June 23. 1928

THE NEW YORKER

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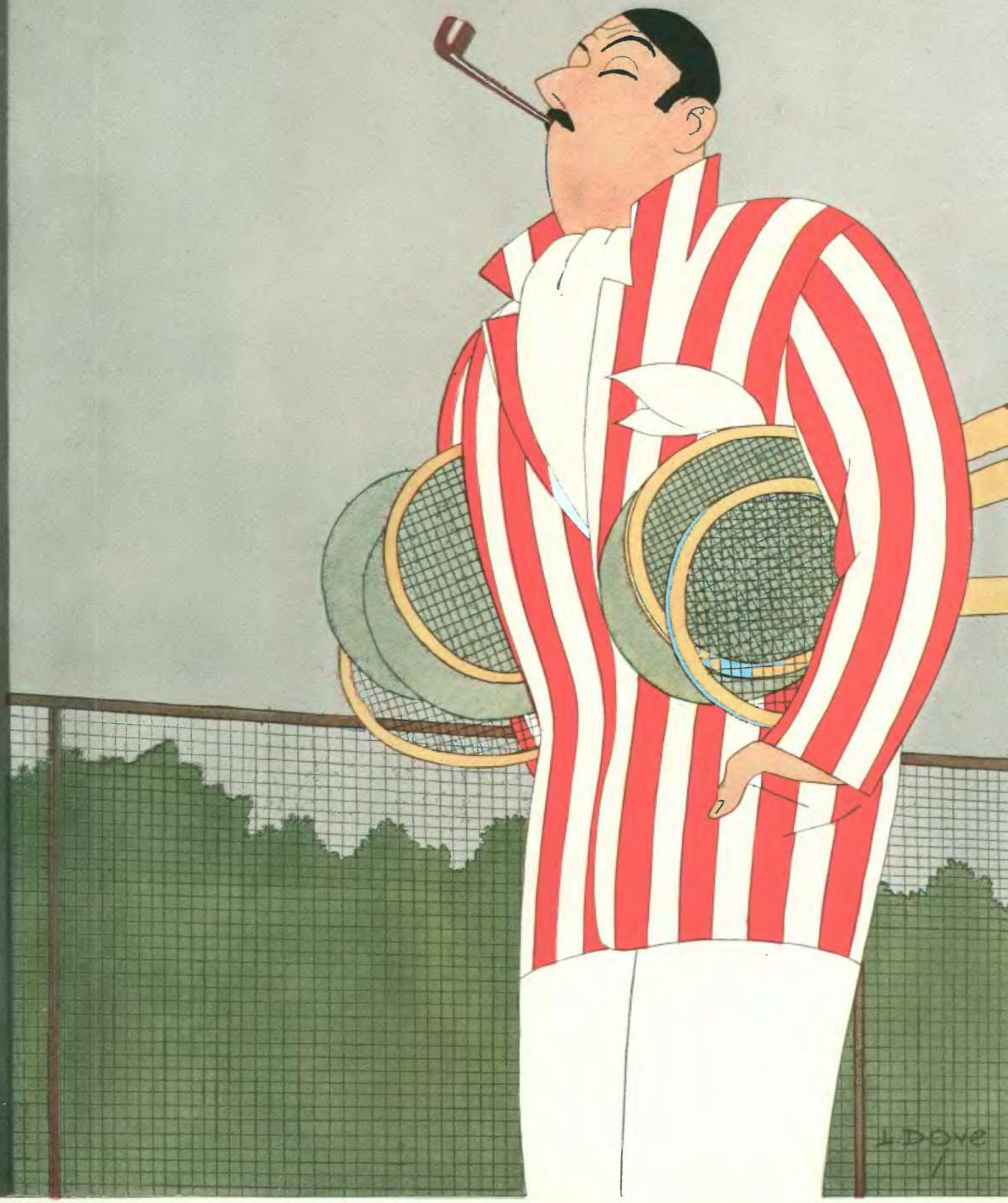

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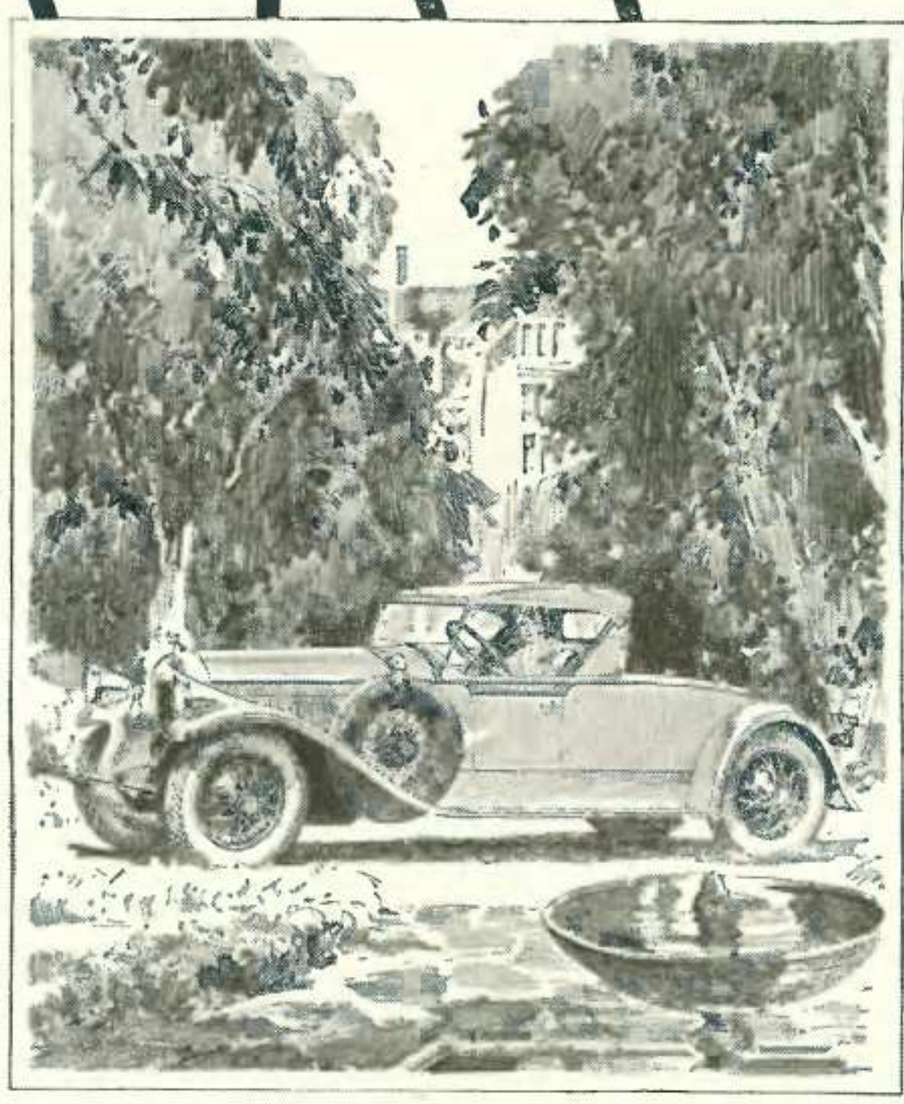

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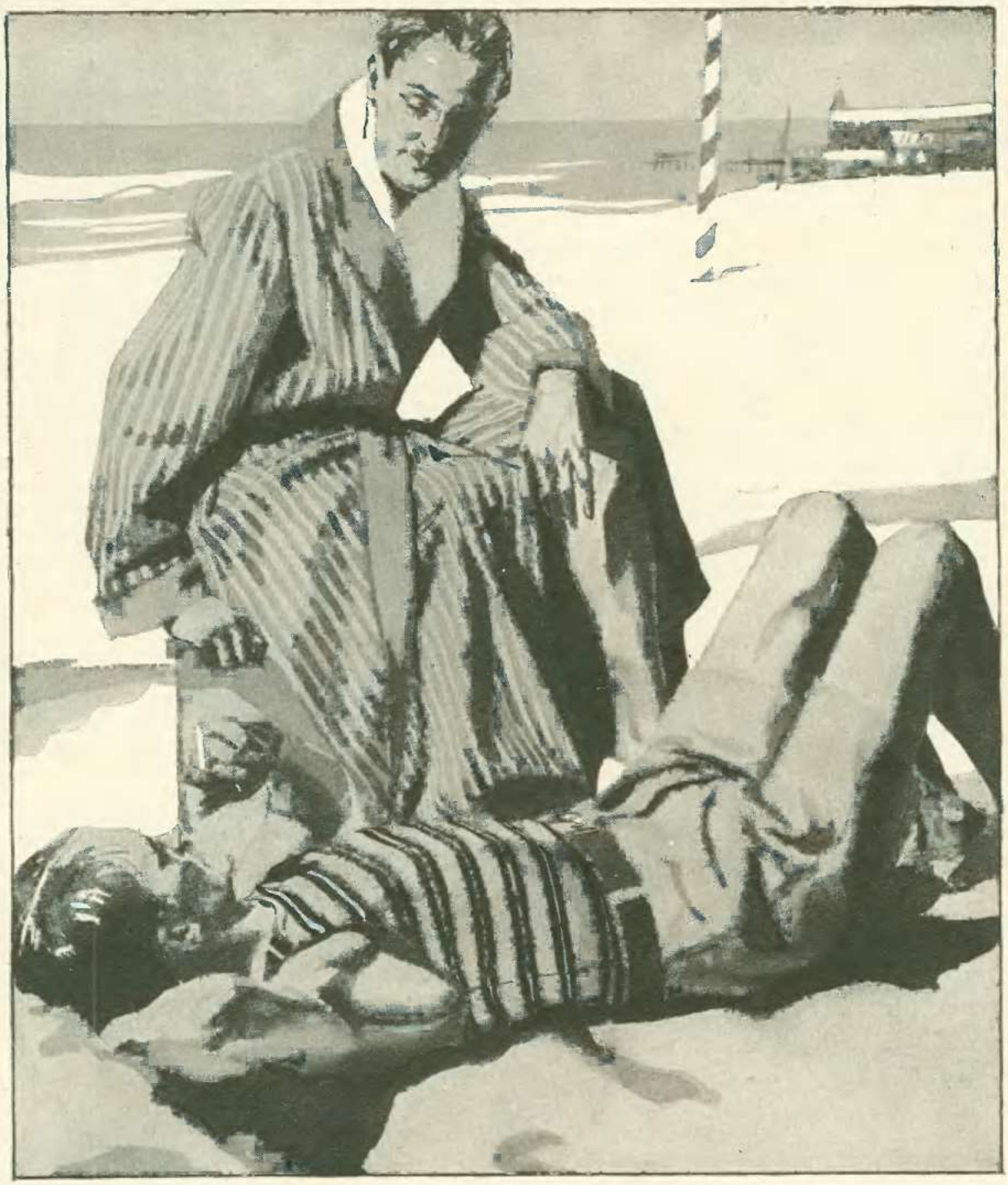

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FIRST and SIXTH FLOORS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JUNE 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 30. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, curtains rise at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., with midweek matinées on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. Listings are alphabetical.)

PLAYS

THE BACHELOR FATHER—A new reunion idea evolved by the unmarried father who needed his children to amuse him in his old age. June Walker in a Belasco production. (Belasco, 44, E. Mat. Thurs.)

BURLESQUE—The Tender Passion among its leading exponents. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

COQUETTE—The tragic turn in the life of a southern beauty, excitingly portrayed by Helen Hayes. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E.)

DIAMOND LIL—Mae West as queen of a Bowery saloon of the rough and rowdy nineties. Don't miss it. (Royale, 45, W.)

DIPLOMACY—All-star revival of a worthy classic that is still amusing. May close any day. (Erlanger's, 44, W.)

THE HAPPY HUSBAND—An agreeable but unimportant comedy about nice people, with Billie Burke and some other important names in the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

PARIS BOUND—A charming comedy of marriage by Philip Barry, with Madge Kennedy. (Music Box, 45, W.)

PORGY—Return engagement of the Guild's turbulent study of negro life in Charleston. (Republic, 42, W.)

THE ROYAL FAMILY—A fascinating portrayal of three generations of a slightly mad stage family. (Selwyn, 42, W.)

THE SILENT HOUSE—A good place to go for cold chills these warm summer evenings. (Morosco, 45, W.; but expected to move Mon., June 25, to the Shubert, 44, W.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—A wife, two lovers, and a husband, and about everything they say or think during some twenty years, in O'Neill's Pulitzer Prize marathon. A great Guild cast—the last week of Lynn Fontanne. (Golden, 58, E. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:30.)

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—Novel and entertaining courtroom play with a Follies girl on trial for her life. (Harris, 42, W.)

VOLPONE—Lusty farce adapted from Ben ("O rare") Jonson, rarer still for a Guild cast. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

NOTE: Louise Groody in song-and-dance and Bertha Kalich in a sketch, at the Palace, Fri. through Sun., June 22-24; Eva Le Gallienne in a skit, Mon. through Sun., June 25-July 1. Performances at 2 and 8 P.M.

WITH MUSIC

BLACKBIRDS OF 1928—A colored revue that is just about fair vaudeville. Some good tap-dancing. (Liberty, 42, W. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE—Mark Twain in modern music, with the kind assistance of Messrs. Fields, Rodgers, and Hart. (Vanderbilt, 48, E.)

GOOD NEWS—Gay, collegiate musical comedy that has enjoyed a long run. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GRAND STREET FOLLIES—A mildly entertaining revue distinguished by some good travesties on the season's theatre. (Booth, 45, W.)

GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES—Doctor Rockwell is amusing; the show is good enough summer fare. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. Mat. Tues.)

HERE'S HOWE!—Just another summer show. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

PRESENT ARMS—Noisy musical show about the marines. Another by Fields, Rodgers, and Hart. (Lew Fields' Mansfield, 47, W. Mat. Thurs.)

RAIN OR SHINE—Mostly Joe Cook. He's so good you don't have to worry about the rest of the show. (George M. Cohan, B'way at 43.)

ROSALIE—A good Ziegfeld show with the always entertaining Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

SHOW BOAT—Edna Ferber's novel set to Jerome Kern's music in one of the best ever. A Ziegfeld production with Charles Winninger and Helen Morgan. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

THE THREE MUSKETEERS—Dumas' best-seller in a Ziegfeld jacket. Friml music, and Dennis King as D'Artagnan. (Lyric, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

OPENING OF NOTE

SAY WHEN—Marc Connelly's musical version of "Love-in-a-Mist", score by Franke Harling. Opens Tues., June 26. (Morosco, 45, W.)

FOR DINING AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51—Dancing during dinner in the Italian Garden in pleasant Park Avenue atmosphere.*

ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246—Dancing and refreshments on the terrace until 2 A.M.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50—Another perennial favorite for after the theatre. Especially cool on warm nights. Emil Coleman's orchestra plays.*

SHERRY'S, 300 Park—Dinner dancing all summer at this winter favorite.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Only a few night clubs of this type remain open for the summer. Among them: The Salon Royal, 58, W. of B'way, boasting Texas Guinan and open all night . . . Chez Helen Morgan, 134 W. 52, now an open-air place . . . The Furnace, 131 W. 52, a good late place for the die-hards.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—With near-Bohemian atmosphere, and inexpensive: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Chico's, 245 Sullivan; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and The Nest, 169 W. 133, are a few to choose from if you haven't a friend who'll personally conduct you. Go late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—One of the few places still open is Kavkaz, B'way at 53, particularly good on Saturday nights.

ROOFS—A magnificent view from the St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55, with its new roof garden, Vincent Lopez music, and Rosita and Ramon dancing. Open until 2 A. M.* . . . Dancing till midnight at the Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46, another favorite with the élite.* . . . Other roofs are: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascade, Vanderbilt at 43; Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (an exceptional harbor view); McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55: Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33; and Waldorf, 5 Ave. at 34.

(Continued on page 4)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JUNE 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 30. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

(Continued from page 2)

MOTION PICTURES

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. Sunday Mat. at 3. Titles are listed alphabetically.)

DAWN—Sybil Thorndike giving dignity to a picture of the death of Edith Cavell. (Times Square, 42, W.)

THE END OF ST. PETERSBURG—A savage film from the Soviets telling of the Russian Revolution. Well worth seeing. (Hammerstein's, B'way at 53.)

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS—Horrors and misbehavior in seventeenth-century England. Hugo's novel well done. (Central, B'way at 47.)

STREET ANGEL—A beautiful picture of a second-rate story. With Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

WINGS—A very thin plot redeemed by splendid scenes of aerial warfare. (Criterion, B'way at 44.)

The following also are recommended, if you run across them: "The Big Noise," Chester Conklin in a good satire; "Easy Come, Easy Go," Richard Dix in light comedy; "The Last Command," Emil Jannings; "Across to Singapore," Ramon Navarro and trouble at sea; "The Crowd," King Vidor's splendid film; and "The Drag Net," Bancroft and the underworld again.

The best of the talking movies now being shown are the Movietone skits at the Gaiety and Globe—Joe Cook, Clark and McCullough, and Ruby Keeler (tap-dancing) are all good, at the Gaiety; and the Globe shows Robert Benchley's "Treasurer's Report." Movietone newsreels or short travelogues are shown regularly at those houses and at the Roxy and Strand.

ART

AMERICANS—A summer show with some of the best moderns: Daniel, 600 Madison (above 57). Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays, through June.

CARNEGIE—Bits from the International of last year; fine Matisse: Dudensing, 5 E. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., daily except Sun.

CHASE—Memorial show of his decade: American Academy of Arts and Letters, 633 W. 155. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. weekdays; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; until July 15.

ETCHINGS OF NEW YORK—Karl Dehmann: Harlow, McDonald, 667 5 Ave. (above 52). Open 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. weekdays; Sat. until noon.

GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES—Founder's Exhibition: 6th floor, Grand Central Terminal. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. weekdays; Sat. until 1 P.M.

MATISSE AND COMPANY—Another warm-weather offering worth your time: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. weekdays; Sat. until noon; through June.

MODERNS—Museum dedicated to the living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. weekdays; Sat. until 6 P.M.

MORE AMERICANS—Burchfield, Kuhn, and Pach, among others: Montross, 26 E. 56. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays; Sat. until noon; through June.

(The loan exhibition of French Gothic tapestries at the Metropolitan Museum will continue into September.)

MUSIC

OUTDOOR CONCERTS—Goldman Band, daily at 8:30 P.M.; playing Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. on Central Park Mall; other Eves. on N.Y.U. Campus.

ON THE AIR

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION—Opening at noon, Tues., June 26; will be broadcast over WEAF, WJZ, and WOR daily, from noon to 6 P.M., and during the evening as the occasion warrants, until final adjournment.

GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS—Grantland Rice summarizing day's play in Nat'l. Open Championships at Chicago, Fri. and Sat., June 22 and 23, at 8:15 P.M., over WJZ.

LUDLOW AND GAINSBORG—Violinist and pianist, Fridays, June 22 and 29, at 8 P.M., over WJZ.

CHAMBER MUSIC—String quartet and soloist, Fridays, June 22 and 29, at 10 P.M., over WJZ.

UNITED SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Howard Barlow conducting. Sun., June 24, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

NATIONAL STRING ORCHESTRA—Symphonic and chamber music, Sun., June 24, at 4:30 P.M., over WEAF.

GOLDMAN BAND CONCERTS—From N.Y.U. Campus, Sats., June 23 and 30, at 8:30 P.M., over WEAF; from The Mall, Central Park, Sun., June 24, at 9:15 P.M., over WJZ; from N.Y.U. Campus, Tues., June 26, at 8:30 P.M., over WJZ.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri., June 22; Yankees vs. Boston, Sat. and Sun., June 23 and 24; games at Yankee Stadium at 3 P.M. daily (excepting double-header, Sat., June 23, starting at 1:30 P.M.). (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . Giants vs. Philadelphia, Wed. and Thurs., June 27 and 28; Giants vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., June 29 and 30; games at Polo Grounds at 3:20 P.M., excepting double-header on Sat., June 30, which starts at 1:30 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—Eddie (Cannonball) Martin vs. Tod Morgan, junior lightweight championship bout, 15 rounds, Ebbets Field, Sullivan St., just off Franklin Ave., Brooklyn; Wed., June 27; main bout at 10 P.M., preliminaries at 8:15. (Take Brighton Line train on B.M.T. to Prospect Park.)

DOG SHOWS—Westchester Kennel Club, Westchester-Biltmore C.C., Rye, Sat., June 23. . . . Monmouth County Kennel Club, Rumson, N. J., Sat., June 30.

GOLF—Jess Sweetser Victory Tournament, Wykagyl, New Rochelle, Fri. and Sat., June 22 and 23. . . . Intercollegiate Tournament, Apawamis, Rye, Tues. through Sat., June 26-30.

(The Nat'l Open Championships will be concluded at Olympia Fields C.C., in Chicago, Fri. and Sat., June 22 and 23.)

HORSE SHOW—Babylon Horse Show, Babylon, L.I., Fri. and Sat., June 22 and 23.

POLO—Meadowbrook Club Tournament, Westbury, L.I.; games daily, except Fri. and Sun., through Sat., June 30. Games begin 5:15 P.M., Mon. through Thurs., and 4:30 P.M. Sat. Trains from Penn. Sta. at 3:04 and 3:59 P. M.—a 45-minute run. . . Intercollegiate Tournament, Westchester-Biltmore C.C., Rye, finals, Sat., June 23, at 3 P. M. . . . Rockaway Hunt Club, Cedarhurst, L.I.; Sat., June 23 through July 14.

RACING—Aqueduct: Races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at brief intervals from 12:15 to 1:55 P.M.)

TENNIS—Eastern Clay Court Championships, New York A.C., Travers Island, New Rochelle; last two days, Fri. and Sat., June 22 and 23; play at 5 P.M. Fri. and 2 P.M. Sat. . . . National Intercollegiate Championships, Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa., Mon. through Wed., June 25-27. . . . New Jersey State Championships, Montclair A.C., Montclair, Sat., June 30.

YACHTING—Riverside Y. C. Regatta, Riverside, Conn., Sat., June 23. . . . Ocean Race, New London to Bermuda, starting from New London, Conn.; small class (under 34 ft.), Fri., June 22; larger classes, Sat., June 23; 3:30 P.M. both days. . . . June Regatta, New York Yacht Club, off Newport, Mon. through Wed., June 25-27. . . . City Island Y.C. Regatta, City Island, Sat., June 30. . . . Spanish-American race, Class B (under 55 ft. water line), starting off Sandy Hook, Sat., June 30, at noon. (Class A starts July 7.)

NOTE: Last call for automobile operators' licenses, expiring June 30. See instructions for renewal on your present license.

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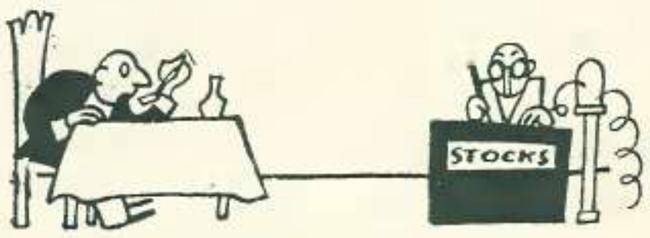
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A LITTLE train we sometimes take, to a country place we know, becomes a very friendly train when it gets north of where the twenty-minute commuters depart. Only a few passengers remain, and mostly these are old friends of the conductor, a wise and a kindly man. He inquires after their children, listens to them tell how their

gardens are coming on, and has a wealth of sound advice on many things. He knows what to do for poison ivy and for cinders in the eye and for drooping spirits. Recently he admonished us on the evils of reading newspapers, and particularly risking the eyesight upon them in a fading light, and pointed out, as a far better thing to study, the first fireflies of the season lighting up in the fields. By comparison with psychoanalysts we have known, our genial conductor seems to us to bring considerably more repose to the soul.

OUR friend, having offered to take us to dinner, ventured to admit that he wanted to go downtown "to an Italian place." He said he hadn't been



there for years but that he knew it was still running. He wanted to recapture "that old mood." We are always skeptical about mood-recapturing in New York, and we were a little surprised when our cab drew up in front of Mori's in Bleecker Street. Ours was no surprise at all, however, compared to his on entering the restaurant and finding that an interior decorator had been at work there on a big scale. He was inconsolable and mumbled incoherent phrases which seemed to contain the word America. "You haven't seen anything yet," we said softly, and directed his attention to the stock-broker's office beside the entrance to the dining-room. He ate dinner in silence. On Tuesday he sailed for a place in Normandy.

WE gave up trying to reform policemen, particularly traffic policemen, many years ago, having accomplished nothing. Still, our old plan of reform remains, a wistful hope, and we pass it on to some stouter and more sanguine heart. Our dream seems to us neither impossible nor unjust. It is merely that the police, particularly the

traffic police, should confine themselves to the prescribed field of their authority. That is, they should either admonish a violator clearly and briefly and let him proceed, or else serve him with a summons. They should not seize upon a violation of the traffic rules, at worst a minor crime, to ask a taxpayer where in hell he thinks he is going, or whether he is blind or going blind, or be permitted free indulgence in any of the other phrases of heavy and insulting sarcasm. But, as we said, personally we gave up years ago trying to do anything about this.

WE are convinced that for better or for worse—probably the latter—the speakeasy is here to stay and we think that influential persons interested in the welfare of the populace should work for its improvement. At the moment we have one suggestion. It is that the French saucer system for

keeping track of the reckoning be adopted. The present method is crude and uneconomical. When a gathering breaks up now the bill is added up by a tired, and sometimes Swedish, waiter with no head for figures. He knows at best only the grand total. He has no idea how to divide the check according to what each man has ordered. The result is usually a hearty if insincere scramble by all the men present, and one of them pays the whole amount. Or perhaps two of them dreamily pay the same bill. This tends to make speakeasy owners fat and slovenly. The French scheme would obviate all this. Moreover, many thoughtful fellows, noting from the price marks on the saucers that they are paying as much for Bayonne Bacardi as a Frenchman pays for Château-Yquem, 1921, would go home and read aloud to their wives from pleasant books.

Routine

A GENTLEMAN who manufactures silk thread, and who has been getting around quite a lot since his

wife went to Europe, was given solemn pause one night. Worn and weary, he went home, resolved that nothing should interfere this time with a good night's sleep. He dined alone, lit a mild cigar, and stretched out. A little while later he luxuriously dozed off. He was awakened by his butler, who said, "Beg pardon, sir, it's eleven o'clock; time—isn't it?—for you to be going out." Thus challenged, there was nothing for the poor fellow to do but get dressed and depart. He spent an hour roaming the streets and finally went to the marathon dancing contest.

Modern Showhouse

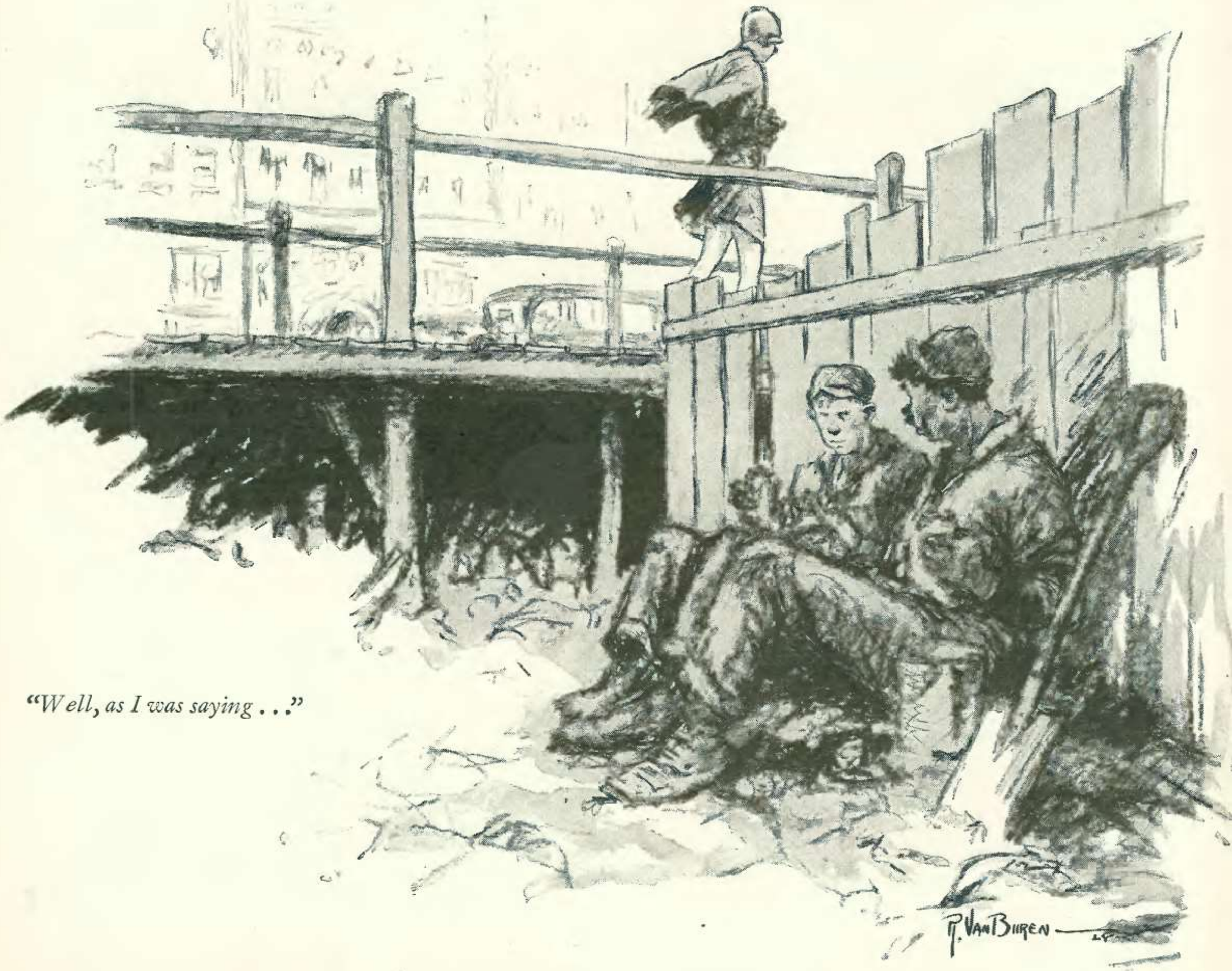
VARIOUS details of the rumored Reinhardt theatre in New York are becoming known. Apparently there is no doubt that the German impresario will move here, perhaps within the next six months, and make this city his residence. He will doubtless begin his production program with some of the pieces that have made his fame, but from that point he will begin to experiment with the American drama as Broadway knows it. His year will be full, for, in addition to his activities here, he will spend periods making films in Hollywood.

The new theatre will probably adjoin the Capitol, with the entrance on Fiftieth Street, and it may be built in conjunction with a big hotel. Messmore Kendall is interested in the enterprise. He owns the site. In its physical aspects the playhouse will be something entirely new. Joseph Urban is planning it. The façade will be of black glass with a cross-pattern of gold. The pattern will disguise fire-escapes, which have done so much to make the Broadway district what it is today. On the interior, the stage will be shallow as to depth but it will have the highest proscenium arch in the world. There will be a forestage and a circular continuation of the stage extending around the walls of the auditorium. This will multiply the possibilities in presenting spectacles and allow actors to enter and exit from almost anywhere. The equipment will comprise, of course, all the latest tricks from home and abroad. The capacity of the auditorium will be seventeen hundred. There will be no balconies, but there will be a series of boxes or loges in tiers, so arranged that each will have a real view of the stage, and behind each set of boxes will be a vestibule, coatroom, and, possibly, a buffet. Elevators will take the patrons up and down. The decorations will be of red damask with a ceil painting.

It is expected that work will start on the theatre any day now. Herr Reinhardt will come over during the winter about the time the building is completed.

Duet in Languages

A BELATED story about Lindbergh concerns a speech he made



"Well, as I was saying . . ."

in Porto Rico, where it is the custom to provide an interpreter for addresses in a foreign tongue. The flier didn't know about this, it seems, and therefore looked up in surprise when, just after he had uttered his first sentence, a gentleman by his side began to speak loudly in Spanish. Lindbergh waited until he had finished and then remarked that he was indeed happy to be in Porto Rico. The interpreter interrupted to wax loud and eloquent again. The aviator stopped, walked over to the gentleman and politely remarked, "If you don't mind, sir, I'd rather you finished your speech first and then I'll go ahead with mine." The astonished gentleman volubly explained. Lindbergh smiled when he learned what it was all about but he managed to save time, for when he resumed he talked so fast that the other never even caught his breath.

How to Make a Living

A COMPANY that appears to be flourishing just now advertises that it will buy land suitable for an airport. Those who communicate are requested to call at an office in the Forties. One woman who became interested called and offered her farm in Connecticut for forty-eight thousand dollars. The gentleman she dealt with seemed to think that was a fair price for the land she described, but explained that an expert from Washington would have to approve it first. This calls for a fee of fifty dollars and the expert's travelling expenses, all payable at once. The lady paid and was told that if the expert approved of the site—and there was no reason to imagine he wouldn't—the forty-eight thousand would be paid her at once in cash. It seems that after a few days she was advised that the expert thought her land was not quite right for an airport.

Over on Eighth Avenue around Fiftieth Street some men have been soliciting signatures to a light-wines-and-beer petition. Signers are asked to contribute fifty cents for stamps, envelopes, and the like for the cause. We have the report of a gentleman who laughed wisely and asked the solicitor who approached him how much he made. "Well, I make five bucks a day anyway," said the solicitor.

Murder and Profit

IN a lawyer's outer office last week, a policeman in uniform fell into conversation with a client who was waiting, and told this story: In the line of duty he was early upon the scene of the Elwell murder. The dead man's hand held a telegram signed with an initial and recommending a certain horse for the fifth race that day. Consulting the sporting pages of a newspaper he found in the house, the policeman ascertained that the horse was listed. Upon being relieved he telephoned a bookmaker whom he knew and placed a bet of fifty dollars on the horse. He won two hundred and fifty dollars.

Work and Play

IN the office of a consulting efficiency engineer at 673 Fifth Avenue one morning this week an office boy caught a mouse. Being a consulting efficiency engineer, the head of the firm had an idea. He inserted the rodent in a mailing tube and despatched it by messenger to the Elizabeth Arden shop, which is in the same building. Most of the rest of the day was spent in efficient riding up and down in the elevators to learn what had happened. Just before he had to depart to catch his train for the weekend, this busy man learned that little or nothing had come of his prank. A competent lady, opening the tube in a pink and gold salon, had simply opened the door and kicked the mouse out into the hall—to wander through the building again and, perchance, return to the efficiency office in a day or two.

Pre-View

SOON after a rather prominent man and his family had been established for the summer at Garden City, they entertained friends at a garden party and took movies of the proceedings with their own camera. The film would be dull to anyone who wasn't in the party for it simply showed George, the host, shaking a cocktail and several wags with their arms about the ladies. Some time later the owner sent the developed film to his brother and two unmarried sisters in California. They were eager for a glimpse of George but didn't have a projection machine. The brother, however, is a deacon of his church and one night, at the conclusion of a missionary's travel lecture, illustrated with his own films, asked permission to run off some lovely views of his brother's estate in the East. The request was granted and the evening ruined.

Next to Godliness

ALL is elegant and swell in the reception room of WEAF, in the National Broadcasting Building, we are told by a lady who was there last week. She was shown to a deep chair to await an interview. A gentleman, in the room when she arrived, arose and disappeared into an office. Immediately, a trim maid appeared and smoothed out the cushions of the chair he had sat in. Then carefully she surveyed the Venetian red and green appointments of the room. Her eyes alighted at length on a tiny table which held a tinted glass ash-tray. She hurried to it, picked up a lone burnt match from the tray, and bore it daintily from the room.

Down to Coney

CONEY ISLAND is the same, as important as ever for those making the best of New York in the summer. Unquestionably, of a Saturday, Sunday, or holiday, it presents the world's unloveliest mass of humanity—the contents of the melting-pot right out on display. The cross-eyes of the world, we heard the Boardwalk called. Every responsible person should be compelled to march the length of it once a year, to see who is entitled to vote for mayor.

If you go down in the right spirit, however—that is, if you are gay or can simulate gaiety—you may have a lot of fun. You can throw balls at chinaware or at negro heads, shoot at imitation birds with a rifle, get lost in mazes, see reproductions of famous battles, and ride in or on all sorts of weird or thrilling things. At Steeplechase Park you can see proletarians at play, and this is guaranteed interesting. The girls and their fellows go there and most of them put on an overall garment called a carnival suit. There are wooden horses to ride and all sorts of dizzying contraptions to glide down or get flung off of. We call special attention to the human

billiard table. The main entrance is also much worth-while. Here the unsuspecting run a gamut of jiggling floors, clowns with electrically charged pokers, and airholes in the floor that blow girls' skirts up. The management has thoughtfully provided several hundred seats for patrons wishing to thus observe the newcomers, and the gallery, mostly but not exclusively stag, has a swell time. Our opinion is that this isn't shocking, as things are these days, but good clean fun. Moreover, an attendant said that most of the feminine sex liked the airholes, that it was impossible to keep some women away from them.

LUNA PARK, which is spick-and-span in red and white, and much higher toned than most of the other places because it charges a gate admission, also has a place, called the Pit, where they have chutes, revolving tables, and more airholes to blow girls' skirts up. The trip through the Grand Canyon at Luna is not nearly so frightening as the big roller coasters. It is recommended for a sound, conservative thrill. The most terrible of the coasters on the island seems to be the Cyclone. If every single passenger who rides upon it doesn't scream it's because he can't catch his breath—or her breath. The fact is, so an attendant told us, it is the women who always want to go on the roller coasters and who want to go a second time. He said women were strange and got some kind of a thrill out of it. He couldn't understand it himself. On the Midway a blonde girl of about seventeen absolutely defeats gravity by riding a motorcycle around an upright cylinder, and there is an Irish dance hall where the waiters dance and sing songs after the fashion of 1880. There are sideshows here and elsewhere on the island—all to be avoided by anyone at all sensitive. The half-man, half-woman is the freak most extensively advertised. We read in the papers lately of a trial in which a Supreme Court justice expressed the opinion that there wasn't any such thing; it was impossible. He didn't know what he was talking about, for there are not one but several. All the sideshows have one.

Feltmans' Maple Gardens, for a shore dinner, is one of the best places to eat we know of. It would naturally be on anybody's list of the ten best outdoor restaurants to take to a desert island. We are proud of Feltmans'. The food at the new hotel, the Half Moon, is also good. The service (colored) wasn't so good the evening we had dinner there. But that was Sunday and the place was swamped.

Knight of the "L"

A CROWDED Sixth Avenue elevated train was approaching the Thirty-third Street station when a woman who was standing moved restlessly under the burden of several bundles. A man seated in front of her reached out, tapped her arm, and smiled. "Stay right here, lady," he said, "I get off at Forty-second Street."

The Carnegie Hecks

THE Hecks of Carnegie Hall are proud of Wilfred. He is leaving to become manager of the Beethoven Symphony Orchestra. If you have ever bought tickets for any event at Carnegie, you have met one of the Hecks, for since the auditorium opened in 1892 the box office has been in charge of two or more Hecks. The original ones were Rudolph Charles and Auguste. At present there are, including Wilfred, four sons of Rudolph Charles on duty at Carnegie Hall. In the fall a third generation of Hecks will make its bow behind the ticket window, John and Howard W., II, the two sons of Wilfred.

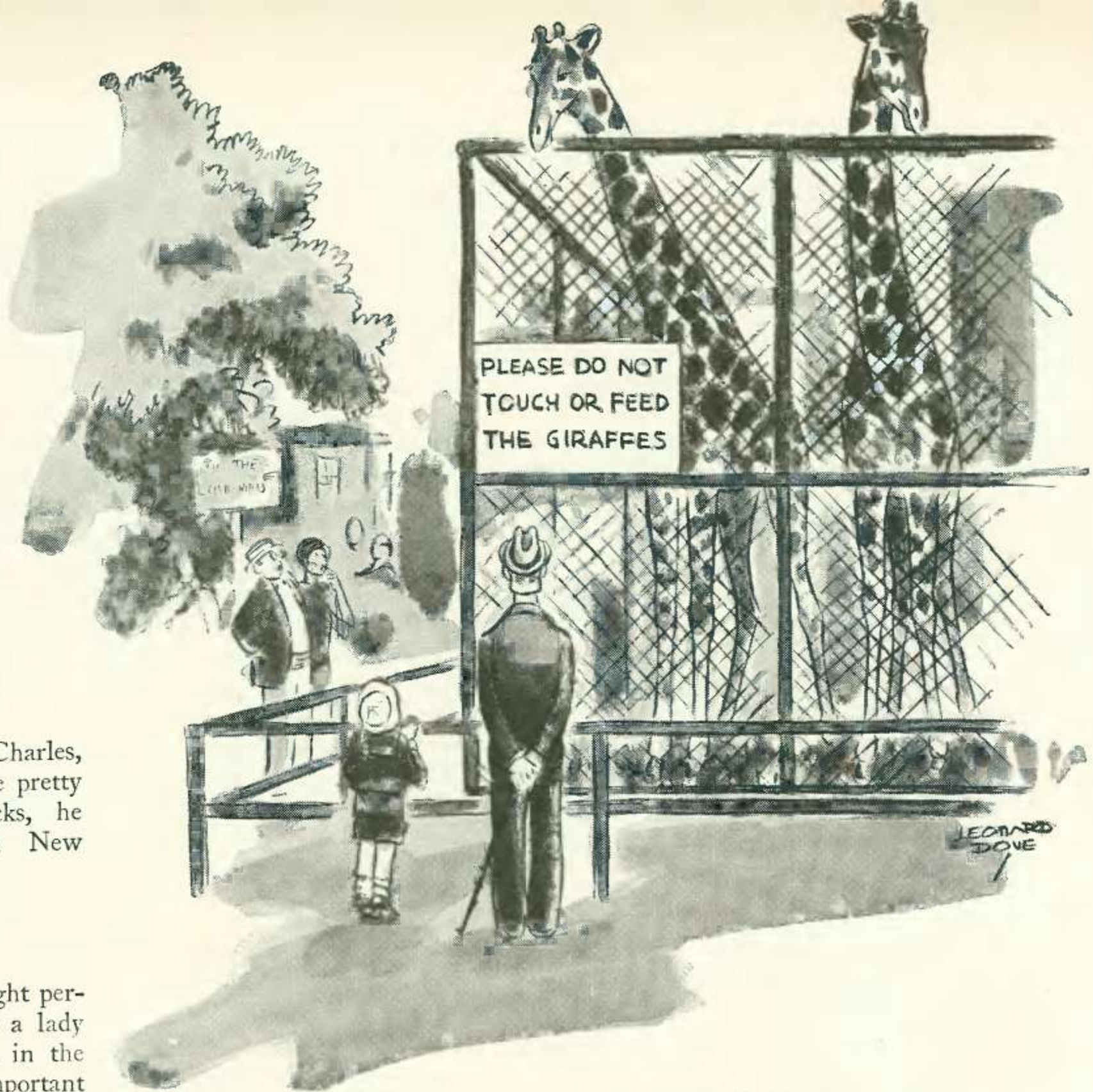
Members of the family have been the de facto managers of many attractions at Carnegie. The details of the New York concerts of Kreisler and Rachmaninoff are generally left in their hands, and Howard W. (the elder Howard W., with the sideburns) has been business overseer for both those artists on tour. Walter has acted in similar capacity for Alma Gluck and Mischa Elman and will travel with Roland Hayes in the coming season.

When a concert manager is in

"Well, my first today."

"Yeh? . . . What day is it?"

doubt about such matters as announcements and the proper distribution of free tickets, he invariably consults a Heck. They are not only numerous but ubiquitous. They were in charge of the Aeolian Hall box office when that institution came into being in 1909. In the summer they are "in the cage" at the Lewisohn Stadium for the Philharmonic concerts. While the late New York Symphony was playing on Sundays at Mecca Temple, one or more Hecks usually were present to assist. There is only one who is not engaged in the management of box offices. He is Roy, the youngest of the five sons of Rudolph Charles, and for reasons which must be pretty puzzling to the other Hecks, he elected to practice law in New Jersey.



Public Service

AFTER the Wednesday night performance of "Volpone," a lady stepped into the phone booth in the theatre lobby to make an important call. Before she could do more than give the operator the number, a doorman bawled "All out!" and she fled. From a cigar store two blocks away she called again. "Are you the party who rang that number five minutes ago from a Columbus pay station?" asked the operator. "I'm sorry you were cut off. I'll try it again." She did try it again, and got it, and returned the lady's nickel.

Progress of Music

WE went to a music store to see which way the wind is blowing in music stores now. We found no new devices to wedge into the bells of cornets, such as wooden things and hats, but we did discover a distinct trend in piano-accordions. Music-store people say this trend will shortly become a vogue.

One fellow even told us, and was able to smile as he did so, that the vogue, when it comes, will be almost exactly like the vogue for the saxophone. In one day the Wurlitzer Company sold piano-accordions to a broker, a girl stenographer, and a wife and mother. On the other hand, the mechanical accordion, the one that plays a perforated roll and was made in Germany, seems to be dying out. You may find them now only on the shelves of toy stores. It appears that they got out of order easily and were hard to fix. The Wurlitzer Company had one or two on display but took them down. The piano-accordion is so called because the treble keys are like a piano keyboard and are similarly played. The type that makes the most sounds has forty-one treble keys and—this from a man who counted them — one hundred and twenty bass notes. The bass board is played as a stenographer plays a typewriter's keys.

We also picked up some melancholy facts about musical saws. The staunch old firm of Disston has evidently decided to do nothing at all about the musical end of the business. We suppose there are some members of the firm who won't even talk about it. Still, a former Disston employee now picks out the saws for Wurlitzer. He approves of only about fifteen out of every two hundred. Most artists prefer to play a saw with a bow rather than with a mallet. Three years ago a young man used to demonstrate these saws at Wurlitzer's. Now he is at the very top of the saw-playing profession and makes six hundred a week as a vaudeville headliner.

More of the Finest

ONE of the mounted police, riding along West Forty-fourth Street, leaned over and spoke in friendly fashion to a police dog whose owner is accustomed to leave him in a roadster before his office building in that street. The dog cringed and hid his tail. "Humph," said the cop, "*police* dog!" and rode off.

It was down around Thirty-eighth Street that a foot-officer found a Pierce-Arrow which had been standing there for hours. Deciding that it had been abandoned by thieves or joy-riders, he got in to drive it around to the station. He happens to be a very large policeman—so large, in fact, that he couldn't get his paunchiness under the steering wheel. An interested crowd gathered. The officer reddened, got embarrassed, gave up. "Can anyone drive this blamed thing to the station for me?" he asked the group of idlers. "I can," said a girl in a blue tailored suit. He moved over and she got in and they drove off.

—THE NEW YORKERS

GETTING AWAY

IT was long after midnight. Most of the passengers were in their berths. Under the bows the sea curled back the way it does, white and whispering. The ship's bells were little occasional messages, very serene. Astern, the wake was visible, a white line pointing toward New York. Gus' cigarette fluttered up regularly, like a bug.

"Nice to be getting away," said Gus.

"M-m," I said, "nice." The ship made another mile toward Cherbourg. Gus' cigarette made another trip up and back, like a bug.

"There's always a lot of loose talk about the pleasures of summer in New York. Probably just a pose."

"Pose is right," I replied. The ship made another mile. Gus' cigarette wavered, made a trip over the rail, out of sight, into the sea.

"Know the only thing I'll miss?" said Gus.

"What?"

"That feeling you get sometimes, between five and seven in the evening —you know, when you're coming home and look down Thirteenth Street and see the funnels of a ship against a red sky. That's kind of nice."

"Sure, I like that," I said. "I also like being *aboard* one of those ships, too."

"Yeah," said Gus. The ship, hearing us, made another sea mile toward Cherbourg.

"Know what I'll miss about New York in summer?" I said. "The thick cold blast of air that comes out at you from a new building when you pass by; you know, it smells like wheelbarrows or something, and it cools you off for a minute."

"Uh huh."

We courteously lit each other's cigarette, first one match going out, then the other.

"You see funny things in New York," said Gus. "The other day I saw an old man leaning against the Guaranty Trust Company, mending umbrellas. He was an umbrella-mender. That was a funny thing."

"Sort of," I said. "Sure, that was a funny thing."

"I'll bet it's hot as hell in New York now."

"Probably. A New York summer is pretty drowsy, all right. The thing that always tickles me is the way the guards on the 'L' lean out from between the cars to take the air while the train is going along, and you look up from the street and there is one of them, balancing on those little footrests, leaning way out and peering ahead like a real railroad man, kind of ashamed because there's so many stations."

"Tell you a nice place in summer—the Williamsburg Bridge. But you've got to get there early, when the heat is just making up."

The ship was producing just the right noises for putting a man to sleep. So was Gus. So was I. To be so lonely, in the cloud-draped watery regions of the world where nothing is firm, to hear the engines so constant. . . .

We were a good deal nearer Cherbourg—ten miles nearer.

"Thank God we're getting away from rivetters," said Gus. "The noon sizzles enough without them. It seems as though a city like New York would suspend rivetting during July and August. It seems as though noons in summer were nothing but rivetting and crowded drugstore luncheonettes, where they serve triple-deck sandwiches. You know the only time I like rivetting? When it's a few blocks away and it starts up suddenly and accelerates, like a cicada. Anything that sounds like a cicada gives you queer intimations, and you get thinking of long avenues of shade trees, and September. Know what I mean? That's the only time I like rivetting. Outside of that I don't think I like rivetting."

"Sunday afternoon is all right in New York in summertime," I said, "because there's nobody left in town. It's like a Childs at five in the morning, when nothing is going except maybe the electric fan. That's O.K."

Three bells struck.

"Let's go to bed," said Gus.

"Sure. Three bells. One-thirty. Ship's bells are nice in the night. Another thing that's nice in the night is the Metropolitan chimes. I once lived where you could hear them dropping around you, all through the evening until midnight. They're just about right in the Gramercy district—just about the right distance, so you think you hear them, then don't, then do. You've got to get a little distance from bells, same as rivets. I'm pretty sleepy."

"I'm pretty sleepy, too. Let's get to the room."

We got up. The ship went right ahead, getting a little more distance from bells and rivets. The wake was still a long white line, pointing toward New York.

"Certainly is nice to be getting away," said Gus.

"Certainly is," I said.

—E. B. W.

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"Don't stare, I know the old-fashioned match is passé."

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If I wasn't a lady I'd like to sock Tunney on his ear.—*Letter to Liberty Magazine.*

It seems to us that the ideal kind of person to be, when socking Tunney on the ear, is a lady.

"Good evening, Mr. Dilley—I've just been trying to interest your wife in our new accident policy."

SOME ROWING REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL HOOKER

IT will no doubt come as something of a surprise to the many followers of rowing to learn that General Hooker was a member of the Yale crew of 1853, and objections will probably be raised to this announcement on two grounds, to wit: (1) General Hooker never went to Yale, and (2) all the statues of the general show him on horseback. I realize that in certain quarters these objections will be enough to condemn me as a mere sensation seeker, while in other quarters I will be dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders. In some quarters, however, I may be able to obtain a hearing, and in other quarters I may merely be listened to with polite contempt. That makes four quarters, or one dollar.

I first became interested in this problem in the summer of 1911 when I was a student at the Phillips-Exeter Academy. I was just a young boy then, although I wore seventeen-year-old suits (some of the suits were even older) and as luck would have it, I selected for the subject of my annual thesis in European History, "Old Yale Crews at the Treaty of Ghent." I don't remember just how I happened to select this subject, and, as it turned out, it wasn't a very good subject because I discovered, to my intense indignation, that there were no Yale crews at the Treaty of Ghent, which I had somehow confused with the Treaty of Vienna. It was then too late to start work on "Yale Crews at the Treaty of Vienna," and to make matters worse, my voice began to change. I was drifting rapidly into atheism and might easily have become an agnostic except for my friendship with a little mouse which used to come up to my room every morning after breakfast and nibble the crumbs off of my chin. Somehow or other that mouse pulled me through. I went back to my work with a renewed belief in some Guiding Principle and soon I had recovered my appetite and my interest in track athletics. Adolescence is a dangerous period in a young boy's life, and I often shudder when I think of the narrow margin by which I escaped becoming an utter failure.

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You may well imagine my surprise, then, when I one day discovered that one of the men on the Yale crew of 1853 looked exactly like General Hooker. I had not, of course, known Hooker personally, as he came long before my time, but I had always retained a lively interest in the Civil War (I could recite most of the battles by heart), and it seemed very curious to me that one of the leading generals on the Northern side should be sitting at No. 4 in the Yale boat. I tried to put the matter out of my mind by taking plenty of exercise and reading only those books which would not tend to excite me on that subject, but I found that I could not do it alone. No sir, my friends, I needed help. I didn't know I needed help, but I did. And one day, as I was passing a church, something the minister was saying aroused my interest and I went inside. And from that moment my mind was at peace, and I was eventually elected Class Orator and "Done the Most for Exeter."

At Yale, however, everything was different. The men were older, and there was much more freedom. I began

"We shall descend at 118th Street."

to like the life—and to grow a little careless. My letters home became less regular, and I learned to laugh at coarse stories. And then, one day in the gymnasium, as I was working on some chest weights, I happened to glance up and there, on the wall, was that picture of the Yale crew of 1853. And seated at No. 4 was General Hooker.

I tried not to look, and at the first convenient moment I hurried out of the gymnasium and took a long trolley ride, followed by a light supper, and if a rather curious incident had not occurred, I should probably have been all right. But a few days later, in looking through my closet for some moths to take to my biology teacher, I came across the trousers of my dress suit and in one of the hidden pockets of those trousers was a letter from General Hooker to my grandfather when the latter was in Libby Prison. That *was* a coincidence, and some might be tempted to ask me certain rather pointed questions, such as what was my grandfather doing with his dress suit in Libby Prison, or what was I doing with my grandfather's dress suit in Yale College.

The explanation is simple. My grandfather always dressed for dinner when he was at home, and when he was captured by the Confederates he saw no reason for discontinuing the practice. He became quite unpopular with his captors as a result of this, because none of them wanted to dress every evening, and various efforts were made to get my grandfather to abandon it. He naturally refused, and after everything else had failed, including a personal request from Jefferson Davis, he was court-martialled and ordered to be shot. Fortunately, the war ended just about this time and so my grandfather was allowed to go home with a reprimand and a sincere request that he never come to Libby Prison again. So much for the so-called "Southern hospitality."

When my grandfather got home he put his evening clothes away in the attic and when it came time for me to go to Yale my grandmother gave them to me, as my grandfather was then too old to go out much and it was felt that I might some day be asked to a dance or an evening wedding, and that is how they happened to be in my closet on that memorable day in June.

But to return to the letter. Here is what it said:

My dear Mr. Ogden—Certainly not. Sincerely, General Hooker.

That little bit of parchment, brought down through all these years, suddenly made me see General Hooker in a new light. He became, in a word, human—and I resolved, at the earliest opportunity, to question my grandfather further about this strange and interesting friendship. I applied myself to my studies with new zeal, and the "bunch" at the frat house saw less and less of me.

Then, one day, came a telegram from the manager of the Hotel Statler telling me that my grandfather had been taken very sick in the Pompeian Room and would I come at once. Half an hour later I was on my way. Oh, youth, youth!

"Ho hum—how time drags."

I arrived too late to do any good, as my grandfather had entirely recovered, but that summer was a golden one for all of us. I was twenty-one. I had got B plus in all my subjects except trigonometry, and romance beckoned. We had taken a small cottage off the Nantucket Lightship and one halcyon day followed another. Europe and its troubles seemed very far away. And then, one day, I met Christine.

It is rather hard to describe Christine. She was not wiry like a Bedouin or hairy like a Schnauzer, and yet she gave the impression of always having been used to the best. She could go into a railroad station and be treated like a princess, or she could play tennis all afternoon with the man who came to fix the parlor gas jet. She spoke French without the slightest trace of an accent, and yet she could run a "hundred" in eleven flat. In a word, she summed up all that men dream about when they think of the "one girl," and I shall never forget that moonlit night when she told me that she thought I was "most attractive."

BUT all good things must come to an end—and while two young people lay dreaming on a beach, an Austrian Archduke was being murdered at far-off Sarajevo. That little spark kindled a world—and the sighing of "O Sole Mio" gave way to the coarse rumbling of cannon. Christine and I were torn apart, and on September 3, 1918, I bought my first Liberty bond. It was a redeemable bond, with interest at 4¼%, and I soon gave up all thought of marriage and devoted my energies to the grim business of "seeing it through." At eleven o'clock on the morning of November 11, however, came the news of the Armistice and the whole world went mad with joy.

And Christine? Well, Christine is happily married and has three children. I often see her when I go into Gimbel's, and we chat pleasantly of the "old days." She has become a little stouter and that sinus trouble is bothering her more and more, but I shall always remember her as my "first girl."

There isn't much more to tell, except that as years go on and I grow in "that wisdom and understanding which maketh a full man," I become increasingly certain that the man who rowed No. 4 in the Yale crew of 1853 was that sterling soldier and splendid gentleman, General Hooker.

—DONALD OGDEN STEWART

AGAINST INDIANS

WANT a problem? Want a patriotic problem? All right, here's a patriotic problem—the American Indian: Lo. Lo, the poor Indian. The Vanishing American.

Vanishing, eh? Good. Wish he'd vanish from the movies, vanish from books, operas, magazines; wish he'd vanish from advertisements extolling litheness, buoyancy, high cheek-bones, noiseless treads, native picturesqueness, corn products, and speed. Wish he'd vanish out of window displays and museums; vanish and take his everlasting arrowheads, wigwams, squaws, papooses, tomahawks, rude utensils, bead embroidery, wampum, moccasins, peace pipes, and tom-toms with him.

Vanishing, eh? Soon there won't be any more Indians, eh? How soon—real soon? Bully. Let them vanish like the spring, like the rose, like grandma's reading glasses, like the section of Sunday's paper with a swell new recipe in it, like a pound of macaroons. Vanish into thin air. Vanish utterly. I hate Indians.

Perhaps I shouldn't hate Indians. It was from Indians, or, at any rate, from books about Indians, that I got my favorite expression—a typical, exclusively Indian expression; as Indian, unless I am misinformed, as an Indian motorcycle. The expression is, "Ugh!" I do not care how Indians, or redskins, use this expression. I, myself, use it to dismiss subjects which obsess me, torture me, or goad me to desperation. I use it to dismiss Indians and everything about Indians. I think Indians should be abolished. I think Indians are a pack of silly idiots.

I'VE never seen an Indian, understand. I've never known an Indian personally. I've never even known a Dartmouth man really well. But, oh, I've read about Indians. And, oh, I've had to hear about them! And, oh, I've seen them in the movies—how I've seen them in the movies! *And* the museums! *And* the rotogravures! Oh, how I've travelled through New England and seen towns, rivers, hotels, and cafeterias named for Indians; how I've looked at statues of Indian braves, smiled appreciatively at quaint Indian legends—are you listening to me, for heaven's sake? I tell you, *I've bought souvenir birch-bark canoes!*

No use telling me to put my mind on something else. I can't. All I see, all I can hear about, read about, think about is Indians. Sure, I can skip advertisements and rotogravure sections, shut my eyes before window displays of children's Indian suits, quicken my steps past museums, refuse invitations to New England. Much good that'll do. You're dealing with a person who for years and years and years was read to sleep with "Leatherstocking Tales." They made me memorize "Hiawatha" in the sixth grade—now I'll never shake the darned thing. Look at the magazines—teeming with redskins, glowing with headdresses, jingling with wampum. Serial stories, usually—thrilling adventure serials full of massacres and bloody scalps, and—whoopee, wah-hoo-wah!—watch the dust

"Poor mama! She's so thrilled about my wedding."

begin to swirl, watch the hordes of rapacious reds settle down to eight solid reels of raids on covered wagons every time I slide into a movie theatre for a delicious half hour with Felix the Cat.

OH, I've got plenty of reasons to hate Indians; no doubt about that. But those are not my real reasons for wanting Indians abolished. It's no whim; I've been thinking it over. Indians ought to be abolished anyway. It's a patriotic problem.

Look in a dictionary or encyclopedia; you will find the Indian described as *homo Americanus*. Homo Americanus. Can you translate it? The true American man is the Indian.

Here is America, taking her rightful place among the nations, leading the world in the production of literary clubs, good breeding, knowledge of French, fine old families, scientific enlightenment, stylish women, modernistic motifs, and world peace. And here is *homo Americanus*, a crude, uncultivated Indian! Imagine an Indian at a literary tea. You can stake your life he'd whoop. Or else, he'd come out with some such solecism as, "Me no wanna lissen"! He'd say it right to Count Keyserling's face. Fancy! No, sir, it mustn't happen. It's not fair to our American women. Ours is a bookish nation; this is the era of letters. Indians are out of step. Indians must go.

Indians have no clothes sense whatever. Can't you see how incongruous it is, when American women are the best-dressed women in the world, that homo Americanus should be no nattier than an old sheep dog? Beaded embroidery, feathers, and fringe went out years ago, but have Indians found it out? Lord, no. These silly braves wear yards of shell and bone necklaces when a single elk's tooth, no matter how small, on a gold chain, would be so much more refined.

You see how it is. Well, it's that way right down the list. Homo Americanus or no, Indians are un-American. Well, then, let us abolish Indians. Let us wave them away. Let us disregard them, dismiss them. Don't let me see any more children playing Indians. I'd rather see them playing Big Bill Thompsons. Don't let me be told any more about native picturesqueness, Cherokees, Pocahontas, quaint customs, King Philip, pageants, Ojibways, Boston Braves. Don't let me hear any more about Indians.

—FRANCES WARFIELD

THE PEANUT ROASTER

(ON BEEKMAN STREET)

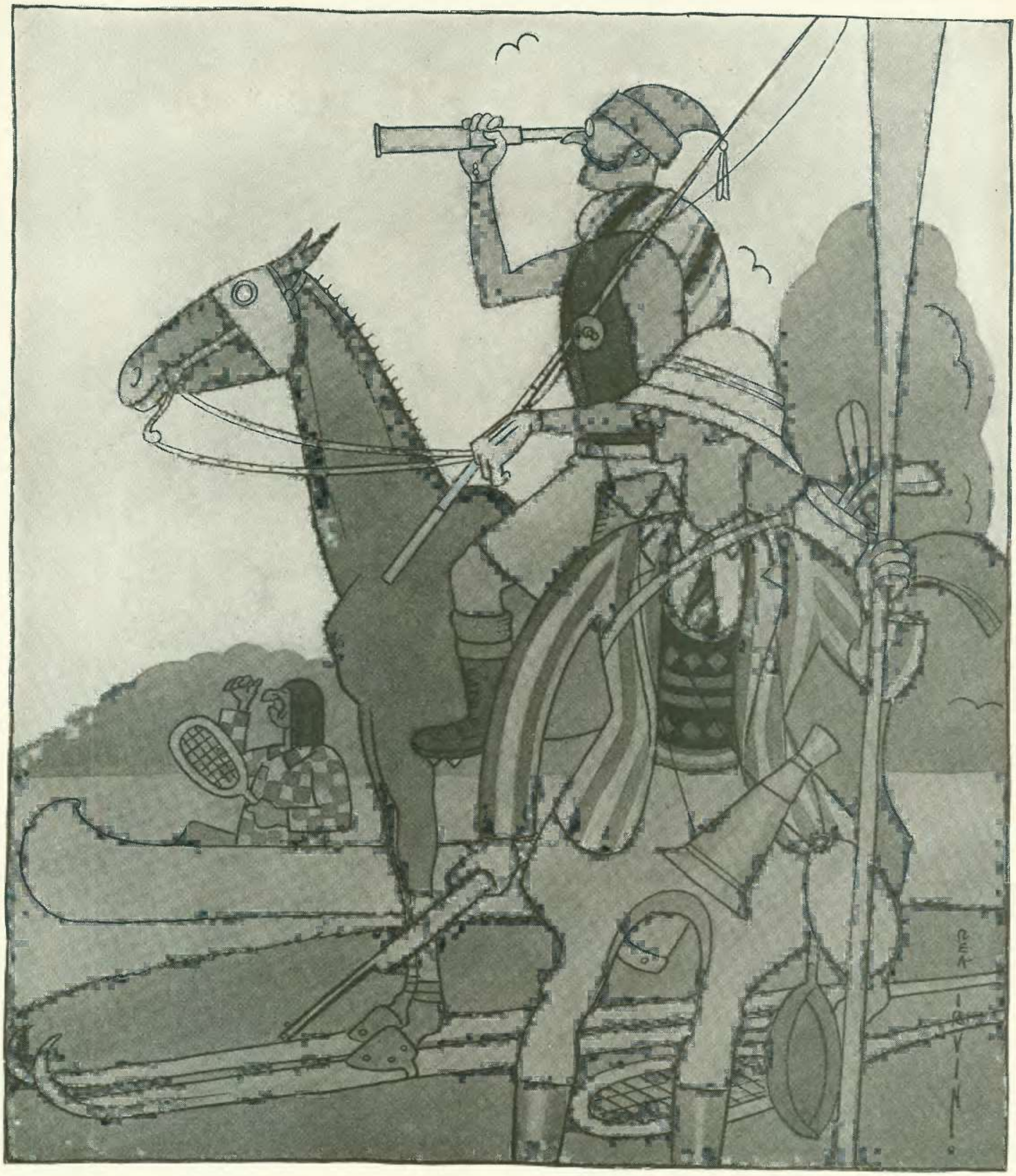
A peanut oven far down town
(Adjoining Civic Virtue)
Raised up his little steaming snout
In a song whose pathos hurt you.
By chewing gum and orangeade
And other wares of humble trade
Congenially surrounded,
He lifted up his plaintive voice
To woo the idol of his choice
And they were much astounded
To hear him whistle all day long
This pitiful mismating song:—

I have no lust for the Bankers' Trust
Or even the Transportation,
For I am cursed with passion's worst,
A love above my station.
And so I cry to the One Most High,
All pinnacles and gilding—
The Equitable will not do,
I want the Woolworth Building.

Oh most ironic was his fate,
His troth could not be plighted,
For though above his head there hung
A big red sign, UNITED,
Yet no magician's wand could e'er
Unite that ill-assorted pair
Or satisfy his yearning:
The Woolworth never even knew
What agonies his heart went through
With red-hot peanuts burning,
Nor heard him whistle all day long
His pitiful mismating song:—

I have no lust for the Bankers' Trust
Or even the Transportation,
For I am cursed with passion's worst,
A love above my station.
And so I cry to the One Most High,
All pinnacles and gilding—
The Equitable will not do,
I want the Woolworth Building!

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF CONTEMPORARY GIANTS

Messrs. Abercrombie & Fitch start out for a day's sport

PROFILES

"I'D GIVE MY SHIRT FOR AL"

WHEN a New York contractor of Tammany and Papish affiliations told the Senate Campaign Funds Committee that he would give his all for Al Smith (the estimated all amounting to one hundred million dollars more or less) Tom Heflin exploded.

"The South must hold the line!" cried Senator Heflin. "He [Al Smith] shall not pass. God gives me strength to fight."

More recent testimony indicates that Senator Heflin also was provided strength by the Klan, at the rate of two hundred and fifty dollars per speech against Al Smith. But the Klan's resources are pitifully inadequate when measured against the liquid assets of William Frank Kenny.

It develops that Al Smith did not so much as hear of the seventy-thousand-dollar Kenny gift to his campaign until the Senate uncovered it. Al's ignorance on the point may seem hard to believe, but so is Bill Kenny. Until publicity was shed on him by the fund investigation, Kenny was unknown outside of three limited circles—Tammany Hall, those persons interested in power-house construction, and the beneficiaries of firemen's funds in New York City.

The announcement that this former dump-cart driver was prepared to give his shirt for Al Smith—coupled with investigations of just how much the Kenny shirt was worth—evoked comment. The New York State Republican Committee found it "astounding," and avowed that "contractors would naturally like to see a free spender in the President's chair." Delighted Democrats immediately dubbed Kenny "the Frank Stearns of the Smith Administration." Kenny himself, when asked why he had made the seventy-thousand-dollar gift, remarked simply: "Out of love and affection for Governor Smith, and a lifelong friendship."

AL may seem top dog over Bill Kenny now, but it was not always so. When the two first met, as boys, Kenny was the envied son of a hero, Battalion Chief Thomas A. Kenny of the Fire Department. All the kids of the Cherry Hill section knew Engine Company No. 9 on East Broadway, and were pretty pleased to win a nod from Chief Kenny. The competition to shine the brass bell, curry the horses, and fag for the firemen was intense. Bill, as the heir apparent, and Al Smith, his friend, stood quite high, and sometimes rode on the truck to a fire.

William Frank Kenny

Kenny never has lost the fire buff mania. He has a gong in his office and another in his home, and today he answers all Fire Department three-alarm calls. He is an Honorary Deputy Chief and has presented to the City of New York a fire department ambulance, a coffee truck, and a searchlight engine, the latter a memorial to his father. Somehow the phrase that describes the elder Kenny as "one of the ablest smoke-eaters who ever donned a white helmet," has become a part of every newspaper story about the son. That same helmet is now under glass in the office of Bill Kenny, near a full-length portrait of its wearer done in crayons by the smoke-eater's daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Kenny, who is an amateur artist on occasion.

The Battalion Chief was wearing the white helmet one night thirty-five years ago when fire consumed the plant of that rising young firm, the Edison Illuminating Company. A barrel of gasoline exploded and Chief Kenny dropped through the floor into the cellar. When an agent of the Edison Company called later to inquire if adjustments were necessary, the Chief replied, "No, but you might give my boy Bill a job. He's a damn smart lad."

Bill, aged thirteen, began driving a truck carrying ashes from the Edison furnaces to the Edison dump. He shunted his truck back and forth for several years and then skipped out for the West where he worked in a slaughter-house in Wyoming.

On the way back East, Kenny stopped over at Newark, Ohio, and there won a bride. She was Ella Hickey, whose parents found no objection to the penniless wanderer becoming their son-in-law. The Hickeys were prosperous but they believed in young people making their own way. So did Kenny, for that matter. He and his bride arrived in New York with two dollars and a half, cash, and Bill took up his old job with the Edison Company, at thirteen-fifty a week.

The steps on his way up are best seen graphically in the portraits hung in Kenny's three-hundred-thousand-dollar private car, the Saint Nicholas. Portrait No. 1 shows Kenny seated on his one-horse dump cart. Succeeding ones show him digging a trench in which to lay Edison wires, bossing a gang of hunkies, marshalling a growing fleet of dump carts, etc., etc. The last of the series depicts the broad acres of power plants and motor-car factories constructed by the William F. Kenny Company. It is appropriate that this pictorial saga of a career should hang in the Saint Nicholas, for that colossus of luxury (one-and-a-half ordinary Pullman size) was named in honor of Nicholas F. Brady, whose family has played Santa Claus to Kenny by giving him opportunities to prove his builder's ability.

THE obvious feeling at the Senate inquiry that there was something mysterious about the Kenny fortune was probably based on the clam-like attitude of the Kenny firm toward its non-technical public. Rather grandly, the Kenny executives state that they do not care to advertise or place large signs on their building operations. When a firm does upwards of fifty million dollars a year and receives all new orders on the basis of past performances, publicity doesn't matter. On the walls of the Kenny brothers' offices (interspersed with pictures of Battalion Chief Kenny and his black-whiskered lieutenants) appear photographs of the Hudson Motor-Car factory, the Maxwell factory (now operated by the Chrysler company, of which Kenny is a director), bank buildings, power-houses, and warehouses built by the firm in a

scattering of large American cities. Present projects are the Hell Gate plant of the United Electric Light & Power Company and the Hunts Point plant of the Brooklyn Union Gas Company, the latter a twenty-five-million-dollar unit. The movable equipment in trucks, steam shovels and trench diggers kept on hand in New York is valued at one million five hundred thousand dollars, and the Kenny working staff sometimes tops the ten-thousand mark. The employees are used to late hours and hard work, but are consoled for them by a Christmas bonus of Wall Street generosity and a Christmas turkey of Tammany tradition and plumpness.

Kenny built his business by personal hard work and an Irish eye for supervising the work of others. The only city contracts he has ever taken were for the Fire Department. Over a series of years they brought his company some two hundred thousand dollars—"with not enough profit to pay the salary of one good man." He has never taken a State contracting job, and merely snorts at the idea he ever will. There is no money in them, he says.

Naturally there are investments outside his business. Twenty years ago he bought many acres of farming land up in the Bronx. Need we go into how that investment turned out? Today he owns twenty-five large apartment houses and a half dozen office buildings on choice sites. His four hundred thousand shares of Radio Corporation and two hundred thousand shares of General Motors were bought outright when this year's bull market was still a calf.

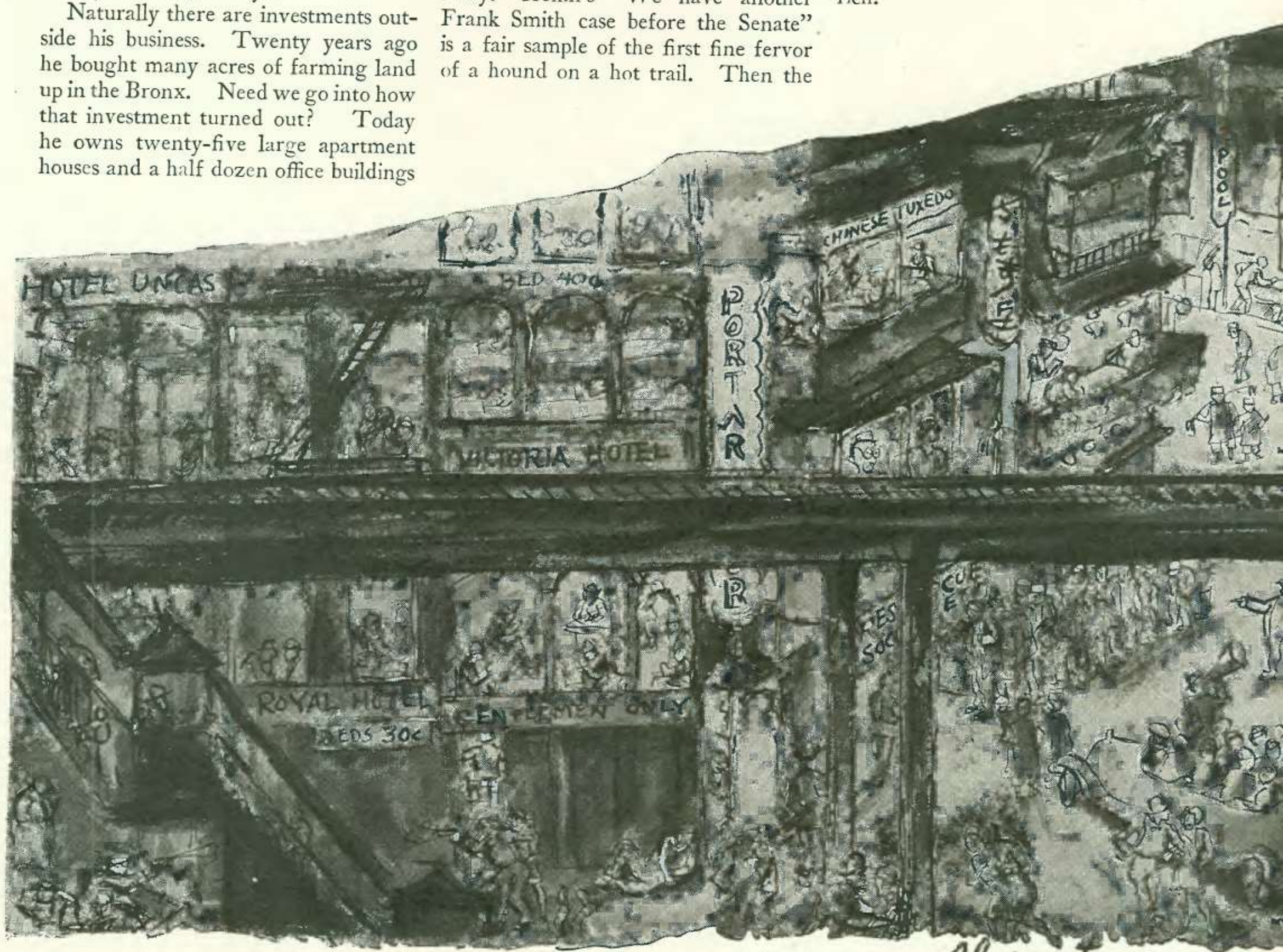
WHAT then is his interest in politics? "Out of love and affection for Governor Smith. . ." Out of the memory of beefsteak parties and poker games, racial clannishness, and a common origin in Cherry Hill.

By 1904, when his boyhood friend, Al Smith, was first running for the Assembly, Kenny was in a position to help. He contributed to Al's campaigns when one thousand dollars was real money, and he has given ever since, notably ten thousand dollars to the last gubernatorial campaign. In 1924 Kenny, with a twenty-five-thousand-dollar gift, was the third largest donor to the Democratic National deficit.

There are many facts which a political investigator would be quick to sniff out as "reciprocating favors" from a contractor with ready cash to a possible office-holder with contracts to give away. Heflin's "We have another Frank Smith case before the Senate" is a fair sample of the first fine fervor of a hound on a hot trail. Then the enthusiasts ran up against Kenny's lavishness in other directions and quit the scent cold in the face of the triviality of the seventy-thousand-dollar gift compared to other Kenny spendings.

His first showy extravagance was a home in Bay Ridge, built in 1911. The entire cellar was fitted up as a rathskeller for the staging of Bill Kenny's beefsteak dinners. The birthday of the host, or of Al Smith, invariably brought the charcoal grill into action. A pre-Prohibition bar aided the jollity and the guests could choose the bowling alleys or pool tables for after-dinner recreation. They were purely stag affairs.

WHEN Kenny moved to Fifth Avenue in 1925, the Bay Ridge home was sold together with the place next to it in which he used to shelter any Kenny relatives who cared to stay. The five Kenny brothers, with their families, made occasional use of this generosity, but it is no longer necessary. They are all executives of the Kenny Company and independently rich.



Chinatown an

Commission to decorate the triplex apartment and roof garden at 820 Fifth Avenue was given to Altman's, carte blanche except for the pictures. These are the old favorite photographs, including the first dump cart, historical scenes of the Edison Company's operations, early pictures of Bill and Al, and full lengths of Chief Kenny and his fireman brother.

The impossibility of building a rathskeller into a Fifth Avenue apartment was solved by the Tiger Room, a gargantuan area on top of the Kenny Building at 44 East Twenty-third Street, the headquarters of the William F. Kenny Company. The Tiger Room came into the Senate testimony as the place where the seventy-thousand-dollar gift originated.

"Is it painted in black and yellow stripes?" asked an awed senator.

"That's just newspaper bull," replied Kenny. "I call it that because I'm a good Tammany Tiger."

Here the initiates of the old rathskeller gather on Thursday nights for poker parties. Three of the Kenny brothers—Bill, "J. A.," and "E. J." —are likely to sit in. Other habitués are William H. Todd, shipbuilder, Herbert H. Lehman, banker, James J. Riordan, former head of the U. S. Trucking Corporation, and Timothy Mara, who runs the New York Football Giants. The aggregate capital of the group runs into millions now where it ran into thousands in the old rathskeller days. Yet the poker pots remain at five dollars, or possibly ten when the boys get excited. The only person who regularly appears and is regularly refused a chance to play is Al Smith. His poker is rated very low and they prefer to have him sit on the sidelines and amuse the party with sallies of the Smith wit.

A bronze tiger plays the title rôle in the room. There is a tiger rug on the floor, a tiger painting on the mantel, a tiger bas-relief on the fire screen. Flags of the nation, the state, and the city adorn the walls. Two bronze reliefs also appear. One of Al Smith is inscribed: "To Alfred E. Smith, 1924." The other, of Kenny, states: "To William F. Kenny, with affectionate regard—Alfred E. Smith, Feb. 20, 1927."

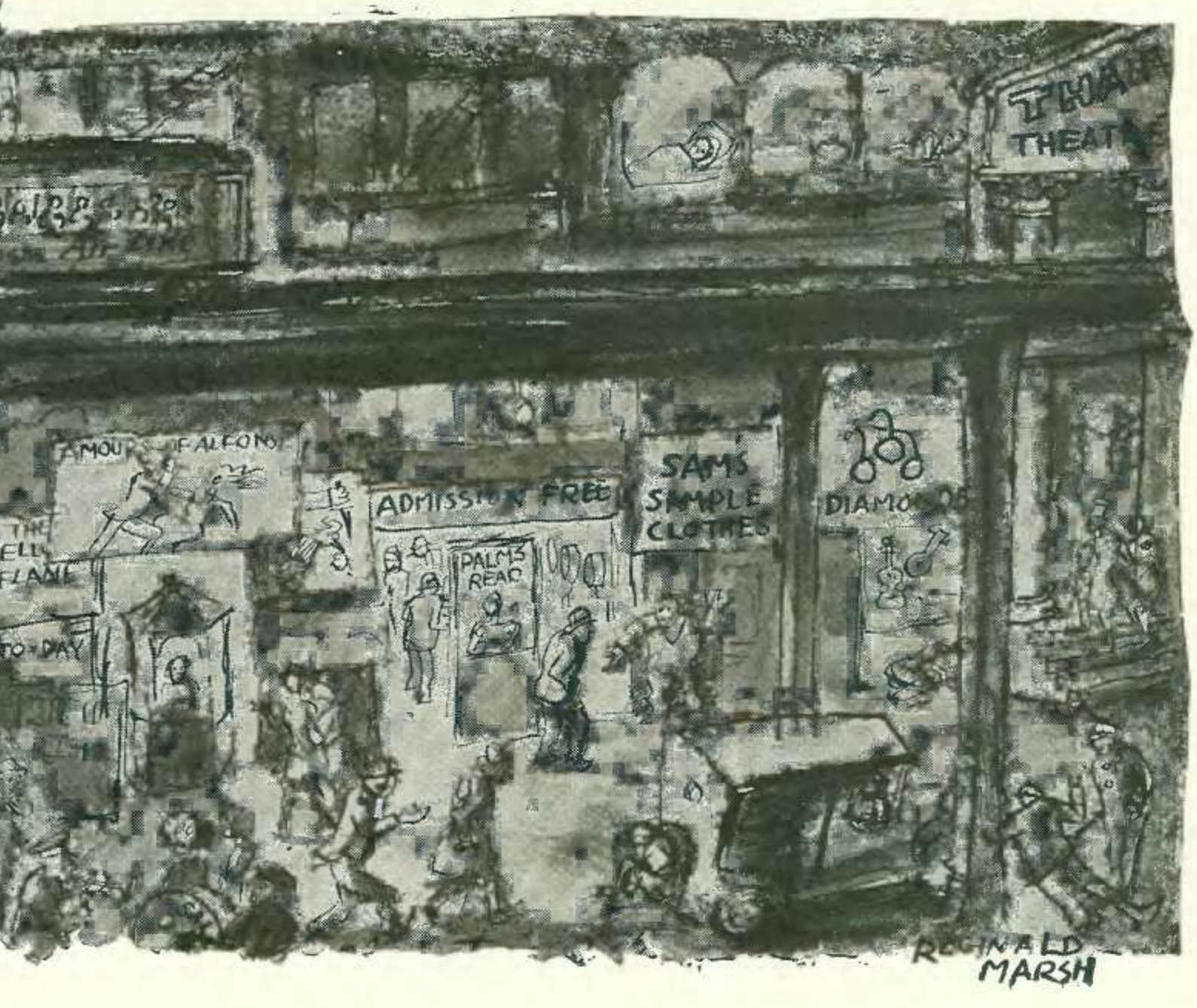
The entire cast of the "Ziegfeld Follies" has appeared on the stage of the Tiger Room for the entertainment of a few guests. The chorus is more heavily shrouded than during the regular performances. Al Smith wishes it so.

Two shifts of servants supply twenty-four-hour service—ranging from an eight-course dinner and a suite for the night in the rooms above to a glass of ginger ale—to any friend of Kenny's who wishes to use the place. At noontimes the Kenny Company executives lunch in the Tiger Room.

The Pooh Bah of these executives is Kenny's brother, "J. A."—all the Kennys, except Bill, are known by their initials. "J. A." has stated publicly that his brother's annual charities amount to not less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Catholic Church benefits largely, and if a fireman is killed in line of duty, the widow is quite likely to receive a check from Kenny. Firemen in financial straits are freely accorded loans which, more often than not, they are not allowed to repay.

THE Kenny family en route anywhere is an impressive thing. On one occasion when Kenny wished to take a party to French Lick in the Saint Nicholas, Mrs. Kenny happened to be going to Atlantic City. The difficulty was solved by the purchase of a second private car for Mrs. Kenny.

Kenny went abroad with his son this spring shortly after the Senate hearing to have a London orthopedist look at young Bill Kenny's foot, injured in a football game, and to buy a manor in which the Kenny family may spend English summers. He returned on June 11, and went immediately to Niagara University to receive the degree



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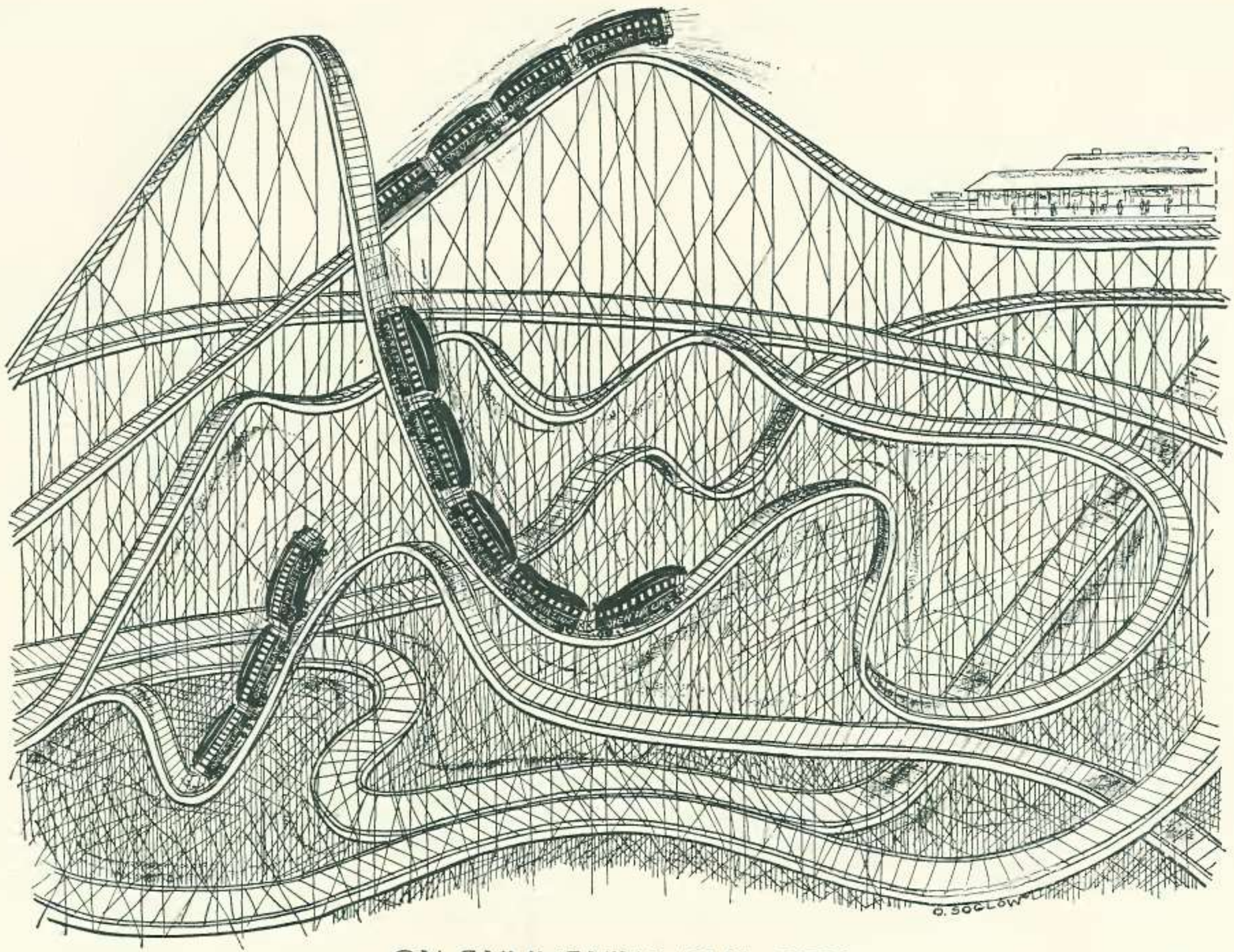


ON ENLIVENING THE CITY

The "L"

of Doctor of Laws, "for exceptional talent and public service." The honor is reported to have come to him through the suggestion of John J. Raskob, an honorary alumnus of the college.

This week the Kenny entourage entrained for Houston in three private cars, the Saint Nicholas, another belonging to William H. Todd, and a third engaged by Kenny for the Convention trip. The previously mentioned rathskeller-Tiger Room group were on board, the other fortunates including John F. Gilchrist, Dr. Henry Moskowitz, Dr. Leonard, of Saratoga, George W. Olvany, George R. Van Namee, and sufficient other friends and retainers to occupy the forty rooms reserved for the party in the Warwick Hotel. (Al Smith is not going to the Convention.)

THIS prodigious host is a small man physically, about a head shorter than his friend the Governor. He has at least one more chin than he was born with. His eyes are small and usually quiet, yet they can snap. His golf game at Asheville lately proved slightly better than Al's, who took a one hundred and ten for the course.

Kenny's family of wife, two sons and four daughters is a closely integrated unit. Two years ago Kenny became interested in the ambition of his son Bill to enter the shipping business. The bid of one million six hundred thousand dollars cash-on-the-table for five Shipping Board vessels was designed as a twenty-first-birthday gift to Bill. That bid was not accepted, so recently Kenny has placed another one for the freight and passenger line of the Shipping Board which now serves the African coast.

It is in a similar spirit that Kenny made the seventy-thousand-dollar gift and stands ready to help Al Smith with his last nickel. In the matter of the Governor's private financial affairs, Kenny has been an excellent advisor. The "Coolidge bull market" has helped the Governor to a position of security which he has never before enjoyed. If Al goes to the White House he will start with a private fortune much larger than Coolidge had.

Also, in the event of Smith's election, Kenny will not be a candidate for appointment to any office. He has spoken his mind on the subject.

"Let Al worry about politics. I'll stick to building." —MALCOLM ROSS

RUMPELSTILTZKIN

All unworthy of you, miller's daughter,
Is your hand extended in this fashion.
Rather yield your flesh unto the slaughter
Than your grief to such a low compassion.

Do not trade your pride for life or glory;
When the failure of the night is ended,
Perish; be a melancholy story,
Rather than be shamefully befriended.

All unworthy of you is this clinging
To an eerie man who comes to borrow
Power from the time that you are wringing
Hands in desperation and in sorrow.

Rather than so poor a friend, be lonely;
Sit and wait the dawn in resignation.
Death will last a little moment only;
Rather that than twenty years' vexation.

—HELENE MULLINS

OF ALL THINGS

OVER the radio the Republican Convention sounded like the original subscriber to the New York *Tribune*. We were astonished to see by the pictures that the performance was given in modern dress.

•

Before leaving for Wisconsin, President Coolidge was observed to be limping slightly as the result of a blister on his heel. Perhaps, if one knew all, that is the real reason why he did not c. to r.

•

The predicted march of the ten thousand enraged Corn Belters and equalization fiends turned out to be a parade of five hundred. The farmers may be bitter, but they are not very revolting.

•

Mrs. Willebrandt, the terror of bootleggers, made quite a hit at Kansas City and is being boomed for Attorney-General. After this, if we ever say anything snooty about prohibitionaries, we don't mean Mabel.

•

The New York Old Guard is resting contentedly in the position in life to which Al Smith has taught it to become accustomed. By that we mean horizontal, with a foot planted upon its neck.

•

At this moment it seems highly probable that Hoover will not have as easy a time with Al as he had with the Allies.

•

Turning for relief to non-political topics, we find that there are seventeen-year locusts in Staten Island, and a Dance Marathon in Madison Square Garden. Life is like that, you pass Ruth and you get Gehrig.

•

The Yale Student Council solemnly proclaims that college is primarily a place for study instead of for social and athletic recreation. They seem to be trying to make out that the sheepskin is more important than the pigskin and the coonskin.

•

On June 29 the theatre ticket tax will expire. Thereafter life will be ten per cent happier and sweeter within the three-dollar limit.

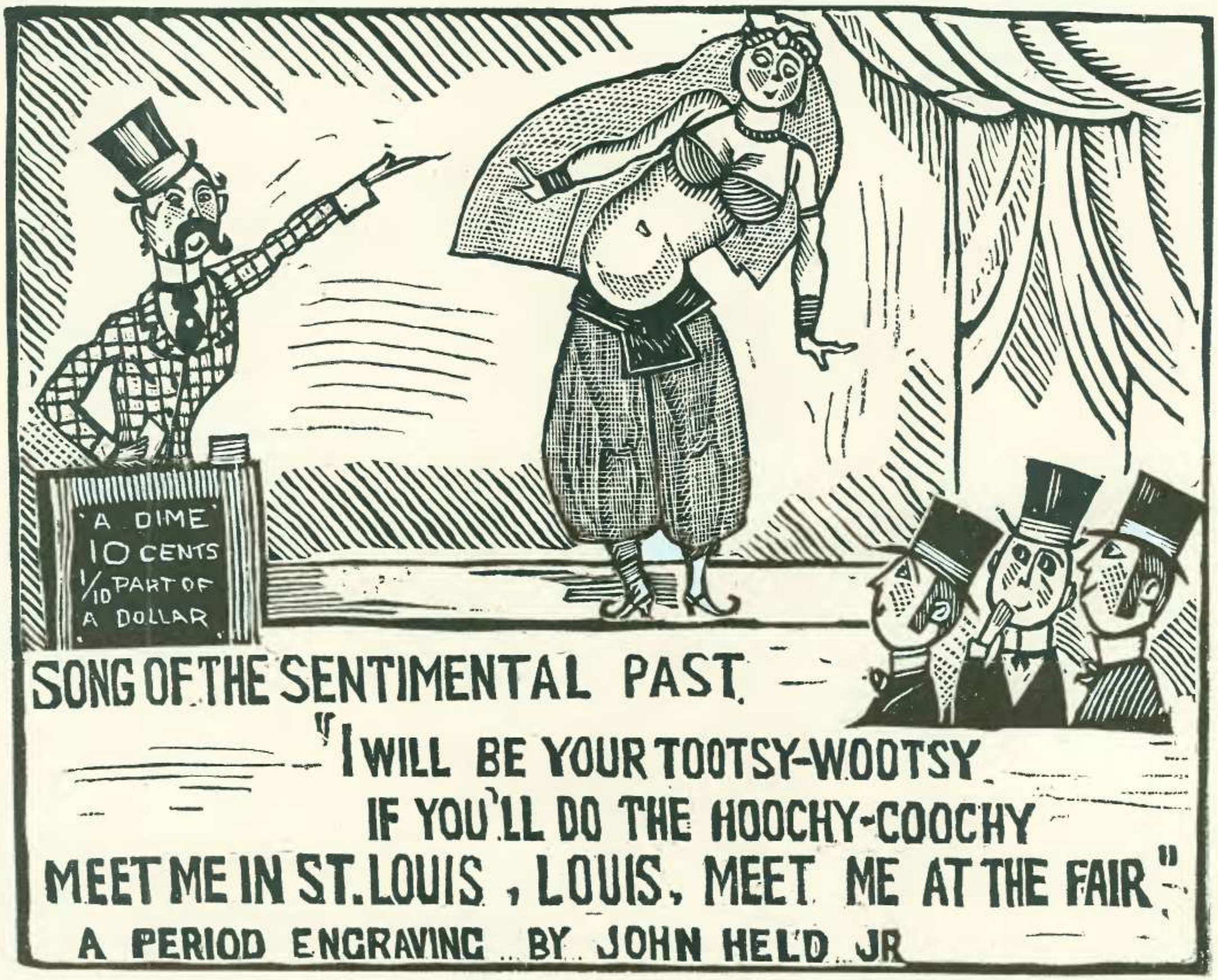
•

A process-server has sued Gloria Swanson for twenty-five thousand dollars damages for slapping him. That is not the way to feel about the touch of a woman's hand.

•

We must ask our customers not to be committers or committees of crime in the next two weeks. Our Police Commissioner is thinking about who can march in Fourth of July parades, and must not be disturbed.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



SPORTS OF THE WEEK

Golf Metropolonaise—On to Chicago—Scholar Compston

At Olympia Fields

GOLF has always been a game that got people out of bed. Getting up early on Sundays so that you can be on the first tee before the crowd, getting up early on weekdays so that you can clean up at the office and come back to the country to play a round before the sun goes down. Perhaps Mr. Fred Wright, Mr. Mathew Gardner, and Mr. R. C. Croft have had lots of training in getting up early but still they didn't look it when they arrived at eight-thirty at the first tee of the Fenimore Club to play their first round for the Metropolitan championship. They looked sleepy, and who can blame them? The grass-blades were all stuck together with ugly-looking dew and nasty song birds were making a row in the trees around the clubhouse. It is true that at this time of year there is a sort of daylight at eight-thirty, but that doesn't mean that it is the right time to start a round of tournament golf or watch one either, for that matter.

Mr. Wright, Mr. Croft, and Mr. Gardner drove off and walked silently after their balls in the cold dawn. They couldn't have expected that the accident that made them the first starters would also provide them with a gallery even though there has been more interest in the Met this year than for several seasons. There are no great champions in the metropolitan district, but there are more good players than there have ever been before. There is George Voight who, after arguing hard to establish his amateur standing last year, came from the Bannockburn in Washington to North Hills and gave an argument to those who say he could make a living playing golf by winning twenty-seven tournaments. The Metropolitan Association has handicapped him at two. George Dawson is another golfer who has come to live in the New York district. His brother, John, was runner up in the North-South amateur; George Dawson went to the semi-finals in the National Amateur at Baltusrol two years ago.

If the Metropolitan Golf Association had sent an agent to call on the leading amateurs of other cities and persuade them to move to New York it is improbable that the collection of stars so proselyted would have equalled that which came here last year of their own accord. From Washington has come Christopher Dunphy, winner of many tournaments in his district and in Florida. He has a handicap of five. From St. Louis came Eddie Held, who has a handicap of two and has qualified three times for the National Amateur; from Boston came F. C. Newton, who once won the North and South. Newton hasn't been handicapped yet; he will probably get about five. Most of these players were entered at Fenimore where, after hasty breakfasts, they followed the first starters into the dew.

SEVERAL of the stars who competed at Fenimore left for Chicago as soon as their matches were over. As amateurs they had guest cards to the Olympia Fields Club where rooms were reserved for them. Professionals seldom bother about guest cards. Even when they can stay at a club they usually prefer a hotel if there is a good one within a reasonable distance of the course. They know that the service in a hotel is apt to be better than the service in a country club, even a good one. They get more privacy in a hotel; they aren't inconvenienced by courtesies, introductions, autograph-hunters, and luncheons tended to them by the greens committee. Above all, in a hotel they are privileged to be rude and to insist on getting what they want; they won't be kept awake at night by a dripping tap or a collegiate band playing in the club ballroom under their window.

Walter Hagen never goes

THE NEWSPAPER THAT CARRIES YOUR ADVERTISING SHOULD BE AS GOOD AS YOUR OWN FINE PRODUCT

YOU manufacturers who have travelled the long, hard road; who have built a fine product by hard work and unceasing care—

—who have sold your product on its quality alone; without premiums or special deals.

Apply your own high standards of making and selling when you choose newspapers for your advertising.

In Philadelphia thirty-three years ago a newspaper "manufacturer" set out to make a fine newspaper.

A paper built with care, with accuracy. Without resorting to sensational writing or to bold display.

A paper that would sell on its merit alone; without premiums, contests, or any forms of award.

The better homes in this great city turned to The Evening Bulletin.

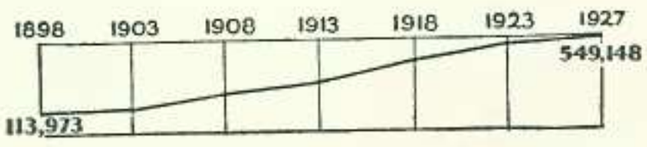
In ten years a quarter-million circulation was reached. Increasing steadily as the faith in this new kind of newspaper gradually spread.

Until—after almost a third of a century of building, The Bulletin accomplished what a former President of the United States called—"One of the Distinguished Achievements of American Journalism."

More than half a million circulation! By far the largest in its city. One of the greatest in America.

Here is a newspaper that meets your own rigid standards of manufacturing . . . and selling. A newspaper built for the advertising of a quality product.

Your advertising dollar buys more than mere circulation or coverage. It buys the confidence of Philadelphians,—a confidence won just as your own fine product has won it—by merit over the long road of years.



Not only coverage, but Quality coverage

Over half a million circulation in this market of 600,000 homes. A coverage built up the long, hard way—over thirty-three years, without a premium, a contest, or any artificial stimulus.

The Evening Bulletin

City Hall Square

PHILADELPHIA

Detroit Office: 321 Lafayette Boulevard
San Francisco Office: 681 Market Street

New York Office: 247 Park Avenue
Chicago Office: 333 N. Michigan Ave.

Copyright, 1928, Bulletin Co.

The Water Tower

I recommend acres of clumsy dress-makers,
Their fit and their finishing touches.
A sum in addition they pay for permission
To say that they make for the Duchess,

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

We have to be absolutely up-to-date in what we say about AQUAZONE because absolutely up-to-date people invariably drink it. Therefore, following the present day fashionable advertising procedure, we sent out a scout to get endorsements from all the Kings, Queens and Aces in the pack. Here's the likeness of one well-known Ace and what he has to say about AQUAZONE.

Affectionately called by his friends

TEE 'EM-UP-CHARLIE,

because of his marvelous recoveries from the rough.

"I've never killed but one caddie and that was when little Rollo Ball split a whole bottle of AQUAZONE at the 19th hole. The jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide. Since then I married and there has never been a headache in the whole family."

AQUAZONE is still sparkling, delicious, the most refreshing of summer drinks, straight or mixed, the only mineral water supercharged with oxygen, still for sale by the Busy Bee Stores, the Daniel Reeves Stores, Gristede Brothers, Charles & Co., Macy's and Bloomingdale's. By most good grocers. Also druggists. It is served at all good clubs, hotels and restaurants. You can get it from the nearest place by telephoning LEXington 5953, the number of

THE AQUAZONE CORPORATION
420 Lexington Ave.

to his room without leaving elaborate instructions for being awakened. He is afraid of arriving late at the course, knowing people will accuse him of repeating the stunt he pulled when he kept Abe Mitchell waiting more than an hour on the tee. But even when he has a detective rout him out of bed Hagen barely gets to his matches in time. Just as the starter is beginning to worry he arrives, unbuttoning his polo coat as he jumps out of the car. When his round is over he hurries away at the same speed.

Nowadays when Hagen reaches a town he notifies the agent for some well-known car that he will consent to use a demonstration model for a few days. He has several cars of his own but he doesn't take them around with him. He has always had some kind of a car. When he was beginning to play in tournaments he had a second-hand Hudson that looked like a garbage incinerator. When he toured the South in this he had a genial way of offering a lift to men against whom he was going to play. They had to have good nerves to ride with him, and Hagen would usually warn them of this at the start; somewhere along the road he would add that he didn't have a license. He only has one now because the Mayor of Rochester, tired of waiting for him to apply, made him a present of one the other day.

OUT of all the brilliant golfers playing at Olympia Fields, I keep on writing about Hagen, I suppose because he is the easiest to write about. You can describe Bobby Jones' beautiful game, John Farrell's clothes, Tom Armour's unsure putting, his fine iron play, and nervousness; you can sum up many players as clever as Harry Cooper or Leo Diegel simply by telling whether they are on or off their game, but Hagen is constantly creating new legends. Not all of them are favorable.

The day after Hagen landed he was beaten in the exhibition match he played at the Westchester-Biltmore.

"Mauretania golf," Gould Martin said to him.

"Well, look at Archie," Hagen said, jerking his head at Compston. "What do you call that? White Star golf?"

"Five Star golf," said Compston.

I MADE the following notes on Hagen's landing: he wore a black

it's because she knows how to remove cold cream

don't perish with envy, my dear . . . just get a box of these facial tissues and do likewise.

YOU can't tell me! I've had it happen myself—used the same cold cream, the same rouge, the same powder—but I simply couldn't achieve her divine peach-blown complexion! She had some secret beyond my ken.

But what a simple secret! "It's just a question of *how* you remove your face cream," she finally confessed. "Use these tender little wisps of tissue—they're called Kleenex 'Kerchiefs. Rub the cream off gently, then throw the tissue away. It's really the only clean, fresh way. Towels *are* harsh—and cold cream ruins them."

Kleenex does carry away all the grime and oil. And it's a real economy. A 25c box lasts ever and ever so long. You'll banish that hideously unsanitary "cold cream cloth" once Kleenex is available.

Your name and address, on the coupon below, will bring a gift package.

KLEENEX CO.
Lake-Michigan Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Please send sample of
Kleenex

N.Y.-6

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

"I was afraid my vacation would be a total 'flop'"

Seattle, Wash.

"There are so many things doing at college, one hates to miss any of them. But I overdid it. Too many parties, added to studies, ended in my having to go to bed for a week—completely run down.

"In 1918, when all the young men were going into the service, my father had to devote unusually long hours to his business. His snatches of sleep were so short that he became badly run down and broke out with boils. His doctor recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. It not only rid him of the boils but restored him to excellent health—so he is a confirmed believer and soon had me eating Yeast, too.

"In a short time I was much better and in two months I was *well*. This spring, however, just before school closed, my skin broke out with pimples. How I hated them! I was afraid if I didn't get rid of them my vacation would be a total 'flop.'

"I was again reminded of Yeast, however—and again it was successful. I haven't a sign of a pimple, now—and my health is fine." CORA B. HANSON

(*Above*) MISS CORA HANSON, *of Seattle*
Read her story at left

WHEN your stomach begins to "act up," when skin blemishes appear—don't rely on weakening, habit-forming drugs, doctors say.

Fresh as any vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast is a natural health *food*. It tones up sluggish colon muscles and softens accumulated food wastes—hastening elimination, making it more *complete*. Soon—your appetite revives, your complexion clears. Your whole being responds with new-found energy and health!

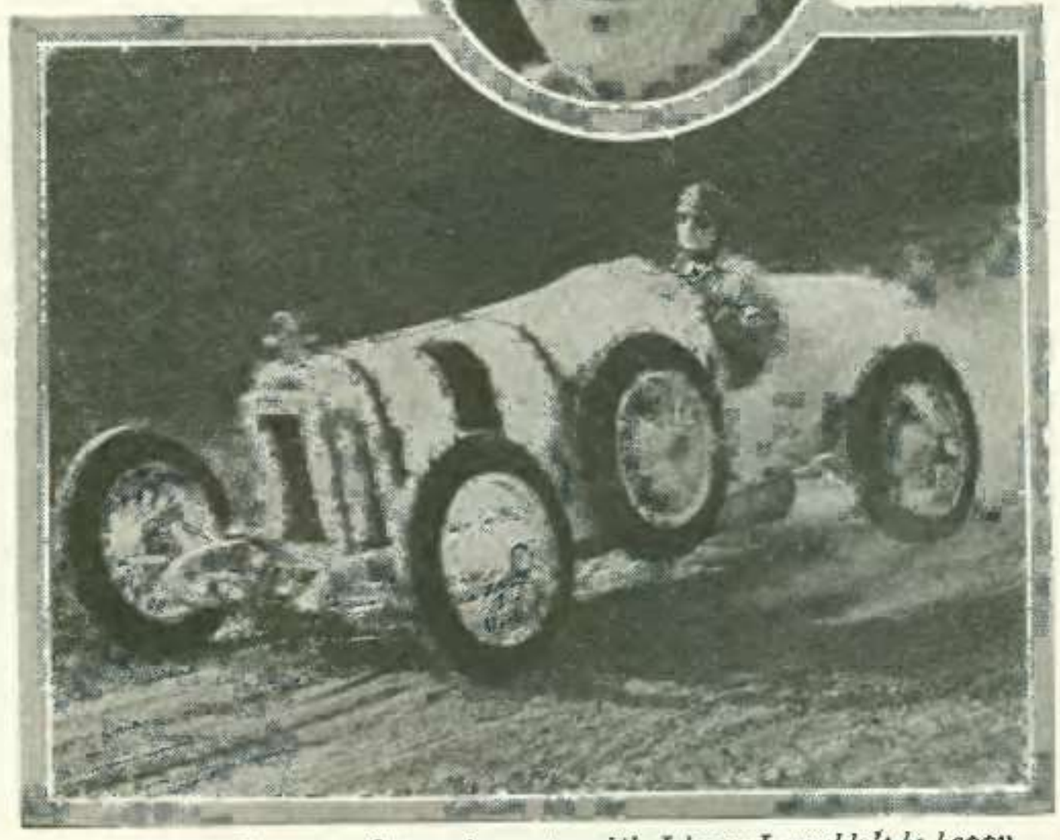
Buy two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. Y-74, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

New York City

"RETURNING from a tour of Africa and Australia, I found that I had contracted stomach trouble. Thinking it would wear off, I started east on a well-known vaudeville circuit. But instead of getting better, my trouble rapidly became acute. At Omaha I decided I would have to cancel the rest of my route. A fellow performer, however, suggested Yeast. Said I, 'I'll try it,' and that night I began. Every day I ate several cakes. Well, I was able to go right on with my act, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, doing three strenuous dancing shows daily. In a short time I was in first-class shape."

STANLEY CARVET

STANLEY CARVET, *New York City*



"When I saw my first racing automobile I knew I wouldn't be happy until I had driven one myself," writes Malcolm Clair. His letter follows:

Hollywood, Calif.

"I HAVE RACED a good many cars, though not professionally. For many years this took the place of every other outdoor sport . . . My employment with a law firm was quite a contrast with my former spirited life. Two years at a desk—and I had become sluggish, run down, inclined to have headaches. Then I went on the road to investigate cases, and thought I would get better. But the hours were longer, and I frequently had practically to camp on a case to get needed information. This meant irregular meals. Soon I was constipated again . . . I learned about Fleischmann's Yeast from my mother, who had eaten it with good results. Three cakes a day restored my old-time pep and brought welcome relief from constipation." MALCOLM CLAIR

Radiant health, new joy in living—
this easy way:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals: just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed.

ARE you susceptible to automobile advertising?

Does June and the call of the open road become a vital thing in your life after a session with booklets and brochures and price-lists?

Do those fulsome phrases, "flashing acceleration," "Stirring performance," "unparalleled ease of operation," arouse in you a fierce unrest that will be soothed only by your presence back of a steering wheel?

Then buy a Packard and preserve your illusions. (A good preserver is the Six Phaeton at $2401 delivered.)

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD

SIXES AND EIGHTS

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
of NEW YORK
Packard Building
Broadway at 61st Street
and Broadway at Sherman Avenue
(near 196th Street)
BROOKLYN
Atlantic at Classon Avenue

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
6 East 57th Street

PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st Street

silk bathrobe when first seen, did not seem to like band music, made an incoherent but enthusiastic statement about the Prince of Wales, smoked before breakfast, and was surprised to see Sarazen and Farrell among the crowd of welcomers. To a cynical person it might have seemed that Sarazen and Farrell were there to horn in on the publicity, but Hagen was genuinely pleased, perhaps because Sarazen's being there was public contradiction of the rumor that they had had a quarrel. Discussing the welcome, he said several times, "Gene was there. Can you beat that?"

During the reception festivities Compston looked gloomy. Compston looks tougher than any other golf player, but, true to the tradition of modern athletes, he reads Shakespeare, can quote Keats, and has a sensitive, retiring nature. He and Audrey Boomer have teamed together for a series of exhibition matches. Boomer is the pro at the famous St. Cloud Club, supposed to be the richest golf club in Europe.

Both Compston and Boomer have beaten Hagen, and any golfer who has done that should be worth watching.

—N. B., JR.

•

CHINATOWN

The little shops on Doyers Street
Are full of curious things to eat—
Of sugar-cane and bamboo shoots
And lichi nuts and lily roots
Along with nameless shameless things
Suspended in the air on strings—
Weird mummied shapes to give one pause,
Strange carcasses with tails and claws.

And so I do not stay to eat
On Pell or Mott or Doyers Street,
But buy me little painted dishes
Bright with curly flowers and fishes
In which, when scrubbed at home by me,
To brew my antiseptic tea.

—KATHARINE D. MORSE

•

As funny as "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—*Adv. of Anita Loos' new book in the Times.*

Less amusing than its hilarious predecessor.—*Review of Anita Loos' new book in the Times.*

Just one of those questions each department of a publication must decide for itself.

"7-5-57" means to dine well

Numerologists may find some other meaning to "7-5-57"—but in gastronomical circles it connotes only one thing: the Dining Hour at Park & Tilford, 5th Avenue and 57th. For here epicures find their millennium — a smart atmosphere, unobtrusive service and a really extraordinary cuisine.

Dinner—
Seven to Nine O'Clock
(Table d'Hote or a la Carte)
After-Theatre Service
Until One O'Clock

PARK & TILFORD
5th Avenue at 57th Street

COTY'S NEWEST CREATION

"L'AIMANT"

(THE MAGNET)

A new COTY *masterpiece — the fragrance of intense, compelling magnetism — drawing all within the circle of its swift, irresistible magic. The latest creation of the supreme perfumeur of the world. The cut crystal flacon, the box with its shimmering design of shark-skin are the very symbol of modernity.*

THESE ODD AMERICANS!...

SNICKERED . . . didn't they . . . thought they'd die laughing! . . . first time a European man came over wearing a *wrist watch!*

Took one complete world war to make 'em all come home wearing the darned things themselves.

And there's another little continental custom that . . . up to the present . . . seems to be just so much Greek and anathema to these odd Americans.

. . . i. e. traveling "second" in a big liner such as the Aquitania.

It means nothing to them that half Europe travels this way . . . and likes it!

It means less than the dust to 'em that the Aquitania . . . built for the sophisticated of two continents . . . has made actually lavish preparations for a distinguished second cabin clientele.

We warn you, you don't bump your head on the rafters . . . sleep in a hammock . . . or eat hardtack. You have large cabins . . . beautiful dining and lounge salons . . . luxurious deck space . . . wonderful food and service . . . and you get there in six days!

Second cabin passage (*not* student passage)

$152.50 up

Also reduced round trip rates.

CUNARD LINE

Your Local Agent *or* 25 Broadway, New York

1840·EIGHTY·EIGHT·YEARS·OF·SERVICE·1928

I KNEW THE TOWN

I KNEW the town when autoists togged themselves in dusters and goggles for a ten-mile tour and Patricia Collinge played the part of a flower girl in "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge."

I knew the town when there was a bicycle arena where the Plaza movies now grace Fifty-ninth Street and the Singer Building was the tallest skyscraper on Manhattan Island.

I knew the town in the days of peek-a-boo waists, hair rats, Sen-Sen, Ypsilanti Health Underwear, "sporting hacks," and Hunter Baltimore Rye.

I knew the town when the Gophers ruled "Hell's Kitchen" and the Hudson Dusters ran the lower West Side, when the Columbia football team wore light-blue jerseys and played at the American League Park, when upper Park Avenue looked like a small-town street and Montgomery and Stone teamed it in "The Wizard of Oz," at the Majestic on Columbus Circle.

I knew the town when the girls wore blue serge bathing suits with puff sleeves and the slogan of the Silver Democrats was "Sixteen to One," when Tink Monahan tended bar at Red O'Rourke's and a good time was had by all in the Poppy Room at the Cadillac.

I knew the town when Dutch Benny rushed the growler and Vernon Castle acted a waiter in "The Henpecks," when Mike Donlin decorated the Giants' outfield and there were no such things as jazz-band grill-rooms, knee-length skirts, cut-rate taxis, and permanent waves.

I knew the town when Colonel Taylor edited the *Associated Sunday Magazines* in an office hung with fifty oil paintings, and Helen Green's column in the *Morning Telegraph* was a sensation, when the Herald Building was one of the sights of the city, and Robert was headwaiter at Burns'.

I knew the town when the right side of Rector's was reserved for the cognoscenti and Sinclair Lewis was a reader for Doran, when Booth Tarkington and George Ade were familiar figures at the Knickerbocker Bar and dinner at Guffanti's was sixty-five cents, when Bob Davis edited the Munsey magazines and bought two-hundred-odd stories a month.

I knew the town when gin was eight and a half bucks a case.

—CHARLES G. SHAW

"his"

Years hence, perhaps she will tell him . . . how it was she knew he was fastidious in all matters . . . how she just knew he wore them.

Reis Jimshirts and Jimpants—newest, smartest underwear ever designed for men!

And like all style originals, no duplication has ever caught that absolute *rightness* of cut and style and comfort in Reis Jimshirts and Jimpants.

Snug pull-over Jimshirts. Trim, dashing Jimpants, with wide *adjustable* waist band.

Jimshirts in silk, rayon, lisle, cotton. 75c to $3.50.

Jimpants in broadcloth, madras, silk and other materials. Smart stripes and fetching patterns. 75c to $6.00.

Be sure to ask for them by name—at any smart shop. They're the original—and you'll see and feel the difference. Robert Reis & Company, Two Park Avenue, New York. *Mills at Waterford, N. Y. and Baltimore, Md.*

Change to REIS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

JIMSHIRTS JIMPANTS

Bath Requisites

by

WOODWORTH

Creators of Exclusive Powders and Perfumes since 1854

Contributing to the bath an enticing atmosphere of luxury ~ to you a delightful sense of enduring comfort ~ exclusive in quality ~ favored by the fastidious.

WOODWORTH Inc.
New York ~ Paris

Dusting Powders

Karess	$2.50
Refill	1.50
Viegay	2.50
Refill	1.50
Fiancée	1.50

Talcs

Karess	$1.00
Viegay	1.00
Fiancée	.50

Bath Crystals

Karess	$1.75
Viegay	2.00
Fiancée	1.00

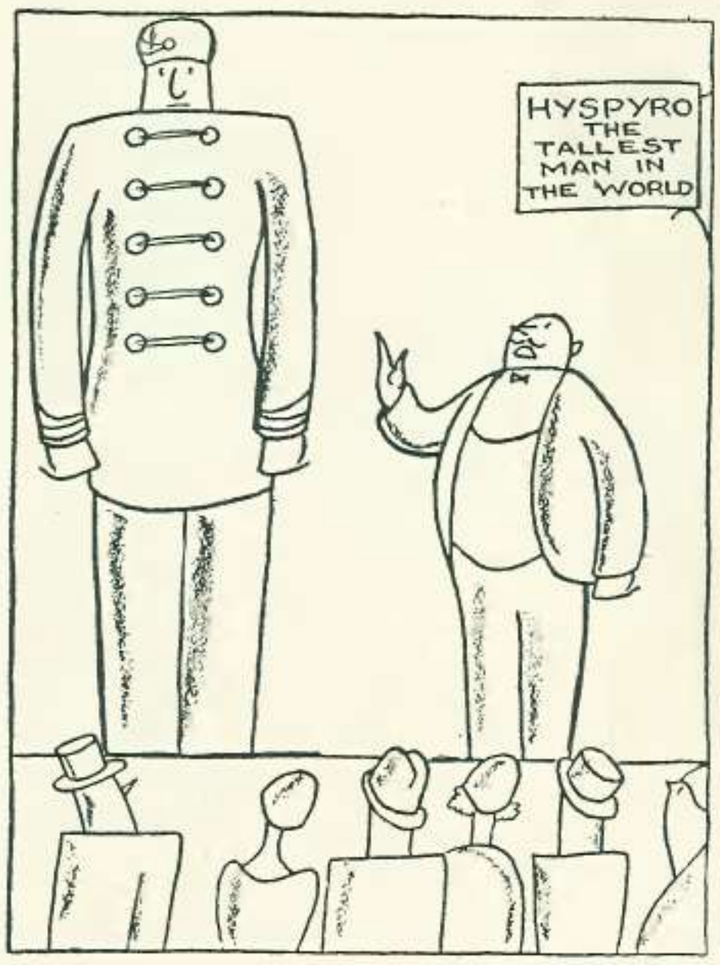
A REPORTER AT LARGE

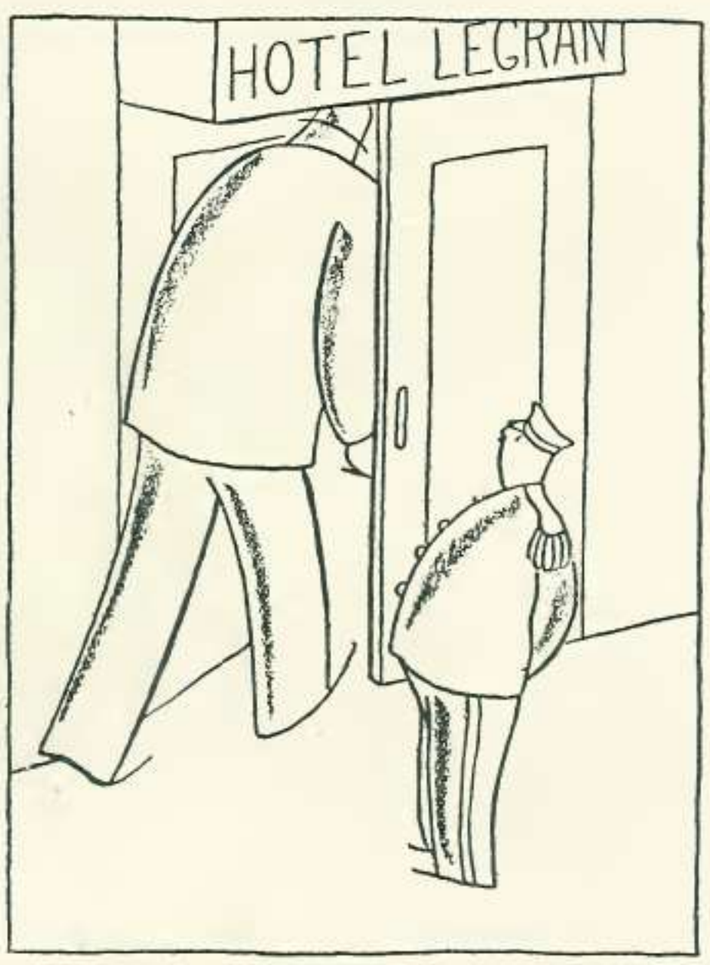
THE CAMERA'S WINK

THERE is probably no feature of the modern metropolitan manufacture of newspapers so peculiarly American as its photographers. Hard-boiled, loud-voiced gentry, they are, who seem offensively assured to timid folk catapulted into the news. "Take your hat off!" "Wave your hand!" "Shake hands!" "Smile!" or "Kiss!" the camera men order, and all but the very bold obey.

In the editorial function of a newspaper the photographer belongs to the lowest caste. Even elderly and bitter copyreaders feel superior to him and afford him a kindly smile. He is held to be a manual worker, whose solitary claim to virtue is the capacity to press a button revealing the camera's eye. His intellectual peer is the linotype operator who sits at a machine, hour after hour, tapping out type; his social level that of a domestic servant. Incoming liners, arriving at Quarantine, know him as one who may be counted upon to consume huge quantities of publicity-inspired food, to help himself to handfuls of proffered cigars, and to get vociferously drunk in any cabin on any liquor provided. Sundry hostesses from Park Avenue to Montauk Point who have welcomed this Uhlan of Page One into their homes know him as one who grinds cigarette butts into the carpet, who may even spit into a vase, mistaking it for a cuspidor, and who, if he is let alone, will depart unceremoniously with the entire buffet supper stuffed in his pockets. One tale has it that on the occasion of the first visit of the Prince of Wales to the home of Clarence Mackay, the photographers, under the horrified eyes of the assembled butlers and footmen, marched off with most of the delicacies meant for the guests, while the host was outside pointing out the view. Police, firemen, court and jail attendants, and other public officials, identify the photographer less by the peculiar color of the police card in his hat than by his truculent nature and an extraordinary ability to appear wherever he is least wanted.

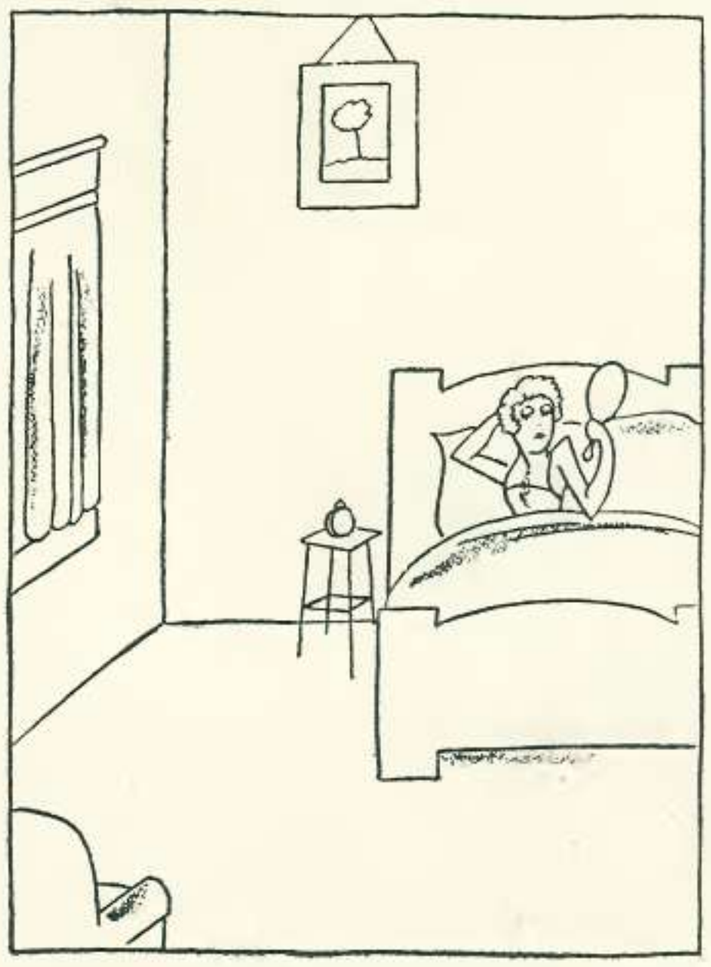
In young and ruffianly Chicago, the photographer is scarcely distinguishable from the rest of the gentlemen of the press. There, newspapers still compete for circulation with hoydenish methods. Guerillas have been employed by the Chicago papers to overturn each other's delivery trucks and to intimidate newsdealers. Reporters on rival journals go to any limit of faking, stealing, or bribery to confound each other. And Chicago photographers live in an eternal atmosphere of bliss, surrounded by the fumes of flashlight powder, which they explode in courtrooms during trials, even under the very noses of beaming gentlemen of the bench who wish to see their faces in print.

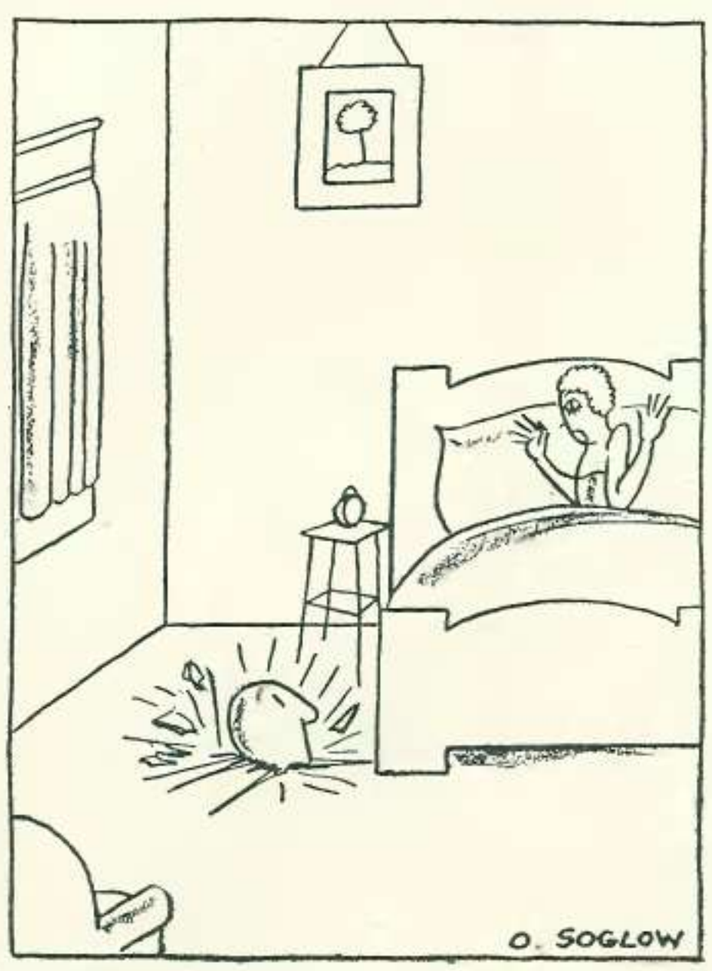




BUT in this more sophisticated town, reporters, like the newspapers which employ them, have grown more mature in trade. Proprietors of all but the tabloids emulate their rivals as much as possible and editors change the make-up of Page One to conform to those of their contemporaries. Reporters, having learned that blame for a news story missed far outweighs praise for a "beat" or exclusive story obtained, pool their news. Only the photographers, wearing their bellicosity on their sleeves, preserve infant notions. They regard their daily tasks as part of an unending war against each other and the rest of the world as well.

Naïve it is, no doubt, thus to bite off their own noses. The greater wisdom of combining to aid each other by exchanging photographic plates is winning its way slowly among them, but they still make no pretension to ethics or good manners. For a while yet they will remain the nearest approach to adventuresome





8 OF THESE new and amusing silhouettes, reproduced in full colors, on loose sheets. Well printed on a superior coated stock. Kept clean and fresh in portfolio and envelope. Free on request.

. . . so we are giving these away FREE!

HESTER STREET

You may have seen the originals in our shop windows. Also as murals in our new Fifth Avenue place. So many people thought them delightful. Came in and told us so.

Now we have printed complete sets of these silhouettes, with a foreword by Martha Bensley Bruère. She made them.

As long as they last, you may have one of these portfolios. People are doing all sorts of interesting decorative things with them.

At our 555-5th Avenue store only. GRATIS.

John Ward
MEN'S SHOES

Equal value in men's hosiery, too!

Fifth Avenue, north of 45th street

first aid to SMOKERS

Did it ever strike you that your smoking taste might need a little first aid? A little healthful help? Surely, sometimes, that taste gives you warning that it does.

Just a bit of prevention adds such a lot to smoking enjoyment—just the daily use of Squibb's Dental Cream. It fights destructive acids, keeps the delicate tissues healthy, and leaves your mouth pleasantly soothed. The minute, clinging particles of the Milk of Magnesia it contains, keep your breath sweet and react to prevent your smoking taste from growing sullen and disgruntled.

The next time you buy your favorite smoke, buy a first aid kit of Squibb's. That "ounce of prevention" will put a new delight in smoking.

Guard The Danger Line

© 1928 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

spirits the metropolitan press provides.

Not that there are no suave, even pernickety fellows among those in the flashlight trade. Here and there may be encountered the figure of one who holds aloof; one who would refuse to impersonate the coroner or the butcher's boy; one who would decline to creep upon an unsuspecting, reluctant subject and flick a camera in his eye; one who would protest against furtively robbing the mantelpiece of a portrait or purchasing from relatives the picture of an unwilling subject; one who, rather than to resort to trickery, would return to his office with the confident assertion that the photograph was impossible to get; one who would have an eye to dress and good manners; one who would not get drunk; one who would seek to make himself persona grata to the world in general. It is even conceivable that somewhere in this land there exists the photographer who encompasses all these virtues. But the chances are great indeed that his associates would consider him only an indifferent operator of a "speed gun" and a social figure too effete to be a comfortable colleague.

The flashlight trade still bears all the rough edges which youthful vigor, competition, and lack of technique inspire. The ethical education of photographers has gone little farther than the discovery that virtue is not its own reward.

ONE of the first tales which tyros in the business hear is that of the eminent practitioner who earned undying prestige and a job for life on the paper he served. It is related that early in his career he was ordered to board a vessel at her pier and take the picture of a voyaging public official. He dallied on the way. He arrived on deck to find that the formal posing had been

concluded; the public official was nowhere in sight and the photographers who had preceded him were guzzling at the breakfast table below decks. In his young heart panic succeeded consternation. He unslung his camera and started aft, hunting for his prey.

Halfway across the deck, he saw his victim issue from a door, and, as he posed his camera, an assassin stepped in front of the official and shot that gentleman with a pistol. The photographer's plate caught the picture of the painfully wounded official staggering about the deck, a dazed expression on his face and blood upon his clothes. The photograph has been republished all over the world and is held in the flashlight trade to be the last word in action photographs. No doubt it is, but the story, with its happy ending of the formal thanks of the newspaper's owner, a bonus, a raise in salary, a job for life, and elevation to the forefront of his trade, has not taught other camera men to depend too much upon the obvious virtues.

EVEN though a good photographer may include among his attributes the skulking nature of an aborigine, the indelicacy of a police sergeant, the wheedle of an oil-stock promoter, the irritability of a neurotic, and the thieving instinct of a wayward boy, his are not all discreditable tendencies. He

··· When do we Eat? ···

IT was back in the Flora Dora Sextette period that the Pittsburgh Millionaires became famous.

Those were the days when the gold-diggers struck pay-dirt—the question "when do we eat?" had its origin—and Pittsburgh got a national reputation for being a good provider.

That reputation has been more than maintained ever since. It has grown.

Today Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and a large part of Eastern Ohio back their chain store carts up to the produce markets of Pittsburgh—and get them filled.

Today there are 4800 independent retail grocers—and 800 chain grocery stores in Pittsburgh.

Twelve million dollars worth of food products sold in one city block in a single year—165,000 people bought food in one "cash-and-carry" in a single week—a carload of butter retailed in a single store in a day.

Pittsburgh has become the third largest food distributing center in America.

What a market, gentlemen, what a market! What a sales opportunity!

And as the scope and wealth of this market has increased, the ability to reach it most effectively and most economically has been centered in one great newspaper —The Pittsburgh Press.

Why? *Because it sells goods!*

The Press has carried in excess of a million, two hundred thousand lines of grocery product advertising, *every year for the last fourteen years.*

The Press not only leads in food product advertising, but in other classifications as well—motor cars, clothing, tobacco, drug products, furniture, real estate, building materials, every conceivable product that is advertiseable.

The Press is the acknowledged leader—both by the reader and the advertiser.

And just in closing, friends, let us leave this thought with you—"if you have goods to sell in this rich purchasing district of over a million population—whether food stuffs or other merchandise—The Pittsburgh Press, exclusively, will do the job for you."

The Pittsburgh Press

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND MEMBER OF THE UNITED PRESS

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS ··· National Advertising Departments

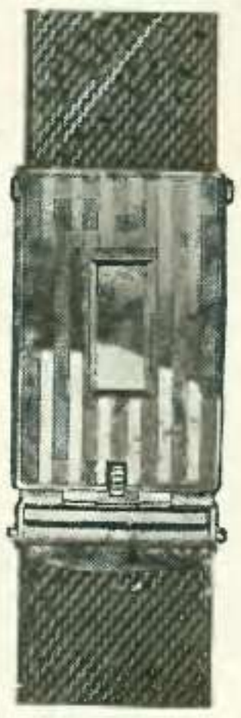
250 Park Ave., New York City ··· Chicago ··· Detroit ··· Cleveland ··· Los Angeles ··· San Francisco ··· Seattle

Are YOU a Wrist Watch Acrobat?

ALL daily dozens are not done before the loudspeaker. For example, make a study of yourself the next time you go thru the antics of removing your wrist watch. You'll find the prong-buckle strap handy as a sore thumb, healthy for wrist watches as a hammer.

This new Krementz Band might deprive you of a little exercise, but it helps a lot to keep your watch off the floor. It's the handiest arrangement ever, because instead of a prong-buckle there is a trim metal casing that holds 3 expanding links. Opened, the strap forms a loop that slips on or off—over the hand—or up on the forearm when washing the hands.

In Krementz Quality Rolled Gold Plate, Krementz Wrist Watch Bands are offered fitted with leather at $7.50; with flexible Milanaise Mesh, $12.50 and $15. Jewelers can also show them to you in solid 14 kt. or 18 kt. white, yellow or green gold, and in solid platinum. Write for name of nearest jeweler or telephone our New York office, Lackawanna 3123.



Krementz Wrist Watch Band—completely expanded. Ample allowance for free passage over hand or up on forearm.

Krementz
WRIST WATCH BAND
KREMENTZ & CO., Newark, N. J.

must have alertness to a fine degree. Enterprise is his or he does not survive. He must have judgment and on occasion he may even put to use good taste and an imagination which has not seeded into fakery. Nor is his very vulgarity without its pleasant side. Dignified stuffed shirts flatten before an army of photographers as if the posers observed ribald mockery in the camera's wink.

When the Queen of Rumania, in mask-like dignity, stood before the Unknown Soldier's tomb in Arlington Cemetery, photographers banked themselves a few feet away. As she laid the wreath of tribute, in what was meant to be a solemn ceremony, cameras clattered, movie machines droned, and sweaty photographers raised a cry: "Hey, Queen, you forgot to smile!" The Queen, having turned away, faced them once more, and, with the fixed smile dear to rotogravures and newsreels, raised the wreath and lowered it once more as the flashlight trade demanded.

In that one scene, the photographers did more to reduce such ceremonies to their essential absurdity than could any one of their reportorial associates in subsequent descriptions. In this instance, their public service was unwitting. But theirs is frequently a conscious coarseness. They take great joy in laying unholy hands upon persons and functions publicly revered.

It is at events from which photographers are supposed to be excluded that their gesture of contempt for ordinary mortals is most convincing. In the Browning case they sat in the unneeded jury box hiding their cameras under coats or newspapers and took pictures of the witnesses under the nose of the judge, presiding without a jury, the while they themselves pretended to scratch notes on paper in imitation of the reporters they despise. In the Hall-Mills trial, the Snyder trial, the Chapman trial, and other such public spectacles, they have entered the courtrooms in the face of threats of jail from the judge, to be flung out on occasion, even to be locked up in courthouse cells for a time, but seldom to fail to get a picture.

AGAINST them, when publicity is undesired, the first wrath is thrown. Passaic police ride them down and smash their cameras. Ku Kluxers chase them menacingly. Private police order them from the grounds where Lindbergh is a guest. Village officials run them out of town. Always they are subject to threats, abuse, and violence. Yet they always come back for more and are seldom confounded in the end.

Apparently the rough treatment they receive from all hands only accentuates their faith in themselves. There is the authentic story of the Jewish photographer and the Ku Klux. In addition to the natural hatred of an identifying camera there was added, in this case, the prejudice against his race. Yet he strode into a group of Kluxers, undressing beside a New Jersey road, to order them to hurry into their regalia and to conduct their parade and subsequent burning of a fiery cross after a method best suited to his photographic needs. In every detail they obeyed him. While the initiates knelt gravely before the cross, the voice of a Jew boomed across the field: "Get those guys out of the way; kneel farther over, you!"

During the Snyder trial strange incidents were noted behind the courtroom, in the rooms leading from the corridor to the jail. Guards and deputy sheriffs, made genial by valuable gifts, stood aside to let photographers have clear shots at Henry Judd Gray, and later lured Gray and Ruth Snyder into rooms, ostensibly for reunions with relatives, but actually with photographers. Chiefly because of ill luck, not a single picture came out of these maneuverings.

PHOTOGRAPHERS are a crude lot, intemperate in everything, including personal bravery. It is literally true that when a photographer unslings his camera for action he becomes oblivious of everything but the picture

How young will you be when you start to look old?

THIS MATTER of looking old has little to do with the number of your birthdays. You may retain a cleanly chiselled contour and clear, fresh skin long after you are fifty...sixty. Or you may begin to age when you are less than thirty.

For a woman commences to look old, *not* when she reaches some certain age, but whenever one of these three things happens:

When her underchin begins to droop and sag;

When the texture of her throat grows crêpe-like;

Or when weary, discouraged wrinkles form at the corners of her eyes and mouth.

That is what Dorothy Gray learned from her long experience in caring for women's faces. She saw how any one of these three conditions always produces that dreaded "middle-aged" appearance, and she learned that they are primarily caused by a sluggish circulation. For as soon as the circulation loses its normal energy, the facial muscles relax and sag, the tissues grow flabby, and the skin loses its youthful tension. Inevitably this causes a sagging underchin, crêpy throat, lines and wrinkles.

And so Miss Gray's treatments and preparations are remarkably successful in preventing—and in correcting—these disturbing conditions, for the basis of Dorothy Gray's method is the stimulation of a vitalizing circulation, combined with proper cleansing and lubrication suited to the needs of the individual skin.

Miss Gray's treatments are given at her salon, 753 Fifth Avenue. (Telephone Plaza 9977 for appointments.) Her special preparations may be obtained there, and at all leading shops.

DOROTHY GRAY

753 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO · ATLANTIC CITY · WASHINGTON · LOS ANGELES · SAN FRANCISCO

Beauty . . . and the Bores

After a season of plays that makes one decide to stay home and read Shaw, of "celebrities" even less clever than their press agents, of concerts modeled not after the "music of the spheres" but of the industries—no wonder faces grow old before their time!

HELENA RUBINSTEIN, world-renowned beauty scientist, provides the one intelligent means of sparing Beauty the penalties of boredom — Specialized active beauty treatments and preparations!

To assure the complete success of your beauty's ensemble, you must visit Helena Rubinstein's exotic new Maison de Beauté Valaze—dedicated to the harmonious cultivation of face, figure, hair and hands. Expert advice on self-treatments and the art of make-up.

* * *

"CUBIST"

It is a lipstick typically Rubinstein, which means, as all true connoisseurs of such things know, perfect becomingness, unquestioned purity and excellence. And in a case that simply breathes *Paris*—a chic, modernistic oblong, Black or Golden, perfectly appropriate to every occasion from dawn to dawn! The lipstick shades are—*Red Raspberry* (medium or light), becoming to all types, and *Red Geranium*, the gay, vivid shade so irresistible on everyone — and *to* everyone — in the evening! As to the price, that will be a distinct surprise to you—1.00.

Valaze Beauty Preparations and Cosmetics are dispensed by trained and competent advisers at the better shops, or order direct from

Helena Rubinstein

PARIS LONDON

8 East 57th Street, New York

Telephone for Appointment Plaza 7572

to be made before him. Photographers, not reporters, are the young men who leap from tugs to liners in mid-harbor, at considerable risk to their persons. Photographers, more often than anyone else in the newspaper business, work from airplanes. One young man, aloft, with Clarence Chamberlin as his pilot, came down on an ash heap in Long Island City close to an Elevated entrance, the more easily to beat rival cameramen to the office with his plates. Photographers climb trees, perch on gutters of high buildings, do everything but stand on their heads in order to picture scenes from which they have been barred by police. Many have been seriously injured by premature explosions of their flashlight powder, only to return to their trade when their wounds have healed.

If fear of their jobs, more often than courage, drives them into these extravagances, if they are sentimental, jealous, noisy, and none too clean, yet they may be forgiven.

CERTAINLY not all the evils ascribed to them are their own creations. Modest young women who have found themselves pictured in the papers, with their dresses over-far above their knees, need blame neither themselves nor the photographers. In the days when women's dresses were much longer than the newspaper taste, it was no uncommon trick of art-department retouchers to paint out the lower part of the skirt and to paint in the desired amount of leg. Other such tricks are frequently accomplished without participation of the camera man. Not so long ago an art department, on insufficient information, painted out the hat of one public official and painted an abundance of hair on the top of his head, only to learn next day the gentleman was bald. Prizefight knockouts and many other events are faked by the retoucher's brush, and usually the victims blame the result on the photographers.

Some day, the flashlight trade may mature. Photographers may stop fighting each other and the world. All except intelligent, public-spirited citizens, willing to work for from forty dollars to one hundred dollars a week, may be expelled from the ranks. Then dignity and good manners will descend upon them. The wink of the camera will no longer appear the bawdy suggestion of an untamed crew. And the newspaper trade will have lost its last adventurers.

—OLIVER H. P. GARRETT

chez vous

. . . . . *in the Cruisabout!*

YOU will feel distinctly at home in the Cruisabout!

The completeness of its cabin — four comfortable berths which act as lounges by day; a completely fitted toilet room; full length lockers to hold your clothes without crushing — these things will win you at once! :: ::

Pleasurable living is a very part of the Cruisabout. Its galley is built for the preparation of real meals, not snacks! For the water whets the most jaded of appetites.

The upkeep of the Cruisabout is very low. Its price is but $3585. It is a value which simply is not equalled anywhere! :: :: :: ::

Inspect the Cruisabout here now! There is nothing missing but the water! :: ::

WILBUR H. YOUNG & CO.
Marine Salon
262 West 57th Street

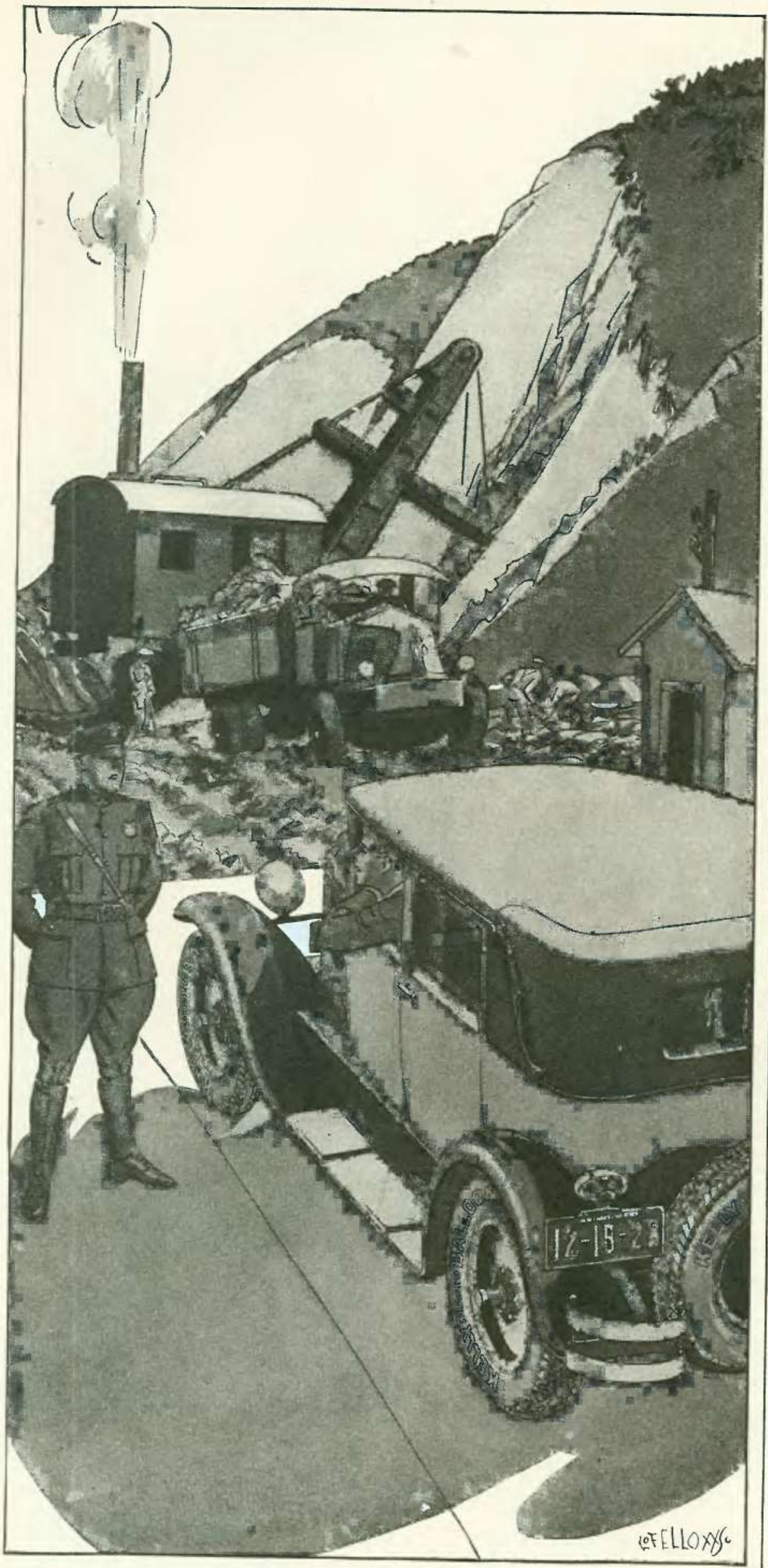
The Cruisabout is built by the Richardson Boat Company at North Tonawanda, New York

Richardson MASTER *Cruisabout* 28'

A CHARMING *summer ensemble in beige crepe Roma, by Milgrim, posed by a Milgrim mannequin. In "modeling" the creations of this famous establishment, the mannequin chooses underthings and hosiery to match. These are cleansed exquisitely in Lux!*

At Milgrim's, only Lux

is trusted to cleanse the sheer lingerie and hosiery worn by mannequins! . . . "We find Lux alone gives these fragile garments the beautiful appearance they must have," heads of this famous house say. "With Lux they stay new-looking *more than twice as long.*" . . . Today's sheer, soft fabrics *do* keep that lovely new look so much longer, cleansed gently in Lux!



"Looks pretty bad. Is it passable?"

"You can make it if you take it easy—that is if you want to risk your tires."

"Oh, I'm not worrying about the tires—I've got Kelly-Springfields on all around."

MOTORS

Mergers—Dodge Data —Interior Reflections

JUST as we remained unmoved a year ago when the gentlemen downtown were predicting the fade-out of Mr. Ford's company, so we are now disposed to be calm about all this merger silliness in the Street. We are a trifle bored, for example, with the constant pointing to General Motors as an institution making profit because of size. The profits have come because of talent in management and a flair for guessing the popular taste. The Cadillac-La Salle success, the Buick record, and the rise of Chevrolet would have come about to a very considerable degree if these units had operated as individual companies, because as individual units they were large enough to effect most of the economies. In this particular instance, it is true, the du Ponts and the House of Morgan may be credited with assists, because, unlike much banker-management, they have permitted the operating men to do the operating.

Nash, Hupmobile, Willys-Overland, Packard, Hudson-Essex—all are companies valuable as units in a combination, but also of established strength when not in combination. We are unable to see that these institutions would cause General Motors either more or less pain if acting in cahoots instead of separately.

WE have missed more than one train at Pennsylvania Station because of Chrysler-Dodge chatterers. We went into the whole Dodge thing months ago. The Dodge Brothers concern, as we thought most people knew, had come under the aegis of Dillon-Read several years after the demise of the two founders. There was no longer the element of personal pride of accomplishment which prohibits many possible combinations. It was hardly a secret that Clarence Dillon would welcome some plan which would bring additional automobile management experience to his problem. Walter Chrysler has had probably a more successful record than anyone in shaking motor organizations into a profitable position (witness his revival of the once hopeless Maxwell and its ultimate

WOMEN motorists, with their inherent sense of style, were among the first to acclaim the beauty and distinction of the Hupmobile Six of the Century. In the silhouette of this powerful, spirited car they saw a fresh and pleasing note in body design—high, shapely radiator, wide, substantial fenders, and low contours that speak eloquently of safety and comfort. At the wheel, they found new ease of steering and control, smooth, velvety power, and the added factor of safety provided by Hupmobile's advanced steeldraulic brakes. Women seeking a personal car for their own use are invited to inspect the dashing new sportster and graceful cabriolet or coupe models now on view at all Hupmobile dealers. An appointment for demonstration may be arranged by telephone.

HUPMOBILE

The SIX *of the Century*

VAN ALSTYNE MOTOR CORPORATION, Distributors

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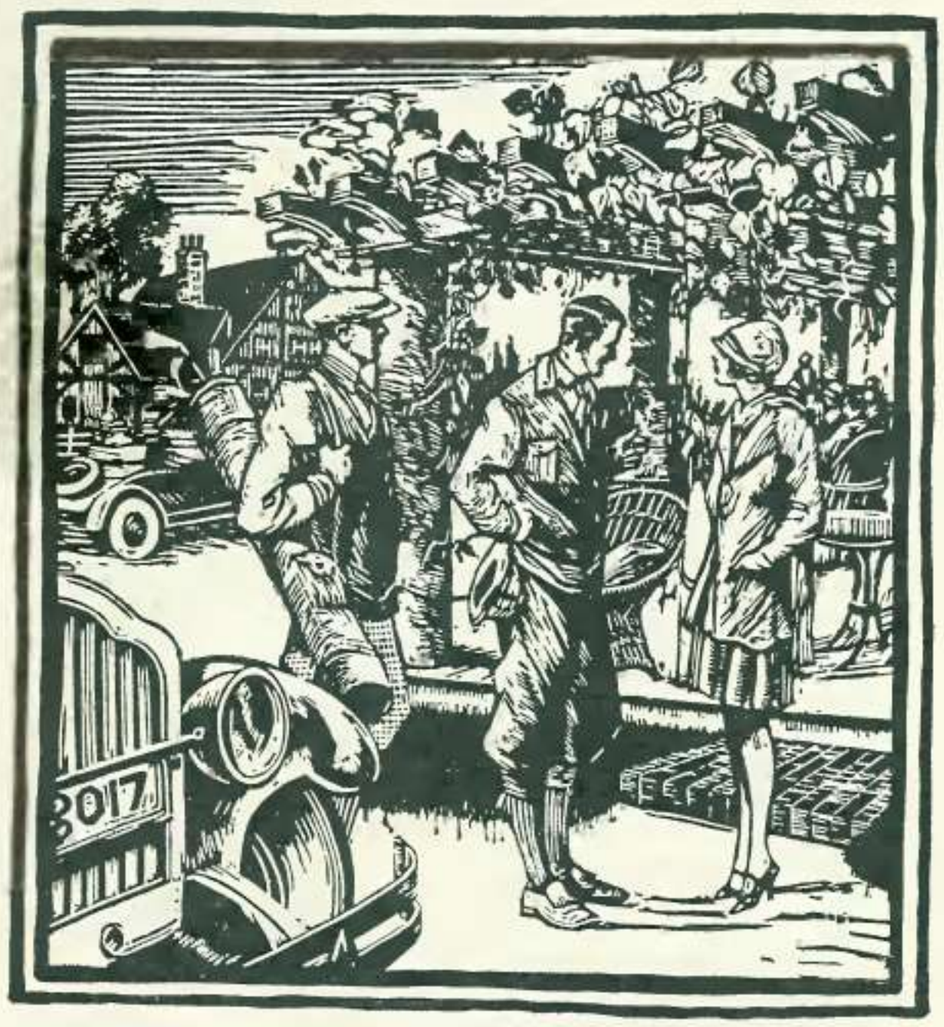

Speaking of Summer and Sports - - -

have you ordered your supply of Hay's Five Fruit? It does the same amazing things to hot weather beverages and desserts that the 19th hole does to the tired golfer. You will find it in the smart red-wrapped bottle at all the better stores.

67 York Street HAY'S FRUIT JUICE CO. Portland, Maine
Write for "35 Ways of Using"

HAY'S Five Fruit

We said: HOW SHALL WE DESCRIBE *The Dorset?.....*
and she said: DON'T TRY!!

Such was one woman's tribute to THE DORSET—and the inference is true...most things gain in description... but the fine things lose...THE DORSET does not belong with the things that can be described...it is one of the things that can't be!...it has the elusive quality of a masterpiece ...it's not just another apartment hotel...it's another world! ...a world of unexampled beauty, luxury, refinement and even extravagance!...so far in advance of anything you have ever known that it cannot be reduced to words—except one word!—OUR WORD that it's a revelation to see and to live in!!

A few Simplex or Terraced Duplex Apartments
Unfurnished or Furnished Transient or Lease
Complete Hotel Service

THE DORSET
THIRTY WEST FIFTY-FOURTH
Adjoining Fifth Ave.

development into the Chrysler Corporation).

It is true that we uttered a few cheerios at the Chrysler-Dodge announcement. This was not due to the fact that a mammoth thing had been created, but because it brought to the grand old name and the highly commendable products of Dodge Brothers the fortissimo talents of Mr. Chrysler.

Preferring to consider the Stock Exchange as a part of the passing show rather than any personal concern of ours, we have placed most of our funds in investment trusts, savings banks, and other grandmotherly enterprises. Accordingly, we have been able to look with amusement on the Street's reaction to the Chrysler-Dodge affair. The position of each institution has been strengthened, and immediately the ticker becomes less cheerful—though no telling what it will be by the time this is printed.

We must say just one more word on this subject for the benefit of nine-tenths of the metropolitan press. It is forever being printed that the Dodge Brothers were once engineers employed by Mr. Ford, leaving him to form their own company. The shoe was almost on the other foot. The Dodges had a successful machine shop in Detroit when Henry was getting started and they made parts for him, taking Ford stock in payment. They helped to give the little boy a hand.

ALWAYS eager to embrace the cause of reform, we are about to launch our personal crusade for the improvement of rear-seat construction in closed motor-car bodies. We should have fair-mindedness and a slogan for any such enterprise. In the name of the first we shall admit that a good bit of élan has been displayed in designing the exteriors. Inside treatment, however, remains for the most part not so good.

The fallacy of most interior décor and construction has been the disposition to treat the problem as if the designer were dealing with chairs on a wheeled platform. The proper approach, rather, is to view the matter as one dealing with a room on wheels.

Yet even in this latter case the issue has not been wholly met, because one steps in and out of the automobile, views the interior from various levels, and regards it both from within and objectively when standing beside it. The future of interior design of motor bodies will be a cross between the handling of a room in a home, and a three-sided

stage set. Ultimately this will give rise to a new set of principles even as the screen has developed its own imperatives.

We shall have more to say on this, but the first postulate is the need for more convenience—wherein the rear-seat matter demands particular attention. No one in a drawing-room, or any other room, would provide a compartment accessible only by the lifting of the heavy seat-cushion of a chair. We ourself have no objection to a little conditioning now and then at Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's, but we firmly refuse to wrestle with the problem of extricating gear from under the rear cushion.

Our help in such matters must always be mental, not muscular, and we have found A Way Out: A hinge may be attached to the back part of the seat, with a little handle in front for lifting. There would have to be a sliding arrangement in the back to allow for the bulge of the upholstery.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

•

OVERHEARD

AT A GOLDMAN CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK

"I HAVEN'T missed but two concerts in three years."

"Really? I've missed about five. Do you live in the city?"

"Oh, no, I teach in Dunmore, Pa. I'm attending Columbia Summer School."

"What a small world it is, after all, isn't it? I'm also attending Columbia Summer School. I do every year. I'm assistant principal of Woodfit, New York, Junior High School."

"Really, we must get together for a real talk. I'm visiting the Metropolitan Museum of Art tomorrow. Perhaps you'll come along?"

"I should be glad to. I haven't been there this year as yet."

"Supposing I meet you at the Alma Mater statue in front of the library tomorrow?"

"That'll be wonderful!"

Voice of local resident in rear: "Aw, keep quiet so someone can hear the music!"

—E. T. CONROY

•

Discussing suicide among college students, Madame Galli Curci said students of music never commit suicide.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

No, it's the neighbors.

"I consider MELLO-GLO Face Powder a real contribution to cosmetics. Its soft, velvety texture gives a youthful bloom that doesn't wear off quickly." Miss Desirée Tabor (*Operetta Star famous for her beauty*), 66 W. 46th Street, New York City.

"Since using MELLO-GLO, I can appear all evening without repowdering. It stays on longer yet does not clog the pores or leave the skin dry." Miss Barbara Carrington (*well known singer*), New York City, appearing in the "Golden Dawn" Company.

"I have found MELLO-GLO Face Powder especially delightful during the busy office hours. It stays on so long and eliminates constant powdering." Ethelda Kerwin, 975 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Exhausting days before the camera can't even displace MELLO-GLO. It stays on so long, it disguises even the shiniest nose." Miss Janet Salling, 660 Riverside Drive, New York City.

They Simply Don't Count Their Lives Complete Without MELLO-GLO

S'wonderful how MELLO-GLO Face Powder keeps the ugly shine away. A new French process (it *would* be French) makes MELLO-GLO Face Powder stay on longer, even under Summer's most fervid sun. And its heaven-born rose petal bloom bestows girlish beauty on the complexion, though the possessor of that complexion be of uncertain age.

MELLO-GLO just can't stand the sight of a pore. Its smooth velvety texture covers up every one nicely. No, it doesn't clog the pores or dry the skin. MELLO-GLO Face Powder is pure and plays the part of a true friend to the complexion.

If you would preserve your facial charm—improve it—sprint to the nearest store and ask for MELLO-GLO Face Powder. If they are out (the demand is overwhelming) ask them to get MELLO-GLO for you. MELLO-GLO, Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

ZIPP-O-GRIP

For Sports and Travel

THE roll-type and semi-kit Zipp-O-Grips meet the exacting demands of golfers and sports enthusiasts and are seen wherever smart people gather.

This light-weight luggage of matchless utility is ideal for every travel purpose and expresses the ultimate in convenience and carrying capacity.

Zipp-O-Grips, made of the finest leathers and materials, may be had in a variety of styles, sizes and colors and feature the quick opening and secure closing afforded by the Talon Fastener.

Sold by good luggage shops everywhere and the following New York stores

Abercrombie & Fitch Co.
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Best & Co.
Brooks Brothers
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Saks-Fifth Avenue
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Franklin Simon & Co.
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John Wanamaker
Weber & Heilbroner

Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn
Frederick Loeser & Co., Brooklyn
L. Bamberger & Co., Newark

MAX DAMM COMPANY, Inc.
88 St. Francis Street, Newark, N. J.

"Personally I don't care who's elected. I just vote for the principle of the thing."

• •

THE ART LOVER

"YOU see, I thought as long as I was in Paris I might as well 'do' one of those exhibitions at the Salon. Have you been to the Salon? Well, I should certainly advise you to go to the Salon if you are at all interested in art and want to see some of the sweet things that are turned out by the painters and the sculptors here. Where on earth do you suppose they get all their ideas and inspirations from? Nobody can tell me we're not living in an age that will go down in history as fine as the old Romans or Greeks with their paintings and their sculptures.

"I went with my husband. He's in the printing business and has charge of the poster-work. Naturally, he was more interested in those paintings than I was, because his work makes him look at drawings and brings him in contact with many artists in America. I mean, he looked at the paintings from a technical standpoint, while I looked at them from the point of a layman, or a laywoman, you might say.

"My goodness gracious, but you should have seen some of those paintings. They were beautiful. Absolutely beautiful. Take my advice, and if you have some spare minutes on your hands today you just dash right over to the Salon and take those pictures and sculptures in.

"There was one picture there—well, it certainly was awfully sweet. It was a picture of a little girl. She didn't have anything on and she was sitting on a chair with her face turned forwards a little bit and it certainly was sweet. I said to my husband, 'There's a sweet picture for you,' and he explained it from the technical point of view. And even from the technical point of view he thought it was an awfully, awfully sweet picture.

"He told me about the shadows on the little body. He called those shadows 'tone' and told me all the artists called the shadows 'tone.' They never put shadows on the body, he told me, but he said they added 'tone.' And then he explained how a picture is a good picture if it expresses something. He said, 'There's a good drawing on that wall because it tells a story.' Well, it certainly was a sweet picture to me and as far as I was concerned it told a very, very sweet story."

"WE saw another painting that had lots of tone on it and it was a sweet picture, too. My husband explained some of the things from a technical point of view that the average person does not know about. He

Presenting . . .
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
in the blindfold cigarette test

MR. CHAPLIN was asked to smoke each of the four leading brands, clearing his taste with coffee between smokes. Only one question was asked: "Which one do you like the best?" He chose OLD GOLD.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN
. . . movie favorite the world over, in one of his best-loved pictures . . . "The Circus."

Famous star selects OLD GOLD

"ONE cigarette of the four I smoked in the blindfold test was like shooting a scene successfully after a whole series of failures. It just 'clicked' and I named it as my choice. It was OLD GOLD. Which clears up a mystery, for the supply of OLD GOLDS in my Beverly Hills home is constantly being depleted. It seems that Strongheart and Rin-tin-tin are the only motion picture stars who don't smoke them."

Charlie Chaplin

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

Made from the *heart-leaves* of the tobacco plant.

How does OLD GOLD *do it?*

THE answer is very simple. Only *heart-leaf* tobacco is used in OLD GOLDS. No coarse *top-leaves* of the tobacco plant . . . no withered *ground-leaves*. That's why OLD GOLDS are so *smooth* . . . why you can pick them in the dark:

SMOOTHER AND *BETTER*—"NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

"Good to the last drop"

In its blended richness
.....a new luxury

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Clothes for Midsummer

Send for Price List of SHIRTS

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PALM BEACH — PLAZA BUILDING, COUNTY ROAD
NEWPORT — AUDRAIN BUILDING, 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE

showed me how an artist got hold of the chest bone. You know, that's the bone on top of the chest. Well, the artist instead of drawing a line and saying, 'Well, now that's the chest bone,' draws two tones with a little space between them, and there he gets the chest bone. Well, perhaps I can't explain it the way my husband did, but you have to see one of those drawings to appreciate it. I was certainly glad my husband could explain these little things from a technical point of view, because otherwise, I would have just looked at the painting willy-nilly.

"BUT we saw the sweetest prize-picture in the lot and it was simply marvellous. Oh, it was too sweet for words. It showed the picture of a woman and she didn't have anything on. It was a kind of nude. She was resting in a bed and she had some silk goods underneath. It was the sweetest picture you ever saw. It had a certain kind of innocence about it. You know the kind. If you have ever seen the statue of Venus de Milo, for example. Well, this painting had rather the same effect. Oh, it wasn't Venus de Milo, for the woman in the painting had two complete arms and all that, but she had the same innocent quality. And there were lovely colors in the background. This silk that the woman was resting on was a sort of lavender color. It was very rich and it was the sweetest picture you ever saw. My husband he said to me, 'From a technical point of view I would say this is the best masterpiece on display here without fear of contradiction from the best of the art critics.' I was glad that he said it because even I, from what little I know about paintings, felt that here was an awfully, awfully sweet picture.

"I said to my husband, 'Why don't we price this and maybe take it home with us? You better go price it.' And he went to the committee or whoever it was where you have to price the paintings and he came back and told me it was sold. Well, it didn't surprise me a bit because it was the best thing there.

"How much did they sell it for? Well, it was for twelve hundred dollars. Yes, *dollars*. When my husband came back I asked him how much it was sold for and he said, 'Twelve hundred dollars.' 'Twelve hundred dollars,' I said; 'you mean twelve hundred francs.' 'Well,' he said, 'I'm almost sure it was dollars they told me and not francs. Let's see,' he

said, 'twelve hundred francs would be forty-eight dollars. Oh,' he said, 'I'm sure it was more than that. Why, the paints and the canvas and the man's time must have cost forty-eight dollars alone. It stands to reason that it must have been more than that. It must be twelve hundred dollars.' Of course, we weren't in a position to pay that amount of money. I mean, well, if it had been twelve hundred francs, well, then maybe we would have taken it if it wasn't sold."

"YES, we saw a lot of other masterpieces but they weren't near as pretty as that one. No, I don't remember the name of the picture, although I think it said something about Spring. But I may be wrong. No, but my husband would remember the name of the artist because he remembers all those things. I must ask him when I see him and I'll let you know tomorrow. But if you should go this afternoon, just look for the picture of a woman without anything on and she's lying in a bed on a silk thing—it's a sort of lavender. Oh, you can't miss it—it's the sweetest thing there. Or why don't you go up to the committee and ask to look at the picture they sold for twelve hundred dollars? You see, then you can find out whether they sold it for twelve hundred dollars or twelve hundred francs. At least, that is what I would do if I had some spare time on my hands and wanted to take in the Salon." —ARTHUR KOBER

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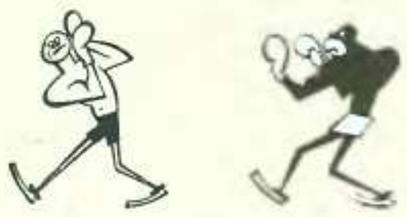

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DUBIOUS COMPENSATION

FOR WORKING STRAIGHT THROUGH THE SUMMER WITH MOST OF THE SUNDAYS RAINY AS USUAL

Saffron freckles, by the ton,
From the glowing summer sun,
Regularly used to chase
Over my resentful face.

Hideous, they seemed to me;
All my girlish vanity
Shuddered at those spotty rows
So at home upon my nose.

Now I do not see the sun
Long enough for even one
Modest mite to get a chance
At my rueful countenance.

—MARNE

AT HOME
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When you visit New York, have your *own private apartment*, charmingly furnished, on the smartest square in the city. Sherry-trained servants . . . your table served by Sherry

By the day, week, or month

SHERRY NETHERLAND

FIFTH AVENUE *at* 59TH STREET, NEW YORK

Is This the Best Handwriting in America?

A Cigarette for Those Who Can Afford 20¢ for the Best
FIRST PRIZE — J. E. G., NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

A Cigarette for Those Who Can Afford 20¢ for the Best
SECOND PRIZE — A. M. C., NEW YORK CITY

A Cigarette for Those Who Can Afford 20¢ for the Best
THIRD PRIZE — W. C. C., SOUND BEACH, CONN.

A cigarette for those who can afford 20¢ for the best
FOURTH PRIZE — A., FAIRHILL, TORQUAY, ENGLAND

A Cigarette for Those Who Can Afford 20¢ for the Best
SPECIAL PRIZE — G. C., GREAT NECK, N. Y.

OUT OF 726 distinguished handwriting contestants in the Marlboro-New Yorker test, the judges decided as above. Answers, of course, came mostly from Marlboro smokers—men and women of considerable discrimination. The handwriting, therefore, was far above the average.

We think the judges were correct; and that the writing fairly represents the best class of smokers in America.

But our minds are open. Let anyone—man or woman—who will write the phrase—"A cigarette for those who can afford 20 cents for the best!" send it in to the address below.

If the original judges consider any new handwriting more distinguished than that shown above, we will take pleasure in sending each successful writer, with our congratulations and compliments, a special carton of 200 Marlboro Cigarettes.

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

MUSICAL

A Certain Mr. Bennett—O

"ERNEST BLOCH," announces *Musical America*, "has been awarded *Musical America's* three-thousand - dollar prize for the finest work submitted in its Symphony Contest."

Again Mr. Bloch has toddled away with the honors in a musical competition, and it seems to me that other composers might chip in to pension off Mr. Bloch on condition that he enter no more contests. Mr. Bloch's "America," described as an epic rhapsody, is dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman; "whose vision have upheld its inspiration," and perhaps you may know what is meant by the subordinate clause. The judges—Messrs. Damrosch, Stock, Stokowski, Koussevitzky, and Hertz—were unanimous on Mr. Bloch's rhapsody, designated by Mr. Stock as "the outstandingly great work" of the competition. The next competition will be to determine which of the judges will be the first to conduct it, and further consideration of "America" may be deferred until that is settled.

FOUR works received honorable mention in this most recently completed of contests: Samuel Gardner's "Broadway"; a jazz suite by Louis Gruenberg; a symphony by Robert Russell Bennett; and "The Piper," a symphonic poem by Wintter Watts. (There are four t's in Mr. Watts' name, as those who know "Said Willard Wattles to Wintter Watts" may recall.) Mr. Gardner's "Broadway" once was accepted for performance by Mr. Mengelberg, but was withdrawn for rescoring. It seems, in manuscript, to be an immensely effective effort, in which a small jazz orchestra is used as a *concertino*. Mr. Gardner's jazz is not the theoretical cacophony of Stravinsky. His violin morceau, "From the Cane Brake," which has become ubiquitous, is ample testimony to the composer's familiarity with the idiom. The works of Messrs. Gruenberg and Watts are not available for inspection, but the titles suggest that they probably are characteristic of their creators. Mr. Gruenberg, by the way, also won a prize in the Columbia company's Schubert centennial *bouts musiques*.

Four of the five gentlemen whose

EVENTS

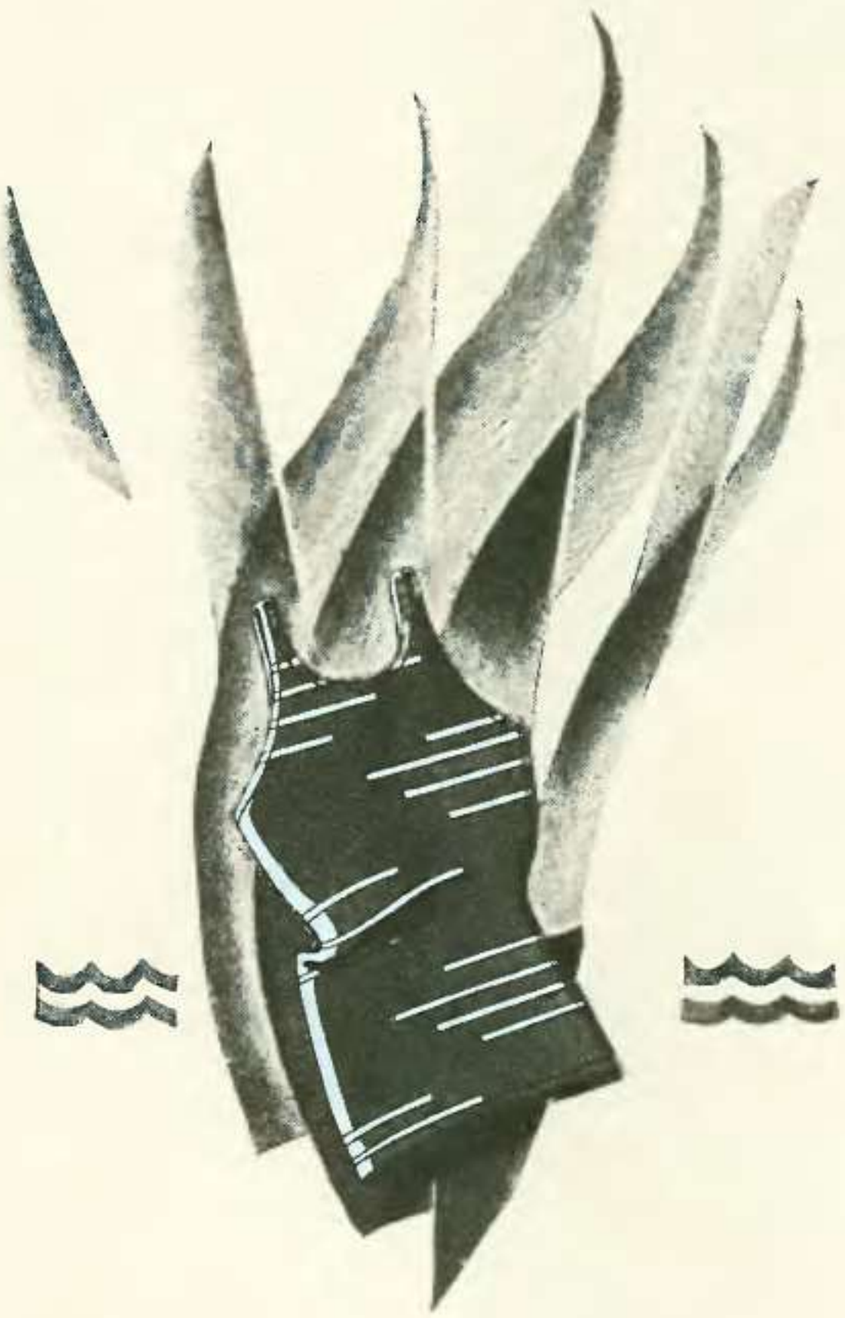
the Mall and on the Campus

compositions have been rewarded with cash or credit are musicians whose names are familiar to all concert-goers. The fifth, however, is a stranger concerning whom little was said in the announcements, and it is unlikely that many symphonic customers ever have heard of Robert Russell Bennett. Nevertheless, his work has been heard by more listeners than that of the other four combined, for Mr. Bennett is the orchestrator of "Show Boat" and don't ask me how many antecedent musical entertainments. All that is known of his symphony is that it has or had the laconic sub-title, "Uke." (There may be a moral in the fact that all save one of the winning scores have jazz passages in them.) All that I have been able to learn about Mr. Bennett is that certain popular composers are eager to pay elaborate fees for his professional services, that he comes from Kansas City, and that at present he is devoting his well-earned fees to vigorous study in Paris.

THE reason for this dissertation on Mr. Bennett is that the recognition of his efforts indicates that a composer may learn the orchestral trade and yet make his way by a species of composition while he is learning it. Mr. Bennett's school was the preparation of scores, first for dance orchestras and later for shows. Here he acquired the enormous practical skill to which any auditor of "Show Boat"—to name the most striking current exhibit of Mr. Bennett's ability—can testify. It is said frequently and with no little justice that our composers are handicapped by lack of opportunities to hear for themselves the devices which they have put on paper and that we have no training grounds for workers in instrumental combinations. The history of Mr. Bennett suggests that scoring for musical comedy, radio ensembles, and dance orchestras may be the solution to the problem. Young musicians will not always have such notable materials as "Show Boat" to deal with, but the hearing of something based on almost any tune is more helpful than the recording of sounds which never will be reproduced by the instruments for which they are intended.

EDWIN FRANKO GOLDMAN and his accomplished band are again purveying "symphonies in brass" for your

SWIM SHIRT



Observed by Carr Kitson at Palm Beach

Quick to sense the new, Carr Kitson, [Wallach's style scout] had this new broken stripe swim shirt made in three smart color schemes. Pale gray stripes on Yale blue -- pale green on sea green -- white on black. Knitted of pure worsted yarns -- fast color, quick drying. Full fashioned -- deep armholes

$10

A smart beach turn-out when combined with flannel trunks

Wallach Brothers

53 Broadway
Broadway corner 29th
265 Broadway at Chambers
Fifth Avenue at 42nd
Fifth Avenue cor 28th

41st at 7th Avenue
246-248 West 125th St
Fordham Road corner Marion Ave
828-830 Broad Street — Newark
Court cor Montague — Brooklyn

"—because you love nice things"

GRACEFUL, supple, essentially feminine are the cleverly fitted contours of this Van Raalte Singlette. It combines, in a single complete underdress, a brassiere, a girdle, and panties to be worn open or closed. Of course, every Singlette is a one-piece garment, but by no means are all one-piece garments Singlettes—be sure to look for the Van Raalte label. Many *other* styles, of course, at good shops everywhere, or write us if you do not find the style you want.

Van Raalte Co.,
Dept. A,
295 Fifth Ave., New York City

VAN RAALTE
Singlettes

diversion nightly, and it probably is enough to note that they are as good as ever and sometimes even better. The programs are made up principally of familiar creations, ranging from the cornet soli of Mr. Del Staigers to such ambitious presentations as Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner evenings. Mr. Staigers is the best trick cornetist in these parts and I should like him even better if he never again would play the molasses aria from "Der Trompeter von Säkkingen."

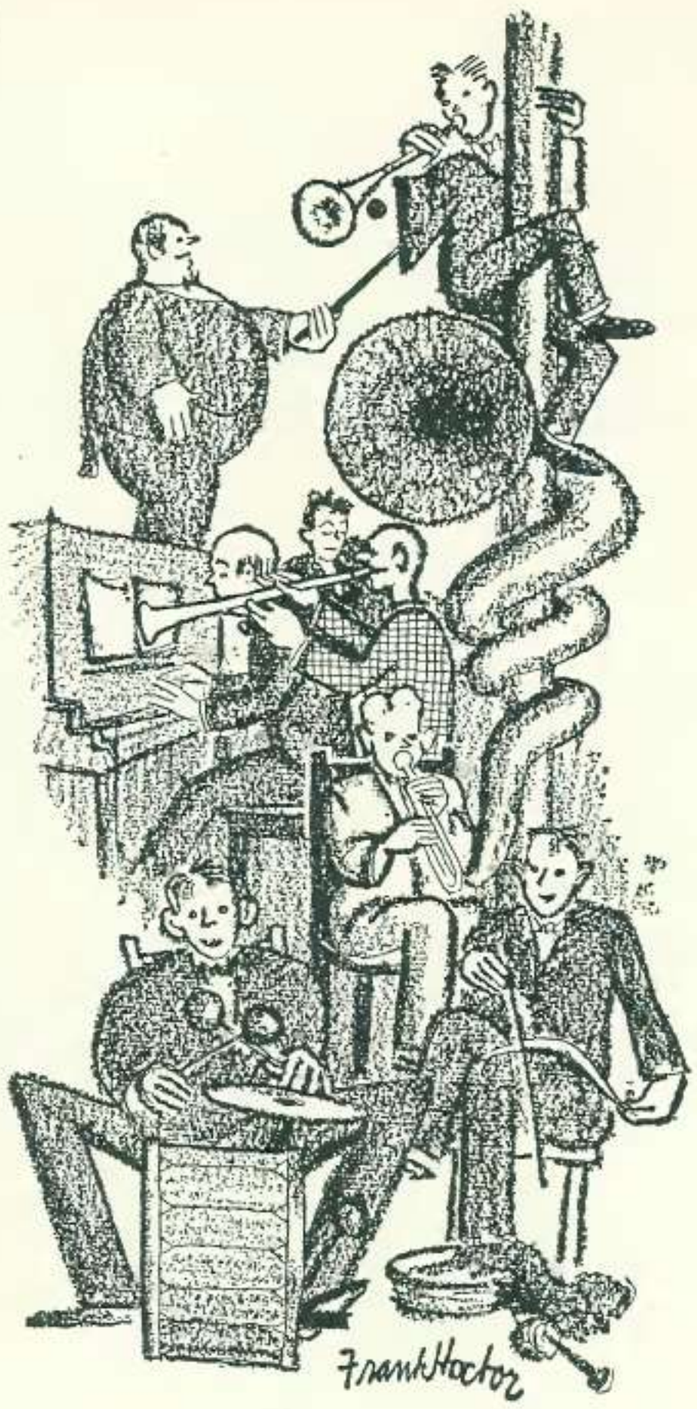
The Goldman Band plays on the Mall in Central Park on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday evenings, and on the New York University Campus on the other nights of the week. If you plan to go this next week, the programs that seem most promising are the Victor Herbert soirée on Monday, the Tschaikowsky celebration on Tuesday, and the Schubert observance on Friday. In any case, if you fail to arrive at least half an hour before the beginning of the concert, you probably will be sitting at least half a mile from the bandstand. —R. A. S.

POPULAR RECORDS

Another "Ol' Man River," This Time by Al Jolson—Romantic Business by the Tenors—Whiteman Everywhere

BY this time, most record collectors must be well stocked up on discs of "Ol' Man River," but the recent issue of the ditty by Al Jolson for Brunswick is something to have, even if it means duplication. Jolson's version might have been expected to be "Ol' Mammy River," but he discards his hysterical *parlandos* and his tortured tempi and sings the air "straight." The result is a recording of dignity and power. Incidentally, Jolson's voice sounds better in "Ol' Man River" than it has in almost anything he has done lately, which includes "Back in Your Own Back Yard," the other side of the record.

The vocal honors for the moment belong to the gentlemen. James Melton's "Rosita" and "When Love Comes Stealing" are smooth, ingratiating expositions of tango and waltz romances. Columbia will sell this to you. Franklyn Baur, with two helpful pianos, pours



Crazy Rhythm

"Crazy Rhythm"—from "Here's Howe"—Fox trot, vocal chorus

"Imagination"—Fox trot, vocal trio, Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra 3913

"He Ain't Never Been in College" 3917

"She's the Sweetheart of Six Other Guys"—Fox trots, vocal chorus, Six Jumping Jacks

"There's Something About a Rose"—Fox trot, vocal trio

"Just a Little Way from Home"—Fox trot, vocal duet, Joe Rines and his Orchestra 3921

"Nobody's Sweetheart"—Fox trots 3854

"Avalon"—Red Nichols and His Five Pennies

Always something new on Brunswick Records

There's new snap, rhythm and pep in Brunswick records

Brunswick

PANATROPES·RADIOLAS·RECORDS

out lyric oil in Victor recordings of "I'm Away from the World When I'm Away from You," which is probably the longest title of the season, and "Just Across the Street From Heaven." Harry Richman's "I Just Roll Along," for Brunswick, is almost an operatic improvisation, but the other side harbors "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," and no matter how well you may sing it, it's still "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

Most revivals of airs from the turn of the century are lugubrious largos, but the Shannon Quartet (the Revelers again!) has intoned "The Sidewalks of New York" and "On the Banks of the Wabash" for Columbia with its wonted mellifluousness and diction that seems almost impossibly good for a quartet. The piano obbligati are just a bit waggish, and why not?

Paul Whiteman has become an exclusive Columbia artist, but Victor seems to have in reserve enough of his recordings to make competition for months to come. This will account for the frequent appearances of the orchestra in the present dance list and, presumably, in those to follow.

GET OUT AND GET UNDER THE MOON and C-O-N-S-T-A-N-T-I-N-O-P-L-E—Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. The latest of moon rhapsodies provides Paolo with opportunities for a charming score. The chanson about the Turkish metropolis is based on the old catch, "Can you spell it?" and is one of those six-eight galumpheries, in spite of which Whiteman makes a good dance disc of it. *(Columbia)*

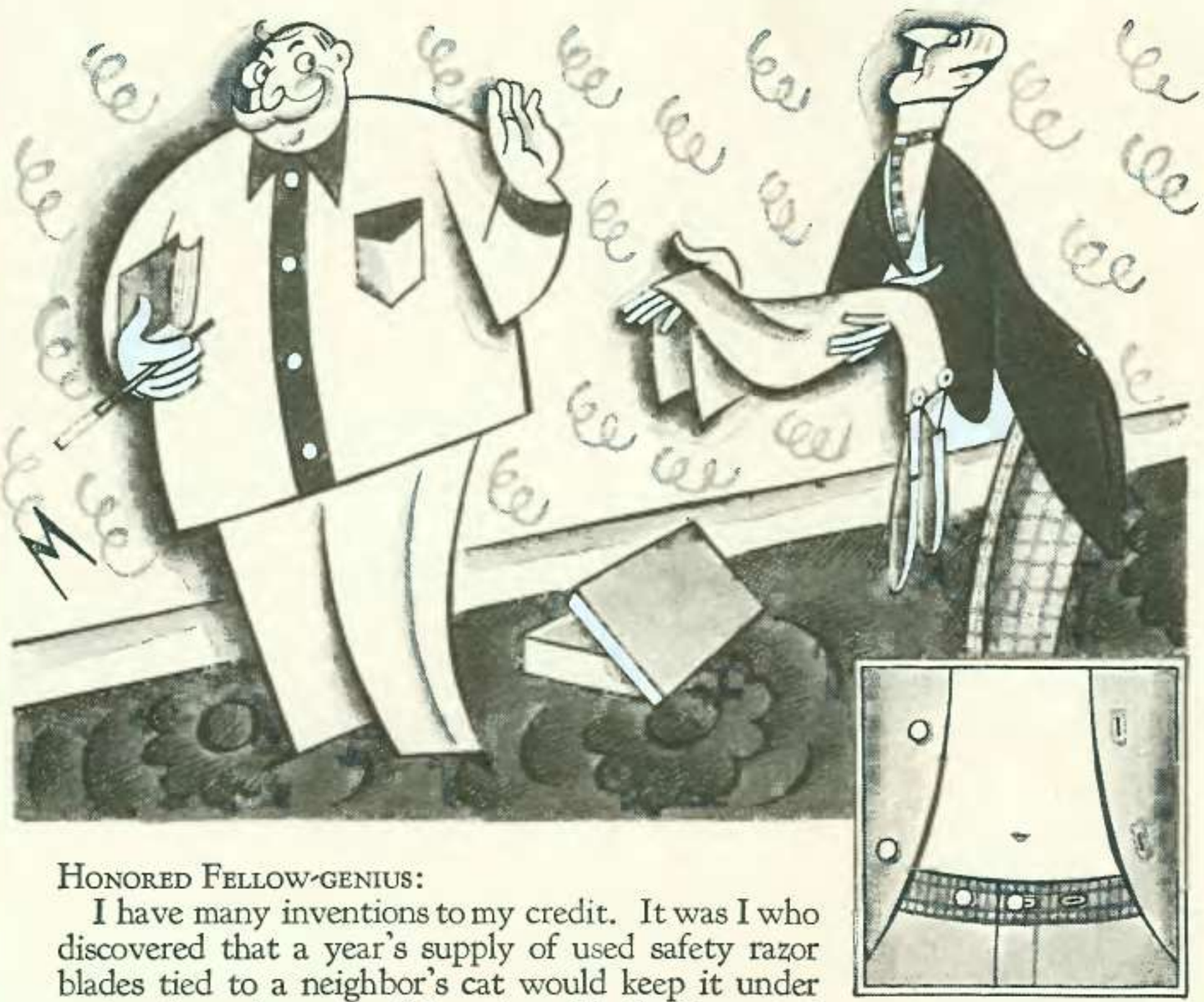
BESIDE A LAZY STREAM and HEARTACHES AND DREAMS—Frank Black and his orchestra. Two reasonably good tunes converted into striking recordings by remarkable orchestration and playing that has more "pulse" than anything on this list. *(Brunswick)*

I'M AFRAID OF YOU and MY PET—Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. As predicted, you can't escape Whiteman now. This double is almost straight dance music, but there is all sorts of by-playing, including a sax septuor in "My Pet." *(Victor)*

I'M MORE THAN SATISFIED (Larry Abbott and his orchestra) and JUBILEE (Frankie Trumbauer and his orchestra)—Two hot selections of the new school, in which reed effects predominate over the brasses. *(Okeh)*

DIXIE DAWN and I'M RIDING TO GLORY—Ipana Troubadours. Beautifully transparent scoring of exception-

Colin James Hayrick to Mr. Faultless, the Inventor



HONORED FELLOW-GENIUS:

I have many inventions to my credit. It was I who discovered that a year's supply of used safety razor blades tied to a neighbor's cat would keep it under water. A peerless way of disposing of both. I invented and patented the process of permanently removing the hair from Pomeranians to make Mexican Hairlesses. It was I who, after indefatigable research, first crossed fireflies with honey bees so the bees would work at night.

That last was a disastrous invention for me. Unlike most inventors, I became prosperous. Prosperity brought with it girth . . . avoirdupois . . . a large and ungainly waist. And this brought sleepless nights through which I tossed in the grip of tight, inflexible pajama strings.

Having no hips (mine had disappeared under the wave of prosperity) I had to tie the strings so tight they left red creases around my middle . . . strangled me . . . stopped circulation . . . never let me sleep. And whenever I arose, even with the strings so tight, I had to grab my trousers in both hands to keep them from falling.

I turned my inventive mind to banishing the pajama string. I hit upon a solution . . . an idea I got when visiting my son, a sophomore at Y. . . . . Suspenders! I made a pair and attached them to my pajamas. Compared to the erstwhile rope-around-the-waist they seemed a paradise of pleasantness. And then a certain rascally pseudo-inventor, jealous of my firefly-bees, sent me a pair of your Nobelt pajamas, thinking to ruin my complacency of mind.

Sir, it was the greatest favor he ever did me!

Fellow-genius, to you is the glory of stringless pajamas! Ah, how soft and pliant is your patented waistband! Firm and secure of grip—yet holding without noticeable pressure! So staunch and durable, convenient and simple, and yet so comfortable . . . so sleep inducing!

Yours is so great a genius for pajamas that I am turning my indubitable talents elsewhere—leaving you to rule unchallenged in the nightwear field.

Sincerely,

Colin James Hayrick

P. S.—Delight upon delight! I just bought one of your new athletic shirts and a pair of your Nobelt equipped shorts!

C. J. H.

Faultless Nobelt Pajamas

"The nightwear of a nation" since 1881

ROLLS
The ONE BLADE Safety
RAZOR

PERFECTION with a safety razor such as has never been attained before.

The Rolls is the only razor for the man who finds shaving a hard task.

Stropped before each shave with two or three moves of the hand, honed once in two months with but little more effort, the blade, kept ever keen, shaves flat against the face—not at right angles. It cuts the hair—does not pull it out.

Honing stone and stropping belt are stationary in the case containing the razor.

The blade, of finest Sheffield steel, is of the old straight razor type and hollow ground, but, shorter, of course, to fit into all the nooks and crannies of the average face. Properly handled it will give a lifetime of perfect shaves.

A good-looking, thoroughly serviceable Safety Razor. Done in compact silver plated case.

A British importation

For Sale At The Better Shops

Descriptive Folder Sent on Request

LEE & SCHIFFER, Inc.
11 East 44th Street, N. Y. C.
U. S. Distributors

ally good airs, performed with plenty of urge. *(Columbia)*

IMAGINATION and CRAZY RHYTHM —Ben Bernie and his orchestra. Straight from "Here's Howe!" and, as they say, how. *(Brunswick)*

OH, BABY! and ADD A LITTLE WIGGLE!—All Star Orchestra. The company recommends this pair from "Rain or Shine" to "floppy" dancers, but there's nothing floppy about the playing. *(Victor)*

WAS IT A DREAM? and SO DEAR —Okeh Melodians. Waltzes which can be used for waltzing, with the melodies carried chiefly by soulful instrumental soloists. *(Okeh)* —POP

•

TOUJOURS FEMME

Anita to the
Jews is kind,
Clarice has Russia
On her mind,
While Nedda labors
For the Blind.
And each alluring
Maid, I find,
Pleads memberships
That must be signed.
Most girls, for whom
I've lightly pined,
I've fêted, taxied,
Wined, and dined.
These given to a
Cause's grind
Are no less
Cleverly inclined
To prove wherewith
One's pocket's lined.
Investigation,
Broad, extensive,
Shows no lady's
Inexpensive.

—MARGARETTA MANNING

• •

The famous Carreras Tobacco Shop at 55 Wardour St., London, near Piccadilly Circus.

HOW strange to see some men who would never offer any cigar of lesser quality than an imported Havana—bidding friends fill their pipes with indifferent tobaccos! Yet CRAVEN MIXTURE—finest of imported English pipe tobaccos—costs but little more than the ordinary variety.

CRAVEN MIXTURE—a truly fine imported tobacco, first blended at the command of the Third Earl of Craven in 1867—can now be had at the better tobacconists in America and Canada, too. For a liberal sample tin, send 10c in stamps to Carreras, Ltd., 220 Fifth Ave., New York.

Carreras, Ltd., 220 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Special Offer *I enclose 10c in stamps. Send liberal sample tin of* CRAVEN MIXTURE.

_____

_____

N.Y.—6-23-28

Craven
MIXTURE
Imported from London

OUT OF TOWN

On the Jersey Coast—Shoes and Wedding Rings—By Air to Virginia

THE Essex and Sussex, at Spring Lake Beach on the North Jersey shore, opens on June 23. It is fifty-eight miles from New York, and you can take a train from Penn Station at 11:34 A. M. and be in swimming by two o'clock. The food is of the we-have-our-own-farm type, although it is served with all the aplomb of a hotel. The two country clubs, the Spring Lake and the Homestead, both of which have eighteen-hole golf courses, are friendly about extending guests' cards to people from the Essex. The Bathing and Tennis Club, also receptive to hotel guests, is only four blocks away.

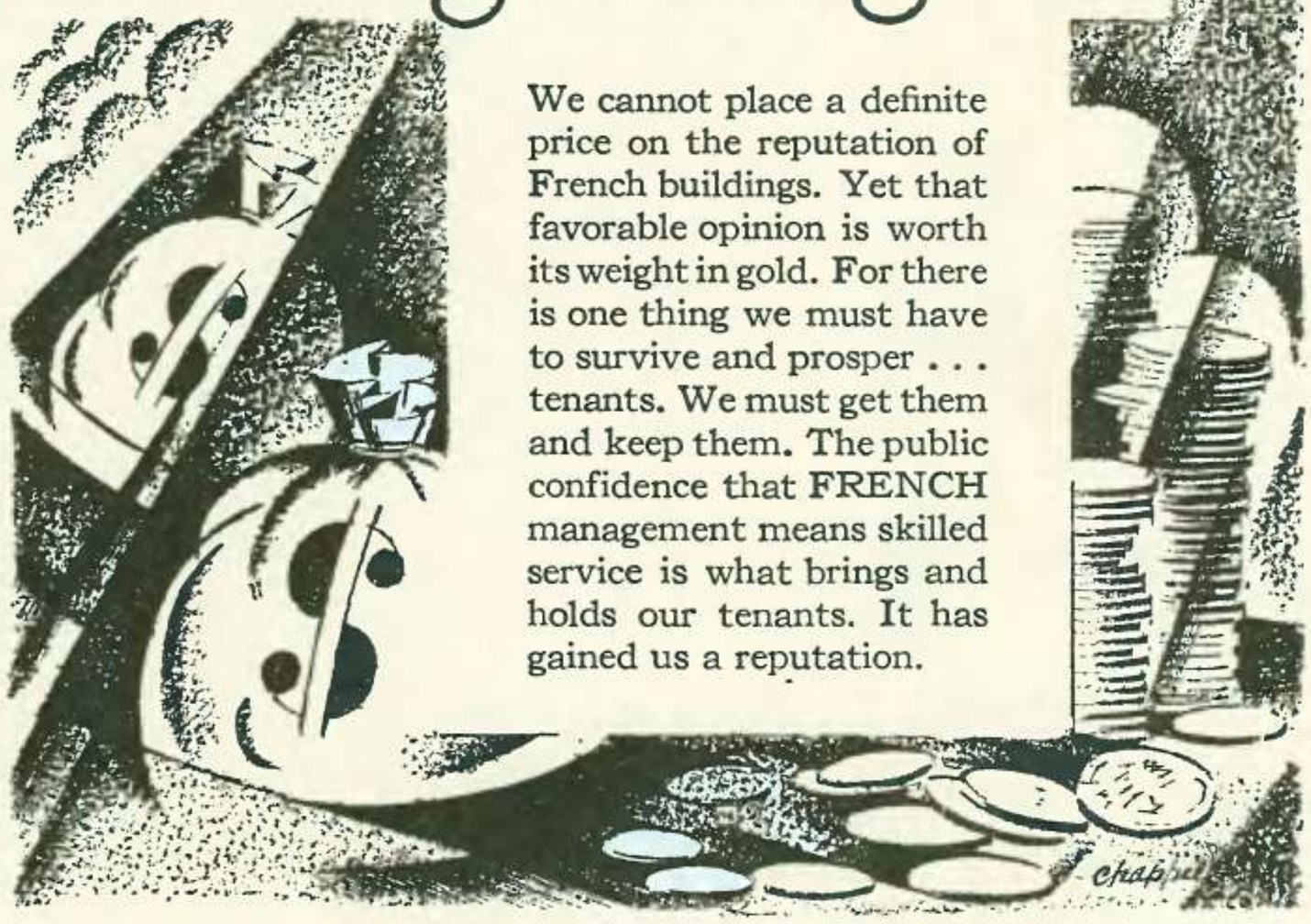
Surf-bathing, of course, is one of the principal sports, but there's a pool at the Essex for the less robust. Dancing takes place the last three nights of the week, and on Sunday there are concerts which a good many of the cottage colony attend. Although the hotel is right on the ocean, you can find horses and bridle paths without too much inconvenience. Tennis courts are kept in good condition while mere strollers will find a boardwalk along the waterfront. Quite a little to-do is made over the children at the Essex, what with children's parties, special dances, and a playground.

By car you reach Spring Lake Beach by taking the Forty-second Street ferry or the new Holland Tunnel, and passing through Perth Amboy, Red Bank, and Asbury Park.

A NEW tour has been arranged by Thomas Cook & Son, and it seems to be done with all their usual éclat. The boat which will be used for the round-the-world cruise is the Franconia, sailing on January 15, 1929, to return to New York late in May. The trip includes several stops not on the ordinary tourist itinerary and pauses for only a few moments at the regular ports in France, Italy, and Spain.

On the way back, after leaving Japan, the boat puts in at Los Angeles, where you can leave if you want, instead of continuing the tour through the Canal to New York. Or you can go

It's weight in gold



15 & 16 PARK AVENUE — 3 & 4 ROOMS
on Murray Hill at 35th St. Complete kitchens. Maid, valet and meal service. From $2100.

17 PARK AVENUE — 1, 2 & 3 ROOMS
at 35th Street. Valet, maid, meal service. Hotel apartments from $1125.

55 PARK AVENUE — 4 ROOMS
at 37th Street. Living room with fireplace, 2 bedrooms, dining section, kitchen and bath (some with extra lavatory). From $3100.

34 EAST 51st STREET — 3 ROOMS
West of Park Avenue. Large living room, bedroom, kitchen, dressing room and bath. Maid, valet and meal service. From $2400.

59 EAST 54th STREET — 4 & 5 ROOMS
West of Park Avenue. Fireplace in each apartment. From $2700.

1010 FIFTH AVENUE — 7 to 12 ROOMS
at 82nd Street. 1-D—7 rooms, 3 baths, $4500. 2-C—9 rooms, 3 baths, $6500. 1-A—12 rooms, 5 baths, $8500. 10-A—12 rooms, 5 baths, $11,500.

1140 FIFTH AVENUE — 7 ROOMS
at 95th Street (three baths). From $4300.

1160 FIFTH AVENUE — 4, 5, 6 & 7 ROOMS
at 97th Street. Wood-burning fireplaces. From $2000.

TUDOR CITY
RENTING OFFICE AT EAST END OF 42nd STREET—VAN 8860

PROSPECT TOWER — 1 & 2 ROOMS
TUDOR TOWER
Hotel apartments, $950 to $1950.

THE MANOR — 1 to 5 ROOMS
THE CLOISTER
THE HERMITAGE
Housekeeping apartments, $690 to $3100.

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT CO., Inc.
551 Fifth Avenue, at 45th Street
Telephone, Vanderbilt 6320

Voyaging?

—One doesn't voyage without books to read —*and* one doesn't fail to remember the best send-off for a sea-going friend is a

BON VOYAGE BOOK BOX

Write or wire name of voyageur, giving the price of box desired, the name of vessel and the date of sailing. Delivery will be made to the steamer. Books and magazines of your choice or ours will be sent.

BON VOYAGE BOOK BOXES are priced at $5, $10, $15, $20, etc.

BRENTANO'S
Booksellers to the World
1 W. 47th St. *New York*
Branch 5th Avenue at 27th St.

with a small party from Japan, across Russia, to Paris, and then to New York. This way, apparently, takes just about the same length of time as going through the Canal.

The Russian idea is a new one. Negotiations which Cook's have been carrying on with the Union of Soviet Republics have been successful, and a country that has been closed to most travellers for fourteen years is now open.

Quaint details we have learned about the Russian customs: You are allowed to carry only a certain amount of clothing. For instance, a man may bring in just one pair of shoes, six ties, two suits, and three shirts. It is specified that you may have almost as many celluloid collars and cuffs as you want, and two wedding rings. . . . The trains do about twenty-five miles an hour, with frequent stops at woodpiles along the way. . . . At every station there's much hopping on and off trains while passengers fill their teapots from tanks of boiling water which are maintained for that purpose. . . . The first-class sleepers have samovars, so that you can always get a glass of hot tea.

A tour for only a certain few students has been arranged by Cook's for Professor Mather of Harvard, a geology instructor. The students will climb several mountains, including the Matterhorn, study geology, examine the homes of prehistoric people, and stop at the Riviera on the way home. If you are interested in getting college credits for your son, we understand that this will count as much as a regular course in geology at Harvard.

THE new route through the Adirondacks, "Sacanda Trail," leads to Utica, Fonda, or Amsterdam. It starts near the Hamilton County Inn, on Lake Pleasant and near Sacanda Lake, which makes a stopping-off place before you take the trail. There is room for two hundred guests, all the rooms have baths, and the golf course in front of the Inn was laid out by Donald Ross in 1920. Trout streams can be found all through the neighborhood, and the two lakes are stocked every year with trout and black bass. Occasionally you can see deer and woodcock.

Although they go in for rustic stone fireplaces and homey verandas, there's an orchestra that plays jazz as well as staider music, and a ballroom. Of course beaches on the lakes provide swimming, and two tennis courts have been put in shape. The Inn is under

To banish all **DOUBT**

DELICATELY BUT NOT A SCENTED PERFUME

NEVER will perspiration reveal its presence if you but use Farina's Red Crest Cologne before entering the society of others.

So sure is this safeguard against perspiration odor that fastidious Europe has depended on it ever since 1709, the year in which this true and original Farina Cologne was created.

***Women* today find it a gentle astringent that makes lovely skin all the more exquisite . . . and a general toilette complement with a multitude of uses.**

***Men* exult in its soothing effect after the shave . . . they enjoy its thrilling stimulus after the bath . . . and they find it indispensable as a general refreshant.**

Obtainable at drug, specialty, and department stores. Glass bottle, 4 oz., $1; wicker bottle, 6 oz., $1.75; 12 oz., $3; 24 oz., $6.

Sole Distributor for U. S. A.
Geo. Borgfeldt & Co., 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

Look for the Red Crest

FARINA'S
RED CREST
COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER

the management of the man who runs the Olympia Beach Inn near Palm Beach.

A WHILE back we said that Joe Smallwood's had installed a Meyer Davis orchestra for the coming season, and we find that he only played there for a few nights in the spring. During the season the regular orchestra, we are informed, will be one of Bert Lown's. . . . The Armonk Inn, just above White Plains, has been taken over by some of the members of the Milton Point Casino. They have dancing from eight to one, every night, and also serve lunch and tea. . . . At Mamaroneck the Orienta Beach Club opened on May 26. This year for the first time they will have an orchestra there throughout the season. . . . The Goshen Inn, at Goshen, N. Y., which is across the Hudson, about thirty miles from the Bear Mountain Bridge, opened about the first of the month.

ANOTHER means of going down to the Cavalier at Virginia Beach will soon be available. An airplane route, so that you can go from New York right to the beach by plane, avoiding all ferries and buses, is to be started sometime before July 1. One plane takes you to Washington, and from there you fly by another to Richmond, Norfolk, and Virginia Beach. All this for $45, or $80 if you buy a round-trip. More details about the six-passenger, enclosed-cabin, parlor-type Fokkers that will be used, can be had by calling Bryant 3367.

—M. T. D.

•

REFLECTIONS ON SEEING A YOUNG COUPLE DEPART ON THEIR HONEYMOON

I suppose in a way it is pleasant to wed
And go to the seashore or up in the hills
With a man who is happy to furnish the bread
And also look after the baggage and bills.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

One-third the Radcliffe College students, half the Harvard students, replying to questions about companionate marriage, approve that invention. Two Harvard men and one Radcliffe girl are married already in that fashion.—*Arthur Brisbane in the Detroit Times.*

That, Mr. Brisbane, is what we old sentimentalists call bigamy.

They lived on the Fat of the Land and they looked it!

BACK when a man's importance was judged by a vast expanse behind his vest buttons, the politician was in his glory. Even his Cigar was of Tudor proportions . . . matching his heavy figure . . . harmonizing with his solidity . . . part and parcel of the over-stuffed age.

Men who lead the country today have changed their methods of campaigning, of eating, of smoking! They are alert and so are their Cigars. Haddon Halls, the 1928 Cigars, are in tune and in time . . . with modern life and modern men.

They hold an important office among such men . . . genial and politic as the suave nominee . . . smooth and mellow as his after-dinner speech . . . satisfying without satiating. They get the masculine vote every time! From 10c to 20c according to size . . . at all good places.

D. EMIL KLEIN CO., NEW YORK

Haddon Hall
Cigars

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, JUNE 18

EILEEN BENNETT SAID TO BE THE BEST-DRESSED GIRL IN TENNIS. SHE PREFERS HIGH-WAISTED, ONE-PIECE DRESSES OF THIN LINEN WITH PLEATED SKIRTS AND SMALL COLLARS. WHY OH WHY DID JEAN PATOU INSIST ON VERY THICK TWO-PIECE LONG-WAISTED MIDDY SUITS FOR HELEN WILLS? EYE-SHADES STILL SMART. PARISITE

AND IN NEW YORK—

MY girl friend on the other side of the water might be relieved to know that the protesting and harassed Jean Patou made middy suits of heavy cotton for Helen Wills solely because that young woman, who has a mind of her own, stated positively that she would play tennis in nothing else. She is businesslike about her game, and cares not if M. Patou, not to mention several dozen American houses who crave the advertising, be driven to distraction.

Though tennis clothes in general have managed to combine smartness and a workmanlike quality, in the other sports everyone must still be careful to remember that no costume for active sport is smart that is not also appropriate. You may look darling against the green of the golf links in a sleeveless white crêpe de Chine frock, but the fact remains that you don't look like a golfer unless the fabric is wool, the color is dull or neutral, and the cut includes sleeves.

ALL of the New York fashion world being engaged now in the business of waiting for the autumn models of American manufacturers, the things to be seen about town have a helter-skelter quality from a fashion point of view, though they are extremely timely if you have not yet completed your summer wardrobe.

For instance, there is a Poiret dress in the custom-made department at Bergdorf Goodman that knocked my eye out. It is different without being bizarre; it is feminine without losing chic. Made of a print having a dark ground with a light formal flower pattern on it, the skirt, below a really normal waistline, is quite full and gathered. The long fluttering collar of white georgette, proceeding upward along the surplice closing from the hem, ends in a capelike arrangement over the shoulder on the opposite side. You can wear it roof-dining, summer-theatreing, or in the daytime anywhere.

In the ready-to-wear department you will find a country-club costume consisting of a sweater with a pleated skirt, belt, and scarf of plaid chiffon to harmonize. The combination sounds perfectly awful, but it is lovely in its realization.

FURTHER investigations into the bathing-suit problem brought further heartaches and a few bright spots. For instance, there is the vogue for the jersey chemise-top suit with panties worn outside that is so good for the long-limbed and hipless ones of the world. Best & Company follow this successfully in a Nowitsky suit with panties of finely checked brown and white wool. These have deep vertical darts around the normal waistline to make them fit snugly and have triangular pieces inserted at the sides for a slight and flattering flare at the bottom. One of the most becoming cuts yet discovered for this very trying type of thing. Bonwit Teller has lots, with most of the trunks following the ideas of Patou this season. Pleats, stitched down part way on straight trunks, give the effect of a Scotch kilt. These, in jersey or crêpe de Chine, are also worn outside the jersey or crêpe de Chine chemise tops.

• •

"Imagine!"

Bonwit Teller also has several versions of the bathing suits consisting of a straight, short tunic (very often beltless) with separate trunks beneath. One, for instance, is in a fancy red, white, and blue jacquard knit; one comes in printed taffeta; and another, the most popular of all, is a Greek-boy business in two shades of jersey. This has a short pleated skirt attached to the plain top at a point at the hip where the straightness of the line is not interfered with.

In the beach-robe line, this shop has two exceptionally good models of white towelling, one of them very inexpensive, loose, and decorated with polka dots in any color desired; the other a straight coat with an enormous monogram applied across the shoulder blades in any color desired.

BEST & COMPANY offer the following items for the child in the toddling stages: sun-bath bathing suits, consisting of jersey trunks in bright color with suspender straps of white jersey, coming as small as a one-year size; other sun-bath suits for the lawn, like them in cut, of linen. For two-year-olds, there are some grand rompers of crêpe de Chine, imported, with delicious bits of French handwork here and there and, in a more practical and tailored vein, some suits of fine linen. These are for a boy, or girl, or both, and have printed handkerchief linen tops with pleated skirts or shorts in plain color buttoned on. Printed hats to match accompany these, and they may be had in sizes up to six or thereabouts.

For grownups, Chanel contributes a new skirt of ondemoussa (fine wool crêpe, to be exact), the yoke fitted to a point well below the hips. Fullness is supplied by a cluster of pleats at one side below the yoke. To be smart, in the Cannes fashion, you should wear this in white with a navy sweater, a tricolor scarf, and a white felt Reboux hat with a tricolor band. And, for those of you who are already contemplating autumn wardrobes or are planning immediate departure to the cool climes of Canada, Chanel also presents a sports or travelling suit with a skirt of very heavy knit navy wool, a red sweater with navy and white stripes here and there, and a navy jacket lined with red tricot. This must be seen to be fully understood.

Best also has a grand collection of French hand-made dresses in couturier style, priced uniformly at $39.50. For daytime or evening, in crêpe de Chine, chiffon, or whathaveyou, printed or

Rose . . . a melting rose, to contrast perfectly with walls of green or lavender—or repeat the flower-tones in your summer chintzes.

Nile . . . for a room of pink or peach, or even with materials of deeper greens . . . a restful, cool, refreshing tone for summer guest-rooms.

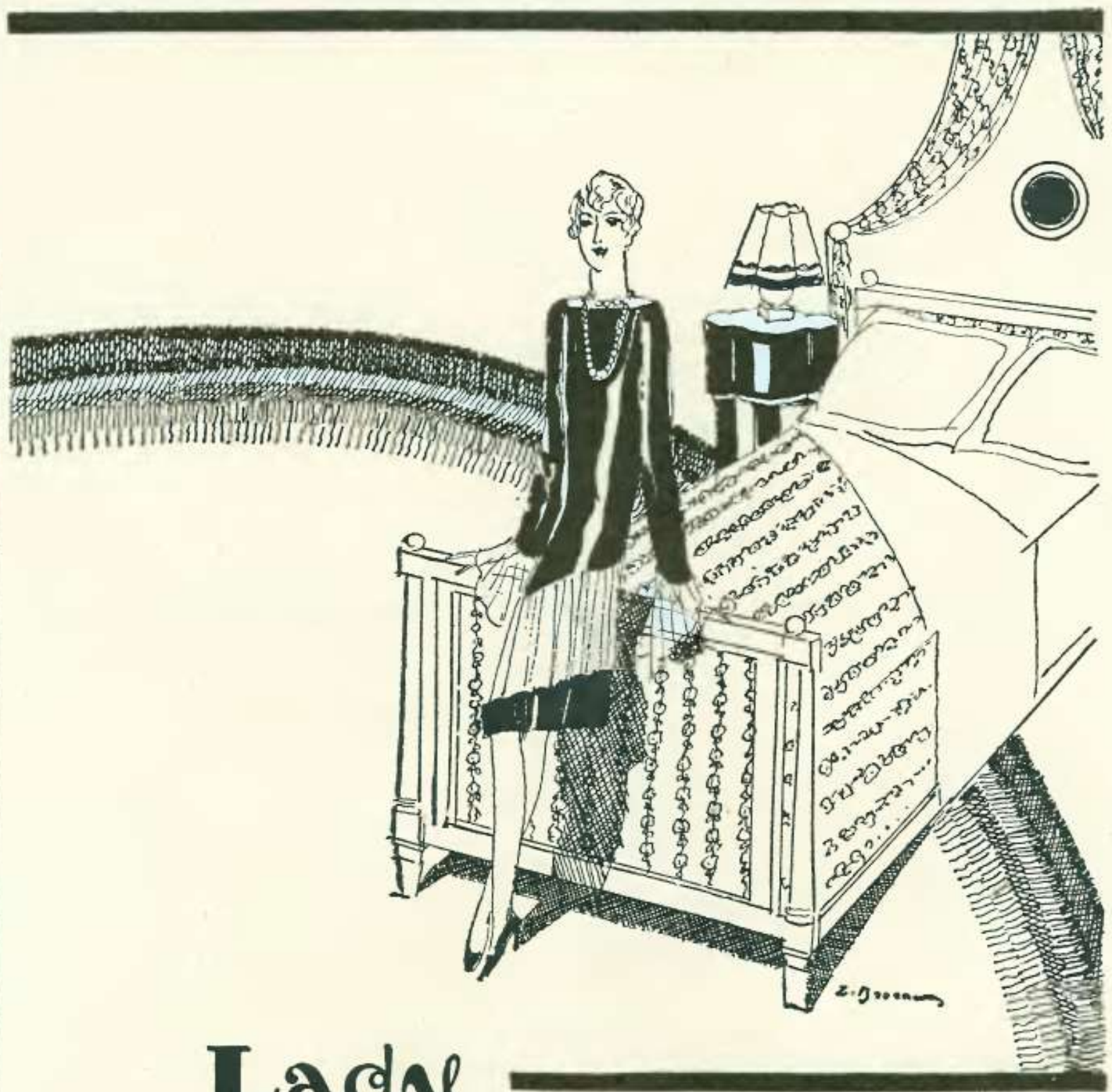
Blue . . . not periwinkle, exactly, but with much of its affinity for gray French furniture; a cool, clean color; simply magical with "primrose" walls.

Orchid . . . let's say orchid bed-linen on a burgundy bed, with pink-shade bedside lamps splashing light on new roses, cut this day?

Maize . . . such sheets as these to harmonize with "pumpkin" walls, or cream, or even butter-yellow with eggplant chintzes.

✣ ✣ ✣

These are the true, long-lived colors of the new Lady Pepperell Sheets and Pillow Cases. The color-blind will prefer hospital white, as of old.



Lady PEPPERELL SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES IN COLOR

will be found, in all proper sizes, in all the best New York stores. Each sheet bears (as your "tub-insurance") the woven label of Lady Pepperell, to warrant the famous firm fabric, and to protect you against miscellaneous imitators. If you'd like samples, write to Pepperell Manufacturing Company, at 160 State Street, Boston, Mass.

The indispensable white shoe - - - - - - - - - - in a great variety of new and smart styles and materials at

HANAN & SON

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

And 34 Stores Throughout the World

Marceau

announce the opening of their

NEW STUDIOS

at

642 Fifth Avenue, New York City

STUDIO PORTRAITS *WEDDINGS* *HOME APPOINTMENTS*

BOSTON NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

chastely plain, and just what you need right this minute. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

First Frocks of Summer —Shoes to Match

NOW that the asphalt is sticking to half the French heels in town, and the shady side of the street is worth dodging extra traffic to get to, and the iceman has to be frantically pursued at ten of an evening, and electric fans are dispensing stiff necks along with draughty breezes—who isn't impelled to stop at every window where inexpensive summer frocks suggest that you can't have too many of these cool little comforts?

I, for one, am nobody to pass them by, and therefore the Emily Shops, particularly the two on Fifth Avenue, at Forty-second and at Forty-fifth Streets, and the one at Madison Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, all seem to me to have a grand grasp of this matter wherein the careless so often go wrong. Here are sweater blouses of Paris inspiration, with broad stripes in three or more tones, some horizontal, some slanting in the manner of Schiaparelli, thought out in the most delightful colorings, such as combinations of cream, gray, black, and silver; or red, beige, black, and gold; with skirts of wool or silk in solid colors; these priced from $14.95 to $24. Or suits of machine-knit bouclette silk, comparing—you'd be surprised how well—with the hand-knit kind. Or just sweaters of lace-stitch bouclette, and in all the great and near-great summer shades. These cost $8.95, and are therefore bought by two's, three's, or more.

The Emily Shops do a rushing, thriving, greatly coveted trade in little silk models priced from $16.75 to about $49.50—or perhaps a bit higher if you want to. They have so many varieties of prints, in silk and in linen, that they can't be enumerated in these narrow confines, but for town or country, street, sport, or just for being picturesque, you can almost surely find the very thing you want. And, chez Emily, the summer ensembles are really astonishing; the most modest price doesn't eliminate little attentions like good-looking heavy stitching, nicely tailored pockets, perhaps an unusual

shoulder yoke or a flare. Altogether, well worth a visit.

SEVERAL good reasons might make you look at the Wise Shoe Store, Forty-second Street west of Fifth Avenue, the best reason being the fun it is to have a different pair of shoes for every different summer costume. Since $6 is the exact and unvarying price of every pair of Wise shoes, that's all there is about that, and we can proceed to the fact that their last looks better to me (although I have not actually worn it) than most of the usual types of large-production shoes, being quite dainty and well-arched without having a bit of that stubby, rather vulgar appearance. In white kid they have four different standard models of slippers; these, as this column recently advised you, can be dyed to match the wildest flight of your fancy, and their versatility is therefore unlimited. Straw footwear in great diversity. Deauville sandals. And—note for dancers-out who can do their worst with the best of frail slippers in one or two flings—Wise carries a plain white satin opera pump with a high heel, which they will dye, on short notice, to match any sample. Extra charge, $1. Also, their plain gold and silver kid dancing slippers are in high favor for summer, when strolls onto dewy lawns between dances will do as badly for the greatest as for the least of new, twinkling slippers.

SINCE the French are the ones we blame for those sheer cobweb hose that melt into nothingness at a step, it was up to them to do something about it. Something, be it known, is Le Sab, a pleasant powder put up in a sprinkler-top can, and intended to be used as follows: Sheer hose donned. Le Sab sprinkled into hand, rubbed well into heels and toes of stockings. Le Sab (a little) sprinkled into shoes. Shoes donned. Go forth, young woman. Result: Silk hose are supposed to last much longer than usual, and I certainly shan't deny it; for the stockings I have worn while experimenting with Le Sab are entirely whole and robust, and—take the word of a girl to whom the sidewalks of New York are a lot more than a campaign song—Le Sab in the shoes, these blazing days, is a real comfort. At Bergdorf Goodman, seventy-five cents; and perhaps elsewhere by now.

DON'T pay any attention to me if you always have enough big

No nose *(feminine)* ought to be deprived of it—now in a dollar size!

NO normal heart (female) has ever been known to resist the appeal of Primrose House Chiffon Face Powder.

And no normal heart (male) has ever been known to resist its alluring effects.

Until now this luxuriously fine powder has been put up only in the large size box at $3.00. And it has been so widely acclaimed for its almost unholy delicacy and flattery that we want to make it more available to more women. So we have cut the quantity in thirds—and the price in thirds—and now offer it in a new dollar size!

The new dollar box is the *same* powder—of magic fluffiness and "clinginess". It is packaged more simply, yet no less smartly, than its parent box—in a lemony yellow and gay orange container—plus an extravagant yellow powder puff. In White, Natural, Brunette, Beige, Orchid (for evening). All at $1.00.

You are cordially invited to call at Primrose House for free complexion diagnosis by a graduate nurse. Phone Plaza 5347 for appointment. Primrose House Preparations may be obtained at leading stores.

PRIMROSE HOUSE 3 E. 52

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

Watch for the 3 deadly D's!

Look at your hair—observe the hair of people around you. Notice the prevalency of the 3 deadly D's—*dullness, dryness, dandruff.* But did you ever see a Frenchman or Frenchwoman with lifeless, lack-lustre or dandruff-flaked hair? Aren't they famous everywhere for *attractive* hair?

It's significant—don't you think — that Petrole Hahn, the discovery of an eminent French chemist, is one of the oldest and largest-selling hair-preparations in France. It's significant—won't you agree—that millions of people in France use Petrole Hahn daily as a hair-dressing. Reason enough, perhaps, for *you* using Petrole Hahn—as a remedy and a prevention of the "3 deadly D's." At most drug and department stores. Park & Tilford, New York, Sole Importers and Distributors in the U. S.

PETROLE HAHN

bath soaps, pound tins of talcum powder, demijohns of bath salts, and gallons of toilet water in your summer cottage; but if you agree that these should be bought in enormous quantities, and then conveniently forgotten, try buying them at toilet-goods departments like Macy's, Stern's, Saks-Herald Square, or Bloomingdale's. There are all sorts of perfectly obvious advantages about this practice, the most obvious being that these stores are almost continually having sales of such articles, and, bought in large quantities, you appreciate the result.

On the other hand, tiny individual portions of standard tooth pastes, lotions, cold creams, antiseptics, and other indispensables for stocking guest-rooms, are best bought from our incomparable standby and ally, Mr. Woolworth. He has little jars of a thing called Pacquin's Hand Cream, that I think is absolutely grand. It smells divine, and makes the hands soft, smooth, and irresistible. Also fine for sunburn.

A TRICK for timid, doubting blondes: Argyrol, applied to the lashes on the cotton-draped tip of a match-stick. It darkens them appropriately, it does not interfere with the ingenue expression, and if, in the course of rubbing an eye, any argyrol gets inside, the effect will be more beneficial than otherwise. This advice, however, is strictly limited to blondes—when the writer of this script conscientiously tried this wrinkle on her own commonplace black lashes, the result was insignificant. We need stronger stuff, no doubt. —M. C.

•

I am eighteen years old, have black curly bobbed hair, big brown eyes, which I can make snappy or dreamy—just as the occasion demands; am five feet two and weigh one hundred and two. Have olive complexion and am considered very pretty by my friends. I smoke, dance, pet, and when I want to take a drink. I have gone with boys since I was fourteen years old, and am good. When I say "hands off," well, they know I mean it. And I am respected highly by all my boy friends. To prove that a man doesn't shy away from my type of girl, I have an average of one proposal a week for four years. Every new man I meet proposes to me. I have never run across but very few of the opposite sex who force a kiss upon unwilling lips. And all you have to do, if they do, is just draw back your trusty right and let 'em have it right in the face. —*Letter to Love Story Magazine.*

First changing the eyes from dreamy to snappy.

"MEAD must be pretty well fixed to have the city residence he described—gym, pool and all that."

"You or I could have the same, if we were single like Mead."

"Where?"

"At The Allerton."

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THE ART GALLERIES

Art for the School Teacher and Summer Trade

WE have been around this week and looked over the summer fare and we notice a tendency of the dealers to realize that it is barely possible for a man to buy a picture in summer.

There is a well-mixed show at the Valentine Galleries. It leans heavily toward the French, that being the mainstay of this house. There is the "Domino Players" of Matisse and two of the spirited things of Dufy. Then there is a quite beautiful Pascin, a Derain, a stunning little Laurencin, and a Segonzac. For the American wing there is a fine Bouché, one of the lost painters of America; and some of the contemporary men such as Alexander Brook, Glenn Coleman, Stuart Davis, and Jan Matulka. These galleries, scheduled to close in June, have found so much interest in pictures that they will remain open a few weeks longer.

DANIEL sticks to his guns month in and month out. The summer show is composed of those favorites that the house relies on, but if you peer around corners you will find any number of new things. Two superb examples of Dickinson, a new Kuniyoshi, a new Peter Blume, and one each of Brook, Bouché, Spencer, Billings, and Driggs. It is a representative showing of what we believe is the best group of the contemporary left wing; two of the men, to our notion, furnish two of the individual points of view in a country that boasts about five in the field of painting.

THE house of Durand-Ruel has provided some good examples of the French classics it loves so well, and the corridor leading to the gallery holds as usual some fine examples of the passing school. The main show is devoted to the master Degas, Renoir, Sisley, Pissarro, Rédon, André, Brown, and Monet. Then there is a Cassatt, and—much to our surprise—a Laurencin.

THE DUDENSING GALLERIES have what they call an invited

Speaking of "New Yorkers"

(and pardon us for mentioning this again)

Hartmann **$85** *"New Yorker"*

But have you seen the *Hartmann "New Yorker Group"*—those amazing, wonderfully convenient wardrobe trunk affairs? Made in 7 sizes; *Midget, $70; Steamer, $75; Extra Size Steamer, $80; Three Quarter, $80; Standard Size, $85; Bachelor, $85; Extra Size, $95; Double Extra, $105.*

If you enjoy owning luggage that we call—and without being snooty—distinguished, get yourself a "New Yorker". Without an atom of struggle you can slide from 4 to 14 suits in them (or their equivalent in women's apparel) while ingenious compartments hold all the hats, shoes and haberdashery you'll ever need.

Done in two-tone brown of heavy triple-coated Ducord which makes it one of the season's genuinely smart luggage pieces.

Most of the better shops and department stores feature

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FOR FASHIONABLE WOMEN

Smart, sophisticated, black heel on dust or gunmetal hose is always in good taste, especially if its a Propper Stocking.

PROPPER
"BLUE EDGE"
HOSIERY
AT ALL GOOD SHOPS

show from the Carnegie International. That three-ring circus was bewildering enough, but when you try to condense it into ten examples, you are doing somebody a great injustice. However, the show contains two superb Matisses. The rest of the group is not much. There is something good in the Van Gogh landscape as done by Max Pechstein, and the autumn landscape by Bernard Karfiol also has its points.

More important than the pictures, at present, is the annual defi flung to the untried Americans, by the Dudensing Galleries. This is the third year of their open-arms policy. Until July 31 they receive all comers who have not been recognized before. In previous years the house has picked four from among the aspirants to honor with a show. This year the favors are limited to two.

HAVING just returned from abroad, we report that we saw more swell painting than we had ever hoped to see, we saw more bum painting than we knew existed, we learned the difference between the boys who lead cats on leashes into the Dome and the men who silently paint in Montmartre, but we can't say that we will cause any revolution by our new knowledge. Now and then we shall try to smuggle a word or two of wisdom into the column.

All the capitals welcome the tourists and keep the galleries open on all possible occasions. Some of the travelling shows may be closed when you get there but we doubt it. In Berlin there is a group of the contemporary, *Frühjahrs-Ausstellung*, next the Adlon Hotel. The National Museum of that town is hardly worth the visit. In Vienna there are the Secessionists, who, if they have left, didn't go very far. We doubt if you could tell the difference between them and the group they seceded from. But also in that city is the finest collection of Peter Brueghels in the world. Paris of course is full; the Arts Décoratifs should be seen, if running, as it seems that that manner has come to stay in some form or other. London has a glorified Academy show at the Royal, stupid and bewildering when you consider that this same town houses the Tate collection and the superb group of primitives in the National Academy. If, somewhere on the continent, you come across the travelling show of Vincent Van Gogh, drop everything you have and run to it. Forty-nine masterpieces. We met up with it in Vienna and we believe it was routed to the north. —M. P.

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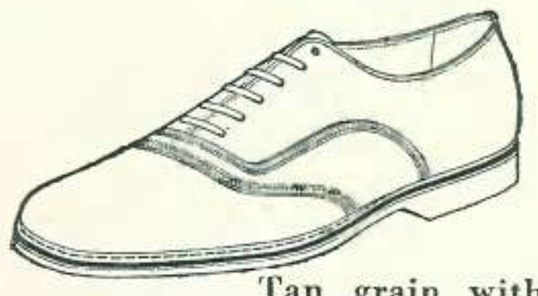

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THE TENNIS COURTS

A Study in Black and White—Dire Prediction

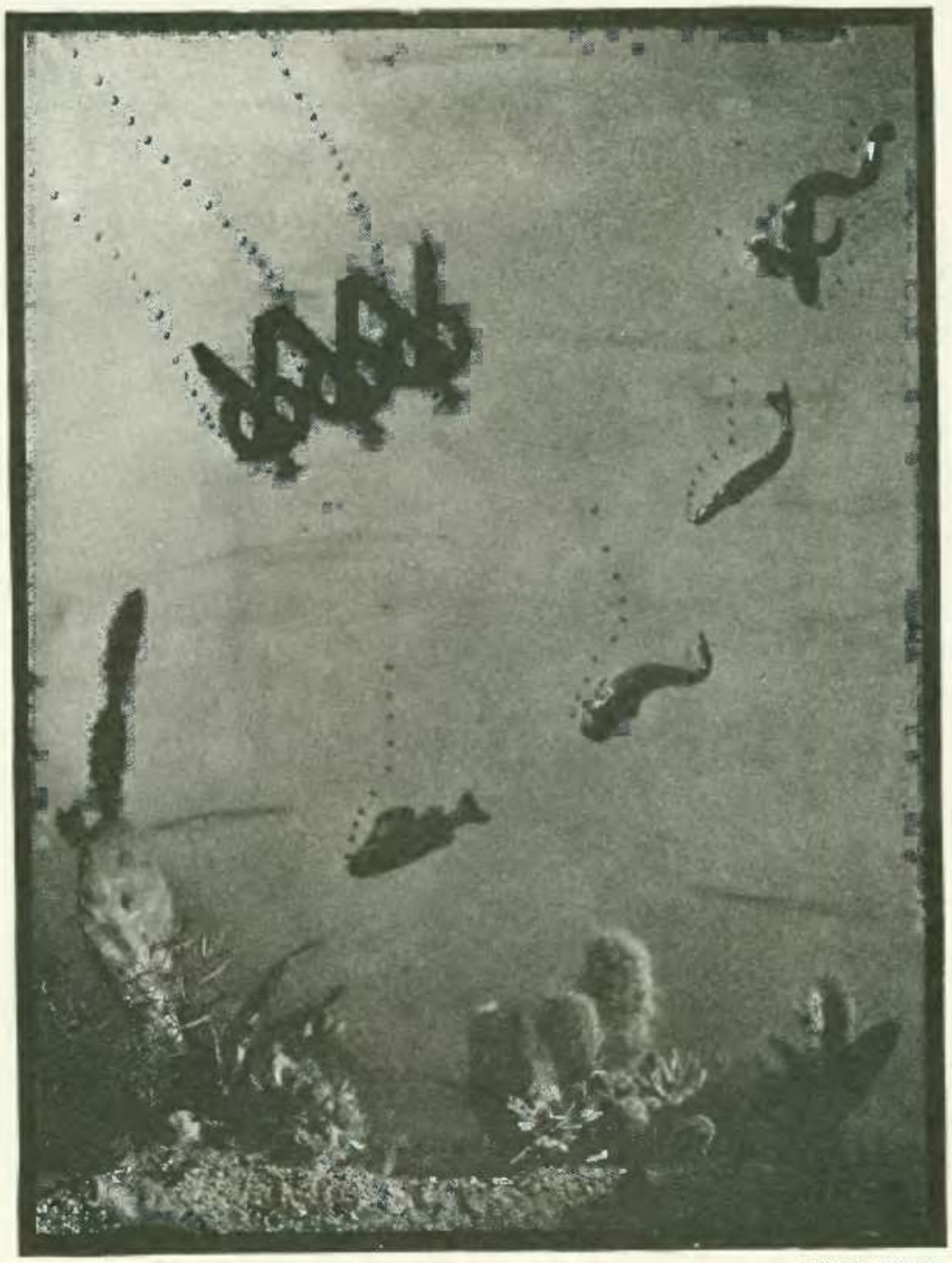
WIMBLEDON the historical, the classic of tennis tournaments; Wimbledon, with its royal box and velvet carpet; Wimbledon, the shrine of propriety; Wimbledon, with its ancient lineage of more than fifty years going back to the cradle days of the game—Wimbledon is upon us and it is time for American upholders of convention and tradition to inquire: Did John Hennessey get him a pair of white flannels before he sailed with the Davis Cup team for England or is he going to wear those black and white striped things that have been the Hennessey hallmark of distinction on and off the court, afternoon and evening, for these many years?

Throughout the period of the American zone play, from the time the team went into training quarters at Augusta until it had swept through Mexico, China, and Japan, Hennessey never went on the court without those black and whites, and when he was last seen on the courts at Forest Hills the day before the team departed he was wearing them. Even the night the Ile de France sailed he had them on at the Vanderbilt. Apparently it is as hard to separate him from them as it is to separate Fillmore Hyde from his tight-fitting flannels on the squash courts.

IT does no good to kid Hennessey about his trousers, or about anything. John takes the world as it comes, wasn't born yesterday, and lives as it pleases him today. Four years ago he made his first visit to England with Ray Casey of California. They went over as the representatives of the United States Lawn Tennis Association to play a team match with the British. A dinner was given in their honor by Lord Lonsdale, and John was seated between Lord Cholmondeley and another member of the nobility whose name has escaped me. Whichever way he turned, he saw nothing but lords.

An hour of this racket, as he called

THE FABRIC GROUP ABROAD No. 40



ANTON BRUEHL

"When I was home safe in New York, I longed for adventure—but this is going a bit too far." "Oh to be standing on a nice dry corner of Park Avenue!" "With a beautiful new Fabric Group suit to dazzle the eyes of the passing throng!"

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The following blank is for the convenience of our subscribers who are absent from the city this summer. We will be pleased to observe any change of address order received and request that we be notified at least three weeks in advance of the date of the issue with which it is to take effect.

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it, was enough for Hennessey. Catching Casey's eye, he gave him the sign. Charles Garland, who was also present, was making a speech. When the time came for him to refer to his two compatriots, Garland turned in their direction to single them out with a wave of his hand. Imagine his consternation when he found the ranks of lords broken only by two vacant chairs.

There is a particular reason why Hennessey is so partial to his black and whites. So far as I can remember he has never worn anything else on the courts, and it may be even the same pair he had on when he defeated Jean Borotra in the national championship in 1924. John regards them as an omen of good luck, and there may be something in it, for from last March until the team sailed in June he did not lose a single set to anyone except Tilden in either the trials or the three rounds of cup play.

But there was another charm that may have been partly responsible. This was a gold chain and locket which Junior Coen let him wear in the Davis Cup matches. This charm was given to Junior in Augusta by an admiring young lady to whom, in return, Junior gave the racquet with which he played in winning a place on the team that went to Mexico. The locket and chain didn't do the *enfant terrible* of the team any harm either. He was wearing it when he defeated Bud Chandler, John Doeg, and Arnold Jones at Augusta; Wilmer Allison at St. Louis; Tamio Abe at Chicago, and when he played with Tilden against Lum and Kong of the Chinese team at Kansas City.

WITH the members of the French and American teams both entered at Wimbledon, the English

championships will be invested with greater significance than they have held in years. It is, of course, generally expected that the two teams will meet in the challenge round at Auteuil in July. However, it is well to remember that the challenge round of the Davis Cup will be held on clay, whereas the play at Wimbledon is on turf. The Americans have been competing on clay all year, and while the French also have had little experience on grass this season, they are more at home at Wimbledon than are the Americans. Hennessey has played there only once, in 1924, and Lott and Junior Coen have never been there.

Tilden made the statement some time ago that he would be surprised if any member of the American team survived the first week of play at Wimbledon because of the short time they would have in which to become acclimatized and to accustom themselves to the action of the English ball. However, it will be a big surprise over here if he at least does not reach the semi-finals, for Tilden was playing magnificent tennis in Chicago and looked to be in superb physical condition. And Hennessey was not playing at all badly either.

What if Hennessey should meet Cochet, whom he defeated at Forest Hills last year? "Why," John would answer that question himself, "what if Cochet should meet Hennessey?"

—A. D.

•

SPENDTHRIFT

I am a spendthrift.
It will make me glad
If they say I spent
All I ever had.

It will make me glad
If I hear them say
I had nothing left
When I went away;

If I hear them say
That I would not hoard,
That I squandered more
Than I could afford;

That I would not hoard,
Knowing I could borrow
Silver for today
And gold for tomorrow;

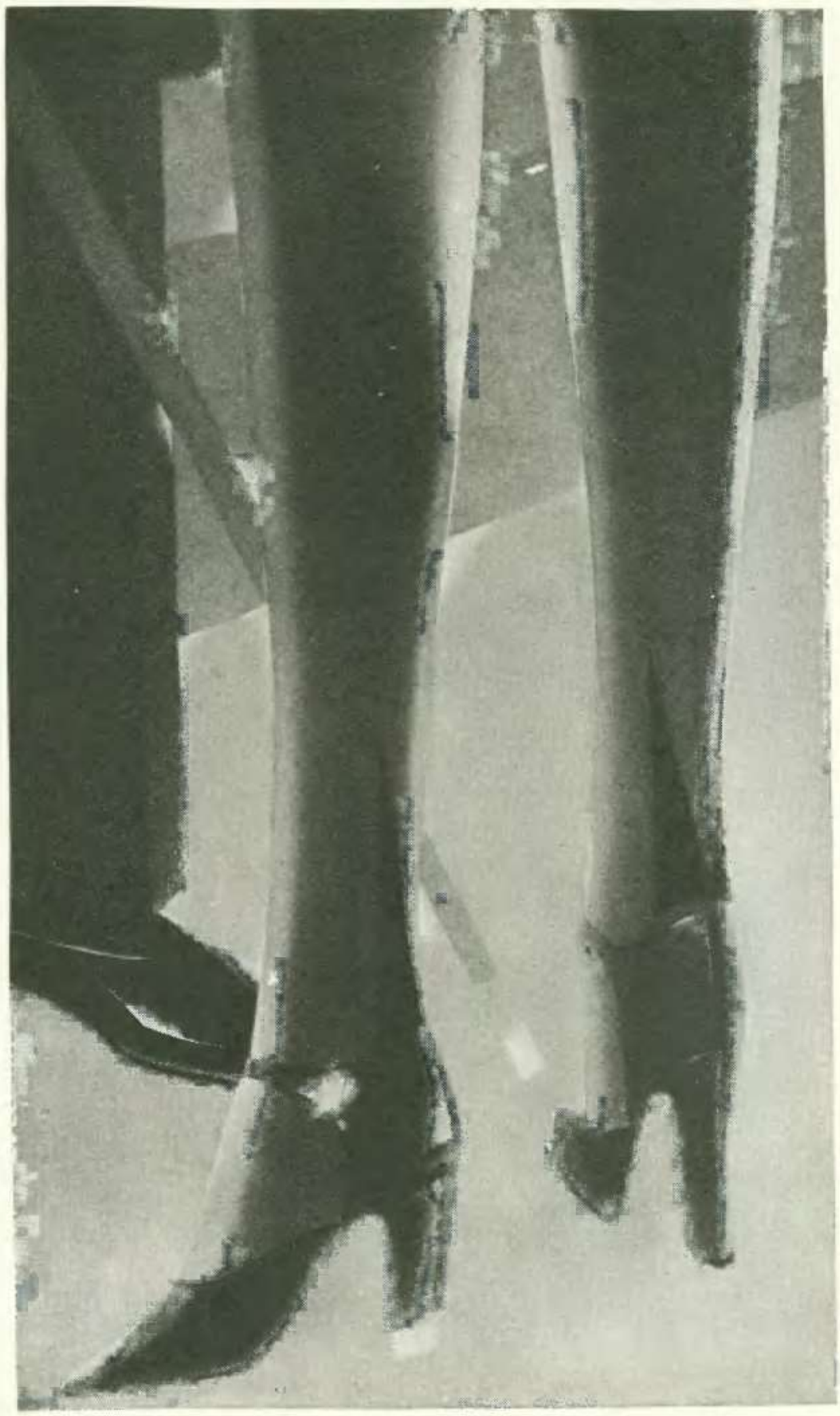
Knowing I could borrow—
I, the thriftless one,
Silver from the moon
And gold from the sun.

—Mildred Weston

In your bare ankle it is the little shadows on either side of the heel which emphasize its delicate modeling. The artist who created the famous Gordon V-Line studied these shadows. He discovered that to accentuate them was to give an effect of long slim lines and lovely contour.

To distinction of line Gordon adds correct shades for the season's newest colors . . . Clear, light sunburned tones, such as "Matin" and "Noon" are perfect for the early summer frocks of white, yellow and green. "Daphne" is very smart for the street frock of blue or beige and for many of the new prints.

Gordon HOSIERY V LINE



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THE RACE TRACK

Hitchcock Shakes Hands —Murphy Saddles a Winner

LITTLE more than a week remains of racing on Long Island and then we shall travel the rocky road to Empire City, where the crowds boo and cheer as they do on the French tracks. I am told Victorian will run for the Dwyer Stakes. Should Vito accept the issue, I fancy Prudery's son will reverse the placings in the Belmont.

AFTER Bangle won the Bayside Steeplechase, Thomas Hitchcock said, "I am getting so many congratulations these days that I will have calluses on my hand and a lame arm. But I shan't mind that a bit." I don't remember when anyone—even Howard Lewis—has been more successful with a string of jumpers. The All Green silks have been seen all too seldom through the field in the last half dozen years, but since Belmont Park opened they have dominated steeplechasing. Tom Hitchcock brought only about six jumpers up from Aiken this spring, but every one of them has won at least one race—and Bangle three stakes. So far only one has been unplaced and that was Oarsman, who was knocked into at a fence and lost his rider. Quite a record. Add to this Bangle's victory over Fairmount and Jolly Roger in the Appleton Memorial, which was the greatest race I ever saw.

TOMMY MURPHY has saddled his first winner with the runners. When T. W. left the trotting game and took over the Greentree horses, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., said to me, "I don't think Murphy'll like it with the runners because he won't be able to ride those horses." However, for the benefit of those fewer devotees of light-harness racing who look with disdain on the galloping horse, T. W. is having a lot of fun. After you have been driving and training trotters and pacers for thirty-seven years, have had ribs broken nineteen times, and arms, and legs and collarbones fractured at least half a dozen times more, but have driven horses to seventy-nine world's records and led the

Going Abroad?

Here's a practical suggestion to increase the pleasures of your journey and keep you from feeling all undone in your efforts to leave nothing undone . . . stop for a few days at The Ambassador.

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winning list for twenty years, it is something to embark on a new venture.

Training trotters, T. W. tells me, is a serious business for, because of the artificial gaits of the animals, many factors that never enter into flat racing—or even steeplechasing—have to be considered. Murphy once won eighty-nine races in fourteen weeks. Since trotting contests are usually run in three heats, this would be the equivalent of about two hundred and sixty-seven races. So working with the runners must seem a bit like child's play.

MAX HIRSCH followed up his success with Vito in the Belmont with Charlie Schwartz's Kentucky 2nd in the Queens County Handicap, which bears out the axiom of horses for courses. The English colt always has been at his best over the long stretch at Aqueduct. Gray Ramoneur showed his usual impetuous turn of speed, but Kentucky 2nd settled down as the race progressed and, once having done so, never appeared in danger of defeat despite Black Panther's strong challenge in the last furlong.

No less interesting was the return of Harry Sinclair's Ariel to the racers after a long absence, and he surprised me by beating Mrs. Vanderbilt's Croyden and B. M. Baruch's Happy Argo. I dare say he will gain greater distinction, though I doubt if he likes to run more than eight furlongs.

BACKERS have had a rough time of it at Aqueduct—they always do—but this year fields have been larger than ever and form more unsettled. I wonder how many men understand the elementary principles of betting. Some make up their minds that a horse is a certainty and back it regardless of price; others miss reasonably good things because they expect to get long odds for their money.

There are two factors that influence the price of a horse: the weight of money already wagered and the amount which may be bet on him at the last minute. Thus should word go around that a certain horse is to be backed heavily, odds will be cramped. This is the reason why horses belonging to popular stables often start at an absolutely false price. The fundamental principle to follow in betting is to estimate a horse's chance carefully and back it at longer

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Then it's time you knew

—that the lordly Hendrik Hudson dining-room at The Roosevelt has been transformed for the warm months into a veritable Casino . . . Purling fountains . . . royal palms . . . cheerful chintzes . . . summery . . . *cool!* And as you enter, a cold buffet by *Roger*—an array of delicacies, irresistible in this torrid weather.

And furthermore

—that the famous Grill in its gay Summer dress reminds one of a Long Island sunken rose-garden. The new air-refrigerating system makes it the coolest restaurant in town, adding to your comfort and *hers*, in the enjoyment of the dancing at dinner and supper.

The ROOSEVELT

Madison Ave. at 45th St., N. Y.

EDWARD CLINTON FOGG
Managing Director

UNITED HOTELS

odds. If you are a trainer, and consider from trials that your horse has only two others in the race to fear, you would be justified in backing it at six to one—not at two to one, as you might suppose. One must allow for a considerable margin of bad luck in running. No one will pretend that this is easy or even always possible. Owners and trainers make mistakes as frequently as backers.

The knowledge that Mr. X bets heavily while Mr. A never bets at all will help you in deciding where to place your bet. Should Mr. X's horse meet Mr. A's in a race, both having an equal chance of winning, Mr. X's entry is likely to start favorite. Providing that Mr. A is an honest man, as he probably is if he does not bet, the backer will obviously do better to support his horse. However, should Mr. X's entry be a long price, one may safely assume that something is wrong—if the horse had a chance Mr. X would have bet enough on it to shorten the odds. In this case take the other animal.

SOMEONE played a scurvy trick on one of our clubhouse commissioners in the crush on Belmont Day. One afternoon last week one of the Boys with the Little Red Books plucked me by the sleeve and said: "Do you know a writer by the name of A. M. Moron? He bet us Saturday."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

REFRAIN FROM THE PALISADES

I want to be a Yosian, and go and take
a walk,
I want to eat a hard-boiled egg and hear
a Nature Talk;
I want to join a Bird Group, and go
without a hat,
And peer at ants and cherish plants and
carry on like that,
And when I'm grown, revered of all—
aunt, uncle, parent, cousin,
I'll be the sort of chap, you know, who
does the Daily Dozen.

—SYLVIA FULLER

•

One bird enthusiast whose hobby was the house-wren even went so far as to take the bird's temperature every three hours while she was on the nest. Among other observations he discovered that the mother bird left the nest at 2:30 A.M. and did not return until 4:15. Where was she?—*Indianapolis Star.*

That's what we'd *all* like to know.

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THE OARSMEN

Gentlemen of the Ensemble—End Man—Out of the Blue Room

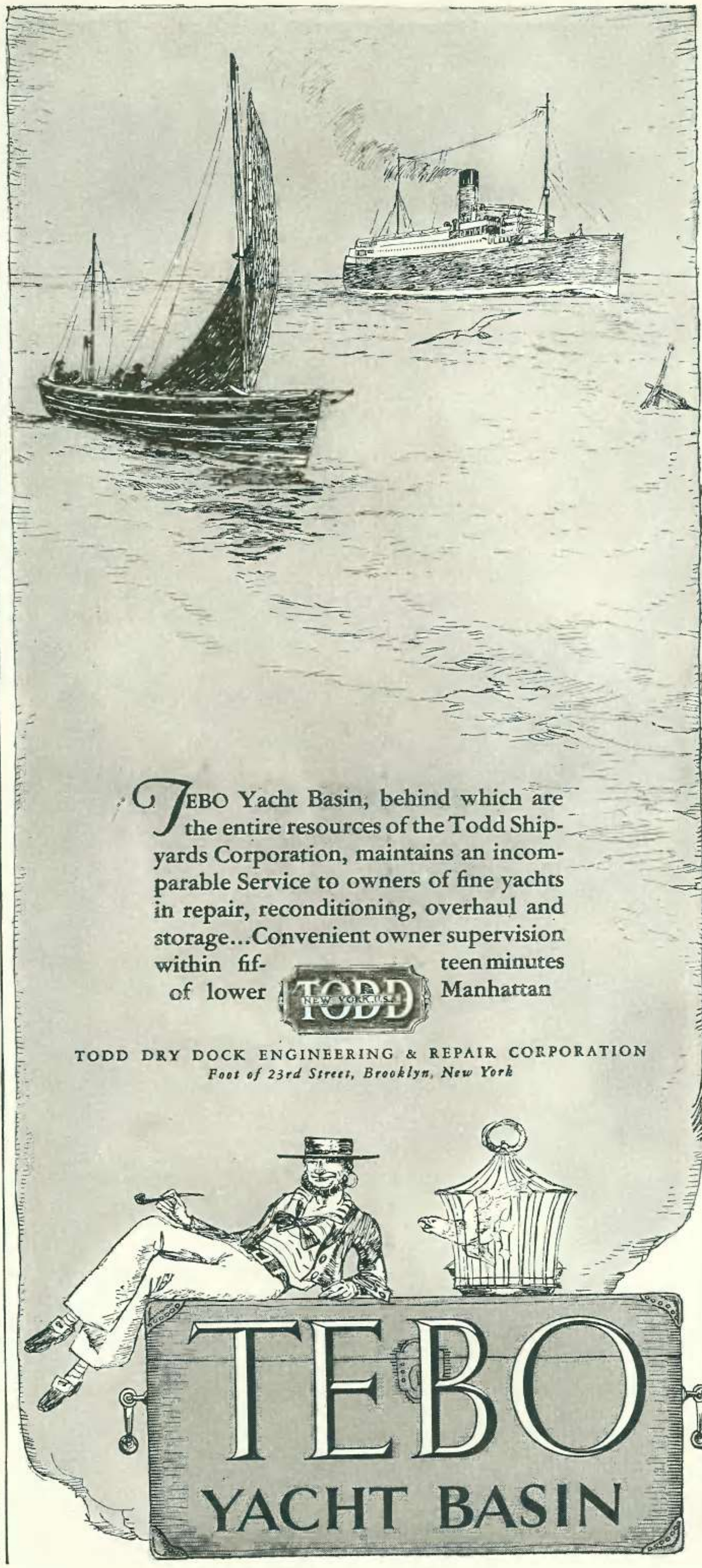
TO the vast majority of those who sit in the canvas-covered observation trains, the young men who pull oars at New London and Poughkeepsie pull them incognito. Newspapers publish long lists of statistics telling what each man weighs, how old he is and how tall, but nobody ever reads them. It is certain that less than one enthusiast in ten can name for you, from memory, the boating of any crew in any regatta.

Yet racing shells are manned by human beings. These youngsters who have this week finished up the four-mile affairs at Poughkeepsie and New London and are now heading for the Olympic trials at Philadelphia are as distinctive and individual as the members of any team. From the river bank they might be mechanical toys rowing down the river. But from a following launch, close to the shell, they are very obviously different men, each pulling in his own way.

Every man in a varsity boat, for instance, is rigged differently. Some men slide further on their seats. Dozens of tiny adjustments in the shell have been made before the season's end, each after weeks of consultation, after studying the individuals, after many trials and errors.

There are even some oarsmen who use a different oar than the rest of the crew. Jack Watts, who is captain and stroke of Harvard's varsity, rows with a smaller, lighter oar than the rest of the men. He weighs somewhere around 165 pounds, which is pretty light. With a big boatload behind him, his main task is to keep the tempo of the beat, to wave the baton over the orchestra, though in the tight places he must be able to dig in and do his share. He can do all that better with a smaller oar.

ONE of the greatest injustices in all sport is the practice of calling racing crews "eights." There are nine men in the race in each shell, and the little jockey who rides his saddle in



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the stern sheets is as important as any man in the boat.

A horse wins a horse race, of course, but when a riderless horse gallops home in front, as sometimes happens, the bets are not paid off on it. There would be few bets paid off on riderless eight-oared shells.

A coxswain must know the position of every other crew in the race; he must tell by the feel of his boat just what is left in it and, if the other crew puts on a spurt, he must know whether to let it go for a while or answer it right then and there. The whole generalship of the thing is his and it is a mighty important phase of the race.

YALE is captained this year by Pete Stewart, its coxswain. Pete is a thin, fairly tall young man from New Orleans with the soft, drawling voice of his birthplace. But that voice can lose its drawl on occasion and become as effective as the whip in the hand of a race-horse jockey. Stewart introduced to Yale rowing the old "red flag" stunt by which the cox, flashing a flag before his weary crew, calls for the last glorious spurt. He started it two years ago at Derby and it promises to be a lasting tradition.

In front of Stewart this year there is Woodruff Tappen, the young man who followed along in the shoes of Al Lindley and Tommy Laughlin as stroke of Yale. Tappen is rather short and, out of a shell, deceptively small-looking. He has small, intent black eyes and wavy black hair that stands up in an old-fashioned pompadour. He is quiet and serious about his work, very much of a contrast to Jack Watts, the Harvard captain.

WATTS is over six feet, but built on the long lines of a boxer rather than the more compact ones of the oarsman. He gives the impression of getting more fun out of rowing than any other man on any other crew. It is his distinguishing trademark. A modernist cartoon would depict Watts as a row of gleaming white teeth set in a perpetual grin.

He grins from the start to the finish of a race as though he were having the time of his life, and half the while he is looking around at the rest of the crews on the river. During a time trial at New London a man in a passing launch, not realizing the trial was on, waved as the crew went past. And Jack calmly lifted a hand from his oar and waved back.

OF course the stroke is apt to get the most credit, but the rest of the men can add to or undo his work. It is not often understood, but the No. 7 passes the stroke back for the starboard side of the boat and is certainly at least as important as the stroke man.

Ben Spock was a tremendous help to Yale's Olympic crew and Horace Davenport is an important member of the present Columbia aggregation. It is no wonder that faces around Columbia were yards long when Davenport was operated on for appendicitis at the start of this season.

The fact that the big No. 7 was rowing again just exactly one month and a day after that operation would be cause enough to consider him remarkable. He comes close to being the strongest man in college rowing today.

Davenport is one of the naturally healthy youngsters that bring despair to the hearts of purveyors of health machines and foods containing vitamins. And his personality, steady, even, and amazingly good-natured, has had a great deal to do with the holding together of the Columbia crew during a career which they started as boy wonders, a start that is often fatal.

THE Yale crew's story this season contained one of those paragraphs that paint the lily of fiction. Last year at Gales Ferry, Jim Rodgers was a student waiter, an unimportant member of the training camp and a member of the famous Blue Room association where those camp members not in training gather to while away later hours than those permitted the starred athletes. He rowed in the burlesque "waiters' race," that is an annual feature before the main attractions at New London, and which must not be won, lest the varsity be jinxed next day.

That season Rodgers had also rowed on his class crew. This year he sat in the varsity. Certainly there is a plot for someone, and one with a title ready-made: "From Blue Room to Varsity."

—R. F. K.

•

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POLO

The Pony: Volunteer or Conscript?

WHEN the present Argentine invasion was announced, certain owners of valuable polo ponies had their misgivings. They were beginning to wonder if they were ever to have their horses to themselves for a season. For International matches in the past have called for the volunteer contribution of horses to a central string in order that our players might be mounted on the best. Thus it was that certain enthusiastic, though not quite International, players were never so keen about International years as they might have been.

This year it has been made plain by those in charge of the preparation for the matches with the South Americans that each candidate for the American team must mount himself.

The old volunteer assembling of horses was a praiseworthy thing and a traditional part of the matches with England, but it was obvious that the plan could not be continued, for the business of polo is fast reaching the stage where International matches will be an annual occurrence. We have South America this year, for instance, and next year we will have the first visit in our polo history from Australia.

The problem of mounting teams has been the cause of a great deal of brow-wrinkling on the part of those who are keenly interested in the popularizing of the game. No way has yet been found to prevent one team from gaining an advantage in the way of superior animals. Only in the high-goal Internationals is there any parity, for between the best here and abroad there is not much to choose.

FOR those who feel that the further spread of International polo is impossible because of the expense and difficulty of transporting horses a long distance, there is the story of the Indian team's visit to Australia this year. The players went without horses and were mounted by their hosts.

This plan, of course, is bound to impose a hardship on the visiting team for the obvious reason that it is not used to the horses it plays with. This can be

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discounted to some extent, however, by having the team arrive early enough to get accustomed to the horses and by following the lead of the American colleges in the selections.

At West Point, for instance, they lead the visitors up to the pony string which is grouped by positions, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and back. Then they flip a coin for first choice and pick the ponies one by one in the manner of small boys choosing sides for a baseball game. Of course, appearances are often deceptive, but this is as fair a method as has yet been discovered.

ALTHOUGH the United States Polo Association has, apparently, agreed not to say much about it, the fact is the association has purchased several good horses, all from abroad. These will be used, if necessary, in the mounting of this year's American team. Though no one has admitted it, this may be the first step in the establishment of a breeding organization to be owned by the association. Such action would bring communism or socialism into the most patrician of our sports and would be a mighty interesting experiment. It has never been tried in any country that I know of.

BY way of news: The editor of this department has received confirmation from Watson Webb of the statement made here that he was definitely through with International polo. He says, however, that he is anxious to play on the "opposing" side in the test matches if that is found possible. Despite bursts of brilliance on the parts of some others, Webb remains the best No. 1 that this country has playing at present.

Captain "Doc" Wilkinson started working out here at No. 2, but he is not meant for that position. The best bit of play he had in his opening game was on one occasion when he slid through, found himself in front, heaved a sigh, and carried on to the goal.

A RECENT visit to the Argentine pony string at Mitchel Field found the horses looking so much more like polo ponies as to cause amazement. They are coming along in great shape. Thomas Nelson, in charge of the string, must be one of these geniuses who needs practically no sleep. Each night he sets his alarm so as to arise at one A.M. and make a silent circuit of his stables to see that everything is all right. He sleeps in the barns, refusing offers to visit homes of the Westbury district.

—MARTINGALE

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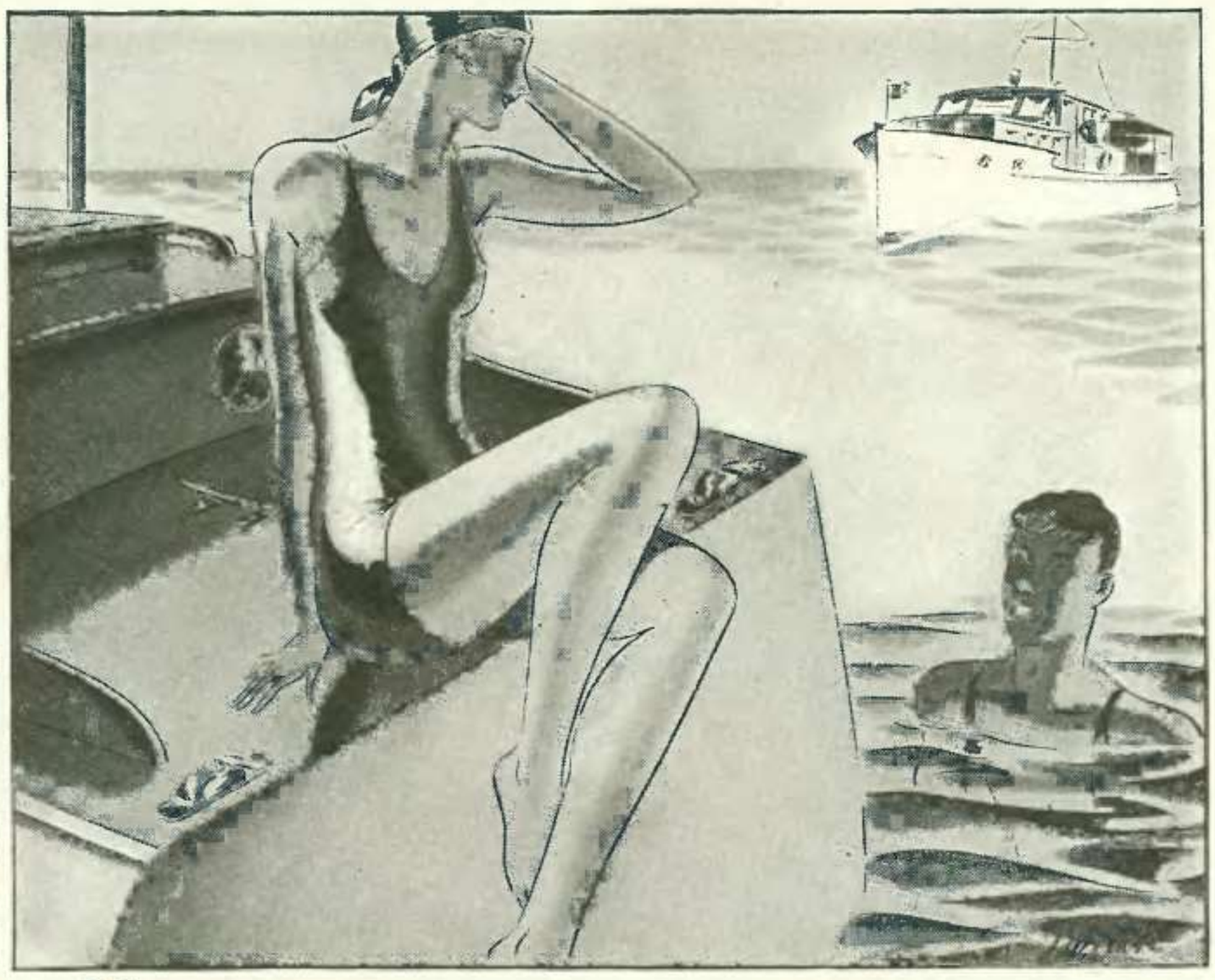
is worth a dozen doctors



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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, JUNE 13

FOR years nothing has been so rare as the present June days in Paris. Not since 1923 have the Little and Big Seasons provided such excellent entertainment, both intellectual and sporting. To start with the feet and work up to things cerebral, the tennis at Auteuil, in the estimation of that great roving pack of international hedonists whose pleasure England, Europe, and America serve in turn, has been a tip-top affair. Miss Wills, *la p'tite figure de poker* and mistress of the *smasche* (sic), has again put on her crown in a metropolis whose inhabitants respect only personality (its journalists—we cite *Excelsior*, one of the most popular noon sport sheets of the town—featured and photographed Uruguay's football victory over Germany in Amsterdam the day after Lacoste and Cochet played their superb final over a nearby net).

The Wagram's ten-round bout between the French heavyweight champion, Bouquillon, and Spalla, and the Cirque d'Hiver's benefit for the old fight favorite, Charles, now blind, featuring a revenge match between Bretonnel and Lecadre, both drew cheering mobs and attested the revival of pugilism, dead here ever since the passing of Carpentier. Also the aerial military carousel given by the eleven escadrilles of the 34th Flying Regiment, sixty-seven planes and Sadi-Lecointe all in the air at once, was one of Le Bourget's greatest moments since Lindbergh's call.

RECENT music has been of quite exceptional merit and novelty. It has included Maria Barrientos, singing with the Société des Instruments Anciens; Koussevitsky's concert series, ill-attended although he offered a first audition of Prokofieff's "Fire Angel," the Brahms Second Symphony, and Hindemith's new Concerto for "Alto" with Hindemith assisting; Segovia and his guitar; the Aguilar Lute Quartette; special little evenings by Poulenc and Auric at the Salle Chopin; Golschmann's orchestra, presenting Gershwin's Concerto in F; Borowsky; de Pachmann, in connection with charity and his eightieth birthday; the Phil-

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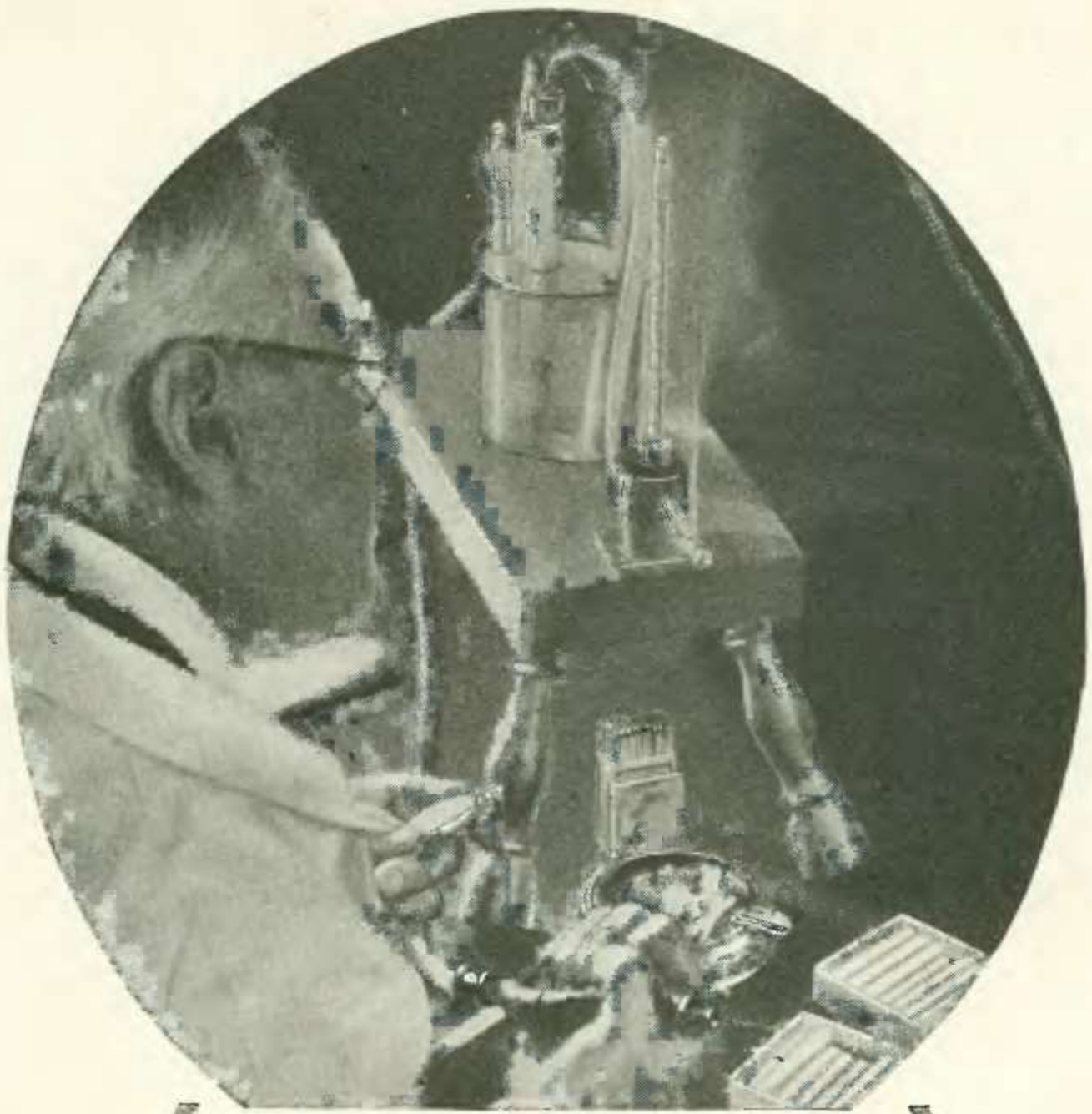
harmonic from Budapest with Dohnanyi in the stand; Kreisler, Heifetz, Horowitz; the St. Cecilia Choral Society from Antwerp; and some Peruvians presenting a special Inca evening —but perhaps we bore you. Anyway, for those who are not tone-deaf and stone-broke, this has been a memorable fortnight.

THEATRICALLY, Strindberg has risen from the grave, at the Odéon, in the "Dance of Death," and at the radical Theatre Jarry, where his "Dream" is being played. Falconetti is at the Femina in "L'Enfant Prodigue" and the Guitrys have revived "Le Mari, La Femme, et L'Amant," a French trio which doubtless didn't expect to be left in peace long, anyhow. Jean Giraudoux' "Siegfried" at the Champs-Elysées, with Jouvet in the leading rôle, has been something of a literary experiment. It was made from the author's novel, "Siegfried et le Limousin," and is his first play.

INVESTIGATIONS of Venice, at certain seasons of the year a suburb of Paris, justify the suspicion, held principally by Venetians with palaces to rent, that the Doges' city may socially go to the dogs this summer. At any rate it is officially stated by everyone except the only two whose statement could be official—Miss Elsa Maxwell and the Prince of Monaco—that Monte Carlo, which Miss Maxwell is now believed to be equipping with a rubber bathing beach, later to be equipped with high society, is to be revived as the smart European summer resort. At the moment of writing, none of the Grand Canal palazzi, at this time last year the temporary property of rich New Yorkers, Hungarians, Argentines, or even Italians, have been signed for, and a great spirit of unrest is consequently noticeable as far down the scale as the English-speaking gondoliers. But it is our prophecy that the fear will pass.

Among the magnificent old edifices recently converted to modern use, one of the handsomest is the Vendramini palace, two floors of which have been taken over by Edward and Victor Cunard. This *quattrocento* gem, popular for the last two hundred years as a warehouse in the humble Carmini district, disclosed, on cleaning, frescoes and stuccoes in the most gallant seventeenth-century Venetian tradition.

Venice's International Art Exhibition, held every two years in its Public Gardens, was opened recently by the Duc d'Aosta. The show is well



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then we have frank cambria's scintillating stage journey from "main street to broadway" with a bevy of talent —and if your curiosity is aroused, any of new york's newspapers will impart the cinema concoction.

and

the organ comes in for its nods of approbation with jesse crawford and the missus officiating—need we say that there are other novelties

the rivoli— united artists

the screen is graced by paramount's "the racket," late of broadway, with thomas meighan as captain meguigg, eradicator of crime and what goes with it — meaning criminals

the rialto

where
with automatics warm and hearts afire, george bancroft and evelyn brent pursue their loving way through "the drag net," paramount's pulsating pantomime of police and pugs

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

worth the excitement. In the British building alone are ten portraits by Augustus John; no two alike, forming an important decalogue of modern painting. Among the other conflicting national exhibits which gave the show its stimulating air, we noted the Italian Futurist room as passé, the U.R.S.S. bolshevik collection as hopefully bourgeois and concise, the Hungarian as naturally fine in black and whites, the Dutch as the wildest, and the Spanish the tamest, except for their sunny tone.

THE *Festwochen* of Vienna, that fortnight of excellent opera, *wienerwaltzer*, and *wienerschnitzel*, brought out Parisians, Fifth Avenuers, Berliners, Britons, and even the Viennese in full force. The musical play "Dreimädelhaus" (known to New York as "Blossom Time") was featured, brass bands played Schubert in the Burggarten, workmen sang Schubert in street-corner *sangvereine*, concerts of Schubert were played by the Philharmonic, and Schubert chamber music was tenderly rendered in the little chamber in Nuszdorferstrasse where he was born. The festival spirit also took shape in some gentlemanly polo, steeplechasing, and wine festivals at Mödling.

The greatest operatic pleasure was unquestionably given by Korngold's "Das Wunder der Heliane;" the greatest operatic pain lay in "Jonny Spielt Auf." Reinhardt revived Goethe's "Iphigenie auf Tauris" and Geraldy's "Son Mari" in high style; Moissi played three kings in rapid succession—John, Richard, and Henry. Lehar's new operetta, "Der Czarewitsch," proved to be a vulgar boatman, and "Die Herzogin von Chikago," by Kálmán, turned out to be one of the gayest, most tuneful olios of jazz, cocktails, and red-white-and-blue Danube we have ever heard.

Called the Little Paris before the war, Vienna socially is now a quiet aristocratic village of some two hundred superior souls who meet daily for cocktails at the Sacher Bar, where the service, owing to Frau Sacher's reported habit of cuffing personnel, is still the most polite in Europe. Here are to be seen the true sportsmen: Graf Kinsky, Baron Fugger, and Prinz Auersperg of the new Polo Club. Here the taste in Austrian wines is being revived: a San Franciscan recently ordered $25,000 worth to be delivered and paid for at his Golden Gate door. Here congregate the few chic aristos left on public view, all exquisitely speaking English. The Sacher Bar is at last the real inner Stadt.

—GENÉT

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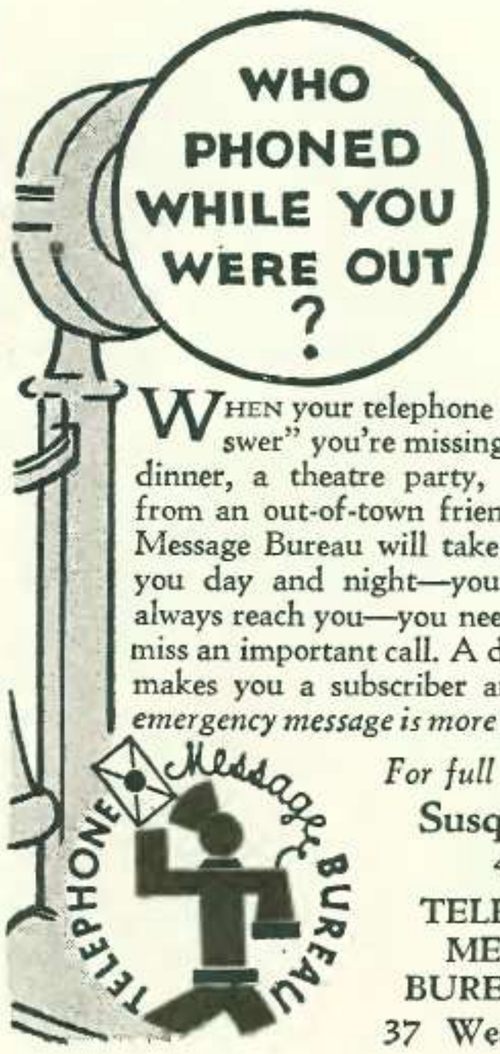

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

More Talk—Score Several for Colleen Moore—And Not Much More

THE newest and most loquacious Vitaphone picture has arrived at Warner's Theatre and is known as "The Lion and The Mouse." I understand that this is a revival of an ancient play, but I cannot understand why it should be revived. As a lady remarked behind me, "What made them think that was a story?"

Movies are going more and more talkie and people who make statements about the infant industry say that in five years there will be no silent films at all. I recommend that gentlemen concerned with pictures take it easy. For about half its length "The Lion and The Mouse" indulges itself in dialogue and while it does, action is at a standstill, as two characters stand woodenly by the camera and say things, or talk in close-up. Maybe the two mediums of the stage and the screen can be combined, but there has been very little to point the way. Al Jolson's singing during "The Jazz Singer" was superb, but it had very slight dramatic connection with the tale. We are now getting all the faults of the speaking film. Perhaps one of these days we will begin to see some advantages. For a while it is best not to be too loud with opinions.

Alec Francis is the best of the cast while talking. His voice is pleasant and his acting restrained. The other stage-experienced member is Lionel Barrymore, and he ruins most of his effect by twitching his face about too much. Miss May McAvoy is nice-looking all right, but her voice grates on the ear. If the films do go loud some of the fair-faced ladies of Hollywood had better start saving up for a rainy day, or else modulate their tone of speech.

DUE in part to a charming performance by Colleen Moore and partly to simplicity of plot, "Happiness Ahead," at the Strand, is a very nice picture. Miss Moore is restrained and unharmfully sweet and this is far and away the best film she has made in a

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long time. She plays the part of a young high-school miss in a small town whose affections are caught by a crook dodging the police. She marries him and goes to the city, and a jealous wench who formerly went about with the gent gets him put in jail. He tries to make it seem that he has been sent to South America on business, but his wife finds out the truth, and forgives him when he has served his stretch. Then there is happiness ahead. Edmund Lowe serves well as the hero even if he does seem to be imitating Adolphe Menjou at times.

THE Strand no longer has any stage presentation and fills in its program with Vitaphone and Movietone short subjects and newsreels. I don't believe the policy will last long.

A story collaborated on by Ernest Booth, who writes for the *American Mercury* from his cell in a California prison, and Oliver H. P. Garrett, who used to do reporting on the *World*, is at the Paramount and is called "Ladies of the Mob." I imagine that what is shown is a long, long way from what was written. Clara Bow, after having tough-girl parts in society films, is here playing the sweet girl in a tough picture. She reforms a criminal and generally makes herself unpleasant.

Glenn Tryon wasn't funny again at the Roxy in "How to Handle Women," a poor comedy poorly done.

"Walking Back," at the Hippodrome, is the best of the flaming-youth output, but that is faint praise. It is well paced and well acted.

"THE STATION MASTER," at the Cameo, was a slow piece full of a lot of folksy doings among the Russians. It tells of a lady who went sleigh-riding with a hussar. He kept asking her to ride a little further and she kept saying "O.K." and the first thing she knew she had made her first false step.

Also on the program was a short film called "Suicide of a Hollywood Extra." It was interesting and full of trick camera stuff and furthermore was made by F.O.B. for the tiny sum of ninety-seven dollars.

"THE STRANGE CASE OF JONATHAN DREW," at the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse, was a grand idea strangled by a slow pace and a sappy ending. It is the first sign to come out of England that camera angles are known over there. —O. C.

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CONTACT BRIDGE

CONTACT bridge seems to be an improvement over Auction. In Auction you could usually find one player at the table who would volunteer to keep score. In Contact somebody is given a pencil and score sheet but he's really *not* the scorer at all! He's just a figurehead who writes a bunch of figures down and then erases them. The Whist Club of New York has been engaged in codifying the laws of the game and has received the coöperation of the Knickerbocker Whist Club, the Racquet and Tennis Club, the Cavendish Club, the American Whist League, the Smythes of Pelham, Mr. and Mrs. Reese of Troy, the Van Harts of Dayton, Ohio, and countless other enthusiasts, so that the new code, as completed, is about as confused as the players themselves.

Let us give you a sample evening of Contact:

In dealing, Mrs. South Wind exposed Mr. North Wind's ace of diamonds. As she finished the deal she remarked: "Nobody minds, do they?" It was a nice polite thing to say and nobody dared call for a new deal.

As Mr. North Wind arranged his hand he said: "Well! . . . This is more like it!" This is the signal for a strong hand and is much more effective than the high-low discard.

Mr. West Wind probably would have gone two diamonds over the declarer's no-trump bid, but his partner, Mrs. East Wind, put a halt to that move before the bidding began by her timely signal: "Who dealt this rotten mess?" The wise auction player will not overlook a hint of this kind. It shows weakness in opponents' hand and a sharp bidder can gather some very helpful assistance before the opening bid. This signal is called the *Insinué*. If you can get away with it you're lucky.

After scowling for fully a minute at his tickets Mr. West Wind shook his head and made a sound like a teamster. Mrs. South Wind made a mental note of Mr. West Wind's charade and opened with a no-trump.

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Of course Mr. West Wind passed, as did Mr. North Wind, but his smile denoted strength. The *Sourire*, as this signal is called, is always used to denote pleasure or strength as the case may be. The broader the grin the stronger the hand. If Mrs. East Wind had said "What are you laughing at?" he could have concealed the real intent by saying: "Oh—nothing," or "A story I heard last night."

Mrs. East Wind can say nothing, so Mrs. South Wind has the bid for one no-trump. She opens with a small heart. Mr. West Wind covers with the nine of diamonds because he's not paying attention. His partner says: "No hearts, partner?" and Mr. West Wind replies: "Oh—yes! I've got one." The nine is tucked away again and the ten of hearts falls. If Mrs. South Wind isn't able to place the remaining hearts, she's deaf.

Her partner pushes a small heart out from "his" hand after playing the ace on the first trick. Mr. North Wind is a very active dummy during the entire play.

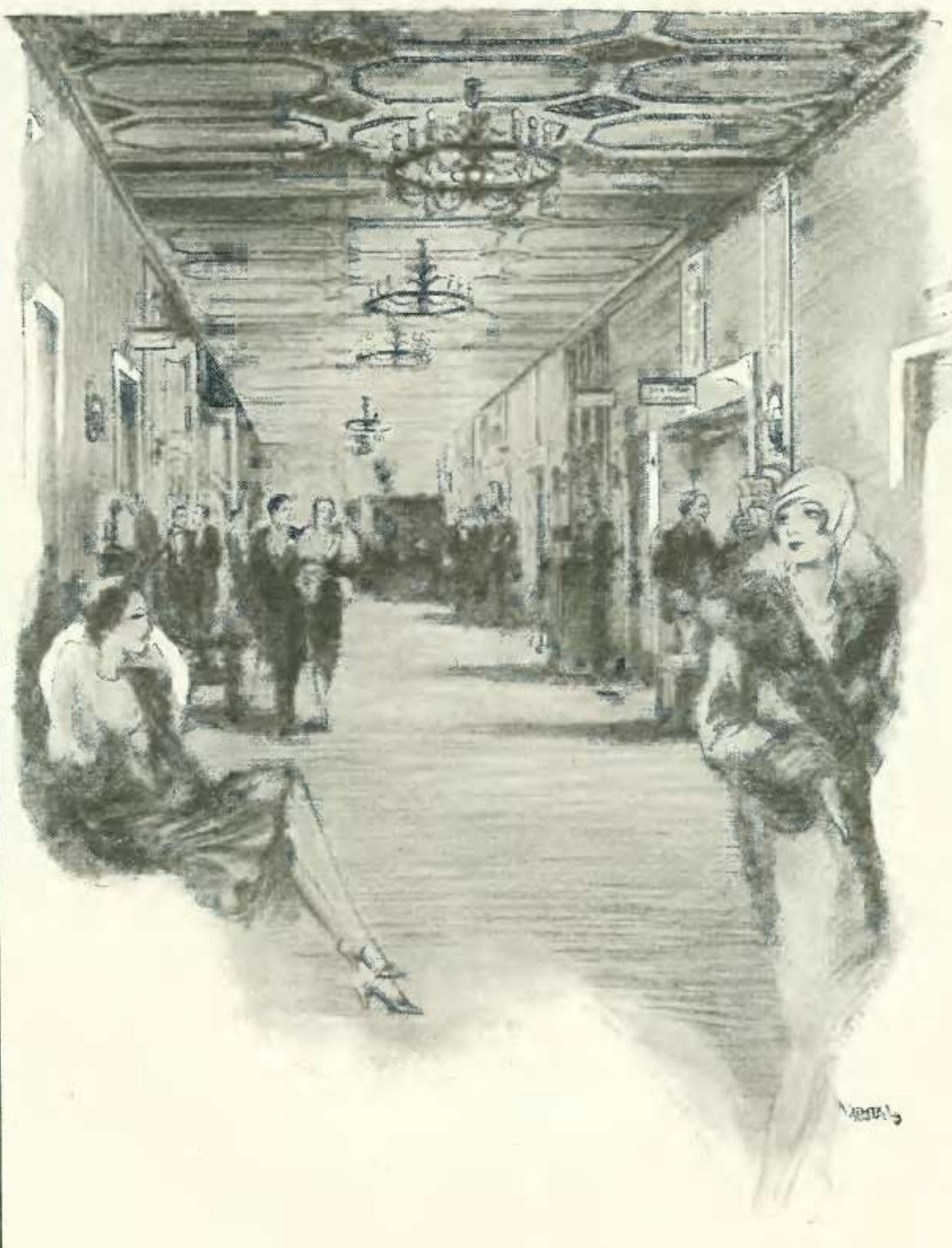
Hearts are good any time; so are all the other suits for that matter. The only catch in the hand is the king and ten of spades.

Mr. North Wind has spotted the king and ten of spades in Mr. West Wind's hand, so when Mrs. South Wind leads a small spade and Mr. West Wind plays the deuce, the dummy finesses with the nine.

THINGS are going beautifully for Mrs. South Wind, thanks to the eagle eye of the dummy. If more players would resort to the *Pique*, the calibre of the game would increase greatly, although somebody might get hurt occasionally.

Mrs. South Wind now leads from her hand instead of dummy's. There are any number of ways she can get there, but this method is the quickest and requires the least effort. She now takes three other heart tricks. On the last two, Mr. North Wind, the agile dummy, discards diamonds with the remark: "Those are useless, hey, partner?" This *Insinué* is almost responsible for Mrs. East Wind's sluffing her king of diamonds; she retrieves it in time, however, realizing that it's the only good card in her hand.

Mrs. South Wind plays through the king of spades again and dummy covers the ten-spot with "his" jack. Mrs. South Wind is back in her own



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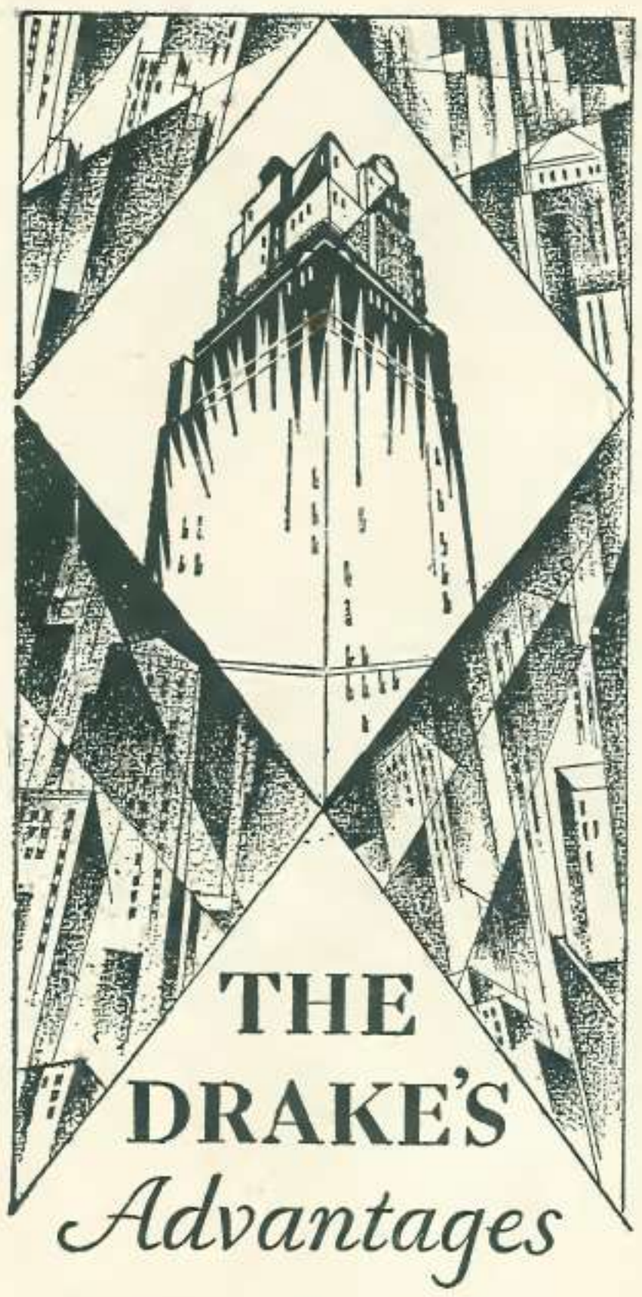

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hand again (by choice) and catches the king of spades.

Mrs. South Wind now has nine tricks and a guilty conscience. The ace-king of clubs are good, so is the ace of diamonds, so are Mr. West Wind and Mrs. East Wind to allow the game to continue. This will give declarer only twelve tricks, which is not enough. They can get a grand slam only by using the *Mêlé*.

With absolute assuredness Mrs. South Wind throws the rest of her cards face up on the table and says: "The rest are mine!" Mr. North Wind helps her by burying the exposed cards with a handful of tricks and volunteers: "Yeah—grand slam . . . pretty work, partner."

Mrs. East Wind says: "How about my king of diamonds?"

"Oh no. . . . That falls on the ace," says Mr. North Wind, producing it from the heap. "We sluff the others, don't we, partner?"

This was a difficult hand and the correct solution can only be arrived at by employing sound bridge tactics. It certainly shows the vital importance of the discard and of keeping eyes and ears alert to the slightest bit of static.

—JACK CLUETT

•

COQ D'OR

The Heckscher cock adorned, I think,
A careless angel's hat,
But, insecurely fastened, fell
In some celestial spat.

•

In addition to the musical numbers, Robert Reinhardt '29 went through magical tricks, Kingsley Perry '28 did a ventriloquist act, and Albert W. Lind '29 played a number of violin solos.—*The Evening Post.*

These sly *Post* critics!

•

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RECENT BOOKS

White Magic

THE gentleman who wrote the blurb for the jacket of "Houdini," by Harold Kellock, should be put into one of the master's strait-jackets and allowed to free himself as best he might. For he says: "The biographer describes his methods and reveals the secret of a number of his major mystifications." Well, that simply is not so. I can understand very well why it shouldn't be so, but I'm having a hard time forgiving that publisher's announcement.

Despite this disappointment, however, the book is grand reading. It is a good, earthy story of thoroughly earthy people: romantics, sentimentalists, genuine troupers whose life-work is magic. There are a thousand stirring anecdotes of early struggles, and there are even more fine tales of Houdini's escapes from jail cells, handcuffs, hampering devices of every sort.

The book has a ring of honest reporting, and I recommend it for a surprisingly good evening of reading.

THOMAS BOYD is the man who wrote one of the best novels of the war, a book called "Through the Wheat." Since then he has composed several other novels, none of them quite so good as the first. "Shadow of the Long Knives" is his latest—a sort of Fenimore Cooper tale, with all the long and dreary descriptive passages cut out. The tale concerns Indians, pioneers along the Ohio frontier, British redcoats, and the Continental army. It has no particular distinction, and the battle movements are surprisingly confused, yet it is a good, swinging tale. This sort of novel makes most men want to be a youngster again, and to take scalping episodes with the seriousness they no doubt deserve.

AFTER Barbusse had written with bitter realism of the war, and after R. H. Mottram had written, in the "Spanish Farm," the comic tragedy of war, it only remained for the Germans to intellectualize the matter. Fritz von Unruh undertook the job. He undertook it, indeed, as far back as 1916, when he was still in that savage

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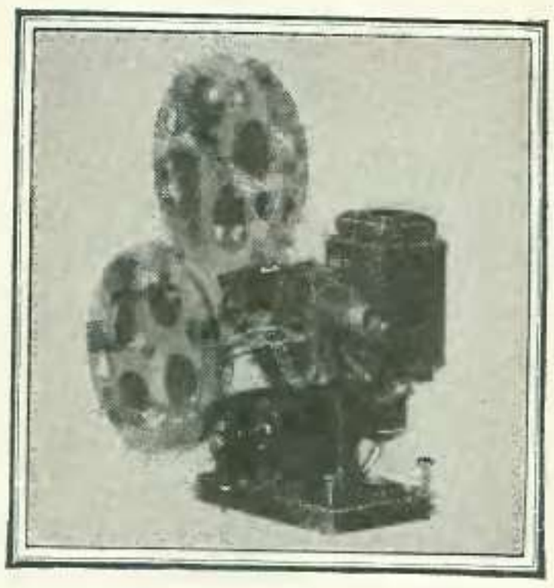

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field before Verdun. His manuscript was suppressed, but now it has been published. It is called "The Way of Sacrifice," and it is as queer a book as any war ever inspired.

Soldiers talk and feel as no soldiers ever talked or felt, and yet somehow they contrive to give the illusion of reality. Through death, hunger, weariness, and mud, they move up to the assault upon Douaumont and the costly victory of Fosses Wood. And when they are done with their baleful task, when they are turning back to the warmth of home, they are half maudlin in their disillusionment.

The disjointed, impressionist style of the writer makes difficult reading. Still, when the thin book is closed, images have been created which will endure in the mind.

SYLVIA THOMPSON rode into fame on "The Hounds of Spring." The praise she gathered for that novel was rather more than commonly justified, and she doubtless will gather more for her latest one, which is called "The Battle of the Horizons." It is the story of a wealthy American girl who marries into an English family of moderate means. The customary misunderstandings arise, embracing not only the family wallet but politics, art, literature, and society. The girl is slowly beaten out of her romantic dreams and reduced to an understanding of reality—which is a triumph or a tragedy, depending on the way you regard such things. Miss Thompson feels triumphant about it.

The writing is competent, and once again we are given a sharp reminder of the state into which the world has fallen: nobody is telling the truth about women so harshly as the women novelists.

HOUSTON PETERSON has written "the authoritative biography of Havelock Ellis." Most of us have come to be a little wary of authoritative biographies, particularly when they are written during the lifetime of their subjects. Yet this book seems honest, and certainly it makes reading of the most fascinating sort. Ellis is a civilized

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man—civilized in the Gallic sense, rather than the British sense—and we should cherish all news of his existence. This book gives us much of that sort of news. It does not make sharp enough the distinction between Ellis, the philosopher, and Ellis, the scientist. But it gives us rich suggestions as to the good life, and I recommend it for your shelves.

EMILY JANE BRONTË died too soon for her own soul's good. If she had lived in this time—which is to say, the time of Sigmund Freud—she would have been a different young lady altogether. Neurotic and suppressed, she would have been an early and passionate convert to the Freudian school, and "Wuthering Heights" would have been a different book.

Miss Romer Wilson, however, has done the best she can in the way of bridging this gap. She has psychoanalyzed the dour little woman in "The Life and Private History of Emily Jane Brontë." It is a queer sort of thing. Most of the facts are taken from the author's writings, and conclusions drawn therefrom as to her peculiar ways of mind.

As a penetration of the woman, I think the book is quite worthless. As an example of what a good Freudian can do to explain everything away, it makes the most amusing kind of reading. —ASPER

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

SHADOW OF THE LONG KNIVES, by Thomas Boyd *(Scribner)*. Indians and Scouts for grown-ups. Easier to read than Leatherstocking.

THE BATTLE OF THE HORIZONS, by Sylvia Thompson *(Little, Brown)*. A rich American girl marries a poor but aristocratic Englishman: conflict.

WAY OF SACRIFICE, by Fritz von Unruh *(Knopf)*. A German intellectual projects the thoughts of soldiers in battle. Queer but important document on the war.

BLACK SPARTA, by Naomi Mitchison *(Harcourt, Brace)*. Keenly molded short stories set in ancient Greece.

MEN ATWHILES ARE SOBER, by Stephen Raushenbush *(A. & C. Boni)*. A first novel: the tale of a bemused young man living in our New York.

PILGRIMS OF THE IMPOSSIBLE, by Conings-by Dawson *(Doubleday, Doran)*. A young minister leaves his pulpit to hunt for the romantic ideal. A long novel that is rarely dull.

QUIET CITIES, by Joseph Hergesheimer *(Knopf)*. Imaginative projection of life in nine cities of early America.

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG, by Luigi Pirandello *(Dutton)*. The eternal conflict. Three generations move through two

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NUMBER FOUR dropped his head on his hands and moaned. To think—that he had once pitied the Roman galley slave. Why, he might just as well be chained to an oar himself. Sadly he gazed out at the murky river. Twice a day . . .

Of course he was doing it for the wife and kiddies. And love conquers all. But still—was it quite wise to expose himself to the rigours of a daily ferry trip — now that he was their only source of support. A sailor's wife . . .

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THÉRÈSE, by François Mauriac (*Boni & Liveright*). The first translation of a leading French novelist. A fine, compact novel of a woman's crime, its subtle causes and consequences.

GREAT FRENCH SHORT STORIES, edited by Lewis Melville and Richard Hargreaves (*Boni & Liveright*). A complete and fascinating anthology that should be on the shelves of every library.

KAI LUNG UNROLLS HIS MAT, by Ernest Bramah (*Doubleday, Doran*). The urbane Chinese philosopher continues his matchless adventures and epigrams.

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN, by Thomas Beer (*Knopf*). A carefully wrought novel of modern aspirations. Coolness and slight mists obscure the action.

WASTE CORNER, by Ruth Manning-Sanders (*Clode*). An unpromising novel which turns out to be much better than expected.

Less recent:

CATHERINE-PARIS, by Princess Marthe Bibesco. THE CLOSED GARDEN, by Julian Green. THE ETERNAL MOMENT, by E. M. Forster. THE HOUSE OF SUN-GOES-DOWN, by Bernard De Voto. THE KEY OF LIFE, by Francis Brett Young. A MIRROR FOR WITCHES, by Esther Forbes.

MYSTERIES

THE MYSTERY OF TUNNEL 51, by A. Wilson (*Longmans, Green*). A "Red" murder in India, committed in a tunnel between Delhi and Simla. So well told that you almost forget that the story is not too exciting.

THE DEEPLAKE MYSTERY, by Carolyn Wells (*Doubleday, Doran*). A preposterous murder story with a plethora of meaningless clues. We wish that Carolyn Wells would omit some of her quaint social small talk which spoils an otherwise fairly diverting yarn.

DR. GLAZEBROOK'S REVENGE, by Andrew Cassels Brown (*Dodd, Mead*). After an excellent start, with suspense and a sinister household, the second half of the story seems slow-moving and rather dull.

THE SMALLER PENNY, by Charles Barry (*Dutton*). A good enough novel which holds one's attention loosely but doesn't raise the blood pressure. A trick penny is the major clue.

GENERAL

HOUDINI'S LIFE STORY, by Harold Kellock (*Harcourt, Brace*). A fine tale of struggle for success in the American theatre. But no secrets are revealed.

PRIVATE HISTORY OF EMILY JANE BRONTË, by Romer Wilson (*A. & C. Boni*). Psycho analysis of the suppressions at Wuthering Heights. Amusing but unconvincing.

HAVELOCK ELLIS, by Houston Peterson (*Houghton Mifflin*). A good book about a great man. Biography written in consultation with its subject.

FAMOUS PRIZE FIGHTS, by Jeffery Farnol (*Little, Brown*). Quaint and whimsical accounts by the author of "The Broad Highway."

CONTEMPORARIES OF MARCO POLO, edited by Manuel Komroff (*Boni & Liveright*). A valuable addition to the valuable Black and Gold library.

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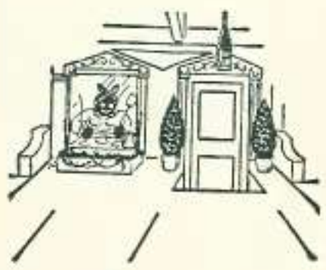

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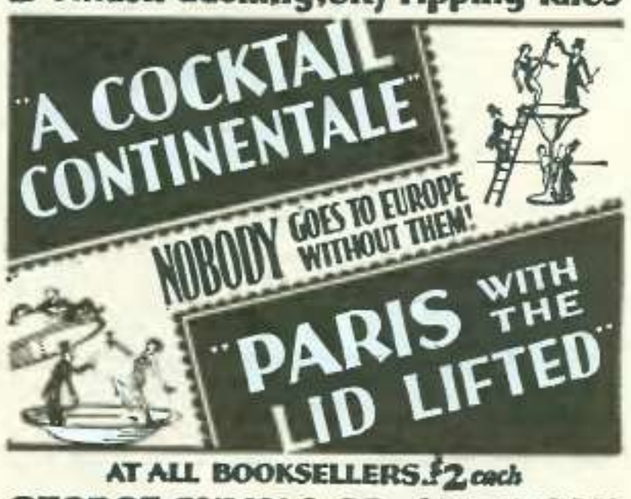

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SUNSET GUN, by Dorothy Parker (*Boni & Liveright*). The recent Parker poems. A companion volume to "Enough Rope."

THE TRAINING OF AN AMERICAN, by Burton J. Hendrick (*Houghton Mifflin*). The early life and letters of Walter Hines Page. Interesting, and necessary to fill out the portrait of an admirable American.

THE WAYS OF BEHAVIORISM, by John B. Watson (*Harper*). More conditioned reflexes by the man who invented them. To be read ten years from now by those who like to laugh over past fads and fancies.

THE GOBBLER OF GOD, by Percy Mackaye (*Longmans, Green*). A deep and rich narrative poem, specifically for those who care greatly about the folk of remote America.

PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY (*Harcourt, Brace*). The addresses and state reports of Alfred E. Smith arranged by Henry Moskowitz.

HEARST: AN AMERICAN PHENOMENON, by John K. Winkler (*Simon & Schuster*). The first full-length portrait of an enigma. An absorbing contemporary impression.

THE SAGA OF CAP'N JOHN SMITH, by Christopher Ward, Gent. (*Harper*). Grand rhymes done into a long narration of the old days. Very funny.

WHAT'LL WE DO NOW? by Edward Longstreth and Leonard T. Holton (*Simon & Schuster*). Games and pranks for grown-up parties.

Less recent:

GOING TO PIECES, by Alexander Woollcott. ALL AT SEA, by Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell. TWENTIETH-CENTURY CRIME, by Frederick A. Mackenzie. THE GANGS OF NEW YORK, by Herbert Asbury. THE JOY RIDE, by Warren Gilbert. NICOLO MACHIAVELLI, by Giuseppe Prezzolini. COLLECTOR'S CHOICE, by John T. Winterich. COLUMBUS, by Marius André. LETTERS FROM JOSEPH CONRAD, edited by Edward Garnett. VINCENT VAN GOGH, by Julius Meier-Graefe. GENTLEMEN, BE SEATED, by Sigmund Spaeth and Dailey Paskman. TAMMANY HALL, by M. R. Werner. THE INNOCENTS OF PARIS, by C. E. Andrews. BRIGHTER FRENCH, by H. T. R.

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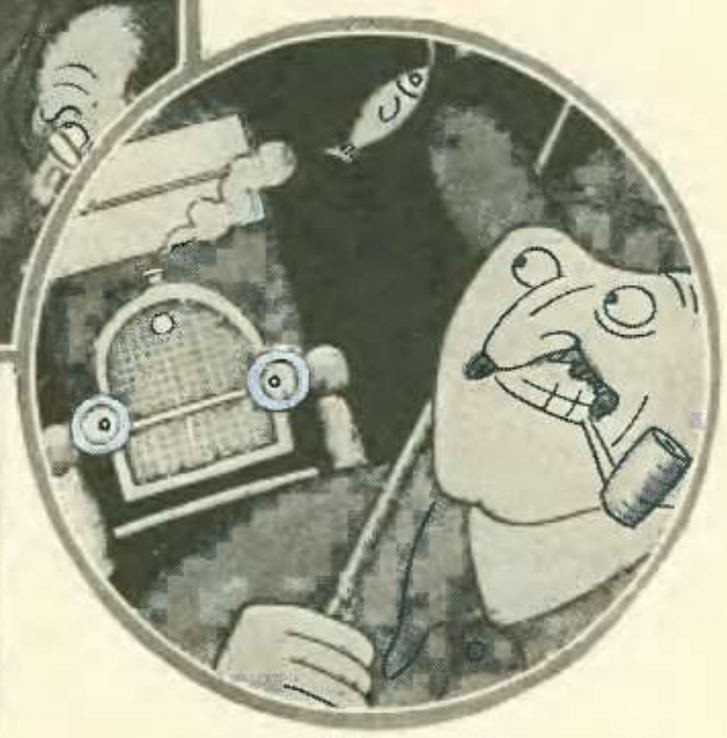

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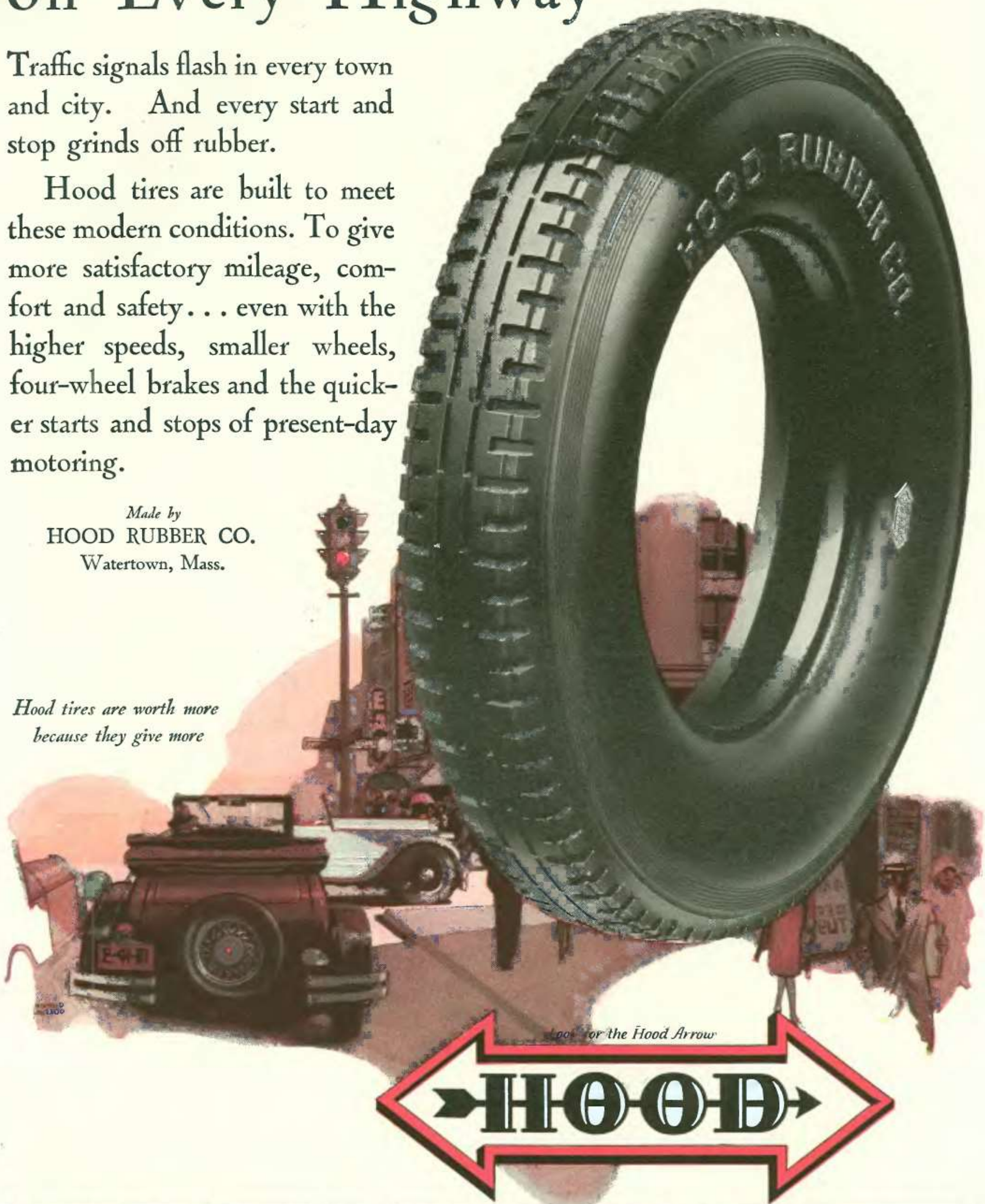

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