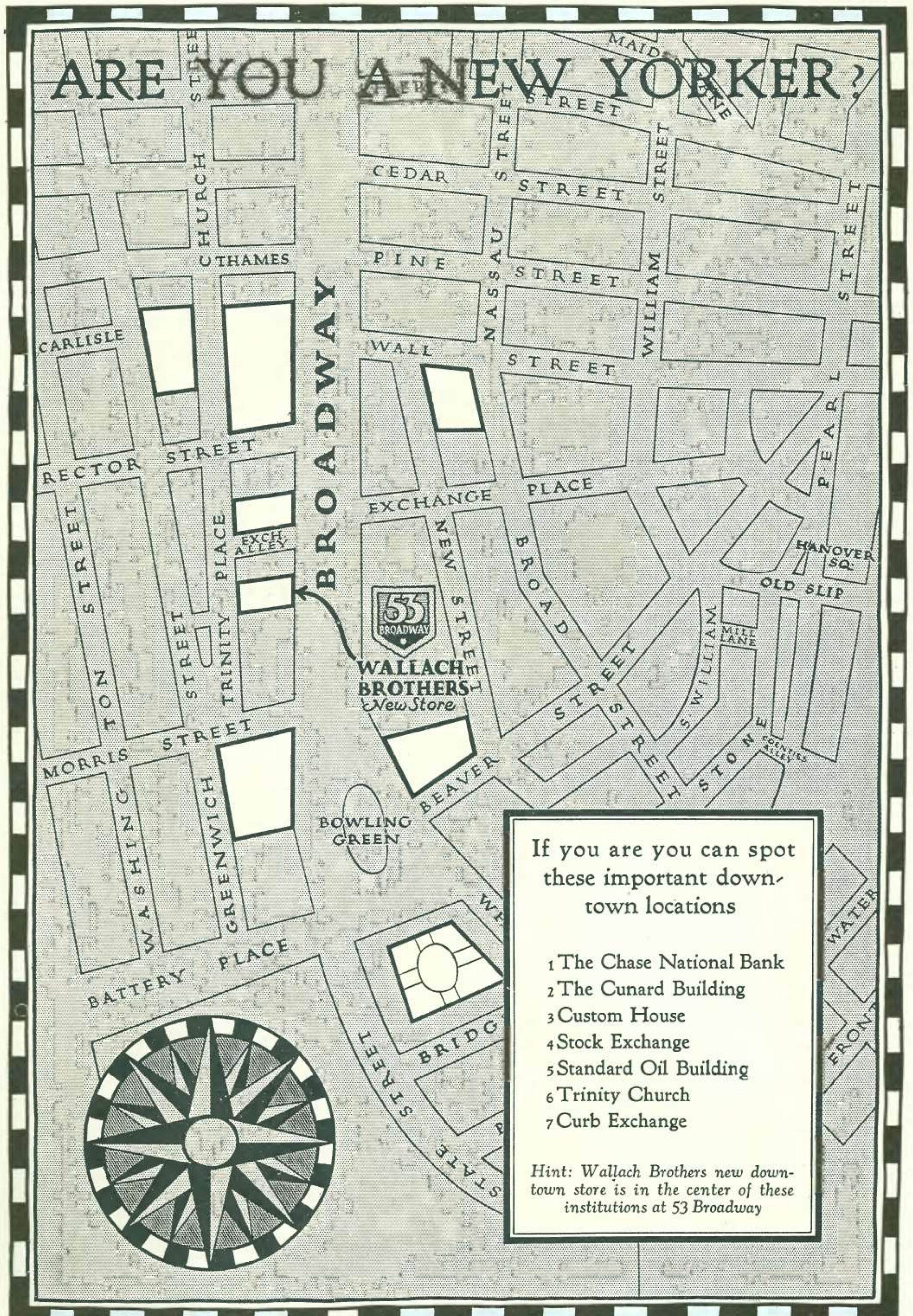
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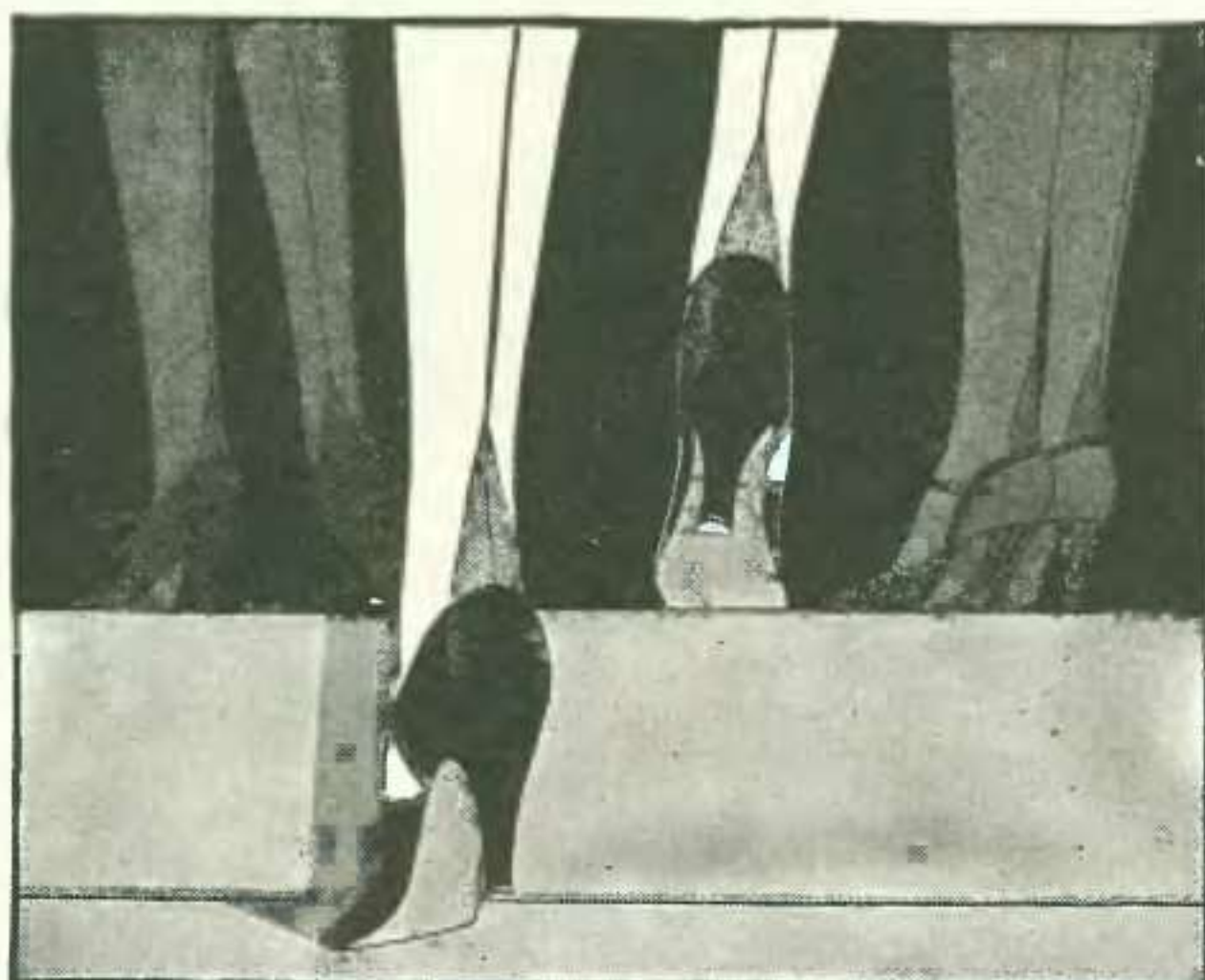
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silk Hosiery



So sheer, so clear—stockings made with the Slipper Heel* to give the ankle the most slenderizing effect. They can be purchased in shades that contrast with the new Spring shoes or match the gloves you wear.

You may purchase Kayser Silk Hose at all the better shops and at the Kayser store, Fifth Avenue and 41st Street, opposite the Library, where there is a permanent display of the latest Paris styles in hosiery, underwear and gloves.

Kayser
*Trade Marks Reg.



NEITHER coarse and sticky nor light and flyaway, Fioret Face Powder clings to the nose and cheek in a most endearing fashion.

Soft and fine, this new powder gives to the complexion an effect that is suave and lovely.

Fluffed lightly on, it veils imperfections of the skin—flatters its smoothness—and establishes the most pleasant relations between yourself and mirrors met by chance.

And there is still another joy which Fioret powder gives to the smart women who wear it—the aesthetic joy of the subtle odeur, “Jouir” with which it is scented.

Do not postpone, Madame, the pleasure that this new and delightful powder can give. Seek today the charm of Fioret. You may buy the beautiful green and gold box with its exquisite contents in most good drug and department stores. Its price is only \$1.

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This is the Nestle Text-o-meter that tests your hair before it is waved, as accurately as the oculist tests your eyes, thus assuring perfect results.

Circuline prescribes for your Permanent Wave as accurately as the Oculist prescribes for your eyes

THERE is but one method of permanent waving that adapts itself to differences in hair structure, that treats each head of hair according to its individual requirements. And that method is Circuline.

Whether your hair be fine or coarse, whether it is still its natural color, turned white or gray, bleached or dyed, the Nestle Circuline Method of Permanent Waving assures you absolutely perfect results—and it makes no difference whether your hair has been waved before or not.

Less Heat Used for Circuline Than for a Marcel Wave

Circuline is far advanced over any other method of permanent waving. There is no jerking or pulling of the head. It eliminates the use of harsh chemicals, such as borax or ammonia (a chemical easily detected by its odor). And the heat required is gentle—but 7 minutes of temperate heat—actually 100 degrees less than is necessary for an ordinary marcel wave.

Nobody ever knew the many variations of human hair until Mr. Charles Nessler, the original inventor of permanent wav-



In ONE of these 10 Circulines you will find your perfect wave

ing, after twenty years of research designed the Text-o-meter—now accessible to every beauty parlor using the Nestle Circuline Method of Permanent Waving.

No Guess-work in the Circuline Method

The Text-o-meter tests your hair while you watch, tells your hairdresser exactly what kind of hair you have and places it into one of the ten classes for which Mr. Nessler has made ten Circulines, one for each class. It is because the Text-o-meter

discloses the variation in your hair structure and tells your hairdresser which Circuline to use in waving it that you are assured in advance of perfect results in the end.

Remember that no other permanent waving method offers you this immense advantage. All other systems treat your hair alike. They depend upon chance—but you need not! Spoiled hair cannot be restored. What you want is safety—and Nestle Circuline assures you of that!

Your Wave May Be as Tight or as Loose as You Yourself Prefer

Your Circuline hairdresser will make three small test curls on the back of your head—tight, loose or medium, so that you may choose in advance the wave you prefer. Then, your entire head will be waved to match that curl. Without doubt, without "guess-work," it will be as natural, as beautifully flowing, as though Nature had waved it herself!

{ Write today for the Circuline booklet and the names of the Circuline hairdressers nearest you. Fill out the coupon now! }

Patented July 13, 1926. Other patents pending.

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Circuline Wave

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New York City

Please send me your booklet describing NESTLE CIRCULINE, also the names and addresses of the Circuline hairdressers nearest my address who will give the Nestle Hair Test before they wave my hair.

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Address.....



POND'S COLD CREAM melts upon touching the skin, its fine oils removing from the depths of the pores all accumulations. It should be used before retiring and often during the day. Pond's Vanishing Cream adds a lustrous finish, keeps the skin soft and white, serves as an excellent powder base and as a protection from the difficult atmospheric conditions of modern life.

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BEAUTIFUL WOMEN of distinguished birth and social prestige depend upon Two delicate Creams for the care of their skin. Among those on whose dressing tables Pond's Two Creams—so fragrant, so efficacious—have prominent place, are:

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MISS ELINOR PATTERSON MRS. WILLIAM E. BORAH
MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT MISS MARJORIE OELRICHS
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IF YOU WOULD LIKE to try these Two delicate, fragrant Creams made by Pond's—Pond's Cold Cream for the thorough cleansing your skin is thirsting for, Pond's Vanishing Cream for a soft even finish like the frosted petals of a flower, and for protection, mail the coupon below for free sample tubes of each and instructions for using.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[FROM FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, TO
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, INCLUSIVE]

THE THEATRE

DRAMA

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY—An excellent play made from Dreiser's very excellent book. LONGACRE, 48, W. of B'way.

BROADWAY—A realistic display of murder and fun behind the glitter of a cabaret. BROADHURST, 44, W. of B'way.

BROTHERS KARAMAZOV—Russians going mad, murderous, and suicidal in the best Theatre Guild manner. Fri., Feb. 4, and Sat., Feb. 5—then off for a week while "Pygmalion" takes the theatre. GUILD, 52, W. of B'way.

CAPONSACCHI—Walter Hampden getting the most out of Browning's "The Ring and The Book." HAMPDEN'S, B'way at 63.

LADY ALONE—An unimportant play with Alice Brady giving a gorgeous performance. FORREST, 49, W. of B'way.

LULU BELLE—Bad habits bringing a negro lady to a bad end. With Lenore Ulric and Henry Hull. BELASCO, 44, E. of B'way.

REPERTORY—Eva Le Gallienne and her company presenting—Fri., Feb. 4, "Twelfth Night"; Sat., (mat.) "Cradle Song," (eve.) "Master Builder"; Mon., "John Gabriel Borkman"; Tues., "Mistress of the Inn," formerly called "La Locandiera"; Wed., (mat.) "Twelfth Night," (eve.) "Master Builder"; Thurs., "Twelfth Night"; Fri., "Cradle Song." In our opinion the "Cradle Song" is the best of these. CIVIC REPERTORY, 6 Ave. at 14.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN—A sad and truthful little story by Maxwell Anderson. BOOTH, 45, W. of B'way.

THE BARKER—A tent show providing a truthful and colorful background for seduction. BILTMORE, 47, W. of B'way.

THE CAPTIVE—Sex in a less conventional form presented with dignity and restraint. EMPIRE, B'way at 40.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—Yesterday's best seller made into a good play for today. CORT, 48, E. of B'way.

THE SILVER CORD—The Oedipus complex going behind the footlights in a good play. JOHN GOLDEN, 58, E. of B'way. Fri., Feb. 4, and Sat., Feb. 5, then off until Feb. 14, while—

NED MCCOBB'S DAUGHTER—plays through the week of Feb. 7. Bootleggers conducting a losing battle with the New England tradition. JOHN GOLDEN, 58, E. of B'way.

COMEDY

CHICAGO—A satiric handling of murder and its consequences. With Francine Larrimore. MUSIC BOX, 45, W. of B'way.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—An accurate adaptation of the book, and just as funny. With June Walker. TIMES SQUARE, 42, W. of B'way.

GUISTRYS—In "Mozart." Last three times. Fri. Eve., Feb. 4, and Sat. Aft. and Eve., Feb. 5. 46TH STREET, 46, W. of B'way.

PYGMALION—Shaw and the Theatre Guild making the most of Cinderella. Alternates weekly with "Brothers Karamazov" and plays during the week of Feb. 7. GUILD, 52, W. of B'way.

TOMMY—A pleasant play that at least won't turn the conversation to censorship of the stage. GAIETY, B'way at 46.

THE CONSTANT WIFE—Ethel Barrymore as the modern wife holding the modern husband well in check. MAXINE ELLIOTT, 39, E. of B'way.

THE PLAY'S THE THING—Talk, and a great deal of it, helping a fiancée save her engagement. HENRY MILLER'S, 43, E. of B'way.

TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS—Pinero's comedy with John Drew and a host of other stars. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42, W. of B'way.

WITH MUSIC

BYE BYE BONNIE—Prohibition and prison mixed into a good musical comedy. RITZ, 48, W. of B'way.

COUNTESS MARITZA—A poor plot held together by good music and good staging. 44TH STREET, 44, W. of B'way.

CRISS CROSS—Fred Stone and his daughter making musical comedy safe for the young. GLOBE, B'way at 47.

HONEYMOON LANE—Love, in and out of a pickle factory. With Eddie Dowling. KNICKERBOCKER, B'way at 38.

OH, KAY!—Gertrude Lawrence in a musical comedy well tuned by George Gershwin. Also Betty Comp-ton. IMPERIAL, 45, W. of B'way.

OH, PLEASE!—Beatrice Lillie the very bright spot in an exceedingly dull show. FULTON, 46, W. of B'way.

PEGGY-ANN—Helen Ford in a delightful musical comedy. VANDERBILT, 48, E. of B'way.

QUEEN HIGH—Luella Gear in a good musical comedy adapted from "A Pair of Sixes." AMBASSADOR, 49, W. of B'way.

ROSE-MARIE—Brought back again for those who were so foolish as to miss it before. CENTURY, Cent. Pk. W. at 63.

SCANDALS—A large and satisfactory revue with many and many a star. APOLLO, 42, W. of B'way.

THE DESERT SONG—One of the worst operetta plots yet exposed, but good music and well sung. CASINO, B'way at 39.

THE NIGHTINGALE—A pleasant operetta about Jenny Lind. With Eleanor Painter. JOLSON'S, 7 Ave. at 59.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE—PLYMOUTH, 45, W. of Broadway. An excellent Gilbert and Sullivan revival. Not played Thursdays, when:

IOLANTHE—An even better revival, takes the stage. (Thursday evenings only.) PLYMOUTH, 45, W. of B'way.

THE RAMBLERS—Clark and McCullough for humor, and Marie Saxon for dancing, and what more could you wish? LYRIC, 42, W. of B'way.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE—Kansas, movie people, and Joe E. Brown in an average musical comedy. LIBERTY, 42, W. of B'way.

VANITIES—Moran and Mack and Charlotte's Revue surrounded by the same Vanities. EARL CARROLL, 7 Ave. at 50.

YOURS TRULY—An operetta turned vaudeville, with Leon Errol. And Marion Harris and her songs. SHUBERT, 44, W. of B'way.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

SINNER—Claiborne Foster returns in a new play by Thompson Buchanan. KLAU, 45, W. of B'way. Mon., Feb. 7.

THE WILD MAN OF BORNEO—A comedy by Marc Connelly and Herman J. Manckiewicz. Mon., Feb. 7. BIJOU, 45, W. of B'way.

(Dates of openings should be verified owing to frequent late changes by managers.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



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FRAGRANT INDISPENSABLE LUXURIES

*If you would see how exquisite
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Then give it the delicate glori-
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Performance is usually the first quality considered by the buyer of any fine car. Though comfort, beauty, distinction, and a host of other requirements must be satisfied—the motor car must first of all meet easily every demand of travel and traffic.

Packard performance is supreme. Closed car speed is the true criterion.

Even the largest of the improved Packard Six and Packard Eight closed models, fully loaded, ask no odds of any car built—either in traffic or on the open road.

The top speed of Packard cars is too great for safe use anywhere off a speedway. But the power is there—reflected in a new standard of traffic agility and hill-climbing ability—the marvel of new owners.

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GOINGS ON

CONTINUED

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51.—Park Avenue atmosphere enhanced by Larry Stry's music and Tommy Lyman's singing.**

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3.—A midnight revue and Pee-wee Byer's orchestra to entertain an uptown clientèle.**

CLUB LIDO, 808 7 Ave.—Basil Durant and his new partner, Mary Horain, taking the place of the Yacht Club boys.***

CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51.—Simmes and Babette, and Jack Smith the "Whispering Baritone," for the amusement of the élite.***

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50.—Miller and Farrell and Delaune and Revel (masters of the ballroom Black Bottom) amusing a civilized night club crowd.***

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56.—You don't mind the revue if Harry Richman is introducing it.**

COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9.—Comedy orchestra combined with a good dance floor and a gay village spirit.*

KATINKA, 109 W. 49.—A dark cellar with a Russian atmosphere and a jaunty revue.*

KAVKAZ, 1691 B'way—Another Russian favorite with a devoted clientèle.*

LE PERROQUET DE PARIS, 146 W. 57.—Roger Kahn, his orchestra and a revue in a resplendent effort to make the five-dollar couvert succeed.***

ROSS FENTON CLUB, B'way at 50.—Brooke Johns back from England and very exuberant, too. Just another night club.**

TEXAS GUINAN'S THREE HUNDRED CLUB, 151 W. 54.—Crowded conditions and lots of noise until curfew time. Not for the kiddies.**

TWIN OAKS, 163 W. 46.—Romantic surroundings, a Johnny Johnson orchestra and a crowd that is not too refined.*

VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60.—Couvert charge almost imperceptible. Aristocratic surroundings.***

SMALL'S, 2294 7 Ave., and CLUB BRAMVILLE, 65 W. 129, are high spots of Harlem. Must be seen late to be appreciated. Advisable not to dress.

* NEEDN'T DRESS.

** BETTER DRESS.

*** MUST DRESS.

MOTION PICTURES

BEAU GESTE—Why the *Geste Brothers* took to the desert and what happened there. CRITERION, B'way at 44.

THE BETTER 'OLE—Syd Chaplin brings *Old Bill* to life in a slapstick war

comedy. With the Vitaphone. COLONY, B'way at 53.

THE BIG PARADE—An exciting war film that holds the movie run record on Broadway. ASTOR, B'way at 45.

OLD IRONSIDES—A silly story about the frigate *Constitution* set in a beautiful picture. RIVOLI, B'way at 49.

WHAT PRICE GLORY—A war picture that leaves you very little ground for complaint. HARRIS, 42, W. of B'way.

The following also are recommended. Consult the daily papers to learn if they are showing and where:

THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH, FAUST, A LITTLE JOURNEY, HOTEL IMPERIAL, BLONDE OR BRUNETTE and PARADISE FOR TWO.

ART

AFRICAN SCULPTURE—Unusual chance to see this form. NEW ARTS CIRCLE, 35 W. 57.

ALL AMERICAN—Patriotic dealers sponsor an annual show. Opens Tues., Feb. 8. ANDERSON GALLERIES, Park at 59.

CZOBEL—Something different from France; sloppy but soulful oils. BRUMMER, 27 E. 57.

HARTL AND ANDERSON—Naïve painting and sturdy sculpture. WHITNEY STUDIO CLUB, 14 E. 8.

HASSAM—Etchings, lithos, etc., by one of the best of the middle period. HARLOW, 712 5 Ave.

KUHN—A pioneer American modern showing good stuff. GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES atop station. Closes Wed., Feb. 9.

LEFT WING—Part of the big modern show recently in Brooklyn. ANDERSON GALLERIES, Park at 59.

MANIEVICH—Paintings by a Russian artist. DURAND-RUEL, 12 E. 57.

MATISSE—An historical showing of one of the great living Frenchmen. Retrospective, with sense. Closes Sat., Feb. 5. VALENTINE DUDENSING, 43 E. 57.

MINIATURES—Annual show of the Society of Miniature Painters. MACBETH GALLERIES, 15 E. 57.

MODERNS—Not painted by the Junior League, but by the younger group. LEAGUE ROOMS, 133 E. 61.

O'KEEFE—Annual fireworks display of a woman who paints rings around the rainbow. Don't miss it. Room 303, ANDERSON GALLERIES, Park at 59.

PICASSO—Drawings by a modern; also sculpture by Manolo. WEYHE, 794 Lexington.

ABOUT TOWN

FROM PAGE 10

SCHMIDT—A young woman has her début among the younger American moderns. Promising stuff. DANIEL, 600 Madison.

SWEDISH ART—Swedish contemporary art. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82.

WALKOWITZ AND TOFEL—Paintings and drawings by two good artists. JEWISH ART CENTER, 51 E. 10.

WILTZ—One of four hopefuls picked by DUDENSING, 45 W. 44.

MUSIC

RECITALS

FRITZ KREISLER—Get your standing room now. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. Eve., Feb. 4.

GEORGE MEADER—One of our finest artists in song. AEOLIAN HALL, Sun. Aft., Feb. 6.

KATHERINE BACON—Beethoven's piano sonatas continued. STEINWAY HALL, Mon. Eve., Feb. 7.

PERCY GRAINGER—One of The Pianists in a rather popular program. CARNEGIE HALL, Wed. Eve., Feb. 9.

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC—Toscanini's last two concerts this season: CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. Eve., Feb. 5; Sun. Aft., Feb. 6. Furtwaengler conducting: CARNEGIE HALL, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 10; Fri. Aft., Feb. 11. Schelling conducting (Children's Concerts): AEOLIAN HALL, Sat. Morn. and Aft., Feb. 5.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY—Klemperer conducting. MECCA TEMPLE, Sun. Aft., Feb. 6. CARNEGIE HALL, Thurs. Aft., Feb. 10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. Aft., Feb. 5.

MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY—Verbruggen conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Mon. Eve., Feb. 7.

CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Jacobs conducting. AEOLIAN HALL, Sun. Eve., Feb. 6.

SUNDAY SYMPHONIC SOCIETY—Zuro conducting. HAMPDEN'S THEATRE, B'way at 63, Sun., Feb. 6, at 12:30 P.M.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA Co.—Fri. Eve., Feb. 4, "Jewels of the Madonna"; Sat. Aft., Feb. 5, "Rigoletto"; Sat. Eve., Feb. 5, "Götterdämmerung"; Sun. Eve., Feb. 6, Concert. Others to be announced. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, B'way at 39.

BARBER OF SEVILLE—With Chaliapin. MECCA TEMPLE, Wed. Eve. Feb. 9; Thurs. Eve., Feb. 10; Fri. Eve., Feb. 11.

INTIMATE OPERA Co.—Mozart's "La

Finta Giardiniera." MAYFAIR, 44, E. of B'way.

SPORTS

BOXING—ROSENBERG vs. GRAHAM, semi-final World's Bantamweight Champ. Fri., Feb. 4. HANSON vs. PAOLINO, the first of the heavyweight elimination bouts, Mon., Feb. 7. All bouts at 8:30 P.M. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, 8 Ave. at 49.

HOCKEY—PROFESSIONAL—Rangers vs. Pittsburgh, Sun., Feb. 6; Americans vs. Pittsburgh, Tues., Feb. 8; games at 8:30 P.M. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, 8 Ave. at 49.

POLO—FALL TOURNAMENT—Sat., Feb. 5, Mon., Feb. 7, and Wed., Feb. 9, at 5:30 P.M. 105 FIELD ARTILLERY, Franklin Ave. at 166. See papers for games.

SQUADRON A vs. West Point Officers and Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club, Sat., Feb. 5, 8 P.M., at the ARMORY, Park at 94.

ON THE AIR

ALBERT SPALDING and JOHN CHARLES THOMAS—Fiddler and baritone in the first concert of the Brunswick all-star series. Station WJZ, Fri. Eve., Feb. 4, at 9.

WALTER DAMROSCH—Lecture recital on "Die Meistersinger." Station WEA, Sat. Eve., Feb. 5, at 9.

CHILDREN'S CONCERTS—Philharmonic, Schelling conducting. Station WJZ, Sat., Feb. 5, at 11 A.M.

PHILHARMONIC—Toscanini conducting. Station WJZ, Sat. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8:30.

OTHER EVENTS

AUCTION—What's left of the Quinn Collection going on the block. Modern paintings—Goya, Matisse, Degas and Gauguin among others—with sculpture and famous letters thrown in. On exhibit Sat., Feb. 5, through Tues., Feb. 8; week-days, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 2-6 P.M. Sales, Feb. 9 and 10, at 8:15 P.M. and Feb. 10 11 and 12, at 2:15 P.M. AMERICAN ART GALLERIES, Madison at 57.

DANCER—Angna Enters in the last of a series of recitals. Sun. Eve., Feb. 6. SELWYN THEATRE, 42, W. of B'way.

DOG SHOW—The Westminster Kennel Club takes over MADISON SQUARE GARDEN for its big annual display. Thurs., Feb. 10, through Sat., Feb. 12. 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. Two specialty shows precede the big event: Pomeranians, Tues., Feb. 8, at the WALDORF; Terriers, Wed., Feb. 9, at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. Both open 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.



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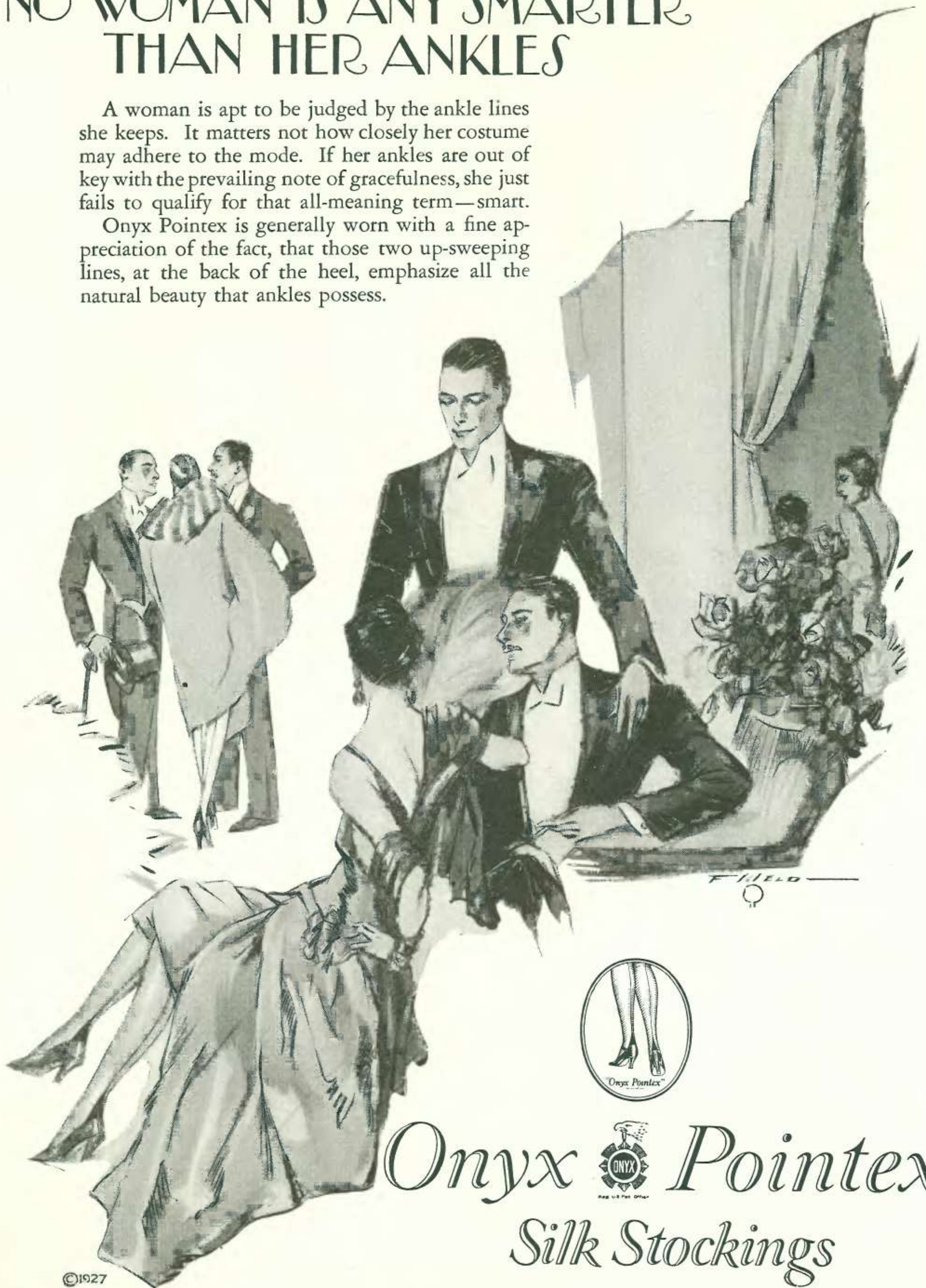
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE CHELSEA Exchange Bank reports that chorus girls are regular depositors, with thrift accounts and a tendency to save. This is dreadfully laudable. We congratulate all local butterflies who are, beneath their gauzy syndicated wings, nothing but good solid citizens. But our Chamber of Commerce should make a certain effort to prevent the news being noised abroad. A single rumor of this sort



can lay waste whole counties in Indiana and leave them desolate.

THE BUS company may not be interested in corollaries to the great proposition, now almost a forgotten issue, that paying when you've sat down is pleasanter than paying as you enter. We nevertheless will mention that the system of paying when you've sat down enables the conductor to come inside the bus from time to time and to coax some blood back into his congealing hands and feet. We are told that in spite of the indifference of authorities, conductors, in their quaint way, consider these circulatory matters highly important.

OUR SUNNY disposition sees one lasting good which has come out of the Browning trial. It is the better understanding between the editors of the tabloids and their readers. As early as the second day of the trial, we noticed that the *Mirror* had estab-

lished so intimate, so vibratory a contact with its subscribers that it was able to report the verbatim testimony



intelligently with the use of three asterisks. We quote, to illustrate our point: "Q.* * *. A. She didn't say that." Our feeling is that when a newspaper has educated its public to this degree, it has fulfilled the highest trust of journalism. Not only that—each asterisk was illustrated.

IT IS the sorrowful contention of Senator Bruce that all the Senators he's ever seen decline a drink could be put inside a yellow taxi. But there he leaves the matter hanging. Would, we muse, the Senators be willing to get into the taxi? And if so,

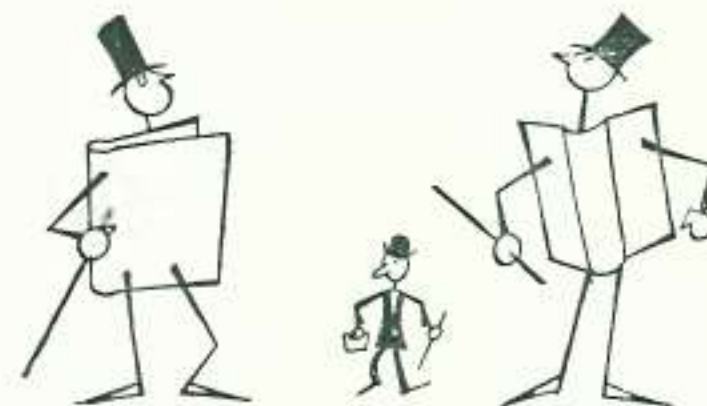


where would they instruct the driver to go? And wouldn't the driver think there was something queer about a handful of sober men getting into his cab with no flasks or destination?

SATIETY sometimes grips us in the midst of mad night life. Only the other evening we sat wearily at a mirrorside table in Roger Kahn's parrot club. The big moment was at hand. The lights changed, Mr. Kahn wove the baton, and goldfish

flashed in the table beneath our elbows. And we were unsatisfied. Analyzing our emotions, we concluded that what we really wanted to see was a goldfish leading the orchestra and little Roger swimming around in the table!

WITH readers of books now organized in two great factions—the Literary Guild and the Book of the Month Club—a lonely little fellow like ourself who has never been tapped



feels pretty much out of it when he slips off by himself and just reads without any affiliation whatsoever.

And speaking of the Book of the Month Club, the idea needs developing, we feel. Why not a Car of the Month Club, with a committee which would select the motor car it deems most powerful for the month, this to be mailed to all who are enrolled as members? A club like that might catch our eye.

Authority

IT WAS only after voluminous correspondence, the exertion of personal charm, and possibly the judicious use of a good deal of pressure, that the current exhibition of paintings at the Reinhardt Galleries was assembled—works of El Greco, Zuloaga, Cézanne, Rembrandt, and so on, borrowed from their owners to show the development of painting. Those in charge, therefore, were a little put out



when a dressy lady, running to green ostrich plumes, spurned a catalogue (sold for the benefit of the Greenwich Music School) with: "Certainly not! Why, my dear young woman, I've seen the originals of all these."

Gala Occasions

THOSE given to gasping occasionally at the size to which New York has grown may have reflected that on one evening last week two of the most important balls of the season were held—the Beaux Arts and the Old Guard—and on the same night there was a prize fight of more or less importance, the opera, a matter of sixty-odd theatres and other entertainments without number. Truly, the magnitude of New York is getting almost beyond comprehension.

The only untoward incident we have heard of occurred at the Beaux Arts Ball, to which the Guitrys, invited to appear in the pageant, were denied admittance. They had a pressing invitation but no tickets, and the young gendarmes at the door had heard of Shoetree—but not Guitry. The committee has undoubtedly blushed sufficiently over this incident, and from the general success of the event one is justified in remarking that it is the one event of the year in which all circles mingle and see each other, and that this is wholesome and desirable. Along with busses, subways and seventeen-million-dollar moving-picture palaces, what this city needs is more gaiety like the Beaux Arts ball.

IT WAS the 101st annual reunion of the Old Guard and (since the average age of the battalion is said to be seventy) the black bottom season may be said to be over for our older militarists.

It is worthy of note that the Old Guard hasn't missed an annual ball

since it came into being in 1826. In that year it made its social bow in the old Academy of Music. Later it transferred its annual dance to the original Madison Square Garden and still later to the Metropolitan Opera House, the organization having its own floor made to cover the orchestra pit and part of the parquet. They say this floor is still stored somewhere in the building and still owned by the Guard.

The battalion itself really began with the Tompkins Blues, the city's first disciplined military organization, the recruiting of which followed a dazzling visit to Manhattan by Boston's famous Light Infantry. Later the Blues split off into the Light Guard and the City Guard—the former fighting through the Civil War as Company A of the Seventy-first



Infantry, and the latter as the Ninth Regiment. Later a reunion of the survivors of the two organizations resulted in the formation of the Old Guard under that name. Its membership is limited to two hundred. As its older members die, younger ones—seldom any under forty—replace them.

"Recruits" must come from "good families," and it is necessary that they shall have seen some military service. No matter what their former ranks may have been, they enter the Old Guard as guardsmen and promotion is by vote of the members. The present commandant is Major Edward Havemeyer Snyder, who is serving his tenth term. William A. Damer is adjutant and J. Lester Shay is sergeant major. In the ranks are the bearers of many good old American names, and among its honorary members are President Coolidge, Governor Smith, Albert, King of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, General

Pershing, Marshals Foch and Joffre, Field Marshal Haig and Sir Thomas Lipton. Sir Thomas, by the way, has given a silver plaque as a prize for marksmanship, and it would amaze you to see the marks made by some of the octogenarians who go after it.

THE GUARD has not changed its uniform from the beginning. Its members still wear the long bear-skin shakos, white swallowtail coats and blue trousers with plenty of gold braid. They drill—not too often—in their "armory," a charming old graystone house at 307 West Ninety-first Street. There is still plenty of rivalry among the members in sabre drill as well as marksmanship. But the greatest rivalry ended a few years ago. It was that between Capt. "Jimmy" Wenman and Capt. Charles Williams. Capt. Wenman didn't drink and he contended he would live longer than Capt. Williams, who did. Anti-prohibitionists may be glad to know that Capt. Wenman died at ninety-nine years and four months, and his less temperate, though far from intemperate, friend at ninety-nine years and six months.

Post-Victorian

SIDNEY HOWARD has discovered the manuscript, and is now in search of the author, of a play written as long ago as 1900 and based on the same problem as "The Captive." The script is credited to a gentleman who



was then a cleric in Schenectady. It is a frank but strangely stilted exposé of the lives of *Cordelia* and *Della*. In the last scene *Della* kills herself (the stage directions call for a razor) at the altar as she is about to marry a benighted gentleman, and the minister who had been engaged for the ceremony remarks to the falling curtain: "There she goes, the undefiled bride of the Unavoidable."

AND SINCE the subject of stage directions has come up, a gentleman of the theatre tells us that a script is now making the rounds of the producers with this gem embedded in it: "A trumpet sounds offstage that has a sort of a kind of a Cosmic pulse." We understand the play probably won't be produced this season.

One Year Old

IT APPEARS that hockey is threatening to harness, in the winter months, the tremendous energy that would be wasted during the summer if it were not for baseball. Last week we were among seventeen thousand persons (a figure officially supplied) who saw a game between two professional teams. Good quality high hats were in evidence in the rinkside boxes. We learn, in fact, that with the exception of the transient horse show crowd, the hockey audience is considered the Garden's most socially gifted coterie.

This is a recent state of affairs. Last year saw the first real hockey matches in this town, and not even the promoters knew how it would all end until, toward the close of the season, they heard the audience boo the referee. Infallibly this is the first sign that a sport will go over commercially. Hockey went. The present season will bring forth seven hundred thousand, they say. There is slight wonder. The uniforms

of the New York Americans alone would draw crowds—they look like a special de luxe edition of the American flag. The motif is stars and stripes, but they have simply everything—the player's name, the player's number, the team's name, rings of red-white-and-blue on the stockings, rings of blue-white-and-red on the shirts, stars in countless profusion.

There was a certain deliberateness that went into designing those costumes, for inasmuch as the American team was recruited almost entirely from former Canadian aggregations, the sight of so much miscarried patriotism is said to rule the opposing compatriots to a point bordering on the terrible. Blood is thicker than ice. This makes for good hockey.

Fouls in this game are punished by sending the offending player to a little four-foot bench behind the fence, where he sits and sulks until released. Fighting is a major penalty, drawing a five-minute exile from the ice. But in the frenzy of a contest, the player's interest in the puck occasionally becomes at best academic, and a sock in the eye more pertinent. In one game recently, two men were removed, locked in each other's arms, and placed on the inadequate bench, where the slugging started again. Finally one had to be incarcerated on the other side of the pond. All this comes un-

der the head of good clean fun, and one spends a truly sporting evening.

College hockey is something else again—chiefly important for its comedy. Many people follow it, including Jimmie Walker, who has given a cup. It consists largely in seeing an imaginative player take the puck, at ever-increasing speed, the entire length of the rink, head directly for the defense, attain eighty m.p.h., and then, unable to think of anything else to do, fall flat down and glide the rest of the way into the cage on his bare nose. This is fun, too, but it is not so exciting.

Going West

ITEMS from sun-favored California. . . . Joseph Hergesheimer completely ruined a mock reception arranged for him on his arrival by taking it all seriously, kissing the hands of welcoming bathing beauties and proceeding



to his hotel escorted by several Mack Sennett motor cops under the impression that they grew that way in California. . . . Will Hays is faced with the difficulty of deciding whether "Revelry" shall or shall not be done—as a film, the difficulty being caused by the fact that Mr. Hays was a member of the cabinet which the book treats a little harshly. . . . A Los Angeles characterization of that far-famed city



THE BEAUX ARTS BALL
AT THE ASTOR

as "the Athens of America" prompted one of the near-intellectuals to remark upon leaving: "The only two-syllable word they know is fil-lum."

Hunter

A GENTLEMAN who knew him in college, and has renewed his acquaintanceship recently, has told us about Mr. Wynant D. Hubbard, whose recent article in *Liberty* revived with a bang the Harvard-Princeton rumpus. He is twenty-seven, well over six feet tall, and serious, with the eye of a reformer. He came originally from Kansas City, but studied in Europe before he went to Harvard. Since childhood he has had a passion for animals, and while in Cambridge the curator of the Boston Zoo was his friend and allowed him to fraternize with full-grown lions and tigers. Married in college, he went to work in a mine in Canada without waiting for his degree.

He left that mine for another in Africa and then left that, to enter the jungle. There he spent three more or less harrowing years. His son was born four hundred miles from the rail-end. When a river washed out the garden his wife had planted to provide food, Hubbard and his wife nearly starved. Kindly natives fed the child, but the parents suffered so from malnutrition that they were too weak to walk. In the end they traded the animals they had captured for passage to America. Arriving here a year ago, Mr. Hubbard has written about the jungle. His book on the subject is said to be one of the best.

THE ARTICLE about football was a by-product. Retaining his interest in sports, Mr. Hubbard was preparing to write an exposé of professionalism in various sports. At Cambridge last fall, however, he fell in with some Harvard graduates who were waxing indignant over Princeton, and it was then that the football article was decided on. Once committed, he took the task seriously—as something of a mission in life. The article was originally intended for *Collier's*, but found its way to *Liberty*. At present Mr. Hubbard is living in a flat in Astoria. He has expressed himself as in favor of an investigation by the neutral Yale—a star chamber session which, he feels, would bring forward

persons to substantiate his story. The football situation is, however, a secondary interest with him. His real purpose now is to finance a return trip to Africa, there to study animals and make a campaign against the tsetse fly.

IN THE program of the Longacre Theatre, where "An American Tragedy" is now holding forth, we have found listed among stage carpenters, masters of properties and such, under the general heading of "For Horace Liveright," this: "Company Physiotherapist—Dr. Philip L. Kohnstamm." Taking apart the two Greek roots thus used together we suspect that the company has a doctor.

Pink

THE RIDING Club Hound Show produced few moments of palpitating excitement, but it did serve to bring to life the atmosphere of an old English hunting print. There were gentlemen in bowler hats, spats and oversized overcoats and others with pink coats and black velvet caps, all looming against a background of soft browns, reds and hunting pink. From the ceiling hung rows of bright banners, each emblazoned with an escutcheon, which may have been the family crest of the hounds themselves.

Despite all the colorfulness, the dogs seemed depressed, even when, dragged about the ring by their beaming owners, they were awarded prizes. And we must report that two ladies present were apparently disaffected by this indifference of the dogs.

As they left we heard one of them say: "To quote Mr. Brown-ing's African gander, 'Honk, honk, it's the bonk.'"

Maestro

SIGNOR Arturo Toscanini will soon be on his way back to Italy, but not, however, without having renewed the indelible outlines of the impression he made upon New York's musical world when he first wove reeds and strings into his peculiarly effective pattern at the Metropolitan Opera House back in 1908. It was feared for a time that he had made the long ocean trip—which he abhors—in vain, but he recovered from a severe bronchial attack in time to lead the Philharmonic as guest conductor, canceling his original sailing date.

Signor Toscanini has had few rivals as a conductor since the evening he left his 'cello rather hurriedly to take the baton of an orchestral maestro who had fallen suddenly ill. On that occasion he removed the score from the rack and went through the remainder of the program without it. It was not just a gesture, for he has never since conducted with a score. Not only does he know the music which his orchestras play so well that he can sing, offhand, any part allotted to any instrument, but he is so nearsighted that a score would be of no more assistance than a copy of the latest novel. He knows more than seventy operas



"This jam is frightful. It'll take us half an hour to go the remaining fifty feet."

"Oh dear, I've half a mind to walk."

Revival

MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., complains in the *Saturday Evening Post* that sons of illustrious families invariably find it difficult to continue the great works of their forebears, but his cousin, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, appears to be having no trouble with the problem. Recalling that his father, the late Alfred G. Vanderbilt, once maintained a line of coaches from Brighton to London, he established a motorized service of the sort between Newport and Providence two years ago. Now we hear he will add a Boston-New York route.

One of the pretty touches of this continuation is the fact that each of the large motor busses employed in the modern stage service is named for one of those maintained by his father in the English line. The original coaches, by the way, are now in the spacious stables at Oakland Farm, Mr. Vanderbilt's summer home in Portsmouth, near Newport, for refitting, and Bellevue Avenue and Ocean Drive will see them in all their picturesque splendor this summer, for Mr. Vanderbilt intends driving them out. It is noteworthy also that Mr. Vanderbilt maintains another family tradition by keeping an excellent stable and winning, from time to time, new blue ribbons for the trophy collection established by his father.

A.D. 1927

THE NEWSPAPERS having determined the ten best books to take to a desert island, the ten best books not to take to a desert island, whether ministers believe in God, and all such questions, one of them, we are told, has set out to determine what initials, either of famous people or organizations, are the most widely known—T. R., B. P. O. E., and so forth. In quest of her opinion, a representative called Miss Clare Eames, the actress, on the telephone. She replied that perhaps the most universally known ones were I. N. R. I. There was a pause, and then the man said: "What's that, the subway?"

MIXTURES REPORTED: The "Between the Sheets" cocktail—two parts gin, one part Bacardi rum, one part Cointreau and a generous dash of absinthe.

—THE NEW YORKERS



"My dear, I'm afraid I'm just playing at life."
"Got any tricks?"

by heart and perhaps a hundred symphonic works.

His intimate acquaintance with music, it seems, breeds uncommon fear in the hearts of those whom he directs. He has been known to stop an orchestra rehearsal, turn to an obscure violinist and call his attention to a B flat he has misread. This, in fact, is just what he did on numerous occasions when he first rehearsed with the Metropolitan orchestra. His advent had been viewed with resentment by the German element in the orchestra. However, after he had interrupted the first rehearsal fifteen or twenty times to correct intentional discords, he had no further trouble. With the singers he was a terror, too. He was known to seek them out in their dressing rooms in the intermissions and call their attention to false notes. One diva, it is said, changed her dressing room every performance in an effort to hide from him.

He insists on this sort of discipline. He is interested in the composer rather than the singer, and told one famous performer who made undue claims as a "star" that he knew of no stars other

than those in the heavens. His departure from the Metropolitan in 1915 remains a mystery which he will not discuss, but it is generally understood that his artistic conscience will permit of nothing but a completely free hand.

Offstage, Signor Toscanini is a gentle, retiring person who dislikes crowds and excitement. He is slender, even frail, with a large head, bushy hair, eyebrows that form a continuous line, and eyes that are black and burning. He works and studies incessantly, rarely attending social functions. His only diversion while here has been an occasional automobile ride around the city. He is living, during his American stay, at the Hotel Astor, with his wife and two daughters. He has no secretary, and personally opens the door to callers. He employs no press agent and would not even submit to an interview when ship news reporters recently besieged him. In this case it was his elder daughter, Signorina Wally, who saved the day. She not only parried questions charmingly but she posed for extremely decorative photographs.



THE IMPRESSIONABLE PIANIST WITH

7.



8.



9.



10.



11.



12.



HAD BEEN TO A PRIZE FIGHT

THE RITZ CARLTONS

THEY CATCH A LION

WHEN Ritza returned from Tuxedo and Mr. and Mrs. Carlton got back from Lake Placid, where Mrs. Carlton was perfectly certain she had frozen her feet, several days of comparative quiet followed at the Carltons' home. Ordinarily they would have gone to Florida, but Mrs. Carlton couldn't face the trip; the season had been too strenuous.

Numbers of odd jobs were done. The closets throughout the house were lined with fresh cedar, all the pictures on the ground floor were reframed, and the pianos were all tuned.

It happened at this time that they met an English playwright called Bovril, several of whose plays were on Broadway, and discovered that he was staying with the Biltmores. Ritza went to a little talk he gave on "The Sponge in Literature" and Mrs. Biltmore described him as "ever so interesting." That same evening Mrs. Carlton talked to her husband.

"The Hyde Parks are over from London, by the way, and they say Mark Tadpole, the novelist, is landing next week. I think it would be nice to have him stay with us. The Biltmores—"

"But we don't know him," Ritz objected.

Mrs. Carlton strove to be patient. "The Hyde Parks know him well enough, my dear. They put him up in Devonshire several times."

THE LONG and the short of it was that five days later Mr. Mark Tadpole, author of "Twenty-four Pies and a Blackbird," took possession of a suite on the third floor of the Carltons' residence. He immediately began using the automatic elevator, invariably forgetting to close the door after him when he was finished with it, with the result that nobody else could make use of it.

Ritza was apprised of his arrival by finding that she had to walk upstairs when she came in before dinner. "Oh, my God!" she remarked.

Mrs. Carlton sent for her. "Ritza," she said earnestly, "Mark Tadpole, the celebrated novelist, is in the house, and I want you to be pleasant to him. It's very nice of him to stay with us."

"What does he look like?" asked

Ritza non-committally.

"He's a gentleman," replied Mrs. Carlton with emphasis, "well dressed, with beautiful manners and a charming voice."

"How old is he?"

"I should say he was about forty-five."

Ritza picked up her mother's buffer and began to polish her nails briskly.

"Certainly, I'll be pleasant to him—somebody's got to tell him to shut the door of the elevator after him. I had to walk up."

Mr. Carlton upon his return home was also apprised by direct evidence that the house was being honored with a celebrated guest. Going into the den, he rang the bell and demanded to know the whereabouts of the evening papers, which were not in their accustomed place.

"Mr. Tadpole, Sir, requested that they be brought up to his room," said the footman.

"But there are five evening papers," protested Ritz.

"He wished them all, Sir."

SOMEWHAT confused, Ritz went upstairs to consult his wife. "There's not a single paper downstairs," he said a trifle warmly, "Tadpole had them all sent up to his room. What do you suppose he did that for?"

Mrs. Carlton didn't know. "But let him do what he wants to, Ritz," she said pleadingly, "it's very nice of him to stay with us, remember."

At this, Ritza, who was still polishing her nails, gave a snort.

"I'm not going to keep him from doing what he wants to," said Mr. Carlton after glancing suspiciously at his daughter, "but I think he might have left me one paper."

There was to be a small dinner of sixteen at eight—just a few intimates of Mrs. Carlton's, to whom Mr. Tadpole was to appear and be introduced. He was scheduled to lecture somewhere later. When Mrs. Carlton came to ordering the car for him, she



was disconcerted to find that he had already ordered it.

As they stood around waiting for Tadpole before dinner, Ritz remarked good-naturedly to Mrs. Majestic that novelists were always more or less eccentric. "Took all my evening papers, you know."

"Mother says I've got to read one of his books," Ritza was saying across the room.

At half-past eight the butler entered and whispered to Mrs. Carlton that Mr. Tadpole felt that he had better have his dinner in his room. She swayed slightly at the news, and her cheeks paled, but she continued to chat affably. Presently she suggested that it might be well not to wait any longer for Mr. Tadpole. "He always hesitates about eating too much," she said, "particularly when he is lecturing."

The next day Ritza called on her father in the morning den. "That fellow Tadpole must think we're a hotel," she confided sourly. "I haven't seen him since he's been here."

"You must make allowances, Ritza," her father said soothingly.

"I'm not going to bawl him out or anything," Ritza assured him, "but from now on I'm not going to keep any engagements on his account. If something better turns up that I want to do, I'm going to do it."

After sitting and digesting this statement for some time, Ritz, instead of going to his club, went and spoke seriously to Mrs. Carlton. Mrs. Carlton dabbed her eyes furiously. "Of course, we can't say anything to anybody," she said bitterly, "but I was

terribly mortified last night at Mr. Tadpole's thoughtlessness."

"It was very disappointing of him," Ritz agreed. "What ought we to do? Ritza says—"

"Do?" echoed Mrs. Carlton despairingly. "There's a dinner of thirty-two tonight, one of sixty-four tomorrow night, and one of one hundred and twenty-eight on Friday. I don't know what we *can* do."

Ritz's hands clenched as he looked at his wife's grief-stricken face. Things were very cruel.

MR. TADPOLE finally appeared at tea and permitted his host to have a good look at him. Mrs. Carlton came downstairs especially to see him. Ritza poured tea, her mother not feeling up to it, and examined the famous novelist closely. "Mother says I ought to read one of your books," she said, handing him a piece of imported chocolate cake.

"Cruel parent!" he replied, smiling.

"Why, Ritza!" exclaimed Mrs. Carlton, saying not quite the right thing, "I never said anything of the . . ."

It was altogether very, very charming—Mrs. Carlton could hear herself telling Mrs. Plaza how just like a book it was. "When do you lecture again?" she asked, exclaiming how interesting it must be to hear him talk.

"Tonight, I'm afraid," he said ruefully. "It's rather beastly."

"But I say—there's to be a . . ."

Ritz began, subsiding at a look from his wife.

"We were just having a few dozen people in to meet you," she said, hastily swallowing some tea, "they'll be frightfully disappointed."

He perished the thought with a gesture. "You exaggerate," he murmured, "and tomorrow I fear I must go to Schenectady."

This was a really serious blow.

"But I'll be back," he added. Soon afterwards he excused himself to prepare some notes.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Ritza after a short silence, "if I were you, when he goes to Schenectady, I'd make him take a taxi to the station."

Mrs. Carlton's shoulders were shaking with disappointment.

The following noon the Secretary called Mr. Carlton on the telephone at his club. "Mrs. Carlton is becoming worried sick over things, Sir," she said.

"She seemed all right this morning," said Ritz in dismay.

"But she's been thinking things over, Sir," said the Secretary.

Ritz consequently lunched at home.

The dreadful presence of Tadpole in the house had brought the members of the family closer together than they had been for some time. "Thank the Lord he's gone to Schenectady," said Ritza, "do you know what he did this morning? He asked me not to play the Ampico in my room, as it disturbed him when he was working."

"I hope you didn't worry your

mother by telling her," Ritz said apprehensively.

In the afternoon Mrs. Carlton was persuaded that a little spin in the air would do her good. Ritz pointed out that she had never driven in the new Isotta since she had had it. She rose unsteadily and went down to the door, to find the Rolls and the second chauffeur at the door.

"Mrs. Carlton wished the Isotta," said Ritz severely.

After saluting, the footman explained that the Isotta was not in the garage. "Mr. Tadpole took it to Schenectady, Sir."

There came a low cry from Mrs. Carlton as Ritz stood helplessly on the doorsill with clenched fists. "I will never be well enough for dinner tonight," she said when they had got her back to bed.

THE SECRETARY was busy that afternoon calling up the sixty-four guests who were to have come that evening and asking them if they could come the following evening instead. Many accepted, which, together with the hundred and twenty-eight who were already invited for that night, made well over a hundred and eighty souls.

Although so numerous a party was not too large for the Carlton house dining room, a general feeling of uneasiness pervaded the household. It could not help being an important occasion, and Mrs. Carlton was not rallying as she should. Ritz was so perturbed that he barely went to the club.

Ritza took the occasion to go through Tadpole's suite and examine his belongings. "He's got some of your new special cigars up there, Pa, and some of your monogrammed razor blades."

Late in the afternoon a gloomy drizzle set in, covering the window panes with heavy moisture. Mrs. Carlton lay listlessly on her pillows, her eyes fixed sadly on the lugubrious scene, while Ritz kept her company in an easy chair. The Isotta returned shortly after sunset, and a note was brought upstairs to the bedroom.

Although he did not know why, Ritz's heart sank as he took it. "Shall I open it, dear?"

It was in Mr. Tadpole's beautiful English. He appreciated Mrs. Carlton's hospitality immeasurably—he found, however, that he could continue his lecture tour indefinitely—therefore, would they please pack his



"Oh-h-h! Did you hear that?"

"That's nothing—wait till you hear the word they use in the second act!"

bag and send it to him—he was deeply grateful.

Ritz crumpled the paper spasmodically in his hand; and at the sound, Mrs. Carlton raised her head sharply. "Ritz!"

The agony in her voice told him that she had surmised. He bowed his head. "He is not coming back." In the hall could be heard the footsteps of the Secretary as she ran desperately to telephone the Doctor.

After medical skill had done its all, the doctor came to Ritz. "Your wife has been hurt," he said. "Why is it that I cannot learn what made the wound?"

He was never told—indeed, no one was ever told. At the dinner, which Ritz carried off unaided, he spoke well of Mark Tadpole when questioned, always replying that the famous novelist was most charming and so interesting. —FILLMORE HYDE

scure. We cannot make out whether he was elected and ejected or appointed and disappointed.

Senator Jim Reed keeps up a running fire of sarcasm about the White House spokesman. It seems there are sausages and cakes for some people at the executive mansion, but all the newspaper boys get is applesauce and bologna.

William G. McAdoo has lately been in our metropolitan midst, living over the days now dead and gone. He couldn't do any tenting on the old camp ground, because that has now been removed.

According to Mrs. Story, it is

sedition to criticize the foreign policy of the President and Secretary of State. The unanimous action of the Senate appears to have been practically arbitraitorous.

A Jewish wedding in Brownsville was recently raided by the police because of the use of wine. This department can readily recall a Jewish wedding about nineteen hundred years ago that had a far happier ending.

The Mexican papers have jumped to the conclusion that our people are not solidly behind Coolidge in his attitude toward their oil laws. They are herewith declared the winner of the standing broad jump.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

OF ALL THINGS

MR. KELLOGG may go down into history as the ablest oscillator of the Tremulous Twenties. He can simultaneously shake hands in China, fingers in Europe, fists in Nicaragua and knees in Mexico.

Dry agents testify that the government lost money on its Forty-fourth Street speakeasy. The fault lay not in public ownership but in bad management. Blind pigs should be under the expert control of the Department of Agriculture.

A Paris dressmaker, we read, "showed jumper frocks cunningly designed to imitate a small flower worn on the shoulder." This sounds to us like a new triumph in feminine dis-clothes.

Stop-and-go signals have been installed in the Reichstag. When an orator has talked long enough the president presses a button, the lights turn red and Vice President Dawes turns green with envy.

Until the committee reports, the status of Colonel Smith remains ob-



CUBAN (visiting Lake Placid): "Why—that's a lie!"

PROFILES

SNOW MAN

BEFORE I met Urbain Ledoux, or even knew who he was, I saw him in a subway train. The car was almost empty (it was after four in the morning) and he was sitting with his eyes closed, a big man with a handsome and pictorial face that made him look a little like an actor, although his clothes were not at all the clothes an actor would have thought of, being simply a strong cover for his body; corduroy suit, thick rubbers, a soft hat, a leather jacket. At Eighth Street he got out of the train. He was carrying a parcel. Three years later I found out his name.

For a long time he had no name at all. When the men among whom he worked asked what to call him he said, "Nothing," and an Associated Press correspondent turned this into "Mr. Zero." Once, at a meeting, he said that his name was Urbain and the next day an editorial writer discoursed on "The Work of Brother Urbain" as if he were a sort of black friar. Other writers have made him out a philanthropic buffoon, a saint of beaten people, gently lunatic. All these labels of what he is are silly against the simple fact of what he does. Last year he fed 250,000 hungry men.

HE FEEDS most of them in a place called "The Tub," a canteen in the cellar under an old house in St. Mark's Place. The rent of this place is thirty dollars a month. The arrangements are simple: bare table, wooden chairs, white walls, a lithograph of the steamship *Majestic*, a victrola, a bin for old clothes, another for food, a canteen booth by the door where each man coming in gives a meal ticket or a five-cent piece in exchange for a tin coffee-cup, a tin bowl for soup, a spoon. Rye bread is piled in dishes on each table. The men take the thick slices and mash them in the soup. They can have their bowls filled as often as they like. They do not spill anything. They eat intently and without haste. They do not look at each other.

The nickel pays for what each man eats. The Tub is not a charity nor



"Mr. Zero"

does Urbain Ledoux, in theory, give anything but his services. He buys food in quantity at very low prices: frozen potatoes, last year's beans, macaroni sweepings, yesterday's loaves of Jewish bread, recovered fats, preserves in cans whose labels have been spoiled by fire or in transportation. He occasionally takes contributions when they are offered. He does not ask for them.

His friends send him old clothes. He boils the starch out of dress shirts and gives them away. "Damned uncomfortable things," he says. "I used to wear them myself. . . ."

HE WAS not born to formal linen. His father, Joseph Ledoux, was a laborer and later a bookseller in Connecticut; after some prosperous years he went to Canada and bought a farm. Urbain Ledoux was born at St. Hélène, in the Province of Quebec, in 1878. He went to school at Sainte Marie de Manoir and worked his way through a Catholic seminary at Van Buren, Maine. After graduation he worked as overseer in cotton mills at Biddeford, Maine, and wrote for the *Montreal Figaro*. A man he disliked was asking for the American consulship at Three Rivers; he competed, got the

appointment, served as consul successively at Bordeaux and in Santos, Brazil. He was given the consulship at Prague and there enjoyed grand days; he belonged to the Nobility Club where—the only member without a title—he played baccarat with visiting Hohenzollerns. At the age of thirty-two he resigned from the consular service and came to New York; friends he had made at Prague offered him new opportunities. He promoted sales campaigns, organized, among other things, a company for making industrial alcohol, and lived very well at the Park Avenue Hotel.

Up to this time the most important factor in his career had been his zest. Springing from his body, it entered his mind and informed all his actions, making him adequate to every situation, physical and mental, that he was called upon to face. At first he was energetic rather than ambitious, but as he reached higher and everything he wanted fell to him, he began for the first time to question the glory of having played cards at the Nobility Club. Aware of a flaw in his content, he started a long discussion with himself, based on a heterogeneous reading of Russian mystics and French novelists, and illustrated with texts from the Greek: "Know Thyself." "To serve—the highest good."

AT FIRST the thing that he picked out to serve was not clearly defined. During the war he served the Labor Bureau. Then he threw himself furiously into the work of organizing meetings in Boston for the World Peace Foundation. It was still not what he wanted. The ideal of serving mankind, a shrouded figure, came slowly to be replaced by the figures of the jobless men he saw in Boston. One day he asked such a man to take off his shirt. He stood the man on the bandstand in Boston Common.

It was near noontime and a good many jobless men were sitting on the benches in the Common. Some clerks, too, were smoking there while they digested the sandwiches and sundaes they had eaten for lunch. A crowd



collected, and Urbain Ledoux began to auction the man who had taken off his shirt. Big and burly, with his face of an actor or a general, he stormed beside the partly naked man



on the bandstand, pointing to the thin ribs that stuck through his flesh like the ribs of a bird. "See, he is thin," he said. "He wants to work. Give him some work and he'll get fat again." In this way he found jobs for a few men, but before long he was banished from the Common. It was an unseemly thing, even a reflection against the city, many persons thought, to use the Common for any such purpose. Urbain Ledoux came back to New York and went to live on the Bowery. He found dirty, ragged, and sick men sleeping in doorways and on the floors of vacant buildings. He tried to get food for them, working at first with the Salvation Army and then, in 1921, starting his own canteen, which he called, "The Old Bucks and Lane Ducks Club."

Only old men who were sick or crippled could eat at the Old Bucks and Lane Ducks Club. Urbain Ledoux could only feed a few and he

turned away all who were not both old and sick, but in 1922, when the city was filled with unemployed, he decided that a man who could not get a job was in actuality a cripple—old, too, since he was without hope. He fed everyone who came. On New Year's Day he marched a squad of tatterdemalions to the White House and had them join the line of guests who were being received by President Harding. The President shook hands with them. Mr. Zero's name was in the headlines, but things were going badly, nevertheless, with the old bucks and lame ducks. Having himself no money, he asked each man to pay two cents, thinking that would cover the cost of the meal. He had reckoned normal appetites. The intense, steady eating of the starved men made a deficit, and he raised the price to five



cents and also reorganized the club.

It was now that he named it "The Tub"—a reference, vague and grandiose, to Diogenes. His idealism also



is vague and grandiose, the kind of idealism that could inspire action only in a man who responds with action to every stimulus. He put a motto on the wall telling the purpose of The

Tub: "To bring a greater share of love and beauty into the lives of those too long deprived." That his idea of love and beauty should be rye bread and bean soup is what makes this man extraordinary and makes him noble. He is an idealist, if one may define that term as meaning a person who passes from a remote concept to an immediate deed without the middle stage of criticism. He is not particularly kind-hearted. Particularly kind-hearted people are seldom much good at helping the poor—they give what they have to the first affliction they see. Urbain Ledoux judges shrewdly between degrees of desperation. A man asks him for an overcoat. He will not get it. The coat will go to another—weaker, older, or just dismissed from a hospital. He sifts panhandlers from the true derelicts who look just like them. But all this is giving an unfair idea of him, for although his pity is diffused, he has never been able to harden himself against suffering. There are old men whom he keeps all winter; and when the spring comes he cannot turn them out. He feeds them until June is in the parks, warming the benches on which they will sit, and it is time for him to go away.

IN THE SUMMERS he earns the money that pays his personal expenses for the rest of the year. Sometimes he organizes a sales campaign for a manufacturing company. Last year he bought second-hand books in New York and sold them to libraries in Montreal. All winter out of his profits he donates five-cent pieces to men who come into The Tub without any money at all. These are the saddest of all scavengers; they have failed so often that they do not dare ask even for five cents on the street. A man who is sick can eat in The Tub as often as he likes. An old man can eat there as often as he likes. The rest can eat once. No repeaters. "Pull your chairs in close, boys," shouts Mr. Zero. "When you've eaten, get out. . . . For God's sake put the coffee-pot on the table; don't keep running up and down with your cups."

WHEN Henry Ford sailed to end the war in Europe, Mr. Zero had three tickets for the trip. He arrived at the dock late. The peace ship, surrounded by cartoonists, was already in the middle of the East River. Without a moment's hesita-

tion Mr. Zero plunged into the water, festooned with lovely arabesques of oil, and began swimming after the ship. The wharfmen who rescued him refused to put him on board. "There's enough nuts there already," they said. . . .

Once he was arrested in Washington. Carrying a lighted lantern, he picketed the building where the disarmament conferences were being held. What, he asked the police, could they do to him for carrying a lantern? "I was looking for a Christian among the delegates." He defined Christian as "one who practices the gentility of Christ." He holds preachers in a certain suspicion. Before the spokesman of any organized church can talk to the guests in The Tub he has to put up a hundred dollars to go in the soup—and then he cannot talk for more than half an hour.

Urbain Ledoux lives in a back-room littered with books, at 16 St. Mark's Place. He cooks his own meals and, except to work, he goes out very little. Although he has never elected the lot of an anchorite, most of the bonds that tie men to a conventional routine are, for him, broken; his wife is dead, his daughter married, his son, a boy of fifteen, whom he supports, goes to boarding school in the winter and works in the summer. This

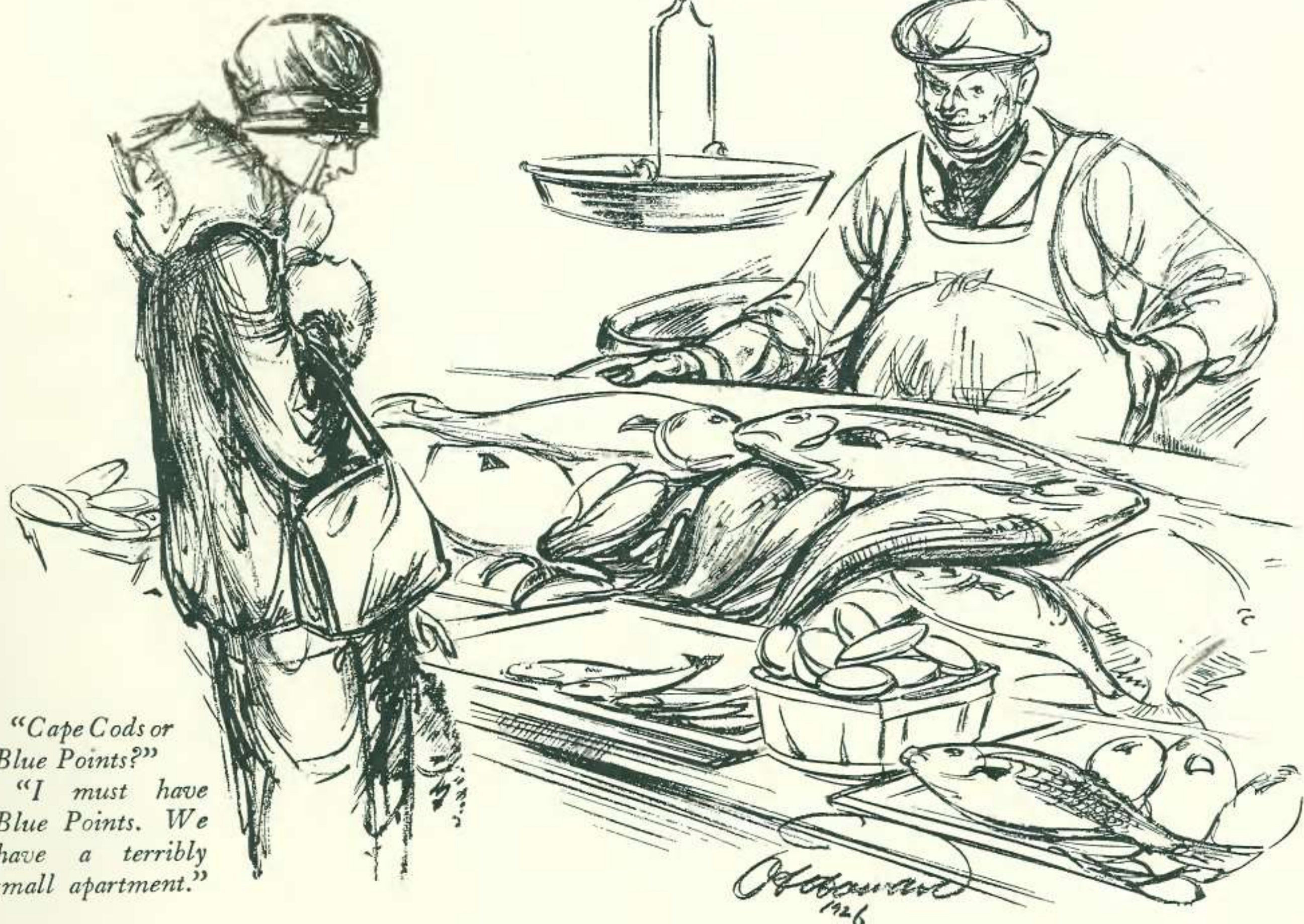
loneliness, like the isolation of the men he feeds, that has descended round him, tends to accentuate in him that complacency evident in all people who have sacrificed something to an ideal. He talks about himself, impersonally and at length, in the admiring terms of one who has been much impressed with a biography which he has read too hastily to grasp all its details. But this uncertain conception of himself, the constant need to underscore the purposes which, like chapter headings, inform his daily life, have no counterpart in his strong competence to do practical work.

HE GETS up at three in the morning. At five he puts on his leather coat and goes to the All Night Mission, the Hadley Street Mission, and other charity headquarters where he gives meal tickets ("Good For All You Can Eat at Mr. Zero's Tub") to the men who have been sleeping there. Meals are served

at twelve and five. On rainy days The Tub opens fifteen minutes before the hour. When they have eaten, the raggedest of the men come and ask him for clothes. He has few to give away. Bundles come in from friends, from casual people who have heard him speak and wanted to help him. He has never received any important gifts of money. Once a Senator gave him five hundred dollars to help the men who, in 1922, had no jobs.

That was the biggest gift Mr. Zero ever accepted; ordinarily he rejects such offers—The Tub is not a charity, he insists—but under special conditions he admits exceptions to his rule of self-reliance. And when conditions are worse than usual—when it snows, and many have no work—he runs a special bread-line on the Bowery. The men, a thousand at a time, stand close to the curb, bent over to keep their collars against their necks. With snow on his cap and his shoulders and arms, and clinging in scales to his coat and to the stern cornices of his eyebrows, Mr. Zero, with the gestures of an orator, the voice of a ring-master, and the shining red face of a policeman being decorated for bravery, directs the giving out of coffee and bread.

—NIVEN BUSCH, JR.



"Cape Cods or Blue Points?"

"I must have Blue Points. We have a terribly small apartment."



M'BABY LOVES ME



THE formative years are so important to Baby. Everything he hears, every little sound, is helping to mold and shape him.

Before he came I tried to listen only to good music, and now I try to have nothing but good music in the apartment for him to hear. But when I am not around, he hears things he shouldn't. I know for a certainty that he has heard the steam radiator, and from a few notes he uttered last night I am afraid he has heard my roommate whistle.

My piano music is the finest influence in Baby's life, but I can no longer stay home all day as I did at first, and in the hours when I am away—earning and earning so that there will be something for the little newcomer to eat—he is picking up ideas which were better left until he developed a mature judgment. The first few days he was in the home, he sat on his trapeze and trilled happily: soft woodland notes, pure little runs, limpid calls which spoke of forest glades, brooks, and quiet pastures. These were his heritage. You can imagine my chagrin to come home yesterday and find him making a noise like the Sixth Avenue Elevated!

THE "L" is probably the worst influence against which I have to contend. Its desultory murmur fills our apartment, and Baby is a great mimic. All children are. The rascal puffs out his little yellow throat and performs that peculiar syncopated, flat-wheel rumble which is so much a part of our lives who live within earshot of Sixth Avenue. He even gives, at the end, a rapid clucking which resembles the dropping of nickels in the gates.

Then there is the radio, which serves only to confuse him and warp his baby mind. It excites him at bedtime, too, which I think is bad. As

yet he has learned very little from the radio—but who has?

One must watch constantly to keep from saying things in front of Baby. Last night Gus was reading to me from Count Keyserling's "The Book of Marriage." It seemed hardly the right sort of literature for Baby's ears, and I noticed that he hopped all the way forward in his cage and stuck his head out through the bars, his tiny black eyes very bright. I motioned to Gus, and he changed to another book.

"Time enough for that sort of thing when Baby begins to ask questions," he said.

It is such a problem, a blessed task that requires infinite tenderness and devotion.

I HAVE noticed, for example, that even the material which I use to line the bottom of Baby's cage influences him. At first I used to put in plain copy paper, and his song, while pure, lacked vigor and imagination. Quite by accident one day I put in a piece of newspaper, and the change was startling—the type so amused him he went through an entire Gershwin score, which I didn't know he knew. And when I came into the room later, I found him walking solemnly up and down on the bottom of the cage, reading a column called "News Outside the Door," and an advertisement of "The Captive."

But what he likes best as lining for his cage is (can you imagine this?) my manuscripts. And he will not accept carbons. Fortunately, I have enough rejected ones lying around to last indefinitely. He has his eye on this one as I write, the mischievous tot.

—E. B. W.

THE CHILDREN OF LYNN

WHETHER municipal morality will be debased by showing the films of Charles Chaplin is a question upon which the censor of Lynn, where Mr. Chaplin's films are banned, and the artists of the world do not seem to have reached an agreement. The pendulum of purity, swinging to its highest point, has lifted politicians and clubladies into an atmosphere so forbidding that the artists cannot breathe in it.

In the name of purity, clubladies can gloat over and discuss in detail the charges made by Mrs. Charles Chaplin's lawyers. In the name of

censored purity, liberty itself can be attacked at its fountainhead and Mr. Chaplin be condemned before he is heard. After all, does it matter what happens to Mr. Chaplin as long as the youth of Lynn are protected from the devastating immorality of "The Kid" or "A Dog's Life" or "The Gold Rush"?

IF WE can once clean the silver screen of Mr. Chaplin's films, think, for example, what we might do to emasculate our museums—and all in the cause of purity! The Chaplin case will establish the broadest possible basis on which to promote the purification of art. For if one great living artist, capable of fighting back, can be condemned on unproved and irrelevant charges, there is no conceivable limit to the extent to which we might rid the world of the great works of the dead.

Sooner or later the children of Lynn will go forth to make their way in the great world. They will come to New York or visit Paris or Rome and they may even enter the art galleries or the museums. I tremble for the children of Lynn, so auspiciously saved from the deadly corruption of Mr. Chaplin's "The Pilgrim," when some callous-souled impurist leads them to the sight of a painting by



"I'll take a 'Love Nest,' please."

Rembrandt. That painting of Christ—was it not done by Rembrandt when the good man was living in a state of sin with Hendrickje Stoffels? Destroy it and save the children of Lynn!

The clubladies and the politicians have here a field of investigation that opens up an endless vista of labor to gladden the heart of the most bigoted censor. Why not take down from our museum walls and from the print rooms all of the paintings and etchings done by Rembrandt up to the time when he made his loving serving-maid an honest woman and leave only those masterpieces which were created during Rembrandt's period of correct matrimony?

AS FOR Leonardo, he might be hung in effigy before the postoffice of Lynn. And the good Fra Filippo Lippi, who painted so many saints and also made convent history of another sort—the godly censor of Lynn should never, never let the boys and girls of Lynn read Vasari on Fra Filippo. Perhaps in the high schools of Lynn they still recite Browning, and the little boys and little girls can hear how Filippo was caught by the city's guards in some wild escapade and, unrepentant, said to them:

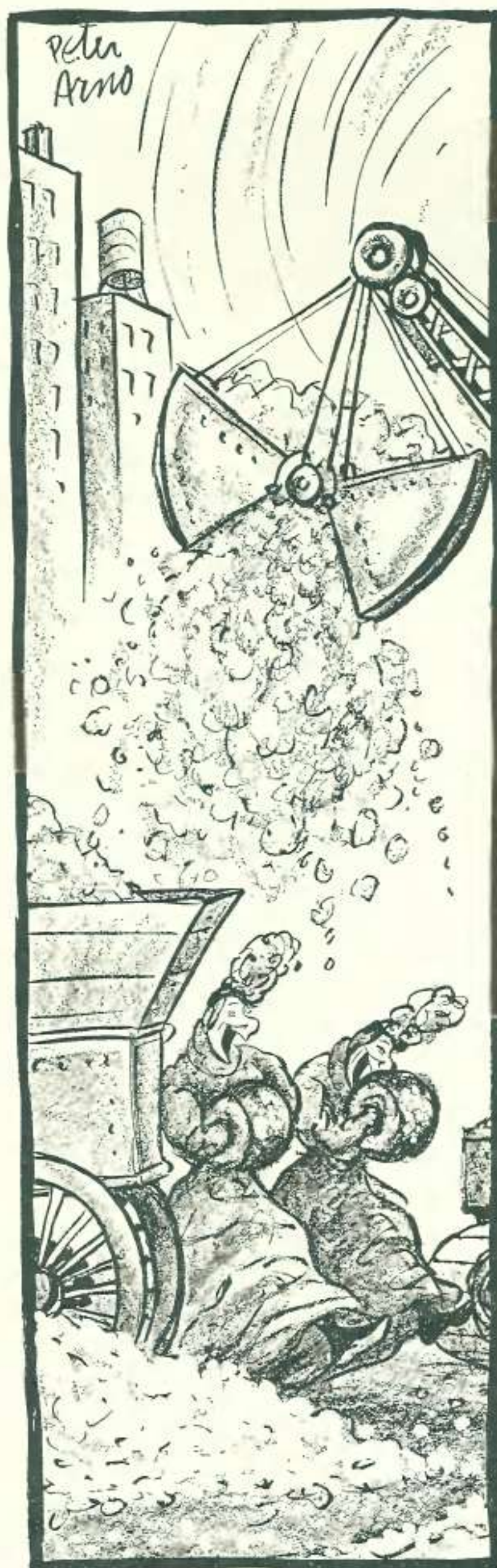
"And here you catch me at an alley's end

Where sportive ladies leave their doors ajar."

Oh! Children of Lynn! If they should ever know the convent history that Filippo made they will begin to think that Mr. Chaplin, even granting all the charges that Mrs. Chaplin's lawyers have been able to assemble, has led too tame a life. They will demand the banning of his films because of the dull purity of their creator.

WHEN did Charles Chaplin, like Goya, jump out of a convent window and attempt to carry off a fair captive in his arms? Or, like Franz Hals, did he ever become a member of De Wyngaerdtranken (The Branch of the Vine), a club devoted to hearty drinking, or of Lieft Looven (Love First of All), a society to which neither censors nor clubladies belonged? In our own Metropolitan Museum we have a picture in which are depicted boisterous drinkers of both sexes who are no better than they should be.

Mayor Walker says he does not believe in censoring Mr. Chaplin's films. But what of our museums



"So I opens th' door, an' there's this Eye-talian standin' outside. 'Are yuh troubled by insect pests?' he asks me. Can y' imagine th'—"

"Lordy! The nerve of 'im!"

"So I answers 'im. 'You're the first,' I says, an'—whoops!—he slips gentle-like right down the banister, without so much as a by-ye-leave. Whoops! I thought I'd have a convolution!"

filled with the masterpieces of the immoral dead? If only for the sake of the children of Lynn, who may come here some day, can't our public museums be cleansed?

Save us from Chaplin, save us from Rembrandt, save us from naughty

Fragonard and frail Courbet, from too adventurous Gauguin. Burn up the paintings. Burn up the films. Let censorship, born of envy, redeem us!

—FORBES WATSON

AT THE COSTUMER'S

A bell sounds faintly, tries to ring, and fails.

The scuffed linoleum, ringed with marks of pails,
Smells of long since digested meals
Of stews and cabbages; at last with squeals

The rusty door opens into the rooms.

You start to sneeze at the fine dust that blooms

The air and everything about you.
A printed picture of a ballerina,
Yellow with fifty years, still trips,
Hands on her roundly curving hips,
Giving a comically provoking flirt
To an outmoded skirt

Of solferina.

Dilapidated Saratoga trunks,
Covered with crumbling leather, or with shiny tin,

Are packed with costumes; one huge crinoline

Under a ruffled frock flung on the floor

Is like the soft slow sinking to the stage

Of a Victorian diva, then the rage
With complex whiskered swells, or Jenny Lind

Acknowledging long clapping; a cool wind

Starts curtains flapping, slams a squeaky door.

Harlequin's suit, limp and depressing, pines

For long-lost smartness, and poor Columbine's

Tulle skirt is dingy.

Confetti sprinkled everywhere,
Once vivid rainbows in the air,
Is only faded bits of colored paper.

Chill sunlight, stop the flicker of your taper;

Leave them to hide in the soft shadowed dusk

Perfumed with stale antiquity and musk.

—NANCY HOYT

I lost my dog about two weak. His color about black. His tail cut short. If find her, keep him. I belong to it.—
Adv. in Canadian paper.

And they did, us are told.



THEY RAMBLE, THEY RAMBLE

The Clarks have always been like that, off at the drop of a hit. There were Lewis and Clark for instance, and now here are Clark and McCullough in "The Ramblers." Mr. Clark is the particularly ribald playing card in the above picture while McCullough is the old stone jug full of something or other, and both are rapt in surprised contemplation of Mr. Clark's restless cigar paused for a fugitive instant in that most unusual spot, Mr. Clark's mouth.



"SATURDAY'S CHILDREN," by Maxwell Anderson, at the Booth Theatre, is a comedy, but to my mind an immensely sad little comedy: an urban "Beyond the Horizon" without tuberculosis, a "First Year" without buoyancy.

In it Ruth Gordon pretends, at the instigation of a canny elder sister, that she's going to marry somebody else if Roger Pryor starts for South America, and so he stays home and marries her on forty dollars a week, and insists that she give up her job, and desperately as they love each other they can't make a go of it, and she goes back to her job and a room in a boarding house of such uncompromising morality that, for the final curtain, her husband has to climb up the fire escape to her window.

That one should take, from a play based on those facts, an acute sense of depression is due, of course, to the author's point of view. After all, in prosperous America salaries do go up; after all, one knows magically successful marriages between young people each holding a job. In life, Saturday's children, while they work hard for a living, usually have hope for a helpmate, however illusory its aid. Somehow the gust of a fine, ridiculous hope never blows through Mr. Anderson's play. One never feels that the pathetic difficulties of his characters are merely temporary. It is sad, and so, very often, is life; but successful comedies are not.

The fable of "Saturday's Children" is, as I have indicated, slight. It could have been recounted more satisfactorily in a shorter play. There is repetition in the present telling. To counterbalance the disadvantages I have named, Mr. Anderson offers truth, truth in character drawing, in situation, and in talk. The scales fall towards Mr. Anderson's side. "Saturday's Children" is a play you should see.

FINE FABRICS AND TARPAULIN

Ruth Gordon plays the fine, honest little heroine, so offended with life, beautifully and with an amazing implication of tragic depths. Roger Pryor is excellent as the spoiled, nice, unhappy boy she has married, and Beulah Bondi acts a grim landlady with delicious humor.

AT THE Civic Repertory Theatre "The Cradle Song," a comedy in two acts with an (unfortunate) interlude in verse, by Gregorio and Marie Martinez Sierra, translated by John Garrett Underhill, provides another triumph for Miss Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Company.

"Cradle Song" is a lovely, frail, sentimental play about a baby being left at the gate of a convent, about how she is adopted by the nuns, and about how, when she has grown up, she marries and sails for America leaving them to miss her cruelly.

It is the sort of story which should be printed in a little white book, with forget-me-nots on the title page. In it life in the convent is pictured as an idyll, fragrant as freshly laundered linen. Except for the restrictions placed on the nuns by their vows, there is no shadow in their lives but the crossness of *Mother Crucifixion*, and even *Mother Crucifixion* has a heart of gold. It may be very false, yet it makes of the repressed mother-love of the good sisters and their touching unworldliness a strangely moving play, and one particularly welcome this season of plots that yowl like cats on the tiles.

"PRAYING CURVE," by Martin Brown, at the Eltinge, is a play about the rarer spirits of the underworld. Its characters, dregs though they be, reform at a moment's notice and with practically no encourage-

ment. The whole thing is very disheartening.

Act after act, Mr. Brown builds up a tenuous scaffolding of melodrama, to crash it to earth before each curtain by placing, on top of it, not a melodramatic climax but a heavy psychological scene. I suppose one can call a scene psychological no matter how bad the psychology involved, and the psychology of "Praying Curve" is not only phoney, but monstrously dull.

Florence Rittenhouse plays the heroine, a girl in a speakeasy. She is regenerated by the letters of a young dope fiend she never much liked who went West and was reformed by the pious atmosphere of Praying Curve, where he got a job as telegraph operator. Praying Curve is a spot where the railroad skirts a drop so perilous that every person on every train prays until it is passed. Our heroine goes there to join her hophead, only to find that he has died and that another young man has been writing the letters which did her so much good. To the advances of the current young man she makes the strangest remark now on Broadway. "You have"—she tells him—"made a prostitute of my soul."

I guess that's all you need to know about "Praying Curve" except to be warned that the one dramatic railroad incident on which it touches takes place offstage, like an adultery.

IN "YOURS TRULY," at the Shubert, Gene Buck is presenting that somewhat limited comic, Mr. Leon Errol, in a show which rises above the obstacle of a worthless book by the simple method of being such good and such varied vaudeville that there is bound to be something in it everybody will like a lot, and a lot everybody will find pleasant.

What I liked a lot were Marion Harris and Jack Squires, who sing with supreme ease and grace the bal-

lads Raymond Hubbell has written for them. The Tiller girls were also superb. As to Mr. Errol, that collapsing corkscrew trick with his legs happens to have gotten on my nerves, and he hasn't mined any very rich new vein of humor.

"DAMN THE TEARS," by William Gaston, at the Garrick, was an expressionistic play. A wealth of literature, distributed with the loquacious program, explained how the modern theatre is so cribbed, cabined, and confined at present that it has to burst out in some direction, but bless me if the direction taken by "Damn the Tears" didn't turn out to be that same corner where John Howard Lawson and John Dos Passos have been erupting for seasons, with far greater success.

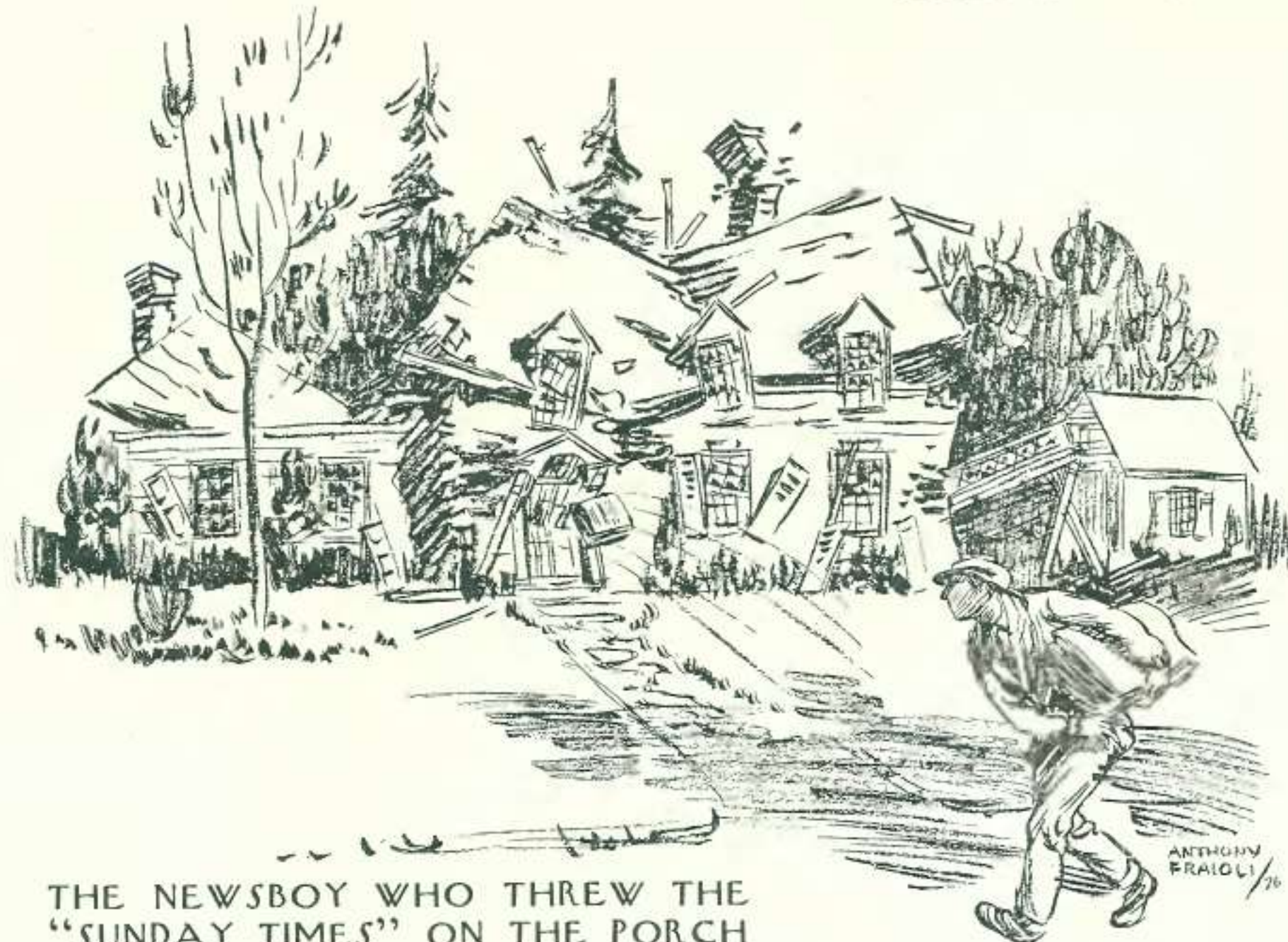
"Damn the Tears" purported to tell of a man's madness by showing events which happened to him as they seemed to him. In the very few scenes where this attempt was carried out, and where the things happening to the protagonist had dramatic value, "Damn the Tears" jerked into interesting writing. For the most part it was a tedious and inept objective picture of the tribulations of an insane man, the only suggestion of his mad reactions having been left to the Dr. Caligari settings provided by Norman Bel Geddes and to some music, supposed to be twanging in his brain, which was composed by Ruth Warfield. It would have been a more profitable evening for everyone if they'd shown the settings and played the music and given us just the little bit more reading matter it would have required to fill a busy three hours.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

THE TENNYSON CASE

THE FAMOUS Tennyson separation case, tried for the convenience of the press and the jurors at Alpine, New York, is held responsible for the death of the editor and owner of one of our most celebrated newspapers.

Though not exactly shocked to death by the facts of the case as revealed at the trial, the editor was so grieved and so conscience stricken by having to print them in his paper that he turned on the gas in the Pompeian room of his pent-house, and expired.



THE NEWSBOY WHO THREW THE "SUNDAY TIMES" ON THE PORCH

Along with all the other editors of the day he bewailed the obligation of the press to print such sordid details in his papers. But he alone made his way, incognito, to Alpine, rowing a small boat across the river from the east to the west bank, to implore the judge to hold a private hearing.

"Judge," he said, "can you not hold a private hearing, and refuse admittance to the press?"

"I know how you feel," said the judge, "and in this case I am all sympathy with you. I know how bitterly the press resents the obligation put upon them to print such scandalous details, but we must not forget our duty to the public. Remember that these are rich people, according to rumor, and in a democracy all manifestations of temperament in the lives of the rich must be reported to the populace."

"In the name of the great American press," the editor cried, "I implore you to remember our fight to print nothing that might not be read by a child of ten—an unmarried child, too."

"It is your duty," murmured the judge, "to print all."

And so it came about that the staff of reporters from this editor's paper was larger than that sent from any other paper. Not an item of the evidence in the trial of Alfred Tennyson versus Maud Tennyson was omitted. The world read how Maud had thrown the Brooklyn telephone book over the hayrick at Alfred, and how she had driven at him full speed in

the mowing machine, over the meadows sweet with hay—all the surprising details of married life among the rich in a democracy.

The editor knew, from the circulation department, that all over the country sweet, innocent young things, peering at papa and mamma over their bridge scores, must be wondering what would happen next to the telephone book, and whether perhaps they knew at last how the *Social Register* got behind the cellarette.

He had not shirked his duty, but it killed him. Column after column filled his paper. There were pictures of Alfred and Maud, in her dolman, and without. There were snapshots of the rick and the mowing machine and the telephone book. Had he been less scrupulous, had he perhaps been less concerned for the cause of the humbler classes he might still be editor. . . . Then again he might not!

—JOHN CHAPIN MOSHER

HIS VERSATILE ACQUAINTANCES

Bozeman each year watches that age-old spectacle of young men passing the transition period from carefree youth into developed manhood and womanhood. —*Montana Paper*.

SAYS DEAD MAN WAS CHASING HIM WITH DRAWN RAZOR.—*Headline in Washington (Pa.) Reporter*.

A disconcerting experience for anyone.

HOW DO YOU TAKE YOUR MOTOR-CAR DOWN HILL?

OF COURSE you go into second gear on long, steep, twisting hills. You use your hand and foot brakes alternately to avoid burning them. That's the only sensible way to drive down a steep hill—in any car other than the Rolls-Royce.

Now drive the Rolls-Royce down a steep hill. At the very top you close the throttle, *literally*. Not a bit of gas enters the carbureter. The engine compression brakes the car to a remarkable degree—gathers it into your control—steadies it all the way down. As you need it, you apply the foot brake. Gently. Off. Then on. No matter how steep the grade or long the descent, the brakes are not burned no matter how much you use them. Never need you resort to the hand brake while driving—it is to hold the car when parked on a slope. The use of second gear for braking purposes is unnecessary on the Rolls-Royce.

Rolls-Royce brake linings ordinarily last 10 years and longer. The outer band has 5 times the cooling area of ordinary brakes. The drum is a spun forging of railroad tire steel, weighing in the rough 3 times the weight of the finished product. To make a Rolls-Royce brake drum means to carve out a great deal of steel in order to be certain that the remainder is flawless. Such brakes mean absolute reliability at all times.

Would you like to take a 100-mile trial trip in a car which bears an absolute 3-year guarantee against failure of any mechanical part? Simply call at the showrooms.

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Fifth Avenue at 56th Street
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Direct Works Branch
190 Washington Street, Newark

BRANCHES AND MAINTENANCE DEPOTS IN LEADING CITIES

A REPORTER AT LARGE



OF ALL the fantastic entertainments which modern culture has paraded before us in late days, the case of *Browning vs. Browning* is, in all conscience, the most richly amusing. Rhinelander cases, Hall-Mills cases, Stokes cases—all the familiar catalogue—appear dull and stodgy beside this magnificent and crowning opus from the hand of that fecund genius—*The Law*. For here, indeed, the composer has abandoned, as if for a holiday, his customary realism for a flight into fancy. The *mise en scène* is not tricked out with the time-honored mechanisms—shots in the dark, love-nest trysts, the surging conflict of blood against blood. We are beguiled, instead, with such piquant novelties as African honking ganders, spoons that bend in the middle, rubber eggs, little clay puppies and mechanical cigars.

One chuckles inordinately over the stupendous nonsense, struck with the notion that all is not amiss in a world capable of producing such sturdy laughter. And then, with his hunger for merriment still unappeased, one ventures into the courtroom at White Plains—to make an uncomfortable discovery. For one discovers, sitting among the silent, staring crowd, that the thing is not pure comedy after all. There is, it appears, a touch of the grotesque, a touch of the sinister, more than a hint of the revolting behind the playwright's intent. Soon enough, one suspects that the entire farce was conceived in the spirit of satire—a snarling satire against *The Law* itself, against that elusive quality known as the dignity of justice. And, reluctantly, one's amusement undergoes a change. Innocent laughter is foregone in behalf of the thin smile that has its roots in cynicism. And a journey that was planned as a pleasant holiday becomes just another day of questioning, of examination, and of wondering. For it becomes unavoidably apparent

THE BLACKSTONE REVELS

that here, whether it be pure comedy or burlesque or satire, is the Great American Play. Here is the performance that the citizens of this matchless land applaud more vociferously than all others. They had rather see, if only for a fleeting glimpse, one of its actors leaping into a waiting automobile than to see Duse and Bernhardt and all the Barrymores acting at once in "*Hamlet*." One precious day of actual attendance in the courtroom is worth a lifetime of make-believe dramas. One moment of vicarious participation in the wan adventures of the protagonists strikes romance into their mean lives. What is it that they see, you may wonder, those who are lucky enough to get into that crowded courtroom? Well, in their own elegant phrase, I hope to tell you.

THE DAY began, for me, in the train to White Plains, when a kindly newspaper reporter presented me to Mrs. "Peaches" Browning, also a passenger. I sat and talked to her for a moment or two. Her eyes were large, and gray, and utterly flat, she was undeniably fat, and her voice seemed weary. But these details of her person were quite overshadowed by the frightful scars upon her face. There is some mystery about the scars. They were made by acid, plainly enough, and Peaches has told a vague tale of the manner in which she received them. But she has not told the full truth. Everybody knows that she has not told the full truth, but nobody knows what the truth might be.

About her manner there is no suggestion of innocence. But neither is there a suggestion of depravity, of the scheming or the lustful mind. She looks, indeed, to be a victim—of circumstance, perhaps, or of the rather horrible person whom she married, or perhaps even the victim of a mother who is cunning, and who knows the worth of shrewd intrigues. She said the familiar things: She was tired of it all; she despised the crowds; she

wanted to go away forever; she felt confident of winning her suit for separation. She was neither flippant nor bold nor nonchalant. Rather it seemed that she was somewhat frightened, and having no will of her own was being driven into adventures she could neither perceive nor understand.

At the station in White Plains there were a thousand people waiting for her—a long line of gawking voters who smirked at her passage, and even lifted a half-hearted cheer. But the great crowd was at the courthouse—a swarm of children and women and butcher-boys and town burghers who streamed across the snowy lawn at first sight of her taxicab and pressed forward to stare at her.

While they were greeting her, the automobile of her husband arrived. And the crowd rushed off to him, tumbling over each other, shouting gleefully, smirking toward the battery of newspaper photographers who worked their shutters furiously from the courthouse steps. The ringleader of the photographers suddenly doffed his cap and

waved it furiously. "Let's have a big cheer for 'Daddy' Browning, now! Everybody up! Hip-hip-hurray!" and the obliging throng shouted in football fashion while Mr. Daddy Browning bowed with gracious and smiling appreciation of the signal honor. His face beamed. Flanked by his lawyers, he marched slowly up the granite steps, bowing to right and left, lifting his hat in salutation, reaching out his hand row and then to grasp that of the nearest reporter, or butcher-boy, or sedate matron.

IN THE courtroom, Peaches sat down quickly, masking her face in the collar of her coat and receding at once from the general picture. But Daddy indulged in no such shameful shrinking. He supervised the arrangement of the great cases of documents, conferred sagely with his lawyers, tapped his fingers against his chin meditatively, and avoided sitting down until His Honor the Judge of the Court had entered and called the case to proceed. Peaches walked to the witness chair. The thirty newspaper re-



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They found freedom from common ills—
glorious vitality—*through one simple food*

"INSOMNIA threatened my health"—"Was taking a purgative daily"—"I was miserable—for two years I had never been free from boils and pimples"—"Thought my stomach could last but little longer" . . .

They saw no hope of release from their troubles—until they tried one simple fresh food.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a unique corrective food. The millions of tiny living plants in Yeast cleanse the whole digestive tract. They counteract the poisons of constipation, strengthen the intestinal muscles. They aid digestion, clear the unhealthy skin, literally tone up the whole system.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk. *For constipation drink it in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Y-38, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



*New York City's Only
Woman Judge*

*The Hon. JEAN H. NORRIS, LL.B., LL.M.,
three years President, National Women Lawyers'
Assn.; Member of the American Bar Assn.*

"MY JUDICIAL DUTIES in the New York City courts call for the expenditure of a great deal of nervous energy. The criminal courts in which I preside are open 365 days in the year. Insomnia caused by indigestion threatened to impair the abundant energy with which I have been blessed. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast—skeptically in the beginning but thankfully at the expiration of only two weeks, as the improvement in my digestion resulted in more restful sleep than I had had for years."

JEAN H. NORRIS



"WHILE in the navy a boil caused my whole neck to swell. I was miserable—for two years I had suffered from boils. The Navy doctor said to take Yeast regularly and I would have no more trouble. I started right away, and I have never had a boil since." E. BLACKMER, Jr., Denver, Colo.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation



"CAME FROM KENTUCKY in 1887. Drank creek water and fought mosquitoes. Chills for 8 months. Then constipation troubles began. At 35 was taking a purgative daily. In 1920 thought my stomach would last little longer. Then began with Yeast—ate it freely. In 3 months cut down medicine. In one year health so good had quit medicine." J. E. WRIGHT, Ft. Worth, Texas

The Water Tower

For A Wife Away

*Another foaming crystal split,
Garçon—hurry up with it.
Bring me ice—it is my task
To uncork this silver flask.
Fetch me glasses tall and slender,
Garçon. I am on a bender.*

"Father," asked a son, "Is there any oxygen in elevators?" "Son," replied a father, "oxygen is an elevator, a revivifier, a stimulant, a—" but as there is no more to this incident we will close by singing several verses of the famous song, "Aquazone, the bubbling mineral water, is full of invigorating, elevating oxygen."

✱ ✱ ✱

As we have stated before, Aquazone is a very efficient late evening haberdashery. It makes, in other words, a splendid night-cap. That is because of its well-known ability to take the regrets out of the morning after. Speaking of haberdashers, we heard of one who apologized because he had no outstanding debts. "But," he added proudly. "I have many outstanding debtors."



Dear Mr. Aquazone:

"My name is Adolphus Gambona, and I am a big shot on the ad game and publicity business. I can do a lot for you and you can do a lot for me (about \$3,000 a week). I have a big idea which will push your product over big in the metropolitan area. First let me relate some big stunts I have already pulled."

✱ ✱ ✱

"As you probably know, the New York Public Library had tough sledding for a while. With all its fine location it just didn't get the business. I am the one who had the lions put in front, so people would think it was a circus, and today it is the biggest library in Manhattan."

✱ ✱ ✱

"Another problem I licked is the old trouble of getting taxi drivers to change a five-dollar bill. Through my influence I asked the Mint to print bills with \$5 on one side and \$1 on the other. I haven't heard from them yet, but you see how I work. Ideas, that's me."

"As for your product, I suggest this simple but O.K. plan. Put Aquazone on sale at all good night clubs, hotels, drug stores and corner grocery stores."

ADOLPHUS GAMBONA.

✱ ✱ ✱

Dear Mr. Gambona:

Aquazone is already on sale at night clubs, hotels, drug stores, grocery stores and a place you didn't mention,

VANDERBILT 6434

Advertisement

porters bent over their pads. Behind me, the tiers of faces leaned forward with moist lips, their eyes hungry and sharp and ugly.

Peaches answered the questions: profoundly important questions, of course, for they were being propounded in the name of justice, and upon the austere honesty of their answers depended the upholding of that high and noble integrity which is the Dignity of the Law.

"What else did he make you do?" "He wanted me to eat breakfast with him without any clothes on." (His Honor the Judge, sitting with closed eyes, stirred faintly in his seat.)

"And did you?" "Yes." (His Honor the Judge opened one eye and cast it for a moment upon Peaches' face.)

"What else?" "He said he wanted to buy me a Japanese princess. He said he could get it cheap and it would be a good companion for me. I told him I didn't want it and wouldn't have it."

The audience tittered. And the questioning went on. She told of quarrels, she identified various pictures in the *Graphic* as those for which she had posed, and various stories bearing her signature as those written for her under contract. She described one or two incidents which do not lend themselves gracefully to printed words—but they were not much, not very exciting, even if the audience did lean forward more eagerly, smacking its lips in happiness.

She was cross-examined. Mr. Browning's attorney, evidently caught with some of his client's curious fervor, mouthed a few blunt words that brought the red to a few cheeks in the audience. It seemed rather useless to fire those words at the head of the girl sitting there a few feet from His Honor the Judge. But it was all, no doubt, a part of that custom known as Due Process of Law.

Peaches wept when Judge Mack, Mr. Browning's lawyer, asked her to identify certain letters which she had written. Her tears brought indignation to her own counsel, and he fought so sternly for the exclusion of the letters that they were barred from the record. A half-hour later the *Evening Post* reporter, sitting beside me, received a telegram from his office which it was impossible for me to avoid reading. It ran: "Will we get Peaches' letters?"

WHEN the girl's mother took the stand, there was a subtle change

in the atmosphere of the room. One heard her smooth, ingratiating voice—and remembered that it is always the villain of a piece who has that disarming manner of mouthing words. "Oh, yes, sir," she sighed. And she explained the domestic tiffs with the sedate and slightly hurt accent of an old beldame who was not accustomed to such display of emotion in her youth. But, on the whole, she was not reticent. Indeed, she displayed a remarkably keen memory for details of the most trivial sort. But after all her story, on the face of it, was merely a repetition of the story Peaches had told. While she talked, Mr. Browning sat with pursed lips, his unpleasant face slightly flushed. Betimes he whispered with elaborate secrecy to the lawyer sitting next to him. But his whispering was ignored.

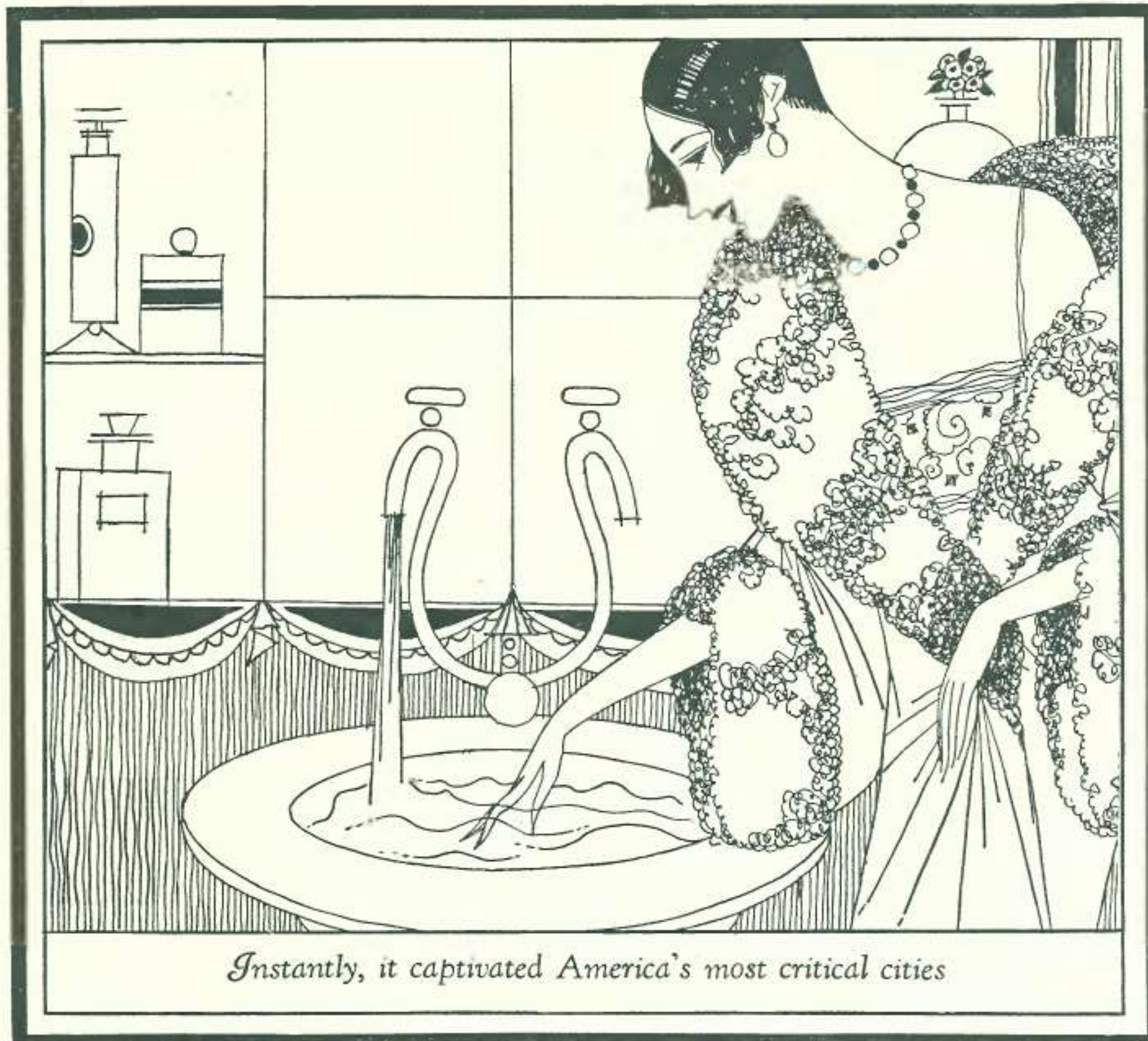
A girl of seventeen or so testified in behalf of Peaches that Browning came to her one night and promised her ample reward if she would testify that Mrs. Heenan had once lived in a house of call, that Peaches herself was wont to give nude parties and to drink unsparingly of whiskey. She said she had denied the request. A young man, sitting behind me and near Mrs. Heenan, whispered to her hoarsely: "I'll go on the stand if you want me. I'll say anything you want—anything at all." She thanked him, and said she would call on him if he were needed.

Suddenly the case was adjourned over the weekend, and the crowd streamed out. As the contestants left the building, the high school of the town was dismissed for the day. Several hundred school children gathered about the automobiles at the curb, and Browning bowed to them from his running board, his face red and smiling and vastly happy, his hands sweeping out in charming gestures.

THAT WAS all. I give you my word, it was all. There was nothing even vaguely exciting, and there was not even a good morsel of healthy pornography. Before you read this, Browning doubtless will have testified. One of the tabloids has heralded the amazing news that he is crazy. But surely that will not prevent him from testifying. I shall, if my health continues, go back to White Plains to hear him testify, for somehow the prospect is intriguing.

There seem to be two attitudes to hold concerning this celebrated case. One may be a humanitarian, a fellow

From France ... the Gift of A Smooth Skin!



"Make us a soap we can adore as we do French soaps," women wrote us

LOVELINESS—and France!

For centuries the whole world has looked to France for fine toilet soaps!

But, women wrote us, "please make us a soap as wonderful as French soap but not so costly." "We can't pay their extravagant prices—you must make a soap just as exquisite for our skin."

"As exquisite for our skin!" It was because she knew her matchless powders and perfumes are naught unless the skin is itself lovely, that France developed her famous method of making fine toilet soap.

And by the very method France uses for her fine toilet soap, Lux Toilet Soap is made! Made quite differently

from the white soaps you are used to.

The famous French method gives Lux Toilet Soap that creamy smoothness so caressing to your skin. Your skin feels different! Firm, fine textured—your eager fingers recognize Lux Toilet Soap as *savon de toilette* the moment you touch that generous, lasting cake.

It tends your skin the true French way!

France with her passion for perfection—America with her genius for achievement! Ten cents for a cake of Lux Toilet Soap wherever soap is sold! All the family may use this delicious soap without extravagance. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.



LUX TOILET SOAP · 10¢



"KENNETH," she advises that Best Man, now in the Background—"so amazingly convenient! So simple after shopping, so easy before tea to slip into Marie Earle's New Salon. Original, yes. Different—perfectly. Exquisite preparations, marvelous treatments, oh,

I SHALL NEVER WASH MY FACE AGAIN"

The Best Man in the Background stares and starts with alarm, for Sally is a Society Girl, riding, motoring, shopping, dancing, busy every Golden Hour. With a Priceless Complexion.

Don't delay your visit to Marie Earle's New Salon. Have one of the famous Marie Earle facial treatments. Your complexion "responds" at once! These exquisite preparations sold in the smartest shops on the Avenue and all over the country. Write for Booklet Y 5.

Marie Earle
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
Established Paris 1910

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with a touch of social philosophy, and aver that it is a hideous spectacle: the sight of a man of late middle age, the most advanced student of applied ostentation of our time, fighting with a commonplace little girl over the continuance of their married life, while the suggestive figure of a mother lurks in the background, clutching up such opportunities as come her way. One may invoke bitter epithets against the tabloids, naming them out of their filth, cursing them for the debauchery they practice upon the public mind, upon public taste and the esthetic tone of our nation.

Or one may be amused. And this, after all, seems more fitting. Look into the bank of faces staring toward the witness stand, and I vow you will lose all taste for improving such people.

One may say, "The sight of the human herd rollicking amid the cheap and filthy is a spectacle for the amusement of the intelligent. Let us watch them build their ethos and their dreams upon the textbook of the tabloids, and chuckle deeply." But even so, one must occasionally hold his nose.

—MORRIS MARKEY

DOWN-TOWN LYRICS

WASHINGTON MARKET

The Washington Market takes personal care

Of "things every city should eat";
It furnishes foodstuffs near Telegram Square,

And it's named after Washington Street.

It has butter, and cheeses, elliptical eggs,

There are baskets and boxes of greens,
With veal and mutton aloft (by the legs)
And lobsters in nautical scenes.

It smacks of the silo, it smells of the shore,

It is bumpily full, and it bulges;
And it gives the impression of knowing much more

About food than it ever divulges.

—BURKE BOYCE

Use Paper Cups. Don't Pass Germs Along. Use them in the home.—Adv. in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Home germs are best.



The ARISTOCRACY of CRAVEN

Like a fine old painting—or the novels of Dickens and Thackeray—CRAVEN MIXTURE has remained unchanged for 60 years.

Blended at the express command of the Third Earl of Craven in 1867, it is today the most popular and highly praised quality tobacco in the world—the discriminating Londoner's own particular blend.

CRAVEN MIXTURE—pure and unadulterated—packed in airtight tins—as fresh and fragrant as the day it left the great Arcadia Works in London—is on sale at your own tobacconist, anywhere in the United States or Canada.

Get a tin—fill your pipe—this is no ordinary tobacco—but as Sir James Barrie said—"A health-giving mixture—a tobacco for our greatest men."



Carreras, Ltd., 220 Fifth Avenue
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Enclose 10c in stamps. Send liberal sample tin of CRAVEN MIXTURE.

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Craven
MIXTURE
Imported from London

What I Have Learned About Women

from analyzing the dancing
of over 10,000

by ARTHUR MURRAY



At the risk of appearing ungallant, I must confess that among the thousands of women whose dancing I have analyzed just about one in a hundred was a really good dancer. The average woman can dance only if she is led forcefully or in very simple steps. Very few can follow a poor dancer or one doing intricate steps.

It is obvious that even the best of partners can't make a woman dance if she is not familiar with the steps. But even if she does know them, that knowledge alone is not enough to make her a good dancer. She must know the styles of dancing, too.

The Four Styles of Dancing

The Fox Trot, for example, may be done in four different styles. A woman should be familiar with them all in order to be able to follow *any* partner. A man should know them so that he can vary his dancing from time to time.

Another mistake many women make is to take short, choppy steps instead of dancing with a long, free swing. As a result they lead their partners instead of following them.

Because good dancers are so rare among men and women alike, it means everything to you in the way of enjoyment and social success if you are one of the few who can dance really well.

Why be satisfied any longer just to "get by" when a few lessons at my studio will make you the exceptional dancer—the "perfect partner" whom everyone is eager to dance with? You can quickly learn to do all the fascinating new steps in the smart New York manner—with the long, free, graceful swing. You can learn to lead forcefully or follow easily—with any part-



*Posed by Helen Shipman, Musical Comedy Star,
and Arthur Murray*

ner—not just in one style of dancing, but *in all four styles*.

You can enjoy the same privacy at my Studio as though you were having lessons in your own home. You have a private room—an individual instructor. All lessons are under my personal supervision. And I have the finest staff of dancing instructors in the country—not only beautiful dancers but wonderful teachers, enthusiastic over their work, eager to help you.

It is a tribute to the unqualified success of my teaching methods that my clientele numbers so many of New York's social leaders. At present fully three hundred people listed in the Social Register are taking my course.

Free Analysis of Your Dancing

If you want to feel that your partners dance with you because they enjoy your dancing, and not just out of politeness—if you sincerely desire to be the very best dancer in your set—I will personally analyze your dancing, free of charge, and quote you the lowest possible fee to make you a perfect dancer. Studio open until 10 P.M.

ARTHUR MURRAY
7 East 43rd St., Vanderbilt 1773

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

THE UNION JACK has long been the hallmark of the finest in good sportsmanship. Wherever the standard of John Bull is carried, there you may look for the manifestation of the amateur spirit *cum laude*, for the philosophic balance that enables the British sportsman to meet with triumph and disaster, and treat those two impostors just the same. If the game were not the thing with him there would have been no international matches last week between the English and American squash rackets teams.

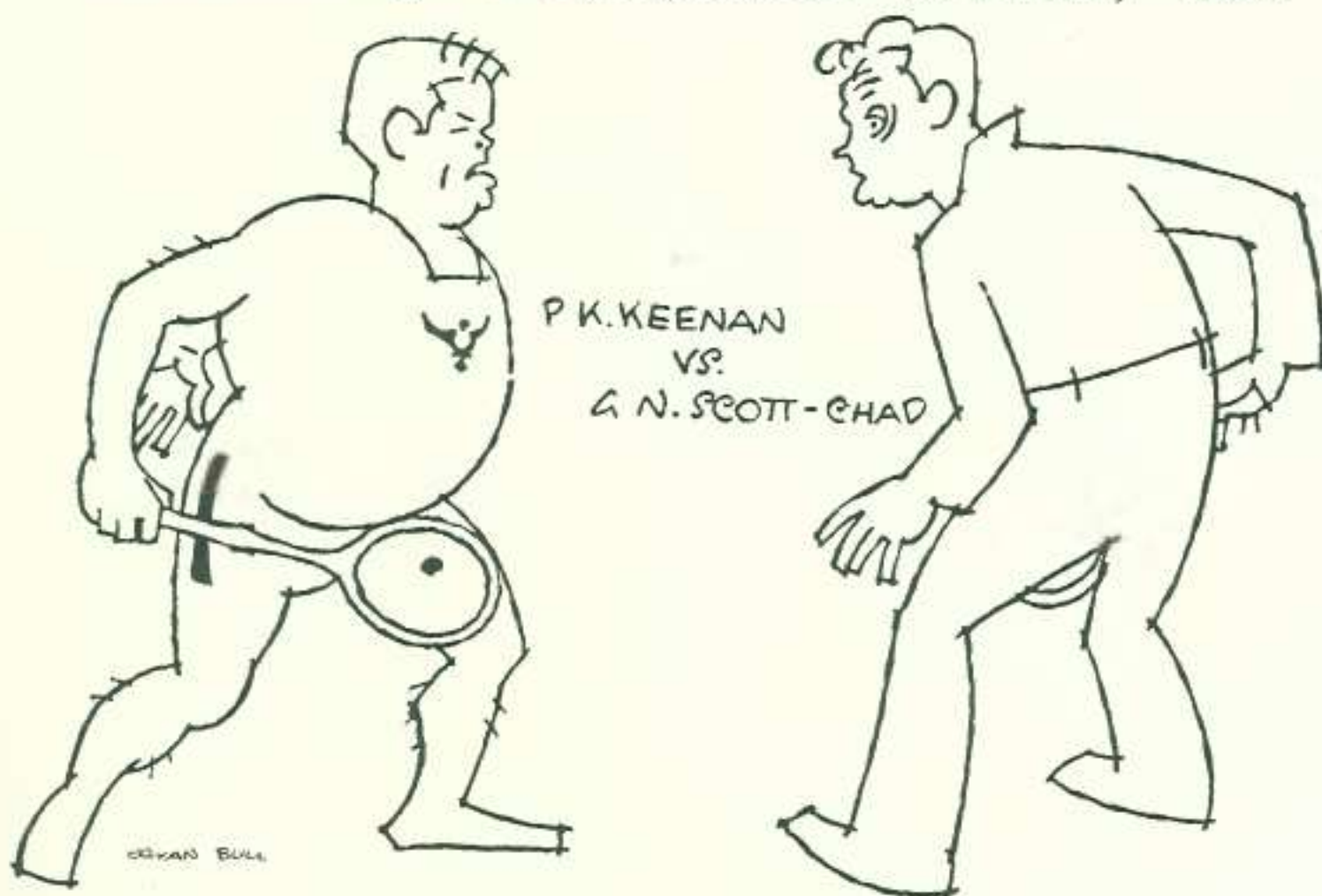
If I appear to be making the lion roar when I should make the eagle scream over the victory of the first string New York combination, *tiens!* This English team was far from being representative of the greatest strength of British squash rackets. Did the fact that they could have named an entirely different combination stronger than the one that came over deter our amiable cousins from carrying on with their invasion? It did not. Did the fact that they faced the handicap of playing with a more sluggish ball, and on a smaller court than their own dismay them? It did not. And when they finally arrived after a partly rough voyage of eight days, did they ask for clemency and a postponement

*The British Invaders on
Our Courts — Hockey
and Polo Highlights*

ham, and Colonel W. F. Bassett, of the Royal Automobile Club, who led the first British squash rackets team to America in 1924. The four others, J. M. Strawson, Queen's Club; G. N. Scott-Chad, Prince's Club; G. S. Inledon-Webber, Queen's Club, and Paul deL. Cazenove, Cavendish Club, have yet to make their mark in the top flight, though Mr. Scott-Chad is the champion of the British Army and Mr. Strawson, a good right-handed player before the war, is now carrying on in heroic fashion from the other wing.

Before launching into a panegyric on the victory of the Americans in the big match at the Racquet and Tennis Club let me get the proper perspective by recalling who was not on the invading team. Captain J. E. Tompkinson, Bath

Britisher play for his country three years ago, when he was attending Harvard Law School. R. G. de Quetteville, Queen's Club, another classic stroker and battler royal, could not come over, and also missing were S. M. Toyne, Queen's Club, Captain of the first international team, Captain Gerald Roberts, Bath Club, who won our championship as a member of the first international team, and Captain T. O. Jameson, Prince's Club, an elegant stylist who won the inaugural English championship in 1922. (Oh



of the play? The answer again is no. Six hours after they had landed they were in their flannel shorts, gray knee breeches, pull-overs, golf stockings—whatever outfits they chose to wear—defeating New York's second team on the courts of the University Club.

Of the six members of this British team there are only two who would cut any real figure in an English championship. These are Captain Victor A. Cazalet, M.P. for Chippen-

Club, was not, and he is the English champion. W. D. MacPherson, Queen's Club, a stylist without equal in England and champion in 1923 and 1924, was not—to the regret of those who saw the young



VICTOR A. CAZALET AND W. PALMER DIXON

This Miracle of Engineering

for the first time clearly explained

"OVER a year ago, I purchased a '70' Willys-Knight Six. Since that time I have driven the car nearly 15,000 miles and, today, the motor is much smoother, quieter and more powerful than on the day I took delivery. It has not been necessary to have my car in the repair shop for any reason. Can you tell me why it is the Willys-Knight engine improves so steadily with use? I am often asked to explain this seeming phenomenon to my friends."



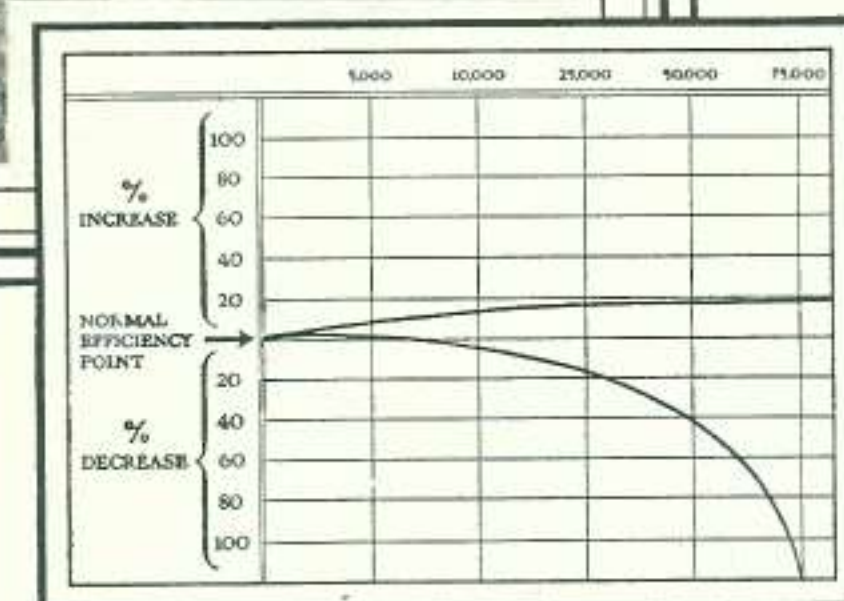
tiplicity of parts—lifter-rods, lifter-springs, cams and what not—that make up the complicated poppet-valve motor of the T-head, L-head or valve-in-the-head varieties.

No valve adjustments

There is never any need for adjusting the valve-action in the Knight sleeve-valve motor. When the sleeves are first assembled into the motor, this is adjusted for all time. Therefore, since the valves in the Knight motor are always in proper adjustment, all of the wear and the trouble caused by improper valve adjustments is automatically done away with.

No carbon-cleaning

In the Knight sleeve-valve motor such carbon as forms finds its way to the compression ring at the top of the cylinder, between the two sleeves and between the outer sleeve and the cylinder wall.



Graph indicating estimated comparative efficiency of sleeve-valve (top line) and poppet-valve (bottom line) motors based upon average performance of both types. Note gradual rise of sleeve-valve engine efficiency curve up to and beyond the 75,000 mile mark and gradual decline to zero point of average poppet-valve engine at corresponding mileage.

THE LETTER reproduced on this page, from a Willys-Knight owner, is typical of many that come to us from time to time.

Naturally, it is difficult for any, save the professional automotive engineer, to grasp just why the patented Knight sleeve-valve engine of the Willys-Knight—against all established engineering rules—shows, with use, so noticeable a gain in smoothness and quietness and power where, under precisely the same conditions, all poppet-valve types of engine register an equally noticeable loss.

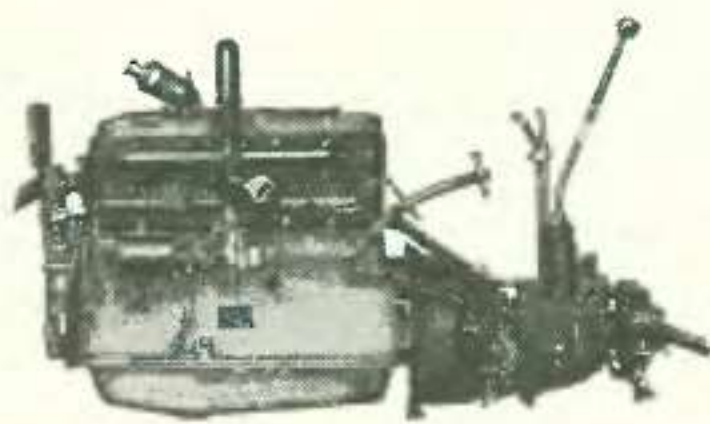
The purpose of this advertisement is, in so far as space limitations will permit, to state the reasons why.

When we say that the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve motor improves with use—that it wears in to greater efficiency and power while other motors are wearing out—we mean just that. And in no theoretical sense. But in a thoroughly factual and completely literal way.

The reason for this apparent phenomenon lies in the actual constructional principles of the patented Knight sleeve-valve motor which are basically and radically different from those employed in any motor of the poppet-valve type.

No valves—just two single sleeves

For example, the Knight sleeve-valve motor has no valves, in the ordinary sense. The action of the intake and exhaust ports is controlled by two single sleeves, rather than by a series of valves with all their mul-



The Only Motor-Car Engine That Improves With Use.

Between the sliding sleeves, this carbon is hardened into a glass-hard surface, constantly lubricated by the lubrication system of the motor until there is no place between the sleeves where the compressed gases can find an exit until the opening of the exhaust port. Hence, the same identical thing which breaks down the efficiency of the poppet-valve motor, serves only to increase the Knight motor's efficiency and to build up its power.

You really owe it to yourself to become informed upon this car before committing yourself to any less desirable automobile.

"70" Willys-Knight Six prices from \$1295 to \$1495. Willys-Knight Great Six, from \$1850 to \$2295—f.o.b. factory and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland Dealers offer unusually attractive credit terms. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

"70" WILLYS-KNIGHT SIX

**PARFUMS
AND
BEAUTY
PRODUCTS**
AS EXQUISITE
AS HER GOWNS
CREATED FOR MADAME

BY FASHION'S
FOREMOST ARBITER

HENRI BENDEL
(PARIS)

UN PEU D'ELLE
DELICIOUS ORIENTAL
NUMBER FIVE
NUMBER FIFTEEN
NUMBER EIGHTEEN
MES GARDENIAS
MON JASMIN
MA VIOLETTE
CHYPRE ANTIQUE
EAU DE TOILETTE
LIME BUTTER, ROUGES
BATH SQUARES
CRÈME, LIPSTICKS
POUDRE, MASCARO
BRILLIANTINE
TALC, SACHETS
CRÈME DE BEAUTÉ
"BRIGHTON"
LOTION NOUVELLES
(HAIR TONIC)
REDUCING SALTS
POUDRE COMPACTS
SAVON, FIXATEUR
PRINTEMPS
(MASSAGE CREAM)

HENRI BENDEL
Incorporated

WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET
London NEW YORK Paris
Newport Palm Beach

yes, the first championship was as recent as that; but, thanks to the patronage of the Prince of Wales, the game enjoys tremendous popularity over there.)

Lest it seem that I am trying to dim the victory of the Americans, let me hasten to add that the team they faced was nevertheless not to be taken lightly, and the fact that the American combination was composed entirely of local players emphasizes the importance of the triumph. It is a feather in the cap of the Metropolitan Squash Rackets Association, if it wears a cap, that it could put a team on the courts good enough to defeat the British combination.

THE MATCH to which we—and everyone else apparently—looked forward was that between Captain Cazalet and W. Palmer Dixon of the Rockaway Hunting Club. As Mr. Dixon is our national champion and Captain Cazalet is commonly regarded in England as her best player, in spite of the fact that he lost his title to Captain Tompkinson in December, the contest assumed the aspect of an international championship.

Captain Cazalet was the winner, as you know already, and he was winner in three successive games. That was quite a shock to some who had thought Mr. Dixon invincible. I looked for a much longer struggle in spite of the fact that Dixon had lost to Myles Baker, of Boston, in the Lockett Cup matches in October. In winning the metropolitan championship, the former Harvard Captain had been so infallible on defense and so absolutely the master of his racket that it didn't seem possible any man could keep the ball in play longer than he could. But it turns out that there is such a man, and Cazalet is his name.

To look at the young English parliamentarian, one would put him down as the most affable, obliging chap in the world, but when he is on the court he pounds home his arguments in the most uncompromising manner. There is no use fencing or mincing matters with him. He has a parry and riposte for every thrust, unless you strike for home and give it to him clear up to the hilt. Merely keeping the ball in play against him will get you nowhere. You must play for winners, and not for errors by him, for he doesn't know how to make them. And only the most crafty and daring strokes will turn into winners, because he gets everything. There is the whole thing



A hint to canny golfers

The ability of Spalding Golf Suits to lead a double life makes this a particularly good time to get one.

As business suits their colorful tweeds—the finest Scotland can produce—will bring a breath of the links into the fag end of this dull winter. And when the course opens, you will start the season with a suit that is right for golf.

These Spalding Suits are most agreeably priced, too. They have the fabric, fit and style you associate with hundred dollar suits—yet you pay but \$60 for three pieces; \$65 for four.

A. J. Spalding & Bros.

MEN'S SHOPS

518 FIFTH AVENUE
(near 43rd Street)

105 NASSAU STREET
(above Fulton Street)

in a nutshell. Captain Cazalet has learned the trick of being in all places at all times, and that trick is to anticipate like a shot, to be faster on your feet than your opponent and to maintain racket control regardless of the precipitation with which you scramble to make your stroke.

For a player on hostile terrain, I thought that Captain Cazalet seemed perfectly at home. The truth is that he is not a newcomer to American courts, for he has visited America repeatedly (he says he thinks it's a wonderful country, a paradise for Englishmen, if only his compatriots didn't misunderstand us too much) and he came over a fortnight ahead of his team-mates to practise in Washington, Boston and New York.

THE NARROWER size of our courts didn't bother him. On the contrary, he confided that they suit his own game better than do the wider courts of England. As a matter of fact, the size of our courts, which are about three feet narrower than the regulation English courts (though not all the English courts are of regulation size), should be to the liking of the visitors, once they have become accustomed to them and learn how to play their strokes accordingly.

On the wider English court it is much more of a job to cover all the territory, and unless your sense of anticipation is strongly developed you are lost in high class play. You can appreciate, then, how much easier the invaders should find it to maintain connection with the ball on the American court, and why Captain Cazalet, whose phenomenal gets have stood many an English gallery on its collective head, should bottle up everything so voraciously on the 18' 6" playing surfaces in this country.

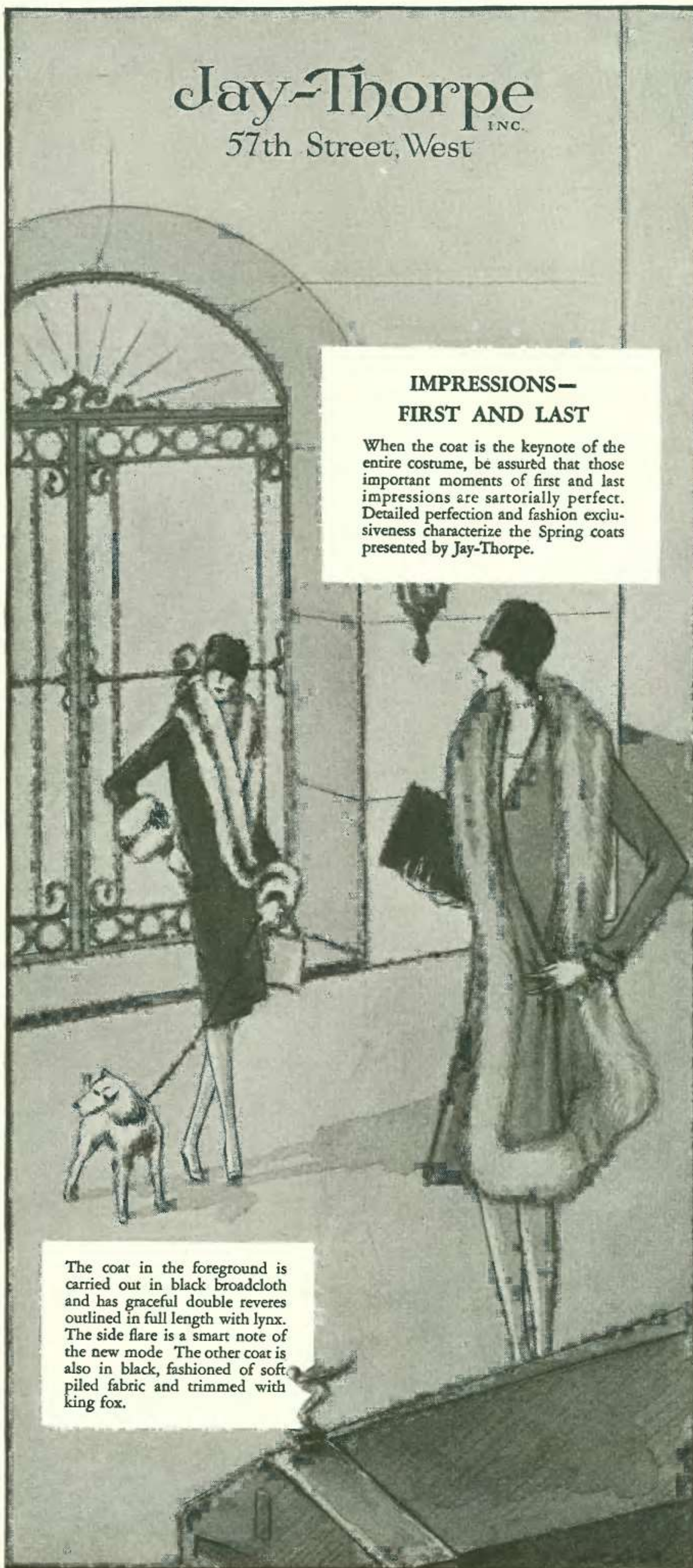
But while the narrower area of the court is in their favor, the invaders face a definite handicap in the heavier American ball, which is a great deal slower in coming off the walls. You might call it a wallflower, and you can understand why it is not the belle of the party with our cousins when they have to rush pell mell to pluck it.

TO PLAY in the standard British position on the American court, with the slower ball in use, is suicidal. A man must be up there in front or he is lost. Captain Cazalet, having practised on American courts, understood this, and you might have thought that he was the American and Mr. Dixon

Jay-Thorpe INC. 57th Street, West

IMPRESSIONS— FIRST AND LAST

When the coat is the keynote of the entire costume, be assured that those important moments of first and last impressions are sartorially perfect. Detailed perfection and fashion exclusiveness characterize the Spring coats presented by Jay-Thorpe.



The coat in the foreground is carried out in black broadcloth and has graceful double reverses outlined in full length with lynx. The side flare is a smart note of the new mode. The other coat is also in black, fashioned of soft piled fabric and trimmed with king fox.



Musardises
THE SPORTS
PERFUME

MON CHERI MUSARDISES MODA

Three Gabilla odors which Paris prefers because they are the highest ideal of the French perfumer.

These three odors in complete series of extracts and other requisites, are obtainable at the better department stores and specialty shops.

Every package made
and sealed in Paris.

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29, Avenue Marigny
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Paris



Moda
BACCARAT
CRYSTAL

the Englishman from the way in which he monopolized the center of things—though for that matter anyone who didn't know the two might easily have picked Dixon for the Englishman.

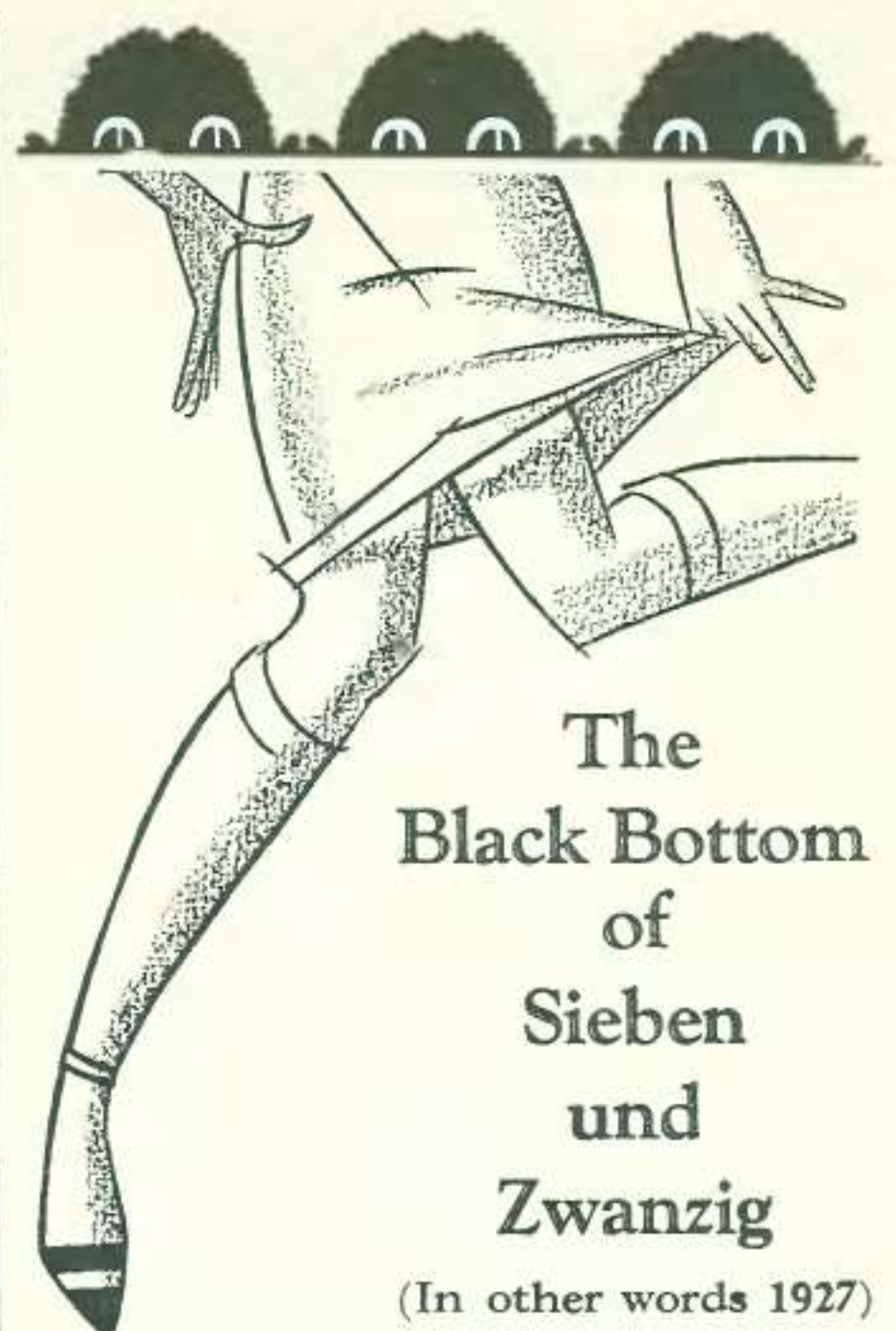
It struck me that Dixon was too nice about it, that he was too conscious of the fact that he was the host and Captain Cazalet the guest, for he yielded the floor to the parliamentarian with deplorable lack of self-assertion. He was always behind the other, and there were many times when he was completely cornered for a side-wall shot along the distant side of the court.

Not only in his failure to stay front and center was Dixon found wanting, but his strokes lacked in aggressiveness. That is nothing unusual for him, because he is not a smasher; but when he found that his defensive tactics were futile against the omnivorous racket of his opponent the thing for him to have done was to cease trying to beat his opponent at his own game.

EVEN the fact that he was accidentally struck under the left eye by Captain Cazalet's racket on a back swing didn't arouse the champion from his lethargy, for when he returned to the court after having the slight wound treated he continued to play the same type of game. Perhaps Dixon believed that his opponent would kill himself off if only he gave him enough rope. If so, he was in error, for Captain Cazalet's powers of endurance seemed inexhaustible. Not until he had lost two games did Dixon realize this fact, and with the start of the third game he put on steam.

With Dixon leading at 11-9, it looked as if the third game might not be enough to decide the match. But if the crowd thought the Englishman was tiring, they were undeceived when Cazalet, after the score had reached 13-all, asked that the game be set 5 points instead of playing for 2 more. Tired, was he? You should have seen him tear around the court in one mad rally after another. Dixon managed to carry the score to 3-all, but Captain Cazalet was going great guns and wouldn't miss a thing, so the national champion lost without taking a game.

THE LONGEST match of the play was between P. K. Keenan, of Montclair, and Scott-Chad. Keenan, using a change of pace beautifully, was leading at 10-4 in the fifth game,



The Black Bottom of Sieben und Zwanzig

(In other words 1927)

From down in the Southland, far, far away
Came the Black Bottom with the raggedy sway;
Rotating feet and high swinging shanks,
Slapping of hips, thumbs down by the cranks.
The body quivers, the knee joints rattle,
The cow bells clank like a bunch of cattle;
The young men stare, and the old maids tattle;
A gyroscope you need for the Black Bottom battle.

Madame, Mesdames, Mademoiselles and all the other Dames and Selles, lend us your ears for two semi-seconds. We have a word or two to impart about your little tootsies and no pinching of ears or feet involved—we assure you.

Your little lady-dogs are going to hurt in the Black Bottom rodeo, and hurt awful bad, unless you give 'em comfort of the ultra kind.

Arch Preserver Shoes do just that, beaucoup. Nothing else but. They put so much pep and ginger and all the other things in the twinkling feet and flashing toes that action is sub-conscious. The best proof is in the strutting. Why not come in and strut a strut or two and prove it?

February 15th change of address—on the ground floor of the heart of things. Better store, more luxurious, and right beside Mary Elizabeth and across from Russek's on 36th St. Some store, we'll say!



Some Shoe,
We'll Say,
Also.

Two eyelet Tan
Calf Tie. Solid
leather walking
heel. \$12.50

Until Feb. 15th allow
us to serve you here

J. VAN BUREN BROWN, Inc

ARCH PRESERVER SHOES EXCLUSIVELY
JAEGER BUILDING—FOURTH FLOOR
Where the Bus stops going South

590 FIFTH AVE. AT 48th ST.

but his best weapon proved a boomerang, for when he lost the service he found the tin four times in a row by the margin of a hair on drop shots, and before he could regain his touch the match was lost to a hard, steady hitter who also knew how to intersperse his smashes with floaters.

THE BITTER is usually mixed with the sweet, and the Yale Club, after revelling in the fruits of victory won by Harry K. Cross (capturing the national Class C squash tennis championship) and by the Yale Class C team (clinching the metropolitan team title), is now ruminating on the sweet uses of adversity, as experienced by its Class A team.

When Tom Coward defaulted to Edward Larigan in the match at the Crescent A.C., the Elis passed out of Class A championship picture. Now the race is solely between the Crescents and the Harvard Club. If Fillmore Hyde were not in Europe we should advise you to lay your money on the Crimson even though William Rand, Jr., has fallen into a slump. You can take your own choice now, and if you want to know ours—(watch for next installment).

—ALLISON DANZIG

INDOOR POLO

*Hartford Cavalrymen
Dispose of a Squadron
Trio — Another Loses
at West Point*



VERSATILE are the Squadron A horsemen. They have more teams in simultaneous action in the rollicking in-

door game of polo than any similar organization. Last Saturday the famous troopers even went so far as to have one polo commuter on its rolls. This was Captain George Mathews, head of Troop C, who played on the cavalry team that was beaten by the cadets up the Hudson, and returned to the Park Avenue arena in time to get into a second match, in which he turned in a good game at back—though this is not the position in which he is at his best, in my opinion. And as if the day's work and the evening's gallop were not enough, the bold captain was seen departing from



Silken Sport Frocks

IN COMPOSE COLOR EFFECTS

These smart models are designed for the vogue of compose evening color effects. For instance—three tones of the same color, beige in Shah silk. Of Rajah in white, combined in two tones of blue; of different thicknesses of the same tone of Yo San; or of shades of rose and mauve Salome. Besides being so attractive for town and sports wear, the new compose idea adapts itself admirably for evening wear. No matter what model you choose, or what color, your fabric should be Rajah, Yo-San, Salome or Shan.

L. O. THOMPSON COMPANY

(Formerly Rogers and Thompson)

244 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

RAJAH

Rough woven but captivatingly soft to the touch. 36 inches wide. In a wealth of starle, high and pastel colorings.

YO-SAN

Semi-sheer, semi-rough, this new non-crushable crepe is a charming variation from crepe de Chine. 40 inches.

SALOME

A satin-face shantung. Salome is the dernier cri in semi-formal fabrics. Ideal for frocks and ensembles. 36 inches.

SHAH

A lustrous pongee silk, rich in appearance and supreme in wearing qualities. 32 inches wide. A choice of smart colors.



CREATORS OF SILKS PAR EXCELLENCE

the wisdom of Grandma Peebles



... Mr. Peebles was a small-town lawyer who was afflicted with the conversational evil of dividing everything in two classes.

At the Peebles' annual family reunion he held forth, as usual, dividing things and giving copious examples. "Women," he proclaimed, "are of but two kinds, those who raise children and those who become secretaries of Women's Clubs." Working himself slowly into a frenzy, he finally ejaculated, "Everything is divided in two classes; one class grows less attractive with age, and the other more attractive. Antique furniture is of the latter class, hat styles of the former."

The family group pondered for some moments over this daring generality. Grandma Peebles took the floor. "I know something that becomes neither more nor less attractive and desirable as the years go by," she said. "What I have in mind has always been the best of its kind and is the best of its kind today. I mean Lady Pepperell Sheets."

By this undeniably true statement she cured lawyer Peebles of an undeniably bad habit.

**Lady
PEPPERELL**

sheets & pillow cases

the armory toward midnight, arrayed in correct soup and fish, not yet prepared to call it a day.

TO THOSE unfamiliar with the indoor game it should be explained that visiting players, if they come from a distance, are usually mounted by the local team. Since the indoor play generally lasts only four chukkers, or six at the most, a man has to be something of a horseman to get along at all. That is why the late-hour victory of a trio from the Hartford Cavalry Association, by the score of 9-4½, was all the more remarkable. It was a strong Squadron team, with Bill Klausner at No. 1, Brady at No. 2, and Lull, who is one of the best of the backs, that outrated the visitors by two goals before the match and did not outrate them on the flat after the game. The visiting trio, riding some of the best of the Squadron mounts, especially a pinto with a nice action that Aininger at No. 2 bestrode, started fast, eased up, and then, once in command of the strange mounts, finished with a rush that swept the local cavalymen down to a reasonably unexpected defeat. It was excellent combination play, with fine backing by Captain Voigt, and with the elusive Peyton playing a dangerous long distance No. 1, that did the business.

THERE was greater freedom in the Hartford formation, and the hitting was much more crisp, especially on the backhand. There were times when the visitors took to hoisting the ball too much, but that was the result, I think, of hitting up the pace and putting on the pressure. Brady of the Squadron had little chance to work free of the press, and the Squadron's early scores came mainly from the *melée* in front of goal. Klausner is a heavyweight No. 1, and usually very effective in crowding the opposing back, but he could not do much with the Hartford man, Voigt. Occasionally Lull and Klausner got well together with a backhand passing defense, but they could not keep it up in the face of the better hitting. The crepitation of the Hartford mallet heads now and then resounded on the blown-up ball like a burst of machine gun fire. The visitors were everlastingly on the ball.

It looked like a runaway for the first few minutes, until Klausner and Lull finally broke up the formation and got Brady through for the first local tally. The score was 7-1 at the



FAIENCE... FAUTEUILS... FACES!

ON the pretty little china figurine, the network of tiny cracks which denotes its age proclaims, also, its priceless.

Marks of antiquity merely add to the preciousness of magnificent old furniture.

But faces... complexions that bear the cachet of the connoisseur... must be kept unlined... utterly untouched by time... forever at the dawn of their fresh, first beauty...

"Today," declares HELENA RUBINSTEIN, international beauty specialist, "no woman... short of senility... need look old... Science makes it possible for every one to retain her beauty... unmarked... flawless... throughout life!"

Call at the 57th Street Salon for a thorough, scientific diagnosis of your skin... for advice as to its proper care... and an outline of the exquisite RUBINSTEIN Preparations best suited to its needs... This service is quite without charge!

Famous Rubinstein Preparations for Winter-Roughened Skins

VALAZE WATER LILY CREAM—most luxurious of cleansing creams—richly replenishing—restores a soft, smooth texture to winter harshened skins. 2.50.

VALAZE BAUME BLANC—exquisitely healing, quickly soothing to skins made sensitive by exposure to cold. 1.75.

VALAZE EXTRAIT—a wonderfully effective anti-wrinkle lotion and tonic. Delightfully refreshing at all times. 2.50.

VALAZE CAMPHORIZED LIPSTICK—prevents (or heals) chapped—cracked—sensitive lips. 1.00.

Chic, Protective Cosmetic

The superb VALAZE POWDERS, ROUGES, LIPSTICKS, MASCARO, are safe, beneficial, protective, for even the most delicate skin... The ultimate in sophisticated make-up! 1.00 to 5.50.

Dispensed at all the better stores—
or direct from

Helena Rubinstein

46 W. 57th St., New York
PARIS LONDON

close of the second period, and then a beautiful backhand by Lull boosted the Squadron a bit. In the third period the local trio put on rush after rush, and this came at a time when the visitors were having a little trouble with their mounts and occasionally losing their caps. The fourth chukker showed the best polo of the night by the visitors, for now the blue horsemen from Connecticut began hitting off the irons and under the ponies' necks. The visitors began to pull away from the Squadron once more, and Peyton added to the advance with two of the prettiest shots in the evening's play, taking the first shot off the floor and then literally scoring from the air. This was smart play that brought the crowd to its feet. Penalties hurt the Squadron more than the Nutmeg team, for the latter had its combination working so smoothly as to keep out of danger in excellent fashion. And so ended another good armory show.

THE OPENING match was between a Squadron team with Fitzgibbon at one, Graham at two, and the aforementioned Captain Mathews at back, and a Triangle team with Polstein at bow, Seligman at two, and Lee at back. The cavalry team set out with the benefit of a two-goal handicap. Incidentally this is the same young Seligman who performed so well a few years ago at Narragansett Pier, what time the facetious Sivell Lee upset a better-rated Army team by a display of raw but effective generalship. Seligman, by the way, is one of the most delightful sportsmen in the game, indoor or out, a real lover of good horseflesh. The game turned out to be close, but went to Triangle by a single goal. As a Class B match it rated well. Of course the Triangle men, who come from Durland's, rode their own mounts.

THE SQUADRON sent in another commuter to West Point in the battle in Class C with the red-shirted 112th Field Artillery from East Orange. This was Nichols at No. 2. Young played the outpost, Koerner the protector. The Orangemen were made up of Powers, Hartdegen and Walsh, the latter a former Yale player. This was a tight match all the way, and the visitors finally took it by 2-1. The artillerymen brought over their own mounts, with the result that they were at their best. Still it was a toss-up

*Who ever heard of
a woman who had too
many linens? It just
isn't possible.*



A Bountiful Supply of Household Linens

Every housekeeper glories in the possession of a full Linen Closet: Table Linens, gleaming white, immaculate Linen Towels and Linen Sheets.

The joy of possessing such treasures is her birthright as a home-maker—and who ever heard of a woman who had too many linens? It just isn't possible! Pure Linens are an investment which bear fruit in contentment and in satisfying service for years and years.

And for Trousseaux

Brides of this season and of seasons past will find the advice of our specialists helpful in acquiring a well appointed Linen Closet. The same careful consideration is extended to your needs whether you wish to purchase on a limited or an unlimited budget.

McCutcheon's

5th Avenue
Dept. No. 75



49th Street
New York



It's not so much what show you see as whom you take to see it!

OF course, Aunt Agatha would survive "The Captive"—but would she ever forgive you? Would you still retain the good will of the buyer from East Moline if you unwittingly frustrated his six-months' anticipation of a good—shall we say—limb show?

Perhaps—but why risk it? Don't trust your memory or the titles for a clue to the plot. Play safe—consult the Evening Post's "Guide for Theatre-goers." Its two-line low-down on each current show has saved many an evening and many a reputation!

now 3c

[FIVE CENTS]
[SATURDAY]

NEW YORK
**Evening
Post**

75 West Street : Whitehall 9000

and anybody's game to the last. The scoring was low, largely because the riding off was good, and the hitting not quite deft enough to overcome that handicap. —HERBERT REED

HOCKEY

One Good Game

THE PAST week in the realm of hockey was saved from being a complete washout by one game only—the great table-turning act staged by the New York Americans with the Ottawa Senators as unwilling accessories.

Ottawa's defeat has been accomplished once or twice this season hitherto, but not so frequently that we can look upon their first downfall on the Garden ice as incidental. During the first period of the game it looked as though the Americans were going to pile up a greater margin over the pace-makers than did Pittsburgh, but one of the prettiest goals of the evening, scored by Green major on a pass from his minor, was disallowed as it was alleged to be offside, so the Ottawans' latest conquerors had to rest content to share with the Yellow Jackets the honor of a 6-1 triumph.

The highlight of the game came within a minute of the opening bell when Reise, one of the Americans' sturdy defense duo, gathered up a loose puck away back in his own territory and cantered through to the mouth of the enemy goal. Here his first shot was blocked by Connell, and there may have been many more futile efforts, for things were coming to pass too quickly for the eye to follow, but finally the red light flashed and Reise wended his way back to take up his usual stand and to get on with his legitimate business.

After Reise had thus indicated what was expected of his team-mates, the Americans held a scoring bee in which all but the goalkeeper took an active part.

I COULD go on recounting the exploits of this, my favorite team, until I became as boring as the proud parent of a child prodigy. As a matter of fact I feel as though I had played a part in the Americans' victory, but when pinned down to hard facts I can claim only that I have consistently named the senior locals as one of the very best teams that ever followed the golden trail southward. Even yet I am too cautious to attempt



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or BEAUTY, if you please,

are only a matter of a few moments a day.

YOU HAVE THE BACKGROUND of a BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION: all you need do is give it proper care.

Apply a thin coating of De Modine to the face, massage lightly, then remove with a soft cloth—that's all, leaving the SKIN SOFT and VELVETY and with the most delightful base for powder.

It purifies; that's why it beautifies.

Try it before dinner; the effect is magical.

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B. ALTMAN & CO.

— or —

DE MODINE, INC.
156 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.



"... I say, Mr. Wimble, a bit of bridge makes one feel so inferior. Don't you think?"

"Ah yes. So like this business of snagging theatre tickets. Long, hard work—little success—finally, a flattened purse—"

"Well, poor social slaves. Take my advice. Ease your brains. Try lotto and Bascom. Just above 44th, you know. . . ."

And branches at The Biltmore, Vanderbilt, Ambassador, Plaza, Astor, Belmont, Commodore, Murray Hill, Imperial and Williams Club

to pick the Stanley Cup winners for 1927, but this much I will venture—New York may possibly have two teams in the play-offs; New York will certainly have one team in the finals; that one sure bet is the Old Guard of the Garden, the New York Americans. —R. K. ARTHUR

FLEA-TALK

[SCENE: The upper Forties—the left ear of Champion Tintern Tip-top, Sealyham.]

FIRST TRAINED FLEA: 'Lo, Lester!

Fancy meeting you here.

SECOND TRAINED FLEA: Well, Bill!

How's the flea? Where've you been all winter?

FIRST T. F.: Over here at the museum.

Did a nice little specialty for two months and then they gave me the lead. I've been knocking them dead at every performance, but the darned show closed last night.

SECOND T. F.: Rotten luck, old man. What was the trouble?

FIRST T. F.: Big fight with Equity. Found out half the chorus were non-Equity fleas, so we had to close. Are you working?

SECOND T. F.: Oh, I've quit the profession. I've got my eye on a nice, big, rambling old collie out in Woodmere and I'm going to settle down out there with the sweetest little flea in the world.

FIRST T. F.: Congratulations! Who's the lucky girl—Beatrice?

SECOND T. F.: Good Lord, no! Beatrice and I split up long ago. Last I heard of her she was living on some dreadful little cat in the Village.

FIRST T. F.: A cat! How low!

SECOND T. F.: Ghastly! Well, so long, old fellow. Here's an Aire-dale that seems to be going my way. If you ever get out to Woodmere drop in and see us. Irving Place—first collie from the corner. Ask any police dog.

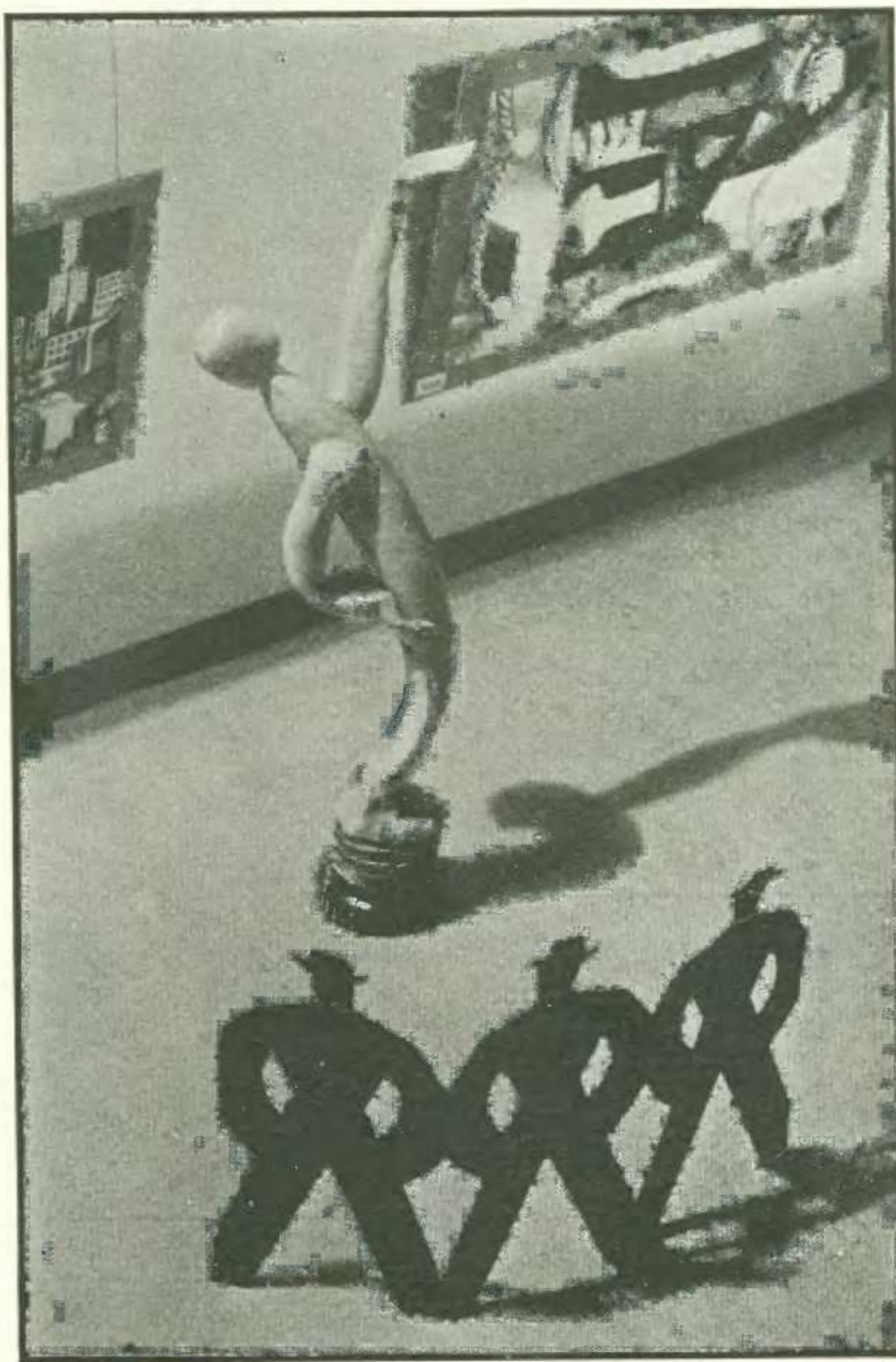
FIRST T. F.: Olive oil!

—PHYLLIS RYAN

FOR SALE, baker's business; good trade; large oven; present owner been in it for seven years; good reasons for leaving.—*London newspaper.*

Certainly no half-baked proposition.

ADVENTURES OF THE FABRIC GROUP No. 2



Steiner-Bruehl

“Lissome bit of modelling, I call it.”

“Doesn't it remind you of Helen?”

“Yes, and that reminds me—the poor girl's waiting for us this very moment at the Ritz.”

“But are we presentable?” “My dear boy. Have you forgotten that we're wearing Fabric Group suits?”

Weber and Heilbroner are the exclusive designers, producers and dispensers of Fabric Group Suits, \$35, \$40, \$45

TABLES *for* TWO or BANQUETS *for* TWO HUNDRED

On the Trials and Tribulations of a Restaurant

WE have never before glimpsed behind the scenes to see what happens there or what a restaurant has to put up with. It's always been just a matter of ordering our food or the charged water with which we strive to reduce the government percentage of wood alcohol, and not till the other evening did we suddenly discover that there is another side to the story.



We were enjoying a very excellent dinner on the delightful Terrace of the Twin Oaks Restaurant, when our attention was suddenly attracted by a commotion at an adjoining table. Business of calling for the headwaiter and so forth. I pricked up my ears . . . maybe Twin Oaks was not as good as I thought.

Fred, the polished diplomat who reigns there, made his appearance immediately.

"Look here, I ordered this ham steak broiled, and they bring it out fried. I particularly told this dumb-bell three times that I wanted it broiled and he goes and brings it out fried."

The waiter, a picture of dejection and concern, let forth

a jargon of French which I did not catch.

"I am most desolated, Monsieur," Fred at his suavest, "but Monsieur must be mistaken. The garçon actually saw it come off the broiler."

"Are you trying to tell me I don't know what I am talking about?"

"But, no, Monsieur. Voilà! there are the marks of the broiler."

I craned my neck. Certainly the marks of the gridiron were plain enough. But not to the irate diner.

"Say, listen! Don't hand me that hokum. I wasn't born yesterday. Those marks were put on with a hot poker. This



steak was fried and that's all there is to it. If you want to get paid for it, you'll broil one for me."

I marvelled at the composure with which Fred bowed away with the offending steak. On our way out he answered my comment as to the unreasonableness of some people, with

"But, no, Mademoiselle, with us the customer is always right."

—Mascara.

TABLES

*For Inquisitive Outsiders
Not for Bounders—*

PEREGRINATIONS this week have led me into strange and supposedly dire places—to wit: Hoboken, Riverside Drive and Eighty-fifth Street, and Pell Street. For a girl whose whole sphere of life is supposedly limited to the areas between Fourth and Sixtieth streets, this is moving right along.

Hoboken isn't half as far away as you would think. After getting your visa, making certain that the young lady pays her own fare, packing several trunks, and so on, you may either take the tubes from Thirty-third Street or hop blithely aboard the Twenty-third Street ferry and watch it churn through the ice of the Hudson for twenty minutes or so. And the Central Hotel, beloved of the editors of the *American Mercury*, is just three blocks from the landing place. It is comfortable, smoky, grill-roomy. My seat was next to a lovely water tank full of very infinitesimal fish. You may think that people in Hoboken have no imagination, but they didn't have just ornery goldfish from the ten-cent store—they had lovely shiny things from the West Indies, who floated around kissing each other madly all the time and made you feel romantic and sorry that you had ever misunderstood the sex life of these little creatures. I had always believed the poor-fish joke.

First, we had the most elegant caviar, \$2.50 giving us the most tremendous pair of portions ever I did see. And then succulent steaks and vegetables and baked tomatoes and things, all so delicious that you can't bear it. And if the prospect of perfectly grand food doesn't induce you to make a visit, go anyway and discover the other reasons.

THE NEXT fling was Chinese. At 24 Pell Street (it runs from Mott Street to the Bowery) is a tasty place known as Chinese Delmonico's. And this is no idle jest. After climbing two flights in a district that gives you none of the sinister feelings you would expect after reading "Limehouse Nights," you burst into a very large dining room, the wooden tables all inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and swans and things





TWIN OAKS

RESTAURANT AND SUPPER CLUB

46TH. ST. JUST EAST OF B'WAY. BRYANT 6510

MUSIC BY JOHNNY JOHNSON AND HIS BOYS



FOR TWO

of - Bouders —
More Strange Sights!



flying on embroidered silks on the walls. And then, if you are wise, you will order things like chicken mushroom soup, chow mein with crisp noodles (not included in the dish, but on the side), shrimp omelet and almond chicken, and you will top off these delectables with crisp, sweet wafers and lovely candied fruits on toothpicks. I am not one to explore strange dishes with too much avidity. But these were really marvelous. And it is more fun to go out in the kitchen and see the immaculate bowls and bowls and bowls of strange ingredients, all ready for preparation at the hands of the most amiable chef to be found anywhere. . . .

AFTER that, must I tell you again to go to Minsky's burlesque show at the foot of Second Avenue and Houston Street and see a Jewish comedian that is as good as *Potash* and *Perlmutter*, with hilarity of the pants-kicking school?

AT EIGHTY-FIFTH Street and the Drive (No. 127 on the Drive, to be exact), the Coq D'Or is in evidence and turns out to be a blue-lighted place, very amiable, with a really grand \$1.50 table d'hôte dinner that leaves you gasping after the third course. Russian Borsch and things set the tone. There will be a dance orchestra there shortly for dinner and supper. Not worth making a tremendous effort to see, but nice if you happen to be in the vicinity. The only entertainment the night I was there was in listening to the details of that blonde-at-the-next-table's latest and most lurid divorce.

DEMON Statistician sends in the following:

"Have just heard from an authority (probably an advertising man) that the White Rock Company bottles 48,000,000 bottles a year. This equals 136,000,000 highballs of adequate strength which—if placed in line, one glass touching the other—would stretch 9,113 miles. The Twentieth Century would require five days and seventeen hours to run the course of these highballs, allowing six hours

ANNOUNCING

First Club Appearance in America
of the Famous

Exclusive Victor Artist

JACK SMITH

"The Whispering Baritone"



Appearing Twice Nightly at the
CLUB MIRADOR

51st St. at 7th Ave.

Circle 5106-4983

... A Few London Comments ...

"In the early hours of this morning, Jack Smith, America's 'Whispering Baritone' . . . made his London debut at the New Princes' to an audience . . . who came to welcome . . . with flowers and cheers . . . Jack Smith came, saw and conquered. His engaging smile and Apollo-like physique won the hearts of the audience at once. His fascinating rendering of love ballads . . . pleased everybody and at the third number Princes' was ringing with the choruses . . . until everybody was singing or whistling the tunes which have made Jack Smith a personality to thousands of people. . . . After many encores and showers of flowers, Jack Smith made a speech. . . . Tonight at midnight all the world can enjoy . . . for he is on the wireless for the first and only time in this country."—*London "Star,"* May 18, 1926.

"His reception was so tumultuous. . . His method of sitting at right angles to the piano with his left hand thrown carelessly over the top, or behind his back, is very taking, and secures the intimate atmosphere necessary for his whispering methods. . . . A sure sign of popularity, everyone was calling out for their favorite songs."—*London "Daily Sketch,"* May 19, 1926.

"So, now the coming of Jack Smith to the New Princes' Cabaret means that folk are asking that an extra table be squeezed in somewhere. Jack Smith discovered a new

way of singing love songs. He has a pleasant baritone voice, but he just whispers with it. . . . Add to this a confidential tone, words sometimes spoken, sometimes sung, a fascinating syncopation and a haunting air, and you have some idea of Jack Smith's stock-in-trade."—*London "Weekly Dispatch,"* May 23, 1926.

"A huge supper-time audience greeted Jack Smith, America's 'Whispering Baritone'. His pleasant, confidential manner of singing syncopated ditties, and his engaging style, helped to make his task of getting his audience to join in choruses an easy one. They lifted the roof . . ."—*London "Evening News,"* June 5, 1926.

" . . . Jack Smith coming on with a grand piano . . . strikes a new note in cabaret. He certainly has personality. Without exerting himself, he manages to get even the reserved, smart crowd to join in the singing of his cute little jazz songs."—*"Lloyd's Sunday News,"* London, May 23, 1926.

"Mr. Jack Smith is known as 'The Whispering Baritone.' This seems at first a doubtful compliment, but Mr. Jack Smith has a most penetrating whisper; he is a human version of the whispering gallery of St. Paul's. As his whisper broadens out into a mellow, ringing note . . ."—*London "Daily News,"* May 22, 1926.

The Ambassador

Announces the Engagement of
"TOMMY LYMAN"
who appears nightly in
THE AMBASSADOR GRILL

Mr. Lyman has just returned from Europe where he was a sensation at THE FLORIDA and EMBASSY CLUBS, LONDON; PERROQUET and FLORIDA CLUBS, PARIS.

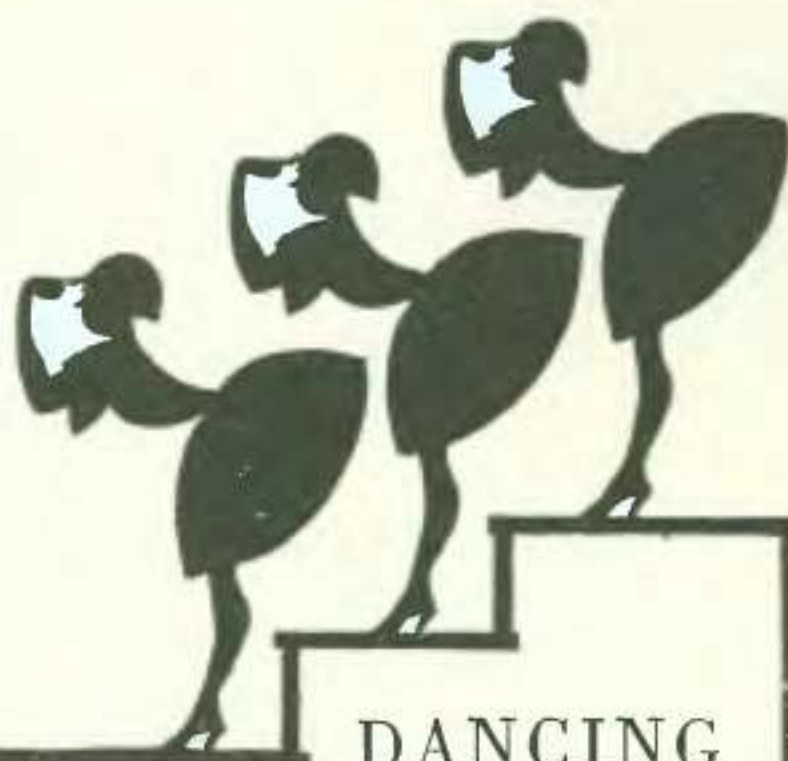
LARRY SIRY and
His Famous Orchestra

Dinner Dancing 7:30 to 10:30.
Supper Dancing 11:15 to closing.



The
Ambassador

PARK AVENUE at 51ST STREET
NEW YORK



DANCING

with music by the exceptional
orchestra under the guidance
of HALE (Pee Wee) BYERS

CABARET—Eleanor Kern,
Murphy & Johnson, Johnnie
Marvin, Lila Bay and others

CUISINE—à la carte

Dancing including Sundays
from 7 p.m. to 3 a.m.

TELEPHONE Spring 8191

BARNY'S
DINNER & SUPPER
85 West Third Street • New York

THE COUNTY FAIR



HAVING A
VERY GAY
WINTER
THANK YOU
AT

54 EAST 9TH.
STUYVESANT 9290

DINNER & SUPPER CLUB
FOR SMART NEW YORKERS

Old New Yorker Favorites

(Late of Club Dover)

LOU
CLAYTON
EDDIE
JACKSON
JIMMY
DURANTE

Those Three
Great Comedians

NOW AT
The PARODY

B'way and 48th St.
Phone "Leon" Chickering 6562
for Reservations
"Just For a Laugh"

EL PATIO

58 West
47th Street



"THIS noon, Florence, we'll take luncheon at El Patio. It is refreshingly different. They serve wonderful Spanish and American dishes. Troubadours play while you dine, and prices are an agreeable surprise."



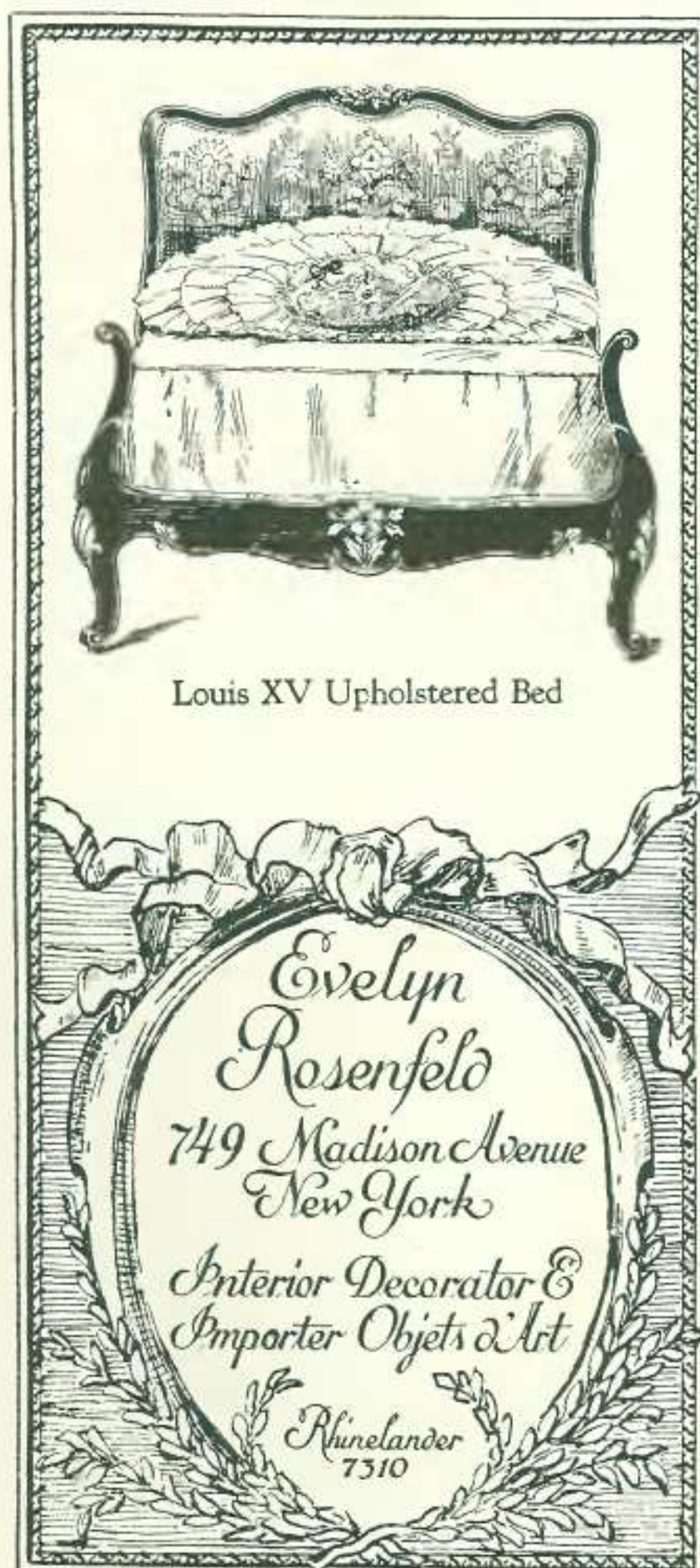
New Yorkers' Premier
French Restaurants
HOTEL LA FAYETTE
University Place
and
HOTEL BREVOORT
Fifth Avenue

"... He's such a spendthrift. Begged me to go to a show with him the other night—then pranced me into the auto show. Said he couldn't get seats for the play I picked."

"All right, dearie. Next time call his bluff. Lead him to Bascom's, just above 44th. . . ."

And branches at The Biltmore, Vanderbilt, Ambassador, Plaza, Astor, Belmont, Commodore, Murray Hill, Imperial and Williams Club.





Louis XV Upholstered Bed

for changing crews. I imagine this would be necessary—coaling, watering (why?) and so on. The line would go 386 times across the English Channel. Gertrude Ederle, if she did not stop to refresh herself, could swim it in 5,411 hours and 14 minutes. Poured into one container these would equal 8,530,000 gallons, which would form a single drink forty-six feet in diameter and eighty-two feet high.

"In arriving at the above, proper allowance has not been made for ice."

THE RECORD for snootiness, so far, goes without question to the proprietress of the Ivory Tower, at 23 Minetta Lane. And if you think that the Village is Bohemian, give a look, I ask you, at the following notice: "Bring your verbal opponent with you (if you must have cosmic duels). The hostess has not time nor desire for mental combats. GENTLEMEN will be treated with impeccable courtesy. Wise cracks and near-wits go elsewhere, PLEASE! (Life is a burden without you). Familiarity is not tolerated. Admittance to the 'Tower' implies a compliment. It is not for social errors, the over-robust. Do NOT inflict your brand of humor on the 'Tower.' Help maintain a quiet, well-bred atmosphere. Thank you.

LOUISE LAFITTE

"Yes, you may have bushels of fun and remain within the bounds of good taste. When in the mood, the hostess will gladly socialize, but her moods must be respected."

Vehement investigation shows that, after eight o'clock, coffee and sandwiches and light refreshments in general are supplied to the ladylike.

—LIPSTICK

WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

Because, the driver of a sporty foreign roadster, keeping close to the left-hand curb of Forty-second Street, thought that the several short blasts emitted by the traffic cop at Lexington Avenue were for the benefit of all traffic and pleasantly passed the time of day with the officer, and

Because, instead of the customary "Who do you think y'are?" the cop said, "Ye're not in London, Sor. Ye're in Ne'Yark. Would ye mind keepin' to the right? Go wan now."

—JOHNSON HEYWOOD



Francis M. Dean

Recommends

DEAN of maitres d' hotel, our Mr. Dean suggests for your luncheon or dinner at the Fifth Avenue Hotel Restaurant

Tenderloin of Beef Fifth Avenue

"We sauté in butter that delicate comestible tenderloin of beef, and place it gently in a casserole.

"Cover it with onions, potatoes and sour cream. Bake till it is crisp and brown—then you have a dish which I can conscientiously recommend for piquant and delectable flavor."

The Fifth Avenue Hotel Restaurant

FIFTH AVENUE at 9TH STREET
Telephone, STUYVESANT 6410

OSCAR WINTRAB
Managing Director

PRIVATE DINING ROOM



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

WHAT IS known informally around this office as Our Paris Correspondent has sent us jubilantly the following cable:

FASHION FORECASTS RUBBER BOOTS AND FUR LINED RAINCOATS FOR PARISIAN WEAR THE ONE SMART WOMAN LEFT IN PARIS WORE LOW CROWNED FELT HAT TAN CREPELLA DRESS AND FOX TRIMMED PAQUIN COAT TO RITZ STOP ENTIRELY ECLIPSED BY MINK COATS CHANEL RED DRESSES AND HIGH HATS OF NETTIE COHEN AND ASSOCIATE BUYERS. PARISITE

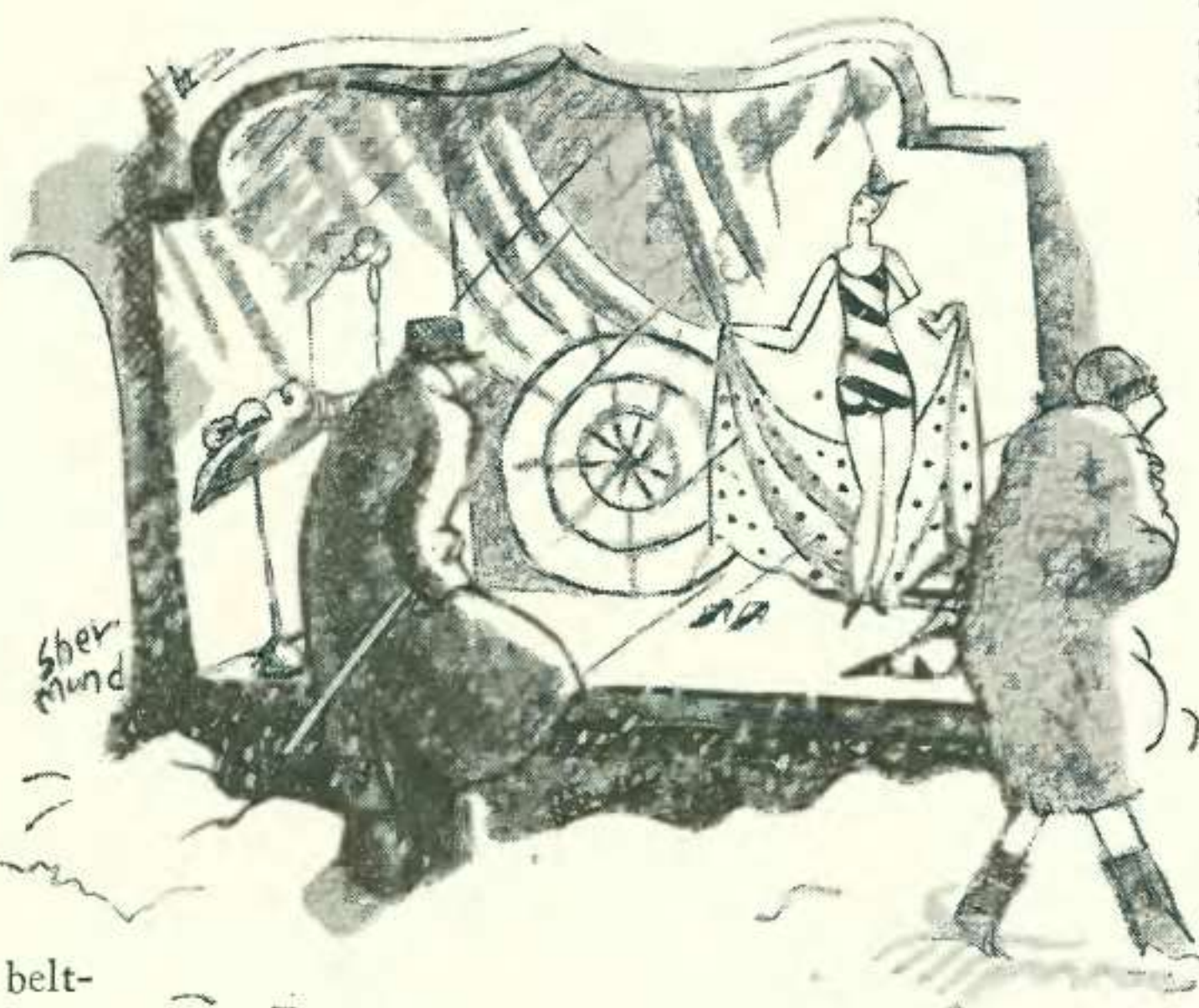
All of which arrives, in a timely way, simultaneously with Jay-Thorpe's collection of the very newest in French hats. Their selection embodies several very important new features: first, the disappearance of the very high, severe crown, which was always trying and rather old; second, the vanishing of the ripple brim; third, the use of blue, blue, blue in every shade you can think of, from a lively navy to a lively pale blue; fourth, the employment of a simple, cloche-like brim, often with an almost Dutch-cap tendency on the sides, and a normal crown, thank *le bon Dieu*.

Rose Descat has always made very youthful, poke bonnet effects which are affected by the well brought-up *jeunes filles* of Paris. But Alphonsine, who leaped into prominence by virtue of the severe, towering chapeau, has normal crowns; Reboux has gone girlish to the extent of producing one little trifle of navy belting with the band composed of strips of straw across the front going into Dutch ears at the sides. The close-fitting, helmet-like hats of felt, originally designed by Reboux, were first worn by American women, and sent the French ones in great haste to their copyists. Reboux is continuing these as a consequence, and even though you do see them on the ten-

cent store clerks, they are chic if well fitted. Reboux is also making a great many hats with the V in the back to cover the hair-line and a tiny brim in front. Agnès is still clinging to her going-towards-the-back effect, usually employing rows and rows of belting in various shades, notably blues. And she has produced one lovely thing, a pierrot cap of that crocheted straw which fits any head and crumples up like a chiffon nightie, with blue feathers going across the top and coming down over each ear.

Belting is prominent, either combined with straw or alone. This is excellent for wear right now, and the Jay-Thorpe copies will be on hand when you read this. Belting is also used a great deal as cockades and bands for hats of bangkok or felt, destined for Palm Beach now and for summer wear. These are slightly wider in the brims than the cloche of two years ago, and the only variant from the simplicity of their shape is the sharp creasing of the crowns, either in inverted pleats straight up the front or with tabs turned over sharply elsewhere.

For mature women, Marthe Collot



offers some turbans, satin being used a good deal. Jay-Thorpe has excellent examples of all of these, and they are the most wearable collection I have seen.

OH, I forgot, in all the excitement. Jay-Thorpe is developing its Mignon lingerie, which it has exclu-

sively in this country, in costume shades—beiges, rosy tans, yellowish peach color known as Rose of the Jungle (marvelous with sunburned skins) and more conventional roses and blues and so on. The lingerie is more elaborate than the severe fashion dictators tell us it should be, but we must be frivolous somewhere! Charfon, a new fabric as sheer as chiffon and soft and slippery as satin (this washes well, nevertheless) is being much used for these and is also exclusive with Jay-Thorpe.

FASTIDIOUS women tell me they have found in Daisy Garson an infallible guide in the selection and planning of their trousseaux and wardrobes. Mrs. Garson (and her address, before I forget it, is 142 East Fifty-fifth Street) designs and makes all her lingerie, negligées and pajamas in her own studio, the secrets of her success being an uncanny eye for color and a quiet chic that one doesn't often find even in imported things. Her negligées are especially lovely. One that captivated me was a flimsy chiffon affair in a heavenly shade of peach, subtly draped and gracefully finished off with a spray of flowers, fastened on the collar and falling down the back. A jaunty pair of lounging pajamas has black velvet trousers, a blouse of silk, made of horizontal stripes in three bright colors, and a velvet bolero. Mules can be made to go with any of these. The underwear is either of soft colored crêpe de chine, bound in contrasting colors—these must have a monogram—or more elaborate with handwork and real lace. Everything is made to order, and each box that goes out is carefully packed with ribbons and sachet to match the set. Mrs. Garson also makes to order dinner dresses and evening ensembles from her own models.

AT BONWIT TELLER, several new trifles smite the eye with something like force. One is a cigarette case of lizard in any color, holding ten cigarettes and having one of those square lighters, fitting into a flap, to

match, costing \$5.50. This for sports. And a prim marcasite flower with a stem and leaves and all for the dress shoulder or to nestle in the fox fur. And a hat pin at least eight inches long, one end of which emerges underneath the brim of a close-fitting hat to give the impression of a very rigid earring. This in rhinestones.

Bonwit Teller also has two superb sports coats from Beller in Paris, one of a rough tweed in basket weave checks in red and white, with a scarf and a pigskin belt; the other in blue and gray and white checked tweed with a low belt of blue leather giving a bloused effect and a shaggy flower of the same tweed on the lapel. Both stunning. Beller also offers a three-piece ensemble of green jersey tweed, the coat quite short, the skirt plain, and the belted blouse of plain green jersey.

—L. L.

THIS AND THAT

Some Gentle Skin Games



THE PROBLEM of a liquid powder that will whiten your neck and arms and still not make your dancing partner look guiltily like the victim of a talcum powder fight has long been a serious one. Bertie, however, has an elegant kind, called Poudre Mediana. This comes in two shades, naturelle and rachel for brunettes, and it has been discovered that it not only makes you look pearly as the dickens, but leaves absolutely no telltale traces.

AT 147 East Fiftieth Street, Mrs. Clara McCurdy Andia holds forth in her own apartment, simply to annihilate an incipient cold or other affliction of the flesh and spirit. The main part of her treatment consists of a steam cabinet, the difference between this and the familiar kind being that the heat is supplied, not by electric lights, but by oil fumes, all mixed up with pine odors and other ingredients that remind you of the soft tar sidewalks you used to punch with your fingers when you were little (and possibly, even now). Inhaling it clears your head out immediately. And, after fifteen minutes in the cabinet, your whole body begins to tingle deliciously, and the oil that gets into your skin makes it velvety, and you

the new
NADA
3 piece
suit
on the
important cardigan
lines

... as the CARDIGAN is extremely chic, extremely important this Spring, the new Nada three piece outfit features a CARDIGAN, of course. With due modesty we say... Nada fashions *always* lead the mode. Of wool crepe with a flat crepe blouse. In light blue, Chanel blue, grey, green, light green, nude, yellow or navy with a beige or light blue blouse 49.50

BEST & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE AT 35th ST. N.Y.



PRE-INVENTORY SALE OF FURS

To effect a final clearance prior to our annual inventory every garment has been most decidedly reduced.

"It pays to buy where you buy in safety"

A. JAECKEL & CO.
Furriers Exclusively
Fifth Ave. Bet. 35-36 Sts., New York

can't possibly catch cold after going out.

Mrs. Andia, who is a graduate nurse, also manipulates Sun Ray baskings that are not only remarkable in their tonic effect, but can give you a lovely, soft tan. Men as well as women are her clients. Since she conducts every treatment herself, it is essential that you telephone Plaza 6496 before dashing up there.

JUST ABOUT now is the right time to have your legs and arms "Zipped" so that you will be able to face the fierce sunlight and general exposure of summer beaches with equanimity. If you read advertisements at all, you will know that Mme. Berthé, at 562 Fifth Avenue, gives these treatments in her salon, though you can buy a bottle and try it on yourself if you are the kind of Amazon who can rip cooling wax from her skin with unflinching courage. There is no question but that this treatment does hurt somewhat, in a wincing way, though a permanent wave can make you suffer much more. But the skin looks lovely afterwards, and experience has proved that the hair comes back noticeably lighter and at a very slow rate. If the hair has been shaved a good deal, you may need eight or ten treatments, at six-week intervals; for light growths, three or four are sufficient to establish the "It's off because it's out" slogan. To my mind, worth it, what with sheer stockings, décolletages and the new era of femininity to be considered. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

*The Actor Makes the
Clothes — Other Notes*



I THINK, in fact, I know, that it was George Jean Nathan who complained of our present crop of actors that they invariably spent their waking hours in the attempt to pass themselves off as something they were not (to the great detriment of their acting) and that most of them wasted valuable time endeavoring to convince the world that they were gentlemen. Be that as it may (for it is not my func-

tion to controvert the professional utterances of the Scourge of Broadway) I am forced to concede that many young actors get away with it—the genteel appearance and not, necessarily, the bad acting—quite nicely. The day has gone by when the approach of a mime in mufti was heralded by the roll of drums and the brazen clash of cymbals, when sedate coach horses reared, plunged and kicked dashboards to smithereens as an out-of-work chorus man turned the corner of Forty-second street and fairly screamed up the Avenue, when George M. Cohan's plaid suitings set the styles in Missoula and Sauk Center. That day has passed into the dark realm inhabited by Charon and Pluto and Ibsen matinées by W. A. Brady, Jr.

In its place we have the smartly clad Noel Coward, tripping discreetly into the Ritz tea room, looking for all the world like Al Davis; the quietness of Ronald Colman giving us his impression of an English swell who has just stolen a sapphire; the almost eighteenth century grandeur of the superbly tailored Adolphe Menjou, who, nevertheless, affects abominable walking sticks. These men, and perhaps a dozen others, far from outraging the proprieties of good dressing, are actually setting our styles. Americans have not, until the last few years, been clothes-conscious—as the advertising gentry put it—and even today a man like Clarence Darrow (who ought to, and probably does, know better) can make capital out of being badly dressed. But the successful actor, having both money and leisure and even, on occasion, good taste, can create fashions many of which the rest of us, albeit unconsciously, follow. In which respect, at least, he has become the American counterpart of the British aristocracy.

You think perhaps that I exaggerate? Then name a man-about-town turned out as well as the above-mentioned Menjou, a diner-out who wears a claw-hammer coat with the swank of Jack Buchanan, a horseman who can wear breeches with Colman. There has not been a "best dressed American" since Berry Wall went to Paris.

ALL OF which has little to do, save indirectly, with what may be found at the shops. Peck & Peck are having their usual half-yearly sale and you can find there excellent values in socks, ties and sweaters if you don't mind pawing further over an already

"THE WAY TO SAY
REMEMBER ME"

CIRO
PERFUMES



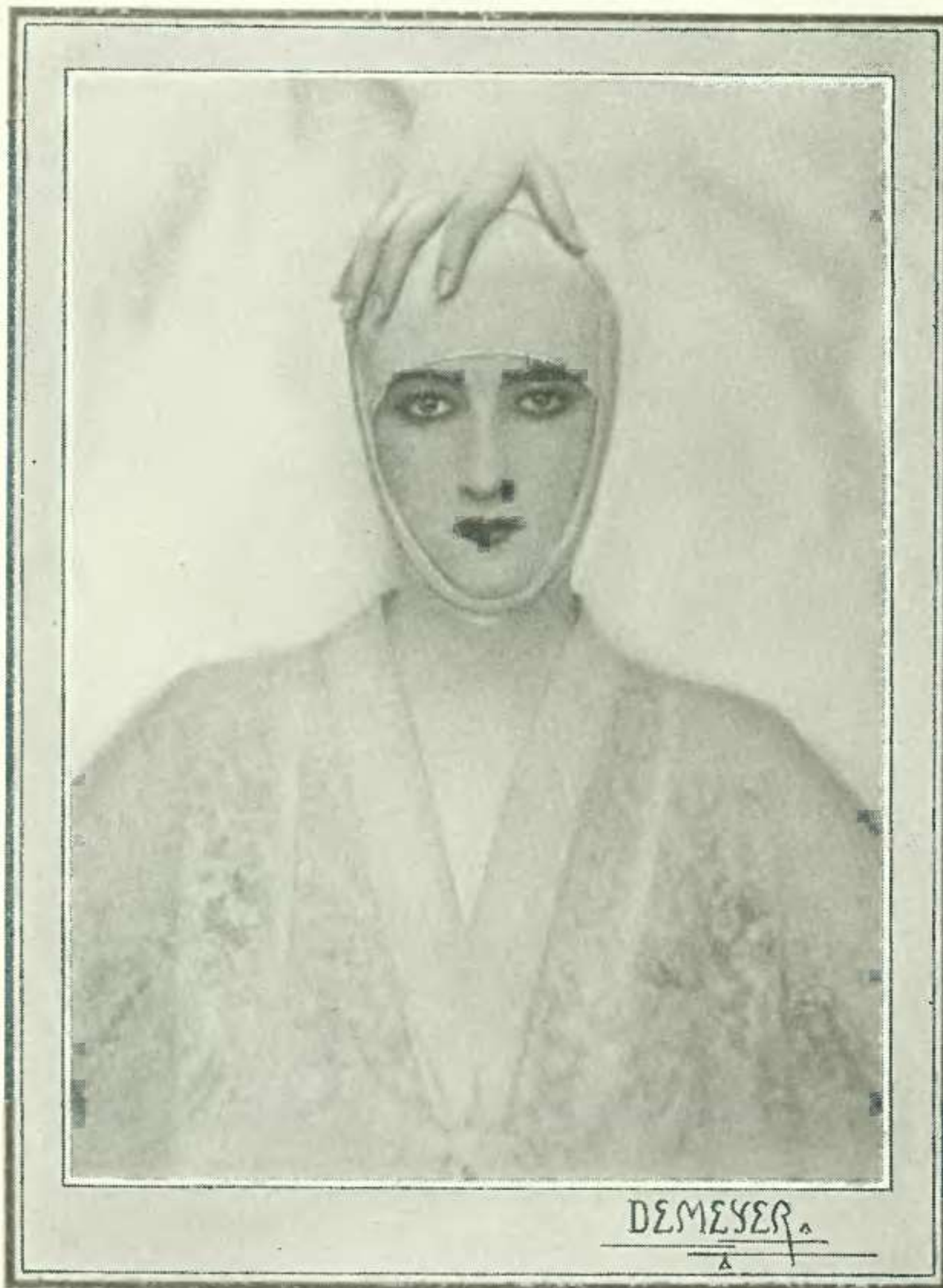
DOUX JASMIN

PERFUME AND FACE POW-
DER—SUPREMELY FINE
—MEMORABLE AS THE
FRAGRANT FLOWER ITSELF

„BOUQUET ANTIQUE
„PARFUM MASKEE
„CHEVALIER DE LA NUIT

MADE AND SEALED IN PARIS
CIRO: 20 RUE DE LA PAIX

GUY T. GIBSON, INCORPORATED
ALSO IMPORTERS OF POGO ROUGE
565 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



... *AN* Elizabeth Arden Treatment is wonderful to tone and refresh a tired, relaxed or ageing face.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

673 Fifth Avenue, New York

LONDON: 25 OLD BOND STREET PARIS: 2 RUE DE LA PAIX
PALM BEACH: 2 VIA PARIGI

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at the smart shops

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**

badly pawed-over stock. And Whitehouse & Hardy have reduced most of their shoes to \$12.50. At the Forty-second Street shop I saw a nice-looking black oxford with the toe rather more pointed than is usual with them—much the smartest shoe in the place. If you prefer a broader toe you can get that, too.

AT ROGERS PEET I saw a really capacious suitcase with a special, although removable, compartment for hats—top or otherwise. Another unusual feature is a deep tray, hinged to the top of the case, which is warranted to preserve your shirts in all their pristine glory. If any of you have stuffed a hat with socks, padded it with towels and sweaters, then prayed over it before closing your old-fashioned suitcase, you'll appreciate this one. Price: \$100, and worth it. Another interesting Rogers Peet item is a fabric-covered wardrobe-suitcase. This is fine to throw into a cab or at a red-cap, but God help the man who has to carry one. Price: \$40.

I HAVE been asked to write a series of paragraphs on evening wear, but as the subject is broad and my space is limited, I am going to confine it to a bare outline, issuing, from time to time, brief bulletins on the cut of waistcoats, the shape of hats, et cetera, as the occasion demands. Commencing then, from the top:

HATS: With tail coat—1. A silk top-per or beaver, slightly belled. 2. An opera (or collapsible) hat, covered with grosgrain.

With dinner jacket—1. An opera hat. 2. A black fedora. 3. A gray fedora with bound edge.

TOPCOATS: 1. A black cloth coat, single-breasted with fly front. Satin lapels. 2. An Inverness—very smart at the moment. (One of the above mentioned is essential with a tail coat. With a dinner jacket any dark town coat may be worn.)

CLAWHAMMER COAT: A well-cut tail coat should last for several years, for the fashion in evening clothes changes slowly. At the moment the proper coat is cut very close at the waist, broadness of shoulders is accentuated and the tails are rather on the long side. Lapels should be of dull, ribbed silk and—most important of all—the waistcoat should *not* show below the coat where it is cut in at a point just above the hips. If it does, all is ruined! The coat should hug

the body naturally, and should not be fastened across the front.

DINNER JACKET: Cut very much in the manner of a well made lounge coat, the dinner jacket should fasten with one button which ought never to be unfastened. Shoulders broad, hips flat, lapels peaked rather than notched and covered with dull, ribbed silk. Four buttons at cuff, which should be cut rather snug. The shawl collar dinner jacket should be worn only at stag affairs. The double-breasted dinner jacket is correct at home or in the tropics, for it may be worn without a waistcoat.

On the whole, it is a good thing to avoid.

TROUSERS: Should be cut high and fasten with braces. Pleats at the waist are optional but make for a better fit with the full trousers which are now being worn.

Properly cut trousers should be fairly wide, tapering a bit below the knee, and should be allowed to break slightly over the instep. Braid is optional, but most men wear it.

WAISTCOATS: With tail coat—White piqué, either single or double-breasted, with short points and a V opening. The double-breasted waistcoat cut straight across is no longer fashionable. It is fatal to buy an evening waistcoat ready made.

With dinner jacket—As above, or black single-breasted waistcoat of the same material as coat. This, if worn, should have a double edging of narrow braid.

Most well dressed Englishmen wear the black waistcoat which has, by the way, the additional advantage of never going out of fashion.

SHIRTS: Stiff bosomed piqué, preferably without design, although a criss-cross pattern has recently been rather popular. Wide, unstarched pleats are permissible in the tropics, although not quite smart.

COLLARS: The wing collar is correct, preferably with a wide opening and broad wings.

TIES: With tail coat—White piqué, criss-cross design, with a single end. The flaring or butterfly tie is correct.

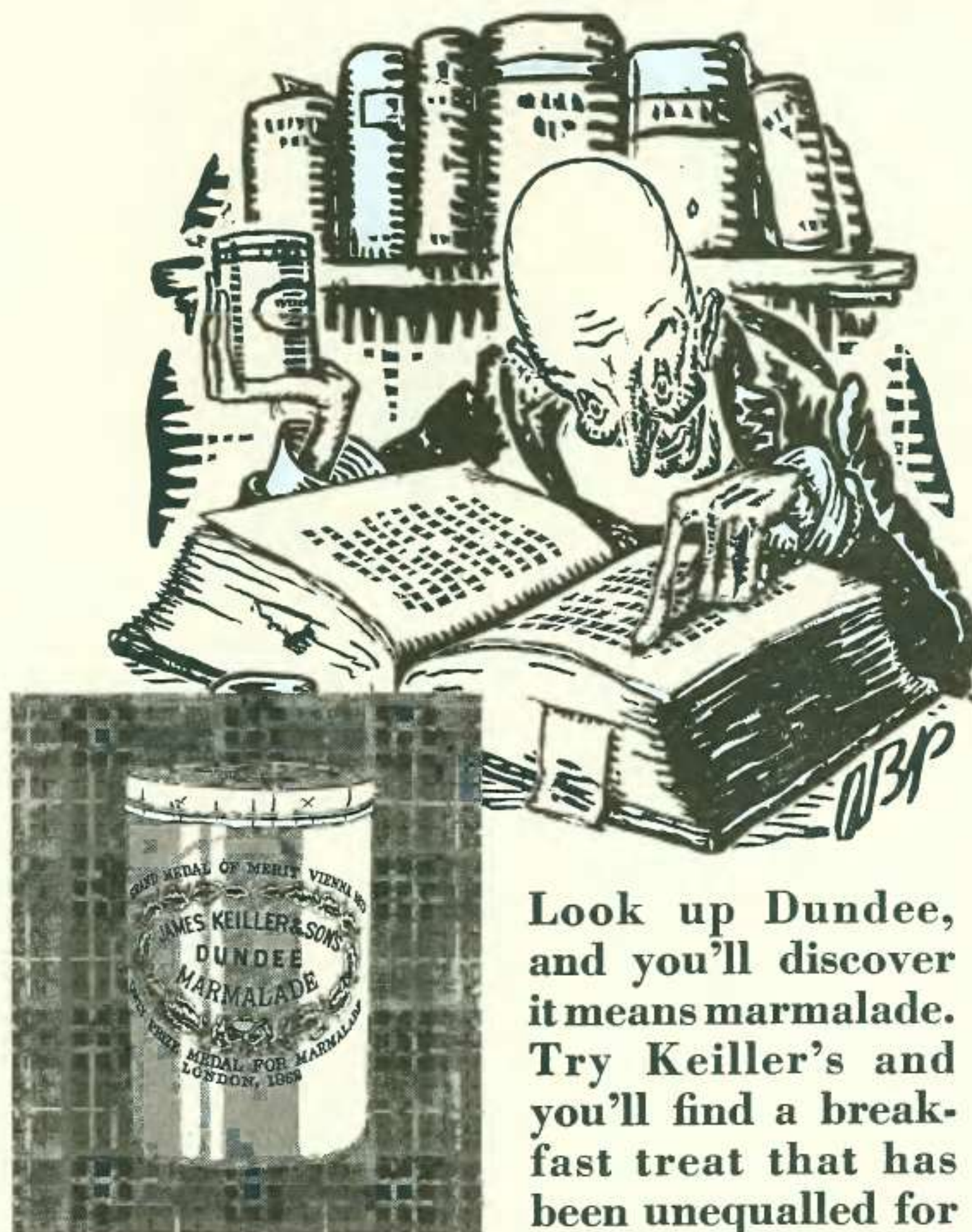
With dinner jacket—Black barathea, cut as above.

SHOES: Patent leather oxfords are always correct, although recently there has been a tendency toward pumps.

SOCKS: Heavy black silk, without design. Black clox are not too objectionable.

HANDKERCHIEFS: Best quality white linen with rolled edge. Black

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initials optional but scarcely necessary. And that's all I think of at the moment.

—BOWLER

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Reflections on Our Mechanical Civilization



THE engineers, mechanics, and chemists of America give a show of power every year. This winter they used

four floors of the Grand Central Palace in New York. There were balanced seatless blow-off valves, extruded shapes, expanding lathes and forged steel headers, wing scruplex fans and diamond valves-in-head.

The balanced proportions, clean surfaces, delicate symmetry of design and controlled strength used in building the machinery of power set us thinking.

More should be demanded of the engineer than the luxurious apparatus for the preparation and elimination of food and the removal of dirt. He is equipped to meet human conditions of wider scope, and, though the change were one of vocabulary only, could become the architect of the future, building for human living as well as standardized doing.

We are already familiar with the audacious adequacy of factories, skyscrapers, grain elevators, gas tanks and bridges. Heating plants, cooling towers, pulverizers and filters, gas and electric power stations are constructed with concise appropriateness and serene security. There can be no doubt about the engineer's capacity for enclosing space in massed heights and over vast areas on a scale of feudal splendor. It is conceivable that this scale can be adapted to human requirement and related to human pleasure. I propose for a moment to examine the evidence.

A WORKING model of an orifice-meter presents a suggestion for the decoration of a room with glass moldings and pilasters that put to shame the corrupt fantasies of Lalique, the only "artist" who uses glass extensively in interior architecture. Tubes of transparent glass are filled with water of clearest emerald green flowing quietly and smoothly, with just enough motion to prove itself

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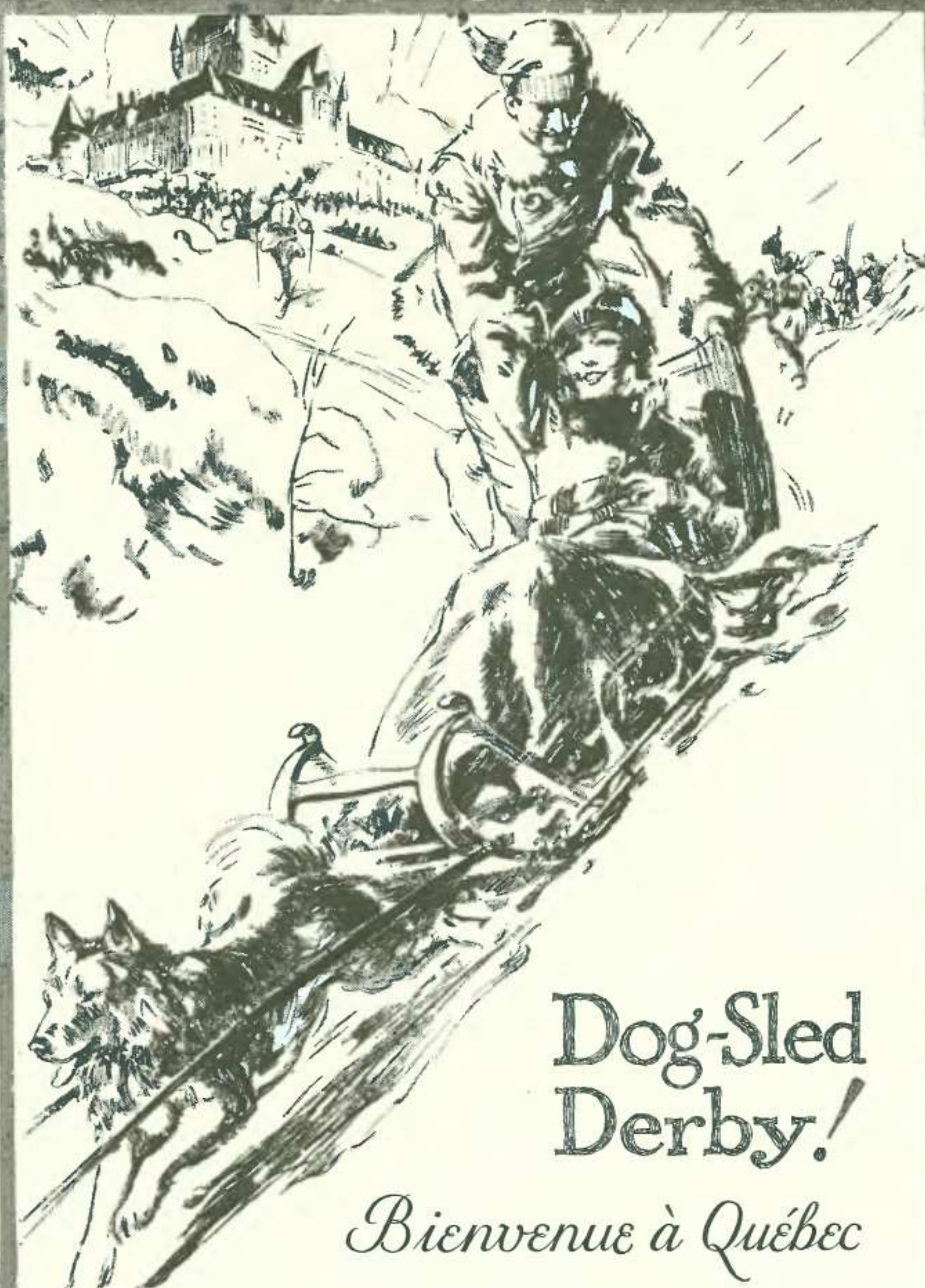
liquid, and dividing the wall horizontally. Smaller tubes, bound together with bands of gleaming nickel, divide the wall vertically. These smaller tubes are filled with uncolored water, bubbling up to graded heights, and a perfect balance of proportion is maintained between the large, translucent green horizontal tubes and the crystal clear vertical ones. Based on this idea, a room of great loveliness might be evolved.

A veno-flo baffle is a beautifully decorative object. On a circular base of ebony-black wood, about twelve inches across by an inch thick, paper-thin round sheets of perforated tin, supported by nickel and copper rods, rise one above the other to a height of about five feet. The distance between each sheet increases by slight degrees, until there is a space of about six inches between the last two. In the center gleams a powerful light that shines through and between the circles of tin. An object that gives light and is beautifully decorative can become a lamp.

A radojet air pump has elements of design eminently adaptable for legs of tables and backs of chairs. Seamless copper floats are golden pink burnished bubbles of feathered high lights, and are, quite simply, objects of art. Spur gears of steel, brass, and pitch iron offer startling possibilities for taxbill design, which might remove the stain put upon our fabrics by corrupting fingers reaching out from Paris, Vienna and Russia.

CHEMISTRY produces substances that could also serve as available decorative material. There is a development of phenol resin, so-called, which is at present being successfully employed for such widely different applications as battleship insulators, radio panels, accessory parts, pump valves and meter discs, railway insulation, airplane propellers, gears and pinions, pipe-stems and cigar-holders, automobile parts and ignition insulation. If it can be molded into such a variety of forms, surely it could be applied to the manufacture of more decorative objects. It is a transparent substance, that can be colored yellow, green, and red. Walls, ceilings, and floors of jewelled transparency, columns of clear amber, solid table tops of jade, might be built with it.

Metals such as zinc, lead, aluminum, iron, tin, copper, bronze, brass and nickel can be melted and sprayed on to any surface. Corridors panelled



Dog-Sled Derby!

Bienvenue à Québec

IT IS February 21. The dog-teams line up for the starter's gun. Leaping malemutes and loping wolfhounds. Fierce-fanged huskies. Mushers straight from the lumber camps, and Indian runners from the silent trails. All met for the 3-day test which decides, for another year, the supremacy of the north.

For—this is the day of the Dog-Sled Derby, most picturesque of sporting fixtures. Over 20 entries this year. And other notable events, too:

Feb. 20. Open ski-jumping championship.

Feb. 21-26. Curling bonspiel.

Feb. 23. Chateau Frontenac masquerade ball.

Yes, it is "Carnavale de Glace." Week of celebrations, championships, and carnivals. Are you coming? Better reserve early.

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in copper with moldings of brass, a bronze floor patterned in nickel, a ceiling of aluminum would be exciting. The experiment of applying it to wall fabrics and draperies could be made, and an effect of flowing metal could be produced that would give folds and flat surfaces additional value.

The idea is not that human beings should live in converted gas tanks or grain elevators, nor is it that these mechanical and chemical products in their present state should be transported into the interiors of dwelling houses. The cost would be fabulous, the diversion of purpose false. The suggestion is merely this. Engineers, at the spur of necessity and within strict limitations, have accidentally created forms and substances of inherent beauty. Surely these can be projected by the brain that conceived them and the hands that executed them into the individual human empire. Industry and finance, ogres that haunt our present civilization, have ridden the engineer too hard to permit of the experiment.

In the meantime, whatever the architect is doing, he is not experimenting. He is building great houses in America today on left-over plans from Byzantium, Greece, Italy, France, England and Spain. Though he is in a sense cut off from the actual process of building, he should at least act as intermediary between the necessities and possibilities of the situation. He is more often the reverse, obstructing and even concealing the unquestionably fine structural values behind timorously adapted surfaces and needlessly borrowed ornament on the outside, and a litter of obscuring compromises inside. With the field in which he can exercise his art as he conceives it becoming daily more restricted, he is left sitting in a sand pile, as it were, making mud pies to be affixed with elaborate irrelevancy as piers, buttresses, entrances and cornices to the superb towered and pyramided powers of the engineers.

And even this small freedom of function may be withdrawn. The use of composition ornament, with its standardized design and clumsy "period" classification, is becoming widespread in building on a large scale, such as hotels, apartment houses, shops and office buildings. Composed material, which claim all the beauties and advantages of wood and iron, plus a few important virtues all its own, is used for panels in walls, doors and ceilings, balustrades, grilles and mantelpieces.



The most important and powerful man may retain his humanity, if he will but break away from the world's affairs once a day—and lunch with a woman.

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Huge stations, where snappy stories, popular science, and college humor are sold in the shadow of classic porticoes, are triumphs of confusion in contrast to the engines that move through them. Florentine façades of meretricious impressiveness are clapped onto the outside of bank buildings; inside, and usually concealed, can be found circular chambers of polished steel with slowly swinging doors, embellished by the spare device of locks, hinges, and rivets, that are masterpieces of austere solidity. Mail-chutes, fire extinguishers and hose, alarm bells and axes in hotel corridors are oases of distinction in the desert of inappropriateness formed by Adam ceilings, linen-fold panels, and "Colonial" landscape papers. Fire-escapes that unfold in angled grace as they stalk up bare brick walls would not recognize the steps of buttered marble and garbled "Spanish" ironwork that welcome the stranger who stumbles up them.

The dressers of Woolworth's window, the man who compasses the circus posters and the electrician who lights the exterior of buildings, show more authentic use of form, better sense of composition and relation of parts than the architect. Will the change take place in him or the engineer?

Whatever underlying malady causes the situation, the balance of health is on the side of the engineer.

—REPARD LEIRUM

FOOD

"Food can be lyric? No!" you said. Think of hot loaves of crusty bread, Of cheese just pressed from cruddled cream;

Smooth-polished cherries in a stream Of icy water, slowly chilled, Frosty as cool green mint distilled. Chicken pâté in ellied gold, Bland mayonnaise on a salad mold. Honey, strong-flavored with the sun, Roast Spanish chestnuts overdone, Ripe olives, black as rainy nights When wet streets shine with winking lights.

And if you do not like their flavor, At least admit a lyric savor.

—NANCY HOYT

The examinations, which will be held under the supervision of Mr. Bohon, will begin promptly at ten o'clock.—*Winfield (Mo.) Tribune.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

"Fidelio" Comes Through—Odd and Even Symphonies by Beethoven—The Bach-cycle Race—An Airful of "Faust"—Our Guest



THE DEVOTED attention which Beethoven is receiving this season has brought about a revival at the Metropolitan of "Fidelio," a

work which long has been set down, particularly by those who haven't heard it, as a dull but noble misfit. The alleged tediousness of "Fidelio" has been ascribed to a stringy libretto, to unvocal writing, to Beethoven's lack of feeling for the stage and to amorphous music. All that is wrong with this traditional explanation is that the libretto is rather better than most operatic books, that the music is singable if not highly sensational, that Beethoven's dramatic writing is apposite if not stagey, and that "Fidelio," in the version prepared by Mr. Bodanzky, is a well proportioned composition. After all, Beethoven served his time as assistant conductor in an opera house—and he learned quickly.

In its first form, "Fidelio" went on for days and days, but the public for which Beethoven composed felt that someone had been cheating if musical offerings didn't take a good slice out of its life. A typical orchestral program of the day consisted of two symphonies, a concerto, two or three overtures and an assortment of incidentals by soloists. Beethoven himself made cuts in "Fidelio" after seeing it on the stage, and Mr. Bodanzky has made a few excisions on his own. Mr. Bodanzky has also turned most of the spoken dialogue of the original into *recitativo*, and has fashioned an instrumental background to go with the speeches which remain in the dungeon scene.

The current "Fidelio" is a triumph for Mr. Bodanzky. His recitative, constructed from Beethoven's themes, is simple and to the point. The scene music is extremely effective, and a few of his interpolations, such as the quotation of one of the principal motifs

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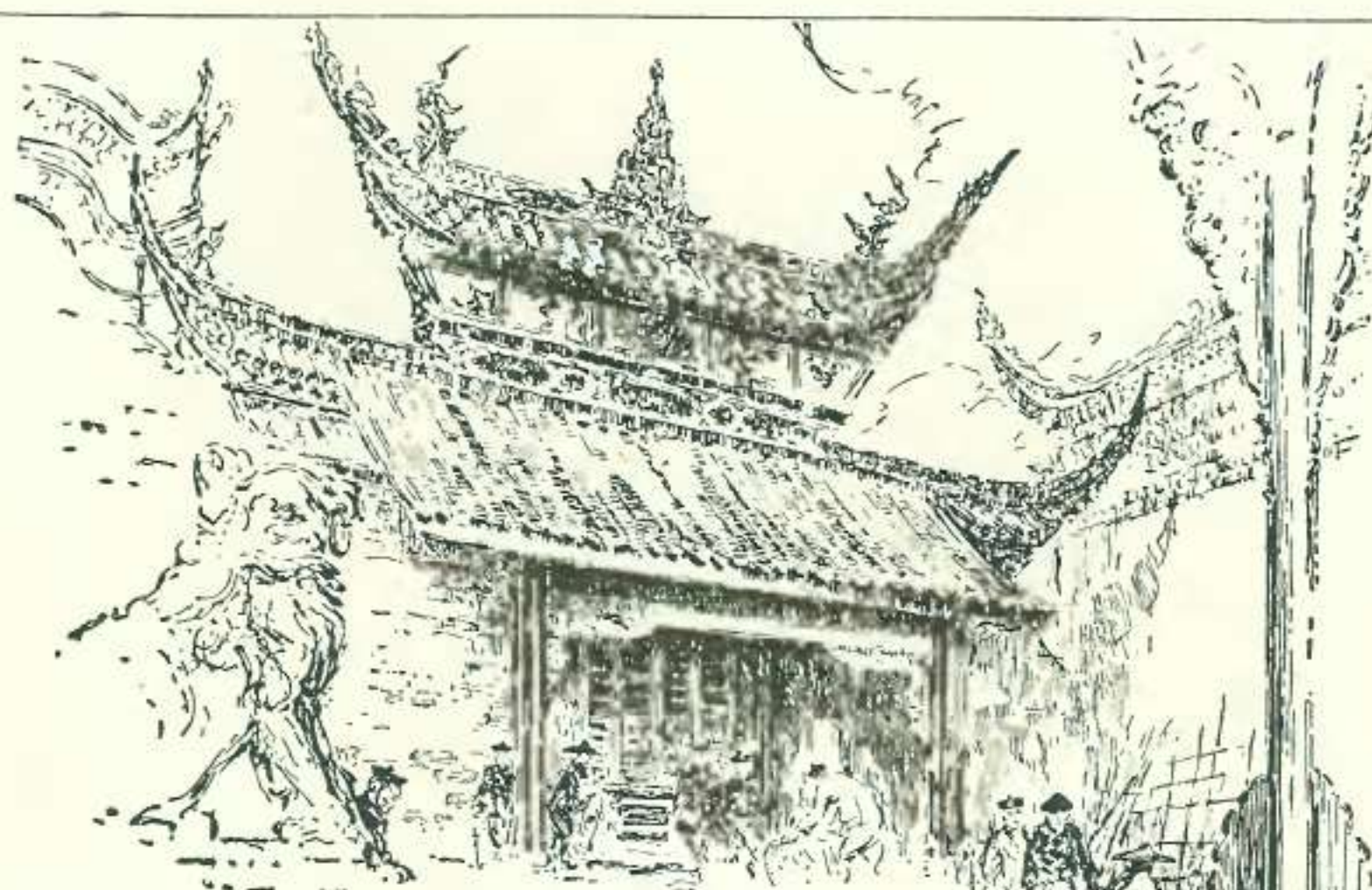
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from the third "Leonore" overture when *Rocco* tells *Leonore* of the subterranean prisoner, are matters for general congratulation. Mr. Bodanzky takes the opera at a lively pace and avoids the soggy which many maestri believe to be the essence of great Beethoven conducting.

"Fidelio" is fortunate in its casting. Mme. Larsen-Todsen compensates for an unwieldy upper register by making the most of the measures that lie in her voice—and most of them do. The choice of Mr. Bohnen for *Rocco*, the genial old jailer, is a master stroke. The rôle is not too interesting, but Mr. Bohnen does for *Rocco* what he does for all of his characterizations; he informs the part with so much humanity that everything becomes vital. Curiously enough, Mr. Bohnen, who usually appears as the bad boy in the plot, is the gentle soul in "Fidelio," while Mr. Schorr, the most benign of *Sachs* and *Wolframs*, becomes the brutal gentleman of the evening, *Pizarro*. Villainy is off Mr. Schorr's beat, but his singing is magnificent. Miss Fleischer and Mr. Meader are brilliant as the comedy relief, and Mr. Laubenthal functions as the chained-up *Florestan* with agreeably surprising vocal continence.

There is a little too much fussiness in the doings of the prisoners, and somebody ought to teach these gentlemen how to adjust their wigs plausibly. It is time, moreover, for the stage director to discover that the use of black smudges creates the impression of bad make-up and not of squalor. However, all that can come out in the wash, and, as you may have suspected, "Fidelio" is one of the most important contributions to the current Beethoven snowball.

ANOTHER Beethoven revival was the fourth symphony, brought to light by Fritz Reiner, of the Cincinnati Orchestra, one of the four conductors who drew the ungrateful job of replacing Mr. Toscanini with the Philharmonic Orchestra. The reason for the neglect of this charming work is obvious. It does not show off the conductor, and if it is not performed lightly and suavely it can show him up. The gaiety of the fourth and eighth symphonies has brought deprecating frowns from Beethoven specialists who can visualize their hero only as the man who shook his fist at the thunderstorm. Perhaps we have heard the third and the ninth so often that we still are captivated by



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"Half a moon and the little white house"

A WHOLE MOON may be better than half a one — and a big white house better than a little one. But here's one couple who agree with us in saying that nothing can be much better than "Half a moon" and "The little white house" — played by Ben Bernie.

"Half a moon" from "Honeymoon Lane"
"The little white house"—fox trots — Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra 3396

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- "Hello, Swanee, hello" Macy and Smalle,
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Narrative) Act I—Puccini—in Italian
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vision) Act III—Scene II—Massenet—sung in
French by Mario Chamlee 50075
- "Go down, Moses" negro spirituals
- "I couldn't hear nobody pray"—University
of North Carolina Glee Club 3161
- "If you can't land'er on the old veranda"
- "Where do you work-a, John?"—the Six
Jumping Jacks—fox trots 3374

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the comparative novelty of their even-numbered neighbors, but we think that the "Grecian" fourth is a finer creation than the "Eroica," and that the "little" eighth is a greater achievement than the massive ninth.

MR. REINER conducted a beautifully restrained and finely modelled performance of the fourth, although some of his prettiest detail work went for nothing in the Metropolitan Opera House, whose acoustics are unsuited to symphonic finesse. He is a conductor who seems to do nothing visual for the benefit of his listeners, and his directions to the orchestra are administered close to the chest. As he doesn't waste energy in unhinging his shoulder blades and dislocating his elbows, he finds time to consider the music in hand (he rarely uses the score, by the way) and the results are musical rather than athletic. Those who are interested in baton technique will find it advisable to sit well over on the side of the house when Mr. Reiner conducts, for his work is hardly noticeable from the center of the hall. But anyone can hear what takes place!

HAROLD SAMUEL has completed what some disrespectful wag has called his six-day Bachcycle race in Town Hall, and Bach never again will seem quite so formidable. Mr. Samuel's performances may clash with the preconceived notions of what Bach ought to be, but they never are laborious, and they are mercifully lacking in that awe which creates lethargy. He also has proved that Bach's own arrangements are infinitely better than the Busoni-Tausig-Liszt-and-others transcriptions which are played by pianists who believe that the poor old gentleman didn't know how to set down his ideas on paper.

A SINGULARLY naïve exhibition was presented by our dailies when the Chicago Civic Opera Company unburdened the Garden Scene from "Faust" through two or three hundred (maybe it was less, but we speak of radio now) broadcast centrals. There was amazement that opera could be issued from the stage of an auditorium and there was a great deal of space devoted to the statement that this was the first time any such feat of engineering had been attempted.

Those of us who recall the grand old days, when radio sets had crystal detectors and when loudspeakers looked like horns rather than like open

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4

New
Yorkers

Keith Morgan
Vash Young
Lloyd Bunting
H. H. Pennock

Called them up?

umbrellas, heard the Wagnerian Opera Company broadcast almost everything in its repertoire. There have been numerous outbursts of opera from all sorts of stages since that time, and the only innovation in the Chicago experiment was the hook-up of stations and the fact that it was the first "national" appearance on the air of a major opera company.

Of course, radio engineering has advanced from a sandwich to a national institution in the interval, and the broadcast from Chicago was a remarkable piece of transmission. The performance was excellent, the voice of Edith Mason coming through especially well. Charles Hackett sang under the pitch whenever things were altitudinous, but his *Faust* was uncommonly romantic. Vanni Marcoux, who has not sung in New York for a long stretch, was a smooth *Mephisto*, although his range has shortened since last we heard him. Irene Pavloska's *Siebel* had a great deal of air personality—a new factor in music criticism which we shall expound some week when essaying is in order. Mr. Polacco's orchestra came through a bit fuzzily around the edges, but most of the music emerged cleanly. Something laudatory should be said about the concise announcing of Milton J. Cross, and this is it.

THE CONCERT of music for one, two and three pianos, played at Steinway Hall by Olin Downes, critic for the *Times*, John Erskine, novelist, and Ernest Urchs of the house of Steinway, is reviewed, as advertised in the dailies, for THE NEW YORKER by one of the greatest pianists of our time—Walter Giese-king.

We have the honor of introducing to you Mr. Giese-king, making his debut as our guest critic:

"I must admit sorrowfully that I underestimated sadly the difficulties of the critical profession when I promised to write a review of the concert by Mr. Downes, Prof. Erskine and Mr. Urchs. Although I had lunched with particular diligence, my lack of equipment became only too plain to me during the lusty performance of Brahms-Haydn Variations by the first two gentlemen mentioned. How could an ear, unschooled in criticism, detect which of the two pianists was playing the melody or perceive other peculiarities? What could I do except to join vigorously in the loud applause?"

"Then Prof. Erskine, assisted



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charmingly and painlessly at the second piano by Miss R. Erskine, who replaced an orchestra of fifty, took up the D major Concerto of Mozart, into which he introduced a very difficult-sounding cadenza, after which he wiped his brow with a silk handkerchief in a manner that the most celebrated virtuoso could not have surpassed. An uproar resulted, and there was triumphal applause also after the lovely Larghetto and the jolly final Rondo.

"An orchestra assisted in the final number, and there was a noble contest for pianistic glories between the gay Mr. Downes, the urbane Prof. Erskine, and the dignified Mr. Urchs. I am, however, not able to make an award after only one hearing."

NEW RECORDS

Meet Frank Black! —
Singing and Dancing



A NEW figure in the phonograph world is Frank Black, whose first record with his orchestra is "Don't Be Angry" and "The Two of Us," for Brunswick.

The orchestration is a tour de force, being devoid of saxes, and the rhythm is dazzling. Mr. Black also is arranger now for the male quartet known under various names, the Columbia alias being the Singing Sophomores. Try their "Clap Yo' Hands" and "Take in the Sun." And watch Frank Black!

The ladies are doing some pretty singing nowadays. Look over "How I Love You" and "I Gotta Get Myself Somebody to Love," by Vaughn de Leath (*Okeh*), and "Everything's Made for Love" and "Kiss Your Little Baby Good-Night," by Annette Hanshaw (*Perfect*). And for male voices, there is a superb "Moonlight on the Ganges" with "Your Heart Looked Into Mine," by Franklyn Baur (*Brunswick*) and a wickedly diverting "No Wonder She's A Blushing Bride," doubled with a soothing "Hello Bluebird," by Miller and Farrell, who also uke out a good existence. (*Victor*).

Roll back the rugs for:

IN ARABY WITH YOU and YOU WILL, WON'T YOU? Beautiful orchestrations played with a deal of fire by Nat Shilkret's boys. (*Victor*).

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING

In the good old days when Bustanoby's charged twenty-five cents for a cocktail; when Delmonico's was the place to go for dinner and the padlock was unknown, many a man with the best intention failed to get home before the milkman came.

But did the old New Yorker hold his head all next day and suffer? He did not. He mixed a glass of Tarrant's Seltzer-Aperient and walked briskly to his office after his hot cakes and sausage.

Tarrant's is a marvelous saline that you drink like a mineral water. It is pleasant to the taste and brings almost immediate relief.

Since 1844 doctors have prescribed Tarrant's for indigestion, constipation, headache, dyspepsia and rheumatism. 154,627 physicians' letters in our files testify to its effectiveness.

A little of this perfect blend of basic salts and other harmless ingredients in a glass of water makes a wonderful drink. Get a bottle of time-tested, time-proved Tarrant's from your druggist today. Make it a regular morning drink. Just ask for Tarrant's.

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BY THE ALAMO and EVERY LITTLE THING. A peculiarly massive variety of heated instrumentation, done by Jackie Souders and helpers. (*Columbia.*)

I GOTTA GET MYSELF SOMEBODY TO LOVE and IT MADE YOU HAPPY WHEN YOU MADE ME CRY. What titles! Good is all that there's room enough to say for Sam Lanin. (*Okeh.*)

THERE AIN'T NO MAYBE IN MY BABY'S EYES and MOBILE MUD. Willard Robison's Orchestra has an odd, dark tone color and lots of snap. The "Mud" thing really is quite translucent. (*Perfect.*) —R. A. S.

NOSE-GAY

[FOR A LADY WITH A PAST]

I see you sitting in a lavender room
Surrounded by powdered and bottled
perfume;
Eau de Cologne and attar of roses—
A scent for each of your many poses.

Lady, unwittingly sniffing the air,
Olfactory-nervous lady, there,
Knowing a cauliflower or a sprout
Or the smell of cabbage without a
doubt—

(What a pity that I haven't paper
Scented properly for this caper;
A sandalwood box or a rose-leaf jar
To contain words such as these are.)

But, Lady, how often have you caught
The scent of whiskey or a whisper
fraught

With gin, swooning in gentle deaths
Of laboris on husbands' breaths . . . ?

—SPUD JOHNSON

WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

Because, returning to New York to look up old friends, after several years in interior Alaska, we pulled up at Park Avenue and Fiftieth to ask the traffic officer if we could reach Beekman Place by continuing straight East; and

Because, after replying "Sure thing," he added with an honest gleam of teeth, "and give my regards to the Gilmores." And when we both gasped together, "But that's where we're going," he merely reiterated, "Sure thing, and I said, give 'em my regards!" Which we did!

—MARY LEE DAVIS



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and beige homespun plaid with plain
scarf collar of red and beige crepe.
Designed by Bergdorf-Goodman.*

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MOTORS

*Not So Shocking—Cars
for the Critical—Warm-
ing the Coy Cold Motor*



NOW THAT the fashion duces have insisted that the slim figure shall prevail for another season the motor people evidently feel a certain *noblesse oblige* in the matter of adequate shock absorbers, for they are seeing to it that there are proper mechanical devices to compensate for the reducing forced upon nature. We are able to report that Gabriel presents a new model snubber. The principle is *not* that of the older snubbers. The springs and tires take the normal shocks. Beyond that point the absorber mechanism goes into play and does whatever snubbing is necessary. Sounds like a Robot who could be useful socially.

IN SPITE of Sinclair Lewis and C. E. Woodward, manufacturers are not without their subtleties. On both the \$1395 Gardner light eight roadster and the \$1995 big eight roadster from the same factory, there is a griffin on the radiator cap. On the latter model, however, the chin of the beast is carried much higher than on the lower-priced car. There is at least the \$600 difference in the angle.

PRICE HAS been the primary selling point in cars during the past six years with even such distinguished names as Pierce-Arrow and Packard forced to provide vehicles to meet the moderate pocket. This season, especially since the show, a change is to be noted. We have in mind, as an example, the much discussed maroon Packard cabriolet at \$9975, the price tag of which at the Palace led to considerable gaping on the part of the *sansculottes*.

The significance of this car is realized when one examines the cabinet-work of the tonneau compartments, the expertness of the inlay, and the treatment of the wood surfaces. When one sees here what can be done by the car architect, the motor interior decorator, so to speak, the matter of color choices noted earlier in the season becomes but a first step. The Ger-

man-silver special sport phaeton of Cadillac at \$7,760 in New York, or the powder blue cabriolet of Stutz done under the aegis of Fleetwood (you may have it for \$7,500) illustrate the same tendency.

COMMENDABLE efforts are being made in the standard models to provide body designs which possess that shade of difference which distinguishes the *raffiné* from the so-so. Some attempt at unity is sought by most of the makers in the arrangement of the instrument board. There is no reason why this panel should look like the rear of an alarm clock; and the hit-or-miss placing of gadgets without relation to balance and proportion is old-fashioned, bad form, and if one may be cross with certain unnamed laggards, inexcusable.

We are just a bit ga-ga over Chandler's treatment of the dash in its new Royal eight sedan. Here the gasoline gauge, electric clock, motor-meter, and other items, are dialed in a bronze frame. This in turn is in unity with the bronze fittings of the car, and its light brown broadcloth upholstery.

AT THE RISK of encouraging Pollyanna, before New York's crochety winter has hobbled out, one must do a little shouting about a feature of the Lincoln which that house offers with undue modesty. We allude to the electric-toaster effect attached to its carburetor. This pre-heater works from the battery current, and heats the mixture before the engine starts, getting instant action. Most of the hot-spots, good after the engine responds, have no effect at all until the first explosion. Those of us who at one time or another, on cold or super-wet days, have tried hot water, kicks, vocabulary, crank, and cajolery to get a motor to go may well pay this device the tribute of a few huzzas. All one needs to do is to pull the choke out the last quarter-inch and the wires get red hot. It is a heavenly moment. There are some who pooh-pooh the idea, but we venture to predict that having the prestige of such Olympic parentage it will be used on twenty cars by 1929.

OUR FAVORITE among the newer things offered in motor-dom in 1927 is Triplex glass. The advantage of this is not alone its unbreakable quality, but also that it puts a stop to those narrators at the nineteenth hole



This remarkable coffee has made sleepless nights a thing of the past!

"TOM'S nerves were ragged. He slept badly. The doctor said it was caffeine and ordered him to stop drinking coffee. But when Tom gave up coffee, he lost interest in his meals, and nothing seemed to please him.

"It was Sanka Coffee that saved the day. With its first appearance at our breakfast table, back came Tom's genial smile and the old-time zest for his meals. Now he drinks all the Sanka Coffee he wants, but his nerves are calm and his sleep is as sound as a boy's."

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Treated by an exclusive process, Sanka Coffee is 97 per cent free from caffeine. No matter how much you drink, it cannot possibly injure your health. More than 10,000 physicians already recommend Sanka to those who cannot drink ordinary coffee without ill effects.

And Sanka is such delicious coffee! A superior blend of the choicest berries, it has the delicate bouquet, the

spicy, appetizing aroma, that places it among the world's finest coffees.

In blending Sanka Coffee, the caffeine is extracted before the coffee is roasted. So successful is this process that even an expert cannot taste the difference between Sanka Coffee and the same high-grade coffee with caffeine.

You can buy Sanka Coffee at your grocery or delicatessen store, ground or in the bean.

Make this test yourself!

If you think you can tell the difference between Sanka Coffee and coffee with caffeine, here's an easy way to find out. Sign and mail the coupon below with 10¢ for mailing costs. We will send you two cans of coffee, one containing Sanka and another containing the same blend of coffee with caffeine. Make several cups of each. We'll guarantee you cannot tell the difference in taste or aroma. After you've had plenty of time to compare the two, we will tell you which is which.



Sanka Coffee Corporation, Dept. YR-9
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Gentlemen: Find enclosed ten cents, for which you are to send me two cans—one containing Sanka Coffee, the other containing the same kind of coffee with caffeine.

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Don Diego

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Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Gracefully molded shawl collar of American Broad-tail and new slot seams mark it emphatically Spring 1927! For Town, Sports or Travel it marks its wearer as definitely smart. Of Kashmir in Black, Moth and the new colors, Sierra and Laros.

Sizes 12 to 44.

\$59.75

GOATS

Fifth Floor

who must tell you about that narrow escape ending: "and I went right through the windshield!"

ALWAYS, it appears, there is a fortune to be made in some motor stock. Ever since the automobile show the word has been passed with increasing activity that Continental Motors is the buy of the year. Contracts with important makers have been signed. Such is the basis given, but we call attention to the fact that the contract idea alone is but slim support.

All depends on the success of the model for which the contract is made, and many factors are involved there, including the elusive public whim.

It may be all right, but we see as more important for Continental the fact that it is a successful builder of marine motors, and that Ross K. Judson, its president, is an aviation fan, and also a flyer of no mean ability.

This shows eyes open for new business, in addition to the substantial automobile accounts which the company now enjoys. —NICHOLAS TROTT

THE CHESTNUT MAN

How sad it is, on such a day,
To hear the hurdy-gurdy play—
One thinks of sun on Sherman Square
When tulips take the open air,
And leaves around the Plaza throw
Green shadows on the street below.
Now, when it isn't raining soot,
With muddy pavements under foot,
Snow banks the curb, and ice is thick
Enough to justify the pick.
Winter in town! And yet I know
A man who never minds the snow.
Smiling, he never seems to tire
Tending his little charcoal fire.
And oh, the pleasant fumes that
rise

From his delicious enterprise!
Here's compensation, if you please,
For frost-nipped ears and chilly
knees!

What could be nicer than to munch
A roasted chestnut after lunch!

—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Real estate salesman wanted. Experience not necessary but essential.—*Adv. in Miami Herald.*

Exactly the way most of us feel about experience.



Beggy Roth

PRESENTS, at her new shop on Madison Avenue, a distinguished collection of frocks for day-time and evening wear.

Personally selected from the displays of the more important couturiers here and abroad.

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or made to
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Between 16th and 17th Streets

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Song Writing And Success—A Cinematic Sermon On Sin—And Tom Mix Goes Riding



INSPIRED by the career of Irving Berlin the Famous Players have turned out a picture called "New York," and

it can be located at the Paramount. The film that can justify that title has still to be made, and there is no particular obligation for you to witness this attempt.

The story is of *Mike Cassidy*, who is a popular song writer, and who is one square guy. His friends love him, children cry for him, and wherever he may take himself he is a delight and an inspiration. You know—one of those people. Fame, fortune, and a lass of the upper classes come to him, and he prepares to marry the gilded damsel—even if he and she are not of the "same kind." But then a tough baby named *Angie Miller* gets herself shot in his apartment, and he very nearly is convicted for murder. *Angie* loved him, and her intention was to fool the gent that loved her into shooting *Mike*. The details of this are fairly devious and not to be trusted.

The acting that accompanies this is as good as the plot permits, and the presentation is excellent, particularly at the moment when the body of *Angie* is discovered, and again when the witnesses are on the stand during the trial.

Estelle Taylor looks properly tough in the part of the tough girl, even if she does wear strange Lulu Belle clothes, and "Skeets" Gallagher is quietly satisfactory in a minor part. He has an easy unassuming manner that looks well during affairs like this.

THE Fifth Avenue Playhouse has turned terribly symbolic with a UFA film called "Beyond the Wall."

It is described on the program as "a study of reincarnation and eternally recurrent spiritual values," and you can nearly roll an opinion from that



Cultivate this good habit

Each day more men and women are learning that good health and beauty are dependent upon the condition of teeth and gums. They practice simple preventive measures. And they never forget to go to their dentist at least twice a year.

4 Out of 5 Pay Pyorrhea's Price

Unless a vigilant guard is kept against it, Pyorrhea steals into the mouth and starts its deadly work. Its poison creeps through the system. In its wake follow rheumatism, anemia, stomach troubles and embarrassing facial disfigurement.

It takes as its victims 4 persons out of 5 after 40 and thousands younger.

Don't fear these uneven odds. With a little care you can protect yourself against Pyorrhea. Go to your dentist for a thorough examination, once every six months. And start using Forhan's for the Gums regularly, morning and night.

It is the one dentifrice specifically designed to combat Pyorrhea. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who for years specialized in the treatment of this disease.

Start using Forhan's for the Gums, tonight. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere. It wards off Pyorrhea or checks its course if used regularly and in time.

It firms gum tissue and keeps it sound. It keeps teeth snowy white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

As health insurance and protection against Pyorrhea, use Forhan's. Teach your children this good habit. Get your first tube, today. At all druggists—35c and 60c.

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



We Make
This Promise



Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it.



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ZIP
IT'S OFF
because
IT'S OUT

The only superfluous hair remedy which has the distinction of having been "officially decided to be effective."

(New York World—Oct. 28, 1924)

"By simply applying ZIP and easily removing it, the roots are eliminated as if by magic, and in this way the growth is destroyed." "These statements are not false," says Hon. Edward M. Averill, Trial Examiner for the Federal Trade Commission, who heard the testimony in the official investigation of ZIP.

Quick as a Wink

you can free yourself of superfluous hair. And remember, you are not merely removing surface hair—you actually lift out the roots with the hairs, gently and painlessly and in this way destroy the growth. The process seems almost miraculous, but my eighteen years of success in giving treatments with ZIP and the thousands of women who are now using it prove that ZIP is the scientifically correct way to destroy the growth.

Lasting Results

Mere surface hair removers give only temporary relief and any method which burns away or rubs away surface hair is very apt to irritate the skin and promote heavier growths. Such methods have the same action as singeing or shaving, throwing the strength back into the roots. Use ZIP once, and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories.

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Madame Berthé
Specialist

562 Fifth Ave. (Ent. on 46th St.) New York

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Dept. 170, 562 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City
Please send "Beauty's Greatest Secret" telling about ZIP, "Fashion Decrees" and samples Massage Cream, AB-SCENT Deodorant, and Face Powder, for which I enclose 10c.

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CREATIONS JORDEN NEW YORK

alone. The captions are littered with such words as Selfish Desire, Love, Life, and the Other World, and there is a stern-faced boy who keeps constantly appearing and reappearing and who describes himself as Fate. There is probably some lesson to be learnt, or some moral to be taken to your heart, but everything seemed so confused and pointless that I hesitate to draw any conclusion. It may have pointed out that young lovers should let their kissings represent the Spirit of Service rather than a token of affection, or maybe something more involved, or maybe just that the goblins will get you whether you watch out or not. I am not sure, and I do not see much reason for your going to find out for yourself.

If by any chance you are possessed of a desire to know where the stars wander, and how, and why, and have not the time to lie on your back and watch them, you will find at this theatre a series of sugar-coated astronomical demonstrations that will titillate your craving for information, and at the same time render you a modicum of amusement.

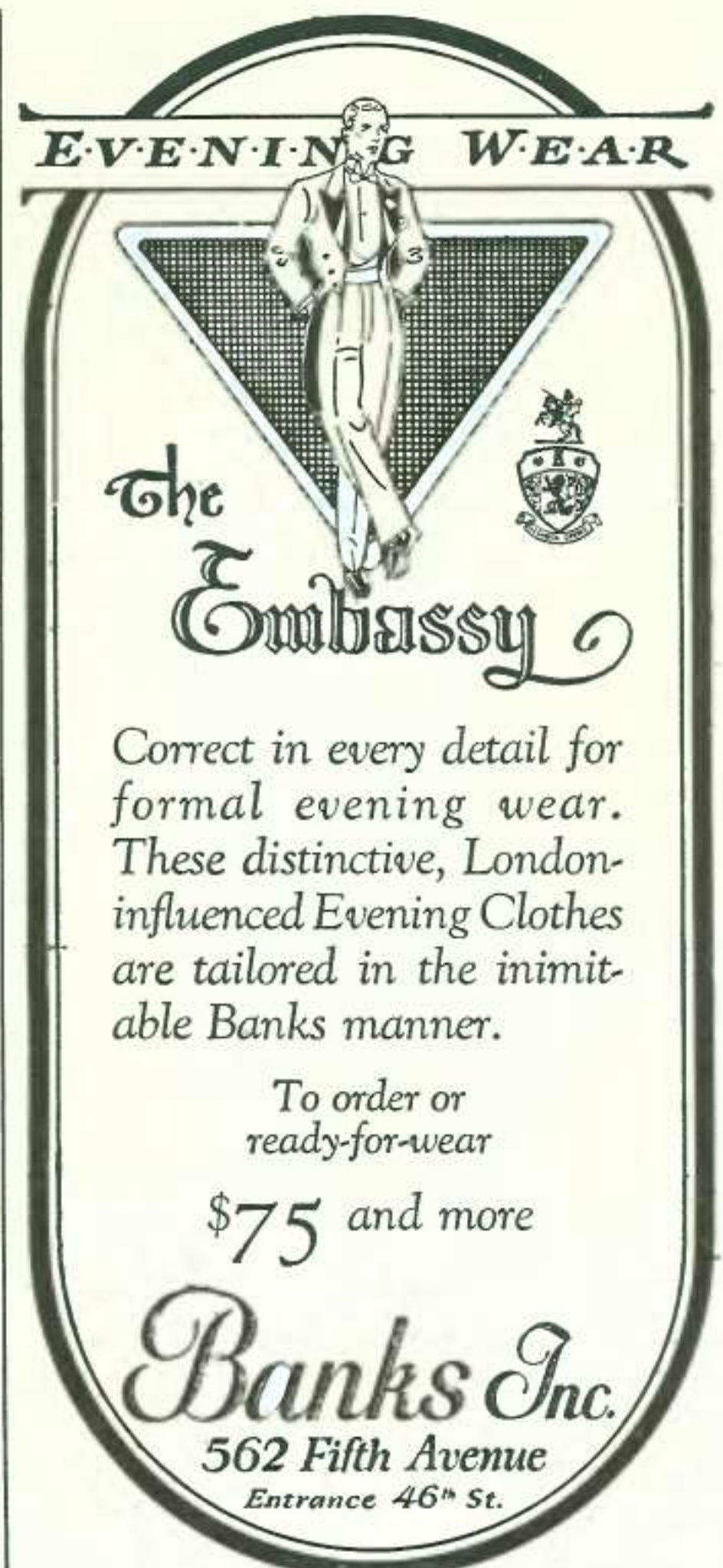
IT IS often being pointed out that Tom Mix is one of our most popular film stars, and that he seldom, despite that, gets close enough to the bright lights to cast even a faint shadow. Last week the Hippodrome showed a picture of his, "The Last Trail," and it returned a reasonable amount of harmless entertainment to those who summoned the energy to attend.

The story is the old Western stuff all over again, and there is a great deal of galloping up and down hills, and across wide plains. The characters have no handles on their virtues and vices, and their actions are stereotyped and always to be expected, but, nevertheless, the general result is not so bad.

The big punch at the end is a stage-coach race, and it is quite exciting and unreel with a few daring touches thrown in. Bullets are hurled about at various moments, honest men are beset by villains, and true pals air their souls to each other, and if simplicity, scenery, and motion appeal to you there is more than enough in "The Last Trail."

Carmelita Geraghty is less sticky than the average windblown maiden of the prairie, and that is something for her to be proud of; and Tom Mix is as is expected.

—O. C.



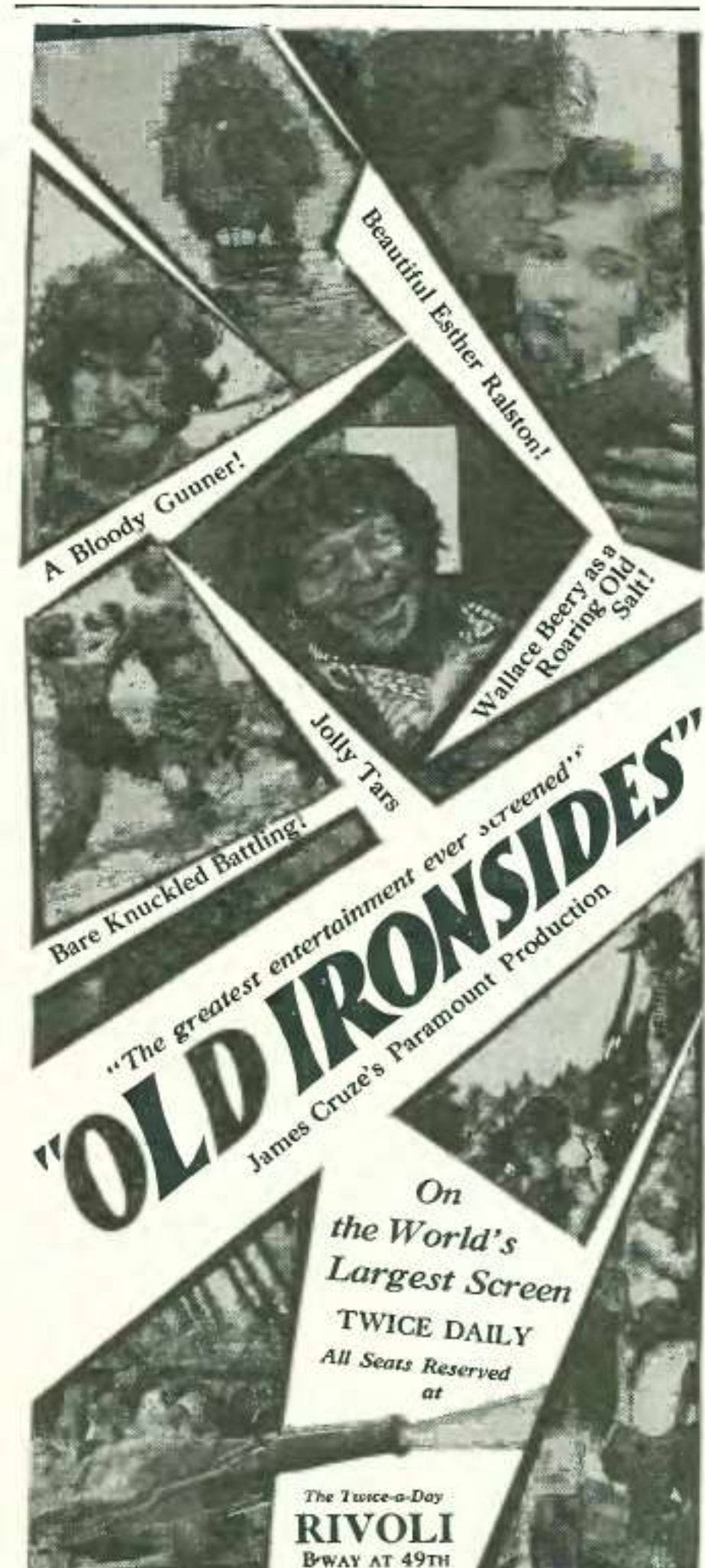
EVENING WEAR

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51 STREET & LEXINGTON AVENUE

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Feb. 8, 9: "THE BLONDE SAINT" with Lewis Stone, Doris Kenyon;
Feb. 10, 11: "THE FLAMING FOREST" with Renee Adoree;
Feb. 12, 13, 14: POLA NEGRI in "HOTEL IMPERIAL."

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Week of Feb. 7 **NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER**
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Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30
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tensity."—N. Y. WORLD.
HELEN FORD In the
Utterly Different Musical Comedy
PEGGY-ANN
with LULU McCONNELL

THE ART

*Art Turns H
Sounding Brass a*



WALT KUHN having advertised that he was giving a show in the Grand Central Galleries, and having prepared brochures to the

effect that his new pictures would not be like other little pictures but would sing songs and play symphonies, we rushed over to see what the Vitaphone idea had done to graphic art. We must confess to you now that we rather scouted the idea and thought the whole thing a means of provoking publicity. We even spoofed it a bit in print. Imagine then our chagrin when we entered the handsome temple of buckeye art. The place was plastered with wild Kuhns, the rooms were filled, and—there was music.

Aghast, we stood before the painting known as "Amalgam" looking at the score provided in the catalogue. As we read music but slowly we had gone no further than "fast and brilliantly," so we couldn't check up with the particular movement that "Amalgam" was playing. But music it was, we could not deny. Just another Waterloo, we felt, and were turning to go home, defeated. But there came a pause in the tune and then—what do you think? The picture known as "Maternity" broke out into "Bye, Bye, Blackbird"!

Alas, around the darkened corner we found it—a Victrola. Walt Kuhn had no more faith in his singing canvases than we did, and so at the last minute brought up reinforcements. It was somewhat of a letdown and we never got back into the spirit of the show.

Other visitors, we hope, may never come across the music box and will go away believing all Mr. Kuhn and his minstrel, La Salle Spier, have so beautifully said about contrapuntal effects and minor modes.

WE WOULD like to go all the way with Mr. Kuhn and agree that if it takes a circus to get folks interested in art, the painter has a right to stand on his head, become tattooed or eat snakes. However, three years of exhibits have convinced us that this super-showmanship is the

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GALLERIES

Deaf Ear to Drums,
Jinkling Cymbals

very sort of bunk that confuses the public and thus retards the normal appreciation of art. As a rule, it is the phoney and the spurious that employ bandwagons and press agents. And somehow the patient public begins to associate the drum beating with the sort of art that could not attract decent attention otherwise. A modest invitation to come and look upon some pictures and form your own opinion, or sing your own symphonies (to yourself), is better by far than all these wild-man-of-Borneo antics and three-sheets.

Too long we have made art something precious, high-hat or Olympian. Let's get down to the gospel that it is struggling man working out his emotions on canvas with oil paint; that if his emotions are human, his picture will be understood and liked. That if he be touched with greater understanding than most of us have, his pictures will soar through time. Singing pictures there are, but they never require a score or book of the play.

Kuhn is a fine painter and many of his best things are in the show. It can't fail to interest you. Kuhn has done as much for modern art as the next one living. This occasion marks one of his outposts in pioneering. He has besieged and captured, single-handed, the stronghold of mediocrity and for three weeks turned it over to something living. We don't know what he put into its coffee, but there it is, and hundreds are going every day where dozens went before. So please be kind and forget that Mr. Kuhn sponsors all this bunk about "melodic curves" and "horizontal counterpoint," and go up to the Grand Central Galleries and see some excellent painting.

SPEAKING of press agency as applied to painting, a lot of unemployed wind was used to inflate one of the smallest red balloons in captivity—Clivette at the New Gallery. But fortunately, it didn't rise far from the ground.

We mention it because we feel deeply that there is great truth in the fable of the boy who cried wolf. Some day Mr. Hellman may have a good painter in his rooms

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

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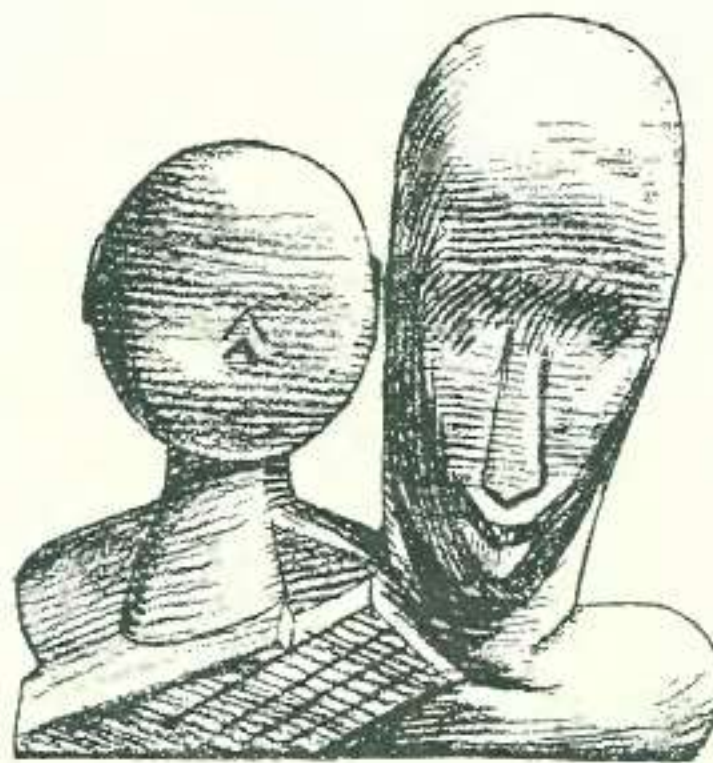
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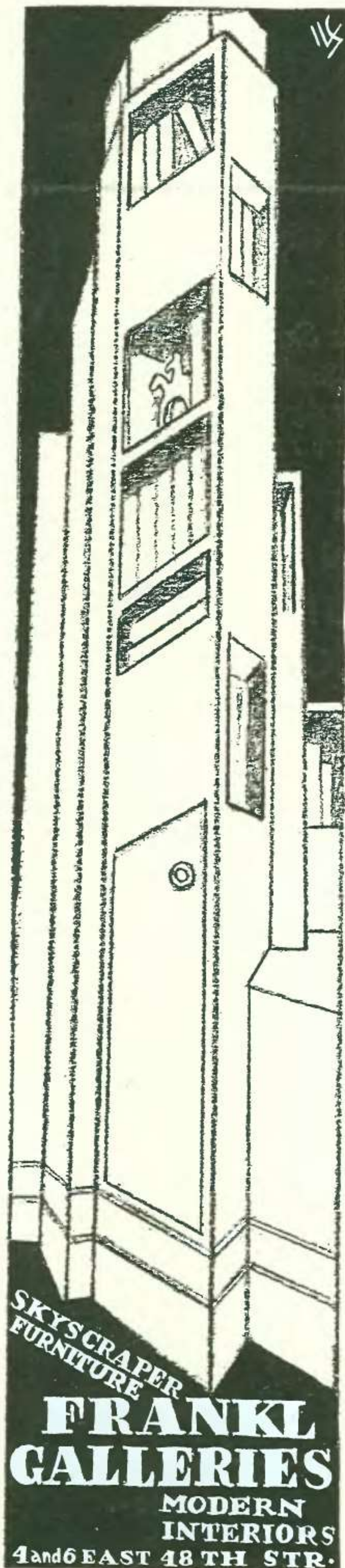
Including many examples purchased by the late John Quinn directly from the artists.  Sold by direction of National Bank of Commerce in New York & Maurice Léon, surviving executors of the estate.  Important works by Cassatt, Chaubaud, Conder, Davies, Degas, Derain, Duchamp-Villon, Epstein, Gaudier-Brzeska, Gauguin, Guys, Gore, Gleizes, Augustus John and Gwen John, Kuhn, Laurencin, Lewis, Lawson, Matisse, Pascin, Picasso, Puvis de Chavannes, Pissarro, Prendergast, George W. Russell, Seurat, Signac, Severini, Sloan, Shannon, Schamberg, Yeats and other artists of similar importance.

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and shout as he will, no one will believe him.

THE ALLIED Artists of America, holding their fourteenth exhibition at the Fine Arts Building, will not take much of your time. It is just one of those shows, a good many steps below the Academy affairs. And you know what we think of them. We paused four times around the three rooms. Each time we found the canvas was painted by William Simmons. We don't know him but we would like to see more of his stuff. He didn't belong in this show; neither did Lue Osborne.

THEY MUST have had a hunch, the Junior Leaguers. Before the reviews were off the press they scurried around and got together some of the brighter things of the art artists. So if you drop in at headquarters, 133 East Sixty-first Street, you can see Kuniyoshi, Blume, Bouche and others of the younger moderns. The home work has been put away.

WITH OUR great heart full of nobility we stepped into Macbeth Galleries to see the Annual Exhibition of their thirty famous Americans. It is on these men that the conservative wing of dealers stand. Recently they have formed a sort of protective association to foster American art—i.e., the vintage they carry. We wonder whether the times will ever return to the leisurely tempo in existence when these men were rated high. It is a good show for those who like their Luks and Hawthornes, Garbers and Wiles.

THE WHITNEY CLUB has its annual exhibition this year on its home grounds. The twelfth annual show will be at 8 West Eighth Street, beginning the middle of this month. In the interim the Club is showing work of two of its members—Leon Hartl and Tennessee Mitchell Anderson. Both are primitives. We were about to say American when we remembered that if a man is born in Timbuctoo and paints and lives here, we have a subscriber who will be sure to point out that he is a Timbuctoian. Anyway, Hartl is the weaver who devoted one or two days a week to art and then went the whole way. Dimly we recall that we liked his last year's show better than this one. Hartl is a painter who believes no brick should be slighted; the sort of meticulousness

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that goes down well with the first-water lover of primitives. Rousseau is the classic example. It becomes a bit mannered when sophistication enters in. We like Hartl best in his two landscapes, the ones without nudes. Miss Anderson has a ruggedness and liberty of expression that is refreshing. She sculps away from the Greek toward the African, and thus gets nearer home.

A PLEASANT show of Picasso and Manolo is on at Weyhe's. The Picassos are reasonable in price, mostly etchings and drawings. Manolo is a friend of the master, but has taken his inspiration more from Maillo.

Molly Luce, who had a show at the Artists' Gallery, is taking another turn at Montross. With her is Gladys Brannigan showing water colors. Van Rosen, designer of many stage things, is being shown at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse. The John Levy Galleries announce portraits by Alfred Hoen. The Jewish Art Center, 51 East Tenth Street, has its second annual exhibition, showing A. Walkowitz and J. Tofel. And the other side of Abie's Rose, the Irish Center, comes forward to announce its first exhibition at 6 East Twelfth Street. Harlow has a complete show of etchings, lithographs, drawings, water colors and pastels of Childe Hassam.

THE BIG show of Brooklyn—the moderns of the world—has been cut down to half and brought to the Anderson Gallery. It was an injudicious cutting, we feel. But we suppose it could not be otherwise. At least, it will serve to show to the Manhattanites who did not cross the bridge the trend of modern art abroad. The Man Ray painting of the arch we liked best on second look.

—M. P.

TUBES

The tubes are much too baffling.
Rebate coupons,
Pennies in the box,
The tubes are much too baffling.
Hoboken one thing,
Christopher Street another thing;
Here a coupon,
There a dime,
What is the good of it, anyway?
Thirty-third Street
Is much too complicated.
The tubes are much too baffling.
We'd rather swim. —E. B. W.

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DON'T THINGS CHANGE!!!

I SHOWED my verse to Mr. Gene Tunney and asked him for an opinion. He looked at it.

"Ah," said he, "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling—"

Oh! Oh! I held my head. . . . Quoting Shakespeare. . . . A prize fighter, too! . . . But I didn't know that things were changing. . . .

I left him and walked to my home deep in thought. Suddenly I heard flung at me:

"Oh, judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts

And men have lost their reason!"

I looked up. It was a taxi-driver and I was trying to cross in front of him. Sheepishly I stared at him and beat my temples. . . .

"Uh!" I managed to stammer. "Where——"

"Many a time and oft have I almost been the cause of the death of one——"

"Man!" I shouted, but the traffic cop was on the job. The taxi-man was obstructing the path of a Rolls-Royce.

"Hence! Hence! Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?" demanded the cop, infuriated by the taxi-man.

I was now marooned in the middle of the street and was unable to get across or retrace my steps.

"Oh," said the policeman, "*facilis descensus Avernii;*

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis;

Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras

Hoc opus, hic labor est. . . . Yes, sir!"

I confess I felt very nervous and awkward. I had walked a dozen paces. . . . A crowd. . . . A truckman, dirty, rough, fierce, wearing a grimy cap, in the center. . . . Two little ragged ten-year-olds near him. . . . He holds them in his clutches. He had left his truck in front of the Forty-second Street library. He had gone in to get "The Taming of the Shrew" by Shakespeare. The boys had almost made off with a crate of his oranges. . . . The truckman was talking severely indeed:

"Have ears for mine censure:——"

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be;

For loan oft loses both itself and friend."

I fled to escape this erudition. Down into the subway! Into the first train! Away! Away from this fearful existence! How things had changed.

Deeply ensconced in a straw seat I pondered. Suddenly the blue-coated guard approached me with a most serious mien.

"Sir," said he, "the quality of mercy is not strained;

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest;

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

Now, won't the kind gentleman kindly give the rather unattractive young lady a seat?"

Heh? I got up in a huff. The next station didn't come fast enough! I left the train and ran as fast as my feet would carry me to my room. I wanted to sleep, to rest, to come to myself. But the gray-shirted plumber was there.

"Get t'hell outta this room, I wanta sleep," I howled madly.

"Ah," he whispered, "sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care."

That was too much! I rushed over to my drawer, seized my revolver and emptied six bullets into him. Then I struck him repeatedly on the head with a wrench. Finally I jumped out of the window and ran with top speed to my friend Brander Mathews.

"Brander," said I, "Brander, I'm disgusted with life. Why did Shakespeare. . . ."

"What the devil are you babbling about?" he howled. "Calm down, you damn fool!"

I fell on his neck and kissed him ardently while my tears wetted his cheeks. Times had changed!

—EDWARD REICH

THE DOCTOR

From furnace hole to attic
He sterilizes all;
He deems quite symptomatic
My heart-beat's rise and fall.

And all the hours he's learning
To heal me with a pill
Are hours I might be earning
The jack to meet his bill.

—E. B. W.

FECUNDITY IN THE BAY STATE

Miss Edna Davis celebrated her thirteenth birthday last evening at the home of her granddaughter in North Main Street.—*Worcester (Mass.) Telegram.*

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SLOWLY but surely the midriff of Manhattan, Forty-second Street and environs, is changing in character. For a

long time this section of the city has looked as if it would never get well. We have commented before on the hideousness of much of the bright-lights district.

Above and below Times Square is still architectural welter and chaos. However, one by one new buildings are creeping in among the groundling "taxpayers." The arrogant Paramount Building has greatly changed the aspect of the Square. There is something cruelly, powerfully commercial in its character. Its huge setbacks suggest a monstrous Temple to Baal or some other pagan god.

AMONG the new buildings in this neighborhood intended solely for business without entertainment features there is naturally more restraint in design. The present laws imposing restricted areas on upper floors are producing a type. A sort of formula is being evolved, and many recent designs, though from different offices, bear a strong family likeness. In the main, the results are agreeable. The new Lefcourt-Manhattan Building, at Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street, is a good example of the type which is almost standard. It is not dissimilar to others in its lines of simple, ribbed piers and in the castellated treatment of the setbacks. Once more the material is the prevailing tan or buff brick which appears to be what the well dressed business building will wear, a snappy business suit of simple, serviceable design, quite the proper thing for a young building-about-town.

It stands on the site of the demolished Knickerbocker Theatre and, in its new dress, contrasts strongly with two of its playhouse neighbors, the Casino Theatre and the Metropolitan Opera House. Truly, nothing shows up an old building like the erection of a new one near it. The Casino retains a certain picturesqueness inherent in its really amusing design, but the Metropolitan looks, if possible, worse



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LINE

*Upper Avenue—
Modernistic Note*

than ever. Obviously these two institutions are doomed. A few years will see them crowded out by the infiltration of a different sort of business and a better type of architecture. If on no other grounds, they will look too ridiculous to be retained.

FIFTH AVENUE above Fifty-ninth Street offers an imposing row of plutocratic apartment houses to which a new one is added from time to time. These are the architectural aristocrats, conservative in style, less given to peppy innovations than their down-town fellows. They still cling to their cornices, albeit somewhat timidly. Materially, they avoid the businesslike brick in favor of luxurious limestone and magnificent marble.

One of the newer exhibits is that at 810 Fifth Avenue. It is just another of those four-square palazzos, mildly Italian in derivation. These buildings are never named. Oh dear, no! By their street number ye shall know them, which is inconvenient but exclusive. They seem to belong in the secret set which refuses to have even its phone numbers in the book.

"810" is creditable in design but unimpressive. It is hard to say why and where such archeology falls down except that it is probably out of step with the forward-moving wave of modern architecture. We appraise it as we do many a refined, faultlessly appointed creature. It is "beautiful but dumb."

A LIVELY architectural addition to the Gotham gallery is the Dorset, on West Fifty-fourth Street, an apartment house with an unusually wide frontage which is skillfully divided into terraces and other projections. Structures on our side streets are not easy to see, but the general effect of this design is gay and interesting. Within you may inspect a varied line of goods if you are a prospective tenant. The different floors are much less stereotyped than those which used to obtain in the older buildings with their superimposed plans. At the Dorset you may rent a small or spacious apartment, a maisonette or little town house with its own entrance and elevator, an apartment simplex, duplex or studio, or, if you are a medico,



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DISTINCTLY interesting is the new apartment hotel at 28 East Sixty-third Street. Its architects, Henry S. Churchill and Herbert Lippmann, Associate, have fearlessly abandoned the old formulas. Here is reflected the really modern trend in decoration and treatment of wall surfaces.

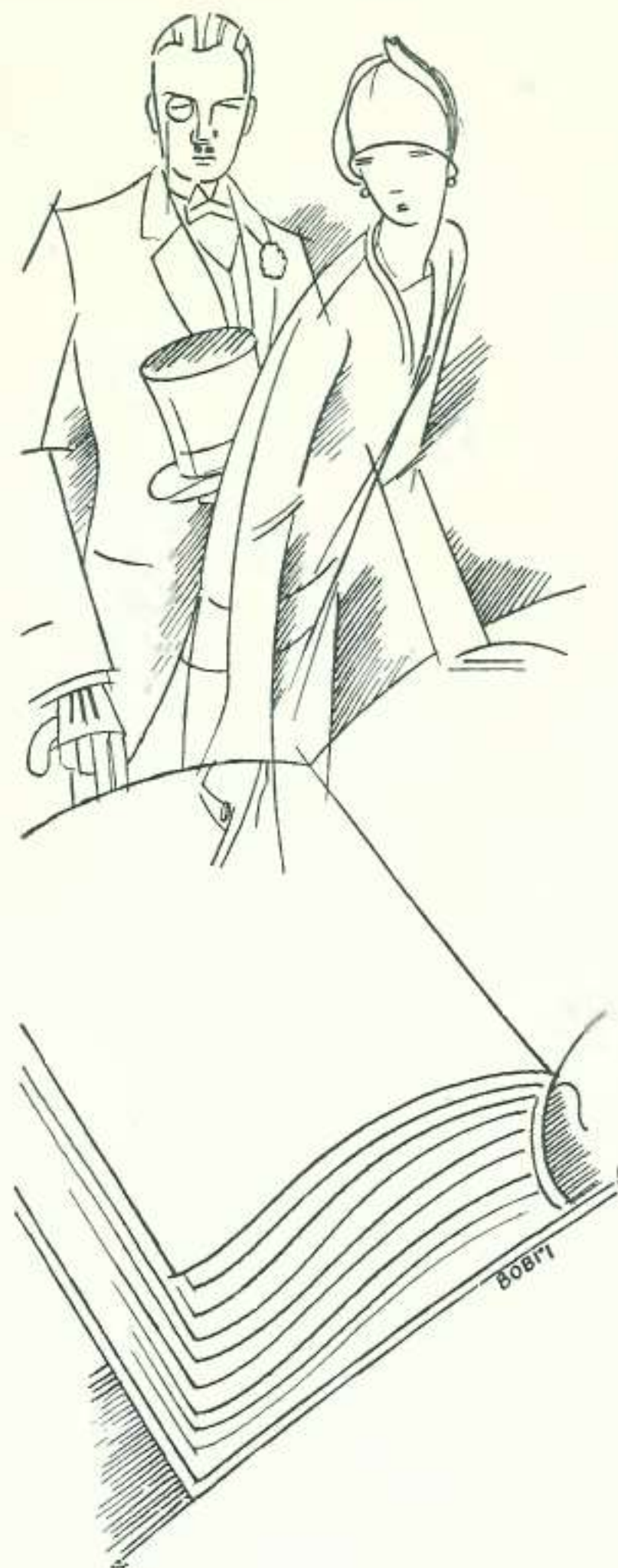
On the exterior a cherry-red brick is used frankly as a veneer, in the spirit of a tile-covering for the steel, rather than in the "bonds" which usually suggest a non-existent solid wall.

The setbacks are unsymmetrical and picturesque and yet achieve a fine balance. The same untrammelled spirit is expressed in the first story of tan terra cotta trimmed with a resonant raspberry! All the detail-forms are similarly unconventional. It will pay you to step inside and inspect the colorful lobby and the restaurant with its playful ironwork. And do not miss the tiny ladies' dressing room where the amusing lighting fixtures are finished in soft, silvery lead.

There is nothing stereotyped about this building, no hardening of the architectural arteries. Conservatives will look at it askance and call it freakish. I find it vital, well-studied and successful.

A CHARMING example of what can be done on a small scale is the little Delman Building at 580 Madison Avenue. Here again the modern note is struck in the bold use of black and gold marble which whoops gaily up from the base to embrace windows on the floor above.

But the most amusing feature is the elliptical shop window on the second floor, wherein two cobblers cobbler, making an animated window display, intelligently framed by the architecture. Which suggests the thought that it is always interesting to watch people demonstrate things, whether they be folding-beds, razors, floor-stains or what not. The marble trim of this little building suggested a nice comment from a fellow onlooker who said, "Gee, they're getting this marble nowadays so that it looks exactly like rubber tile!" —T-SQUARE



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PARIS LETTER



AS a chronicler, it is our duty to report one more and final interannual festival: the Feast of Épiphanie (our Twelfth Night) and record that the French, known for their gaiety, spent their Epiphany week-end alternating between the White Sale's shop windows and the electric news of the senatorial elections on the Place de l'Opéra. Bargains in sheets and politicians are not uncommon this time of the year, Conservative and Moderate candidates being sold out at unusually low figures, judging by the late returns which give the radicals a senatorial majority for the first time. As the Senate, in contrast to the turbulent Chamber of Deputies, has hitherto been the more polite and mild of the two bodies, no one knows exactly what to expect except the radicals, who are already gargling for their opening speeches. To any Broadway playwright who is working on a Parisian political drama, we offer free the following important information: the voting, held in the Hôtel de Ville, was supposed to start at eight A.M. and by 9:15 was supposed to start at ten. By eleven the officials had their hands full holding back the crowd of bystanders which by noon grew so dense that no one could move except the masters-at-arms. With difficulty the latter were able to extricate themselves and get out to lunch on time.

On the stroke of two, they struggled back again and not a moment too soon, as the electing was just getting into its stride. By six o'clock senators were being elected all over the Hôtel de Ville. Except Millerand.

ONE OF the most popular citizens who ever caught the Parisian eye has just been sentenced to ten years in a Lyonnais prison and ten in exile. This is Georges Rème, who has already escaped from six of the best French jails. "Fortunately, *Monsieur le juge*," he murmured with a winning smile, "I am young. However," he added, later to his advocate, "I doubt if I stay in prison at all. The climate of Lyons does not agree with me. I fancy that my sentence of ten years is an idle theory on the part of the bench." He



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Rather striking is the fact that the rentals are more moderate than most people anticipate!—ALFRED C. RAY, Manager.

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may be right." "Despoiled of your silken robe," he is quoted as saying to the judge, "do we differ so much, you and I, if one judges the man beneath?" . . . "I have always had two charming weaknesses," he told the jury, "ladies and gambling." His advocate in defending him (Rème has already been convicted seventeen times for theft) argued in part that his client was "a character in the best French tradition, on account of his elegance, his imagination and wit. In certain circumstances a man such as Rème has to be invented if he doesn't exist, because in sad periods he is one of those who help to amuse the masses and distract them from the preoccupations of their mind." Of all the criminals of recent years, only the murderer Landru was more popular at distracting the preoccupied masses, a dozen or more of whom (female) he had previously amused to death in his country retreat.

The hotel servant girl who found the stolen Condé rose diamond, by biting into its hiding place in an apple belonging to one of the hotel's guests, was promptly sacked for her dishonesty by the management.

AT THE Théâtre de l'Avenue, Colette Willy and Paul Poiret opened in "La Vagabonde," a play made from one of Colette's earlier books. She and Poiret have been barnstorming with it in inns before fashionable crowds who followed them through the Riviera. His Parisian début proved that M. Poiret is not a bad actor. Nor is Mme. Colette. However, an efficiency expert could point out that Poiret might have greater talent for, let us say, dressmaking, and that Colette was wasting her time at being anything except a novelist. "La Vagabonde" should not run long. Its present production calls to mind the tastes Marie Antoinette once had for pretending that she was a dairy-maid.

The Champs-Élysées Music Hall is giving a momentary Italo-Russo opera season of mixed novelties and corpses. They opened with "Lucia" and "The Barber of Seville" (you may know these two) and are concentrating on Borodine's "Igor" and Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Fiancée of the Tzar" which will be a première. The Italian works are given in full operatic regalia, but the Slav selections are sung in rows by tenors and sopranos in evening dress. The conductor also wears evening dress and probably sings equal-

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ly well. "Au Grand Large" (Outward Bound) is at the Comédie des Champs-Élysées, where Sutton Vane's ideas of immortality appeal to the Parisian critics as being "touching in their banality," based as they are on that "Anglo-Saxon assurance and puerility" which for the French has such charm and has given the piece an immediate success. "She Stoops to Conquer" is also being played, both in English and French at different houses, though the play can be read in French at home if anyone prefers.

A glance at the theatrical box-offices indicates that many do prefer. The Parisian theatres aren't dark, but their future will be if business doesn't revive. Ciro's restaurant reports it has made a thirty per cent price-cut since New Year's. The big hotels which cater exclusively to Americans and British have had to follow suit. For now it is not the poor French but the rich foreigners who suffer from the exchange. All the midnight black places at Montmartre report that their rivals are going to have to close for lack of trade. This disconcerting rumor includes Josephine Baker's new box, Melonga, Brick Top, Florence's, Harlem, etc. However, this black crowd already has its silver lining.

THE DEATH of Rainer Maria Rilke, Bohemian poet who wrote in German and sometimes in French, has attracted literary grief here, where he was much of the circle of Gidé, Edmond Jaloux and Paul Valéry. The retention of these last three along with André Germain in the new form of the old Revue Européenne, (in which Philippe Soupault's "left" influence will be replaced by the "rightness" of Bernard Fay) is a book-note of importance. Kra, who has published this review for years, will be succeeded as editor by Grasset. Anderson, Westcott, John Rodker, Hemingway and Cummings will continue to be the Anglo-Saxons favored in the magazine's increasingly international scope. A new American review is to be published here. It will be called *Transition*, and is to have as its chiefs Elliot Paul and Eugène Jolas, both Sunday Literary editors of the Paris *Chicago Tribune*. Outside of *Andy Gump*, Paul and Jolas are the most intelligent critical figures to be found in any of the three American dailies printing here. It is to be supposed that *Transition* will operate much as did Ford Madox Ford's *Transatlantic Review* and the late Ernest Walsh's



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L'EXPOSITION MULTINATIONALE gathered under the initiative of Mrs. E. H. Harriman and known in London as the International Show when exposed at the Chenil Gallery, has opened here at Bernheim Jeune. It is a large, informative modern show of two hundred frames, beginning with the French, who are the largest and strongest in names if not in first-fruits. The Matisse "Portrait sur fond jaune et vert" is the best of the known elect and almost the best of Matisse. The German school stands next, Otto Dix ("Portrait of Herr Doktor Hesse," and "Fly-wheel," 1926), Klees, Hoffer, Moll, etc., with Vanessa Bell ("Flowers"), Roger Fry and sculptural sketches by Dobson personifying the Bloomsbury file. Robert Chanler, Jo Davidson (sketches), Demuth, Rockwell Kent, Sloan and others paint for our flag. The Mexican contributors look on the bright side of their palettes (Carlotta Toussaint, Fermin and Luis Martinez, Tlaloc, and Puerto to be remembered) and seem to have escaped with very little influence from anyone except Covarrubias's master. The Multinationale is too large a show to be personal, and too large to be missed when it comes to New York.

Many of Picasso's summer works were lost from the top of an automobile which brought him up from Spain. Among his lost works cannot be counted those ideas of Jean Cocteau recently on display at the Galerie aux Quatres Chemins. "A farmer," says a preface to the catalogue, "recently found the arms of Venus de Milo. To whom do they belong, Venus de Milo or the farmer?" Judging from this show, they belong to Cocteau. His drawings are filled with amputated marble feet, limbs and wrists. Cocteau's influences of the moment are Chirico and the melancholy of anatomy. The older Picassoan influence, it is said, wrought Picasso to the point of forbidding certain of the sketches to be exposed. The pictures are made with paint, with chalk, with buttons, with pipe-cleaners, with photographs and sometimes with talent. "Greece Singing Her Death-Song" is morbid and fine. Several of the line drawings are facile and fleet. Yet even where the spectator's eye is pleased, the intelligence is suspicious of its pleasure. —GENÊT

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THE NEW BOOKS

Henry Russell's Passing Show: Candid Memoirs of the Musical World—The Plastic Age Less Plastic

REMINISCENCES of the theatre and concert hall, usually compiled with the "collaboration" of a named or nameless "ghost," are not, as a rule, distinguished either by candor or interest. They are only too often accounts of how wonderful everybody was on such and such an occasion, how the train got stalled in the blizzard of 18—, of the remarkable remark made by His Royal Highness when he graciously signified his approval, and of the happy, happy days of yore in general. "Once a Clown Always a Clown," by De Wolf Hopper, recently plunged me into the soggy depths of that peculiar despair, and I closed the book feeling that it ought to be called "At the Lambs," for only in his references to that grand American institution is there a trace of deep emotion, and even humor.

NOW, from the same publishers comes "The Passing Show," by Henry Russell, which, nothing undaunted, I began to read with an interest which did not flag. Mr. Russell, it will be remembered, having introduced Caruso to the British public, came to this country in 1905 under the auspices of the Shuberts, failed dismally in New York with "Don Pasquale," and went on the road, with results good humoredly chronicled. As a specimen of the author's candor, his comment on this venture is typical: "As I see it now the Shuberts must have anticipated that so inferior a production would be doomed in a city like New York, and I suspect that they hoped, with this for an initial experience, Alice Nielsen and I would no longer scorn the lucrative musical comedy."

However, Alice Nielsen's Irish blood prompted them to make a fight for it; a few years later the Boston Opera House was built, and Mr. Russell directed its productions for six years. His account of this undertaking and its final collapse includes several amusing incidents and sharp characterizations of various personalities involved. When "Pelléas and Mélisande" was produced, he says, at the termination of the fifth act, "I received a frantic call from the business



manager. I found him speechless, while dozens of people banged outside his office. 'Do you know what the noise is about?' he cried. 'It is people wanting their money back! They thought 'Pelléas and Mélisande' was a double bill like 'Pagliacci' and 'Cavalleria,' and declare that they have been cheated.'"

Mary Garden and Vanni Marcoux horrified Boston by the realism of their performance in the second act of "La Tosca." An effort was made to compel them to be chemically pure, with the result that the second performance packed the house. Mr. Russell thinks more highly of Mary Garden's charm and personality as an actress than of her voice as a singer. "Mary never had a really great voice—that is to say, had the same organ been in the throat of a stupid woman, it would have passed more or less unnoticed. But like Chaliapin, she converted an ordinary voice into an extraordinary instrument through which she expressed all the varieties of her moods and the subtleties of her art." Chaliapin's voice, the author declares, cannot be compared to that of Pol Plançon.

THERE is much plain speaking in the chapter on *prime donne*, in which Mr. Russell attacks the star system and blames New York and London for developing its worst features. Anecdotes of various kinds amply prove his point. "Geraldine Farrar, who never should have been classed with the great singers of the world, was pampered and spoilt under the Conried régime." When Toscanini rebuked her once at a rehearsal, she replied: "Maestro, please remember I am a star!" Whereupon Toscanini shouted: "The place for stars is in heaven." On the Continent operas are not used as a setting for one or two brilliant singers, and audiences are more critical, not less, when a Melba or a Caruso is in the cast. In this connection Mr. Russell cites the case of Caruso.

"The last time Caruso sang in Italy I went to see him in his dressing room. He was shaking with fear." On being asked why, Caruso said, "the English and American people are kind and



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tolerant; they are loyal to a name and a favorite, but the Italians are merciless." They expected him to be perfect, the more so as he charged extra prices, and they wanted something for their money. "I regret to say," Mr. Russell continues, "that he was a partial failure. His voice was no longer the fresh, pure lyric tenor of his early days. Both the public and the newspapers did not hesitate to say so. Caruso was naturally hurt by this brutal frankness. His triumphs in America had made him careless. He was beloved by the audiences of the Metropolitan, and whether his art improved or deteriorated it mattered little to them and, consequently, little to him . . . fifty per cent of his success in America was snobbism, and he knew it."

MAETERLINCK, D'Annunzio, and Duse are the three figures outside the world of music about whom Mr. Russell writes with intimate knowledge. His lengthy portrait of Duse is one of the most fascinating accounts yet given of that extraordinary woman. It was he who restored her voice when she lost it, thereby establishing a friendship which lasted until her death. It is usual for people who discuss D'Annunzio and Duse to reach a state of great moral indignation at the poet's treatment of her. Mr. Russell, knowing them both well, has wisely refrained from moralizing. Neither was what could be called normal, and even relative fidelity was not a term in their vocabulary. To the end her belief in D'Annunzio's genius remained and she was proud to have sacrificed so much to make his work known. There is a pretty picture of her whisking the tablecloth off, with all the breakfast things on it, when the British censor refused to allow her to play "The Dead City."

Those who recall Maeterlinck's disastrous lecture tour here will find in Mr. Russell's book the inside story of what happened. Likewise, he has some pointed comments to make on Georgette Leblanc's relations with Maurice in contrast with her own story as published in the newspapers. Very delicately he refers to her as the lady "whom for so many years the world called Madame Maeterlinck. . . . Never at any time was she a great actress, and I am compelled to say that her singing was pitiable. The quality of her voice was harsh, her intonation defective, and she knew nothing whatever about music." Debussy had great difficulty in keeping her out of "Pel-

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léas," and she managed to insinuate herself into most of Maeterlinck's plays, without any consideration for the damage which was thereby caused to his work.

The young Sélysette, whom Maeterlinck married, loomed up at one time as the "Peaches" of the French press. Georgette Leblanc refused Maeterlinck's generous offer to allow her to live with the new ménage—women are like that, aren't they?—so another great tragedy of love was consummated.

OF NOVELS this week I have to report on "Lord of Himself," in which the author of "The Plastic Age" shows us the flapper generation in its early twenties. They all seem very moral, and are horrified when a Jewish young lady, obviously unfamiliar with the new movement, tells a "very funny and very dirty" story.

Furthermore, undue indulgence in the playful dalliance of necking parties has made everyone rather morbid on the subject of kissing, so much so that *Cynthia Day's* reluctance to permit an embrace delays her marriage to *Carl Peters* until the dawn comes up on page 325, or thereabouts. *Carl*, it seems, is further troubled by the discovery that his love for *Cynthia* in no wise resembles his love for his mother. Therefore they both have doubts; there are scenes and misunderstandings.

If all this is the price they paid for living up to the stories of Scott Fitzgerald—then the moralists may take hope. I have rarely encountered so many evidences of moral priggishness and morbid self-consciousness since the unhappy, far-off days of Louisa Alcott and the Rev. Canon Farrar, author of "Eric: or Little by Little."
—ALCESTE

SEES DEER ROAM AT NEW CONCORD—STATES SEVEN POINT BUICK PROTECTED BY OHIO LAWS.—*Headline in Zanesville (Ohio) Times Recorder.*

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For a long time she stared at him speechless, not convinced altogether of his reality, though certainly he looked anything but incorporated.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

She was evidently taking no stock in him.

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THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS, by Struthers Burt (Scribner). A Philadelphian aristocrat and a Broadway maiden finally love in the open spaces. In town it was not so easy.

SKIN DEEP, by Naomi Royde-Smith (Knopf). Skin-deep satire in which beauty is shown not to be eternal.

ODALISQUE, by L. M. Hussey (Knopf). A good melodrama of love and intrigue in Caracas.

THE RED PAVILION, by John Gunther (Harper). A worthy American successor to "Antic Hay."

THE PLUTOCRAT, by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday, Page). An ingenious defense of Babbitt.

TOMORROW MORNING, by Anne Parrish, (Harper). An interesting variation on the theme—woman's work is never done.

LITTLE PITCHERS, by Isa Glenn (Knopf). Domestic misery as seen through the eyes of a child.

TIN WEDDING, by Margaret Leech (Boni & Liveright). A subtle study of frustrated happiness in marriage.

GALAHAD, by John Erskine (Bobbs-Merrill). Life in Camelot in the author's best manner.

THE SUN ALSO RISES, by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner). A brilliant study of Americans in Paris.

THE RUIN, by E. Sackville West (Knopf). A "Gothic" novel in which morbid horrors provide a thrill.

A DEPUTY WAS KING, by G. B. Stern (Knopf). A further installment of the "Matriarch" saga, teeming with observation and humor.

GO SHE MUST, by David Garnett (Knopf). A quiet but entertaining story of revolt from an English parsonage.

LORD OF HIMSELF, by Percy Marks (Century). In which the "Plastic Age" loses its plasticity and grows moral before thirty. Reviewed on page 93.

And of Course You've Seen—

THE TWO SISTERS, by H. E. Bates (Viking Press). NIGGER HEAVEN, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). SHOW BOAT, by Edna Ferber (Doubleday, Page).

A MAN COULD STAND UP—, by Ford Madox Ford (A. & C. Boni). THE ORPHAN ANGEL, by Elinor Wylie (Knopf). MY MORTAL ENEMY, by Willa Cather (Knopf).

GENERAL

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON (Harcourt, Brace). Aldous Huxley introduces entertaining memoirs of a bad painter but a writer of the first class.

NAPOLÉON, THE MAN OF DESTINY, by Emil Ludwig (Boni & Liveright).



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PREJUDICES, Fifth Series, by H. L. Mencken (*Knopf*). Contains the Baltimore sage's indictment of Bryan.

NOTES ON DEMOCRACY, by H. L. Mencken (*Knopf*). The last word on behalf of the civilized minority.

JESTING PILATE, by Aldous Huxley (*Doran*). Wherein an English sophisticate goes round the world.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: THE IMAGE AND THE MAN, by W. E. Woodward (*Boni & Liveright*). A thorough de-bunking of the sacrosanct paragon Washington of conventional tradition.

MURDER FOR PROFIT, by William Bolitho (*Harper*). Bolitho's writing could hardly be improved upon.

TAR: A MIDWEST CHILDHOOD, by Sherwood Anderson (*Boni & Liveright*). A further chapter of the author's autobiography.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT, by Ernest Boyd (*Knopf*). A biographical study from which it appears that Maupassant preferred blondes.

And Don't Overlook—

WINE WOMEN AND WAR, Anonymous (*Sears*). BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: THE FIRST CIVILIZED AMERICAN, by Phillips Russell (*Brentano*). THE THEATRE OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, by Issac Goldberg (*Simon & Schuster*). GEORGE IV, by Shane Leslie (*Little, Brown*). THE BEST PLAYS OF 1925-1926, by Burns Mantle (*Dodd, Mead*).

MOHAMMED, by R. F. Dibble (*Viking Press*). MR. AND MRS. HADDOCK IN PARIS, FRANCE, by Donald Ogden Stewart (*Harper*).

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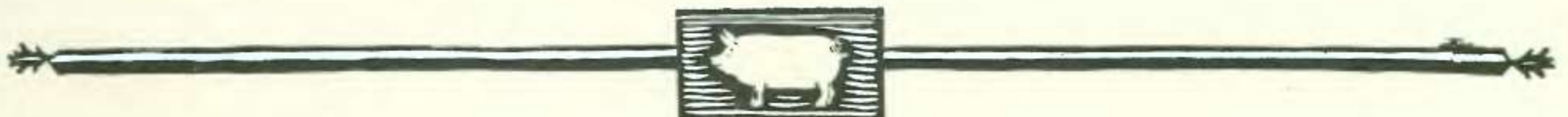
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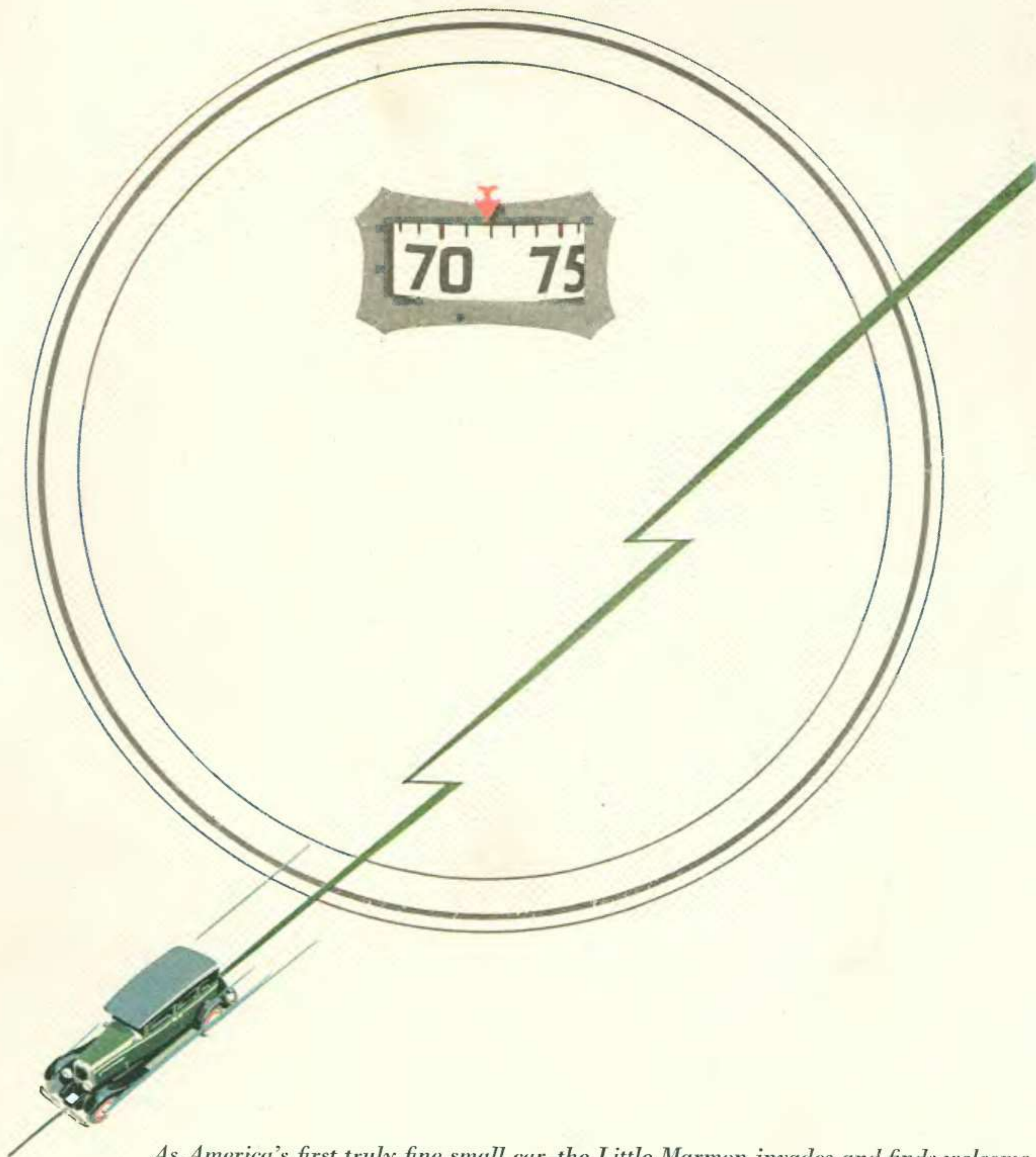


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