

July 30, 1927

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THE NEW YORKER



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NEW YORK



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SPORTS DEPARTMENT—THIRD FLOOR



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[FROM FRIDAY, JULY 29, TO FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, INCLUSIVE]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, performances are promised for 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., and the midweek matinee is on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BROADWAY—Bootleggers provide mirth and murder behind the glitter of the White Lights. BROADHURST, 44, W.

CRIME—Last two performances, Fri., July 29, and Sat., July 30, of this excellent entertainment about a super-thief. No Mats. TIMES SQUARE, 42, W.

HER CARDBOARD LOVER—Last two days of this French farce with Jeanne Eagels and Leslie Howard, Fri., July 29, and Sat., July 30. EMPIRE, B'way at 40.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN—must weep for their loving. Sad and truthful. BOOTH, 45, W.

THE BARKER—Seduction and parental discipline under the tents. Presented in an authentic fashion. BILTMORE, 47, W.

THE CONSTANT WIFE—Ethel Barrymore plays turn-about on her wandering husband. MAXINE ELLIOTT, 39, E.

THE PLAY'S THE THING—Clever talk gluing up a broken engagement—and gumming up the show. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. only. HENRY MILLER'S, 43, E.

THE ROAD TO ROME—The charming reason for Hannibal's historic detour. PLAYHOUSE, 48, E.

THE SECOND MAN—Smart talk and smart acting for a diverting evening. Mat. Thurs. GUILD, 52, W.

THE SPIDER—Murder, mystery, and the audience mixed together in a tricky play. 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. MUSIC BOX, 45, W.

WITH MUSIC

AFRICANA—Ethel Waters singing in a negro revue. Extra performance Thurs. night at 11:45. DALY'S, 63, E.

A NIGHT IN SPAIN—Ted Healy, Phil Baker, and Sid Silvers make fun in this revue. 44TH STREET, 44, W.

GRAND STREET FOLLIES—Satire on the Broadway season cleverly done. Mats. Tues. and Thurs. only. LITTLE, 45, W.

HIT THE DECK!—Louise Groody in an excellent musical version of "Shore Leave." BELASCO, 44, E.

PADLOCKS OF 1927—Texas Guinan and her stuff in a theatre. SHUBERT, 44, W.

PEGGY-ANN—Tuneful, original and amusing. With Helen Ford. VANDERBILT, 48, E.

RANG TANG—Handsome negro show with good music and good dancing. Mat. Sat. only. Extra performance Wed. at midnight. ROYALE, 45, W.

RIO RITA—Funny and beautiful. Mat. Thurs. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54.

THE CIRCUS PRINCESS—A fetching operetta flavored by a circus and George Hassell. Mat. Tues. WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50.

THE DESERT SONG—The music and singing bolster a shaky plot. CASINO, B'way at 39.

SUNDAY NIGHT SACRED CONCERT—Which, being translated, means vaudeville of uncertain quality. 8:30 P.M. PALACE, B'way at 47.

ROOF GARDENS AND CABARETS

ALAMAC ROOF, B'way at 71.—For uptown residents who want a cool place to eat and dance.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51.—The Italian Garden devoted to those who dine and dance.

ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246.—Good for a short drive, refresh-

ment and a dance on the terrace. Open until one.

ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44.—An attractive place right in the theatre district.

BILTMORE CASCADES, Vanderbilt at 43.—Bernie Cummins' orchestra and Northway and Chiles to entertain you.

BOSSERT MARINE ROOF, Montague and Remsen streets, Brooklyn—Dining and dancing in a nautical atmosphere enhanced by a grand view of the harbor.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, 231 W. 54.—Dave Bernie's orchestra, and a roof that appears when it rains.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50.—Dancing in a country-club atmosphere.*

PARK CENTRAL, 7 Ave. at 56.—Lisbeth and Romero and Cass Hagan's orchestra.

PAVILLON MARGUÉRY, 270 Park Ave.—Surprisingly cool at all times, good music and a roomy dance floor.*

PENNSYLVANIA ROOF, 7 Ave. at 33.—Roger Wolfe Kahn's orchestra playing in a real old circus atmosphere.

RITZ ROOF, Madison at 46.—Flocks of smart people here at dinner-time.*

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison at 45.—Dancing to Eddie Elkins' music in an old English garden during dinner and after the theatre.

TEXAS GUINAN, 117 W. 48.—The same hectic and jovial haunt with Texas and her little girls.

WALDORF ROOF, 5 Ave. at 34.—Harold Leonard's orchestra and ample room to dance.

GREENWICH VILLAGE DISTRICT—COUNTRY FAIR, 54 E. 9.—Typical of low couvert and informal Village spirit.

HARLEM—BARRON'S EXCLUSIVE CLUB, 7 Ave. at 134; SMALL'S, across the street; and THE NEST, 169 W. 133, good for a first visit. The later the better, and do not dress.

* BETTER DRESS (Particularly Saturdays).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4





The
AUGUST
FUR SALE

FUR SHOP
Sixth Floor

Franklin Simon & Co.

A Store of Individual Shops

Fifth Avenue, 37th and 38th Streets, New York



[FROM FRIDAY, JULY 29, TO FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, INCLUSIVE]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

MOTION PICTURES

(Unless otherwise noted, performances are daily and begin at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. Sunday matinées at 3.)

SEVENTH HEAVEN—A tender and beautifully acted picture. With Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. HARRIS, 42, W. of B'way.

THE BIG PARADE—Love, War, John Gilbert and Renée Adorée. ASTOR, B'way at 45.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH—Emil Jannings superb in an ordinary story. Not from the novel. Continuous from 10 A.M. RIALTO, B'way at 42.

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

ALIAS THE DEACON, **ANNIE LAURIE**, **CAPTAIN SALVATION**, **RESURRECTION**, **RUNNING WILD**, **SLIDE KELLY SLIDE**, **TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS**, **STARK LOVE**, **THE BLOOD SHIP**, **THE CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS**, and **WEDDING BILL**.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

WINGS—The Air Service glorified in a war picture. Mon., Aug. 1. CRITERION, B'way at 44.

ART

SUMMER EXHIBITIONS

AMERICAN PAINTINGS AND WATER COLORS—BABCOCK, open daily, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., 19 E. 49; MACBETH, open daily, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., 15 E. 57; NEW ART CIRCLE, open weekdays, 1 to 5 P.M., and Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M., 35 W. 57.

FRENCH PAINTINGS—Impressionists: DURAND-RUEL, open daily, 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., 12 E. 57; Moderns: REINHARDT, open daily, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., 5 Ave. at 57.

O'KEEFE—Summer exhibition of flower paintings. BROOKLYN MUSEUM, open weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Sun., 2 to 6 P.M., Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn.

MUSIC

GOLDMAN BAND—Music underneath the

stars. Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves., MALL, CENTRAL PARK. Tues., Thurs. and Sat. Eves., CAMPUS, N.Y.U. Concerts start at 8:30 P.M.

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Philharmonic Orchestra with Frederick Stock as guest conductor. Nightly, at 8:30. LEWISOHN STADIUM, Amsterdam at 136. Take Bus No. 3.

STARLIGHT PARK OPERA—"Rigoletto." Thurs. Eve., Aug. 4, at 8:15. Bronx River, at 177. Take Bronx Pk. Subway and get off at Tremont Ave.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—PROFESSIONAL—CLEVELAND vs. YANKEES, Fri., July 29, at 3:30 P.M., Sat., July 30, Sun., July 31, at 3 P.M. and Mon., Aug. 1, at 3:30 P.M. DETROIT vs. YANKEES, Wed., Aug. 3, Thurs., Aug. 4, and Fri., Aug. 5, at 3:30 P.M. YANKEE STADIUM, Grand Ave. at 161. Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. Subway.

GOLF—Gold Mashie Tournament. Starts Fri., Aug. 5, on T. Suffern Tailor's OCEAN LINKS, Newport, R. I.

HORSE SHOWS—STAMFORD HORSE SHOW—The last two days to see a fine show. Fri., July 29, and Sat., July 30, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. SUN AIM FARM, Stamford, Conn.

POLO—EXHIBITION GAMES—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL CUP PLAYERS vs. MEADOW BROOK PLAYERS—The Native Indian Cavalry pegging tents with hurled lances as an added attraction. Sat., July 23, at 3:30 P.M. Trains leave Grand Central Station at 1:57 and 2:30 P.M. (D.S.T.). WESTCHESTER-BILTMORE C.C., Rye, N.Y.

BRITISH INTERNATIONAL TEAM CANDIDATES vs. AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL TEAM CANDIDATES—A series of matches to be held every Sunday for a month. Starting Sun., July 31, at 4 P.M. Trains leave Pennsylvania Station at 1:24 and 2:24 P.M. (D.S.T.). SANDS POINT C.C., Port Washington, L.I.

Both the American and British polo teams will play practice games at various playing fields, throughout August, that promise to be worth while. See papers for detailed schedule.

RACING—EMPIRE CITY—The last two days at this track. Fri., July 29, and Sat., July 30. Races at 2:30 P.M. Special trains leave Grand Central Station, Fri., at 1:30 P.M., Sat., at 1:20 and 1:39 P.M. (D.S.T.). MT. VERNON, N.Y.

SARATOGA—The season opens at this gay and fashionable track on Mon., Aug. 1. Races weekdays at 3 P.M. Special de luxe race train leaves Grand Central Station every Saturday at 9:30 A.M., and leaves Saratoga to return at 7:10 P.M. (D.S.T.). Trains leave Grand Central Station weekdays at 10:03 A.M. (D.S.T.). SARATOGA, N.Y.

SPEED BOAT RACES—CRAIG TROPHY RACE, Fri., July 29. Execution Light to Sheepshead Bay.

TENNIS—NATIONAL JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP. Starts Mon., Aug. 1. Play 10:30 A.M. till dark. Trains leave Pennsylvania Station at 9:47 and 10:13 A.M. WEST SIDE TENNIS CLUB, Forest Hills, L.I.

YACHTING—CYPRIAN E. HUNT PERPETUAL CHALLENGE TROPHY. One hundred and fifteen mile race for power boats. Wed., Aug. 3, at 6 P.M. INDIAN HARBOR YACHT CLUB, Greenwich, Conn.

STAMFORD YACHT CLUB REGATTA. Sat., July 30, STAMFORD, Conn.

ON THE AIR

GOLDMAN BAND—WEAF, Sat. Eve., July 30, and Mon. Eve., Aug. 1, at 8:30. WNYC, Wed. Eve., Aug. 3, at 8:30.

ALAN MCQUHAE—Irish-American tenor. Atwater Kent Hour, WEAF, Sun. Eve., July 31, at 9:15.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Frederick Stock conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra. WJZ, Sun. Eve., July 31, and Thurs. Eve., Aug. 4, at 9 P.M.

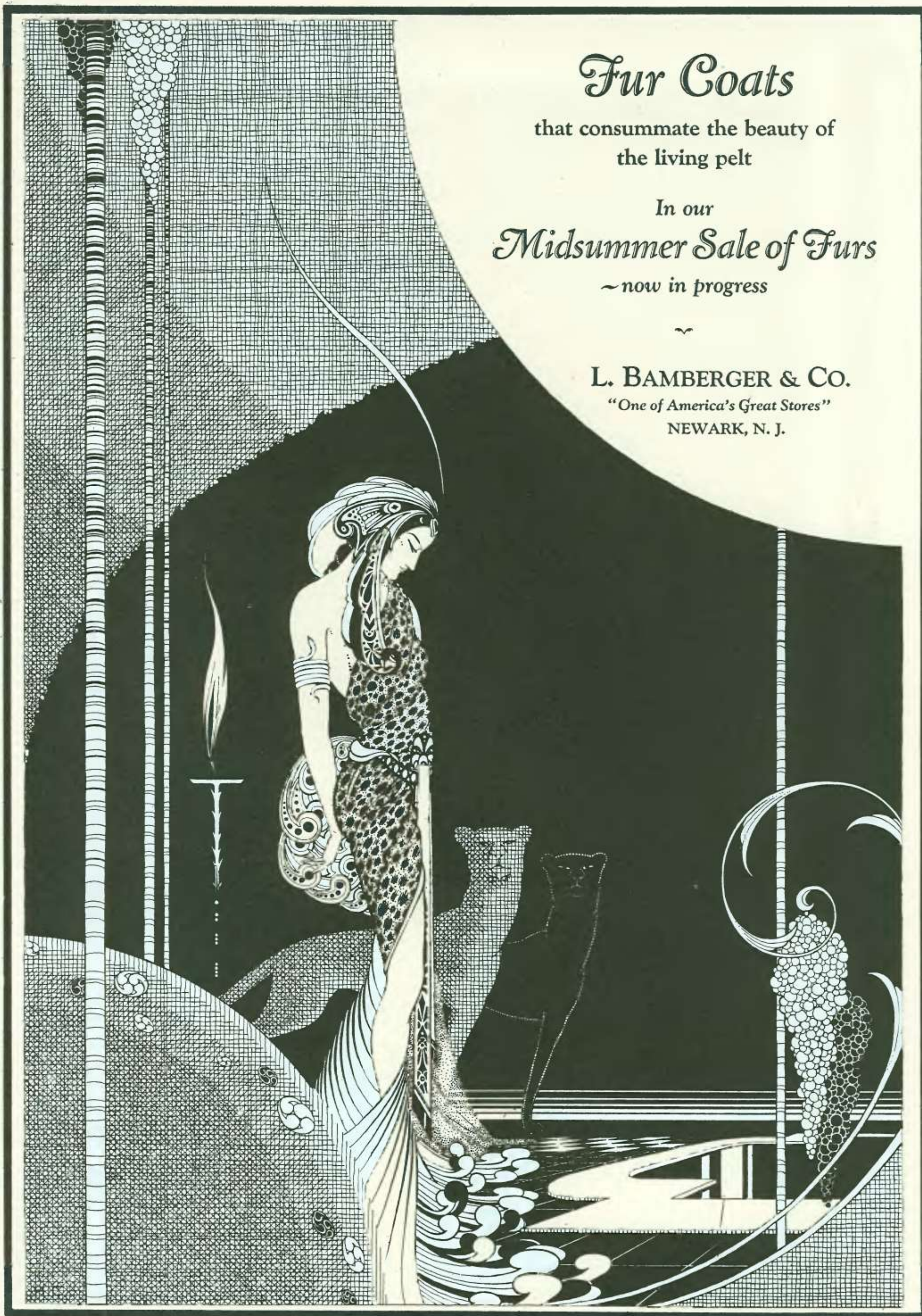


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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE do not fall a victim to the acute cases of chills and fever that afflict press, pulpit and politicians whenever Franco-American Friendship is cemented forever again or, as always happens the following week, endangered once more. We are constrained to believe that Franco-American amity, despite all the rejoicing over long airplane flights, and all the mutterings anent other



long airplane flights, is just about where it was in B. Franklin's time. That is to say, the French and the Americans understand each other as well as ever—and almost as little as ever. Our theory is that Glowing Tributes in chancelleries and parliaments and interracial bickerings in restaurants, trains and shops will continue to balance each other in such a manner as to postpone both Millennium and War for at least five hundred years.

WHETHER airmen are table-turners or not, remains to be seen. Grover Whalen, it appears, is considering a trip abroad. Very good. If he goes, he will eventually return, and if, on his return, he is not met by Commander Byrd and Plucky Lindbergh and compelled to lay a wreath on the statue of Balto every day for nineteen days, rain or shine, aviators are not the sporting fellows we like to think they are.

ADDRESSING our remarks to those who long for awesome

places, particularly to those who have been in the subterranean aquarium under the Trocadero, we wish to announce that there are two even more



awesome places to be found in this very city at four o'clock in the morning. They are the Pennsylvania and the Grand Central stations. At that hour you are alone save for distant bands of witch-like charwomen and a slightly tipsy gentleman leaning against the information booth. Ghosts press down upon you from all sides, and when you speak to your porter you don't know your own voice.

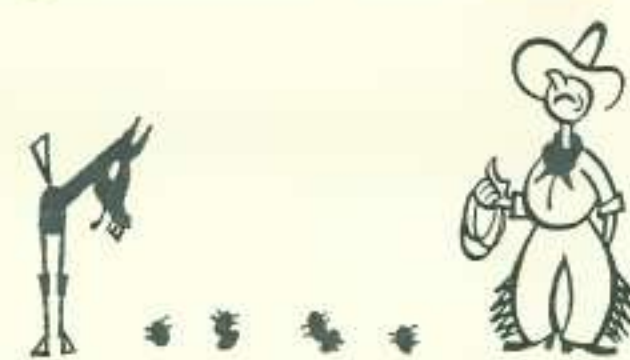
IT was (and we are perfectly serious about this) in Chicago that we once got the merriest shoe shine of our life. Negroes slapped the cloths, and clicked the brushes to tunes played on a victrola. There was no extra charge. Therefore, we were doubly happy the other day to discover on the southeast corner of Sheridan Square, far from Chicago, a bootblackery where, beneath a chromo of Mussolini, three Neapolitans transformed our five shining minutes into a musical



orgy. There are very few times we want musical accompaniments, but while we are getting a shine is one of them. We may even make this one of our own Issues.

FECUND Nature, in whose lap many of our constituency now are, is playing her yearly trick with people who have hay fever. Fields are ripe with timothy and clover. We had always imagined that this stony, brick-girt isle was a sort of haven for the sufferers—a place where they could get away from the pollen and the weedy harvest. The other day, however, walking through Seventieth Street with a red-eyed, sneezing fellow, we started to turn up Park Avenue. "Not Park," he begged, sneezing. He pointed, and there, in the strip of green lawn surrounding the railroad vents, were three or four little piles of new-mown grass.

THE Sioux Nation, we read, has conferred the name "Leading Eagle" on President Coolidge, in the presence of rotogravure. While that is a good name, we shall go right



on referring to him in our usual way, as The-Man-Who-Looks-Pretty-Funny-in-Cowboy-Clothes.

Thrift

AMONG the favorite stories of Professor Barnouw, the Queen Wilhelmina professor at Columbia, is one that has to do with a certain grandson of Queen Victoria who, at a time when he was a freshman at Oxford, had spent all of his allowance and, what is worse, gone ten pounds in debt. In the extremity he appealed to his royal grandmother asking her for an advance on future re-

mittances. He did not get it. What he received from that austere lady was a long letter containing some reproof and much, much advice. In due course the young man replied to this. He had, he said, decided to heed everything his grandmother had to say about conservatism and thrift and had, in fact, already begun by selling the original of her letter to a senior for twenty pounds.

Anthem

MARY GARDEN is concerned in a belated anecdote about a Lindbergh function. At a supper party in Paris she announced that she was to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" at a gala soirée for Lindbergh the following evening and confessed that she did not know the words. Could Mr. William Tilden recall them? Mr. Tilden could not. Did anyone else in the party know them? No one did—and there were twenty Americans present. A gentleman agreed to round the verses up next day. He succeeded, but the difficulty of his assignment made him so late as to cause the singer some misgiving. He had been unable to get them at any bookshop. At the embassy "no one in at the moment" knew them. Finally the gentleman thought of the American Library and, hurrying there, found a book and copied out the verses. He got to the function just in time and Miss Garden rushed on the stage.

Dressed in the flowing white robe of Liberty, she stirred the throng as she slowly sang the anthem, glancing surreptitiously, from time to time, at the inner side of her sleeve to which were pinned the words of our triumphal song.

Discovery

WE ARE told of a practically impregnable method of defrauding the government, although the profit, it must be admitted, is slight. The plot is this: When you desire to send a letter to someone within the city address the envelope to yourself, put the address of the person to whom it is to be sent in the upper left-hand corner, and drop it into any mail-box without a stamp. The letter will be "Returned for postage"—to the person named in the corner. It doesn't work with out-of-town missives, but the ingenuous discoverer of the scheme points out that there are six million people in New York.

Historic

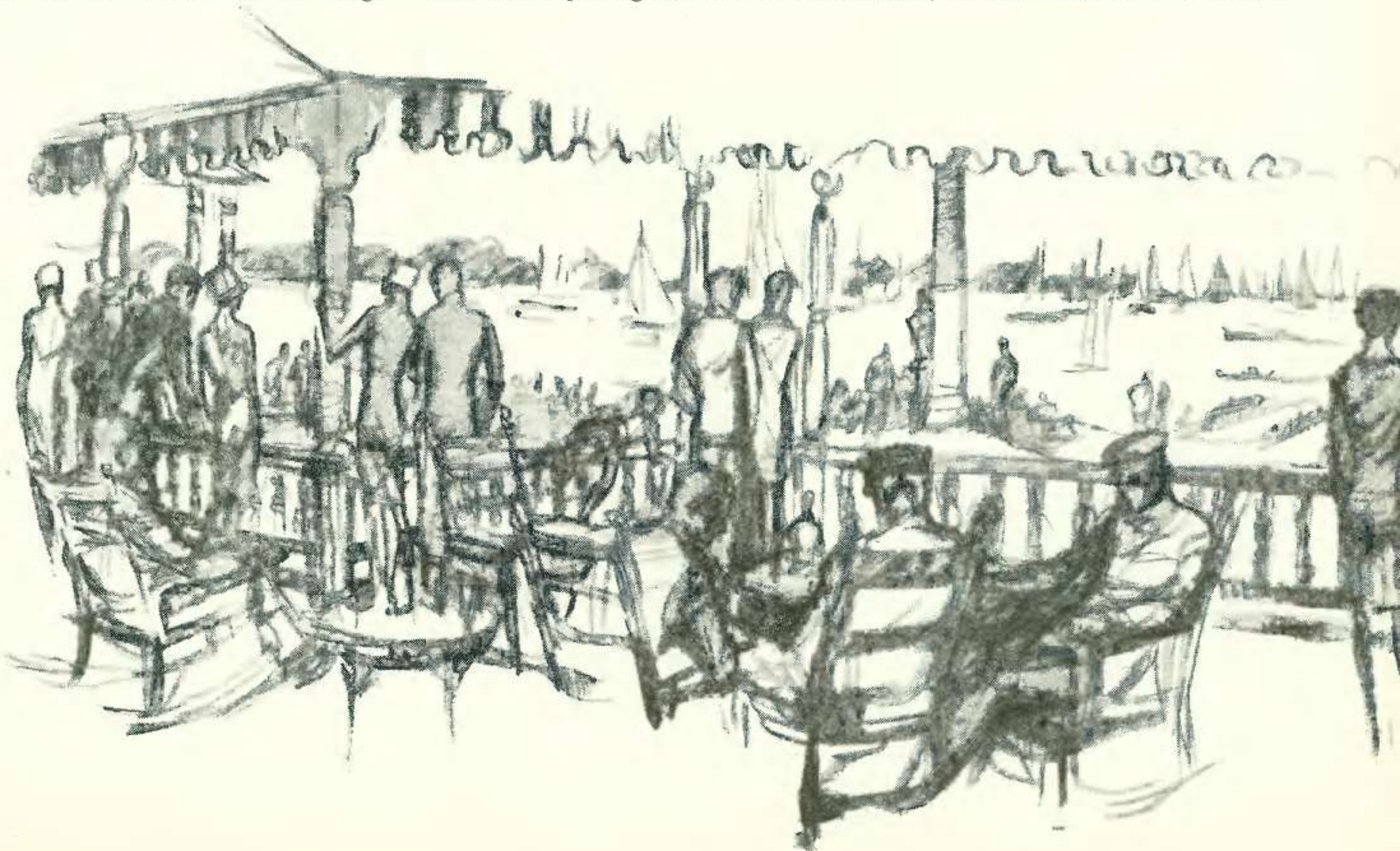
ABOUT three days' journey by ox-cart from West Farms there is a peninsula jutting out into the Sound. This is called Throg's Neck, because the man who once owned it was named Throgmorton. Overlooking the water is a house in which James Fenimore Cooper lived and wrote tales, contemplating betimes the wide,

whispering cornfields round about. These once tranquil fields were raucously sold the other day for building sites. It was to examine the historic place and to ponder with fitting sadness upon the changes wrought by time—and auction sales—that we made the long hop across the dark tarns and misty mid-regions of the Bronx.

The house, we discovered is within the confines of Silver Beach Gardens, a bungalow colony. Mr. Cooper would be surprised could he see it now, grass-grown, unkempt, hard by a row of cheap summer homes strung along a path labelled Indian Trail. Back of the house are telltale stone walls, indicating that here was once a quiet farm; the white markers of real estate men indicate that here was lately a lively auction.

A clothesline from which ladies' underwear dangled stretched from the veranda to a near-by tree. On the steps stood a sad-faced youth strumming a ukelele. The stone house, more than a hundred years old, has been given a hideous stucco veneer, the roof and trim painted a dirty brown. Silver Beach Gardens rents the rooms to transients and vacationists to whom the Bronx is a vacation. A Mrs. Toohey peered cautiously through the door at our knock. Yes, this house used to belong to Cooper. What did we want?

Throg's Neck has had a strange history. Revolutionary battleground, farm, summer home of a handful of



wealthy men, squatter's land, now a bungalow community and inexpensive home site. Cooper acquired the land from his wife's family, the De Lanceys, and lived there for a few years, within not very easy commuting distance of town. A gentleman in charge of Silver Beach told us that historical societies have considered taking over the house, but have never done anything. For a hundred and fifty dollars you can rent two rooms for the whole season.

Shots

FROM time to time we pick up a fact which we consider curious, and this week it had to do with the taking of moving pictures in Central Park. To us it was news that companies making films there are specially taxed by the city. An operator with a camera is charged five dollars. If he films two actors the charge is ten dollars more. For every automobile used he must pay five dollars, and for each horse or dog one dollar. A special rate is made, we are told, for large casts.

Charlot

ANDRÉ CHARLOT has plunged into the movies—or into that miscellany which these days surrounds them and seems to make the pictures less and less important—and we hear that

he is to do a whole series of acts for the Paramount theatre chain. Having been thus signally noticed, and having brought Miss Gertrude Lawrence into the golden palaces of the cinema (\$3,500 a week, we are told), he is perhaps deserving of attention in these columns.

Charlot spends most of his working time now in a rehearsal hall of the Paramount Building where many people have found to their surprise that he is more than six feet tall and, in appearance, somewhat remindful of both John Erskine and Ford Madox Ford, if you can imagine that. One of the most interesting things about him, we have been told, is his way of directing a production. He rarely displays temperament (although he can) and his lash of discipline is a delicate and scornful sarcasm. This, however, is loosed but occasionally. He sits lazily on a chair at the side of the hall, usually puffing a stubby pipe, and glancing but occasionally at his company.

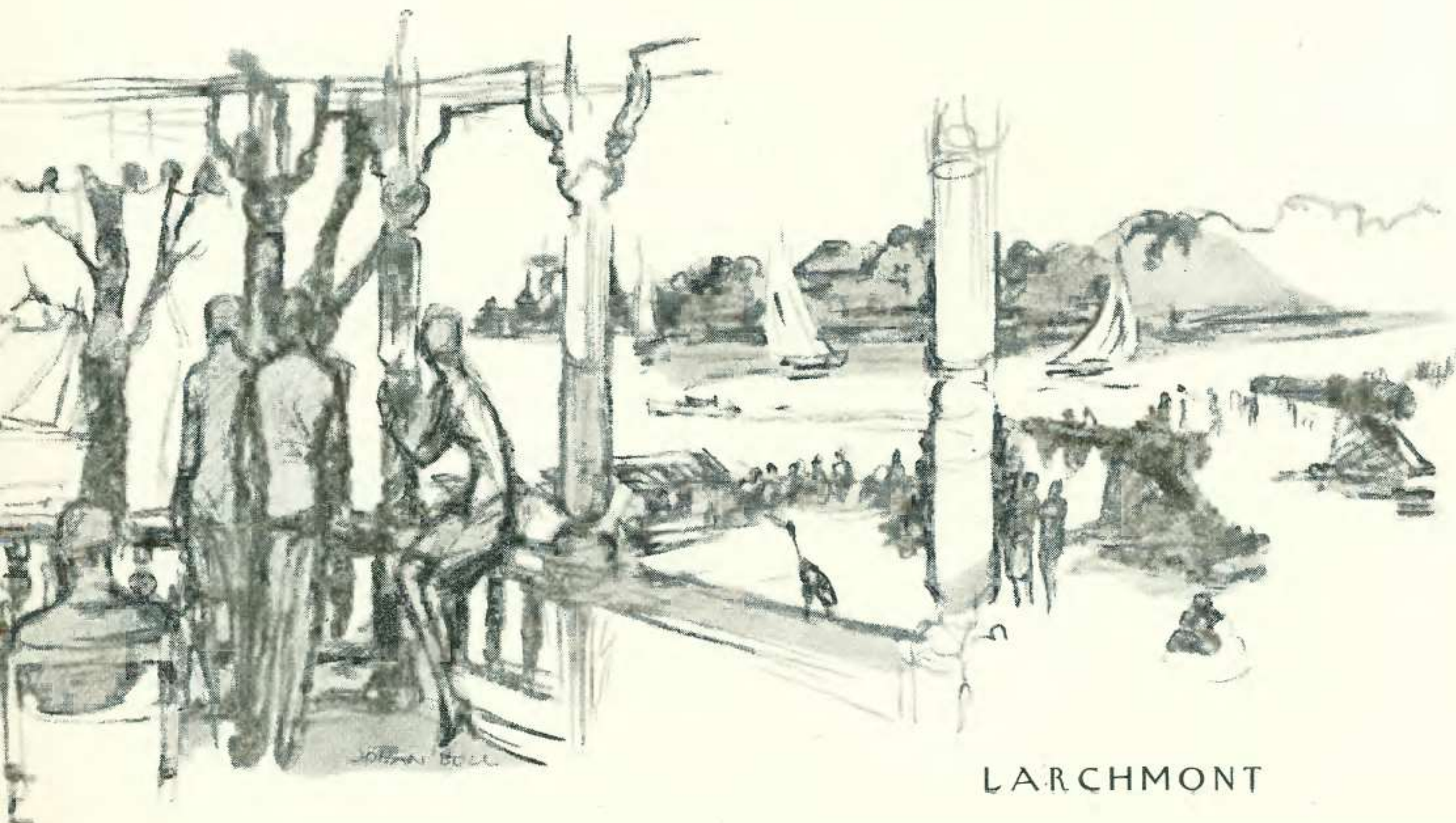
When he has anything to say to a member of the cast, other than an important principal, he neither uses a megaphone nor shouts. He customarily, in fact, does not speak to them in person but calls one of his three assistants and delivers the instructions through him. Practically all of his contact, they say, is by means of a third person.

Charlot is French by birth, but he has spent most of his theatrical life in England, with the result that he speaks Oxonian English with the suggestion of a French accent. His father was a theatrical manager. His first business venture was as a booking agent and he once came to America in this capacity. Subsequently, he became a manager, producing revues which were much the same as all others—loud and boisterous. One day, while stumbling over chorus girls and a clutter of stage paraphernalia, it occurred to him that there was no place in the big revue for the subtle, intimate kind of humor. He set out to produce simpler things and scored tremendously. Also he unearthed a talent for discerning *intime* comedy values and developed such stars as Miss Lawrence, Miss Beatrice Lillie and Jack Buchanan.

Despicable

HOWEVER severely the modern writers and playwrights may psychoanalyze mother love in this enlightened day, we learn that in the Middle West it is still one with the flag and the little red schoolhouse as a sentimental theme.

A gentleman brings us the story of two candidates for political office who recently campaigned against each other in Ohio. They accepted an in-



LARCHMONT

itation to debate before a women voters' organization, and it seems that one gentleman gave the other the lie direct during their arguments. The injured orator decided to capitalize the incident. Several days later he spoke before a mixed gathering of his constituents and announced that his opponent's defeat was assured because that worthy had revealed himself in his true colors. "I need only tell you," said the speaker huskily, "that my opponent called me a liar before a group of two hundred ladies, many of them"—here his voice broke—"many of them mothers!"

X Marks Spot

AT LAST we have succeeded in penetrating the mystery surrounding the white X's on the window panes of buildings nearing completion—as if the workers, in off hours, entertain themselves with little games of tit-tat-toe. We are told by a contractor that the marks are made for the protection of the workers we have maligned. It seems that before the window-glass is put into buildings the workers use the windows as convenient exits and entrances. When the glass is finally inserted they don't always see it and are apt to crash right through it. Hence the X's.

Wings

HAVING completed a private survey of the local pigeon situation we are able to report that there are about one hundred thousand of them in the city, that they are overfed almost to the point of gout and that those persons interested in them at all are about evenly divided into two camps: those who consider these birds a nuisance and would do away with them, and those who feed them every day and would, if necessary, carry a fight on their behalf to the Supreme Court.

We refer, of course, only to the stray pigeons. They make their homes in every conceivable spot. Most of them live along the docks, but there are flocks in every church steeple and on countless roofs. The Public Library provides a home for many, as does the Pennsylvania Station. When Madison Square Garden was torn down interested citizens talked of a mass meeting to demand

some sort of care for the pigeons living in its tower, but just as the pigeons had moved over from the old Madison Avenue Baptist Church when it was razed, so they moved on to new quarters.

A DOWNTOWN bird dealer says there are probably three or four thousand people who make pigeon-feeding a part of their charity program. Some of them drop into his store every day to buy small packages of grain. He insists that the only danger the birds face is becoming too fat to fly and hence falling a prey to automobile wheels.

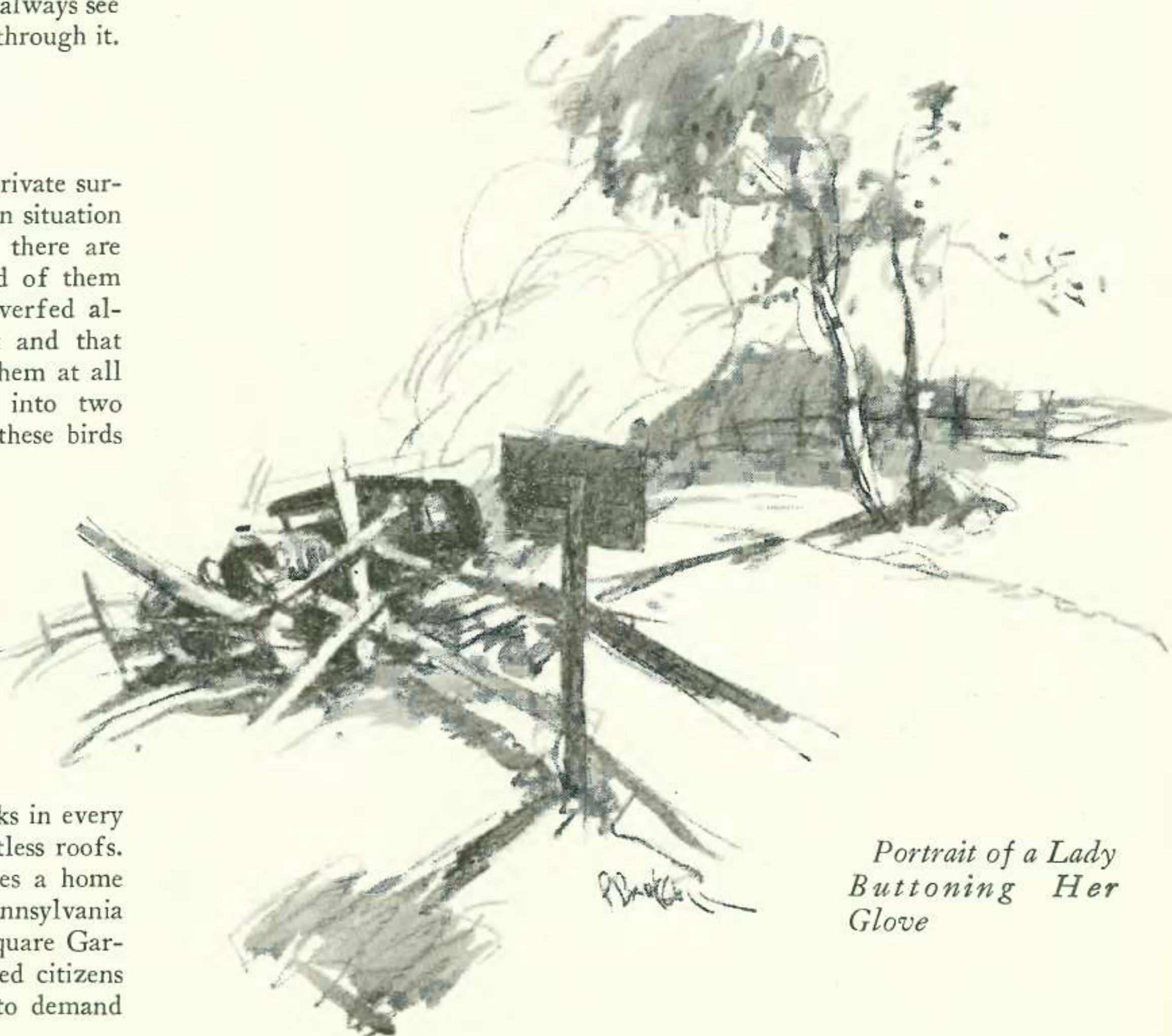
Among the pigeon feeders is Eduardo Higginson, the Peruvian Consul-General, who, incidentally, is the dean of the city's consular corps with twenty-three years of service here. He has had a special ledge built for them outside his office on lower Broadway and feeds them regularly. Nikola Tesla, the inventor, is one of those who provide for the Library pigeons. He feeds them every evening and it is his ambition to provide a great bird sanctuary for the city some day.

Not long ago he heard there were persons who planned a shotgun war against the birds and he threatened court action to halt it. The Library flock gets its morning meal from Frank Reeber, a retired broker.

The Battery pigeons have for their benefactor Emil G. Des Jardins, who carries a large bag of grain to the Barge Office every day at noon. He insists that the pigeons once saved his life. He had fed them and started for a near-by cigar store. Twice his bird friends swooped down in front of him in an unusual manner, delaying his progress. When he got to the cigar store he found that a cornice had just fallen, killing a man who was standing beneath it. He would have been struck had he arrived a few seconds earlier.

Left Behind

A GENTLEMAN who has always been interested in famous contemporaries reports that, while in Providence, R.I., he decided to visit the birthplace of George M. Cohan. He found it readily, a three-story



*Portrait of a Lady
Buttoning Her
Glove*

wooden house, and a ring at the front door brought a round little Italian woman to the door.

"How do you do?" said the visitor. "I understand that this is the birthplace of George M. Cohan, and I thought—"

"I don't want any."

"No. I say Mr. Cohan. George M.—"

"I don't want any," said the lady again, and this is all she would say to her caller. The latter, however, went to the back of the house and, after ascending a stairway, found an entrance to another apartment. Here he found a white-haired lady and to her repeated his formula.

"Yes, I think he did live here, but he don't live here any more. I live here."

"Yes, but I thought there might be some memorabilia, some things that he had left here—"

"Certainly not! I haven't got a thing that belongs to him."

Defeated, the caller departed, noting, as he did so, a small American flag dangling pathetically from an upstairs window, its colors mingling weakly together in submission to countless rainstorms.

Shavian

AT DINNER RECENTLY we heard a better George Bernard Shaw story than usual and one which possibly is new to some. A classical dancer, a lady who gained attention some years ago for her convictions upon selective mating, sought out the English writer at his home with the unsettling proposal that he divorce his wife, marry her and be the father of her children. "But, Madame!" interposed the novelist. "Ah," said the lady, "think what marvellous offspring they would be, with your mind and my body." "Yes," said the novelist, "but suppose they had your mind and my body?"

Surgery

ONE of the leading abdominal surgeons of the city, we learn, had an embarrassing experience a few weeks since. Having to perform an operation upon a gentleman, he arrived at the hospital promptly at the appointed hour, 9:30 A.M., briskly put on his antiseptic garb, stepped into the operating room and said good morning to the anaesthetist and the nurses. His

patient, he was glad to note, was lying, covered by a sheet, on the operating table and ready.

After a hasty inspection of the instruments which had been laid out for him he threw back the sheet, made his incision, removed the appendix with an expertness and dispatch which produced a whisper of admiration from the internes looking on, and departed. The embarrassment came some hours later when he learned that he had operated upon the wrong patient. His appointment had really been for 10:30, his secretary had made a mistake, the surgeon who was due at 9:30 o'clock had been a few minutes late; something like that.

Ever thoughtful of our readers, we endeavored to learn what the victim of this mischance said when he came out of the ether, but, this, unfortunately, we were unable to do.

The person who told us of the incident is a medical man himself and assures us that this happening is without precedent, to his knowledge. He

says, however—and we consider this interesting—that there has been an epidemic of suits against surgeons of late years, many of them brought by unscrupulous persons who had found that most doctors would rather compromise a case, no matter how unfair, than face a public trial. This, he says, has led to a new kind of insurance. For twenty-five dollars a year surgeons are now protected against verdicts to the amount of \$15,000. The gentleman insisted that these days the unconscientious practitioner is very rare and that the surgeons are the unsung heroes of the age.

MIXTURES REPORTED: The How's Your Aunt Hannah? cocktail is one part lemon juice, one part sherry wine, dash of apricot juice, Grenadine to color, powdered sugar to sweeten, a little orange juice. Shake well with cracked ice while facing to the northeast.

—THE NEW YORKERS



"My dear, I feel so delightfully primitive!"

RINGSIDE (FORMAL)

THERE seems to be a widespread belief that New York prizefights are patronized extensively by the *haut monde*. I have gathered in my reading that the ringside of each important metropolitan fistic encounter (prizefight) is jammed with society folk in only slightly less formal attire than that worn at court presentations. The gentlemen do not wear their swords, and the ladies are not obliged to curtsy to Mr. Rickard, but otherwise the two occasions are much the same in aspect.

Accordingly, when Mr. Charles MacGreggor came to me with two ringside seats for the fights at the Yankee Stadium, I was in considerable of a flutter. Ringside seats at a New York prizefight meant but one thing—going out in society. Now, I hadn't been out in society since I started growing my mustache, and I hardly knew where my silk hat was. The last time I had tried it on I was cheered for Stephen A. Douglas.

"We shall have to dress," I said to Mr. MacGreggor.

"Dress?" he answered, dully.

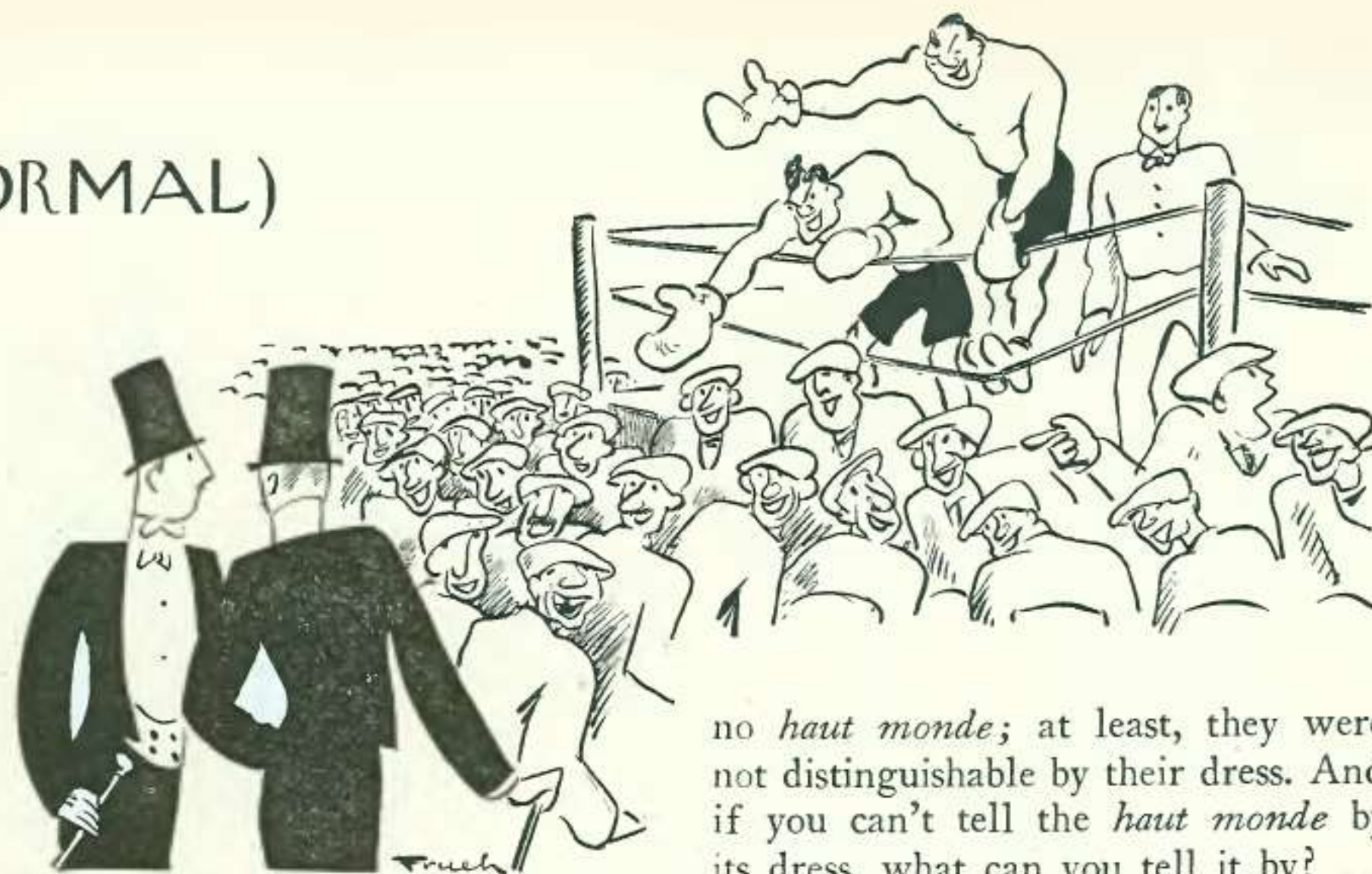
"Evening dress," I explained. "These fights are very dressy affairs. All the best people go, right from dinner, and unless you are dressed you are quite likely to be refused admission to the ringside."

This frightened Mr. MacGreggor; so from six-thirty until nine was put in on grooming. I may say that as we started out for the Stadium, we presented a rather *chic* spectacle. I had seen a picture of the Prince of Wales at a prizefight and, in addition to my faultless (or practically faultless—my shirt bosom bulges) evening attire, I carried along an eye-shade. I didn't read why it was that the Prince wore an eye-shade at fights, but there he was in the picture, anyway.

Mr. MacGreggor started to hail a cab, but I suggested that we go over to the Packard place and get a limousine.

"These cabs are pretty jouncy," I said, "and by the time we got way uptown we would probably be unrepresentable, what with the grimy seats and all. And besides, you never know whom we might meet."

So we got a nice limousine with pearl gray upholstery and sat very straight, leaning on our sticks, in order not to mess our shirtfronts



all up before we even got there.

On the way up through the Park we ran into a crowd of taxis, each one crowded with men.

"Quite a crowd for the fight," said Mr. MacGreggor.

"They can't be going to the fight," I said. "Look at them."

And one look was enough. They were a common lot, wearing straw hats with bands which evidently were not club bands of any sort, and dressed much in the manner of a baseball crowd. And you could tell from their faces that they were not people whom you would like to take home to dinner.

"A lodge outing of some sort," I said to Mr. MacGreggor, and he shuddered.

But as we drew near the Stadium it was evident that the *canaille* were headed for the fights, so the only explanation was that some seats had got into the hands of speculators. It is awfully hard to keep people out, once the seats get out of the right hands.

It was not until we had passed through the gates, amid considerable comment from the boys who were selling programs, that I began to wonder where the *haut monde* was. The crowd in the runways of the giant Stadium and as far as the eye could reach was much the same in appearance as the men in the taxis had been. And it was becoming more and more apparent that we were objects of derision. I thought at first that it was some drunken men behind us who were calling forth the amused glances from passers-by, until I heard some one say: "They're advertising something. Let's wait and see." I felt that the sooner we reached the ringside and our own set, the better it would be.

But although our seats were well up front at the ringside, I could find

no *haut monde*; at least, they were not distinguishable by their dress. And if you can't tell the *haut monde* by its dress, what can you tell it by?

On the contrary, our neighbors were all—shall we say?—of the peasant class, or at any rate, in trade. One gentleman, sitting next to Mr. MacGreggor, had trouble with the amalgam filling in one bicuspid, and made no bones about it. The one at my left was frankly more interested in the manner in which Mr. MacGreggor and I had seen fit to fix ourselves up than he was in the preliminary bout which was on when we entered. Several men whom I had known in my college days recognized me and hazarded the guess that I had been up all night and all day and was using the Stadium as a bivouac. One asked me if I was doing it for charity and another threw me into a panic by saying that I had forgotten my trousers (which turned out to be a canard).

At last the fighters in the ring became interested and stopped wrestling with each other and came over to the ropes to look. The shorter of the two offered to take Mr. MacGreggor on for four rounds—finders keepers. We were finally hoisted up on the ring and forced to take a bow, amid the plaudits of thirty thousand fight fans.

As we reached the gates, on the shoulders of frenzied partisans, Mr. MacGreggor looked across at me and said:

"I didn't see any of the Vanderbilts. I wonder where they were."

"Oh," I said, lighting a cigarette as I was tossed into an Eighth Avenue trolley car, "they go to the country in May and won't be dragged in town for love nor money."

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

He was a good citizen and left no immediate relatives.—*Catskill Mountain News*.

Public-spirited to the end.

OF ALL THINGS

WASHINGTON dispatches say that the Republicans have decided upon prosperity as the keynote of next year's campaign. The faithful will now practice tooting on the horn of plenty.

After a trip out West, Senator Moses feels that the third term issue will prove a grave handicap in the race. He rather wishes that Mr. Coolidge would not throw his handicap into the ring.

Education experts meeting in Chicago agree that "pleasure students" should be barred from college. The resulting loss to culture would be trifling, but the strain upon ten thousand home towns would be something terrible.

The Vice President has returned to the news, after a long leave of absence, by going fishing with flies. Probably if Mr. Dawes could really have his heart's desire he would use live Senators.

The Federal Trade Commission has decided that the practice of block-booking is all wrong. That's the way many of us feel about book-blocking.

Literary Indiana is absorbed in the serial story being issued by Stephenson from the Michigan City penitentiary. Obviously this immortal work should be called "The Covered Dragon."

A man in San Antonio kept awake for a hundred and fifty consecutive hours, thus establishing a world's record. But what happens in San Antonio worth staying awake for, this department hasn't the faintest idea.

A newly invented device, it is claimed, will permit airplanes to land on roofs. This will give us all a fine new reason for staying away from roof gardens.

There has been another pleasant lull in the Chinese war. The armies have met to exchange courtesies and generals.

Little King Michael's job will not

be an arduous one for a while. All he has to do is to eat his oatmeal, go to bed early and not ask about father.

Our great heart is practically broken over the plight of those who had to pay a hundred and twenty-five dollars for ringside seats. For that money one could get a week's treatment in a nice, sunny psychopathic ward.

Admiral Latimer gives a glowing report of progress toward peace and prosperity in Nicaragua. Before we know it, Central America will be more orderly than Central Park.

Commander Byrd, wet weather champion of the world, has started



"No more o' yer mouth, yuh snivelin' baby. Whoops, d'ya think we travel without an entoorige?"

preparations for a trip to the South Pole. The purpose of the expedition is to find a place where it doesn't rain.

The Census Bureau estimates that the population of the United States is increasing at the rate of four thousand per day. There will always be somebody to pay a hundred dollars for a ringside ticket, to buy the tabloids, to swim channels and to knock a golf ball from Mobile to Los Angeles.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

LINES IN NEITHER THE MANNER NOR SPIRIT OF THOMAS A KEMPIS

I never was a girl to shine
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance,
And how I dwindle, peak and pine
In the fell clutch of circumstance!
But when Fate books me for a clout—
The dirty kind, between the eyes—
I certainly can do without
The friends who come to sympathize.

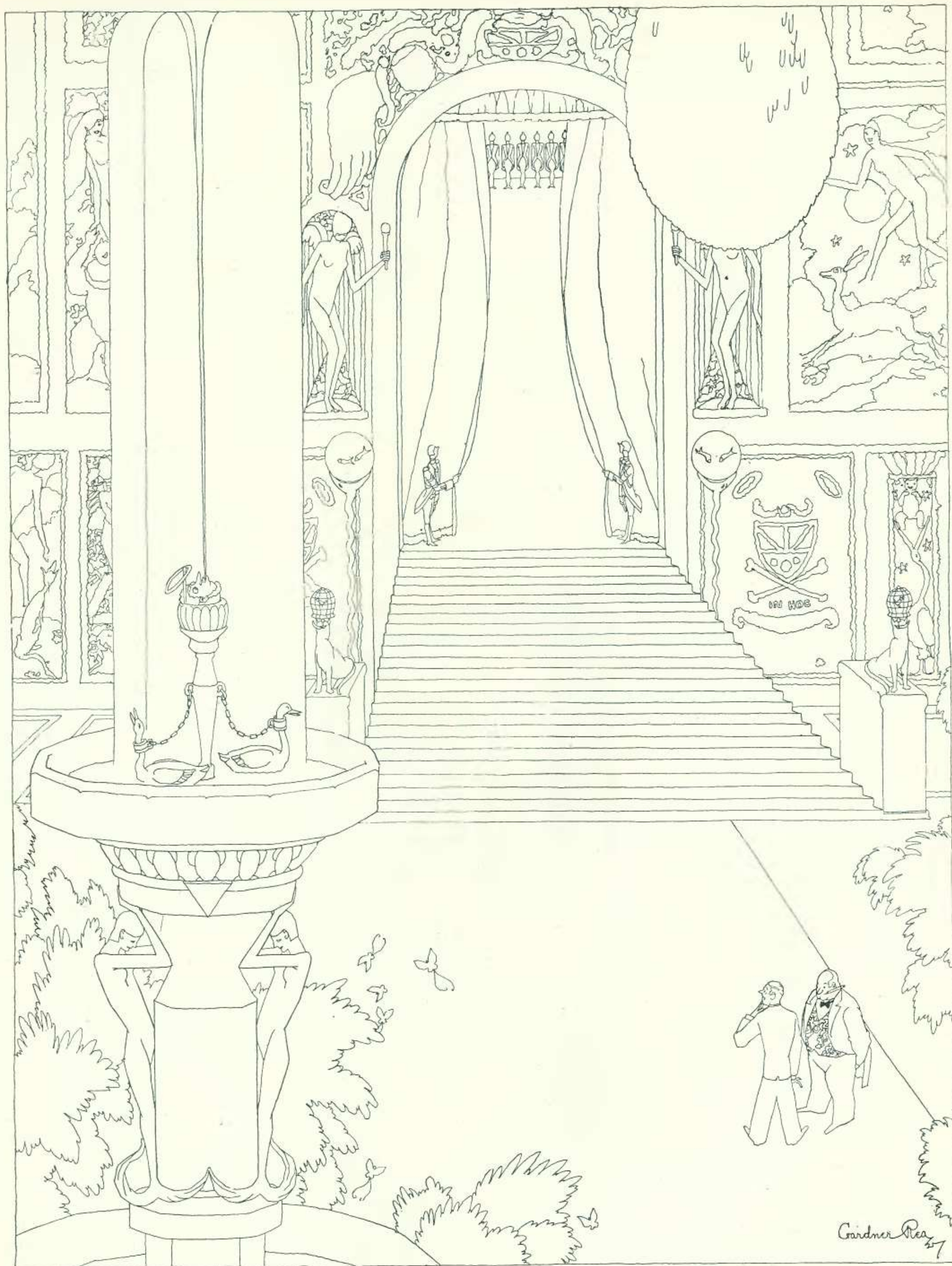
For some say this, and some say that,
And *this* bespeaks a placid brow
Because my plight will start no chat
Fifty or sixty years from now;
Whilst *that* enjoins tranquillity
Through sweet suggestion that the
blow
May, as so often happens, be
A special boon, incognito.

What centuries will bring to pass
Or level off or neatly hide
Is splendid comfort for a lass
Who's contemplating suicide;
And when, above my woeful cup,
Some blessing takes me unaware,
I want that blessing all dolled up,
With pink bows perching here and
there. —BAIRD LEONARD

Byrd and Chamberlin rode through crowds almost silent, while a few flags and drooping paper streamers tried to make brave a day doomed to be somewhat forlorn.—*The World's news columns, July 10.*

As long as New York throws paper out of the windows New York's heart is in the right place. And there was plenty of paper yesterday.—*The World's editorial page, July 10.*

That is what is called keeping the news columns independent of the editorial page.



NOUVEAU Host (proudly): "There you are, m' boy. Have you any suggestions?"

"I don't know—have you tried prayer?"

* * * * * P R O F I L E S * * * *

WHEN Earl Sande won the Kentucky Derby on Zev in 1923 a photograph was taken of him and the horse, which appeared in many newspapers. It was the sort of photograph that is always taken of a Derby winner. The horse, looking slim and easy, stood in the winner's circle at Churchill Downs; a man was holding the bridle and Sande, on Zev's back, sat smiling, with a big bundle of roses in his arms. His rather wide, small, reddened face, peaked cap and large ears poked out stiffly from above the flowers. This week Sande is riding at Saratoga. What horses he will ride, what races he will win, will be duly noted in the week's press. But even if he has many big days this year, it will be hard to find a day more important in his life than the day he won on Zev.

Seeing that photograph, you could imagine the rest of the scene. The crowd in the stands would still be clapping and shouting; along the rail, on stamped earth littered with torn betting tickets, men with field glasses slung round them would be trying to see over each other's heads; the band would be playing and the numbers would still show on the board. At such a moment a jockey seems an important and memorable figure, but I don't think many people are misled by photographs of Derby winners into supposing that a jockey's life is mainly a matter of receiving bouquets. It is hard, dangerous, and not very well paid. The prescribed fee for a ride is ten dollars a losing mount and twenty-five dollars a winner. Of course, the owners don't stick to that—they give presents. Many of the best jockeys make from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year. Sande makes close to \$50,000.

Being the highest paid jockey, he has a good chance to show off like the riders of the eighties and nineties, jockeys who lived in a flashy way, bet big money on themselves, and bought champagne when they won. But Sande is quiet. He never finds much to say to strangers. One betting man who tried for half an hour to make him talk about coming winners was thoughtful as he left Sande's house.

"Say," he said to the man who had introduced him, "your boy-friend, Sande, is dumb, isn't he?"

SILK AND LEATHER

"Oh, I don't know."

"He's dumb, all right. Every time I mentioned a horse he'd say, 'Yes, that's a good horse.' Finally I said, 'I guess they're all good horses, Mr. Sande,' and he said, 'Yes, they have to be good.' He's dumb, all right. He's dumb like a fox."

Sande is quiet when he is riding. He is what is known as a hand-rider. Even when he steps away from the bunch to win a spectacular race in the



Earl Sande

last part of the stretch you won't see him lean out to whale a horse with the whip; his hands are what make it move. And in his personal life he has so little to say that you think him stupid until you realize that his intelligence is a specialized kind of muscular strategy, useful for the single purpose of getting a horse through a race. He can't analyze this quality and wouldn't know he had it if he didn't see its results. He has no talent for exploiting himself. He would have been happy and efficient as a bank clerk, but he would never have got a raise unless the bank caught fire or some

situation came about in which he could show his ability to act quickly and resist excitement. There are lots of men like Earl Sande in the world. His brother, for instance, had the same sort of coördination that he has, but his brother could never ride race horses. He was too big. Now he runs a clothing store in Salem, Oregon.

Earl Sande now is not much bigger than his big brother was when the Sande family, early in the century, moved from Groton, South Dakota, to American Falls, Idaho. Mr. Sande, senior, was a fair-sized Norwegian who bossed a section-gang for the Milwaukee Railroad. The men who worked for him thought he was Scotch because, as does his son now, he pronounced his name "Sandy." The boys went to school in American Falls. Earl wanted a pony. When he was fourteen he traded some live ducks and a shotgun for a little roan named Babe.

THERE weren't many good horses in American Falls. A man named Burr Scott had the best, a couple of racing cold bloods (horses that are half thoroughbred). He had seen Sande ride Babe in some pick-up races. On the Fourth of July, which was celebrated in American Falls with some sprints and a rodeo, he paid him two dollars to ride Guise, one of the cold bloods. Sande won that race and later rode other races for Burr Scott, a shiftless, adventuring man, but one who knew horses.

That winter Earl went back to school. One day in spring a boy passed him a note which said that someone outside was asking for him. He got excused and went out. Burr Scott was sitting in a buckboard behind which his two race horses were tied on a lead-rope.

"I thought I'd take a trip through Arizona," the man said; "there's plenty of racing there. If you came with me we might make some money."

A few weeks later Sande wrote to his family from Phoenix, Arizona. He explained how he had come to run away; Burr Scott's offer, he said, had seemed like a chance it would be bad to miss. The trip had not turned out as well as they expected. The cold bloods lost races, and Scott had been forced to sell them in Phoenix

and go home. Sande got a job galloping horses at twenty-five cents apiece from a veterinary named Doc Pardee, who ran a livery stable in Phoenix and owned two race horses, Vanity Fair and Tic-Tac. Pardee, too, lost money and sold his horses, but when Sande left he gave him a letter to a man named Goodman, who bought Sande's contract from Pardee and sold it again to Johnson & Kane, a stable in New Orleans. Sande rode for Johnson & Kane that winter at thirty dollars a month. When spring came he moved north with the horses and raced on the Kentucky tracks. He rode a hundred and fifty-eight winners. Commander J. K. L. Ross, the Canadian, bought his contract and doubled his pay.

SANDE was getting a reputation, taking his place with other famous jockeys, Lawrence Lyke and Pony McAtee, Andy Schuttinger, Frankie Keogh, who also rode for Ross, and Frank Robinson, who was killed in a spill at Bowie. When he was not riding he used to go over and watch the start, studying the tactics of the riders, and listening to the starter's talk.

"Move over, Joe—move over Number Seven—bring him back—on the Salmon entry . . . I'm telling you to back him; hold it, hold it."

When they went away he watched them grow small and string out and heard across the field the noise in the stands as they turned into the stretch. His favorite mount was Billy Kelly, a brown gelding, fast and clever. He still says he liked Billy Kelly better than any other horse he ever rode, but when someone asks him to tell why he liked him so much Sande gets tongue-tied. "Well," he says, "he was a good horse. Smart. As smart as most men, I guess. He had plenty of speed. Of course, I like all good horses."

He rode Man o' War once, in the Miller Stakes at Saratoga. He agrees with most other people

that Man o' War was the fastest, strongest horse ever bred in this country. When Sir Barton, one of Ross's horses, ran against Man o' War, Sande was picked to ride Sir Barton. Just before the race he found that Keogh had the horse. Sande went to see Commander Ross.

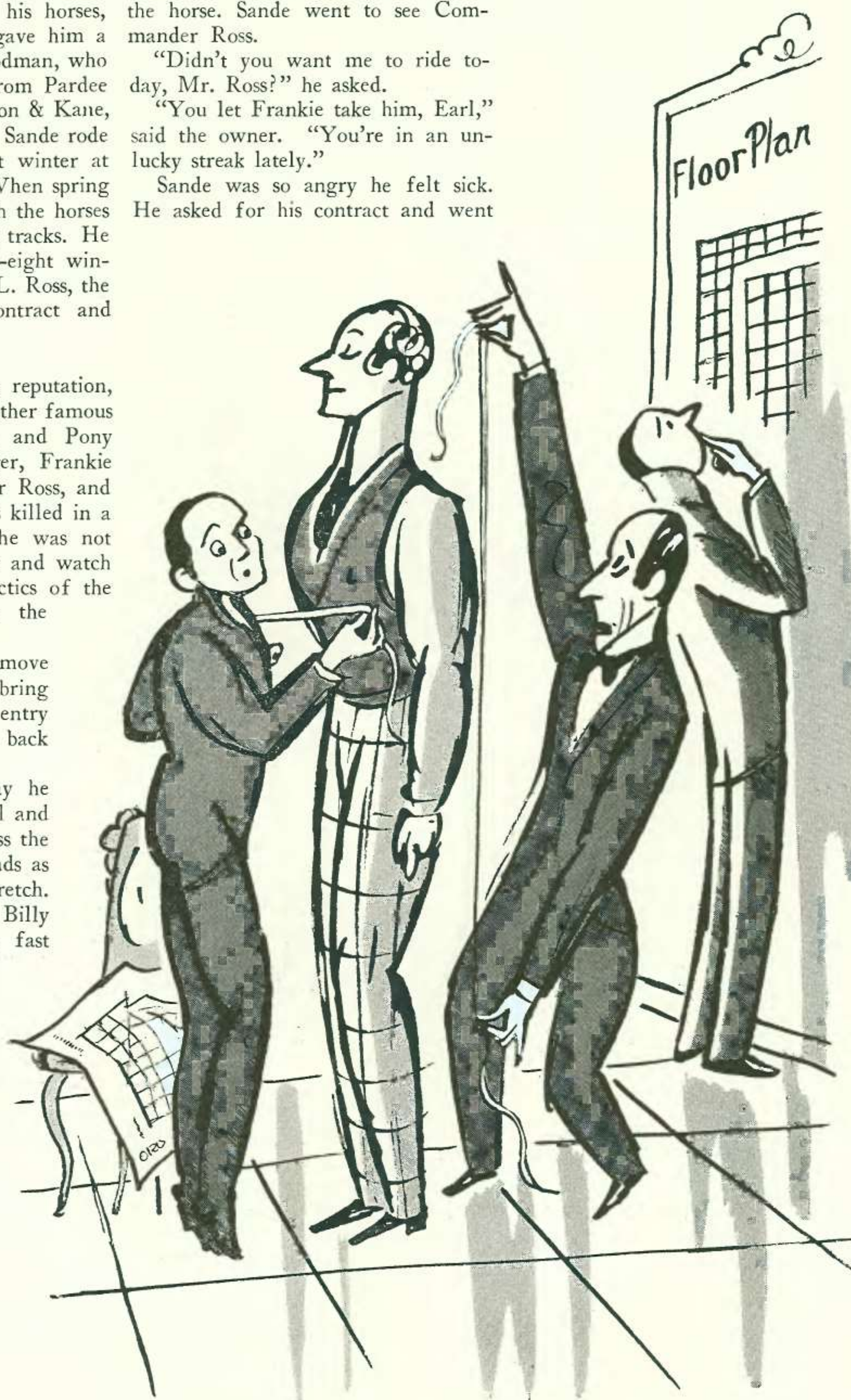
"Didn't you want me to ride to-day, Mr. Ross?" he asked.

"You let Frankie take him, Earl," said the owner. "You're in an unlucky streak lately."

Sande was so angry he felt sick. He asked for his contract and went

to work for Mr. Harry Sinclair of the Rancocas Stables.

The fact that Ross would not let him ride Sir Barton at the last minute looked bad, but Ross was only



One of the New Bachelor Hotels Measures a Guest for a Single Room

acting on a "hunch." Sande is famous for always trying to win. The horses he rides are short-priced favorites partly because they are good horses and partly because he is riding them.



Churchill Downs with Zev when Sande, who had got away in front, thought his horse was quitting. The leaders of the big field, bunched up and moving smoothly, the jocks flattened down, working their legs like frogs, came into the straightaway where the crowd was packed so close that people leaned, shouting, over the rail almost against the horses. Sande, on the inside, was afraid for the first time in his life to stay there. He was afraid Zev would collide with one of the faces pushed out at him. He was still in front, but the little swerve made him lose ground; Martingale, behind, was trying to press through the opening he had left, and Nassau, the favorite, was moving up on the left. In two hundred yards the race would



good story in almost any horse race. Sande has won so many it is hard to keep track of them. He won the Derby another time with Flying Ebony, he won the Belmont stakes four times, the Suburban handicap three times, the Metropolitan Handicap twice with Mad Hatter. He has been second in the Futurity three times and now wants to win this race more than any other. In 1925 he estimated that he had brought in 718 winners out of 2,680 starts. Since then he has not counted up, but the number of his winners might be reckoned at the same percentage. He rides about three hundred races a year; almost all the best American horses of the last ten years have been trusted to him at one time or another—Stromboli, Exterminator, Sir Barton, Cudgel, Purchase, Thunderclap, Grey Lag, Valoris, Mad Play, Sarazen. He doesn't talk about them much. Some jockeys like to discuss their races; they get excited and wave their hands around, telling you just what happened. But Sande, if asked how he won or lost will say something like, "Well, I got away third and I kept back until the turn and then I brought him along. He had a lot left, that horse."

He is not under exclusive contract to any owner. Joseph Widener pays

Even if his mount seems out of it Sande makes him work. Once on Salacious he was left flat-footed at the post. The last of the field was ten lengths in front of him before he could get his horse to start. At three-eighths of a mile he had caught the trailers, at the half he was up with the second division, he was in the bunch as they started the stretch, and he finished two lengths in front.

IN one year, the horses he rode for Sinclair earned \$564,000 in stakes. He and the other Rancocas star, Laverne Fator, worked together cleverly. Whoever was on the fast horse would take him out in front, bearing out a little at the turn so that the other, on a horse that was a strong finisher, would have room to push past along the rail and win.

Sande was the only jockey who knew how to get the best out of brown Mad Hatter, a horse so temperamental that to make him go faster the rider had to pretend to pull him, and to give him his head if he wanted to slow up. And there was a day at



be over, in a hundred and fifty Zev would be beaten. The jockey could feel the long, pulling bound of the horse shorten, tire; he hit Zev with his whip. Sande does not count on the whip in his rides, does not know how to use it very well, but this time the three-year-old straightened out and Sande found himself being photographed in the winner's circle with a bunch of roses.

This race is worth remembering because such high stakes and honors went with winning it, but there is a



O. SOGLOW

him \$17,000 a year for first call on his services; J. J. Riddle has second call; when neither of these men needs him he is free to fill any engagements his agent may make for him. In the old days he often rode the card—six races a day.

NOW Sande has taken on too much weight for that, for the majority of the horses carry light imposts. Weighing in before a race, in a costume that weighs about as much as a show girl's—silk shirt and twill breeches, riding boots as light as dancing slippers, and carrying a pommel-pad saddle, and blinkers which add up to one pound, he weighs 115—a big weight for a jockey. Sometimes a day goes by in which there is not a race that he is light enough to ride in. He works hard keeping down—goes out running in sweaters and a rubber suit, takes Turkish baths. He only eats two meals a day. One of these is toast, fruit and coffee.

In 1924, at Saratoga, Sande was badly hurt. He was edging through an opening next the rail when a young jockey, trying for the same place, cut over in front of him. There was only room for one horse and rider in the opening and Sande, to save the boy, pulled out; his horse, struck from behind and sideways, fell. The young jockey didn't fall, but when the horses had passed over the place the crowd saw Sande lying in the track beside a horse which, looking odd with its long, outstretched neck and empty saddle, was trying to knee itself up. As the field finished, the ambulance sputtered out, bumping over the rough midway, and the people in the stands, overcome with the embarrassment that follows accidents, stared while the stretcher was lifted in.

Next day the papers said that Sande's thigh had been broken close to the hip. He was so weak from taking off weight that it took him a long time to get well. While he lay

sick the talk got round that he would never ride again.

Someone, I think it was Kipling, wrote a story about a cavalry colonel who dreamed that he had fallen off his horse and that the hoofs of his mounted regiment charging behind him, beat over him as he lay helpless. One turfman suggested to me that perhaps Sande, since his fall, was trou-



"Oh my, she's very level-headed—her father was a lawyer!"

bled by some nightmare like this. This might be, but I don't think so. He seems too healthy and he works too hard. He has an apartment in Jamaica, where he lives with his wife, whom he met at Rancocas, and who is a niece of Mrs. Samuel Hildreth, the wife of Sinclair's famous trainer. He gets up at five-thirty in the morning and goes out to the track to see the horses exercised, comes home, eats breakfast, reads the paper, goes out to the track at one-thirty, works till five or six, comes home for dinner, and tries to be in bed by ten-thirty. In the racing season he hasn't much time to see his friends. In the winters he does not ride but goes west to see his family or to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where his wife's family lives. He doesn't smoke or drink. He likes to listen to the radio and plays a little golf. He has no children.

SANDE is twenty-nine. He still has many active years ahead of him. And he says that when his muscles begin to stiffen up and the fight against weight seems no use he will stop rid-

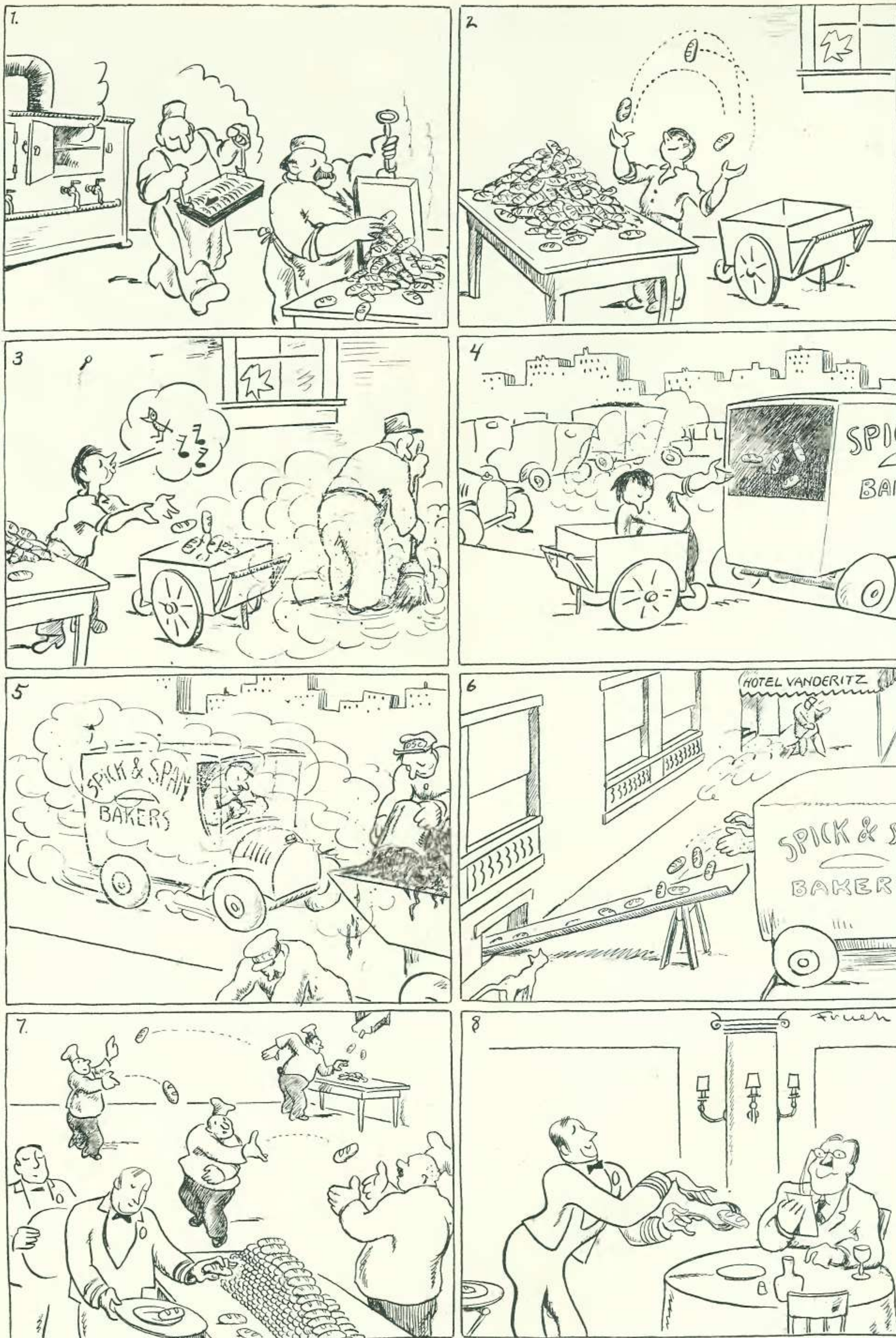
ing and become a trainer. He will make a good trainer, I think, and I can see how he will look, standing beside the track in the morning with a watch in his hand while the exercise boys take out the horses. But although I have seen little Sande buttoned into elegant, stiff store-clothes, I always think of him as he looked on Zev that Derby Day, parading past the grand stand in the sunshine while the parimutuel windows rattled down. As the horses, with their hooded heads and long, rabbit-like haunches, moved by in a line, Sande never looked at the crowd but sat way up on the withers so that even in the walk to the barrier his weight would not be on Zev's back. He looked quiet and as if he had no doubts, and I remembered what his quietness and reticence make you forget sometimes—that he is a great jockey, one of the greatest that ever lived, and one who always tries to win.

—NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

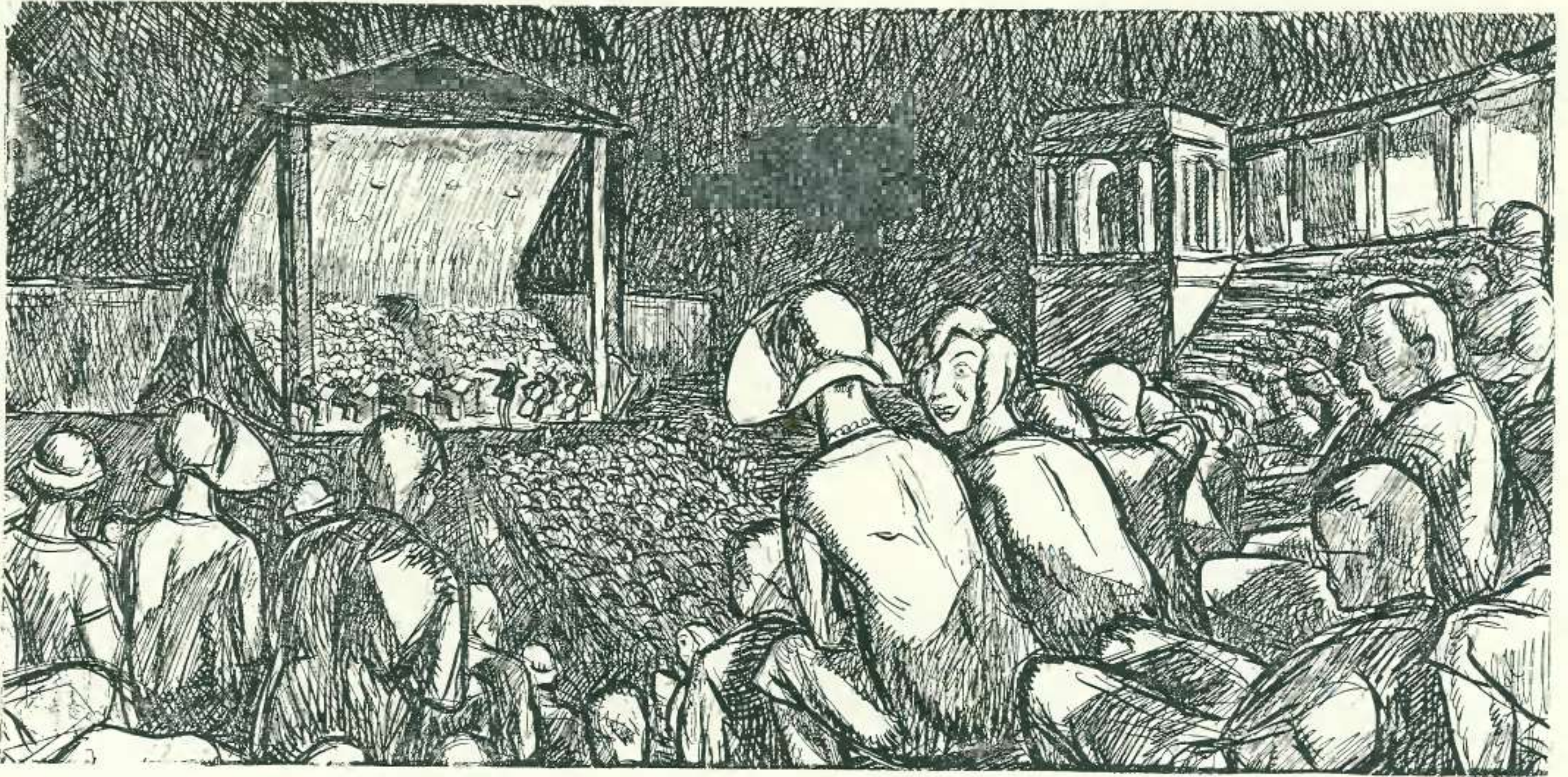
BABYLON TO THE BABYLONIANS

O City of a thousand dins,
None ending ere the next begins,
Of dreadful rivettings on high
As terraced towers approach the sky,
Of desperate drillings underground
Where building roots seek hold profound,
Or subways, for people's need,
Tunnel new paths to greater speed;
City, where whistle, horn and gong
Hardly give pause to hurrying throng,
Where raging tides of traffic meet
Tumultuous in the canyoned street,
Or like the Red Sea waves divide
Till Israel gains the other side;
Where every window's rich display
May make a robber's holiday;
Town of the golden treasure-bins,
Of bumptious faults, and bashful sins,
Your native-born for you declare
At once their triumph and despair.

—C. D.



THE LIFE OF THE ROLL



"Gee! Wouldn't that sound grand on the radio?"

IN A FLOP-HOUSE

STAGGERING drunks find their way to the dark door and plump onto a bench to wait till the prayers and the hymns are over, listening in a stupefied way, with head sunk on chest. They are the downcast of New York, dirty, tattered, tieless. When the Mission service is done they may remain in the seats they occupy till morning. It is a long dreary room with an illuminated cross above the platform where the "sister" sings and the cherubic evangelist exhorts.

"Have you repented tonight?" I hear the evangelist inquire of a wild-looking hobo. "No? Then take a walk."

There is an unpleasant sound of splashing water at the back of the hall. Derelicts keep getting up from their seats and going to the back and splashing. I look behind. It is an ever-running tap at which the thirst-crazed slake the fire of the cheap liquor which is burning them up within.

It is after midnight and many of the East Side saloons are closing. Prayer, however, goes on. The bottom dog comes to flop, but may perchance be saved. There is an air of patient waiting. And at last the service is over.

"All up, all up!" cries a young fellow at the back, a man in shirt-sleeves who is chewing the end of a

cigar. The Doxology is being sung. "All up, all up!" . . . "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" The orderly of the flop-house assists into a standing position many who are too unsteady on their feet to rise at this moment as they should. But it is a blessed moment; it means that the lights are about to be put out and that gentle sleep which knits up the ravelled sleeve of human care is to be permitted to enter.

The electric cross goes out. Other lights are extinguished. Suddenly it is dark and the church has changed to free flop. The missionaries go to their homes. The orderly with his chewed cigar goes to the outside of the door and checks further arrivals. Bums who have not thought fit to get in in time for prayer are not smiled upon.

The scene at two in the morning is unmatched in the great city of New York, or perhaps in any other. I have slept in doss-houses in London, but I never saw the like. For sadness and degradation this beats all.

There is no room to lie down. The sleepers sit where they sat during the hymns and the prayers. They rest their arms on the backs of the benches in front of them and their heads on their arms as if now really and sincerely and profoundly in prayer. They look like the shadows of men; they are gray and huddled. They are ab-

ject. They look like souls who have come too late. They are shut outside heaven. They are repentant, yes, but unforgiven. In the darkness ahead of them is the shadow of a cross.

As at St. Martin's in London, they are turned loose at dawn for another long gray day in the city, with no hope of work but with the chances of drinks. Next night finds them again staggering to the door of the Mission to listen to sweet singing and yearning prayer and wait for a flop.

—STEPHEN GRAHAM

TO AN UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL

I can remember how your open place
Darkened to hold us, and your dome
above
Shadowed the long and quickening
embrace
That taught us the first passion in our
love.

After three years again I see your
spires
Still building, and their new-smelt
steel hold rust.
The faithful mark with granite their
desires,
Forgetting granite and desires are
dust.

—CLINCH CALKINS

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

THE combination of a small boy and a small boat presents one of the most compelling pictures in all sport. They seem obviously made for each other. When Donald Cowl and Linton Rigg sail in the little fourteen-foot English dinghies they leave, from a purely pictorial point of view, something to be desired. A full-grown man in a half-portion sailboat looks just a little foolish, not to say grotesque. The youngsters get away with it much better. You should see ten-year-old Buddy Whiting or his not much older sister, Sarah, at the helm of a Wee Scot or a Larchmont Bullseye. There's an eye-filling spectacle for anyone.

And how they can handle a boat! The junior delegation that is sailing boats on Long Island Sound these days has acquired an expert knowledge of racing far beyond its years. In the second annual junior open regatta at Larchmont the other day some two hundred boy and girl skippers from nearby clubs showed the stuff they were made of when they waited two hours in the rain for a breeze to come up and then sailed a race in what was practically no breeze at all. That was a grand performance.

I don't think the regatta committee really wanted to hold a race, the conditions were so bad. The surface of the Sound was as smooth as glass. The yellow and blue postponement pennant was hanging limp on the line. It was getting hazy and it also was getting late. But there were the junior skippers and their boats, not one of them giving the slightest indication of wanting to call it a day. Having got the youngsters all keyed up, the regatta committee at four o'clock put on a race.

It was little better than a drifting match, but at that fifty-nine boats crossed the line, the largest aggregation of junior sailing craft ever brought together. Even drifting calls for seaman-

Young Yachtsmen — Larchmont Luck and The Atrocia's Début

ship and navigating sense, and both of these qualities the youngsters had. I saw eighteen Star boats cross the line so closely bunched and with so little breeze to help them that it seemed certain there would be some fouling. There wasn't a single foul. Furthermore, all but one of the eighteen finished, though it took these boats something like two hours and a half to cover the four-mile course. And even though they drifted, they managed to make a race of it, Billy Bullard in the *California* finishing only five seconds ahead of MacRae Sykes in the *Zephyr*. That's racing.

One came away from that junior regatta with a distinct impression that small-boat racing has taken a firm hold on the Younger Set of Long Island Sound. It is a good rule in all sports to "catch 'em young," and that is what the clubs are now doing. At Larchmont, Indian Harbor, Seawanhaka, Bayside, Manhasset and Pe-

quot, there are coaches this year who do nothing but teach the children of club members how to sail boats.

"Yes," said a veteran skipper of thirteen or thereabouts, speaking of one of the professional coaches, "he's all right on cruising, but he's not so good on technique."

It is all refreshingly in contrast to the talk that was going around among yachtsmen a few years back. When the sport didn't appear to be picking up fast enough after the war, some of them got together and decided that the only hope for yachting resided in the younger generation. Several clubs made efforts to interest the youngsters in sailing—and succeeded. Three years ago, at the suggestion of Roderick McNeil, of the Pequot Yacht Club, at Southport, Connecticut, there was organized the Junior Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound. Twelve yacht clubs are members of it, including two on the other side of Long Island, at Bayshore and Cedarhurst.

One thing is certain today. Before many years the skippers who sail as juniors today will be up in the senior



"Nice, isn't it, to get away from the crowds for a while?"

ranks and making a whole lot of trouble for the people who win races more or less as they please today. They're learning the game from the ground up, and they should be dangerous rivals of the big-boat skippers before long.

LARCHMONT luck, for once, didn't play fair with the huge fleet that turned out for Race Week. Never was there such weather—or lack of it. During the eight scheduled days of racing there was hardly enough breeze to justify one good race. The boat that suffered most of all was the *Atrocia*. Making her début, and with an uphill fight on her hands, this strange prodigy of Harry Maxwell and Sherman Hoyt won few friends and not much acclaim in the early races. She developed a habit of finishing in the ruck, which gave the critics opportunity to say, "I told you so." Nevertheless, I am told Sherman Hoyt is by no means displeased with his experiment. Weather being what it was, he abandoned hope of winning races and spent his time testing the *Atrocia's* sailing qualities and the behavior of her queer rig at various points of sailing. It will take more than the week at Larchmont to bring out the stuff that is in this boat. —BINNACLE

(For other sporting departments, see index on page 28)

THE PERFECT MAN

I SAW him the other evening in a restaurant so I know that he exists. I cannot hold out the hope that any other girl may capture him, for, alas, like all other perfect creatures, he seemed already completely possessed.

In fact, I can't even give a really accurate description of him, for his back was turned all the time and, maneuver as I would, without making my own escort think I had suddenly lost all interest in him—and you know what a bad move that would have been with my own dinner still unpaid for—I came no nearer than a back view and perhaps a quarter profile. I can report, though, that the perfect man is of medium height and that he is dark and undoubtedly handsome—which, so I have been led to suppose, are attributes a perfect man should have.

The perfect man was dining with a fat woman. How fat she was! Not



BETWEEN ROUNDS

just the pleasant plumpness that we all achieve now and then when we leave off our diet for a few weeks and succumb to the temptations of the world, but actually fat. The sort of fat that would seem to the more aesthetic not just the sort of figure you would love to embrace. The little table for two was just about right for the average couple, but the fat woman oozed out a bit on the sides. Oh, she wasn't fat enough for a display in one of our lesser tent shows, the type that Walter Huston is making famous, but she was quite too fat to fit in with our modern ideas of the feminine form.

How that fat person did eat! She was in the midst of a huge portion of pot roast and noodles when I arrived, and I shall never forget how eagerly she ate, nor the gallantry with which her young man—the perfect man—insisted that she take a second portion.

When she had finished that, augmenting it with many pieces of graham bread, innumerable pats of butter and several vegetables not on the non-fattening list, she ordered—you must believe that this report is true—French pastry.

When the waiter brought the pastry tray, she looked with moist lips and languorous eyes at the perfect man and murmured:

"Perhaps I ought *not* take any! Perhaps I really *ought* to diet!"

And here the perfect man shone forth in his true colors, showed his absolute perfection. For, as the fat one yielded to her original desires and pointed greedily to the largest and most elaborate piece of pastry on the tray, he leaned forward and said in a voice that sounded fervent even as it reached my own table, and that made any remark my own escort might have said about my own meagre and non-fattening fare absolutely negligible.

"Of course you shouldn't diet, Baby. I don't want you to lose one pound. *You are exactly right just as you are!*"

—THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

WANTED—Immediate rental of parachute for one month. Notify Dr. H. K. Blake, 2 West 106 Street.—*Adv. in the Aero Digest.*

Believe us, when you want a parachute you want it bad.

ELSIE DINSMORE'S
WEEKEND

"I never saw an eye so bright,
And yet so soft as hers;
It sometimes swam in liquid light,
And sometimes swam in tears."

MRS. WELBY

"NOW, Elsie," said Mr. Horace Dinsmore kindly, "under my direction you have attended properly to your duties, and I shall reward you by taking you with me to visit Mr. and Mrs. Birtwhistle at their estate, Oaklands-on-the-Hudson."

"Oh, that will be *pleasant!*" said Elsie with tears of delight in her large soft eyes.

And so it was that the little girl of

fourteen boarded the train on Saturday, hand in hand with her tall, handsome father. Mr. Dinsmore had thoughtfully provided himself with a ticket to give the conductor, but having none for Elsie he instructed her to wait in the women's room. Realizing that her father was always right, the child obeyed unquestioningly.

When she came back into the chair car, she found her father taking a friendly interest in a young lady sitting opposite him. His preoccupation pleased her, for it gave her an opportunity to do a few kind deeds. She made quite an impression as she passed from one group to another, chatting to make them all feel at home in the train.

At their destination they were met

by a chauffeur in an automobile of superior performance and outstanding beauty.

"How do you do?" said Elsie to the chauffeur, in her pretty belief that servants were God's creatures like herself.

When they reached Oaklands they were warmly welcomed by the Birtwhistles.

"Is it hot enough for you?" asked Mr. Birtwhistle interestedly.

"Oh, yes," replied Elsie. "It is not for *us* to criticize the weather God has given us, *is* it, Mr. Birtwhistle?"

Mrs. Birtwhistle broke in hastily. "Now, Bert, you must show our guests to their rooms."

Having found where they were to sleep, father and daughter quickly rejoined their host and hostess.

"And now," said Mrs. Birtwhistle, "we shall have tea. If you will squeeze the oranges, Mr. Dinsmore, little Elsie can pour the contents of this bottle into the pitcher. Mr. Birtwhistle will supervise."

They sat out on the great lawn to admire nature while they drank the refreshing beverage. The river flowed past in calm beauty.

"I *like* Orange Pekoe," remarked Elsie, passing her glass.

Everybody laughed, and the afternoon passed merrily. Mrs. Birtwhistle offered to tell some new stories that she had heard at her bridge club. But Mr. Dinsmore said sternly that he preferred Elsie to read her stories in the classics.

"Please, dear Papa," pleaded Elsie, "I have read all the classics, and I would like to hear some new stories."

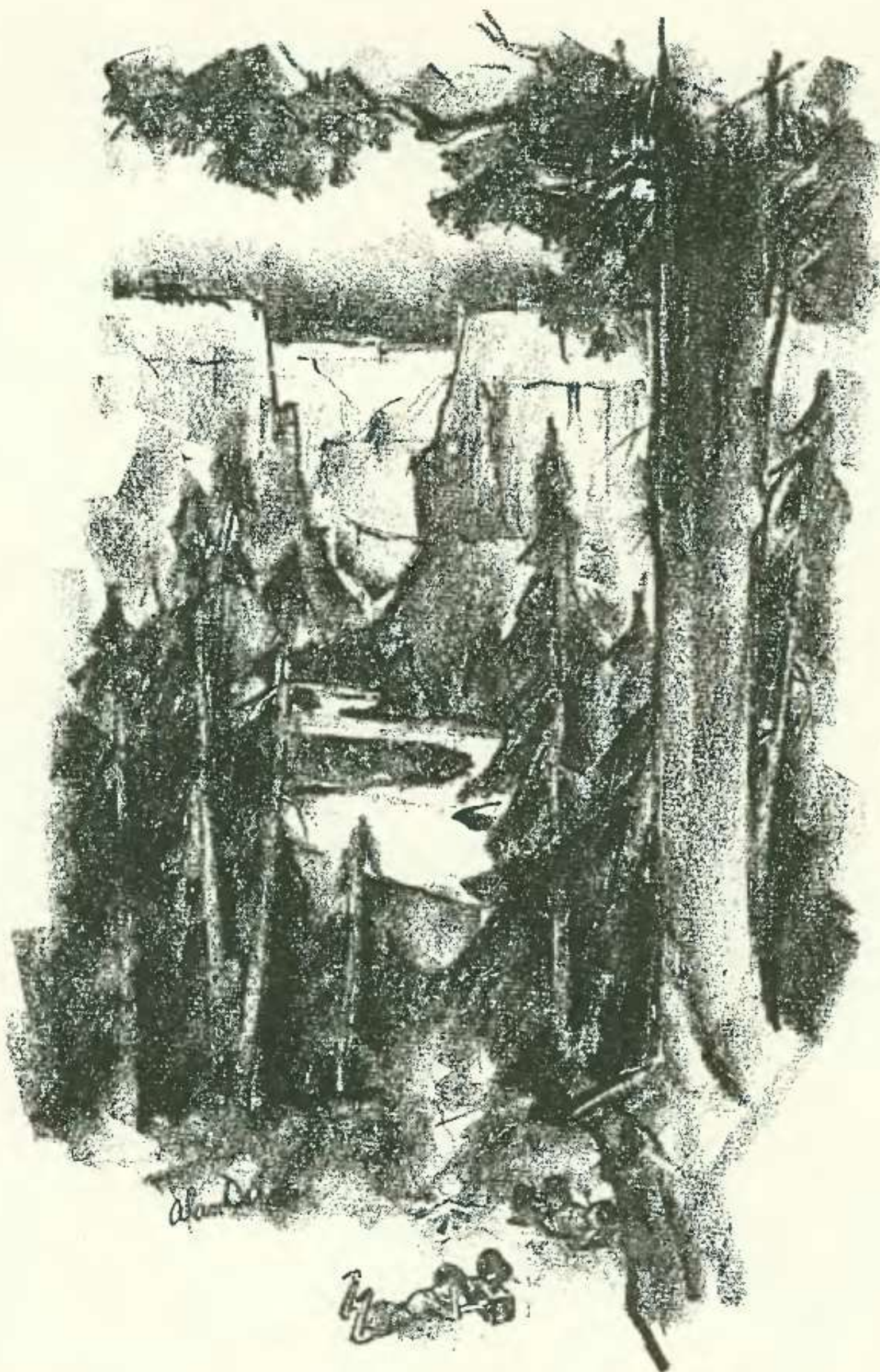
"Not another word!" thundered her father, sitting down beside Mrs. Birtwhistle for a private chat.

The poor child sat silent, large tears rolling quickly down her fresh cheeks. But she forgot her misery when Mr. Birtwhistle thoughtfully refilled her glass.

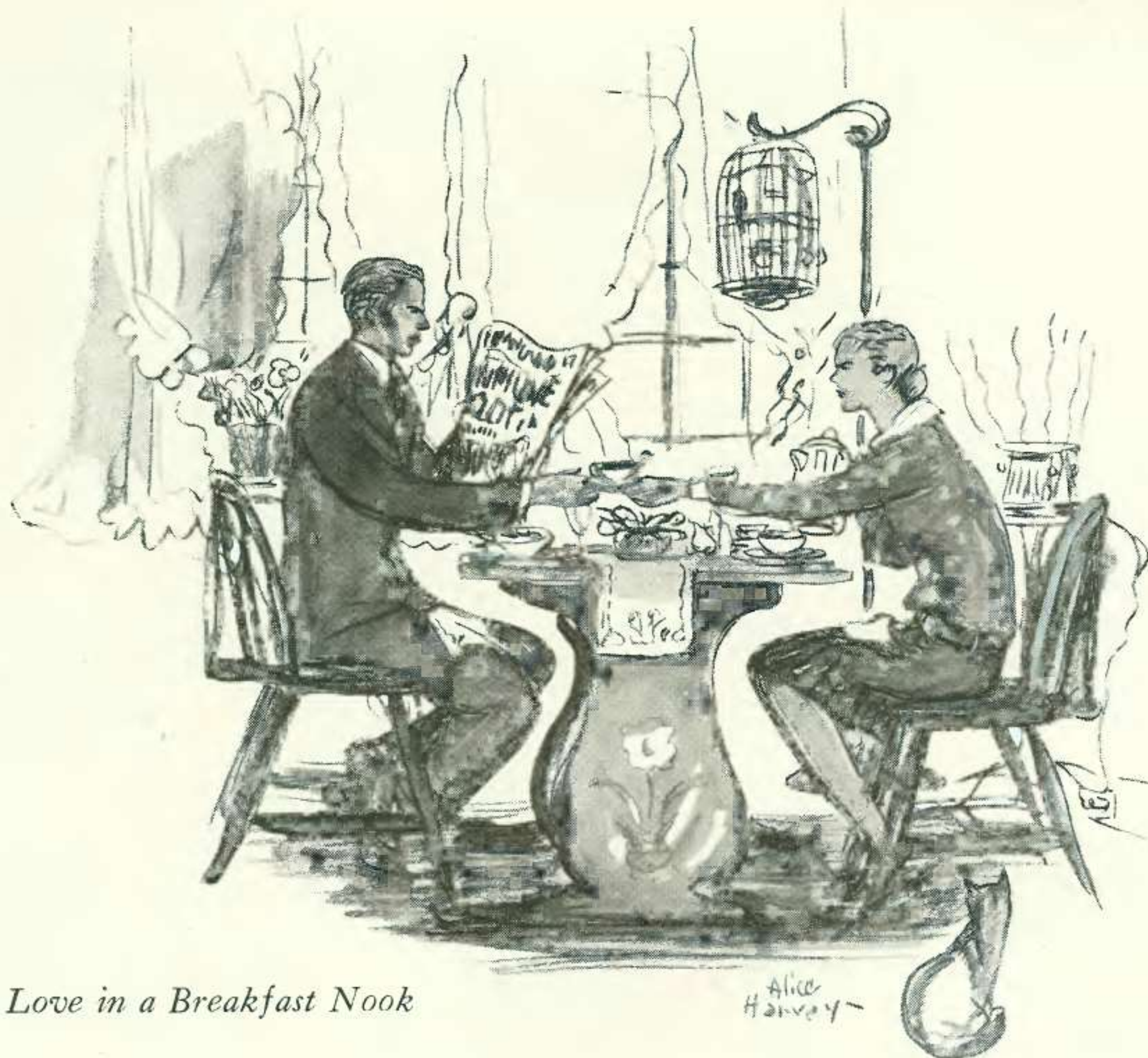
JUST then a pretty maid came tripping across the lawn to announce dinner. Mr. Dinsmore arose at once and followed the maid into the house, and was nowhere in sight when the others reached the dining-room. He reappeared later, followed shortly by the maid.

"Oh, how prettily she is blushing!" exclaimed Elsie, looking at the girl.

"Sh-h!" rebuked Mr. Dinsmore, and the maid blushed more prettily than ever. Elsie was happy to see that



"Now if we can only get Ben Bernie it'll be perfect."



Love in a Breakfast Nook

her father too appreciated beauty, even in servants.

Later in the evening they were again sitting on the lawn with a replenished pitcher. Mr. Birtwhistle and Mr. Dinsmore sang "Sweet Adeline" and portions of a song beginning "In 1492, in a town in old Italie."

"Why do you not sing all the words of 'In 1492'?" asked Elsie.

"That," answered Mr. Dinsmore, "is an old folk ballad. No one knows *all* the words."

Since she did not know the songs, Elsie said, "If I had my music I would offer to play 'Träumerei' and 'Narcissus.' Though, of course, I am only a little girl and do not play very well yet."

The others said that they were sorry that she had not brought her music, Mrs. Birtwhistle adding that there was none in the house.

It was not long before Mr. Dinsmore unexpectedly took a nap.

"Dear Papa! He works so hard and so long at the office," said Elsie solicitously.

"Have another glass of fruit juice," offered Mr. Birtwhistle.

Always courteous, Elsie took it. Just then her father fell out of his chair. Beside herself with anxiety, Elsie rose with her glass untouched. So overwrought were the child's feelings that everything seemed to be turning round, and for an instant she scarcely knew where she was. She succeeded in reaching her father's side.

"The younger generation," she said, kneeling beside him, "is not evil. They are only thoughtless. Most young girls would leave their father lying here on the grass, passed out perhaps into the land of spirits. But it is only because they do not realize their responsibilities, as I do."

She forced her glass between her father's lips.

"God help me!" cried Mr. Dinsmore, staggering to his feet.

"He will, dear Papa," said Elsie earnestly.

And sure enough, God did help Mr. Dinsmore, for he found his room safely. The others soon followed his example, and our four friends found the fresh country air so healthful that they all slept until late in the afternoon on Sunday.

Elsie was unhappy when she discovered that she had missed Holy Worship. But her hostess reassured her by telling her that had she been awake she would have missed none of the services from the near-by Holy Roller Church.

"Then it was *just* the same as being in church," said Elsie happily. "Of course, it is not *my* church, but God will understand."

After they had consumed a light meal and a great deal of ice water, Mr. Birtwhistle reminded them that it was time for tea. But Elsie suddenly remembered that she had promised Mammy Chloe to empty the ice-box pan at home. Rather than break Elsie's promise to her dear old black nurse, the Dinsmores prepared to leave at once.

As they were making their farewells, Mr. Dinsmore excused himself with a wink at Mr. Birtwhistle. A moment later, glancing into a mirror, Elsie saw the reflection of her father tenderly kissing the maid good-bye.

"Dear Papa!" she said. "He is thanking the maid for being so kind to us."

—JOSIE TURNER

IT'S like being in a dew-drenched field of cool and fragrant flowers—is a bath with the new effervescent tablets or fine bath salts of Houbigant. ¶ The effervescent tablets—in petal colors—are generously perfumed with Quelques Fleurs, La Rose France, Le Parfum Ideal, or Fougère Royale. There are 25 tablets in the vial. ¶ Bath salts are in the odeurs Subtilité, Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, La Rose France Fougère Royale, or Mon Boudoir.

Write for the booklet, "Things Perfumes Whisper," and five sachets perfumed with Houbigant odeurs. Houbigant, Inc., Dept. 302, 539 W. 45th St., New York.

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

LOUD SPEAKING IN A SPEAKEASY

DOWN a dark hallway. The proper knock results in revealing an eye at a peephole. The eye satisfied, one enters a suite of two rooms with a single window opening on a backyard. The room is painted green, and there are hunting scenes on the walls, with a picture of Robert Emmet over the fireplace in which blazes a gas heater. On the mantelpiece a bowl with a couple of crackers which turn out to be decoys. The supplies are beer on tap (and quite good, too), rye and Scotch, which are as good as most present-day rye and Scotch, a little sherry and some "sacreligious wine." The proprietors are from Sligo and Longford. Other counties are represented by the customers.

The custom is made up largely of Irish, English, Scottish, Canadian, Irish-American and plain American, with an occasional Swede and Italian. The occupations are those of chauffeur to the newly rich, Park Avenue apartment superintendents, doormen and elevator operators. There are also occasional invasions by the cream of Prohibition day labor—ironworkers, house-shorers and such. They get sixteen dollars or so a day, when working, and spend sixteen dollars or so a day when drinking. All are a little rough at times, but always polite, and there are only wordy battles. The proprietors are husky and able to take care of themselves as well as the customers. Present also are Fardowners, greenhorns just arrived, the Needle, so called because he insists that all the drinks are "needled," the Star Salesman, Winkers, so called from an affection of the eyelids, war veterans, etc. At the moment of which I write one or two have passed out and retired to the sanctuary of the inner room.

According to the degree of unrest and dirigibility there are occasional emergencies from the inner shrine.

THE Star Salesman: Well, yep, give us a little drink. Shoot.

The Proprietor: Have a drink yourself. Up she kicks; down the hatch.

The Proprietor, to an emerger: Don't be poppin' out. Don't be poppin' in and out. Sit down and rest yourself. Ye have enough drunk.

The S. S.: Yep, well, givesadrink; yep, shoot.

The Proprietor: Take it easy, Mr. Ryan; you're drinkin' too fast.

The S. S.: Yep, well, 'sadrink. Shoot.

The Proprietor: Now, Mr. Ryan, ye'll get no more drink for two hours.

The S. S. relapses into a gentle sleep.

An argument starts on religion, politics, Governor Al Smith and Jimmy Walker, the Mayor.

The Proprietor: No politics, no religion; don't be debatin'. No debatin', no poppin' in and out. Well, we'll have a little drink. Mr. Ryan's asleep.

However, at the magic word drink Mr. Ryan wakes and says: Yep, well, 'sadrink. Shoot.

He promptly relapses.

The Needle: For the love o' God give us a needle.

The Proprietor: Ye'll get no more needles. Ye have enough drunk. And ye have no money.

Business, it appears, is on the bum. There has been a slump in building operations, and Christmas and New Year's tips from the apartment houses are things of the distant past—and future. In a considerable lull the War is refought from start to finish.

The S. S.: Yep, alri', 'salittledrink, 'sadrink, yep.

The Proprietor: Now, now, Mr. Ryan, don't be askin' for more drink. Ye have an hour to wait.

Enter McManus, who has been on a bender lasting several weeks. He sits and orders a drink, taking excessive care that neither the proprietor nor the other customers shall see the size of his roll.

The Needle: Fortheloveogodgiveus-aneedle.

The Proprietor: Ye'll get no more needles, ye'll get the air.

The Needle: Lord God, the case is closed. Pfwist, pfwist, the man has no heart.

The Proprietor: Why don't ye be workin' instead of askin' for drinks? McManus, how are the Brooklyn Boys? Are they still after you?

McManus: They are, to an extent. I got no sleep last night. They were roarin' an' roarin' all the night. And tonight comin' out one of them says to me: "We got you, Mac; here, take off this manhole cover and jump down. It'll soon be over." And before that they got after me in my room, and every wan o' them says: "Look, Mac, here's the window, it's just a nice little jump down to the street." And it's that way every night to a great extent. They keep hollerin' an' roarin', hollerin' an' roarin'.

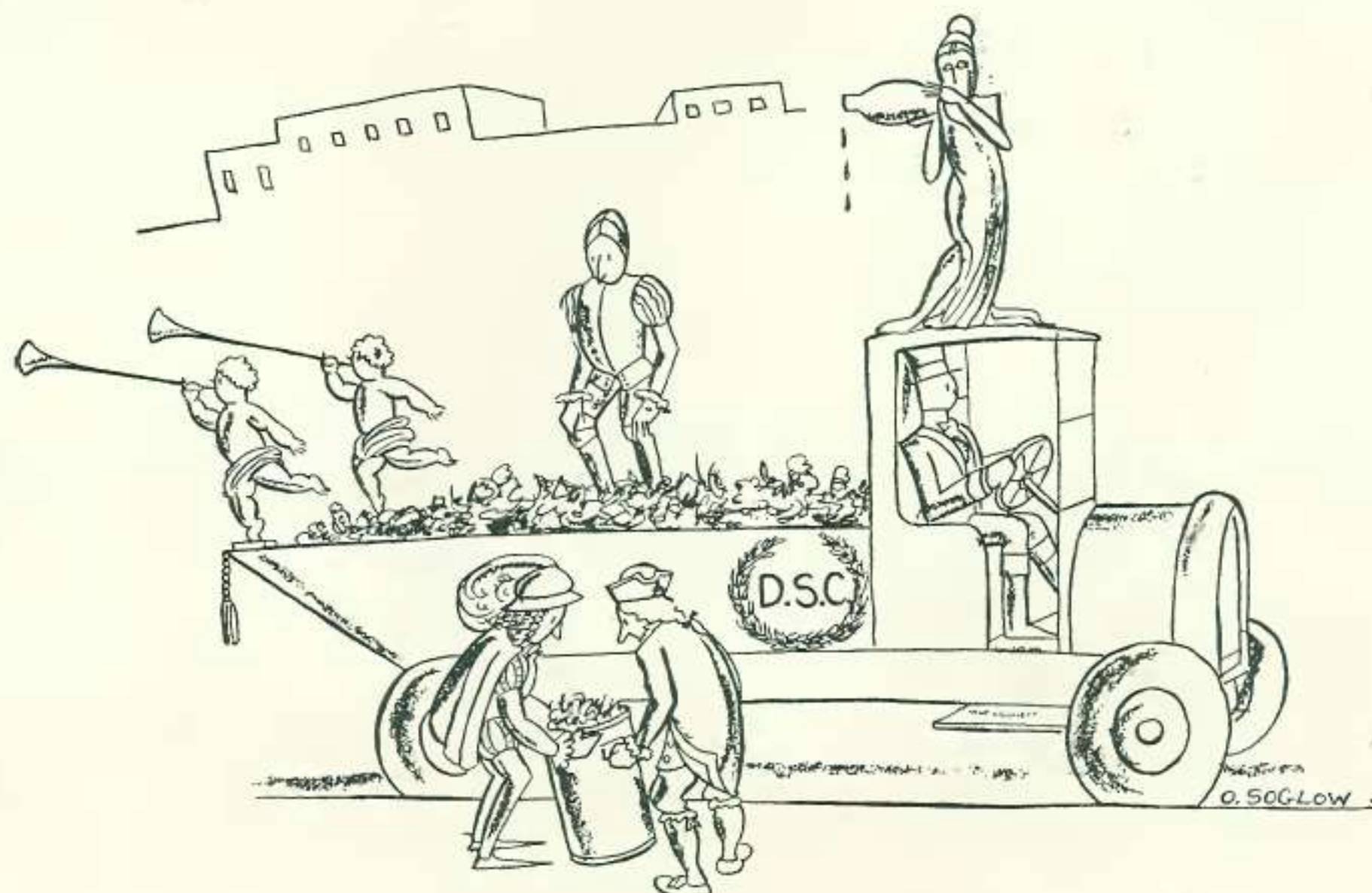
Four loud knocks on the door. A bootlegger enters.

The Bootlegger: How's business, Mike?

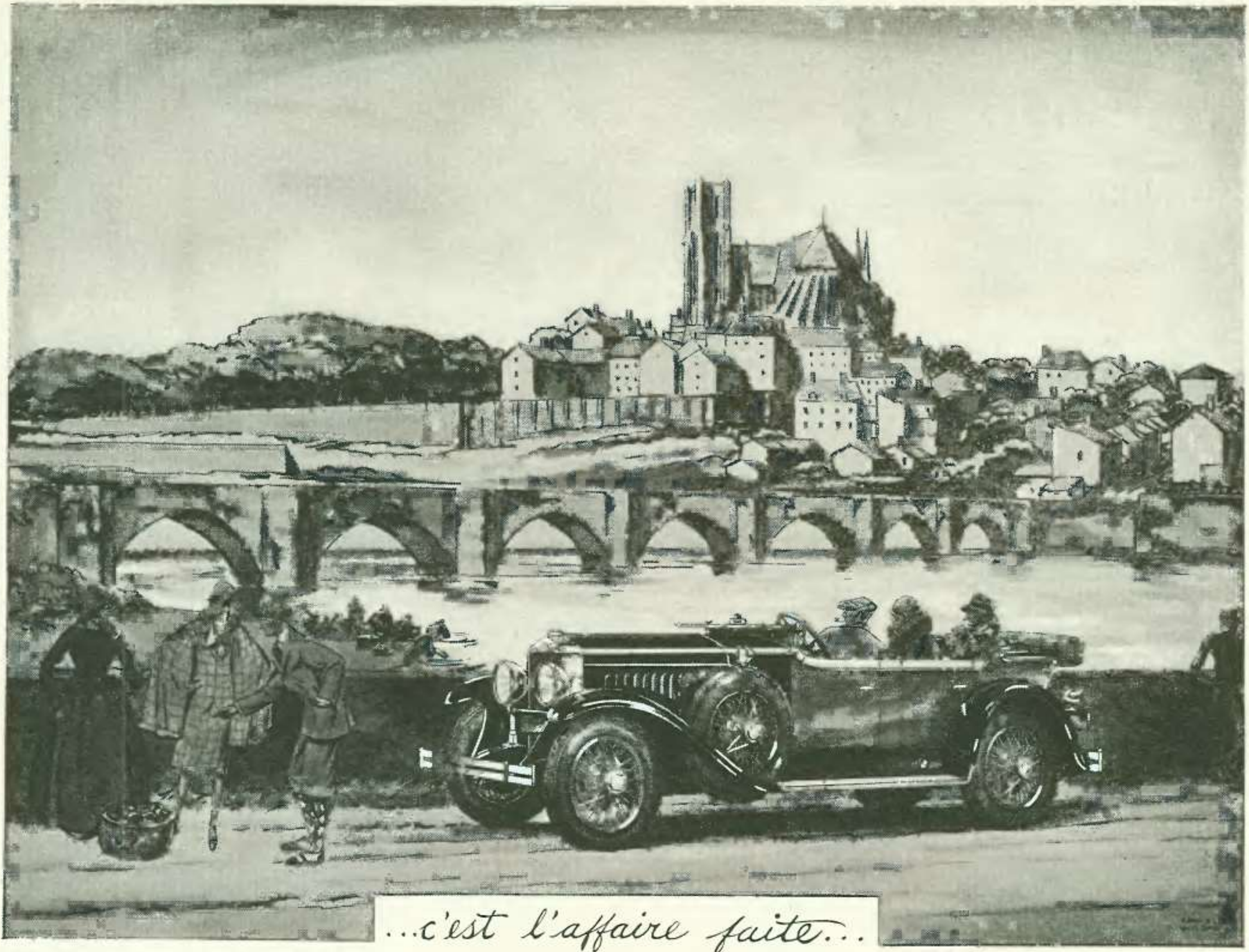
The Proprietor: Rotten.

The Bootlegger: Give the boys a drink.

The sleepers all wake, the chisellers come to life, and even the Star Salesman is stirred to action, the Bootlegger being an excuse to beat the time limit set by the proprietor. The Needle gets his rescue. It is the etiquette of the business that the Bootlegger must blow the customers to drinks. The Bootlegger departs, and the Needle, being stimulated, begins to sing old



ON BEAUTIFYING THE CITY



ADDING WOMEN'S FAVOR TO MEN'S ACCLAIM

It was a foregone conclusion that the LaSalle would fire the enthusiasm of men who admire dashing performance. Probably never before, however, has any car made so complete a conquest of men and women alike.

The LaSalle is distinctly and emphatically a man's car by virtue of the red-blooded virility it

displays in every requirement or emergency a motor car can meet. But it is also just as emphatically a woman's car—not merely because it is the observed of observers, by reason of its rare and exquisite beauty—but because it handles and obeys a woman's touch with a sureness, an ease and a delicacy that delights the feminine love of lightness and grace.

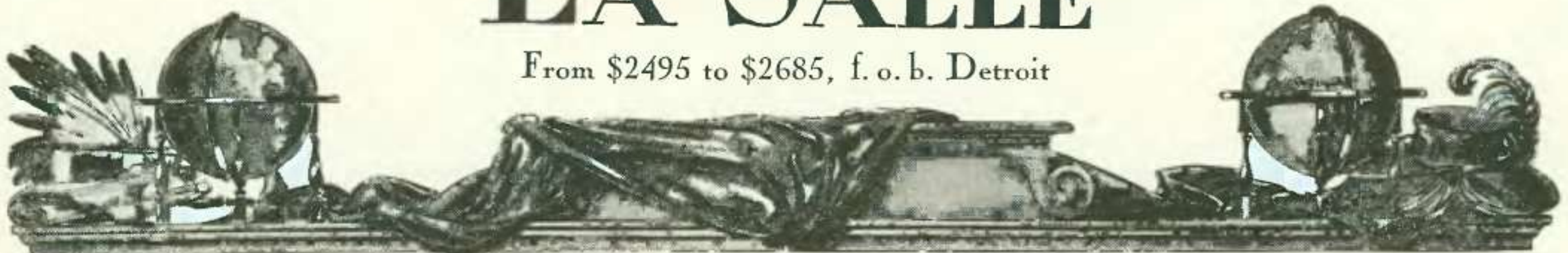
You may possess a LaSalle on the liberal term-payment plan of the General Motors Acceptance Corporation—the famous G.M.A.C. plan

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The Water Tower

*Here we behold an intimate view
Of Venus and Mercury dining a deux
Ambrosia's forgotten, the nectar fast
going.
Says Venus to Merc in a voice sweet and
cloying,
"As a rule I adore boiled ambrosia with
butter,
But this nectar is simply too utterly
utter!"*



Let us look ahead a few years—say 1,000. What will the world be like? What will our descendants be like—if anything?

We consulted Professor Obadiah Inkosh, the eminent look-a-header, on this subject. After absentmindedly collecting his fee twice, he spoke as follows:

"New York. Yes, yes. New York. Precisely. All around, everywhere, more so. Quite, oh quite-quite. Most assuredly."

We thanked him, and ventured a question as to our descendants, politely ignoring his hand absentmindedly outstretched for a third fee.

"Girls and boys, boys and girls. We'll deplore 'em, and love 'em. Love 'em and deplore 'em. What will the world be coming to—as it always has. Clothes..." the professor unexpectedly kissed his finger tips into space, winked in an ancient and wicked manner, and concluded, "Oh, la, la!"

"And your conclusions?" we asked. The professor held out his hand. We pushed it back. He regarded it with curiosity, then answered briefly, "Eat, drink and be merry." Picking up a skull, he hurled it at us so we went away from there.

Our conclusion is that there is nothing to worry about a thousand years hence, that the present is a very pleasant time since we can secure AQUAZONE—the only mineral water supercharged with oxygen, the delicious, the sparkling, the perfect mixer that insures us against a headache the next morning—from the Daniel Reeves' Stores, the Busy Bee Stores, other good grocers, and druggists, or have it sent to us from the nearest place by telephoning

VANDERBILT 6434

Advertisement

Irish songs in a deep, foghorn voice. The Proprietor: If ye don't be quiet, ye'll be after gettin' the gate an' the air.

The song rises and rocks the neighborhood. There is a short scuffle, and the Needle exits into the outer darkness. He subsequently spends the night in the Coffee Pot on the corner.

The S. S. gathers himself together and demands that he be sent home in a taxi. He is accommodated. The other proprietor arrives, blows to a drink, and soon a party of "live ones" comes in. The second proprietor, a clever salesman, sees a large roll come out on the table. He takes a flute from the safe and pipes up "Molly Machree."

From this he turns to the ancient jigs of Erin, and under the persuasive stimulus of the flute the roll disappears to the last dollar.

Both proprietors now blow the "live" customers, but the chisellers get in on it. As the "live" party leaves, the proprietors say: "Come again, me bould lads, an' we'll fix you up right. We've the best on Third Avenue."

Another songster arrives. He has a job in the purlieu of the Metropolitan Opera House, where he says there are no really worth-while singers. He pipes up as follows:

"Will yah meet me to-o-o-night in tha moo-o-o-nlight,

"Will yah meet me tonight all alo-o-o-one?

"With the cold prison bars all aro-o-ou-nd me,

"My head on a pillow of stone."

There is a knock at the door. Enter the Star Salesman, who has been home, elsewhere, and back. He sinks into a chair.

The S. S.: Well, yep, 'sadrink.

The Proprietor: I thought ye went home. Ye have been to Farrell's. Ye'll get no more here.

THERE is a long wait for late customers, who deplore the falling-off in apartment house tips. One has a dollar, another fifty cents, another a dollar and a half. It has been a bad night.

Winkers: Give us a drink, Mike, and I'll be going home to Astoria.

He blinks as he downs it. He is down on his luck. The evening sags. At half-past one, one of the proprietors having gone home, the other counts the cash register, steers the customers

out after having treated to a nightcap. The S. S. is landed in another taxi, and at least headed for home once more. He probably will not land there till daylight, however. This investigator walks rapidly westward, waits what seems to be hours for a surface car, dodging in the meantime suspicious groups of loungers, and finally is forced into the subway, where he stands in a jam at this hour, and speculates what, if anything, is behind the vacant faces. Arrived at his hotel the

night clerk detains him to talk Prohibition and to accept a cigar.

Out of a thousand and one such nights the thousand and first will be the same as the first. —H. R.

MIDSUMMER MELANCHOLY

Oh, somewhere there are people who
Have nothing in the world to do
But sit upon the Pyrenees
And use the very special breeze
Provided for the people who
Have nothing in the world to do
But sit upon the Pyrenees
And use the

—M. F.

Gus laid one of his big blonde hands on her wrist.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

The Loos influence in Western Pennsylvania.

The editor of a North Carolina paper advertises it for sale because "he can't stand the knocking an editor gets." That man was cut out for a chocolate eclair, not an editor.—*Boston Transcript.*

He certainly wasn't cut out for a Napoleon.



Oh, Man!

By BRIGGS

WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO
MAKE YOUR DEBUT AS A SUPE
IN A BIG BROADWAY PRODUCTION



AND THEY'VE GIVEN YOU A
SINGLE LINE THAT YOU'VE
BEEN REHEARSING FOR
A WEEK



AND YOU SMOKE ONE
CIGARETTE AFTER
ANOTHER IN YOUR
DRESSING ROOM WHILE
NERVOUSLY WAITING TO
MAKE YOUR ENTRANCE.



AND FINALLY YOU TROD
MAJESTICALLY ACROSS THE
STAGE TO TAKE YOUR CUE



AND ALL YOU HAVE FOR YOUR
PUBLIC IS A VOLLEY OF
RAUCOUS COUGHS AND CAN'T
UTTER A WORD



OH MAN! WHEN WILL YOU
GET HEP TO OLD GOLDS?
THERE'S NOT A COUGH IN
A CARLOAD



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.. not a cough in a carload

Luxury ~

The improved Packard Eight is the supremely luxurious car. It is designed and built for those favored few who may own drawing rooms in motor travel.

Fast or slow, flashing through the maze of metropolitan congestion, or smoothly annihilating distance at almost aircraft speed in the open, Packard passengers know the luxury of truly restful transportation.

The graceful beauty of Packard lines, the roominess of the car's interior, the quiet good taste of its upholstery and appointments, the silent ease of motion, and the sense of security which comes with tremendous power under sure control—all contribute to the mental satisfaction and physical repose of the Packard Eight owner.

Here, the discriminating man or woman finds ideal performance, beauty, distinction and comfort perfectly combined.

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PACKARD

Ask the Man Who Owns One

TEE AND GREEN

*Close Decisions—A Stymie—The Man
Who Owned a Private Golf Course*

COURTESY is a pretty word. Like so many pretty words, its definition is a little arbitrary.

Most people, for instance, know that it isn't courtesy to walk across the green when an opponent is putting, to ask loudly for a match when someone is starting the backswing of a drive; it isn't courtesy to drive into ladies, practice putts when a twosome is waiting to go through, claim alibis, throw ball-wrappers on the green, leave divots, or try to kick the Italians who turn on a sprinkler as you approach a green.

One day at Garden City I went around behind a peculiar mixed foursome. They were playing a two-ball match; whenever one of them got ready to play a shot the others would gather like a bunch of sophomores getting ready to haze a freshman; they would jig, sing, jeer, and throw pebbles. Later, in the clubhouse, I met one of the players and asked him what he had been doing.

"Oh, that was all fixed up," he said. "We had it fixed that when one side was playing the other side could make all the noise they wanted to. You know. Just kidding."

WELL, an arrangement like that has nothing to do with big words like courtesy. Anything in golf is all right if it is agreed to by players. But even in a tournament match a great many situations have to be left to the players; golf isn't like tennis where you have four linesmen to decide close points, and another man to keep the score straight; it isn't baseball, with an umpire to throw bottles at, or boxing with a referee working all the time to keep the men from butting and groining and rabbit-punching and knee-lifting. Sportsmanship and courtesy come into golf. They get plenty of advertisement. Whenever an amateur golfer calls a penalty against himself in a big tournament the news writers tell about it and point out what a fine sport he is; if a professional calls a penalty against himself nobody notices so much. Professionals are supposed to play fair, anyway.

Sometimes players—not the head-

liners, but the ordinary ones—are so full of courtesy they need an umpire more than if they were trying to cheat



each other out of every point. And sometimes—but this is rarer—they stand on their rights and have a fight. I heard of a match that was played about a month ago at Salisbury. One man, A,

made a putt on the seventeenth green; his ball stopped dead on the far side of the hole. Then B putted. His ball hit A's and knocked it three yards past the place where it had stopped. Of course, A claimed the right to put his ball back where it had been. There was nothing out of the way in that, but A was getting sore; he knew all about courtesy and sportsmanship but this was five dollars a hole and a twenty-dollar nassau. He put the ball back on a spot that left B a stymie. They had a lively argument.

AT the beginning of the International matches at Worcester one of the Englishmen knocked Farrell's ball out of the way, conceding him a fair-sized putt. Farrell put it back and played it out. He said that he was playing for a score. I wonder what the ruling would have been if he had failed to sink his putt. Was the Englishman's phrase, "I'll give you that," a contract between them, making further play impossible? Farrell had done something that seemed sportsmanlike, but it might have been better if he had taken the putt when it was given to him.

Holing out every putt is undoubtedly good for your game, but if the game behind you is waiting for the green it isn't always courteous. Everyone who has ever played golf has been annoyed at one time or another by being forced to stand before every approach while on the green one of the players who hole out every putt taps his ball tediously back and forth. As for contracts between players, I don't think any book has adequately defined what constitutes such a contract.

THERE are times when it is unfair to take the official rules of golf literally. I remember watching the finals of a women's tournament at

Piping Rock a few years ago. Miss Cecil Leitch was one of the finalists—I have forgotten whom she was playing against. They had come to the eighteenth all even and were playing an extra hole. Miss Leitch's opponent drove short but got a good brassie shot to the edge of the green; Miss Leitch sliced her drive into the polo field and put her second in the bunker, close to the green. The other woman was still away. Miss Leitch took her niblick and got down into the bunker. As she waited to play her shot she smoothed over some heel-marks, nowhere near her ball, that had been left from the other round. It was an absent-minded thing to do—a courtesy, really, to the course. But someone called attention to it, and Miss Leitch was penalized for touching down her club in sand.

THE golf editor of the *London Sporting and Dramatic News* contends that the expression "That's your hole" is a contract that cannot be broken. It would be interesting to find out what some American players think about these points.

I don't think that many putts were conceded last week on the courses near New York. Generosity is apt to shrivel in the heat that bakes the best-watered greens, and turns the tops of grass-blades yellow, and brings brown patches out on the fairways. Brown patches on the fairways in July never worry a good greens-keeper. He knows that a day or two of rain will erase them, but inexperienced greens-tenders are apt to mistake anything brown for "Brown Patch," a fungous growth that eats grass roots like a kind of slow fire.

I heard of one landscape gardener, employed on a private course on Long Island, who as soon as he noticed the brown patches brought out on the course by the heat sent to town for twenty gallons of corrosive sublimate.

"If I'd ever let him put any of that on the greens," said the owner of the course, "he'd have singed every bit of grass off them. We wouldn't have been able to putt again this year."

"What would you have done then?" asked one of his guests.

"My gracious, I don't know!" said the man who owned the course. He looked around him with a frightened air.

"I suppose we'd have had to use the club," he said. —N. B., JR.

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❧ "We've been sitting here for three hours and I'm beginning to see things I never saw before. Who's that distinguished looking Duke crossing the avenue?" ❧ "That's no Duke, silly—that's just a New York tourist wearing a Fabric Group suit."

Curiosity makes many New Yorkers buy their first Fabric Group suit. Good sense makes them buy their second. \$35, \$40 and \$45 at Weber and Heilbroner stores.

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FINANCIALLY SPEAKING

ONE of the traditions of the banking fraternity, which has been cherished for generations, is that bankers must be dressed as carefully, formally, and uncomfortably as undertakers. Thus, in hot weather, members of the House of Representatives—yes, and even the august Senators—wear Palm Beach suits or even sit in their shirt-sleeves while enacting legislation of the gravest importance; it goes without saying that lawyers, architects, and physicians receive their clients in costumes suitable to the temperature; but, irrespective of whether the thermometer registers two below or ninety in the shade, you will find your banker rigidly erect in a starched collar, and even wearing a waistcoat, unless he conceals the lack thereof under a carefully buttoned double-breasted coat. Moreover, there must be something in the wide-spread belief that bankers have hearts of ice, for we cannot remember ever having seen a banker in a melted collar. Of course, there are heretics among the younger set who wear tennis shirts and soft collars; there have even been reported cases of entire offices working in shirt-sleeves behind carefully locked doors; but so far as the general public is concerned, bankers and fish apparently do not perspire.

GOVERNORS Norman, Schacht, and Rist, of the Bank of England, the German Reichsbank, and the Banque de France, respectively, have just been here to pay a little social call on Governor Strong of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Just before they left they learned from the front-page columns of our press that they had come here in order to stabilize the French franc. Unfortunately, this information was not given them when they arrived, otherwise the gentlemen would doubtless have been too delighted to oblige by performing this slight trick of legerdemain.

AFTER years and years of rising bond prices, and new issues following one upon the heels of another, it seems that at least a momentary lull has set in. Whether or not the tide has turned—and probably it has not—Wall Street has for the first time in many months experienced a reactionary bond market.

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of the bond-selling fraternity this is quite a new situation. There are any number of salesmen who have never before witnessed a time when a new issue did not at once go to a premium, just because it was a new issue; and there are quite a few of the newer, so-called, issuing houses, who are now discovering that what they thought was their own distributing ability was nothing more than a strong following wind, which blew their boat along, irrespective of how carefully or carelessly the sails were set. Inevitably, the old-timers are having their bit of innocent amusement, for it is in this kind of dead calm that the expert skipper comes back into his own.

One of the chief sports that the boys enjoy these days is the little game of "Pulling the Plug." This consists in suddenly dissolving the syndicate, which has just marketed a new issue, withdrawing the syndicate bid, and letting nature take its course. The process is very similar to that of opening the gates in a dam, for in these times bond prices share with water its peculiar inclination to seek its own level—in other words to flow very distinctly downhill. The result is a good deal of wailing, but on the whole it is a salutary process. And anyway, if it didn't happen once in a while, where would we get our income tax deductions?

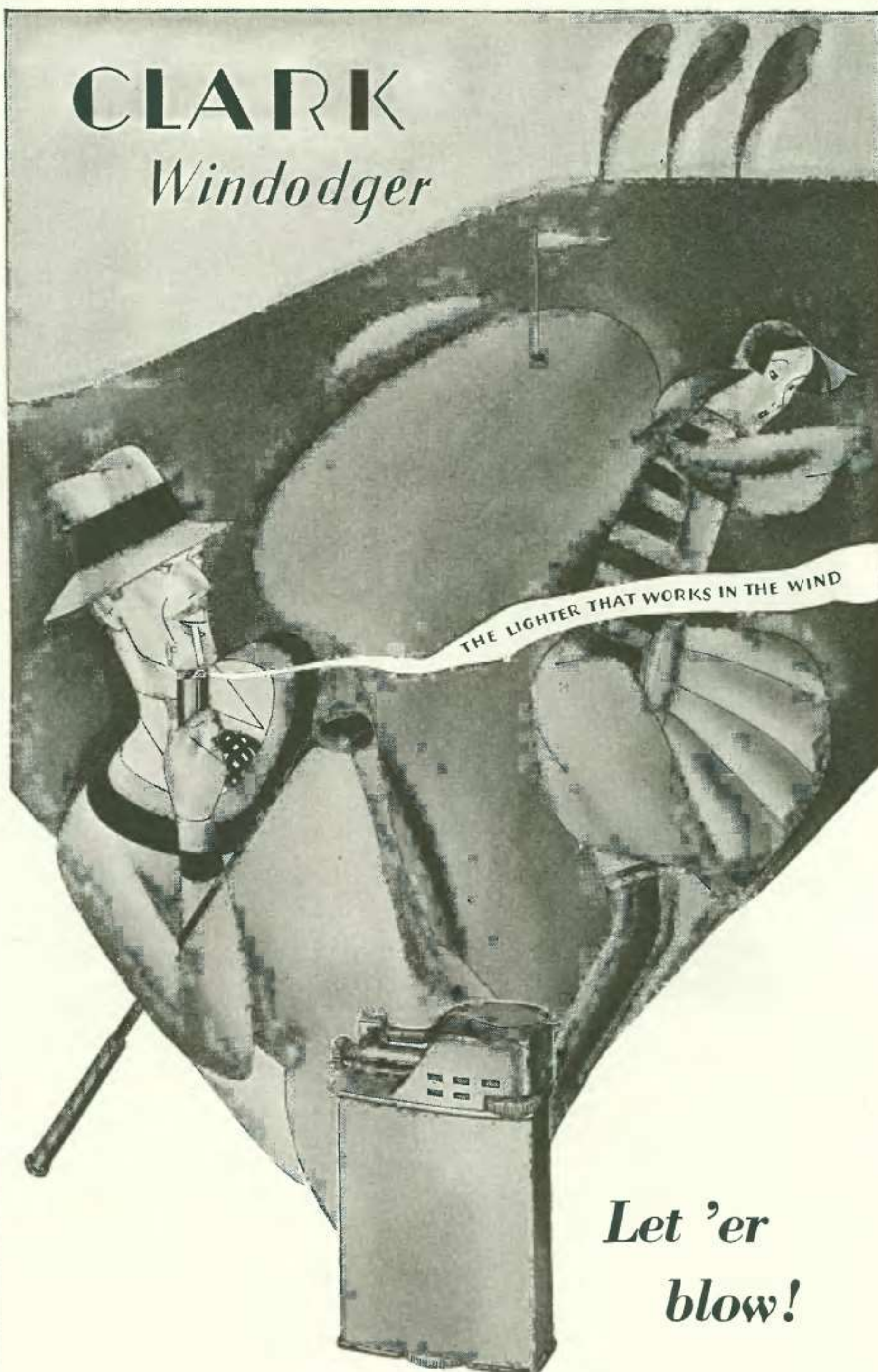
SPEAKING of fast deals and slow deals, one of the few remaining names one can still conjure with in the financial world appeared the other day under two separate new issues, one European, one South American. The one was so fast that it immediately went to a premium of several points, while all the dealers howled about their microscopic allotments; and the other—well, a syndicate market is a syndicate market.

WE are not tipsters, nor investment counsel, nor do we, as a rule, vouchsafe opinions, but we have a strong hunch that he who buys the seasoned high-grade oil stocks (if there be such a thing) during the present period of Stygian gloom will reap a neat little harvest—provided he hath the patience to await its ripening.

—E. & O. E.

FORD WILL PUSH NEW CAR—*Headline in the Times.*

And one million Jews would be glad to sit in and steer.



THIS sports edition of the Clark Lighter laughs at the wind. The cheerful flame hides within a golden cage and the baffled breeze can't snuff it. Light your smoke with one uncupped, unburnt, not-even-smudged hand, gracefully flashing a Windodger. The generous shopman will sell you one for \$12.50 or \$15. If none handy, write to us.

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MEN are betrayed by little things. A gallant manner, a carefully cultivated mode of speech cannot conceal the lack of true culture that the slightest trace of perspiration odor inevitably betrays.

In Europe, culture is not merely a cult. It is a natural expression of refinement. For more than two centuries, truly cultured men abroad have used a pleasant and simple safeguard against offending.

A dash of Farina's Red Crest Cologne, rubbed under the arms and about the chest, counteracts even a trace of odor for an entire day or evening. Farina's Red Crest Cologne is the true cologne, created in 1709 by Johann Maria Farina Gegenüber dem Jülichs-Platz, Cologne.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

*Blood, Thunder, and Mutiny—Collegiate,
Collegiate, Yes, We Aren't Collegiate*

IF you have a liking for rough dealings of the more graphic kind "The Blood Ship," at the Roxy last week, will more than please you. If, on the other hand, such sights make you dizzy, keep well away from it, for in this picture is more sustained and active brutality than the screen has held before. Never have villains carried on their activities with greater success and freedom, and never in such detail.

The story takes place mostly on the sailing vessel *Golden Bough*, commanded by *Captain Swope*, ably assisted by his first mate, *Fitzgibbons*. These two sail the ship in such a manner that crews are so glad to get off at the end of a voyage that they do not bother to ask for their pay. The system is economical, but far from nice. A kind-looking old gent with a blackjack in his back pocket shanghai another crew for them in San Francisco at the beginning of the picture, and evil flows through the scuppers from then on. Fists fly, kicks are delivered, cats-o'-nine-tails wave in the air and pistols are brandished until one of the crew dies from an over-application of the master's shoe to his head. His mates mutiny and after some effective scenes capture the ship and toss their officers over the side.

Besides all this there is a slight plot going on with its own little touches of sordidness, and a love story of no proportions at all. These things make a most excellent picture—if you can stand it.

George B. Seitz directed "The Blood Ship" in a fashion that calls only for praise. He has done it with a vigor and a sense of pictures that give it in large measure its effectiveness. The cast backed him up splendidly and none of them overstepped the bounds of reason. The only possible complaint to be made is against a few pieces of comic relief. They are ably performed, but I do not see the need for them.

LAST week's offering at the Strand was "The Poor Nut," and whatever it was as a play it is only mild as a movie. Jack Mulhall has been transformed by some make-up hocus-

pocus into a college lad. A greater application of the make-up, or the hocus-pocus, would have achieved a more satisfactory change.

You may know the story. It is about a timid, dull-witted lad who goes to college. He wins the big track meet, a girl, and his ego all in one afternoon, but just what happens to him will not mean much more to you than an easy way of killing time. Here and there are bright moments, and not a little smutty business.

Jean Arthur is an attractive heroine, and Jane Winton is an almost attractive almost heroine.

"ROLLED STOCKINGS," at the Paramount a week ago, was a twittering tale—laid in one of those incredible movie colleges. The happenings are brought about by two lads that go to dear old I-forget-its-name. One is the apple of his father's eye, because he makes the crew, and lives as a clean young American should, and the other is the worm in the family garden because he slakes his thirst with gin, and goes yawping in the moonlight with the girlies. The night before the big race the Good Boy finds out that his girl has gone and become engaged to the Bad Boy. He is crushed by the injustice of her conduct in not taking a fine fellow like himself, and he grabs a blonde and a bottle of whiskey and goes to a roadhouse to forget it all. For a few moments it looks as if he were going to get into a jam, but Big Bad Brother comes along, sends him to bed, and incurs a lot of disgrace. The next day the race is won, and the family has the first happy reunion since Big Brothers went out holding hands.

James Hall, Richard Arlen, and Louise Brooks are most heavily concerned in the thing and they are labelled "Junior Stars" by their employers. The "Junior" is O.K.

EVEN thinking about "The Gingham Girl," late of the Capitol, gives me a cast in the eye, and a slight heave. I haven't the strength to tell you about it. It was adapted from a musical comedy of the same name.

—O. C.



ROYAL REPROOF

July 16, 1927

The Editors of THE NEW YORKER,
SIRS:

Of all the rot I've read in recent publications an item from your NEW YORKER of July 9 takes the prize. You don't know what a blow this is. I've come to count the hours till my NEW YORKER arrived. I labored under the delusion that your magazine was perfect—then I read:

"Throughout the country they (Indians) are being absorbed by the negroes."

Oh, dear editor, I pray that no red-blooded Indian from Oklahoma scalps you for that. Down here we'd kill a man for that.

Don't class western Indians with those of the east. Out of all the tribes in Oklahoma, only one intermarried, the Creeks, and they are the lowest mentally and morally.

I am of the Cherokee tribe and the only mistake we all have ever made is to occasionally intermarry with Yankees.

You'll find that the smartest men in Oklahoma history are Indians and you don't understand how we treat negroes down here. It may be frightfully narrow—but we can't seem to be broad-minded enough to encourage our Robesons, Dunbars and Cullens, much less marry them!

I believe what you write about New York, but before you sound off again, you'd better come down and see whereof you speak! And wear a blond wig. Don't disappoint me again like that.

Sincerely,
A PURE-BLOODED INDIAN
Wanhillan La Hoy,
Princess, Oklahoma for 1928

Oklahoma may be an exception to the above generalization but heretofore our Indian Expert has never fallen down on his facts.—Eds.

A CORRECTION

The "Out of Town" department in these pages recently erred in saying that Montauk Beach, Long Island, is being developed by the same company that promoted Miami Shores. Montauk Beach is the project of the Montauk Beach Development Corporation, under the direction of Mr. Carl G. Fisher, and has no connection with Miami Shores.

Live Where You Can Take Your Time About Things

LIVE at 101 West 55th Street, one block from Fifth Avenue and Broadway, a block or so from 2 subways. Central Park is nearby; and the business, theatre and shopping districts can be reached in a few minutes.

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SABBATH IN WESTCHESTER

WHILE thousands were singing "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," and other thousands were listening to readings of the Twenty-third Psalm and others to the Hundred-and-third, and some were appealing, "Have mercy upon us miserable sinners," Mr. Cyrus Sims was picking English mint in his garden.

With discrimination he selected the fresh green shoots, those shoots advanced just beyond the pristine stage of the bud, still young and delicate, but not too young to be lacking in the rich redolence of maturity. It was necessary also to include a few ripe, full-grown leaves that were dark and husky with arteries of the sweet juice. But they must have no taint of age, no sad curl to the edges, no rusty, wilted spots. He would pick a spray, sniff it, rub his palms with a leaf of it, smell his palms, and then if it lacked perfection toss it away. The patch of mint was luxuriant, and he could be exacting. It took Mr. Sims half an hour to find a handful of mint that met his standard.

THE sun glittered on the currents of the Hudson just below the bank of mint, on the pennants of yachts and launches, on the flickering of paddles, and on the bare backs of boys doing jack-knives into the water. As he inhaled the mint Mr. Sims paused to approve of the scene, before strolling back to his house.

A taxi was waiting for him, for Mr. Sims's chauffeur always had Sunday mornings off to take his own family to services.

"Mimosa's, Bert," said Mr. Sims to the taxi-driver.

Down the road swung the taxi, through the big gate, out on the state-road, down through the village. Mr. Sims waved cordially to Deputy-Sheriff Williams, who was on his way to play cribbage with Dr. Brown, the optician.

The wide door, big as a barn door, of Mimosa's stood open, and the sun played on the bottles of Canada Dry that fenced in the big mirror behind the genuine classic old-fashioned mahogany bar.

"Mornin', Charley," said Mr. Sims to the young man behind the bar, who grinned and said, "Mornin', Mr. Sims."

Mr. Sims spread his mint on the bar. Charley had two tumblers also

full of mint on the bar, but that was mere American mint.

"Where are the long glasses, Charley?" asked Mr. Sims. "I'll have to buy you some long glasses, Charley. I must remember to buy you some more of them. Can't buy 'em today. Sunday! This will do for today."

CHARLEY filled the glass with chopped ice. Mr. Sims carefully chose the choicest sprigs from the mint spread out before him, and thrust them down through the crevices of ice. "More ice, Charley. Fill it right up to the top."

Charley packed in more ice, and Mr. Sims stuffed in the mint. Then Mr. Sims took up the cardboard box of powdered sugar and shook it lavishly over the ice and mint, working the sugar down through the ice.

"The black bottle, Charley!"

The black bottle was produced from a secret place under the bar. It was getting low, but Charley explained that he would have a new stock in this week. Charley poured out a whiskey-glassful. Mr. Sims slowly poured it over the ice and the sugar and the mint, cocking his head to watch it soak down to the bottom of the glass.

"Looks pretty," he said to Charley.

Charley offered to stir it for him, but Mr. Sims could do that better himself. He stirred it expertly, crushing the mint leaves, working all the ingredients together, until the glass was frosted white.

He sipped it at last, questioningly, then stirred a bit more, pressed another mint leaf against the side of the glass, adding a bit more sugar.

"All right," he said.


Charley beamed. When the julep was all gone, Mr. Sims pulled out a five-dollar bill. "Keep the change," he said. Charley protested. It was too much. Mr. Sims waved aside his protest. Charley protested every Sunday, and Mr. Sims always waved him aside.

Mr. Sims stepped back into his taxi.

"Well, Bert," he said, "guess it's time now for Sunday dinner with the folks." —JOHN CHAPIN MOSHER

White woman wanted for evening meal. Two in family.—*Adv. in the McAlester (Okla.) News.*

Yes, and what about dressing?



**You Lie,
JULY!—**

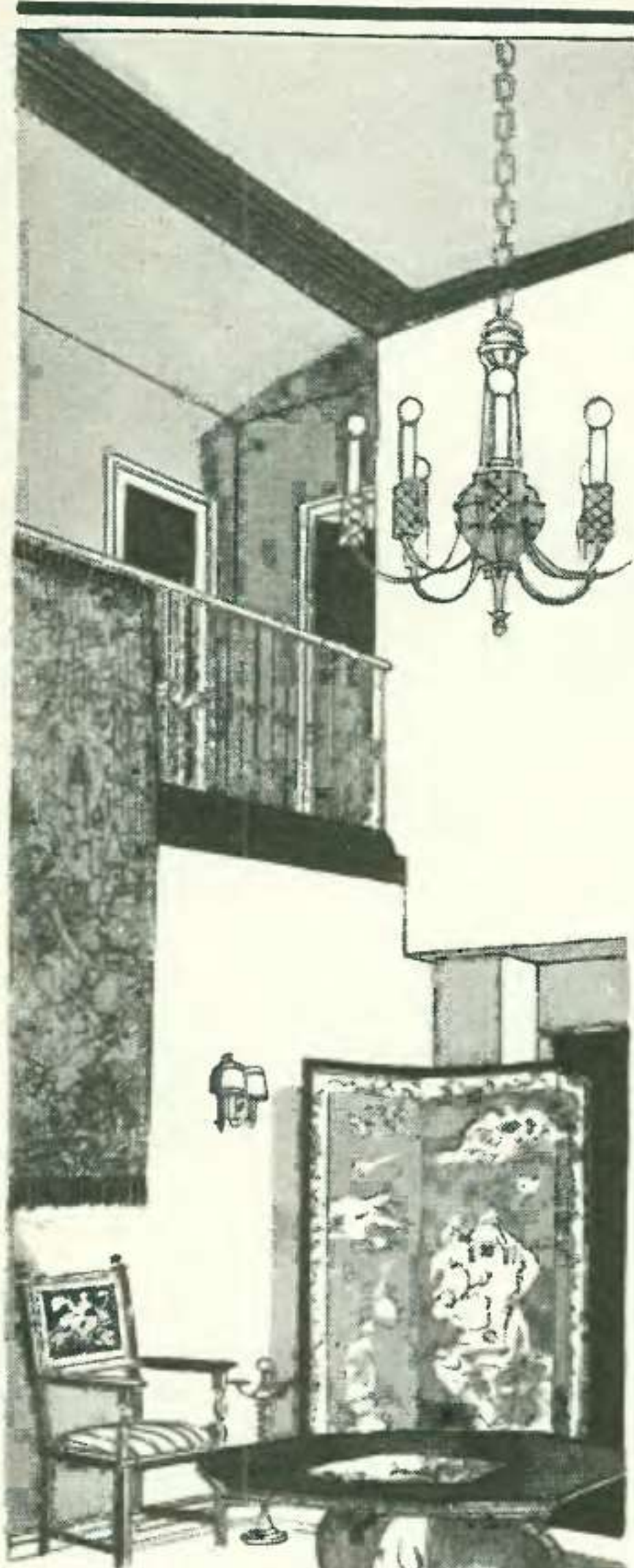
Here at the Roosevelt Grill it is *October!*—From shaded recesses drift gentle breezes* to soothe the fevered brow and heighten the zest of a ravishing meal... Down among the terraced tables it is as cool as upon a snow-capped mountain top... *Really!*

EDDIE ELKINS
and his Roosevelt Orchestra

* The new Air-Cooling System has just been installed.—*It's perfectly wonderful!*

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HUGE salons of double ceiling height, effective balconies, large sun-swept terraces, over-size master chambers with private baths, sleeping porches, fireplaces and countless refinements which the busy hostess will instantly appreciate.

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Other suites are Simplex from 2 to 5 rooms. A few are maisonettes with private street entrances, all with serving pantries and refrigeration.

THE DORSET
THIRTY WEST FIFTY-FOURTH
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OUR MISCHIEVOUS READERS

The Editors of THE NEW YORKER, SIRs:

Several weeks ago you invited me to renew my subscription for THE NEW YORKER on the basis of 65 weeks for \$5, which I did. A few weeks later I received an invitation from you to subscribe for two years, or 104 weeks, at \$7 plus the "Curtain Calls of 1926."

At the same time you gave me the opportunity of renewing for one year, or 52 weeks, at \$5.

Being somewhat statistically minded, I was curious to find the answer to this question:

If you offer THE NEW YORKER for 52 weeks at \$5 and for 104 weeks at \$7, for what period would I have to subscribe to THE NEW YORKER in order to get it for nothing?

A simple mathematical calculation revealed that a 100% increase in the subscription period, namely, from 52 weeks to 104 weeks, produced a 30% decrease in the cost per week, namely, from 9.62 cents per week for 52 weeks to 6.73 cents per week for 104 weeks.

Projecting these respective ratios of increase and decrease, it presently appeared that if I subscribed for 131,072 years the cost to me should be one cent.

Assuming that of course, above all things, THE NEW YORKER is logical, I naturally arrive at the conclusion, based on the above hypotheses, that when you offer 52 weeks for \$5, and 104 weeks for \$7, you are in effect offering 131,072 years (the Lord knows how many weeks that is) for one cent. Hence, I enclose one cent and would thank you to enter me as a subscriber for a period of 131,072 years.

A receipt would be appreciated.

Very truly yours,

J. HORTON IJAMS

NEW YORK CITY

"Assuming that THE NEW YORKER is logical," says Mr. Ijams. By right does he assume that? Let him point to an instance of our being logical! Furthermore, to enter him as a subscriber for 131,072 years would be tantamount to leaving him THE NEW YORKER in *perpetuum*, which is undoubtedly against the law in these days.

We have bought a stick of gum with his penny.—Eds.

BEFORE TAKING . . . SHAKE THIS IDEA WELL ...WILL YOUR VACATION TRIP DO THE RIGHT THING BY YOU?



WHY wake up like Cinderella (or Mr. C—!) ... on Sept. 6th ... to find yourself surging back to New York ... in a

hectic scramble with ten thousand other vacation returners?

Why have your glorious vacation *finis* thus . . . in hot and flustered mediocrity? We believe in happy endings . . .

During August only . . . for this very reason . . . three of our proudest cruising Cunarders . . . the Caronia . . . the Transylvania . . . the Cameronia will make trips to the sea-girted peninsula of Nova Scotia (sounds cool, eh?).

Two days on the high seas to get to Halifax . . . and those who have made transatlantic crossings on Cunarders may tell the rest of the Class of the charming times aboard . . . the food . . . the active deck sports . . . the pleasant social life . . .

After Nova Scotia (with its famous fishing) you visit Quebec . . . Montreal . . . other famous ports.

In addition there is that priceless added attraction . . . you and your friends will be deposited back in New York September 6th on a cool quiet pier . . . far from the usual frantic crowds . . . all ready for a calm and collected return to your Art or to your Office.

Yours for the dramatic finale! Boats sail August 13th . . . August 20th . . . August 27th. All Expense Tours from \$131 up. Write for our booklet.

To Halifax or from Quebec

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THE TENNIS COURTS

Easthampton in the Rain—On the Misses Wills and Jacobs of California

THERE are several reasons why the invitation tournament of the Maidstone Club at Easthampton, L.I., should gain an established position among the biggest fixtures of the Eastern tennis season. For one thing, it is half an hour by the Sunrise Special this side of the jumping-off place of Long Island at Montauk—a fairyland of honeysuckle, bountiful with English country hospitality, lulled by the distant roar of the Atlantic. Moreover, Julian S. Myrick is a member of the Maidstone Club. An invitation from Mr. Myrick carries the endorsement, "By Royal Command."

Since Southampton is the gathering place of the leading men players in their grand watering tour of August, Mrs. John L. Weeks, with the backing of Mr. Myrick, concluded that a week at Easthampton would add considerably to the attractiveness of the women's schedule, which had been sadly disintegrating. Thus was started, last year, the annual Maidstone Invitation, with an entry list that included Helen Wills, Molla Mallory and Mary K. Browne, nearly a national championship in itself.

In spite of its brilliant inaugural, with Miss Wills making her first appearance following her attack of appendicitis, the second of these tournaments came near foundering last week. For two days and nights it rained at Easthampton, so uncompromisingly that two players, both members of the top ten, returned to Boston on the third day, neither of them having any faith that the sun would ever shine again on the Island.

These defaults, following upon the message from Miss Wills that she would be unable to play in the singles, added heavily to the trials of the Committee, but Mrs. Mallory and Miss Eleanor Goss were still left, and Miss Helen Jacobs was there from California.

FOR myself, the particular interest in the tournament was the showing of Miss Jacobs, whom the East had not seen for two years. I had watched Miss Wills practice the day after her arrival, and I was satisfied that the English tennis critics had not in-



dulged themselves to excess when they extolled her play at Wimbledon as revolutionizing women's tennis. Her forehand was plain ruination, so utterly drastic as to reduce her opponent's assignment to the mere task of signalling hits and misses. Also, in that one practice, I saw enough to convince me that Helen Wills is no longer the statuesque, slow-moving base-liner, but a pulsating antagonist of mobility, animated both mentally and physically by a more highly developed competitive spirit.

What of Miss Jacobs, the eighteen-year-old girl whose career has so closely paralleled Miss Wills? Following the lines of this parallel, we find that Miss Jacobs comes from the same city as Miss Wills, belongs to the same tennis club, went to the same private school, attends the same college (the University of California), lives in the same house and sleeps in the same room where Miss Wills formerly slept, wears the same eyeshade and, like her more illustrious namesake, won the national girls' championship twice.

Miss Jacobs is a much better player today than she was two years ago, but she is still considerably short of being the finished stroke producer that Miss Wills is. She has a service that will stand comparison with the best, a backhand that is reliable in an emergency, an aggressiveness that is lacking in most of the women players, and a sturdy physique. In addition, she has the making of a dangerous net attack, once she gains more confidence in herself and makes the volley and the overhead into attacking shots.

Her biggest problem, however, is her forehand. In the past she chopped almost entirely from the right wing. Lately she has been seeking to develop a drive, but as often as not she falls back on the chop when pressed.

Until she makes up her mind that she must sacrifice immediate success, if necessary, for the greater fruits of tomorrow, until she shows a readiness to give up the safer shot for the development of one that will serve her as the fundamental attacking weapon of the game, Miss Jacobs stands in her own way.

—A. D.



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"Baby Mine"—Fox trots with vocal chorus

"Just Like a Butterfly"—Vincent Lopez and his Casa Lopez Orchestra 3573

"Hello Cutie"—"Kenn" Sisson and his Orchestra

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"Oriental Moonlight"—Ritz Quartet

"Shanghai Dream Man"—Male Quartet with oboe, lute and piano 3525

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THE DECLINE OF LEERING

PROHIBITION has effected many changes, but one of its most far-reaching has been to abolish the Leer. We have still most of the stimuli to leering, but the present endurance-test method of drinking allows little leisure for stepping outside to leer at passing ladies now and then. Also, it tends to make earnest young men out of our men-about-town, for drinking must be taken seriously today. And no one can leer in a solemn mood.

The most important reason for the decline of the leer is not the lack of liquor, however. It is the absence of the proper setting. Travelling salesmen, the country over, have reported that men no longer leer. The reason is that the corner saloon is gone. They have tried leering from the doorways of tearooms, but the gesture fails because it is never recognized. They have tried hotel lobbies and bus stops. Everywhere it is the same story. The old-fashioned leer is gone.

Virginius Whimple, rake salesman, 43, states that he would guarantee a genuine leer if he could only harden himself into betraying the location of a bar or a dispensing chemist. His intense loyalty to these institutions has thus far prevented his making the attempt. For my part, I am afraid that even Mr. Whimple would fail to produce a real leer, for unless an effect is produced on the ladies the leer is nothing. And how can the ladies realize that a man is leering unless it is perfectly obvious that he is leaning against the entrance to a bar? If they *do* know that it is a bar, they are not—well, we need not go into that.

MEN have tried to comfort themselves for their inability to leer nowadays by reminding themselves that the leer is only "a sidelong glance." It need not, technically, be a wicked glance that frightens the ladies and makes them look again. It need not be a gesture indicative of Experience and zest for adventure. It *need* not be, to satisfy the dictionary definition. But we all know that the dictionary definition is inadequate, and we must face the truth: the leer as we used to know it is gone—irrevocably.

—JOSIE TURNER

WOMAN KISSED BY LAFAYETTE, DIES.—
Headline in the Salt Lake Deseret News.
Those volcanic Frenchmen!



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NEW YORK



THE RACE

*The Rancocas Stable
Yearlings — A Gloom*



HARRY SINCLAIR'S Mowlee raced up to his Indian name, Fast Runner, at Empire City track last week and I would not be

surprised to see him train on to be one of the top flight two-year-olds of the year. Sam Hildreth preferred him to Ariel before he brought both to the races in April and never has changed his mind. Mowlee resembles his sire, Lucullite, to a marked degree and also comes by his speed from the distaff side, for he is a half-brother of Superlette. He showed more than speed in beating Tuskegee and the disqualification of Eben Byers' colt for O'Donnell's foul riding only added sting to that \$35,000 yearling's defeat.

IRATHER fancy bidders at the coming sales will remember that Tuskegee, who brought the top price last August, and other expensive yearlings have not earned a tenth of their cost. Terra Nova, for whom William Ziegler, Jr. paid \$32,000, has not faced the starter, nor has the Brookmeade Stable's \$21,500 Cudgel colt, nor George Widener's \$20,000 colt by Sweep which will be known to racing as Dustbroom. Crow's Nest, the Man o' War colt, for which the Greentree Stable gave \$25,000, and Brooms and Scot's Grey, \$20,000 yearlings, have carried silks several times but have yet to win. It isn't so much the cost, which may be charged off, that hurts—it's the comment of one's friends who forget that buying yearlings is the biggest gamble in racing.

JIMMY ROWE says that Dice, winner of four stakes and \$42,650 in purses under the colors of Ogden Mills and his sister, Mrs. H. C. Phipps, is the cheapest horse of the year. "Mr. Whitney did not sell Dice, he gave him away at the price the Wheatley Stable paid for him," said the major-domo of Brookdale Farm to me while he was still cooling out after the Dominant Colt's last victory. "I've given away a lot of good horses—Cudgel went for \$1,250, but Dice was a cheaper horse than that." Though Rowe now rates Dice



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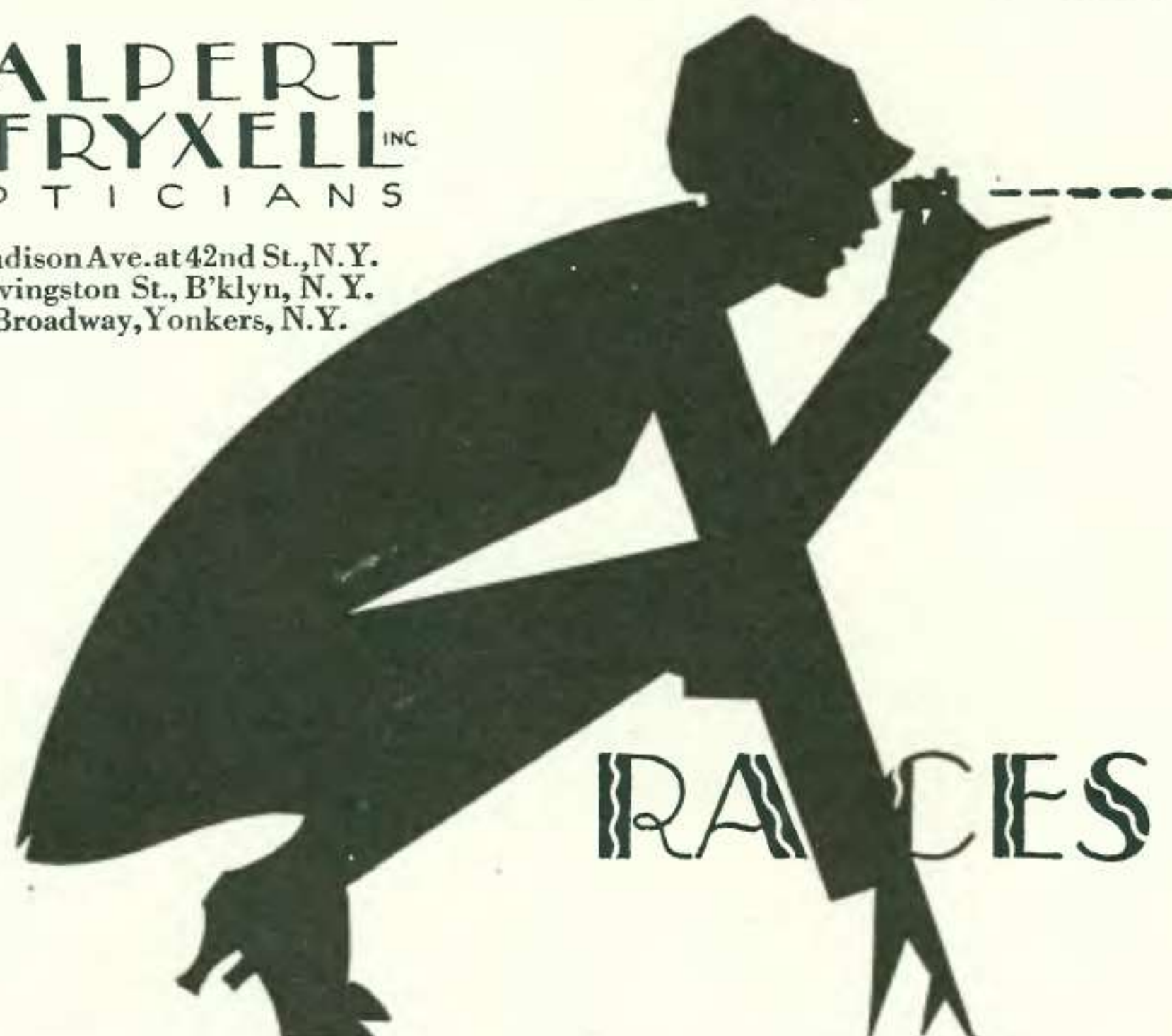
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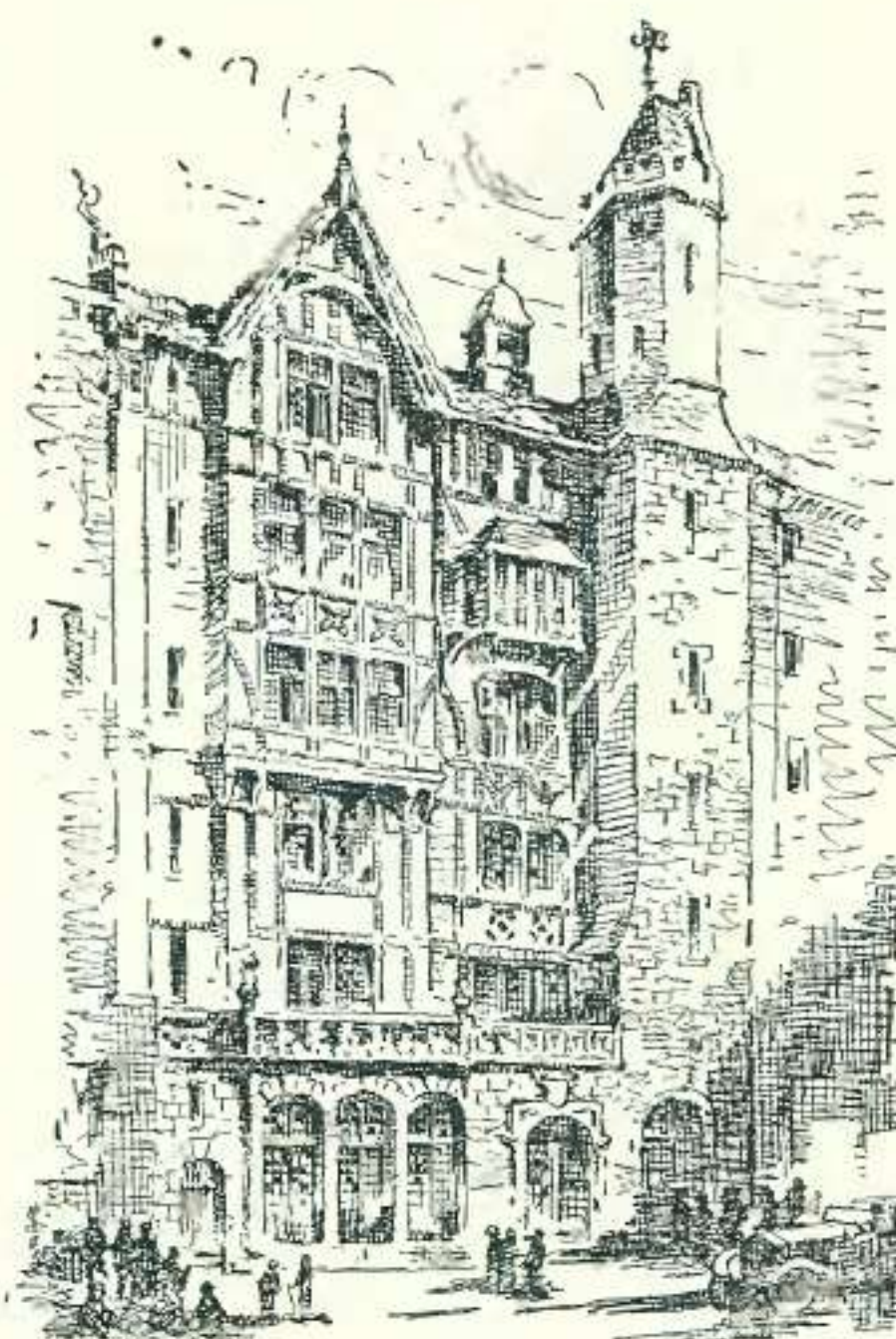
Fast Runner—Costly
Settling Day

best of the two-year-olds, he did not think enough of him to name him for the Hopeful Stakes. He believes Mr. Whitney's Groucher is next best. "I've heard a lot about those two-year-olds that are going to surprise everybody at Saratoga," he continued. "Well, if anyone thinks they have a better colt than Groucher I'm ready to run them a match race at even weights and I'll bet on mine."

THE Honorable George also arises to remark that the colt which beats Sun Edwin will win a lot of stakes at the Spa next month.

BRITISH racegoers put more faith in how a horse strips in the paddock before a race than in past performances, and because of this a number of the big London turf accountants and bookmakers in Tattersall's were victims, not so long ago, of a clever Yankee trick. This trainer had entered a smart handicap horse in moderate company, and on form the horse looked such a good thing that it was a certainty he would have to accept odds-on. Just before the trainer sent the horse to the paddock he dusted him liberally with soap powder and rubbed it well into his coat. It was a hot day, and as the colt was led around the walking ring the powder began to work. The more the groom used his scraper the more the horse looked like an advertisement for shaving soap. The reports of the bookmakers' outside men that the American's horse was wasting away in the paddock were reflected in the prices and when he sent his money into the ring and his wires to London they smiled and said, "Heaven hath sent this one unto us." Then the race was run—and the American's horse came down in front all alone. Much gloom Settling Day.

WALTER SALMON believes his Black Panther the hard luck three-year-old of the season. In four big stakes he had thought he had a winning chance till track conditions spoiled it. The last was the Empire City Derby, when a small cloudburst turned the track into a river of thin mud. The going and the weights then were all in favor of Bois de Rose, and Espino's younger brother was an easy winner. —AUDAX MINOR



DEPENDABILITY

THE DEGREE OF SUCCESS ACHIEVED BY THIS ESTABLISHMENT WAS INFLUENCED, MOST DEFINITELY, BY THE EARLY DECISION OF THE FOUNDER TO CONFINE HIS EFFORTS TO THE DEVELOPMENT AND PRESENTATION OF MASCULINE WEARABLES OF SUCH A NATURE THAT THE ELEMENT OF SPECULATION MIGHT NEVER BE ENTERTAINED BY PATRONS.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, JULY 20
ONE long, deep breath and not too many words will suffice to sum up the summer clothing situation and leave us free to go on to more entrancing things when the openings begin in a couple of weeks. Great things are expected of these openings, what with all the reporters and designers bent on putting across the feminine touch. It seems more than likely to go, as far as evening clothes are concerned, at least. The month of June was given over to one gala after another, subtly pushing the feminine. The climax was an affair at the Swiss legation, or some such place, put on by the lace manufacturers, attempting to make everyone believe that no dress was complete without a touch of lace.

The Grande Nuit de Paris at the Claridge, which takes place every year, is supposed to be for the benefit of those wounded in the war. The clothes were perfectly ridiculous, nothing new at all, the only significant thing being that Charlotte, of Premet, actually had a new dress made for the affair, an evening model with a great full skirt, very long in back and short in front. And there you have the accepted line for full, fall evening clothes. Only real women can wear them.

The other type of evening dress that is allowable now and for the winter months, is the draped satin affair. This is straight in line, longer on one side than on the other, drippy bows hanging below the chopped-up hem line, and all that sort of thing. Some of these have a slight bit of rhinestone embroidery, but the majority depend on a very heavy material of marvelously good quality, plus line, for their smartness.

Of course, one must have one's shoes to match, and satin or mother-of-pearl finished kid and lizard are most in favor. Plain gold and silver kid are completely out. There are more and more shoes being worn to match daytime costumes as well. With

enough, and the whole costume is well carried out, the effect is grand.

TURNING to hats, the problem is, should one wear feathers on one's headgear? Practically all the hats at Agnès have feathers on them, and a lot at Reboux, a few at Marie Alphonsine, none at Descat. The important thing is that practically all the wrong people wear those felt turbans with feather pads over the ears, and only those paid to do so have so far appeared in all-feather turbans. I must admit that a number of the Agnès hats are awfully nice, and some of the Reboux feathered models are actually smart, but I should say that unless you can find a hat feathered

racing costumes of the English for those three glorious days. I wouldn't have the English give them up for the world, any more than I would have Queen Mary come out in a simple little hat from Rose Descat (King George forbid!—ED.), and in case lace and chiffon get by for next summer I'll be all for feather boas as an accessory. But, after all, there are not more than three occasions in the summer when they would be possible, once at Ascot, once at Longchamps, and once at an outdoor wedding.

Chanel having started imitation diamond necklaces and dripping shoulder pins, costing impossible sums, all the jewelry manufacturers are straining themselves to get out cheaper and better imitations, and the August openings will probably glitter. So keep your eyes open for the first appearance of Premet's new diamond jewelry, and put on a little with your new feminine evening gown, but not with your tailored suit. Gold jewelry continues to go big over here.



"The nerve of them! Selling Lindbergh's picture at seventy-five cents a yard."

in the most subtle manner, it is better to stick to the simpler models.

I hope no one is paying attention to the violent efforts on the part of the Union of South Africa to put across feather boas. There is only one place where I have seen them worn to advantage, and that was at the Ascot races, with all the lace and chiffon which has always characterized the

The fall colors are going to be mostly beiges and browns, those with a mauvish cast, and a few rustish ones, as well as dark green, for the street. Nile green seems to be the accepted guess for evening clothes, for the mob, that is. White is still obstinately being worn, but will probably gasp and die in the fall. Yellow, corn or apricot, is still exclusive. Refer to this

in a month and see what my guess is worth.

PARISITE

FROM Antibes L.L. also contributes some fashion notes:

It is ridiculous to take many summer clothes to foreign resorts, because some special type—that is invariably dirt-cheap—predominates in each place. In Deauville, for instance, everybody wears those barbaric *mail-lots*, or shoddy Annette Kellermans. Here (Antibes) ladies wear nice Amurrican suits and gents wear jersey trunks without benefit of belt. Terrible straw hats and white canvas shoes, worn by everybody all day long, available at the Galeries Lafayette in Nice. Also there, some lady discovered gents' undershirts in fine jersey and swell colors—long, buttoned at the neck, sleeveless or not. Men also buy white duck pants for forty francs, or French workmen's uniforms for the same price. Oh, it is all very formal.

L. L.

INVESTIGATING the question of hats, as put by PARISITE, the answer seems to be that feathers *will* be worn. In the new collection of hats at Franklin Simon I saw several, quite modestly feathered, that were exceedingly smart. Crowns continue to be low, and with the occasional exception of a flat pleat or a discreet tuck, they fit very close to the head. Brims are still small, large hats being comparatively rare, and anyone who has struggled with one in the wind will understand why. The little felt turbans with feather pads over the ears have long been seen on our better Broadway belles. These and the all-feather turbans in Franklin Simon's collection do not constitute my idea of smart hats, but they promise to be popular.

Those that I saw and liked included two of Reboux, one being the inevitable turban that turns up in front and has a tab over one ear, salvaged in this instance by a smart quill placed over the tab. The other has a brim turned up in front, split over one eye, the ends crossing to form two little wings on the crown. A new Reboux felt, mostly in light colors, has hand-painted splotches here and there, resembling an artist's palette more than anything else. A bit bizarre, and strictly for summer wear, to my way of thinking.

AGNES, who last year had all her pleats and creases going towards

MAJESTY IN MINIATURE

THERE is no brighter star than the diamond; no lovelier sky than the sapphire; no more mysterious sea than the emerald. ¶ These masterpieces of nature in condensed beauty—majesty in miniature—mounted by UDALL & BALLOU are subjects for sincere appreciation.

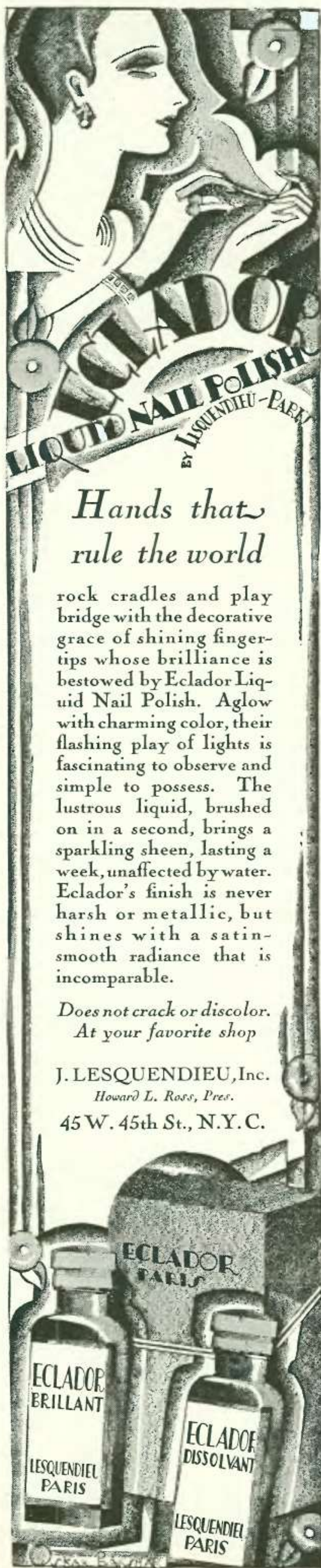


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the back of the crown, has reversed her directions, and everything now comes forward. One of her hats, in Franklin Simon's collection, has a small pleat across the top of the crown, ending in a tiny beak of felt at the front. This has a plaque of feathers on either side, and a very small brim. Another with a felt brim and a crown of velvet has the fullness brought to the front in a big pleat down the centre of the crown. There is a feather brush that sticks out like a torch on a coal miner's cap, and should come in very handy if you run short of a whisk broom. Fortunately, the hat can be made without the brush, and it is then very smart.

Alphonsine has some fascinating new felts in tiny checks, resembling a tweed weave. These, in several shades of brown, in black and white, or in two shades of blue, are of a solid color on the inside and are made up in several simple models using the reverse as decoration. Appropriate to wear with fall sport clothes or a tailored suit of tweed.

DESCAT, I find, is using feathers in some of her creations this season, although her best hats are very simple. One, combining velvet and felt, gives a suggestion of the double brim which she sponsors, by using the velvet as an outline to a smart little brim that has just an inkling of a point on either side. Another, which I saw in gray and dark blue, is of felt with a blue grosgrain band, and has buttonhole stitching in blue around the brim and to outline a simple design on the crown. Suzanne Talbot, who is turning more and more to young hats, having hitherto devoted herself almost exclusively to matrons, uses feathers that are inserted in the felt, and makes her hats with a brim that is wider on one side.

Turning to incidentals in this same worthy store, I saw some spiral bracelets of snakeskin, made to resemble that reptile, with tail and head of gold, and tiny, jewelled eyes. These to supplement snakeskin purses and shoes, which are still prevalent, due probably to their superior wearing qualities.

And arriving simultaneously with my appearance at the store, pearl necklaces that are—hold your breath—perfumed! The perfumes are Coty's, the pearls tinted in any one of three shades—cream, rose or beige—and the lengths from a choker to a sixty-inch string. So take your choice, and be

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B. ALTMAN having imported unfinished sweater bodies in lovely all-wool zephyr heather mixtures, is now making a specialty of fitting these sweaters to the individual. The sleeves come separately, so that the back and shoulders, where trouble usually sets in, can be expertly modelled to your particular proportions. The neckline is unfinished, and can be cut and bound to suit your taste, with a selection of models from which you can choose. Skirts to go with these sweaters appear in the same department in a great variety of pleats. The most interesting of these is a domestic pleating, which is very fine and is stamped with triangular designs. I have worn one of these and had it cleaned, so I can safely state that it presents no greater problems than the ordinary pleated skirt.

On my way out, via the sports department, I succumbed and bought myself a luscious three-quarter-length coat of angora with a saddle shoulder—which happens to be my particular weakness in the shoulder line of coats. These come in either gray or tan, and are divinely soft, not easily crushed, nor too warm to wear at this time of year.

IN mentioning Best's a few weeks ago I completely forgot to tell you about their new evening wrap. This is the Reboux version of the square of material that everyone wore last summer in spite of the fact that there was considerable difficulty in keeping it on. Reboux has remedied this by stitching the top border a third of the way from either end, thus forming sleeves, and leaving the border open in the centre to form a collar. This comes in printed chiffon with large flowered designs for summer wear, as well as in metal cloth and velvet for the colder months that now seem so far away.

—K. J.

THIS AND THAT

Captivating Odds and Ends—Brasses and Mits



RENA ROSENTHAL, whose shop is at 520 Madison Avenue, has again returned from abroad laden with a fascinating assortment of decorative odds and ends,

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Go to the younger crowd if you want the right word on what to wear or drive or smoke. And notice, please, that the particular cigarette they call their own today is one that you've known very well for a very long time.

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which includes some jovial wooden peasants gaily painted, to be used as door stops, triangular nests of tables, hanging bookshelves in odd and lovely designs, and a cock-eyed spaniel in pottery who holds a tiny cactus plant in each ear, several more along his back, and has a long, spindly cactus in place of a tail. A pair of horses, an elephant and a lamb are of white ceramic with tiny flowered designs, and are so jaunty and jovial that they seem almost to be laughing at you. Lamp bases are made either of ceramic to resemble futuristic animals, or of silvered brass in odd shapes, and to go with them there are pleated parchment shades in hand-painted designs that are just a bit different. Flower pots in all sizes, to replace the hideous red earthenware ones usually used, are brightly painted, and there is a galaxy of vases in lovely plain colors.

Pillow covers are hand-quilted in a modern way, runners, scarves, and table covers come in jovial imitation of gingham, in awning stripes, or in hand-blocked designs, all just modern enough to be amusing and decorative without requiring a garish setting to show them off. For the rest there are odd little boxes, liqueur sets of painted glass, here and there an odd decanter or an amusing piece of brass, and all kinds of toys and gewgaws to tempt you into generosity towards yourself or your friends.

THE GARRET THEW SHOP has recently opened at 425 Madison Avenue, and contains brasses designed by Mr. Thew. Br'er Rabbit in profile, with one long ear pointing upwards and the other cocked pertly over his nose, has a twin to assist him in holding up books. A giraffe with a long, long neck, or a donkey kicking up his heels, holds back your door, and a fisherman, placed at one end of a room, will use your radio aerial to catch a fish at the other end. Centaurs or fauns form magazine racks, and are equipped with handles to assist the transportation of your reading matter. There are hot plate holders in amusing designs, and panels of wrought iron to enhance your wall space. All of these pieces, although designed for useful purposes, make very jolly and decorative ornaments.

BEAUTY NOTES: Elizabeth Arden's latest contribution to the ablution of womankind—the Venetian Velve Bath Mits. These are nothing more or less than little bags filled with a



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Chéramy's new perfume: Biarritz. This, in the words of Chéramy, "has the spirited appeal of *modern* youth and mirrors in fragrance the colorful scene of which youth is a part." Whatever that may convey to you, the perfume is very light and has a delightful fragrance, so if you are constantly on the lookout for new perfumes here is a good one to try. —K. J.

REFLECTIONS ON LIVING PRACTICALLY NEXT DOOR TO THE METROPOLITAN TOWER CHIMES

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday,
Friday, Saturday, I don't mind it;
To be honest I'll concede
Working days I really find it
Something of a help to live
Where such loud alarms can keep
Blatting every quarter hour
To disturb my morning sleep.

But when Sunday rolls around—
Sunday morning, precious, rare,
Filled with hours made for knitting
Up the well-known sleeve of care—
Still they start at seven sharp
While it's hardly more than night,
Whereupon each quarter hour
I consider dynamite.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

Generally I was dead tired by noon. In the afternoon I gardened and read and played the piano—anything but think on the book. I was letting my subconscious mind store up energy for the morrow. Concerts, bridge, and even a little moonshine on moonlight nights helped to pass the time between working hours. At the end I did alarmingly little revision. Dutton's asked me to cut out three lines!

—From an article in "The Editor."

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POLO

The Challengers Show Quality—Roman Holiday—A Crown Prince of Polo

GREAT BRITAIN's polo challengers made their debut before an audience that was first skeptical, finally gratified. The followers of polo in this country had watched politely the gathering of the picturesque native grooms and the great-helmeted players—to say nothing of his Highness the Maharajah—slightly fearful that when actual play started the picturesque would outweigh the playing. It didn't.

The British, facing a twenty-three goal American side, started off very much in earnest, doing a bit, if truth be told, of what golfers quaintly term pressing. They went storming over the American goal five times in quick succession before the start of their scoring. By the time the half was reached, however, the British were breathing freely and letting up a bit in their pressure.

As has been mentioned, praise was somewhat cautious, with the strong memory remaining from the 1924 International when Great Britain's four was—well, not so very International. But these hardened and exceedingly well-trained officers of the Army in India have made it plain that they are better than their immediate predecessors in these events; that they are together beautifully as a team; that they can ride and handle mounts in an exquisite fashion and that their hitting, while lacking, perhaps, much of the American stand-up-and-slug-'em flavor, is of just the right type to fit in with their team play. The Americans have been highly pleased with the showing. Your American polo player likes nothing in all the world so much as a good fight and the prospect of one is most appetizing.

WITH the British going ahead with military precision on their plans and preparations, the Americans are still calling each other up in the morning and saying, "Let's play a bit of polo this afternoon." About every available American with any vestige of a chance at making the team has been playing in test matches and Devoreux Milburn and others have indulged in the rather interesting pastime of playing on two sides in one



game. This is accomplished by moving over for a couple of periods to see how things are going on that team.

On the day when the British were to have played their first test match, the American polo princes planned something of a Roman holiday. That morning, it being a Saturday, the International

Stands at Meadow Brook looked down on a game wherein eight youngsters fought it out in the final for the Hempstead Cup. The polo played by four St. Paul's School boys against the two Phippses and the two Guests, was more than fair. It was downright good. There need be little worry for future international needs when this sort of thing is going on. Only one of the boys had passed his twenty-first birthday.

The line-ups in that youngsters' game were, Old Aiken—E. T. Gerry, J. P. Mills, D. S. Iglehart, Jr., and J. C. Rathborne. These are the St. Paul's boys and they won over Del Ray, which consisted of F. W. C. Guest, Raymond Guest, J. H. S. Phipps and Michael Phipps.

THESE Hempstead Cup games in the vicinity of Meadow Brook also brought out the possibility that the heir to Harry Payne Whitney's worldly goods may also, in time, come to be the heir to his polo throne. Not that, exactly, for there was only one Harry Whitney in his playing days and there can never be another. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, however, is playing better polo than he promised.

A couple of years ago Sonny Whitney was injected into high goal polo a bit too soon. He was somewhat bewildered. Now he has gone back to start up from the low goal games and he is hitting well, showing a great deal of aggression and, surely, there can be no doubt of his mounting. His cousin, John Hay Whitney, the son of the late Payne Whitney, played with him on the Long Island team in this tournament and demonstrated that, while he is a most capable rider he has yet to acquire that most difficult of sporting feats, the hitting of a bounding polo ball from the back of a galloping mount. —MARTINGALE

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THE ART GALLERIES

O'Keeffe Goes to Brooklyn — Another Chance for the Young Artist

WE never have seen figures on the hegira to Brooklyn for art but suppose that, as usual, there are figures. At any rate, the Brooklyn Museum goes right along setting up interesting shows and daring the world to come and see. Last autumn it had the ultramoderns, months before New York offered them roof. Now, for the summer, it is showing a room of Georgia O'Keeffe and several rooms of a queer conglomeration of things by a new group, "American Painters of Paris."

The O'Keeffe show needs no bal-lyhoo from us, one of the charter members of the O'Keeffe Forever Club. The room given over to her display is a bit too dark and unnecessarily small, considering the vacant acres around about, but her color warms up the premises and we imagine she will survive the corridor she finds herself in for the summer. The show contains many of the things that were in the exhibition last winter in Room 303. Perhaps you have seen them all, perhaps you may want to see them again. If you have not seen O'Keeffe here is an excellent opportunity.

The American group in Paris is a rallying-ground for expatriates who have gone abroad to learn, and who think that the Parisian should see how well the American has learned to copy. Another purpose of the group is to show Americans at home, every now and then, just what the boys in Paris have been doing with their time. It is a laudable exhibition and should prove of interest.

Personally, we felt that we still like Vlaminck and Lautrec much better than the men who have come under their influence. We found nothing startling or appealing, unless it was the "Cyclamen" of Clinton O'Callahan. Of course there were the standard things, such as two of Pascin

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and some of the best of Alfred Maurer. There are five by Kenneth Hayes Miller, and now we understand that whole school of painting, examples of which we have seen at every students' exhibit for the last three years. A priest once told us of a mid-century cardinal who, dying at ninety-two, said that he could go to his maker with a clean soul as he had never made one convert to his faith. We are afraid that Mr. Miller will have no such clean bill of health.

It is a little difficult to give an estimate of this show, being as it is, a group held together by a purpose rather than by anything kindred either in expression or message. You may enjoy some of it, as we did, or some that we did not. Pascin or Maurer is always worth our time; you may find delight in Rockwell Kent, Oliver Chaffee, Harold English, F. C. Friesseke, O. Giebrich, W. J. Glackens, David Karfunkle, H. C. Lee, J. Marchand, Myron Nutting, Roderick O'Connor, Charles Thorndike, Gale Turnbull or Eugene Ullman.

M. KNOEDLER has arranged a new show of forty fine prints. This is the third in his series and covers the eighteenth century. Prints, it seems, always have a market.

BEFORE viewing it, we recommend the exhibit of children's work at the Art Centre. These paintings and drawings are the result of the Lucie Van Tuyl Kock workshop at the Bronxville school. They are said to be unhampered by adult methods, theories or phobias and should represent children at their best.

The Art Centre has let itself in for a flood of something. It has decided that the young artist does not get a chance, and so has thrown open a room where all aspirants may show their stuff. Up to now, if the artist was good he survived, and if he thought he was good he rented a hall. Now the Art Centre will take care of the latter class without charge. The only joker in the plan is that a committee will select the paintings. One month will be given over to modern youth and the alternate month to youth of the academic mold.

WE know no better pastime for those encumbered with summer visitors than to shoo them up to the Cloisters. Although belonging to the Metropolitan Museum, they are at 698 Fort Washington Avenue. —M. P.

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Her Diary
July 30th

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FORECAST for
August, 1927:
Beware of a dark
horse.

On the first of August the racing season starts at Saratoga and everyone with a drop of sporting blood leaves New York equipped with plenty of blank checks and a rabbit's foot.

Accommodations this year are as difficult to obtain as in other seasons: the United States and the Grand Union hotels are favored by amateur sportsmen, but last-minute followers of the ponies may have to put up with accommodations which those haughty beasts would scorn for their own use. Of an evening one may, as usual, dispose very pleasantly of his winnings at the Brook Club, and the mornings are lit up by a trip to the stables to study the pasterns of the favorite. For those whose enthusiasm does not stretch to the entire month, I suggest the nice all-Pullman trains which the New York Central is putting on during the season. These leave the Grand Central every Saturday morning at 9:30 Daylight Saving Time, and reach Saratoga in plenty of time to get a tip on the first race. The evening trains provide for a leisurely return from the track after the last race and leave at 7:10, arriving in New York at 11:40 daylight time. Those incurable motorists who insist on driving the whole two hundred miles will encounter one short detour on the Yellowstone Trail between Albany and Schenectady, but will find this route by far the most interesting. They should be warned to follow their *Blue Book* with a religious faith in the matter of road information but to lift a polite eyebrow to its strictures on the hotels of Saratoga.

I HESITATE to throw a bomb into the lap of any reader who thinks that a smart resort is made up of young things who have flunked out of Spence and swagger gentlemen who have read nothing since "Black Beauty" at the age of six, but it is a fact that Newport and Southampton have been showing signs of downright lite-



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racy this season and have finally gone sock and buskin with a smash. At Southampton the little theatre movement is in the hands of the University Players—a group of genteel young people from the Yale, Boleslavsky and John Murray Anderson dramatic schools who have never been so vulgar as to have their names in lights. They have so far presented "The Dover Road" and "Her Husband's Wife" to appreciative and dance-sick audiences, and are planning, according to a crude and malicious report, to follow with "Meet the Wife." I, for one, do not believe a word of it.

AT Newport the Casino Theatre has been redecorated for a repertory season which brings a surprising breath of Equity in its wake. The cast is professionally very capable, but it has been chosen, I suspect, with an eye to its eligibility for the larger lawn fêtes and those so exclusive début dinners for which the Racquet Club turns out. The Casino Theatre opened its season on July twenty-sixth with a week of "Hamlet" in modern dress, played by Mary Ellis and that same Basil Sydney who performed under the agitated baton of Horace Liveright in the New York production. The same cast will present "Banco" on the week of August second, and this will be followed by "The Devil's Disciple," with Henry Stevens; "The Guardsmen," with Julia Hoyt and Henry Hull; and "Candida," with Pauline Lord. I hope that the young gentlemen from Lawrenceville will take full advantage of their first chance at the exciting rôle of stage-door Johnny.

More in the old Newport tradition are the daily concerts at the Casino, duly attended by an audience carrying ear trumpets and smelling of eau de cologne. The more agile members of the colony are agog over the Gold Mashie tourney to be played on T. Suffern Tailor's Ocean Links, August fifth, sixth, and seventh, and the Invitation Tennis Tourney scheduled for the twenty-second. The month is dotted with important dates in the life of any yachtsman, and the speed-boat regatta on the nineteenth and twentieth is the heyday of the smaller craft. The last large event of the season will be the Horse Show on September first, second and third, when those débutantes who have dawdled on the beach all summer will be completely eclipsed by ruddy Amazons whose muscles are adapted to hurdles at four foot six.

—G. P.



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RECENT BOOKS

Chinese Ribaldry—Mr. Cabell Presents—Nancy Hoyt—Beyond Volstead—Travellers' Aid

AFTER enjoying the Oriental facetiousness of "The Honorable Picnic," the reader can hopefully turn to "The Son of the Grand Eunuch." This time it is China, not Japan, which is the scene of a Frenchman's sardonic humor. Charles Pettit evidently knows the Chinese as Thomas Raucat knows the Japanese, and although both gentlemen have given offence to serious thinkers, expert in the lore of the East, they are bound to supply a vast amount of entertainment to those of us who can see "The Mikado" without feeling that the Emperor of Japan has been insulted.

Despite his official standing, the *Grand Eunuch* has had the foresight to provide himself with sons, for it is his ambition that his eldest son shall follow his dear old dad as a candidate for the same high office. In China, apparently, love laughs at more than locksmiths, with the result that the son would love office, did he not love his wife more. He and his wife are exiled and the second son of the *Grand Eunuch* accepts the indispensable conditions which will make him his father's successor.

The adventures of the banished couple supply the author with much material for incongruous humor. When they reach a monastery the son of the *Eunuch* is offered another chance of proving himself worthy. If he will consent to be roasted alive his place in paradise is assured. Again he proves himself to be a slacker and provides a substitute. Unfortunately, his brother has not survived the ordeal of qualifying for the post of an honorable functionary. The eldest son consents to make the necessary sacrifice, for his wife's infidelities have by this time dampened his enthusiasm for domestic bliss. The *Grand Eunuch* rejoices in his son's decision and celebrates the occasion by executing the faithless spouse, and wreaking his vengeance upon the various persons who humiliated his son with the connivance of that charming but frail lady. A book that is delightful in its ironic ribaldry.

IT is not so far a cry as one might imagine from Charles Pettit's



China to the enchanted realms of Donald Corley's imagination as depicted in "The House of Lost Identity." James Branch Cabell warns the reader that he must be prepared to encounter magic and willing to surrender to its enchantments in order to enjoy Mr. Corley's stories. There is an evident relationship between

this young American author and the ancient story-tellers of the East. Whether the story is set in a mythical Japan, as in "Daimyo's Bowl," or in modern New York, as in the title story, one is transported at once into a world of purest fantasy.

Nothing since the early plays and stories of Lord Dunsany has given me the same impression of a glamorous, fabulous imagination, combined with a sense of irony and realism, which make the range and variety of "The House of Lost Identity" so striking. The Dunsany who imagined "A Night at an Inn" might have written "The Glass Eye of Throgmorton," that extraordinary tale of what an Englishman accomplished with a glass eye over which he wore a lens from a German field-glass as a monocle. Poe would have liked "The Book of Debts," in which by devious routes a man recovers his lost identity. "The Legend of the Little Horses" has a Cabellian quality which accounts for Cabell's special reference to it in his introduction.

THERE is an abrupt transition from all of these writers to Miss Hoyt, whose "Unkind Star" succeeds her "Roundabout"—succeeds it without being, I am afraid, such a success. This time Miss Hoyt's puppets are *Cintra Armory*, born in an American legation, and *Lilias, Countess Rabenstein*, born in an Austrian legation, with *Franz Czarany* and *Terence Down* to furnish the usual complications. *Franz* fails to marry *Lilias* and *Terence* does marry *Cintra*. Result: *Cintra* is left tramping British moors in "soggy tweeds" for the rest of her life, while *Lilias*, in a "perfect black chiffon frock from the perfect couturier and a coat of Canadian sables" discovers that it is "even nastier being *Rudolf's* wife than several people's mistress." Miss Hoyt writes with her



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usual verve, but one feels that she has not lived or felt the scenes described as she did in her first novel.

Had she not aroused expectations by that book, one might be content to say that "Unkind Star" is a thoroughly competent piece of "readable fiction," far better than most volumes enthusiastically hailed in that category.

G. B. STERN's "Bouquet" will make fascinating, if melancholy, reading for those whose alcoholic pleasures are restricted to the by no means modest, but still relatively limited and uncertain resources of New York. With three companions she started out on a wine-tour in France, and this book is the record of things eaten and drunk, and—to a lesser extent—seen and heard. One couple were impenitent champions of Burgundy, whereas Mrs. Stern and her husband favored Bordeaux. Claret is so often disappointing that we need not be surprised to learn that the Burgundians had the better luck. The only Bordeaux which was really superb during the entire trip was a Saint-Emilion, Château Ausone. But in the Burgundy district Chablis du Clos and Romanée Conti caused the connoisseurs to lift up their voices in praise to the Lord of vintages. Mrs. Stern is unduly severe on Sauternes and even affects to despise Château Yquem; but in the Rhone Valley the whole party rejoiced, and the reader can join them (at least in spirit), in the Châteauneuf du Pape, and in the local and lesser known growths of the district.

BASIL WOON's "The Frantic Atlantic" is a new kind of guide-book, for it helps you not only to get over there, but also to get back, and to enjoy yourself when you are neither here nor there. He combines the advice of a tourist agency as to steamers and accommodations with the wisdom of the experienced traveller from whom one gets tips about those impalpable nothings which make all the difference between a thoroughly amusing and agreeable crossing and one which may range from acute boredom and discomfort to a neutral state of not too comfortable resignation. Mr. Woon also impinges on the field of the ship-news reporter by carefully indicating the various celebrities, real and imaginary, who patronize certain steamship lines and certain boats.

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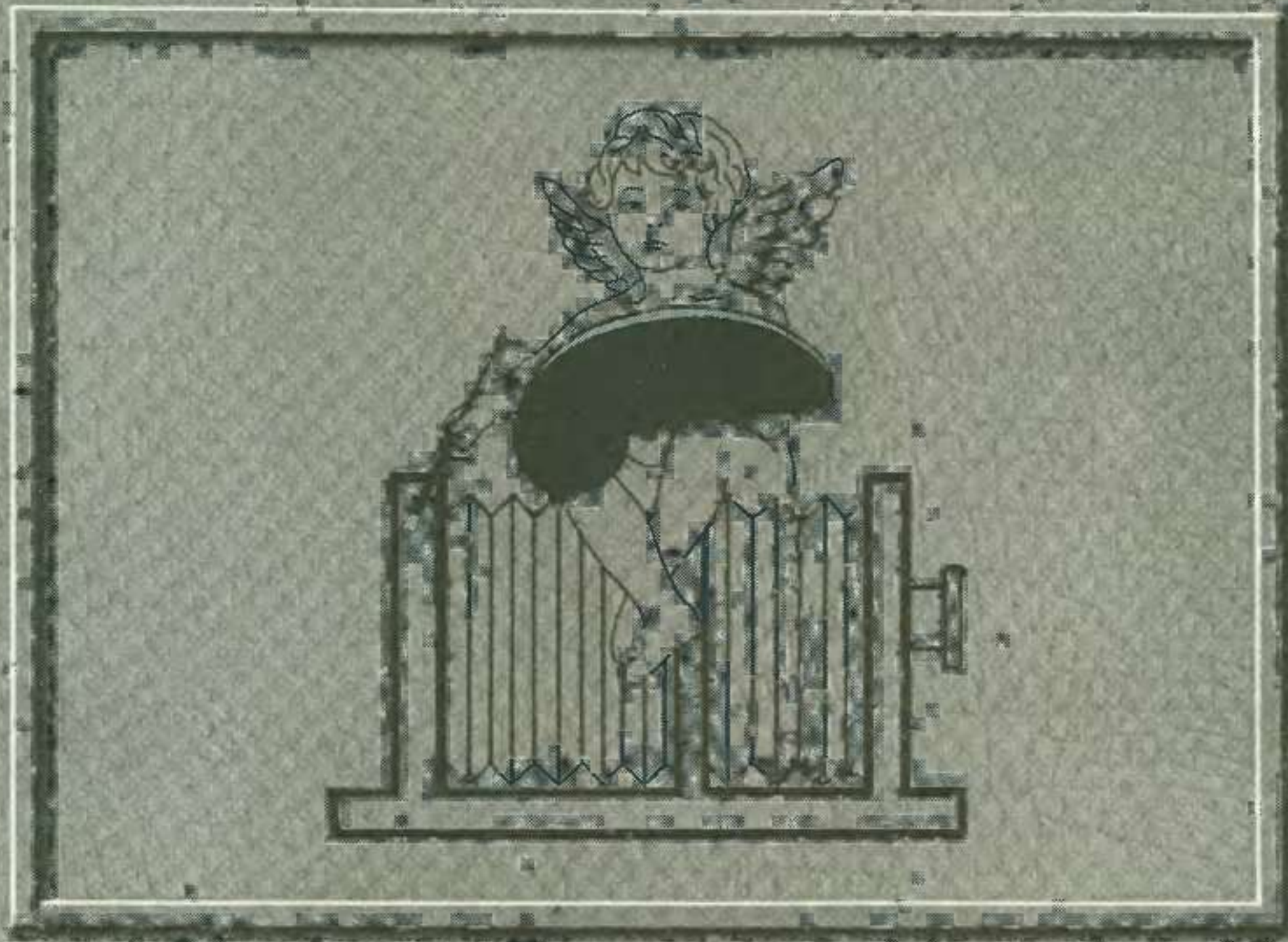


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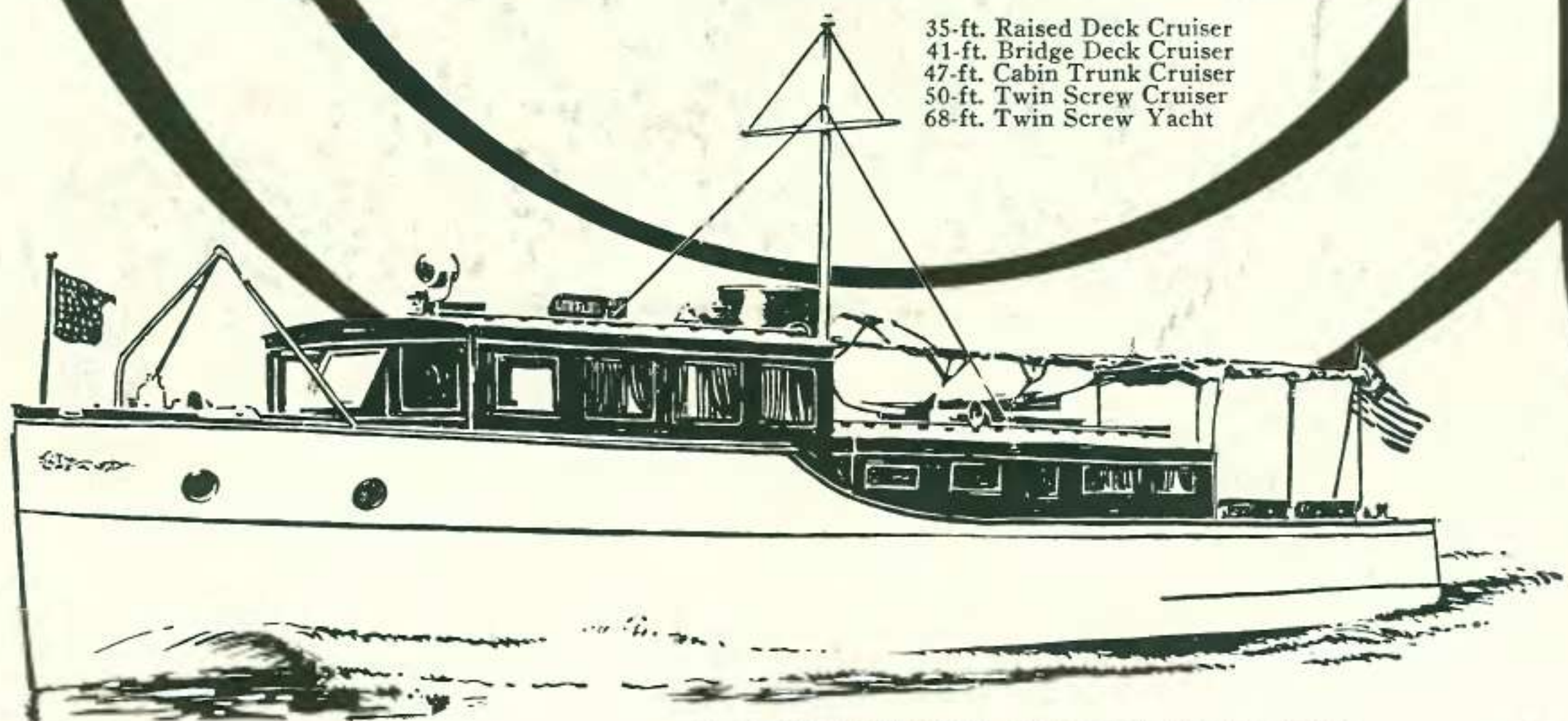
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