

Aug. 1, 1931

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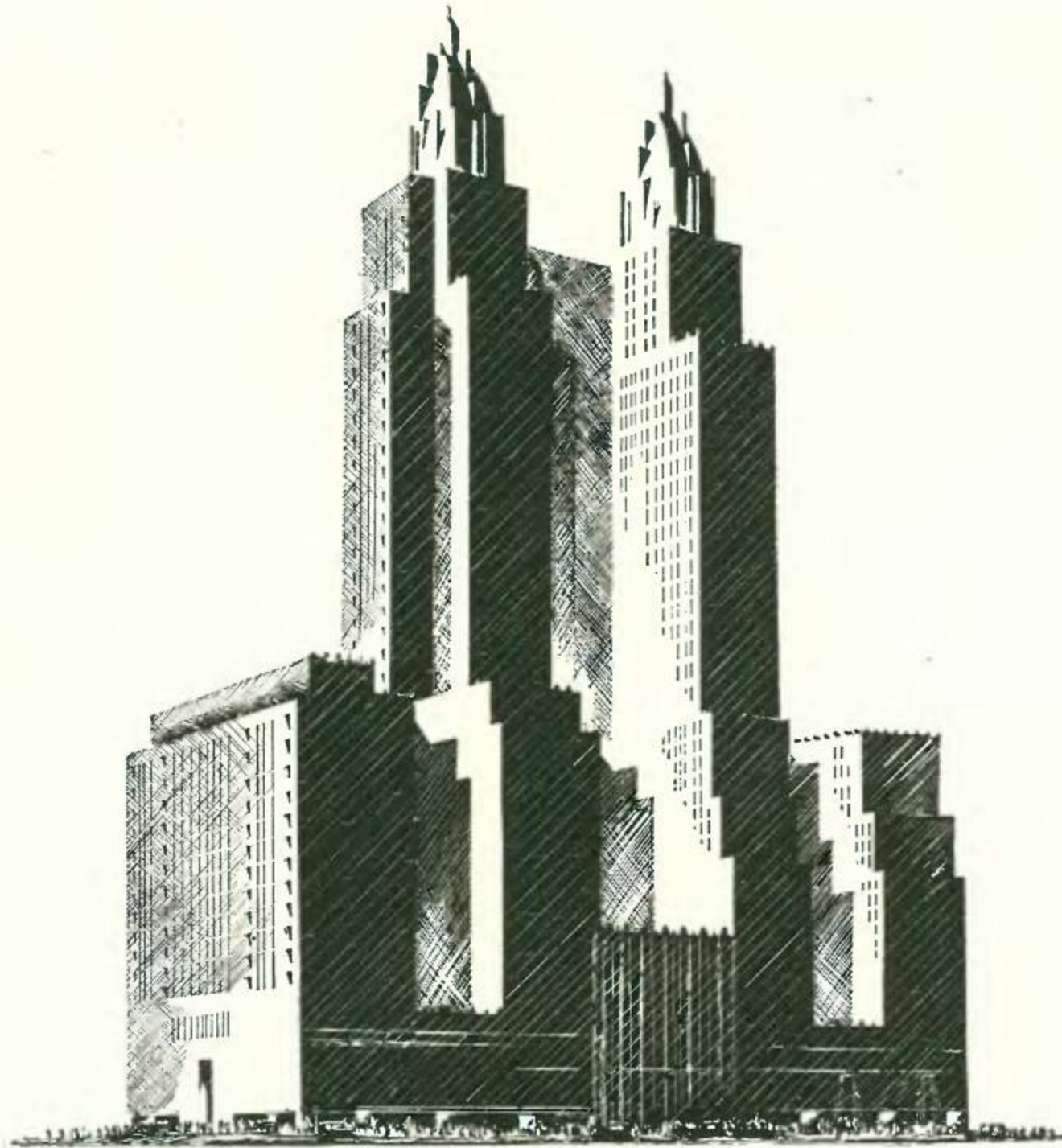
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# NEW YORKER



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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JULY 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 8. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

### THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinee will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

#### PLAYS

**THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET**—Katharine Cornell in a beautifully presented play of the events leading up to Robert Browning's rescue of Elizabeth Barrett from the paternal dragon. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. No performances Sat., Aug. 1 and 8.)

**GRAND HOTEL**—Thirty-six hours in the very full lives of eight or ten hotel guests, making one of the most interesting evenings in town. An excellent cast includes Eugénie Leontovich, Siegfried Rumann, Hortense Alden, Sam Jaffe, and Albert Van Dekker. (National, 41, W. 8:30 P.M.)

**THE GREEN PASTURES**—A Negro's idea of the story of the Old Testament, acted by a fine all-Negro cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

**ONCE IN A LIFETIME**—Hollywood put on the pan in the most delicious cooking of the season. Hugh O'Connell and Jean Dixon are in it. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. May close Sat., Aug. 1.)

**PRECEDENT**—A serious and decidedly effective presentation of the Mooney-Billings case; worth seeing. (Bijou, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

**PRIVATE LIVES**—Madge Kennedy and Otto Kruger in Noel Coward's very funny comedy about ex-married people. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

#### WITH MUSIC

**THE BAND WAGON**—Generally considered the prize exhibition of the year, what with Fred and Adele Astaire, Frank Morgan, Tilly Losch, Helen Broderick, and everything else. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

**GILBERT AND SULLIVAN**—Milton Aborn's revival of "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Fay Templeton, Ethel Clark, Frank Moulan, Joseph Macaulay, William Danforth, and Frederick Persson. Also "Trial by Jury," with Theo Pennington, Howard Marsh, Frank Moulan, Joseph Macaulay, William Danforth, and Frederick Persson. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

**SHOOT THE WORKS!**—A patchwork show, designed to feed actors' hungry mouths. Some bright numbers, and a good deal of the impresario, Heywood Brown. (Cohan, B'way at 43. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Sat. only. Midnight performance Wed.)

**THIRD LITTLE SHOW**—Beatrice Lillie fans will have more to delight them here than they have had since the first Charlot revue. In addition there are Ernest Truex, Carl Randall, and Walter O'Keefe. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

**ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1931**—Aside from the music, this is one of Mr. Ziegfeld's best, which, even in these days of super-revues, is saying a lot. With Helen Morgan, Harry Richman, Jack Pearl, Ruth Etting, Hal

LeRoy, and Albert Carroll. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

**VAUDEVILLE**—Palace bill for the week starting Sat. Aft., Aug. 1, to be announced; see newspapers. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

\*Better dress, but not obligatory.

**AMBASSADOR**, Park at 51 (Wickersham 2-1000)—Dinner dancing in the restaurant; quiet Park Avenue atmosphere.\*

**CENTRAL PARK CASINO** (Rhineland 4-3034)—For dinner and supper dancing. Music by Leo Reisman's orchestra.\*

**CLUB EL PATIO ROOF**, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-5575)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by the dancing of Murphy and Johnson, and the singing of Frances Mad-dux. Emil Coleman music.\*

**PIERRE ROOF**, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—Dinner and after-theatre dancing in a handsome restaurant forty-two stories above Central Park. Music by the Continentals.\*

**ST. REGIS ROOF**, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—A magnificent view, with music by Vincent Lopez during dinner and supper. Dances by Caperton and Biddle. Must dress.

**MORE ROOFS**—Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 4-8100), a fine view of the harbor, with Will Osborne's orchestra. . . . St. Moritz Sky Salon, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800), music by Harold Stern's orchestra. . . . Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33 (Pennsylvania 6-5000), featuring Rudy Vallée and

his band. . . . Other aerial places: Astor Roof, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin Roof, B'way at 34; and Park Central Roof, 7 Ave. at 55. . . . Not high up, but cool nevertheless: Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45; New Yorker Terrace Restaurant, 8 Ave. at 34; and Commodore Summer Garden, Lexington at 42.

**BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE**—Two places for dinner and supper that have elaborate revues, noisy Broadway crowds, and no cover charge are: Paramount Hotel Grill, 235 W. 56 (Chickering 4-7580); and Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572).

**GREENWICH VILLAGE**—For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Village Barn, 52 W. 8.

### JUST OUT OF TOWN

(An hour's drive, more or less, from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M.)

**BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN**, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000)—Dancing and refreshments on the terrace.

**HOLLYWOOD GARDENS**, Pelham P'kway (City Island 8-1763)—Open-air dining and dancing, with Ben Bernie's orchestra and a revue at 9 and midnight.

**PAVILLON ROYAL**, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I. (Valley Stream 1308)—Good food, with music by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.

**NOTES**—For dinner only (no dancing): Henri's, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I. (Lynbrook 759), recommended for exquisite cuisine; expensive.

Coney Island jaunters in search of sea food might try: Feltman's Maple Gardens, Surf Ave., Coney Island; and Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

### MOTION PICTURES

**DIE LUSTIGEN WEIBER VON WIEN**—A bright little German bit, with music by the "Zwei Herzen" composer, who doesn't, however, quite live up to his earlier efforts. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

**THE FRONT PAGE**—The newspaper play, with all its old speed and life. A big triumph for the talkies. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Fri. and Sat., July 31 and Aug. 1. Performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

**RANGO**—The wild animals of Sumatra photographed by Ernest Schoedsack. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 6 and 7; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

**THE SMILING LIEUTENANT**—The Chevalier grin again, with Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins, all of them piloted along by Ernst Lubitsch. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

**ZWEI HERZEN IM 3-4 TAKT**—A Viennese operetta (in German) with some of the choicest tunes you will find anywhere. (Europa, 55, E. of 7 Ave.; performances continuous from noon.)

(Continued on page 4)

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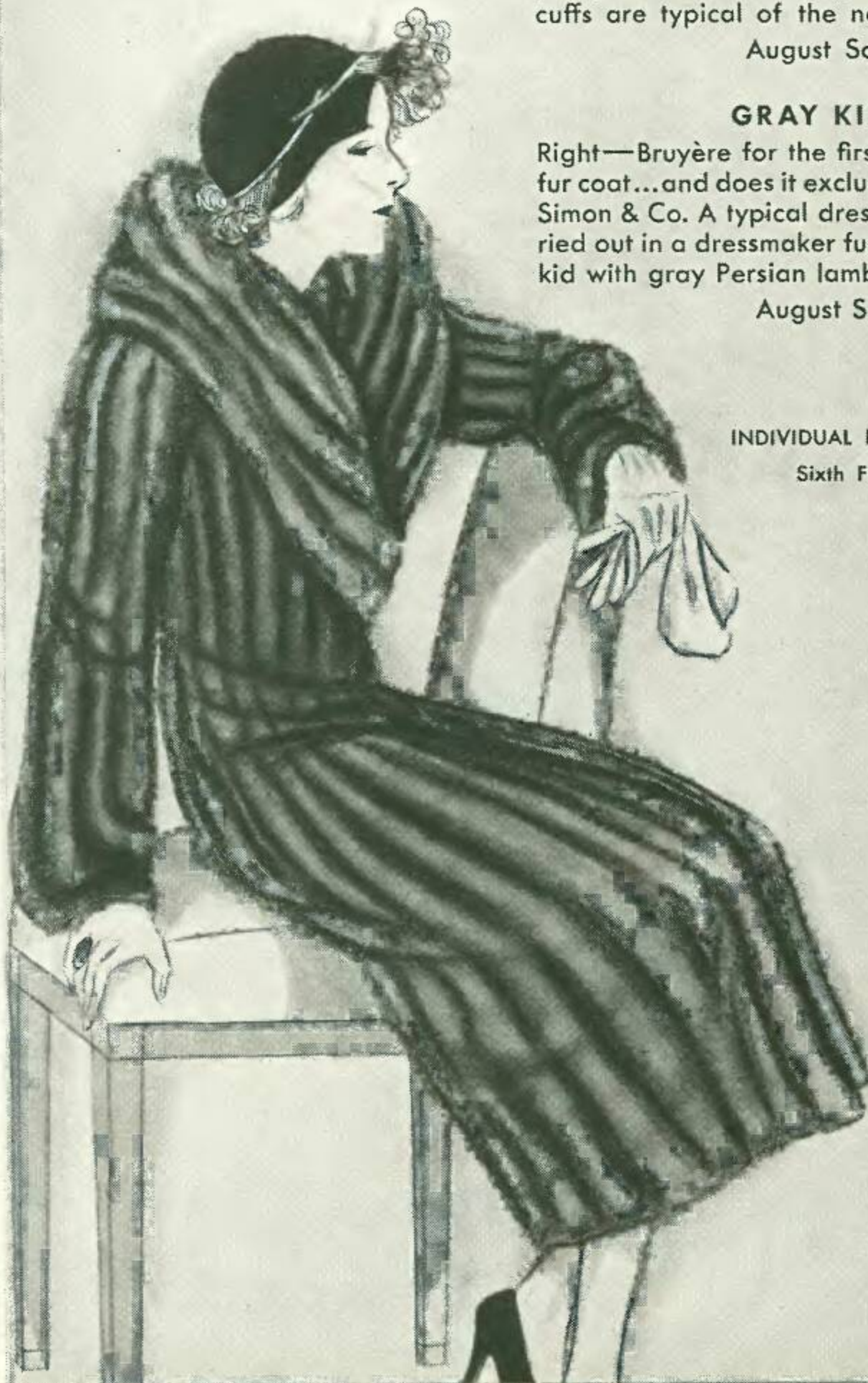
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(Continued from page 2)

**NEWSREEL THEATRES**—All you want of current events for a quarter. Embassy, B'way at 46; Trans-Lux, Madison at 58; Trans-Lux, B'way between 49 and 50; continuous weekdays from 10 A.M. to midnight.

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "City Lights," the Chaplin picture, and all that it should be; "Le Million," good old-fashioned laughs in the most modern of French burlesques; "The Public Enemy," a gruesome and exciting picture of our gunmen; "Smart Money," Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney in a lively study of gamblers and their ways; "Tabu," a beautiful and highly picturesque South Sea Islands silent picture.

### ART

(Exhibits listed below will remain open throughout the summer.)

**CONTEMPORARY**—Good examples of the leading American and French painters in an active museum: Gallery of Living Art, New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sat. until 3 P.M.

**FRENCH**—A summer show of French and Americans, some of the former very good: Marie Harriman, 61 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

**INTERIORS**—An annual show of what to put in the home if you have a budget and that sort of taste: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tues. and Thurs. 7 to 9 P.M.

**INTERNATIONAL**—The third of J. B. Neumann's "Little International Exhibitions." Belling, Chagall, Klee, Sheeler, and others: New Art Circle, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

**MIXED**—Drawings and water colors by Americans and French, including Sterne, Renoir, Dufy, Foujita, and Laurencin: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

**MODERN**—The Museum of Modern Art's exhibition of the L. P. Bliss Collection—Cézanne, Gauguin, Matisse, Seurat, Picasso, Renoir, Degas, and many other French. Also works by Arthur B. Davies. 12th Floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

**RETROSPECTIVE**—Summer show of examples by the group usually shown in this little gallery: G.R.D. Studio, 58 W. 55. Open Fridays only, 1 to 6 P.M.

**RIGHT WING**—The passing generation of American painters in a summer show: Macbeth, 15 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

### MUSIC

**STADIUM CONCERTS**—Philharmonic-Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting, concerts nightly at 8:30. Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave., at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta., or Bus No. 5.)

**GOLDMAN BAND**—Concerts nightly at 8:45—Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves., on Central Park Mall. . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., on N.Y.U. Campus. (Take Jerome Ave. subway to N.Y.U.-Burnside Ave. Sta., and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

### ON THE AIR

**STADIUM CONCERTS** (part of program only)—Philharmonic-Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting: Sat., Sun., and Thurs. Eves., Aug. 1, 2, and 6, at 9:30; Fri. Eve., Aug. 7, at 8:30; and Sat. Eve., Aug. 8, at 9:30; over WABC.

**CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—Eric de Lamarter conducting; broadcast from Ravinia Park: Sun. Aft., Aug. 2, at 4, over WJZ.

**GOLDMAN BAND** (part of program only)—Sun. Eve., Aug. 2, at 10:15, over WEA; Wed.

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Eve., Aug. 5, at 9:30, over WJZ; Thurs. Eve., Aug. 6, at 9:30, over WEA.

**STRING ENSEMBLE**—Members of Rochester Civic Orchestra, Frederick Reinisch conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., Aug. 3, at 7:30, over WJZ.

**FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI**—Franco-Italian pianists. Sun. Eve., Aug. 2, at 7:15, over WABC.

**JOHN CHARLES THOMAS**—Baritone: Thurs. Eve., Aug. 6, at 9:30, over WEA.

**POLO**—One-hour broadcast of play in High-Golf matches at Sands Point, Sun. Aft., Aug. 2, at 5, over WABC.

**PRESIDENT HOOVER**—Broadcasting from Rapidan; address to the General Conference of the Y.M.C.A. at Cleveland: Sat. Eve., Aug. 8, at 9, over WABC and WJZ.

**ZEPPELIN CHRISTENING**—Christening of Navy dirigible Akron by Mrs. Herbert Hoover, and speeches by Secretary of the Navy Charles Francis Adams and Rear Admiral William A. Moffat, Chief of Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, will be broadcast from Akron, O., Sat. Aft., Aug. 8, at 3:30, over WABC.

### SPORTS

**BASEBALL**—Games at Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Boston, Fri., July 31, at 3:15 P.M.; Sat., Aug. 1, at 3 P.M. and Sun., Aug. 2, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader); Giants vs. Brooklyn, Tues., Aug. 4, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), and Wed., Aug. 5, at 3:20 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L," or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thurs., Aug. 6, at 3:15 P.M., and Sat., Aug. 8, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L," or Jerome Ave. subway.)

**GOLF**—Westchester County Golf Association, Senior Championships, Grassy Sprain Golf Club, Yonkers, N.Y., Mon. and Tues., Aug. 3 and 4. . . . New England Amateur Championships, Brookline Country Club, Brookline, Mass., Mon., Aug. 3, through Thurs., Aug. 6.

**HORSE SHOWS**—Westchester Country Club Horse Show, Rye, N.Y., Fri. and Sat., July 31 and Aug. 1. . . . Southampton Riding & Hunt Club Show, Southampton, L.I., Sat., Aug. 1. . . . Monmouth County Horse Show, Rumson, N.J., Thurs., Aug. 6, through Sat., Aug. 8.

**POLO**—Herbert Memorial Championship, Rumson Country Club, Rumson, N.J., last two days, Fri., July 31, and Sat., Aug. 1. . . . High-goal play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L.I., every Sun. Aft. at 4. (Train leaves Penn Sta., L.I.R.R., at 2:09 P.M.)

**RACING**—Empire City track, Yonkers, races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., through Wed., Aug. 5. (Trains leave Grand Central at 1:20 and 1:45 P.M.) . . . The racing season at Saratoga, N.Y., will start Thurs., Aug. 6; races weekdays at 3 P.M. (Last train leaves Grand Central at 9:45 A.M. The Saturday special leaves at 9:35 A.M.)

**TENNIS**—Invitation Tournament, Seabright Lawn Tennis & Cricket Club, Seabright, N.J., last two days, Fri. and Sat., July 31 and Aug. 1; play begins at 11 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Women's Singles and Doubles, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I., Sun., Aug. 2, through Tues., Aug. 4. . . . Invitation Tournament, Men's Singles and Doubles, Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I., Mon., Aug. 3, through Sat., Aug. 8. . . . Wightman Cup Matches, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 7 and 8.

**YACHTING**—Bayside-Block Island Auxiliary Race, Fri., July 31. . . . International Team Match, Barnegat vs. Canada, Barnegat, N.J., Fri., July 31, and Sat., Aug. 1. . . . Stamford Yacht Club Races, Stamford, Conn., Sat., Aug. 1. . . . Huguenot Yacht Club Races, New Rochelle, N.Y., Sat., Aug. 8. . . . Newport Race Week begins Aug. 8.

**NOTE**—Some conveniently located swimming pools in Manhattan are: Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 10:45 P.M.); Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight); and Barbizon, Lexington at 63, for women only (open until 10 P.M.). The St. George salt-water pool in Brooklyn (open until midnight) may be reached via West Side-7 Ave. subway to Clark St. Sta.

### COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who plan ahead.)

**DOG SHOWS**—Rhode Island Kennel Club, Newport, R.I., Aug. 23. . . . North Shore Kennel Club, Setauket, L.I., Aug. 29. . . . Somerset Hills Kennel Club, Far Hills, N.J., Sept. 12.

**GOLF**—New Jersey Open, Crestmont G.C., West Orange, N.J., Aug. 11-14. . . . National Amateur, Beverly C.C., Chicago, Aug. 31-Sept. 5. . . . Women's National, The Country Club, Buffalo, Sept. 21-26.

**HORSE SHOWS**—Newport Horse Show, Newport, R.I., Aug. 13-15. . . . East Hampton Riding Club Show, East Hampton, L.I., Aug. 15. . . . Montauk Horse Show, Montauk, L.I., Aug. 18 and 19. . . . Ox Ridge Hunt Club Show, Darien, Conn., Aug. 29. . . . North Shore Horse Show, Smithtown, L.I., Sept. 4 and 5. . . . Far Hills Horse Show, Far Hills, N.J., Sept. 11 and 12.

**MUSIC**—Goldman Band outdoor concerts end Aug. 16. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Lewisohn Stadium, Reiner conducting through Aug. 10; Coates conducting, Aug. 11-31, end of season.

**POLO**—Open Championship and Monty Waterbury Cup, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L. I., early in Sept.

**RACING**—Saratoga, N.Y., Aug. 6-Sept. 5. . . . Belmont Park, Sept. 7-19.

**TENNIS**—Women's National Championships, Forest Hills, L.I., Aug. 17-22. . . . Invitation Tournament, Newport, R.I., Aug. 17-22. . . . Men's National Doubles, Longwood C.C., Chestnut Hill, Mass., Aug. 24-29. . . . Men's National Singles, Forest Hills, L.I., Sept. 5-12.

**THEATRE OPENINGS** (Dates uncertain)—"Free for All," a musical comedy by Laurence Schwab and Oscar Hammerstein II, with Jack Haley: Manhattan, Aug. 17. . . . "Manhattan Nocturne," Alice Brady in a play by Edward and Edna Riley: about Aug. 17. . . . "Three Times the Hour," Brock Pemberton's production of a melodrama by Valentine Davies: Avon, Aug. 24. . . . "Mélo," second engagement of Henry Bernstein's play: Ethel Barrymore, Aug. 24. . . . "Earl Carroll Vanities," with Will Mahoney, Jack Benny, William Demarest, and others: Earl Carroll, Aug. 27. . . . "After Tomorrow," by John Golden and Hugh Stange, with Ross Alexander: Golden, Aug. 27. . . . "Friendship," a play by and with George M. Cohan: Fulton, Aug. 31. . . . "George White Scandals," with Rudy Vallée, Willie and Eugene Howard, and Everett Marshall: Apollo, about Aug. 31.

**YACHTING**—New York Yacht Club Cruise, Aug. 13-20; Astor Cup Race, off Newport, R.I., Aug. 21; King's Cup Race, off Newport, Aug. 22. . . . Saturday regattas on Long Island Sound through Aug. and Sept. . . . Star Class, International Championship, Long Island Sound, Sept. 12-18.

**OTHER DATES**—Labor Day is Mon., Sept. 7. . . . Quarterly income-tax payments are due Sept. 15.



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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

WE have been approached in a most extraordinary manner by a refrigerator company, in re our possible participation in their late-summer sales drive. Their proposal, which is on a big scale, is this: to every person purchasing a refrigerator, the company will give away ten dollars' worth of nationally advertised food products. Now then, *in addition* to the ten dollars' worth of nationally advertised food products, the company suggests that the purchaser be given a subscription to *THE NEW YORKER*, on the grounds that the purchaser (described in the letter as a "happy, prosperous American"), by his act in buying an electric icebox, has taken one of the most important steps in his career, and "for the first time in his life will be in step with the tempo of *THE NEW YORKER*." That, in a



nutshell, is the plan. We have rejected it unconditionally. It is a topsy-turvy idea. Obviously, if we are to ally ourselves with a refrigerator company it must be in a quite different capacity. Our counter-proposal is this: that every purchaser of a year's subscription to *THE NEW YORKER* be given, free, a brand-new electric refrigerator, on the assumption that, in purchasing *THE NEW YORKER*, he has so greatly enlarged his social connections that only a brand-new electric refrigerator advantageously placed in the middle of the living-room (which is where they usually appear in the ads) can preserve the rare fruits and viands which he will be called upon to serve to his distinguished

guests. How about that for a plan, you icebox people?

IT happened, the other morning, that we arrived at our barber's just ahead of a major poet, beating him to the only empty chair by inches. This, we can assure you, was a pleasurable experience—to sit there having our hair trim-



med while the poet (clearly visible in the mirror) was forced to wait, twiddling his delicate thumbs and trying to think of a poem.

The incident reminded us that there is no more tender sight than an impatient poet. The prickly urgency of his purpose is so apparent! Surely you must have noticed, among the literary notes of publishers last week, the account of the unprecedented poetical impatience of John Barry Ryan, author of "Verses by Barry Vail"—how, reading an advance copy of his book in the small hours of the morning, he was unable to wait till dawn struck. The lines trembled and rippled and ached with the sweet need for dissemination; and Mr. Ryan, rushing to the phone, roused up an aviator at three A.M. and dispatched him winging toward Boston with half a dozen copies of the book for six special friends.

THE older we get (we turned eighty-two last Wednesday) the more convinced are we that the way



to get into sporting events and musical shows that are "sold out" far in ad-

vance is to do nothing at all about seats until it is practically curtain time. Then walk quietly up to the box office and say you would like a ticket, please. The other evening, about nine o'clock, we suddenly decided we would like to see the Walker-Sharkey bout. How our friends did twit us as we set out sturdily on foot toward Brooklyn, with no ticket! It was ten o'clock when we arrived, and the main bout was scheduled to go on. After quashing a few fifteen-dollar speculators, we quietly approached a booth marked "\$2.10," laid down our money, and were shortly ushered politely into the crowded arena, where, for an additional two bits to the usher, we were given a seat so close to the fighters that we could see the reds of their eyes.

NOT alone is instinct the only thing we can trust, but it is only through instinct that we know things



really worth knowing. How else, except instinctively, would we know that there was no such person as Blasco Ibáñez, and that Queen Mary goes to meals with her hat on? Such secret knowledge bears no relation to reason, and carries no obligation of sanity. We have always known, instinctively, that the widespread use of the zipper had something to do with the market collapse of October 29, 1929, and that the decline in the popularity of black-broadcloth watch fobs spelled the end of hope and the beginning of despair. So we know, too, that in the night, when the weather is warm, the Empire State Building grows, adding new stories as a rubber plant adds leaves, the



topmost story unfurling from the sheaf made by the next-to-the-top. Then the sun beats down and the new story looks clean and a smoother gray than the old. It is more important that we know these things ourself than that we tell them to others.

### *Sapolio*

OUR story of the lady who picked up a first edition of "Leaves of Grass" at a country auction for a dime has brought forth word from a collector about a Bret Harte item that few people of today have ever heard of. It's a paper pamphlet, an advertising throwaway, a forerunner of the kind the mailman now delivers to you. On the cover (we have seen one) are the words: "'Excelsior,' by Bret Harte, Presented by Enoch Morgan's Sons Co." Inside, on cheap, yellowish paper, are eight stanzas parodying Longfellow. Like this:

The shades of night were falling  
fast,  
As through an Eastern village  
passed  
A youth who bore, through dust  
and heat,  
A stencil-plate, that read com-  
plete—"Sapolio."

Harte wrote these jingles in 1877. He mailed them to Morgan's Sons in New York and received a cheque for fifty dollars. They were first printed on a single sheet of paper and distributed as advertising matter. None of these dodgers are known to be in existence. If your mother or grandmother put one aside and you can find it, it is probably worth two or three hundred dollars. Later the stanzas were made into the booklet. About a million of these were distributed. Only four are known to be in existence. People with old houses might profitably look through their attics, as one of the four cost two hundred and twenty-five dollars at an auction. When the present Morgan's Sons people heard that the booklets were selling for big prices they hopefully ransacked their old factory, at West and Bank Streets. They found only one copy.

You mustn't assume from the foregoing that Harte also wrote the famous Spotless Town jingles for Sapolio. The author of these was J. K. Fraser, who now, in his late fifties, is president of the Blackman Company, the advertising concern. He wrote the jingles shortly after getting out of col-

lege and was surprised when they became about as well known as "'Twas the night before Christmas." He was a conspicuous figure for years afterward and got tired of being pointed out as the writer of the verses. He still, they say, slips out of the room if the subject is mentioned.

Last year, when an old building was torn down at Morris Street and Broadway, a huge sign on the wall of an adjoining building was revealed for the first time since 1899. It blazoned this slogan: "Man wants but little here below, but Woman wants Sapolio." Remember? If not, your mother will. About the time this was painted Sapolio was the most-exploited article in America, perhaps in the world. In 1892, for example, a Captain Andrews sailed a fourteen-foot sloop named Sapolio from Atlantic City to Spain, attracting wide attention. The soap was put on the market in 1869, and still sells well, we are told, despite the competition from soap chips and cleaning powders. Morgan's Sons, in fact, are reviving the Spotless Town characters in connection with a renewed advertising drive. They are appearing as cut-out figures in window displays, somewhat modernized: the policemen in new uniforms, the maids with up-to-date caps and aprons, and so on.

### *Censored*

A YOUNG and suspicious beau, whose lady had pleaded a headache as an excuse for not going to dinner with him, phoned her to see if she were really staying home. Well, she was, but she didn't answer her telephone because she had stepped out to the drugstore to get something for her headache. He figured, of course, that she was out revelling with some taller and handsomer beau, so he sent her this wire: "What a liar you are." She found it when she got back and instantly phoned Western Union and dictated this reply: "I'm not a liar stop I hope you choke." In a few minutes her phone rang and a man's voice said he was the manager of Western Union. He told her he couldn't accept the wire. "Why, he sent me one just as bad," said the young lady. "Uh—just what did he say?" asked Western Union. She told him. "Hmm," said the manager. There was a pause. "Well," he said finally, "why don't you just send the part about not being a liar and leave the rest out?"

She protested, but the manager was politely firm. So just that part about not being a liar was transmitted over the sacred wires. Western Union dabbed its moist brow with a handkerchief and went back to work.

### *Boxers' Barber*

IN Forty-fourth Street, just east of Broadway, you may have noticed a barbershop with a sign in its window proclaiming: "I demand championship recognition because I have trimmed—" and the list which follows includes the names of Benny Leonard, Jack Delaney, Mike McTigue, and some dozen other famous pugilists. This is the shop of Paul Kessler, who has probably done more prettying-up of prizefighters than any other barber in town.

For that matter, he has performed the same services for other folk rather famous after their fashion. He was Arnold Rothstein's favorite barber. Shaved him once years ago on tick when the gambler was broke, and Rothstein never forgot. He offered to put up twenty thousand dollars to back an ornate new shop for Kessler right on Broadway. Unfortunately, Rothstein was killed just before the deal went through. Gyp the Blood, of the Rosenthal case, was another customer of his. A quiet, gentlemanly fellow in a barber's chair. Another was Daniel Graham, the policeman whose murder of a Bronx paymaster he had been assigned to guard shocked the city three years ago. Graham came in for a shave, haircut, and manicure not four hours after the crime had been committed, as Kessler learned later, and before starting on his way again had the barber out to the curb to admire his new roadster—bought, as it turned out, with the stolen money. Kessler remembers him as being gay, even jaunty, that afternoon: told the barber he had just "put over a big deal."

Beside such gentlemen as these, prizefighters seem the gentlest and least terrifying souls. Unassuming, courteous—liberal tippers, too. Of them all, Benny Leonard has always been Kessler's idol. Most boxers never shave before a match—too jumpy, and besides they think a good stiff beard gives a certain protection to the skin. Leonard, however, always got meticulously and thoroughly barbered before a fight, as if for a ball. A few hours before he met Kilbane for the light-





weight championship, he was in Kessler's chair when another customer came into the shop and loudly offered to bet the barber a hundred dollars that Leonard would be knocked out that night. He never suspected that the man he was offering to bet against was the reclining figure with the lathered face. Kessler took the bet, and wagered another hundred that Benny's hair wouldn't even be mussed up. He won both bets, and gave Leonard a silver shaving mug in grateful recognition.

Kessler shaved Woodrow Wilson once. Wilson was pleasant and amiable—just as agreeable as Gyp the Blood—and gave him a ten-cent tip.

### Rite

WHEREVER Harvard men are found, in clubs, in restaurants, in poolrooms, they are telling this story to each other. It is about an alumnus who went back to his twenty-fifth reunion, taking his wife and son. One evening, as all three were on their way in a taxi to their hotel, a bell began to toll with some solemnity. The Harvard man immediately stopped the cab.

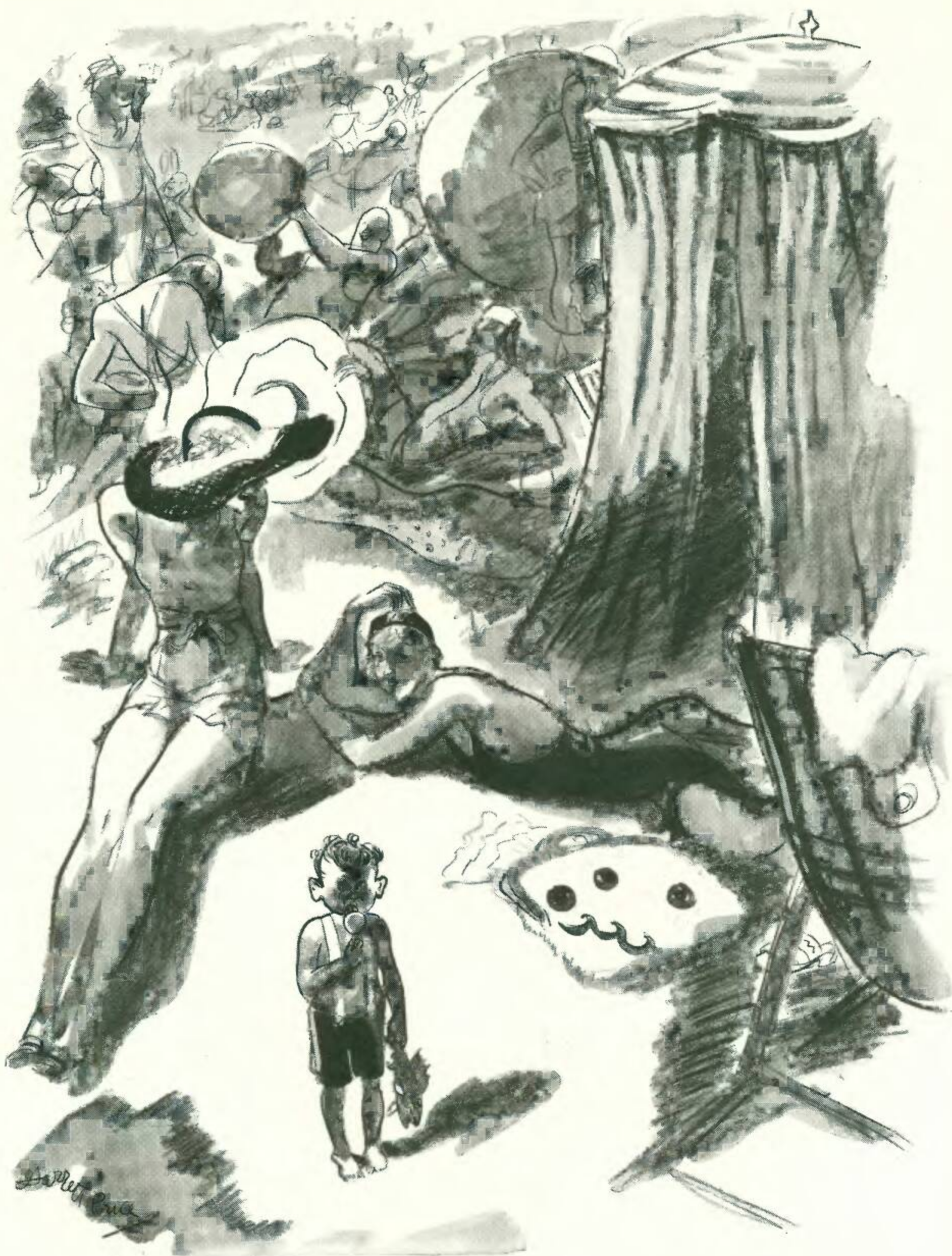
"That's the Tolling of the Bell, dear," he explained to his wife. "I mustn't be absent. You'll have to go on, and I'll join you later." His wife was impressed. She watched proudly as he hailed another taxi and drove away. It was only by degrees that she realized that the bell was in a nearby

Catholic church, and that there was a big stag party that night somewhere.

### Somnolent

TRAVELLING up Madison Avenue in a street-car is like making a voyage in a little packet boat. The stops

are innumerable, and one can doze, read, and doze again. Forty-fourth Street gradually becomes Forty-eighth Street in the course of a long sunny afternoon. We sometimes take this journey for its sedative effect; and the other morning our car seemed even more placid, more static than usual. We began to



*"—and George will have the custody of Junior."*



watch the motorman, and discovered that he was stopping for no apparent reason at all. Once he opened the front door, got out, picked up something in the street, climbed on again. Then we saw him turn over a coin in his hand, and stuff it into his pocket. "Sure," he said to us, "I always stop at even-numbered streets—like as not there's a dime or a quarter that somebody's dropped gettin' on a car. They shine plain when the sun's out."

### Clean Fun

MRS. FREDRIC MARCH (Miss Florence Eldridge in public life) went shopping with Mme. Maurice Chevalier several weeks ago. It was raining as they left Saks-Fifth Avenue and the ladies hailed a taxi. Mrs. March offered to drop Mme. Chevalier at her hotel, as it was on her way home. Traffic was heavy and the streets slick, and Mme. Chevalier leaned forward and asked the driver to go

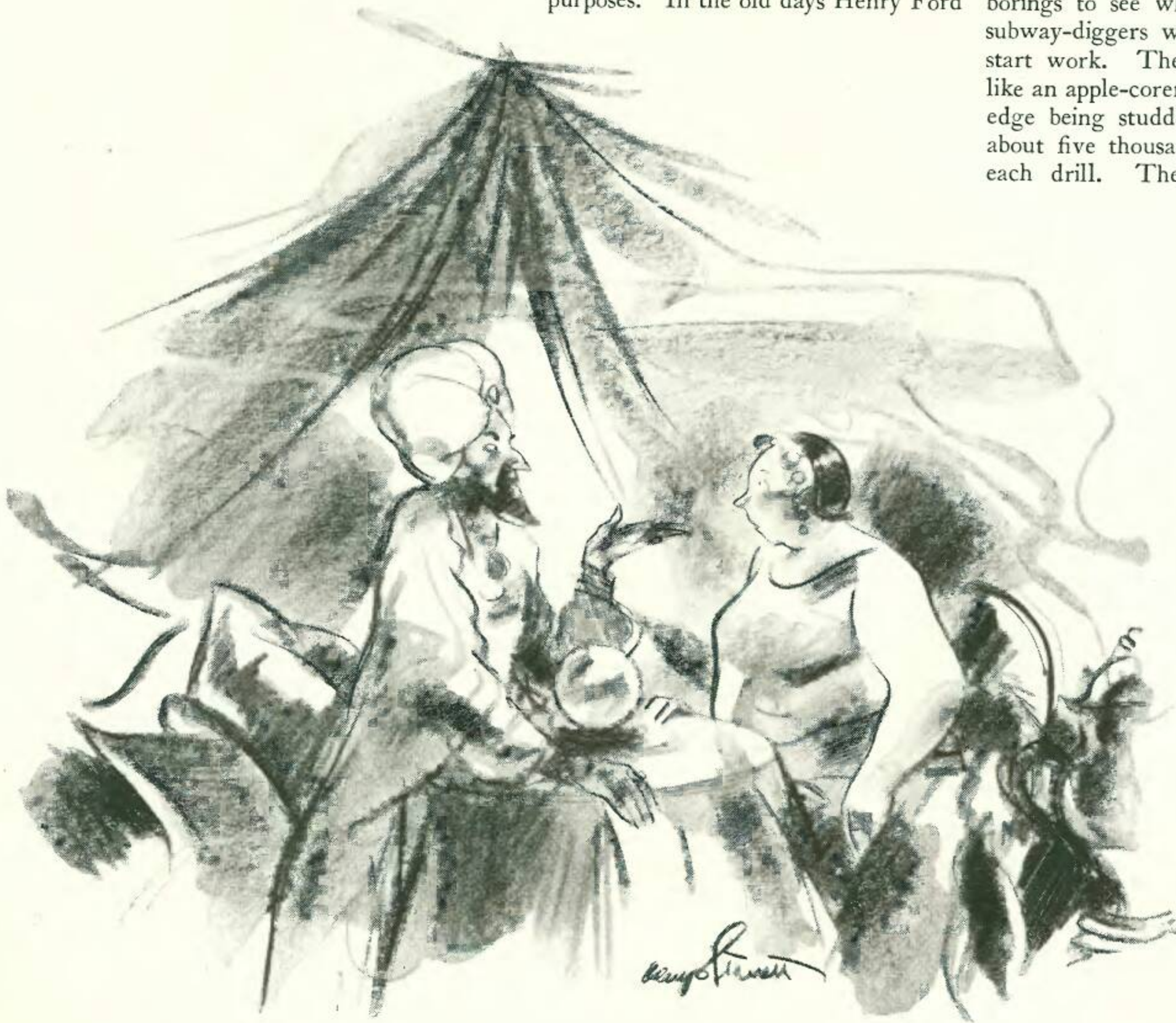
more slowly—in English not up to that of her husband. Immediately the man began to drive like a lunatic, skidding around corners, clipping fenders, and so on. Madame pleaded for mercy, but every request she made seemed to be the signal for another mad outburst by the driver. After she had finally been deposited, trembling but unharmed, at her hotel the taximan proceeded as peacefully as a lamb. Later he turned to Mrs. March and explained with a contented grin: "I drove like that for fun a while back, lady. I love to hear them frogs talk when they get excited."

### Diamond Facts

A GENTLEMAN whose business has to do with diamond importation surprised us with the information that the biggest buyers of diamonds in the local wholesale market are motorcar manufacturers. They don't buy them to wear, but for utilitarian purposes. In the old days Henry Ford

was probably the heaviest steady diamond-buyer in the country. He purchased an average of half a million dollars' worth annually, to be used in grinding bearings and other automobile parts which require great precision. Latterly he hasn't been buying nearly so much, his engineers having been busy figuring out substitutes for the work. The stones used commercially are, of course, far from being first-class. They bring from ten to thirty-five dollars a carat mostly. Oddly, certain manufacturers insist on using certain colors. The diamond dealers don't know why. Cadillac motors, for instance, are ground by gray stones only, as are those of Chevrolets. The Packard Company insists upon brown-tinted stones, but Ford will take either brown or gray.

Construction companies are heavy diamond-users also. Of late you may have noticed small gangs of men drilling into the streets beneath the elevated railroads. They are taking borings to see what sort of rock the subway-diggers will strike when they start work. Their drills are hollow, like an apple-corer, the circular cutting edge being studded with diamonds—about five thousand dollars' worth to each drill. They bring forth long cylinders of rock which the engineers take away with them and study. Then diamonds are used in wire-drawing. A hole, as nearly perfectly round as it is possible to drill it, is made through the stone. The wire is pulled through this, and thus finished. It's quite a trick to get the hole the right size and shape (the French are best at it) but once made it holds its shape practically forever. A Schenectady inventor has taken out a patent on a safety razor with a diamond shaving edge. He plans to sell them for five hundred dollars each. He realizes this is a high price



*"I see a garden long ago—sweet with jasmine—and you denying the song the young body sang."*



but points out that his product would dispose of one of civilization's greatest perplexities: the old-blade problem.

### Engine Trouble

CERTAIN fire-engines, hose carts, and hook-and-ladders were on their way at their mad pace down Broadway past Cortlandt Street when, directly in front of us, one of the hose carts balked. The engine sputtered, and the cart couldn't be budged. The firemen, leaping to the ground, tinkered rapidly with this and that, but it was no use. It wouldn't go. So they pushed it ignominiously to the curb, commandeered a cab, and went off angrily to their blaze. "Get a horse!" we shouted after them, wittily.

### Lady

IN 1919 the Board of Education took Miss Jane F. Shaw from the East Side, where she'd been teaching for fifteen years, and, with apologies, promoted her to the principalship of P.S. 120, which was the seat of learning on Barren Island, a dismal little strip of land rising sadly from the waters of Jamaica Bay. Things have been looking up for Barren Island lately—a new airport located there, and a causeway to the mainland—but in those days it was to a schoolteacher what Siberia was to a Russian.

At the end of a year the Board of Education thanked Miss Shaw for her services and offered to transfer her back to the East Side. To their astonishment, she told them she'd like to stay. She has been there ever since, rarely leaving even during summer vacations; won't quit although eligible for pension and retirement, and is by way of being the leading citizen.

Shortly after Miss Shaw went there, the City stopped dumping garbage on Barren Island, which was a calamity to the inhabitants. They had made



*"But I can't tell you. He told me in strictest confidence."*

• •

their living in the fertilizer factories and in raking through the garbage, picking up odds and ends of jewelry, tableware, and so on. Maiden Lane used to send a man out regularly to buy their findings. Pretty valuable things, too, occasionally. One woman picked up a hair ornament with twenty-one diamonds and emeralds in it and got two thousand dollars for it. Once, at a Christmas party she gave a few years ago, Miss Shaw asked a group of her guests what they'd wish for if they had a fairy godmother. Solemnly several of them answered: "The garbage."

Miss Shaw is herself pretty much of a fairy godmother to the Barren Islanders. There is no doctor there any more, since the garbage and population fell off, and she treats their minor ailments. She settles disputes, gives advice, and effects reforms. She has even had the place officially renamed. Four or five years ago some of her graduates complained that they felt rather humiliated when they entered high school in Brooklyn, what with having to confess that they lived in a place called Barren Island and had no street address like other children. Miss Shaw said she'd "put a stop" to that. She got in touch with Senator Wagner

her house, and call her by the simple but regal title "Lady." Last year she again won a signal victory for her people. She'd been getting madder and madder because the Census Bureau wasn't paying any attention to the island. So she picked up the phone and told the office of the Bureau in New York what was what. The Bureau coughed embarrassedly and sent a man right over. Found four hundred and sixteen inhabitants.

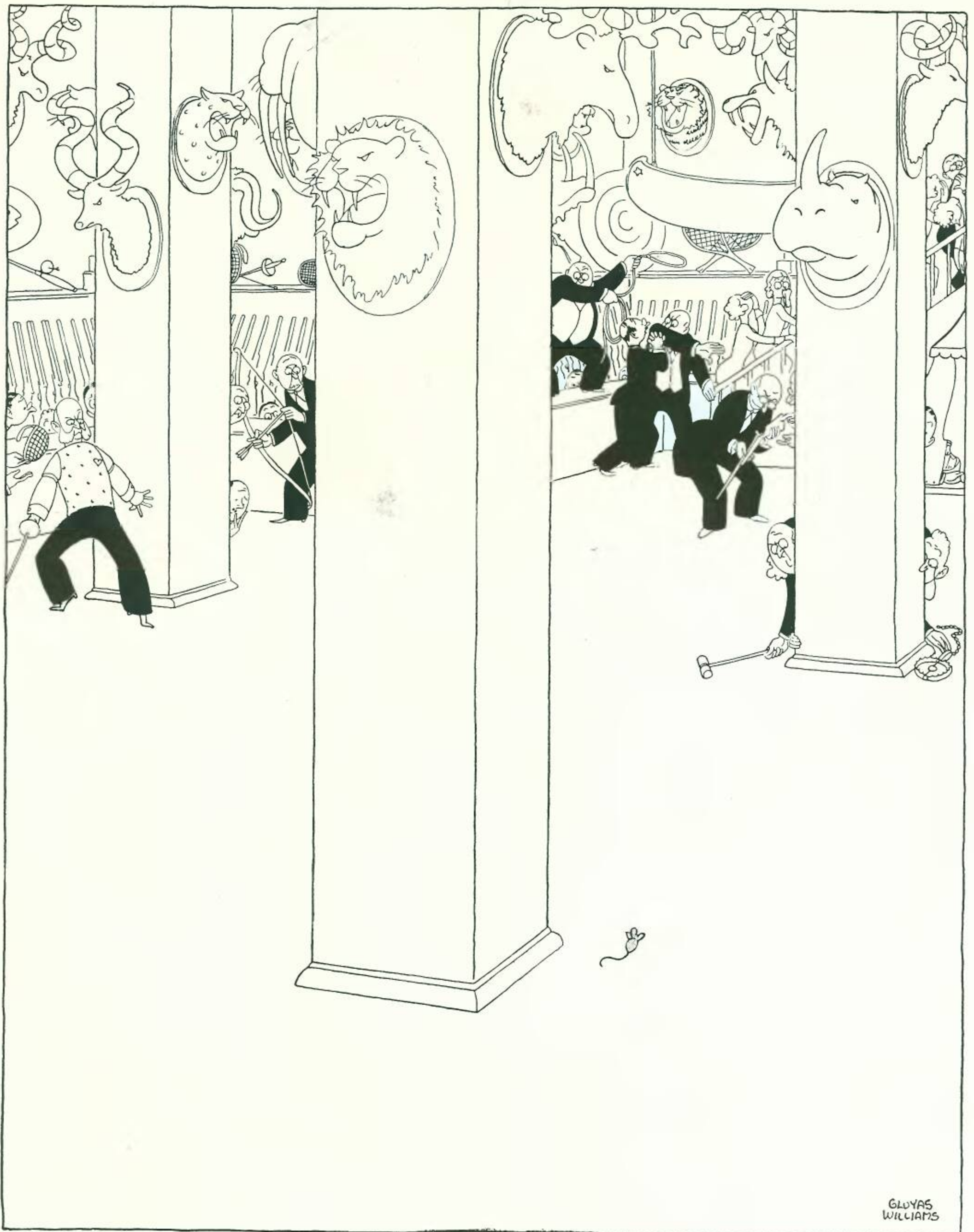
### Famous Family

MR. LOUIS SANGER, of 1088 Park Avenue, has rented a cottage at Saratoga for the coming season. A local real-estate dealer up there, a zealous fellow, handled the matter. He wrote glowingly of the Sangers to the owners of the cottage, who also are New York people. Mr. Sanger got hold of the letter and has been showing it around. It says, in part: "The Sangers will make ideal tenants for you and I advise your closing with them without delay. They are big shots in N. Y., not alone socially but in other ways. As you probably know, they are the birth-control outfit."

—THE NEW YORKERS

and had him go to the Postmaster-General and have the island settlement rechristened South Flatlands. (The Flatlands section of Brooklyn is just north, on the mainland.) Miss Shaw then proceeded to pick out names for the rambling little alleys of the community: Hassock Street, Pelican Street, Fibish Place, and so on. She numbered the huts and houses, too, and now even the lowliest residents have street addresses. She herself lives in Main Street, next to the schoolhouse. She's small, gray now, bright, cheery, and energetic. The inhabitants treat her with the greatest deference, tend her garden, look after the rosebushes all around





### INDUSTRIAL CRISES

*The day big game appeared at Abercrombie & Fitch's*



## THE HIGH SIGN

MY destined stateroom, through its open door, revealed the posterior of a bending gentleman who was busily disrupting the coverings of the lower bunk. He straightened as my foot scraped the brass sill, and a smile of embarrassed friendliness did comical things to his perfectly circular face. Before speaking a word he made a gesture which, in the light of later events, it would not be sporting to describe.

Unsure of the proper rejoinder when strangers make curious gestures, I merely nodded, put my right thumb in my left ear, and wagged the adjacent digits. Cautious bafflement drew all of the features into one central pucker in that expansive face.

There came a portentous whisper: "Have you *travelled*, Brother?"

It seemed odd to ask that of one embarking at Liverpool. "Yes, by George," I said, but the hand which he extended was withdrawn hurriedly when I pointed out: "That's what I'm doing right now."

For a moment he looked me up and down, full of suspicion. Then he said: "What I mean is, Brother, have you travelled *east*?"

As his moist lips caressed the word "east," his small eyes glowed in their fleshy sockets, gravid with some cabalistic portent.

"Only," I regretted, "as far as Constan'."

That decided him. The hand lately put forth with fingers twisted for a complex grip now entered into a perfectly normal handclasp.

"You had me guessing for a minute, Brother," he said. "A feller runs into so many clandestine Masons in foreign countries that I thought you was one. A real Mason can attend a clandestine lodge, but not vice versa. That's a lodge with a fake charter. My name's Cotter, Vic Cotter."

I TOLD him mine, and in return for that trifling service he made me privy to an astounding number of facts about Freemasonry. I wanted to go on deck, but Vic Cotter held me with his pudgy hand, assuring me that the history of the craft was an open book, so I need feel no qualms. Even the ritual could be bought, he said, from shameless K.C. printers in the employ of the Vatican.

"But knowing the ritual is different than knowing how to use it. I've

seen an R.C. get thrown out on their neck, many's the time, when they tried to get past the Tyler. There's nothing to prevent one from being a Mason, except that a good Mason can't be a good Catholic; but there's thirty thousand in the state of New York, Catholic Masons. I come from Utica, where the big home is, past master of Valentine Lodge, 9899 F. & A. M. Here's a little token of affection and esteem the boys give me when I passed the gavel to my predecessor."

He opened vest and shirt to reveal, nestling against his heart, a sort of huge medallion encased with Greek columns and other devices surrounding what was much too large to be a diamond. I inquired whether he were in the habit of wearing this breastplate always. No, he wore it only on the floor of the lodge or, when travelling, as an assurance of burial with Masonic rites.

After a few dozen additional confidences, Mr. Cotter explained that he had been disarranging the lower bunk to show that he really had to have it. Although not unlike a balloon in contour, he considered himself unfit for ascensions. I tried to tell him that I really preferred the upper anyway, but the favor, which doubtless he could have required of another Mason through some dignified ritual, from me wanted a deal of glozing, in the uncertainties of the vulgar speech. Finally he wandered off to see how his wife was doing, and I fled to the hurricane deck.

WHEN we met again, in the dining salon, I inquired about the state of his wife's health.

"Oh, her and the daughter are dead stuck on being seasick. Got 'em a room together, this time, so they can enjoy it. Coming over, now, I used a little of my Masonic pull. Me and the wife drew an inside room, and the kid was with some school-teacher, but I saw the purser was a Mason, like they all are on these boats. So I give him the high sign, and he says: 'Worshipful, I'll fix you up like you was never fixed up before,' and an hour later he gives us keys to the bridal suite. Wasn't being used, so why not? Didn't cost us an extra cent. That's what you get for being past master of a Masonic lodge. They address past masters as 'Worshipful.'"

"I'm sorry I didn't know that, Worshipful," I said.

"Oh, you needn't, Brother. It's only another member of the craft that call their past master 'Worshipful.'"

Nevertheless, I made it a point to do so during the remainder of the journey. It was only fair, because from the first he had called me "Brother," and even used the appellation in introducing me to other Masons aboard. Mr. Cotter, seeing the resultant handclasps all entangled, then would explain hastily that I was not a member of the craft, but that doubtless I would be, some day. At this the other Masons looked annoyed. Mr. Cotter's sense of fellowship was such that even the R.C. room steward became "Brother" before we had been at sea a day.

"Some R.C.'s aren't so bad, in countries that aren't priest-ridden," my cabin-mate explained. "Garibaldi started the row with the Masons when he shut the Pope up in the Vatican, where he belongs. Ever since, the old turkey's been sore as a pup at the Masons. You ever kiss the Pope's toe? When I was to see him I walked right up and stuck my hand out, and he shook it, too. Those turkeys know a Mason won't stand any nonsense. Just went there because the wife wanted to look at some ceiling or something. Hand felt like a dead fish. They call the tail of a turkey, a real bird turkey, the Pope's nose."

THE first half of our voyage was made in a dead calm, disastrous to Mrs. Cotter's program of being plaintively ill. On the third day I met her. She proved a grumblesome woman, covetous of sympathy for having been deserted by a hard-hearted husband.

"I'll bet the stateroom you two have is three times as big as our horrid old closet of a place," she said.

"Oh, I don't think so," I answered, trying to be nice. "I guess anything looks drab to you now, after the bridal suite."

"After the bridal suite? Are you trying to be funny, young man?"

I turned inquiringly to Vic; but Vic suddenly had stepped inside, out of the wind.

"I thought your husband said you had the bridal suite, coming over," I explained hastily.

"Bridal suite my eye," said Mrs. Vic Cotter. "We came over tourist third, and we'd be going back that way if I hadn't put my foot down."

It occurred to me then that Vic may





have counted upon the barrier of seasickness to prevent me from having disingenuous conversations with his wife; but throughout the day he made no explanation, and I thought it best not to ask for one. The decision pleased me when, at dinner that evening, Mrs. Cotter jabbed her husband and said: "Look quick, just going out. Isn't that that English writer we gave a ride to in Rome?"

"Uh huh," said Vic. "Funny. Didn't know he was anybody a-tall, till somebody tells us afterwards."

"Tell Mr. What's-His-Name that story he told you, Vic, about his father going to kiss the Pope's slipper, and instead of doing that—"

"We'll see him in the bar," said Vic hastily. "I'll get him to tell it himself. He tells it better. Did you get a good look at him, Brother? So's you'd be able to recognize him again?"

"I'm afraid I didn't, Worshipful," I said, and Mr. Cotter looked happier.

"See him sooner or later, for sure," he said. "No use spoiling a good story."

UNFORTUNATELY we never did see that particular Englishman, but we saw another one who was forming a private pool for second-class passengers. After I had promised not to inform his wife, Worshipful Brother Cotter put ten dollars on the number 465 for Thursday noon, because the second officer (a Mason) had given him that figure as average for the fair-weather run of the ship.

"I give him the high sign," Vic said, "and he came right across. He asked me: 'You're betting on tomorrow's run, Worshipful?' and I said yes, and he give me the wink. You see what that means, don't you?"

Obtusely enough, I didn't. Mr. Cotter explained that the second officer had charge on the bridge until high noon, when the day's run ended. Being a Mason, he could be trusted to speed up forty thousand tons of ship, or retard them, to meet that exact figure.

"It pays to be on the inside," I was assured by

Worshipful Brother Cotter. "A Mason wouldn't let a fellow-member of the craft lose money if they could help it. All these ship's officers are Masons."

Circumstances, however, got beyond fraternal control. The weather had freshened by morning, and long before noon the vessel was slapping her star-board bow against a choppy quartering sea. Even at that the run was but seven miles below average; and my cabin-mate pointed out that the second officer had done miraculously well, against great odds, at the behest of a fellow-Freemason.

"A Mason lives off the fat of the land," he said. "It'd pay you to be a Mason, if you should decide to of your own free will. A Mason won't ever use their pull for personal aggrandizement in a business way, but you can get lots of favors. I saved ten dollars a week, year in, year out, when I was travelling for my house in the old days, because I never paid a cent excess baggage on two whopping trunks of goods. All these baggage-masters are Masons."

Twiddling the inch-high square-and-compasses that hung from his watch chain, he added: "Everybody joins of their own free will. There's never any proselyting; but when you decide, drop me a line and I'll get in touch with a past master in your town. You'd be surprised what great power a past master has. Once I got robbed in Reading. Didn't have a penny, but I saw a feller with a past-master's

ring on a street corner, and I give him the sign of extreme distress and before he'd even asked my name he give me every cent in his wallet. Same way in the war. Time and again some German officer would crawl out into No Man's Land to bring in some wounded American, and when their commander reprimanded them for risking their life, they'd say: 'He made the sign of extreme distress of a master Mason.' It was the only thing the Huns respected."

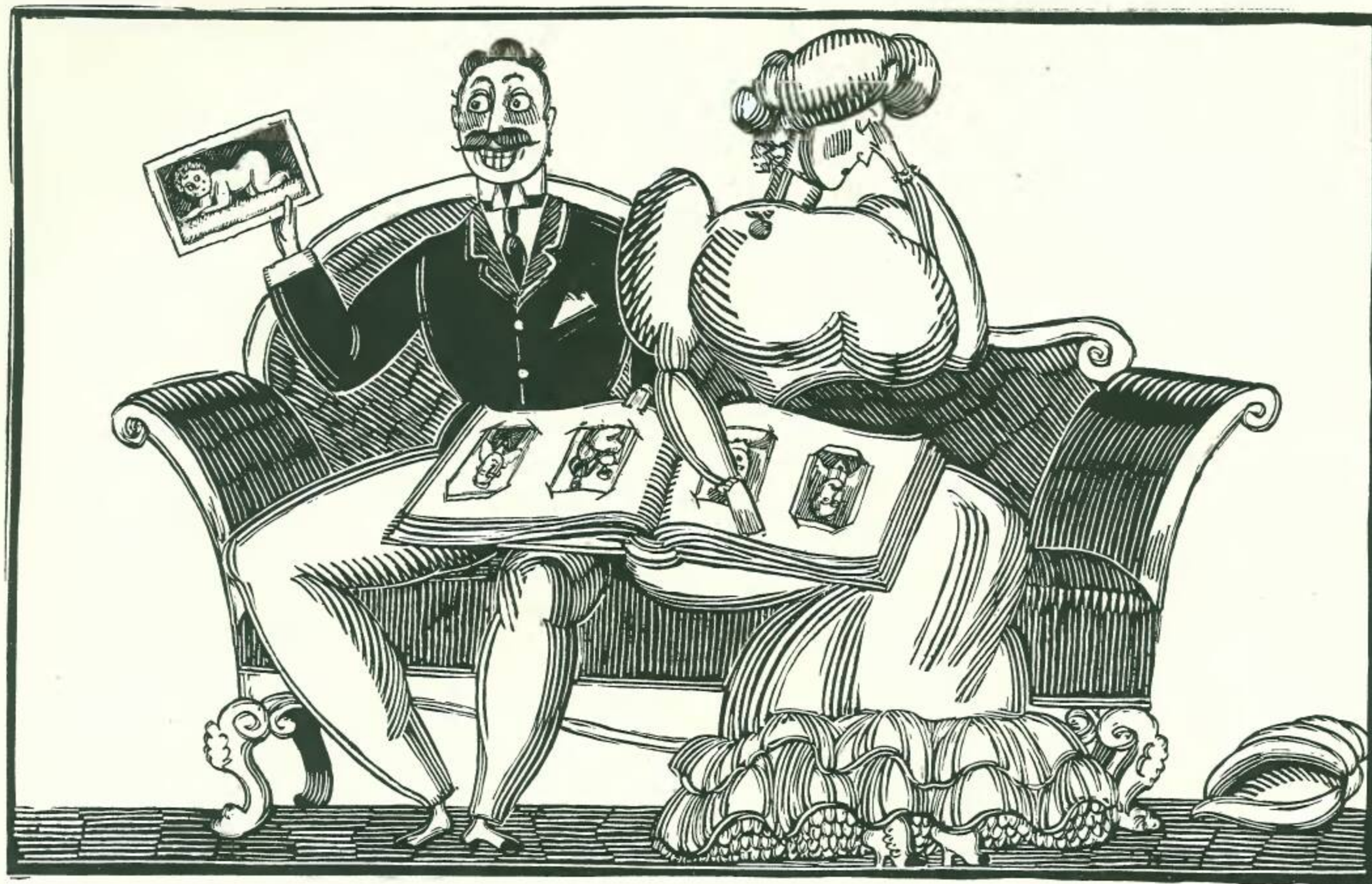
Now and again I chatted with other of the ship's Masons, to whom I had been so confusingly introduced by my cabin-mate, but they carried their glammers more lightly than he. Masonry seemed not to be for them, as it was for him, a very religion, laden with mazed delight such as attends the discovery of great poetry in high youth. These men wore tiny emblems on their vests, but Vic Cotter's sparkled hugely on the frontmost point of his belly, like the proud talisman of a knight of old. Firmly and fully he believed in his talisman, contriving for its every failure an imaginary success that might perfectly well have happened somewhere, to some Brother, and therefore could reasonably be told as historical fact.

WE had passed Ambrose Lightship, our voyage all but done, when I discovered Worshipful Brother Cotter in the stateroom, struggling with bits of string. He commandeered my



"Business ain't going so good—maybe we need a new whistle."





## HER BABY PICTURE

ENG. BY JOHN HELD JR DELINEATOR of PAST-PRESENT & FUTURE

assistance in converting these into a large-meshed net which presently covered him from shoulders to knees. Thinking that this might be a curious ritual with which Freemasons celebrate journey's end, I aided willingly enough, until he resembled an ovoid terrestrial map, with horizontal and vertical twine knotted into parallels and meridians over his athletic underwear. Then he drew from beneath the bunks a box containing several score of two-ounce and four-ounce bottles of liquors and liqueurs.

My expostulations were quelled with a grandiose wave of the hand.

"The little woman," he said, "made me get a suit tailored in this now Bond Street, and it hangs off me like it was a tent. Plenty of room for a layer of these little fellers underneath. Come on, tie as many as you can onto the strings. All those inspectors are Masons. Once in a long while you hit a K.C., but I got to chance that."

I had to poke some of the bottles into my pudgy companion until they wholly disappeared before it was possible to install him all the way into his pants.

Shirt and vest we slit down the back, and the edges of the coat could not possibly have met in front for buttoning; but at last he was ready.

AT the first practice step he jingled most melodiously. The bumps that surrounded him made him look, from the rear, much less like a man than like a sack of potatoes; and it occurred to me then and there, as balsam to my qualms, that any inspector should pass him out of sheer mirth. Nevertheless, cravenly, I permitted the crowd to separate him from me as we went out on deck, and watched him descend the plank well in advance. It was only when I was treading that rubbery promenade myself that one most dreadful thought came: the fine is five dollars per bottle, no matter what the bottle's size; and my bold friend was carrying perhaps five quarts divided into fifty or sixty puny vials. Moreover, he would have looked far less suspicious with half a case of full-sized bottles cannily disposed in various pockets.

I stepped from plank to pier, dog-

gedly hoping for the best, but the worst already had happened. Ten yards away stood the wretched past master of Masons, fast in the clutches of an insidious rogue too patently from Erin to be any other than a K. of C. This varlet had lifted the back of Worshipful Brother Cotter's coat to view, through two great rips, an iridescent display that tinkled faintly and protestingly as his knees bumped without noise, one against the cushioned other.

I slunk past, Judas that I am, not deigning to recognize him, though all the while he was making frantically in all directions, and to no avail, a gesture which I took to be the sign of extreme distress of a master Mason.

—ALEXANDER LAING

He was removed to the City Hospital where it was found an operation must be performed, necessitating the removal of his automobile.—*Barnesville (O.) Whetstone.*

If he's like us, he'll be simply lost without his car.



## HELD IN TRUST

MRS. GIRARD had been going to the Boxwood Inn every summer for twenty years. It was an old-fashioned place not far from New York, and as it was neither on the shore nor in the mountains, most people went there for a rest. Mrs. Girard, who had done little else but rest all winter, went there because she loved it.

It was a very nice place where you made acquaintances. And there were a veranda, a putting green, and plenty of lovely walks. Then there were Mrs. Northrup, who lived with her daughter during the winter and who had been coming to the Boxwood for fifteen years, and Mrs. McAllister, a comparative newcomer. They were all great friends.

It was really too bad about Mrs. Northrup, who was dependent on her daughter and her daughter's husband. He was something in the publishing business in Philadelphia, and every year she was never quite sure whether he'd be able to stretch a point and send her to the Boxwood. The year of the appendicitis operation, she had thought for a while she couldn't come.

It was different with Mrs. Girard. When Harry had died, he had left his affairs in trust with a Mr. Sommers and the Bank. The will had read "in

trust for Evelyn Abbott Girard," and she'd really been awfully grateful to Harry for taking her responsibilities away from her, as she had absolutely no head for figures. Mr. Sommers mailed her a cheque the first of every month, and on the first of July every year he sent her something extra to cover her expenses for the summer. It was all very simple.

MRS. GIRARD and Mrs. Northrup were fond of saying that the Boxwood had changed and that it wasn't as nice as it used to be. They also missed the passing of the horse and surrey that had taken them once every season to the Falls for the day. The Boxwood people were very obliging about putting up lunches.

Last year a Mr. Andrews had taken them to the Falls in his car. They all agreed that he was a delightful person and that his wife seemed a nice little thing, but the trip in the car had only taken an hour and a half, whereas it used to take a half-day. They thought the Falls were not quite as full as they had been—drying up.

Mrs. Girard didn't have a room in the Inn itself; she stayed at the Annex. It was three dollars a week cheaper and you had the same privileges. Besides, Mrs. Northrup stayed at the Annex. They both said it was cooler and the beds were more comfortable. And while neither Mrs. Girard nor Mrs. Northrup ever saw one another after the summer was over, and only wrote

once or twice during the winter, they were dear friends. Mrs. Northrup knew all about Mrs. Girard's apartment in New York, and how she couldn't get used to living alone—Harry had died just twenty-one years ago this summer—and Mrs. Girard knew that Mrs. Northrup's daughter, whose name was Helen, was terribly clever but never had time to do much.

WHEN Mr. Sommers' cheque didn't come on the first of this July, she decided to wait until the fifth, thinking he might be out of town or something. Then she telephoned him.

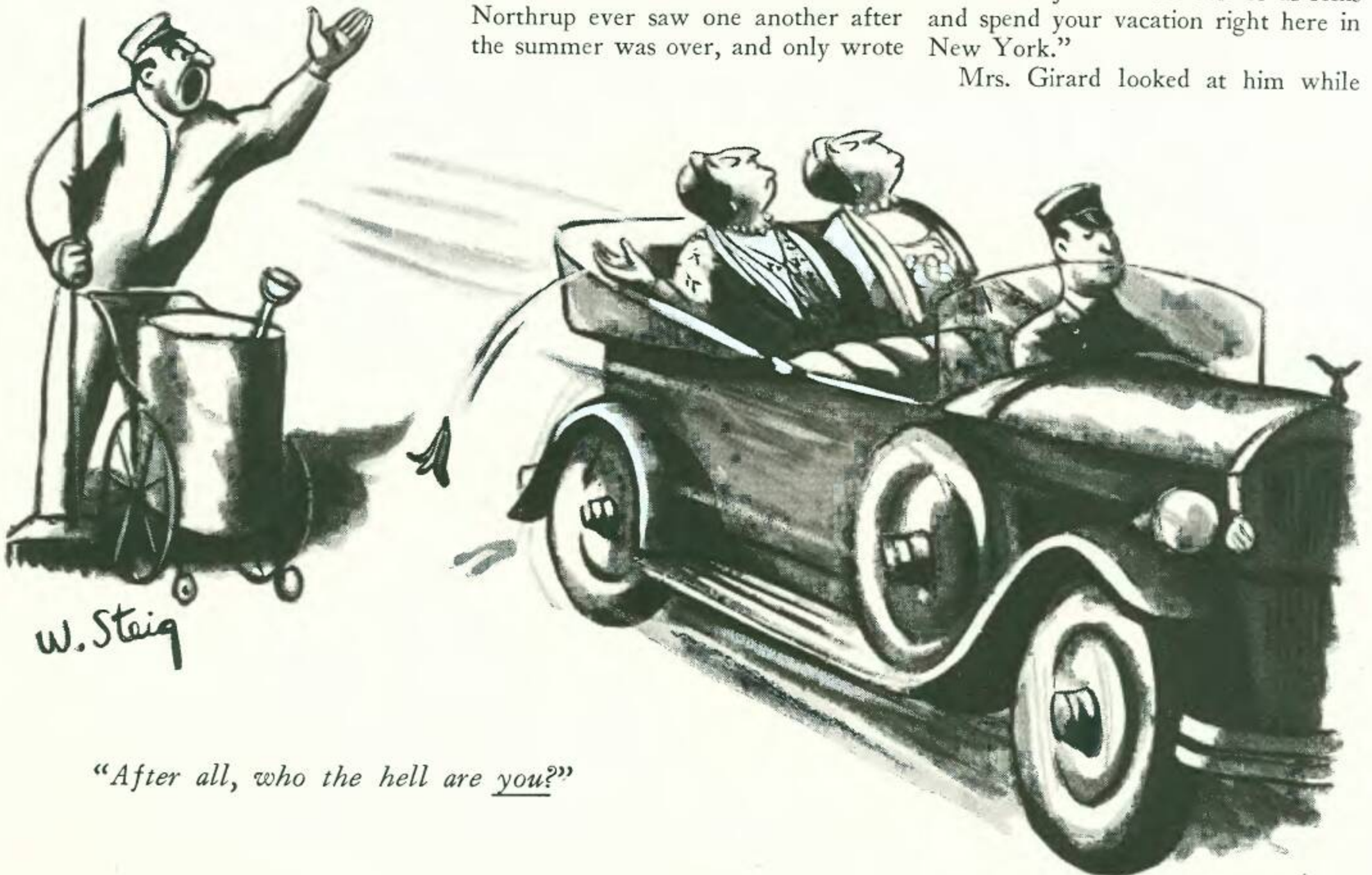
The girl in his office made an appointment for her to see him. She said that Mr. Sommers wanted to talk to her.

His office was in a large building downtown, and while Mrs. Girard had been there any number of times, she always asked an officer to direct her. She said that she never did know where she was when she got out of the subway.

Mr. Sommers was waiting for her, and they talked for ten or fifteen minutes, and Mrs. Girard asked after his family, although she had never met them. It seemed rude to settle right down to business.

"Well, Mrs. Girard," Mr. Sommers said agreeably, "you're going to have to be just like the rest of us folks and spend your vacation right here in New York."

Mrs. Girard looked at him while



"After all, who the hell are you?"





## SARABAND

M. Papanastasiou, agrarian candidate, has announced his intention of not contesting a seat in the Arcadian district.—*News item from Greece.*



Hog-Face! Flap-Ear!  
Here!  
Snouty and Rump and Flick,  
Quick!  
Gallop and chatter,  
Every satyr,  
Snicker and wheeze  
As you plunge through the trees—  
*Hahay! Hist!*  
This way, where the forest noon swims in a quivering  
mist,  
By the rocks  
Where the fountain's cool irony flatters and mocks  
The birds, the sky,  
And the laugh and the shriek of the girls as they scatter  
and fly—  
*Hai! Hai!*  
Cheeks aflame, legs wine-splashed, long strangled cry—  
*Hai! Yai!*  
As we run like the wind and leap hard on the prey—  
*Ohé!*  
Not today.  
Hairy ones, cock your ears, listen now, for I say  
Not today.  
Not now.  
Wow!  
Let 'em fly, let 'em go,  
Hairy ones, stand your ground in a grimacing row,  
Pipe your eyes,  
Clash hoofs, bite the earth, shake the trees with your  
stampings and sighs,  
*Hou! Hou!*  
Papanastasiou  
Comes no more, comes no more, comes no more . . .  
Hairy ones, bellow and roar,  
*Oi! Oi!*  
*Otototoi . . . oi!*  
Hairy ones, what a boy!  
Remember his Hat? Remember his Boots?  
And the tempest of hoots

As we sped him each day on his way to the neighboring  
town  
(Bob down!),  
While the dark forest rang with our yells and our  
jeers  
(Twig his ears!),  
And the dolphins from here to Propontis leaped snigger-  
ing out of the blue?  
*Hou!*  
Fled, fled is our joy,  
(*Otototoi . . . oi!*)  
Nevermore  
Shall the sea-blue bird of the spring and the wave crashing  
green on the desolate Thracian shore  
Hear that scream  
Like a cry in a dream  
And tremble and waver and flee in terror afar—  
(*Har! Har!*)  
*Hou!*  
Papanastasiou  
Comes no more, comes no more . . .  
Sore  
Is our harsh hairy grief as we posture and prance,  
Pirouette and advance,  
And grinning retreat, as our shadows perform a grotesque  
Arabesque  
And we twirl and leap thrice, hoof to hoof, hand in hand,  
In our sad saraband:  
'*Tototoi!* Nevermore shall the—*Hark!*  
Who goes there in the dark?  
Who treads soft, snapping twigs?  
Oh, figs!  
A shadow. A bird. A gust in the trees . . .  
Cocytus! What gray hairy terror swoops down  
on the breeze?  
Look! Look! *Sauve qui peut!* On the left! On the lffffffft!  
Whrrrrrrrrft!  
Prrrrft!

(*The forest is silent.*)

—D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

he explained. There was a dividend, it seems, that had usually paid enough to take care of the Boxwood Inn, and now, for some reason, it hadn't been paid. "The market, you know."

Mrs. Girard didn't know.

She started to protest a little. "But isn't it possible to draw ahead a little? Next winter I could do with less. I've always thought the two rooms were getting a little too much for me."

Mr. Sommers was sorry. "In trust for Evelyn Abbott Girard" couldn't be touched. "For your own protection, you see."

"But there'll be plenty for an oc-

casional weekend," he added. "And I'll be glad to send you a list of places suitable for you. You've been going to the—?"

"Boxwood Inn."

"Boxwood Inn for so long that it will do you good to have a change."

Mrs. Girard got up to go.

Mr. Sommers stood up, too. "Good-bye," he said. "And don't worry about that stock, because it's absolutely gilt edge. Just the market, you know. I felt it myself. And New York's the finest summer resort in the world. You couldn't drive me away from it."

Mrs. Girard thought a good deal about the Boxwood Inn that night—of waiting for the mail just before dinner in her white georgette with the black velvet band around the waist. And of the dinner afterward at the long table where there were sure to be some new and interesting people every night. And of riding to the Falls with Mrs. Northrup.

"In trust for Evelyn Abbott Girard." Of course Harry had done it for the best. He had always done everything for the best. But when she thought of waiting for the mail—well, she almost hated Harry.

—SALLY BENSON



\* \*

# PROFILES

\* \*

GLORIFIER—II



Florenz Ziegfeld

**S**UCCESSFUL, accustomed to the handling of vast sums of money and to the control of the destinies of hundreds of people ever since he was a young man, Ziegfeld has had perfect freedom to develop his idiosyncrasies. He is luxurious; he takes pleasure in the excessive and the rare. His lavender-colored shirts are countless and he cer-

tainly never wears the same suit of clothes twice in succession, so dazzling his associates that they are under the impression that once he has worn a suit it disappears from his wardrobe. Long before Miss Fannie Brice said "Order me anything out of season," Ziegfeld had made the unseasonable his aim in diet, quail being a favorite delicacy. He likes terrapin and liked the way a chef in Baltimore prepared it, so he brought the chef to "Palm Beach Nights," and although the production was a financial failure, Ziegfeld was sufficiently pleased with the cuisine not to mind very much. This chef, or his successor, prepares all the meals for Ziegfeld when he is travelling on trains.

It is the same luxurious scale which sends him hunting in Canada with no less than five Indian guides and which makes a departure from New York to Palm Beach a gala day for the express company. When he travels *en famille* he sends along as many as a hundred trunks and whatever livestock, including horses and dogs, his adored daughter, Patricia, who is now fifteen, may fancy at the moment. On the other hand, the story of his fleet of motorcars seems to be an exaggeration. He may own six Rolls-Royces, but he uses only three cars for himself, and whatever roadsters, station wagons, and other vehicles exist are due to the necessities of a rather large establishment. This multiplication is quite natural in the theatre. It goes back to the "50 Girls—Count Them—50" of the burlesque advertisements and is the mistaken formula for success of many

producers, who believe that if twenty girls going through a routine are good, forty girls going through the same routine are twice as good.

Ziegfeld carries this system of quantity production into his private life, so that everything is profuse. He even has three or four private telephone numbers (most of which do not remain secret for very long), and he has two gold hand-set telephones on his office desk. When Patricia started to make a collection of butterflies, a point of pride being the personal capture of each specimen, he consoled her for the escape of one beauty by buying five hundred dollars' worth of butterflies *en masse*. On his trips off the Florida coast he has been attended by six native fishermen, although his skill is said to be greater than theirs. On one occasion he was towed seventeen miles out to sea by devilfish, but won the fight and returned in the early hours of the morning, after searching parties had been sent out for him.

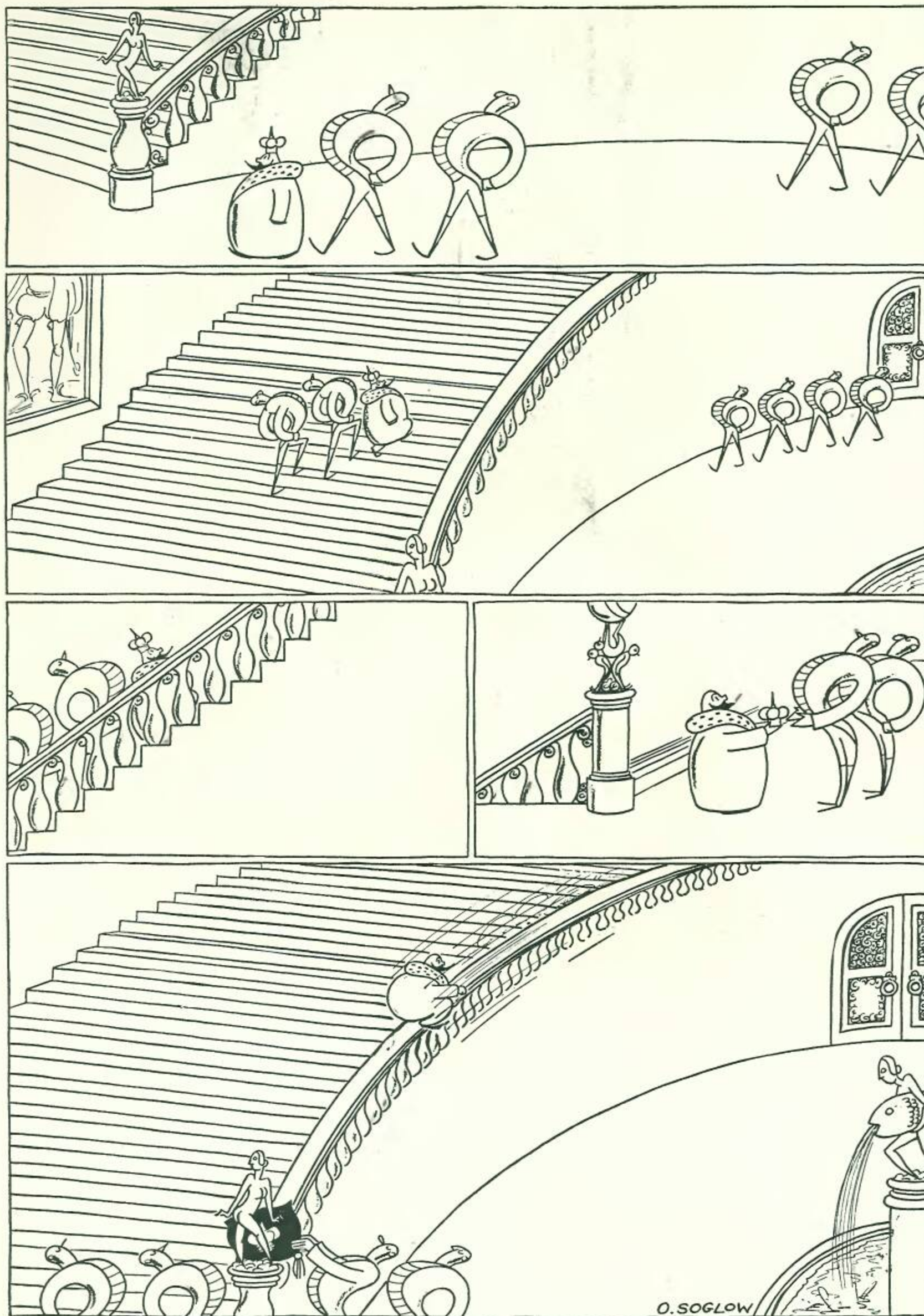
**O**NE thing he has always wanted, always received, and never had enough of—that is newspaper publicity. The statement that he is "as vain as a peacock," printed about ten years ago, is still remembered in the Ziegfeld office because of the shock it caused to the victim, who apparently is unconscious of his own passion. He can never see the name of another producer in print without audibly wondering why his name wasn't there. A big story broke the day he sailed for Europe on one occasion and two weeks later Ziegfeld still so resented his obscurity in the papers that he cabled his press-agent: "Sorry you sneaked me out of New York." In the gayer days of the "Follies" he hired those press-agents who could make stories. The late Will A. Page engineered the strip-golf game between two "Follies" girls, in which Shirley Vernon played the last hole dressed in a barrel (and so with still further publicity rose from the salary of forty-five dollars a week to one of five hundred dollars). At one time the late Walter Kingsley let it be known that the young women were reading a book called "Jurgen," thus starting the most famous test of censorship in a decade. At present, in keeping with the more dignified tone

of the "Follies," the chosen press-agent is a former college professor.

Ziegfeld's appetite for publicity is still as keen as ever. Certain generalizations are bound to make the Sunday supplement and if they are about the nature of beauty they may even make the news columns. On this subject Ziegfeld as an institution is inexhaustible. Two or three times a year the last word in the Judgment of Paris is spoken. In 1915 the announcement came that the most beautiful girls were born in Louisville, Kentucky, and that short girls were more intelligent than tall ones. Another year he discovered the French formula of physical beauty: the delicacy of wrists and ankles, *les fines attaches*, to which the French are so devoted. He moderates and he changes fashions in women. The bobbed-hair flapper, the statuesque and cold Dolores, the voluptuous women who dropped their scarves at the last split second before darkness enveloped the Ben Ali Haggin tableaux, are all represented in almost every "Follies," but a sort of numerical preponderance is given to the prevailing and popular type.

**T**HIS beauty is a business with him, a serious, considered business, and although his method of presentation has changed, his own idea of what he is doing is unaffected. He is a practical man; he knows that you must have dancing, music, and comedy in the kind of show he is producing. Music and dancing he happens to like himself and both are elements in the presentation of girls. He knows that there must be a balance between the noble ladies, who merely walk on and are observed, and the ponies, whose beauty is more effective when they are in action. But comedy is a thorn in his flesh. His old nickname was "Gloomy Gus." People who have known him for years have yet to see him smile and there are almost no records of Ziegfeld's laughing aloud. He actually does not know what is funny and can put on a show starring Ed Wynn and directly after that a show like "Smiles," without being aware of the fact that the elements in them are entirely different, without knowing that "Smiles" lacked the rough humor, the heartiness of fun which a lavish revue requires. After the failure of "Smiles," he brought Gene Buck back to make this year's "Follies," although he still suspects that Buck's idea of a balance between exhibited beauty and various kinds of





humor is so much theory. Even the instant success of Earl Carroll and George White, who restored something of the atmosphere of the burlesque show to the revue, whose humor was louder and funnier, did not shake Ziegfeld's faith in his formula. His answer was still the same: beautiful girls.

Yet he remains one of the most successful producers in his field and nothing is more surprising in his career than the thoughtlessness with which he

abandoned his specialty. He made the "Follies," and the "Follies" made him. Every once in a while he produced an additional show, but the "Follies" were to him what standard authors and deluxe sets are to book publishers. He went into lawsuits—he adores lawsuits—to protect the name, and always insisted that he invented it, without regard for the French parallel and with bland indifference to the "London Follies," which Joe Weber imported in 1906.

Suddenly he went sour on the name and the institution both. He stopped producing "Follies." He said they cost too much. Besides he had come as far as he could. He had progressed from announcing in 1915 that the regular two-dollar price would hold for the opening night to the high and elaborate scale of two hundred and twenty dollars a ticket for the opening night of "Palm Beach Nights," and a gala at one thousand dollars a seat for the closing night of the same venture (one hundred and three seats were sold, so that the gross for that night was about three times the weekly gross of the average "Follies"). There were no more worlds to conquer and without a thought that he was sacrificing one of the most valuable trade names in the world, Ziegfeld turned to another and, on the whole, less successful type of show.

HE has come back to the "Follies" now, so, in defiance of chronology, the interlude may be briefly discussed here. First as to causes. Since the far-off time (in 1909) when Mr. Ziegfeld ejected Lee

Shubert from the opening of the "Follies," the rivalry between those two producers has been acute and the Shuberts, having first built up the enormous prestige of Jolson and the Winter Garden to rival the "Follies," turned, in the late nineteen-twenties, to a type of show which is peculiarly sympathetic to them: the elaborate semi-operatic show with large choruses and great musical set pieces. For some reason, these seemed dignified, and Ziegfeld with his great



new theatre—it opened in 1927—felt obliged to surpass them. He had successes—one of them, "Show Boat," with such a superb libretto, with such a supremely masterful score, and such exceptional talents as Jules Bledsoe and Helen Morgan, that the fundamental errors of the method of production were forgotten. Among the rest, there were "Rio Rita" and "Show Girl" and "Smiles," representing lushness, and "Sally" and "Simple Simon," combining elaboration with comedy. "Smiles" was rhapsodically press-agented before the opening and was ballyhooed with Kleig lights and silver-paper programs for the première. It was a ghastly failure. Temporarily, at least, it put an end to this strange interlude in Mr. Ziegfeld's professional life.

**G**OING in for the high-toned was not, however, a sudden impulse of Ziegfeld. A change had come over the spirit of the "Follies" which has been ascribed to the "beneficial influence of Miss Burke," on the ground that Ziegfeld did not propose to allow anything in the "Follies" which might be offensive to his wife or his daughter. Recalling that the "Follies" were far from obscene and that public taste has changed, one does not have to lay too much stress on Mr. Ziegfeld's uxoriousness. The thing one missed in the later editions was a kind of rowdiness, of which perhaps the best example is the staggering antics of Leon Errol. A certain heartiness went out of the "Follies" and more and more they became parades. Ziegfeld had found in Joseph Urban a lavish decorator after his own heart, a theatre architect turned stage designer, who could mingle a beauty both lush and exquisite with sheer tawdry elaboration, whose costumes could combine an exquisite rightness of line with hats in the shapes of Chinese pagodas.

By the nineteen-twenties a certain proportion of the "Follies" audience were complaining that the girls—as seen from across the footlights—were cold. Mr. Ziegfeld knew that Ring Lardner was right: "Some like 'em cold." The "Follies" were being produced as mechanically perfect organisms, and the girls became a little mechanical as a result. While the Winter Garden was parading a chorus up and down the runway, Ziegfeld was attempting to enhance physical allurements by removing it farther and farther from direct contact with the audi-



*"You'll buy my beer and like it."*

ence. It was as if he proposed to veil the too-stately loveliness of his girls.

**Z**IEGFELD has not been a great innovator in revue; on the other hand, he has not rushed to Paris and bought or appropriated the second-rate stunts of the Casino and the Folies Bergère. He has created the typical American revue, which is always much better as a whole than in detail. He has ministered to the definite pleasure we have in seeing a thing supremely well done. A "Follies" production runs smoothly and the parts are neatly dovetailed. This success, smoothness, and balance always come as surprises to Ziegfeld. He turns a sour eye on rehearsals and tryouts. They displease him; the shows are bound to fail. As the players grow more expert in their work, Ziegfeld's melancholy deepens. But he is not a bully. He sits in the

darkened theatre and never shouts and never curses, only complains softly in his rather high, nasal voice. In the theatre such reticence is rare. On the other hand, nothing escapes him. He has a clairvoyance about the stage. In the midst of a conversation, with his back turned, he knows that a wrong shade of green has been used or a grouping is awkward. Like Napoleon dictating simultaneously to four secretaries, Ziegfeld likes to do several things at once. He fancies himself—also like Napoleon—surrounded by field marshals. They say of him that if a bomb exploded under his chair he would like to ring for a messenger boy to ask the house manager what had happened.

He likes his contacts with the public to be through the medium of print, and is actually shy, so that on the rare occasions when he is dragged out on the stage at an opening night he is not



shamming stage fright—it is real and he suffers for days after. Once he gets a show going he retreats from his hotel apartment in New York to the Villa Firenze at Palm Beach or to Berkeley Crest at Hastings-upon-Hudson. The latter is supposed to have cost the conventional million dollars and has the conventional elaborate bathrooms. The scale of private expenditure must be made to match the scale of public profit. The Broadway estimates of Ziegfeld's wealth are various and, naturally, untrustworthy. "Sally," "Kid Boots," and "Show Boat" were enormous money-makers. In the language of Broadway Ziegfeld's net profit was a million dollars on each; the reported loss on "Smiles" was three hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and these figures are verified as accurate by Mr. Ziegfeld himself. In spite of specific allegations that he has had backers past and present, Mr. Ziegfeld is the authority for the statement that, apart from the late A. L. Erlanger, he never had any partner in his business and produced all of his shows with his own capital. On the opening night of this year's "Follies" a friendly rival producer said that if it ran two solid years Ziegfeld might make a hundred dollars, and said also that Ziegfeld knew from the start that he was unlikely to make a great fortune. Between occasional losses and private luxury Ziegfeld has managed not to become a multimillionaire. If he finances shows as expensive as his current "Follies" himself, he must, however, be very far from penury.

MISS BURKE has sketched a pretty picture of her husband, who is "an artist and all that that implies." The evenings at Berkeley Crest may be gay when company drops in, but frequently Mr. Ziegfeld "puts on horrid black-rimmed spectacles and sticks his nose into a book of history or philosophy for a whole evening and insists on staying at home." Mr. Ziegfeld also reads a bit. He read the manuscript of a play which Miss Burke wanted to do

and told her it was a sure flop. Miss Burke followed her husband's advice—and the play ran for a year with another star. The story goes that Miss Burke refused to speak to Ziegfeld for six weeks—it is the only story of any rift between them. The walls of the Ziegfeld office are full of glorified girls, but on tables and desks, in expensive frames, are Miss Burke and Patricia. On her both parents concentrate an enormous devotion—a few years ago they would not be parted from her long enough to let her complete a semester at a New York school. A few weeks ago, in a newsreel, Miss Burke advised Patricia of the hardships of an actress' life, but the young woman announced her determination to go on the stage, in spite of everything.

Ziegfeld is more lavish than generous, and the stories of his kindness are

all connected with money. He bought clothes for the daughter of one of the cleaning women at the "Midnight Frolic," and sent to Saranac a tubercular chorus girl, and paid all her expenses. He keeps disabled and ailing people as retainers on his payroll. Most of the people who work for him consider him kind and deplore the ease with which he is victimized, insisting that he has been betrayed by people to whom he had given his confidence. They say that he is totally unreasonable and flares into unjustified rages, but that he is quick to forgive and—by universal testimony—equally quick to confess his own faults. He is not at all unapproachable through the proper channels, but he lacks something of the easy, perhaps too easy, *camaraderie* of the theatre. His office is a large room with curved windows on the Sixth Avenue side of his theatre. On the long table with the framed photographs of



"Chapin is so emotional. I'm just dreading the hay-fever season for him."



"Now, boys, this is  
what we call  
the stern."



his family are hundreds of carved elephants, knicknacks, boxes, and gadgets. He is superstitious about elephants and likes to look into a crystal ball. There are always boxes of candy on his desk and for the past year or two there has been a pair of silk stockings in a humidor. They are an accident; somebody brought them in as a sample and they were dropped there. But they can be accepted as an unimportant symbol of the great glorifier.—GILBERT SELDES

(This is the second of two articles  
on Mr. Ziegfeld.)

#### ARGUMENT

Two stubborn beaks  
Of equal strength  
Can stretch a worm  
To any length.

—MILDRED WESTON

#### OF ALL THINGS

OUR bankers do not take kindly to the President's idea of frozen German credits. We must find, they say, some good anti-freeze solution of the problem.

As we understand international finance—which is none too well—the powers have agreed to save Germany every Tuesday and Friday. Weather permitting.

India will present England a bill for \$6,327,000,000 for services rendered dating clear back to Queen Elizabeth's time. There was a debt holiday worth going on.

Joseph F. Guffey, peerless leader,

has promised the Pennsylvania delegation to Roosevelt. He's a lad who counts his chickens before they are hatched.

Some solvent citizen should buy the radio humorists a new set of wheezes. This would help to solve the unenjoyment problem.

At a Christian Endeavor meeting, Dr. William Shaw promised that as soon as they got the prohibition situation all cleared up they would tackle Hollywood. And put down the hideous flicker traffic.

The return of good times, we are told, depends upon the invention of some important gadget which no home



will be complete without. Perhaps something in the way of an automatic electric mortgage-lifter.

The Department of Agriculture takes a gloomy view of wheat prices. The President may have to do some more bear-shooting.

What fine sightseers Their Royal Siamese Highnesses turned out to be! We showed them everything we have except the deficit.

Woolly caterpillars are devastating New York window-boxes and pent-house gardens. The real danger is that the Farm Board may hear about it and give us relief.

Cannon has brought suit against some more newspapers for libel. The good Bishop has simple tastes and all he asks is millions and millions of dollars.

Though needing the money, the Farm Board had to turn down a swell order for cotton from the Soviet Union. The fellows had no letter of introduction from Henry Stimson.

This department is weeping into its hankie over the disaster which befell Shields and Wood. Upon due reflection we have decided to let on that the Davis Cup matches are postponed until some other fiscal year.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

#### OF A CHILD GOING TO SLEEP

Whenever darkness looks on her,  
There is a gathering of those who were  
Glad in the sun: small paws of fur

Move with her beneath the cloud  
Of stars, and the summer bird whose  
proud  
Throat at the brink of dusk was loud

With sweetness flies to the sudden nest  
She makes for him in her quick breast.  
And her own body droops to rest

With all small bodies softly curled  
On the deep heart of the darkened  
world.

—FRANCES M. FROST

#### ONE OF THE BOYS TELLS A STORY

ROY—Well, there we were—the bunch of us. I'd been trying for a week to finish the assignment but there were so many conferences I—

BOB—Conferences? Say, you don't know what these picture conferences are. You know what happened to me at our place? I got in at nine this morning and—

PETE—That reminds me of a story I heard. You know Howard Crandall of the Mammoth Company?

BOB—Know him? Say, any guy as dumb as Howard would drive you nuts. You know what he did the first day he got here? They called him in on one of those conferences—

ROY—Oh, yeah. I was telling you about this conference. Well, it was the fifth time that day they sent for me, see?—and—

PETE—Shut up a minute, Roy, and lemme finish this. Well, Howard just got here and he ran into Hermie Benjamin, one of the supervisors—

BOB—I know Hermie. He's not so bad. If you wanna meet a real pain in a neck you ought to work with this Kramer baby. I had an idea for a story about a bricklayer, see? Now there's an idea nobody's touched yet and I had D. L. all steamed up about it—

PETE—Y'know, Bob, that bricklayer story isn't new. It's been done a hundred times.

BOB—A hundred times, my eye! Name me just one picture that had it.

PETE—There was the one with Bill Boyd and Alan Hale. You know—what was the name? You know.

ROY—That wasn't about a bricklayer. That was about a rivetter. You know, a guy who works with rivets.

BOB—Yeah, and another thing: Bill Boyd didn't work on that picture.

PETE—I'll betcha ten bucks he did!

ROY—Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Before you guys do any betting, which Bill Boyd do you mean?

PETE—The movie Bill Boyd.

BOB—Oh, I was thinking of the other Bill Boyd. You know, the actor.

PETE—No. I meant the movie Bill Boyd.

BOB—Oh, I didn't know that. I was thinking of the other one.

ROY—See? You saved yourself ten bucks. Oh, about this conference I was telling you about. After the fifth time, I got kind of tired being sent for and telling them what I think of the story—

PETE—Tired of it? Say, every time I tell them an idea and listen to their comments I feel like—

BOB—You said it. You know this bricklayer idea I been telling you about? I tried to sell them that idea as a story for Beery—

PETE—Good type, Beery.

BOB—You said it. And each time I started to talk at this conference someone would be sure to interrupt. It got so—

ROY—Say, lemme tell you this story about the conference I had.

PETE—Go ahead. You seem so anxious to tell it.

ROY—Well, I—

BOB—Holy smoke! It's two o'clock.

PETE—Say, I had no idea it was that late. I gotta duck. So long, fellers.

ROY—So long. Well, listen, Bob. There we were, the whole—

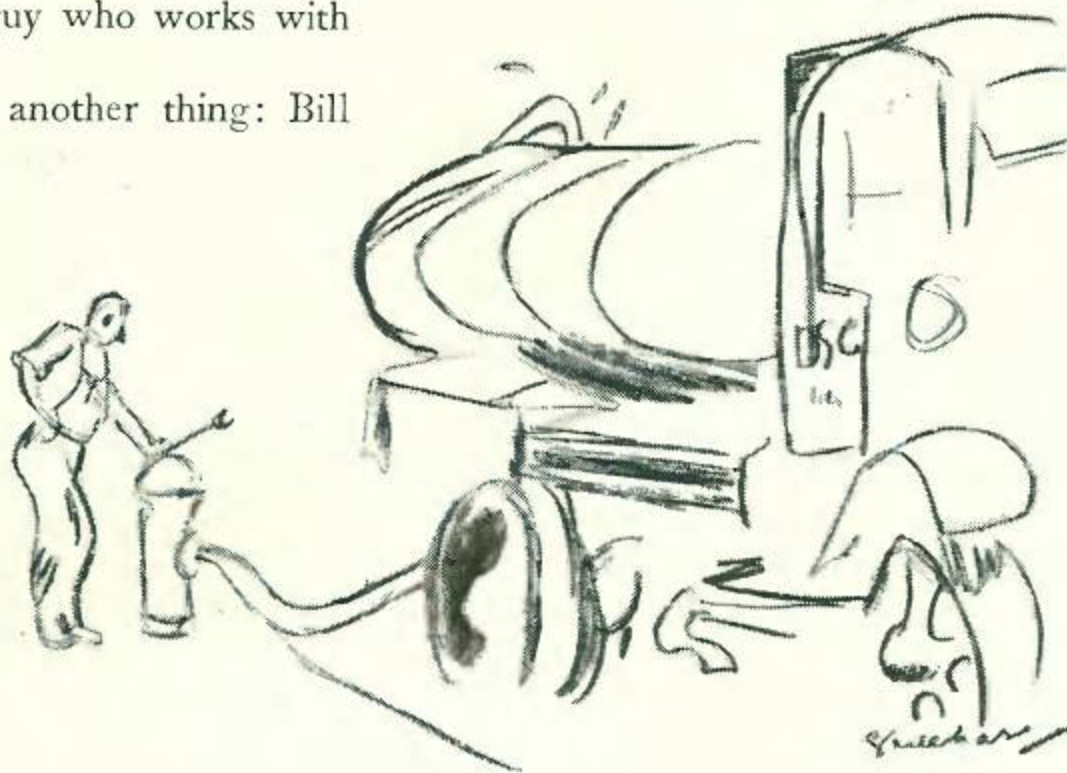
BOB—I'll see you tomorrow at lunch. I gotta beat it. Look, Roy, I wanna hear that story. It sounds good.

ROY—Good? Listen, it'll only take a minute to tell it. There we were—

BOB—Gotta beat it. Tell it to me tomorrow. So long!

ROY—So long!

—ALISON WINDRLAND





## FILM EXPOSURE

THE Committee of Fourteen and Three-Quarters has asked the undersigned to write a little piece explaining how to go to the movies in the summer months without getting frostbitten.

There is no reason in the world anyone should freeze in any of our specially iced New York movie palaces these dog days, if the proper precautions are taken. Above all, it is essential to bundle up well. And by bundling up well, I do not mean simply putting on an extra vest (in the case of the male movie fan) or a fur neckpiece (in the case of the female) or a fur vest (in the case of both). If I may be pardoned for bringing a rather intimate note into this discussion—and in view of the fact that 43,983 men, women, and children were severely frozen in movie theatres last summer I think it is high time we ceased deluding ourselves with false modesty—nobody should even think of attending a picture in an ice-cooled movie palace without first clothing himself in the heaviest suit of ribbed woollen underwear obtainable. Proper underwear is half the battle. It was half the Battle of Saratoga and it was half the Battle of Shiloh. It was half the

Battle of Manila, but the Battle of Manila being only a half-battle itself, that half would come to about a quarter of a battle, roughly. We have no reason to think that this percentage will dwindle in any battles yet to come.

MAY I here explain that in speaking of bundling, I do not mean that practice which existed in New England in earlier days and which simply meant that two sweethearts (or sometimes three) wrapped themselves, fully clothed, in the same quilt or blanket? The object was to keep warm. I doubt if much bundling goes on in movie theatres today. There may be some lingering traces of it in the movie theatres of outlying districts, but I rather imagine the audiences in our metropolitan centres would consider bundling trite, banal, and old-fashioned. Still, I saw a student at a movie in New York recently with a very suspicious bulge in his raccoon coat. I thought at the time it might have been a co-ed.

On top of the underwear—furs. One cannot wear enough furs to a movie in summer. Furs, furs, furs—always more furs, if one would avoid frostbite.

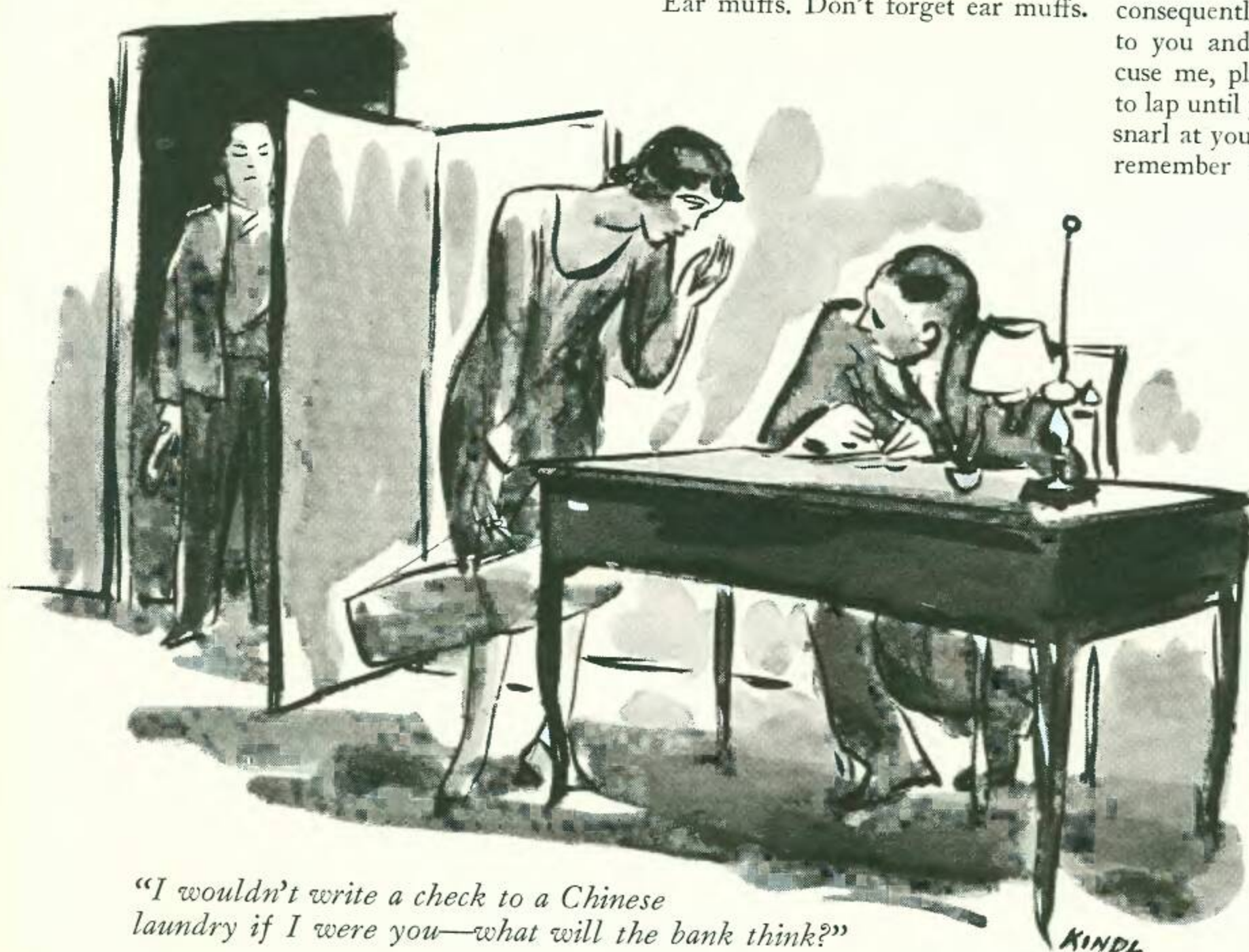
Ear muffs. Don't forget ear muffs.

They not only protect the ears from the zero temperatures that prevail in our New York movies during the heated term, but they also prevent the wearer from hearing a large part of what is being spoken from the silver screen. This in itself is an advantage not to be sneered at.

Keep moving. Above all things do not allow yourself to fall asleep, great though the temptation may be. Intense cold always produces drowsiness. In the frigid movie theatre this drowsiness is particularly to be guarded against, for here it is supplemented by that other and equally ominous drowsiness which is superinduced by listening to the comments of the various talking reporters on the events shown in the newsreels. Attacked by this double dose of drowsiness, the vitality of the theatregoer is sapped, his resistance lowered, and he is all too prone to succumb. Most of the really serious cases of frostbite in New York movie theatres between June and September occur after the talking reporters have finished their harangues.

IF you feel yourself getting the least bit drowsy, get up and move about. The more people there are between you and the aisle the greater exertion it will require to get to the aisle and consequently the greater the benefit to you and them. Simply say: "Excuse me, please" and bounce from lap to lap until you reach the aisle. If they snarl at you, or try to bite or claw you, remember that at least they are reacting positively to your personality. Better that than to have them ignore you as a nonentity, *n'est-ce pas?* Anyhow it is good to stir them up. Good for *them*. It keeps them from getting drowsy.

If you prefer remaining in your seat you can arouse your lagging faculties by stamping your feet, waving your hands, or shouting. Take your cue from the ushers and ballet girls. Do you see them falling asleep? No. They know the perils of their situation. Even though, from constant living in the frigid atmosphere of the movie palace, they have gained a certain immunity to

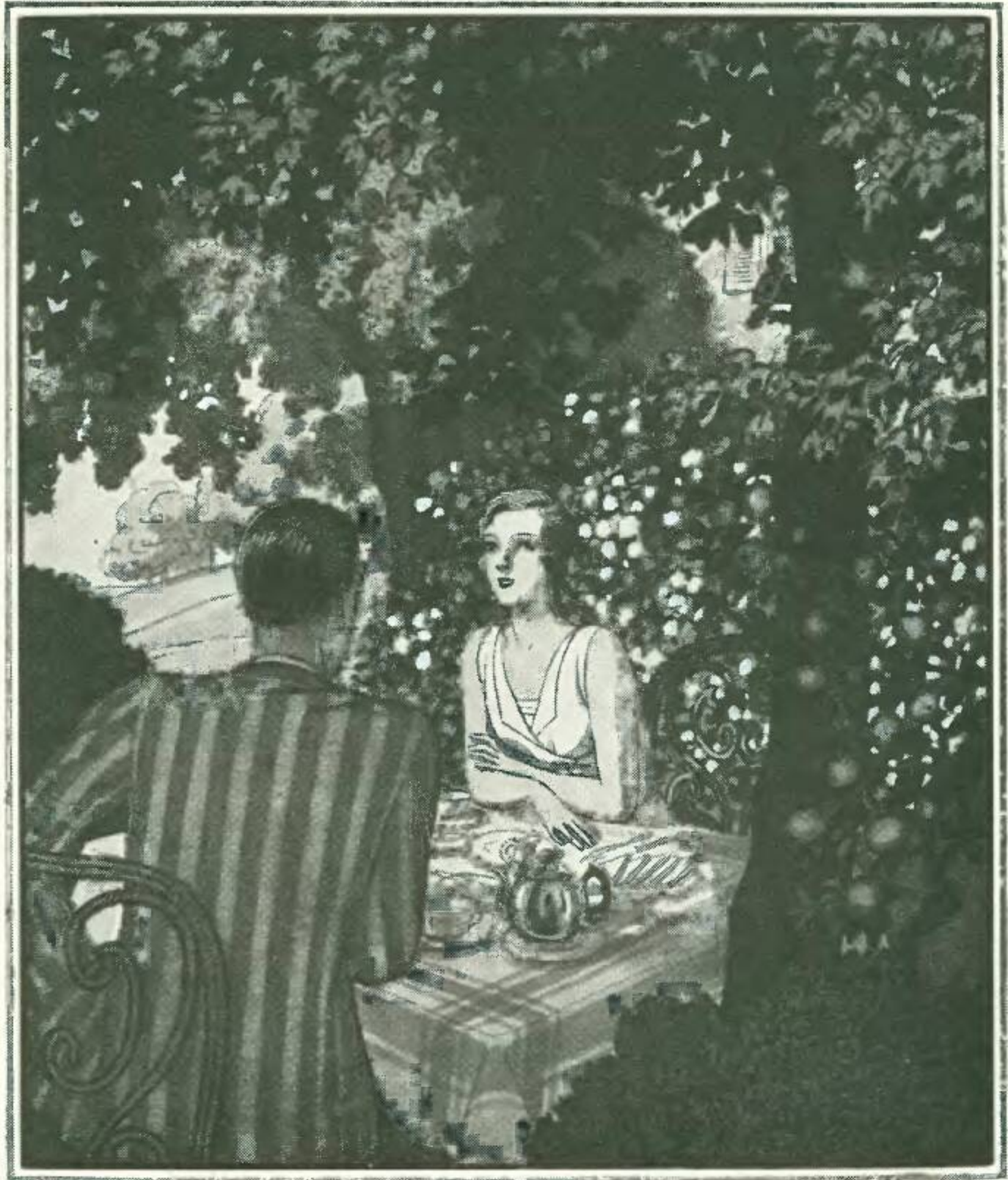


*"I wouldn't write a check to a Chinese laundry if I were you—what will the bank think?"*

KINDL



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Pierre Brissaud, 1931

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extreme cold, they realize that Jack Frost is a wily enemy against whom one must be constantly on guard. So the ushers dart up and down the aisles, showing seats down front to far-sighted customers who asked for seats in the rear, and vice versa. And the girls in the ballet never cease their convolvulaceous cavortings. They know better.

**I**F your neighbor falls asleep, go to his rescue immediately. You are your brother's keeper. You would be something less than a Good Samaritan if you failed to help him or her. Let us say you are a young man sitting next a young lady, a stranger to you, in a movie theatre in New York in mid-August. It is very hot outside but in the theatre it is icy. Suddenly you notice that Miss Neighbor's head is drooping. She is drowsy. She is about to lapse into that lethargy which, as I have said, is the danger signal that intense cold is about to seize another innocent victim. If you are half a man you will act, and act quickly.

Pinch her. Shake her. Rub her limbs. Slap her. Slap her *hard*. Don't think you are being a cad in so doing. She will thank you all the more when she revives and realizes the horrible fate from which you have saved her. Many a romance could start from an episode like this, and I daresay has.

In the winter, needless to say, it is not considered *au fait* for a man to pinch a strange young lady in a movie theatre. At that season such emergency measures are not necessary, since the temperatures in the theatres have risen to normal and one can remain in them indefinitely with comfort and safety. At least so far as any danger of freezing is concerned. Do not understand me as claiming that there is any season of the year when moviegoing is not fraught with *some* peril. For instance, there is always the possibility of walking innocently into a movie theatre and running into another of those damn Foreign Legion pictures.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

### NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK [From the Miami Herald]

HAMPTON BAYS, N.Y., July 5.—Wiley Post and Harold Gatty, refreshed by a week-end of yachting, fishing and plenty of sleep, will climb into their globe-circling monoplane Winnie Mae again tomorrow for a flight to the nation's capital. There they will have luncheon with President Roosevelt and receive fresh tributes for their high achievement in girdling the earth in less than nine days.



### HERE'S HOW! Spécialité COINTREAU

Spécialité COINTREAU has always been the choice of the discriminating. This famous flavor comes to you from the original Cointreau Distillerie in France. Cointreau is the ideal cocktail base. There is only one Spécialité Cointreau—insist on it. (alcoholic strength 6%.)



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"Dear  
Colonel:

Never mind the parade. I have a luncheon invitation. They serve H. P. SAUCE with their fish, steaks and salads. I'll feel too pleasant afterward to do any reviewing.

—GENERAL FULLER"





## BOXING

*Mr. Kearns in the Spotlight—A Left Hook vs. Gym Work—Notes on Sharkey*

WHEN the wise money made Mickey Walker, who looked like a 20-1 shot, a 3-1 bet against Sharkey last week, it was clear that the gamblers who place their bets with the commission men along Broadway were disregarding the records, sizes, physical conditions, ages, temperaments, and training-camp performances of the fighters. They were figuring on the abilities of a gentleman who was in the ring only between rounds—Jack Kearns, Walker's manager. Once more, after his long disbarment from the local ring, Kearns was back, this time in a situation as melodramatic as any you could pick out of his singular past. Gray-haired now, and half-forgotten in the years he had spent campaigning for board-and-room money with Walker, Kearns was back, his sharp face protruding over the shoulder of his fighter, his lips moving in a monotone inaudible a foot away, his nervous fingers working with tape and astringents at the cuts round Walker's left eye. He was back under the big lights, and the gamblers ranked under the smoke-haze at the ringside were with him to a man.

IT was not illogical that Broadway should string with Kearns. He is known for a peculiar shrewdness in making things come out his way. The career of Dempsey, of course, was his masterpiece, but he has not done badly for Walker, and the stories, now pretty well authenticated, of the devices used to make things safe for Dempsey at Toledo are paralleled by the way he has kept the middleweight title safe for the Toy Bulldog.

This time it was not a question of a title but of something more serious. Kearns, once the richest manager in the business, is not rich any more. He was sending an overgrown middleweight against a man whom most critics accepted as the best heavyweight in the world. Walker had to resign his middleweight title, his biggest financial asset, to get the match. Apparently Kearns was taking a desperate chance for a new bankroll. Desperate? Well, it looked that way on paper, but Kearns never stopped saying his man would win. He said that not only to the press but also to people he could not

be expected to bluff, and they believed him. One of them bet fifty thousand dollars on Walker, and that's a lot of money to bet on a wild chance.

AFTER all, no matter how smart a manager is, he has to have a fighter. Walker was a great fighter against Sharkey. The decision was no sop to a courageous under dog. Walker earned the draw, and might have even been given the fight without hurting the feelings of anyone except the State Boxing Commissioners, who have adopted Sharkey as their favorite son.

Thinking the fight over, there's no one moment that stands out for us; it was, on Walker's part, a rousing back-room brawl, and on Sharkey's part one of his stupid "gymnasium fights," when he boxes instead of cutting loose—quite different from his hysterical fights, when he cuts loose instead of boxing. Walker, who we figured would have nothing on his side except the crowd, showed a great left hook. Sharkey did not learn to stop it till the tenth round, when he came out with his glove over his chin, and kept it there.

THE effect of this fight on the heavyweight situation is uncertain. It admits Walker to the status of trial horse, so that Kearns can kick up a fuss when anybody else gets a match. It shows that Sharkey is even more of an in-and-outer than people thought. We took notes on his messier moments, which are as follows: Round 4—Hits Walker on trunks. Round 8—Pushes Walker's trunks up with a clumsy uppercut that makes the crowd jeer. Round 9—Sharkey booed for something we missed. Round 11—Sharkey charges across the ring with his head down and butts Walker in the cheek. Ringsiders yell to Referee Donovan about it. Round 13—Hits Walker after the bell and when booed turns to crowd with gesture that says "I didn't hear." Round 15—Hits low in a clinch and is warned by Donovan.

And Sharkey is the fighter who was knocked out by Dempsey because he turned to complain about a foul!

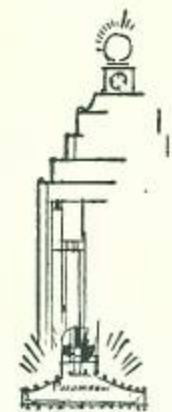
—N. B., JR.



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where there's eddie dowl- ing in person and on the screen in "honeymoon lane"...new york's favorite son shines once more on broadway after being ob- scured by a hollywood haze



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where it appears that on august fifth "an american tragedy" will be presented ...come and find out who is the father of the child ...dreiser or paramount—or both.



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**BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES**

**H**EWYWOOD BROUN's coöperative show, "Shoot the Works!," reminded us of the show Penrod gave in the Schofields' barn, with actors he had dug up in a nearby alley. The big attractions of the Penrod show were Herman (colored), who pointed with a fingerless hand, and Verman (colored), who talked with no palate. They went big. Mr. Broun, a sort of overgrown impresario who had got his show together with just as much directness, just as little backing, and with laudable intent, kept wandering untidily about the stage of the George M. Cohan Theatre on the opening night, amiably calling attention to his favorite numbers, including his own serious sketch, "Death Says It Isn't So," and offering apologies for certain dismally

apparent matters; namely, that the show had been put together with string, that one of the actors had a fever of 102, and that he (Mr. Broun) didn't exactly like everything in the show anyway. This manner gave the show what is, we believe, called "intimacy and freshness," and it was some few minutes before we remembered that intimacy and freshness, of themselves, do not necessarily constitute good entertainment even when the proceeds go to hitherto unemployed actors.

However, the revue, although possessing no more class than a buttercup, had some quite good things in it and seemed likely to take its place among summer amusements. It would, we suspected, get better when they started trimming it and untang-



"Hoofin's my special, but I'm open for anythin'—allus th' artist."



ling the much-vaunted strings with which it was put together.

IT is obligatory to make clear that one of the principal actors in the show was Columnist Broun himself, about whose career and personality the thing had been caused to revolve, slowly. It took for granted that you had read his columns and heard his campaign speeches. This, you must admit, is a new approach for an impresario, and only the genuinely clownish gaulumph of Broun's baggy figure saved it from being completely objectionable. Stage intimacy has a deleterious effect on us: any traffic in personality before footlights, or the presence of an actor in the aisle, tends to shrivel our spirit. Also "Shoot the Works!," by opening with the curtain up and the actors already visible, cheated us of the most important moment in the theatre—the moment just before curtain-rise, when the orchestra subsides and the footlights begin to glow.

THERE were, as we said, some interesting things in the show, once it got going. There was a good routine danced by Macy dolls, some soft-shoe numbers by Johnny Boyle (who had a good deal to do with putting the show on), a mad radio act by Jack Hazzard, a waltz song by Irving Berlin, and an eccentric dance by Al Norman, who didn't seem to be in the program but was good anyway. The principle on which the production was based was that nobody could make any money for three weeks, and then if the show should still be running the actors would divide the profits amicably among themselves, and the persons who contributed to the show would receive back their contributions, covered, we suppose, with grease paint.

—S. FINNY

Mrs. Etta Ely and Mrs. Herbert Tracy jr., both Portland women, were luncheon guests last week in the Equitable Building, New York, and at the very same hour Mayor Walker was a guest of honor at a luncheon on the thirtieth floor of the same structure.—*From a Maine newspaper.*

Well we'll be a son of a gun!

B. K.—Should I switch from General Gas & Electric A to Transamerica?

Ans.—No.

Ans.—Yes.—*Financial-advice column in the Daily Mirror.*

Better sit tight.

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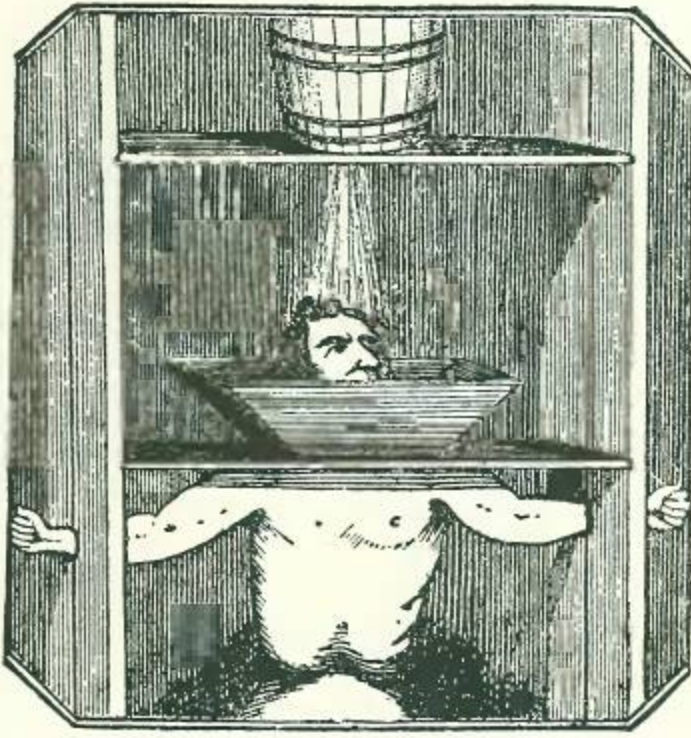
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY





## THAT WAS NEW YORK

### CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



THE SHOWERBATH

THE way of the transgressor, now paved with radio programs, baseball games, moving pictures, and a large measure of self-government, was really hard when New York was a municipal infant. It was especially so during the early days of Sing Sing, where for many years all of New York's convicted felons were incarcerated. The famous prison on the Hudson opened in the late spring of 1828, with six hundred damp and dismal cells, each seven feet high, seven feet deep, and three and one-half feet wide. Each cell was occupied by from two to five men, although the original plan was to give each prisoner a compartment to himself. The convicts wore striped suits, marched in the lockstep, and were burdened with the ball and chain whenever they left their cells. They were allowed no recreation, and no exercise save what they could obtain working on the rockpile or in the prison shops. Absolute silence was imposed except at infrequent intervals. The keepers carried cats-o'-nine-tails, with which the prisoners were whipped for the slightest infraction of the rules. The use of the lash as a correctional measure was prohibited by the Legislature in 1847, but as late as sixty years ago the Sing

Sing authorities enforced discipline with various appliances which were almost as terrible as the machines with which the Holy Inquisition changed the minds of heretics in an even more barbarous age. Chief among them were the Showerbath, the Bishop's Mitre, the Wooden Horse, the Spanish Crib, the Yoke, and the Thumb-String.

THE Showerbath was a cabinet in which the convict was held immovable by clamps about his neck, wrists, and ankles. Four or five feet above his head was a large tank, from which water poured through a sieve with holes about a quarter of an inch in diameter, and so close together that by the time water struck the victim it had converged into a single stream of considerable force. The water gathered in a shallow trough about the convict's head, so that he was in danger of drowning unless he kept his chin tilted and received it upon his forehead. The flow was regulated by a valve, and was sometimes reduced to a tiny trickle, which pelted the prisoner's head for hour after hour. One barrel of water was usually enough to subdue the most stubborn man, but it is on record that one convict, a Manhattan lawyer serving a sentence for blackmail, sustained the shock of three barrels before ad-

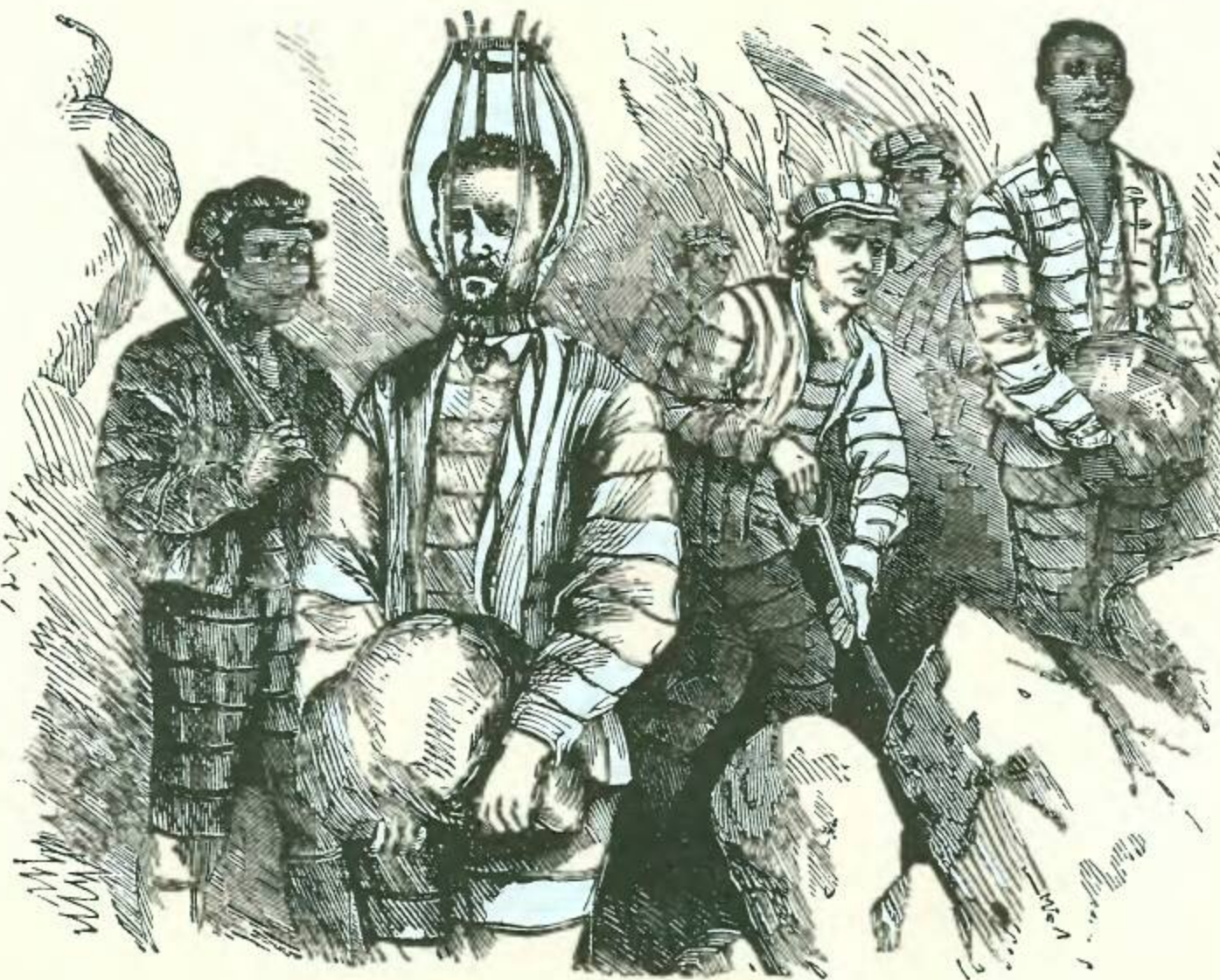
mitting a violation of the prison rules.

The Bishop's Mitre was an open framework of iron, shaped roughly like a pear. It was placed over the convict's head so that it rested on his shoulders, and was locked in front with a padlock. The prisoner was compelled to wear it day and night, sometimes for weeks at a time. If a convict had been particularly refractory, that part of the framework which touched his shoulders was roughened and chipped, so that it bruised and scraped his flesh.

The Yoke resembled an ordinary horse's collar, but was constructed of iron and oak, and had no padding whatever. It was also locked about a prisoner's neck, and jutted out about two feet front and back. A convict burdened with the Yoke was unable to lie down except with great difficulty; he was compelled to sleep sitting, or leaning awkwardly and painfully against a wall.

The Wooden Horse, called also the Spanish Donkey, was sometimes carved to resemble a real horse, but was more often the ordinary sawhorse on which the carpenter saws his boards, and which is used as a table support at picnics and outings. The ridge was generally sharp. The convict bestrode the horse, and chains and chunks of iron were attached to his ankles, their

weight depending upon the degree of pain and discomfort which the prison authorities wished to inflict. Occasionally short spikes were imbedded in the horse's back. Beside the unfortunate rider stood a keeper with a cat-o'-nine-tails, to discourage any idea of clambering down from the painful perch before the allotted time had expired. The Wooden Horse was also much used by the early Dutch as a method of punishing miscreants. It was introduced into the col-

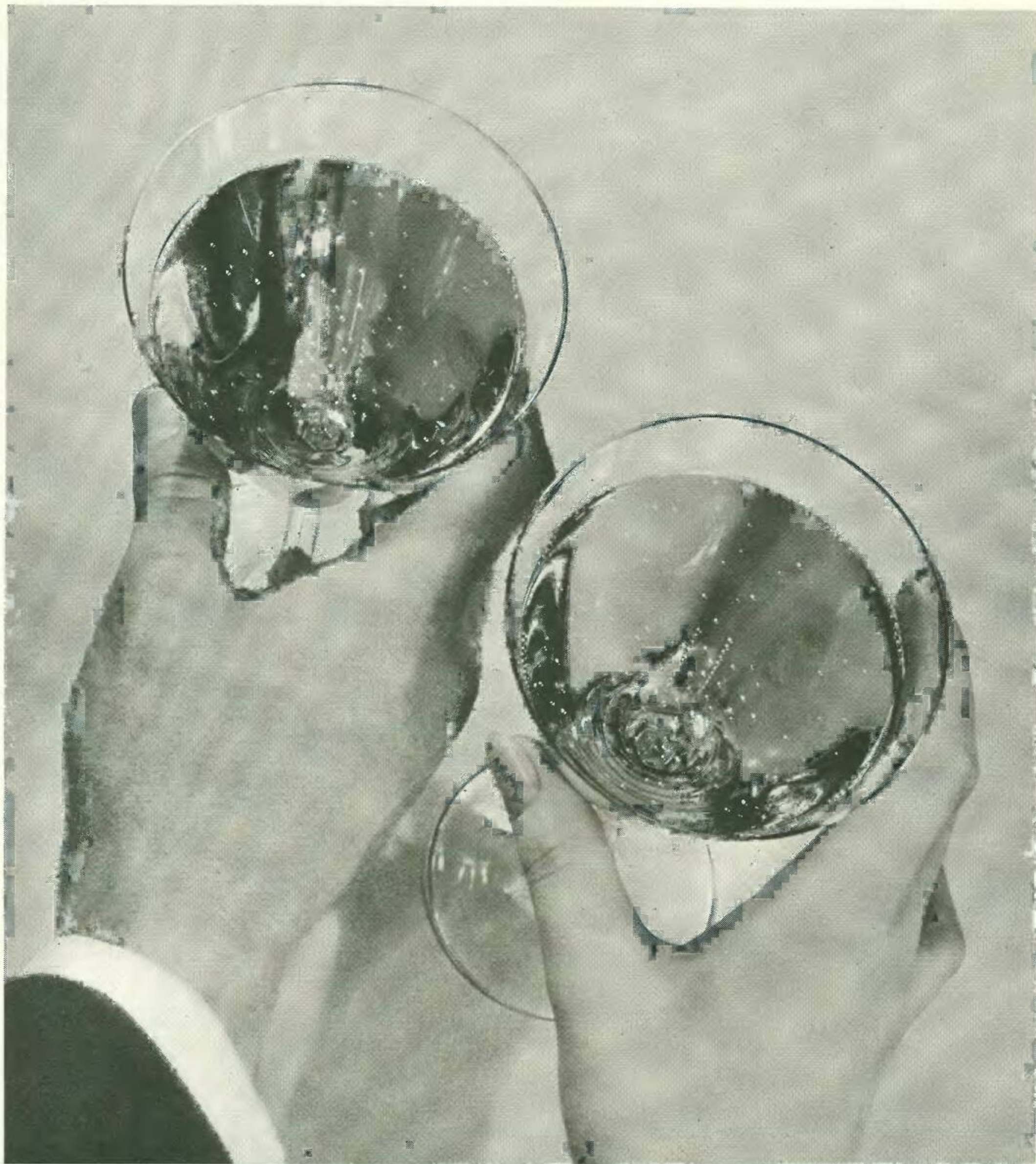


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Eat, drink (sh!) and be merry, for tomorrow we have Tarrant's—there, that's the modern version of the old adage.

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Tarrant's makes a grand, refreshing bubbly drink. No drugs, nothing harmful or habit-forming. Simply a pure saline, a blend of basic salts which quickly relieve the "head," the headache, indigestion and similar unpleasantnesses.

Your physician and druggist know Tarrant's—have for years!



**TARRANT'S**  
SELTZER APERIENT

ony late in 1638, when two soldiers bestrode its sharp back for two hours. On this occasion the horse was stationary, but in later years it was usually mounted on a cart and hauled about the city, to the added pain and humiliation of the victim. The first woman to be so punished was one Mary Price. The old records do not divulge the nature of her crime, but they do say that her cries were heard from end to end of the city. Another who rode the Wooden Horse was Philip Geraerdy, a soldier, who in May, 1642, occupied the perch for two hours, with a drawn sword in one hand and a pitcher of water in the other. A year or so later Geraerdy opened an inn on the present site of the Produce Exchange, which he called The Sign of the Wooden Horse. The authorities, however, considered that he was attempting to ridicule the processes of law and order, and he changed the name to The White Horse Tavern.

The Spanish Crib was probably the most inhuman machine ever used in an American prison. It was a large box with a movable floor, which was raised and lowered by means of pulleys and ropes. The convict was placed in the box and his neck caught in a stock. Then the floor was slowly raised. This compelled him to bend his legs at the knees, and to sustain the entire weight of his body in that position. If he tried to settle down he was strangled by the clamps about his throat. The Crib was very popular with the authorities of Sing Sing for a year or two, but it was abandoned when it was found that practically every man who experienced its horrors was permanently crippled.

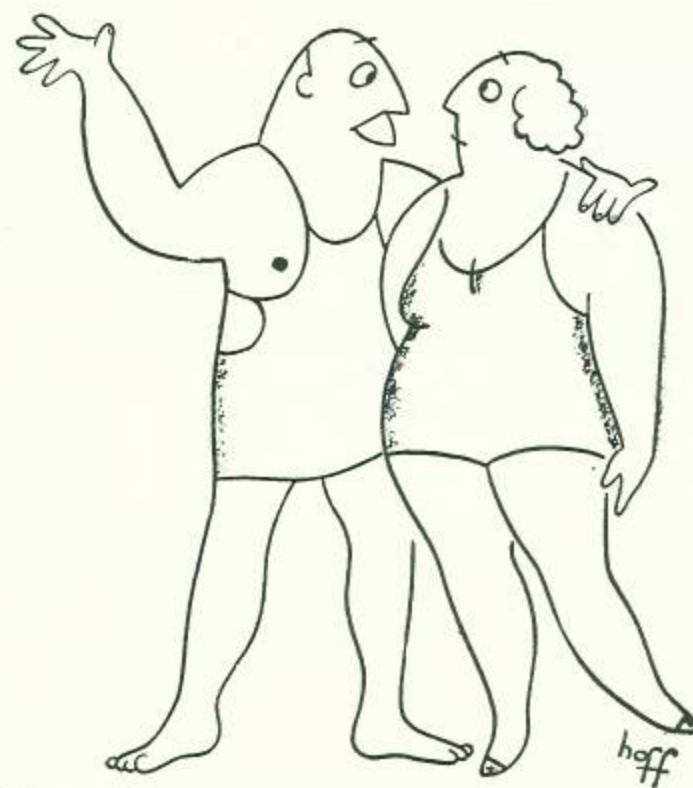
The Thumb-String was a modification of the Spanish Crib. The convict was tied by the thumbs to the ceiling of the box, and the floor was lowered beneath his feet. He was thus left dangling by the thumbs. One minute of this torture was about all that the strongest man could stand, and it was resorted to only in extreme cases.

All of these appliances were almost constant-

ly in use at Sing Sing until as recently as the early eighteen-seventies, when they were abolished by the Legislature. Thereafter the only punishment permitted, officially at least, was solitary confinement on bread and water. This was considered very humane because there was little actual physical pain. Few men, however, could undergo the terrors of solitary in the dark, mephitic cells of old Sing Sing without lasting damage to their mental and nervous systems. Many came out raving maniacs. Now, of course, even solitary punishment is forbidden except in rare instances. Generally a refractory convict is punished by the withholding of some of the many privileges which he enjoys.

THE methods of punishment employed by the early Dutch, and also by the English who succeeded them as masters of the colony, were no more calculated to coddle the evildoer than were those used in later years at Sing Sing. In Colonial times persons accused of crimes were commonly examined under torture, and those convicted of capital offences were hanged, broken on the wheel, drawn and quartered, branded and gashed, burned at the stake, or expelled from the city. Sometimes they were chained hand and foot and hung up in cages at the Battery, to die of thirst and starvation. The first attempt at capital punishment in New York was made in 1641. Nine Negroes, all owned by the Dutch West India Company, were tried for the murder of another Negro, and all pleaded guilty, thereby placing the judges in an awkward dilemma, for to hang so many servants of the Company would have been extravagant. It

was finally decided that the Negroes should draw lots to determine which should be "punished by the cord until death." The choice fell upon Manuel Gerritt, popularly known as Manuel the Giant, who is said to have been the biggest man on Manhattan Island. About the giant's throat the hangman strapped two



"Last one in is a purple cow!"



strong halters, but both broke under his weight when the wagon on which he stood had been driven out from under him. They tried again with three halters, and when these also broke the assembled burghers clamored loudly for a pardon. This the Governor was pleased to grant, having discerned the hand of God in the matter.

As punishment for minor offences the Dutch, and also the English for many years, used the ducking stool, the pillory, the stocks, and the whipping post, from the last of which the miscreant, having been whipped almost to the limit of his endurance, was hoisted into the air by straps buckled about his waist, and there left to dangle until it pleased his judges to take him down. Some of the punishments, as well as the offences for which they were prescribed, sound a bit quaint to our modern ears. Humiliation was usually as much the object as the infliction of bodily pain. A farmer, having been convicted of slandering the Governor, was sentenced to stand at the gates of the Fort for twelve hours, and at fifteen-minute intervals loudly beg that dignitary's pardon. A preacher was "scandalized by a female, who was forthwith summoned to appear and declare before the Council [the governing body of the colony] that she knew he was honest, and that she had lied falsely." Some time later the preacher's wife was accused of "having drawn up her petticoat a little way," but she was discharged with a reprimand. A ten-year-old girl was caught stealing, and it was ordered that "her mother chastise her with rods in the presence of the Worshipful Magistrates," although the Schout-Fiscal, an official who combined the duties of sheriff and district attorney, recommended solitary confinement on bread and water. A sailor drew his knife on a comrade, and was sentenced to receive three lashes from each member of the crew of his ship, and then to throw himself three times from the yardarm. For the theft of a sack of corn, a farmhand was tied to a stake, gashed in the cheek, and banished from New York for twenty-five years. A Negro who had assaulted a constable was tied to the tail of a cart, which was driven about the city, preceded by a crier. At every street corner the cart stopped, and the Negro received ten lashes on his bare back.

THE Dutch incarcerated their prisoners in the gloomy dungeons of

the Fort, south of Bowling Green, and in the Stadt Huys, on the site of Nos. 71 and 73 Pearl Street. The English used, as a prison, the basement of the new City Hall which they erected in 1700 at Wall and Broad Streets, on the present site of the Sub-Treasury. In 1756 the English built the first real jail in New York, a four-story stone structure in the present City Hall Park, then called variously the Fields and the Commons. In all of these institutions the prisoners were herded, a large number together, in large rooms, and quite often were chained to the floors and walls. The first State Prison was erected in 1796 in Greenwich Village, a fashionable settlement on the site of the old Indian town of Sappokanican. The buildings and grounds of the prison occupied four acres of land, and were enclosed by a stone wall fourteen feet high in front and twenty-three feet high in the rear. There were fifty-two cells, each of which was supposed to hold two men but was generally occupied by four or five, and twenty-eight smaller compartments for solitary confinement.

The inmates of the Greenwich Village prison were employed, for the most part, in sewer and road-construction work and in filling cisterns and reservoirs for the use of the Fire Department. They wore brown jackets and trousers striped with white or gray, but if a man was a second offender the right side of his coat and the left side of his trousers were black. A third offender wore a large figure "3" on his back, and received less food, and that of a coarser quality, than the others. The convicts worked twelve hours a day, during which time each man was laden with a heavy ball and chain. After the evening meal they were marched to their cells and locked in until next morning. Naturally enough, they developed a pronounced distaste for their surroundings, and attempts to escape were almost as numerous as in modern penal institutions. Outbreaks occurred at least once a year until 1828, when the prison was abandoned and the convicts transferred to Sing Sing. The Greenwich property was sold in 1829, and turned to commercial uses, part of the wall being built into a brewery.—HERBERT ASBURY

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Baby and I are both well.—*Adv. in Washington Star.*

Hear that, men?

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## ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

### FEMININE FASHIONS

IT is a somewhat confused belle who confronts the congregation this morning, for all this dashing hither and thither, in and out of the wholesalers, has taken its toll. The following notes, however, are hurled in your direction with the fond hope that you will derive both pleasure and profit from them:

WOOL CRÊPE has been entirely supplanted by the new thin wools, notably a chiffon-weight homespun. (M. Rodier and some others did this.) . . . All over town there is a diagonal, folded line about the neck. Sometimes this is achieved in a soft-scarf effect, but the most striking methods use no collars at all, and the severe overlapping line starts high on one side of the neck and goes across to the opposite armpit, just missing the collarbone. . . . Everyone is still in a state of catch-as-catch-can about evening wraps. For instance, there are lots of little capes. (Charles Armour shows one on a black velvet evening dress. It is edged with white fur, just covers the top of the shoulders, and misses the bottom of the décolletage in back by six inches. Most of them, however, are a bit longer.) There are all sorts of sharply tailored lamé jackets—very mannish. A. Beller likes his evening wraps of velvet, lavishly trimmed with fur, fitted very closely through the middle, widely circular at the bottom, and six to eight inches from the floor. Hattie Carnegie, whose wraps have great variety, shows one in velvet, with a train. Germaine Monteil goes Indo-Chinese with lamé or velvet or pailletted gadgets. The effect of these in front is merely that of a fold covering the top of the shoulders, cut away just under the armpits, and going straight across the back. Amusing, if not particularly warm.

THE type of costume loosely classified as the "Sunday night" dress is now fairly well in hand. Well, black satin dresses have been done nicely here and there this year, and Edward L. Mayer has a dandy collection of lamé dresses, all about four inches above the ankle, and simply cut. He also does lovely things with flat crêpe or georg-

ette having a small lamé pattern at regular intervals. The lower part of the dress may be dark in color and the upper part light, and the metallic design gives it unity. In addition, he has superb trailing hostess gowns in velvet, with trains and such, for *grandes dames* receiving informally at home.

Hattie Carnegie is showing a collection of "speakeasy dresses" (these will be worn by hussies in public places, and by ladies when they stay at home wondering who is going to drop in). They are of black velvet, are ankle-length, and have rhinestone elaboration on the sleeves and at the necklines. Or they may have collars of lace, or deep oval necks of white ermine. All have sleeves; and the silliest hats in the world accompany them.

But it's time to be more specific:

CHARLES ARMOUR has some of the handsomest tweed costumes you

ever did see—the jackets fairly long and belted, and the necklines all featuring that folded-high-across, severe effect that screams for your sables. Gray-and-brown combinations appear here, a good example being a suit with a gray tweed skirt and a jacket of dark brown Salome velvet. Another is a gray cashmere suit with a three-quarter coat and a soft dark brown wool jumper. He has done lots of dresses in that darn ostrich cloth that I never could get to like, and on these he has developed a whimsy for putting the interest in his belts at the back. They have gay clips fastened in the rear—so coy. In all of his costumes, there is a definite wide-shouldered look, emphasized by slickness through the hips, and (this is being done everywhere) the topheavy appearance is helped along by sleeves that are full through the upper arm and narrow only after they have passed the elbow.

Other items: evening dresses of dark



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And very smawt they look, too.

MR. A. BELLER's name pops into  
mind when ladylike tweed street  
and country suits and wraps of all  
sorts are spoken of. The evening  
wraps being shown here have already  
been referred to in this here article and  
all of them are knockouts, particularly  
the latest version of the black-velvet-  
and-ermine standby—Beller's having  
the sleeves and a huge shawl collar of  
the fur. An effort to combine the best  
features of both gray and brown pro-  
duces the sensational tweed street coat  
of the collection, in a brown that has a  
silvery surface and is almost as dark  
as *tête-de-nègre*. It has a silver-fox  
collar, and the fox is pretty startled  
playing around with brown coats, let  
me tell you. The four-piece travelling  
outfits here are swell—most of them  
have long tweed coats, a belted jacket  
or a trick vestee, and a one or two-  
piece dress beneath it all. And, very  
coily, Beller has done a pantie suit in  
tweed for the country, the pantie part  
being hidden, except when climbing  
fences, by a panel front and back.

HATTIE CARNEGIE, always spectac-  
ular, has, for one of her groups,  
a grand collection of city suits lavishly  
trimmed with Persian lamb. These  
may be dresses, or skirts and jumpers  
with jackets over them, most of them  
having scarves or intricate collars trim-  
med with fur to elaborate the jacket as  
well as the dress. There are several  
in a bright billiard-green wool with  
black fur, the jacket being either of the  
wool or (tightly fitted and slightly flar-  
ing) of the Persian lamb. There are  
also a beige wool dress with black fur  
edging on a sailor collar and a fur  
jacket; and another costume having a  
brown tweed skirt, brown lamb on a  
beige wool jacket, and a woollen beige  
jumper.

Other tremors up and down the  
spine were caused by a group of eve-  
ning dresses, black satin at the bottom  
and white satin at the top; and by the  
black wool suit trimmed with ermine  
that this designer does every season,  
by popular demand, and always does  
well.

THE hostess gowns and lamé-  
flecked dresses of Edward L.  
Mayer have already been dwelt upon



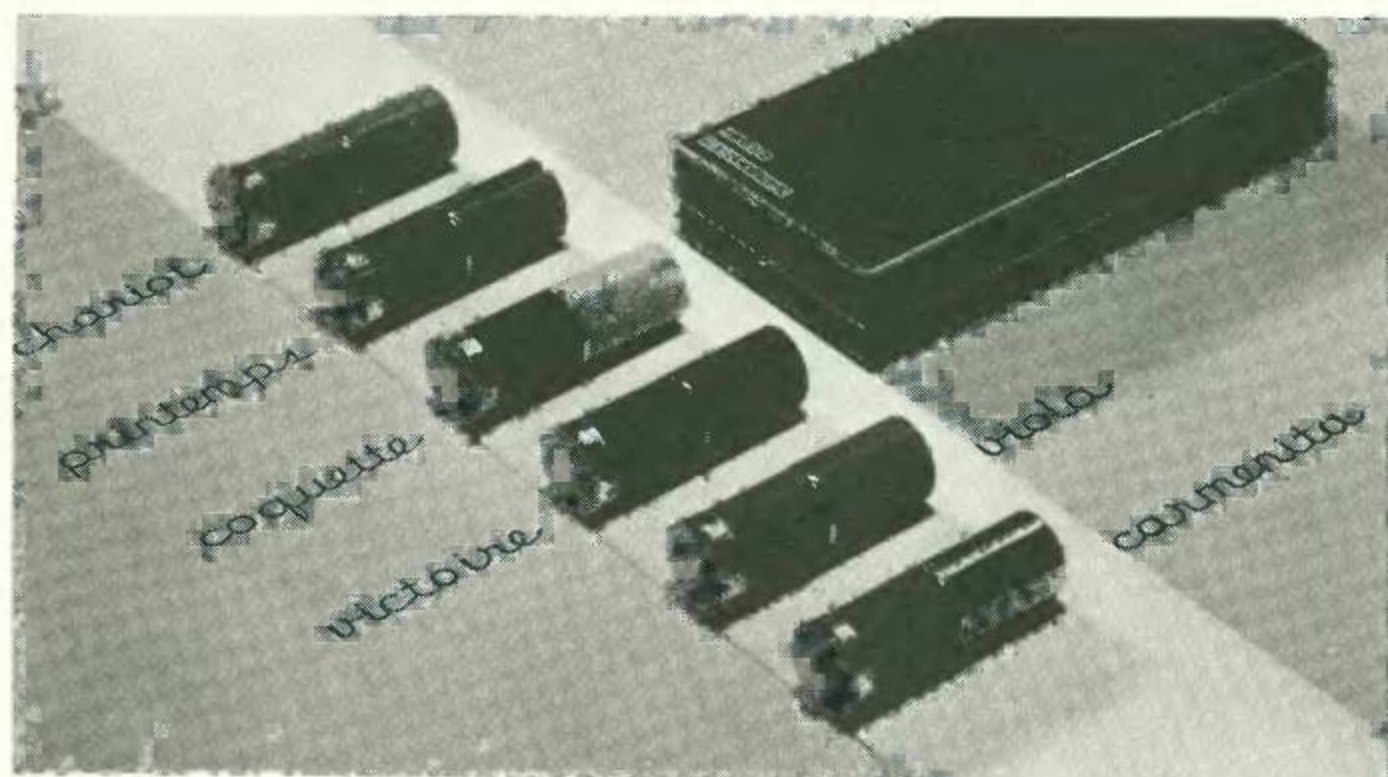
to a certain degree, but there are other surprises around here. Fabrics, for instance. There is a new *peau de pêche* velvet, with lustrous but dull surface, for evening. A new satin, halfway between the lustreless *peau d'ange* and our accustomed satin, that makes simple, slick evening dresses. He likes our old pal, broadcloth, to the extent of using it in pale colors, as in a dress with a black skirt and a pale blue tunic top. Very fine pleats also seem to be pets of his: for skirts, for surrounding the hips with tiny flounces, for edging necklines, cuffs, and bolero jackets. This looks dandy on dresses of that chiffon-weight homespun I have mentioned, and they do say the pleats won't sit out or anything.

ALWAYS noted for her evening clothes, Germaine Monteil has decided to startle the world with a few ideas in other fields. One of her notions is to revive two-piece dresses, and I, for one, have been pretty homesick for their comfort. Then there is a black silk dress with a bright crêpe collar extending downward flat over the tummy and wrapping from there around the waist—very feminine. Practical people can have two or three of these collar-scarf-belts and change them around. Also, there is a marvellous suit here, that starts out with a simple green wool dress. Over this is a rather long jacket of black Persian lamb. The green fabric of the dress is set in the sleeves, above the elbow, in a four-inch band, and a similar band appears at the waistline, tying in a bow at the closing. Monteil is fond of a new silk fabric called Nodrine, which looks like a thin wool. (Here we are again: the wools are trying to look like silks, and the silks are already getting even.) And she also rapturously praises a new double-faced velvet that is exclusive with Vionnet, who, consequently, is sure to use it in her current collection.

NONE of these clothes, honeys, can be bought direct from the boys and girls who created them. The designers, however, have all been looked over by hawk-eyed buyers from our de-luxe shops, like Bergdorf Goodman, Jay-Thorpe, Saks-Fifth Avenue, Bonwit Teller, and such, and examples of their art are to be found in those emporiums. Hattie Carnegie's clothes may be seen in her own shop early in September, and will also appear in hoity-toity shops outside New York.

Bless you, my children. —L. L.

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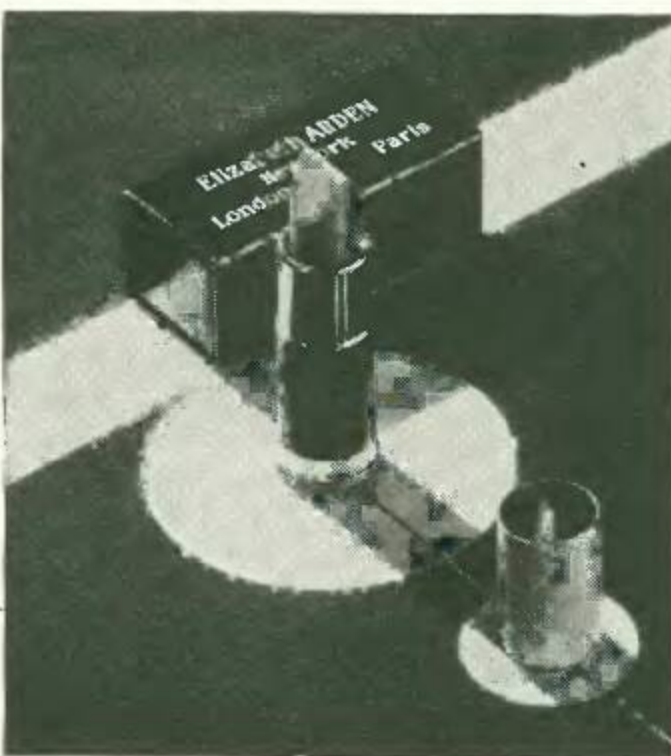
**PRINTEMPS** (Fern-green case)—Designed by Miss Arden to contribute to the success of pastel frocks, and also to wear with cool greens and blues. It can be worn with black and white as well as other shades.

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**VIOLA** (Blue case)—Perfect for wear with blue because there is a hint of violet in it. It seems to make the skin whiter and the eyes more shadowy.

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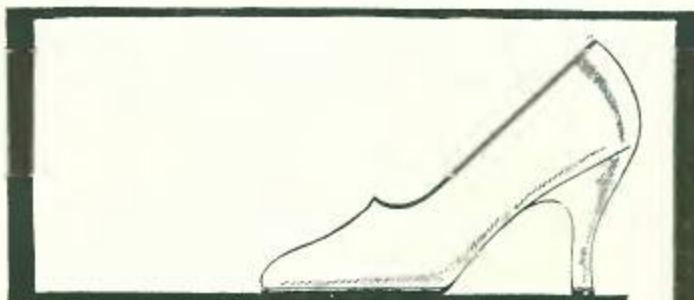
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# POLO

## Roslyn's Junior Title—A Player in the Making—New Seven-Goal Men

SOMETIMES statistics turn around and snap at their masters in an unexpected and vindictive manner—especially polo statistics. This, however, was not true of the first of the championship tournaments, the Junior, won by Roslyn at the Rumson Country Club last weekend. The result had been foreshadowed from the opening round, in which Roslyn had put out Averell Harriman's Sands Point four, which included Earle Hopping; but we saw high-goal polo right through to the finals, in which the Aiken Knights made a good show before being beaten, 9-6.



HAROLD TALBOTT has a good four in Roslyn, remarkably good for teamwork. The best part of the matches was watching their beautifully elastic attack and defence. Raymond Firestone and Seymour Knox, in front, went their best because they had such solid rock behind them in their captain, at No. 3, and Billy Post, at back. Confidence makes a lot of difference.

Knox was the find of the tournament. He always was in his place, and knew his job. His hitting was particularly long and accurate—in the finals he scored four of the goals for his side. We were not the only observer who had his eyes on this forward.

IT is possible to get a succession of honor and glory right up to the last day, and that was the fate of the Aiken Knights—in the Six-Day Bicycle Race they would be called the Brothers Team—the Bostwicks, Pete and Dunbar, and the Gerrys, Elbridge T. and Robert L., Jr. Dunbar Bostwick, making his first appearance in a major open tournament, handled himself and his mounts remarkably well. Pete was inclined to fall back on racing tactics, and as a result repeatedly overrode the ball. Still, he is to our way of thinking the most finished horseman in American polo—and that includes the ten-goal men—and he hits as hard a ball, although he weighs about 110 pounds, as any 165-pounder.

BY the way, Roslyn was not overlooked by the handicap committee

of the United States Polo Association in the bestowal of mid-year honors. Talbott was elevated to the distinction of seven-goal man (he had been six) and Post was raised from five to six goals. The Gerrys also were remembered, Elbridge moving up from five goals to six, and Robert L., Jr., from three to four. Revision upward was the trend of the committee's efforts. It ranked Jimmie Mills, of Yale and Old Aiken, at seven goals; Raymond Guest and Philip Iglehart as five-goal men; and moved Sonny Whitney up from three to four.

AFTER the close of the Herbert Memorial Cup tournament at Rumson, polo will be of a rather quiet description—the usual Sunday games at Sands Point, of course, and matches at Rockaway Hunt and in Westchester. However, there will be more polo at Saratoga this month—the informal sort, at Whitney Field, that fills the gap between the races and dinner—than in several seasons. Jock and Sonny Whitney will be at Saratoga all of August, and Pete Bostwick and Charlie Schwartz expect to do some practice for the National Open tournament, at Meadow Brook next month.

IN a fortnight the Argentines will be here and then things will begin to boil again. The more important four is Hurlingham, captained by Lewis Lacey. He is bringing with him Dan Kearney and the Mills brothers—Davis, who will be remembered as No. 3 on the first Argentine four that played here in 1922, and John, who played here three years ago. The Santa Paula team, which has been out West, is booked to arrive about the same time. Both will have plenty of ponies.

—BRIDLE-WISE

Yet Martin makes no attempt to master her. At last, unable to break through his polished crust by hint or subtlety, she slaps him. He knocks her down. She faints. When she comes to they mutually decide that they have found their mates.—Book section of the *Herald Tribune*.

Let's go, mates.



## THE COWBELLER

HOTEL LINCOLN,  
NEW YORK CITY,  
JULY 27, 1931

DEAR MR. VAN HOOGSTATEN:

THE band concerts at the Stadium sure are good, out in the open that way and all, and you do a mighty nice job of prompting, even if you never do get around to playing any of the good old square dances, which I think you would be wise to do, since the prompting in "The Portland Fancy" or "The Tempest" is as educated a job as any of the operas, and besides they'd give you a good chance to call out, which would go over big on the radio.

However, this is what I really want to ask you. It's about your cowbeller. The other night I heard your band play some pretty pieces, and in one of them known by the program as an "Intermezzi" by Mahler you had cowbells in the band. It's my opinion that the cowbell man was too fast. No good milk cow could ever rattle a bell as fast as he rattled his, not even when she was on her way back to the barn. If a steer wore a bell and was jumping around the pasture stiff-legged he might rattle a bell as fast as that, but steers don't wear bells. Out our way we bell one cow. She's the leader and we always pick the most settled cow in the herd for leader, since she has to be dependable. Now a good dependable cow rarely breaks into a trot for more than two or three minutes at best, and even then her bell doesn't jangle very fast. Ordinarily she mooches along and you just hear a tinkle now



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and then. I never did hear a cowbell go so fast as that fellow in your band made his the other night. If I found a hand driving my cows back home fast enough for a clang-dang like that, I'd be getting a new hand before morning.

Of course I realize your man is a city chap who isn't up on cows, but you got a real good band, and if he's going to continue as your cowbell man, I'd see to it that he brushed up a bit. Why, a cow that was rushed the way he rushed those bells wouldn't be fit to milk.

ANOTHER thing: I don't know where you got your bells, your cowbells, but I don't think your bells are all they should be. I usually order my bells from Sears, Roebuck, but last winter I tried Montgomery Ward. Both of them puts out a nice quality of bell with a good sweet tone. I didn't think much of the tone of your bells. They were very harsh-sounding, it seemed to me.

There are several grades of cowbells, and somehow I don't think you got the best grade. I have used the Gentle Bossie and the Come, Cow, Come bells mostly, both of them good brands. But I have found you can bring out a sweeter tone by nipping off a half-inch or so from the tongue. This you can do very easily with a pair of wire-clippers.

My grandfather had as nice a bell as ever I see that he kept for his lead cow for a great many years, but after he died and we broke up the house, I never did know what become of that bell. It had a copper tongue, and gave a very pretty ring. If by any chance you are in a position to put a little more money into your bells, I would say get copper tongues. You'll find they wear better and that they will fit in with the fiddles and the bugles in your band a lot better, on account of their more mellow tone.

Yours obediently,  
MCGREGOR

"Are you sure," snapped the red-haired lady, "that the fact that this person who accuses me is the wife of a judge didn't have anything to do with your finding?"

White with anger, Magistrate Goldstein bent toward the angry defendant.—*The Sun*.

"Doesn't the fact that she is Mrs. Judge Louis C. Wendel of the City Court influence your decision and the testimony of witnesses against me?"

Smiling, Magistrate Goldstein said it did not.—*The American*.

Maybe he was white with smiling.



## THE RACE TRACK

*The Contradictions of Vander Pool—A Cup for Sun Beau—Heredity*



VANDER POOL had hardly passed the winning post in the Greenfield Purse at Empire City last weekend when the question was put to me: "What earthly chance has he for the Empire City Derby?" I wish I knew. Either way, I could make a great deal of Saratoga money easily. There is not the slightest doubt that Mrs. Allen's colt was under a hard drive to win by less than half a length from a cheap lot, but curiously enough that is how he wins all of his races. Coming around the stretch turn, he seemed to be doing his best, but one ear was cocked forward and the other was wagging. Walls, who rode him, assured me he would have won much more easily at nine furlongs; but a lot of people are convinced the colt will not stay the mile and a quarter of the Empire City Derby this weekend outside of a horse van.

AS you may gather, Vander Pool is a colt of contradictions. At first glance, he is what trainers call a tough horse, but on closer inspection one sees a lot of quality about him. I daresay if he were fattened and prettied up, he would not win a race.

We have heard such a lot about his unblemished record of fifteen straight, and all that sort of thing. I wonder if his eulogists recall that he finished four lengths behind Equipoise in the Youthful Stakes at Jamaica last year—and that then, for some still obscure reason, the Whitney colt was disqualified. Still, it must be something of a strain to own and train a horse like that. It seems to me that when he is beaten—all horses are if they run often enough—his stable will give a sigh of relief and say in unison: "Well, thank God that's over!"

I FULLY expected Sun Beau to win the Arlington Cup—he seemed to tower over his opponents—but hardly in such remarkable time as 2:01 $\frac{4}{5}$  for the mile and a quarter. There has been some talk of a race between Van-

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT ----- By Ripley**

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der Pool and Morstone at six furlongs. A much better race would be between Sun Beau and Questionnaire at ten furlongs. Andy Schuttinger, now a member of the I-Trained-for-Kilmer Club, says Questionnaire would win.

**Y**OU either could do nothing wrong or nothing right backing horses at Empire City last week, but no matter what you did the sun shone. It is curious, incidentally, that the Yonkers City Fathers (or whoever directs those things) always select this time of year to tear up the paving on one of the main motor roads to the course, which doesn't tend to improve the temper of the punter-driver who has backed the beaten favorite in the last race.

**O**NE of those automatic favorites who failed to click was Flying Heels, in the Whitestone Handicap. Here was an instance of the importance of consulting the clockers' reports before wagering at a short price, for the colt's training had been for sprinting distances. Still, we hardly expected Sandy Ford to bring off a 15-1 chance—his first victory of the year.

Some time ago I set Morton Schwartz' Quarter Deck down in my book as a horse to forget, and I shall not change my opinion in spite of his spectacular second to Sandy Ford. Instead, I shall add his stablemate, Black Forest, to the list.

**A**FTER Lucky Tom won the Sprightly Stakes, Tom Shaw, who says that if the colt was named after him the name's wrong, called my attention to the fact that the first three horses home were by the same sire: his Master Charlie. I believe this is something of a record for a sweepstakes. All the Diogenes Checkpointes will please begin looking through the back numbers of *Goodwin's Guide*.

**R**ECENTLY a trainer received a handsome souvenir to commemorate winning a stake with one of his horses. He happened to show it to the jockey who had ridden the colt on that occasion. The boy looked at it coldly, and then said: "Oh, I thought only jockeys got presents for winning races!"  
—AUDAX MINOR

Mr. and Mrs. Bibb Humphrey and little daughter, of Decatur, were the weekend of relatives here.—*Hillsboro (Ala.) Gazette*.

We know the sensation.



## THE TENNIS COURTS

*All Work and Too Much Play  
—The Twilight of the Gods*



PARIS, JULY 26  
LAST year, at the time of the Interzone Final Round between Italy and the United States, it was apparent enough to everyone that the Americans were sadly overtrained. They looked it and acted it. In fact, only George Lott's magnificent game in the singles pulled his team through to the Challenge Round. The next week he was as bad as the rest.

In the Interzone Final Round against Great Britain this year, the Americans seemed nearly as stale. An extraordinary change had come over Wood and Shields, who but two weeks before were finalists at Wimbledon. It was hard to believe that this clumsy

lad poking his backhand into the bottom of the net was really the conqueror of the great Borotra, and that the blond boy who kept pressing on his forehand was really the winner of the All Comers Singles title. When Wood, after pluckily pulling up from 1-5 in the fourth set of his match with Austin, suddenly tossed the last two points away on two of the worst shots ever seen on a tennis court, a Frenchman beside me exclaimed: "So that's the great Sidney Wood you've been talking about! That type there, *him!*"

In tennis, and by that I mean competitive lawn tennis, a little goes a long way. Two months of playing Davis Cup matches in America, added to the fortnight of Wimbledon, would wear out much stronger, and far less sensitive, players than Wood and Shields. They are noticeably high-strung. When

Wood was playing a close match against Perry in London, the crowd bothered him: despite the requests of the umpire, they continued cheering. As he stepped to the baseline to serve, the noise broke out again. He turned toward the stands with an agonized look that indicated fully all that the match was costing him in suffering as he tried to control himself and conquer his opponent. Each day the same thing, day after day, with each day harder than the one before. That's Wimbledon—and that's what the American team underwent within a month of the Challenge Round. Possibly it can explain some of the unexpected results that have been coming over the wires from the little stadium by the Seine.

THE English, since they were put out of Wimbledon before the last rounds, were in better shape for the Interzone Final, but they, too, were the worse for wear toward the end of July. I can't recall another Challenge Round with so much loose hitting, so much downright bad play. Even Cochet, while his game is always marked by the indifference with which he pro-



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dear—help Morning Glory all we can."





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duces his strokes, was guilty of a great deal of sloppy tennis in the three days he played.

The plain fact is that we saw neither the great Cochet this year nor the great Borotra. Moreover, the Challenge Round showed not only that France is almost finished for the time being as a factor in the game but also that when the Davis Cup leaves French soil it will not return soon, for there is a large gap between the Four Musketeers and their younger colleagues. A great team, those Four Musketeers, but they are through. The brilliant Basque has burnt himself out. Lacoste may conceivably play next year, but it is unlikely that he will ever again be a force in singles. Brugnon is thirty-eight and no longer to be counted on, even in a doubles match. Cochet is no longer invulnerable, and unless all signs are misleading, he has played his last match for France in Davis Cup competition. Next June, in the locker-room at Wimbledon, George Lott can call out: "Goodbye, Davis Cup!" to the French players without any fear of having them laugh at him several weeks later, as they did this summer.

DAVIS CUP tennis is undergoing a change. The time when three or four players dominated the game has gone, perhaps never to return. I believe we are entering into a period in which the competition will be much more open, in which a few nations, year by year, turn by turn, will take possession of the trophy. If the English have come suddenly to the front this year, it is not only because their players have progressed. The players of other nations have fallen back. Nothing that we saw at Roland Garros this week could compare for a moment with the great matches of the past. Austin and Perry are champions, but there are at least a dozen men scattered over the world who are their equals.

Who, then, will replace the French? England? Possibly. The United States? Very likely. Or perhaps Australia. Or even some of the nations of the Continent, for the tennis strength of Spain, of Italy, of Germany, and of Czechoslovakia is growing. No country, however, has more promising material than our own, no material which, if properly handled, will go farther. A healthy foundation has been laid, and I expect to see the players who were beaten in the Interzone Final Round triumph on the courts where they failed this year.

—JOHN R. TUNIS

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## THE CURRENT CINEMA

*A Bow to the Beaches—The Russian Formula—As Edited by Hollywood*

IT would appear that even the movies concede to the charm of the beaches, the great outdoors, and the penthouses, for few new pictures were released last week. Ramon Novarro presents himself as a young Hindu in "Son of India," and Ruth Chatterton is with us in "The Magnificent Lie," and the Cameo is crowded to the doors—packed, in fact, even on the most blazing days—with its devotees, to see "A Jew at War." With all three pictures I am inclined to be somewhat good-humored, to find in each of them some element that offers satisfaction.

I DON'T think that there can be any doubt that "A Jew at War"—which is not Hollywood for Ben Hecht's "A Jew in Love"—has certain qualities far superior to the other two. It is a curious fact about the Soviet pictures, of which this is one, that though the acting is generally very elementary, and though there is always something somewhat puerile in the rigid formula of the story presented and in the naïve insistence on the propagandistic features, the photography almost invariably excels the best Hollywood camerawork. I am told that the Russians have some special lens which enables them to surpass the rest of the world in this respect. That may be true, but I am sure that those who use this lens know their business well and like it. Russian pictures always suggest that the only people who enjoy their making are the cameramen. The others are stern, with their grave duty of presenting a thesis, but the cameraman may play with his lights and shadows all he wants without danger of being charged with treason.

These pictures, then, have the general effect of being a succession of stills, all effective, some beautiful. Like the others, "A Jew at War" is rich with fine shots of soldiers on the front, dying or fighting, with the faces of the poor and the starving in Russian cities, and, toward the end, as the scenario follows its inevitable course, with spectacular views of the great factories and machines the new state is building. The protagonist in this picture is a Jewish tailor, and the effort to make his destiny idyllic will be especially appreciated, I

think, by the garment-workers of our own town.

BOTH the Chatterton and the Novarro films are orthodox Hollywood products, of course. Miss Chatterton is rather fortunate in her rôle and somewhat lacking in that pretentiousness of gesture and intonation she has favored in other pictures. As she plays a cabaret singer in a minor New Orleans night resort, she can hardly introduce too much grandiosity, and she is content, evidently, to be easy for once. Based on Leonard Merrick's "Laurels and the Lady," a book I have never read, there is little in it to suggest the usual Merrick fragility of humor, and there is a climax—in which the hero, blinded in the war, has his sight restored by an automobile accident—that may supply a hint for oculists, but is certainly more of a Hollywood than a Merrick remedy.

THE Novarro story is also from a novel of a well-known writer, being derived from F. Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs." This, too, is a book I have not read, my erudition being pitifully skimpy, but I suspect again that the movies have slighted the original, for one reason because there is no Mr. Isaacs in the cast. This is the old-fashioned romantic India, with tiger hunts and priceless jewels and maharajas of Oriental gallantry, not, of course, Mother India as seen through the clear eyes of the social worker. Novarro is agreeable as usual, and, as the Hindu jewel merchant, relinquishes with all possible poignance the American girl he loves. —J. C. M.

As owner of the widely known 43 Club at 43 Gerrard Street, she was sentenced to six months' hard labor for selling liquor and to one month's hard labor for permitting gambling at her club.—*The Herald Tribune*.

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"The archer that overshoots misses like he that falls short." . . Proverb.—*Adv. in Printers' Ink*.

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# BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS

## *The Art of Bookbinding*

IN her new book, "The Captive of the Sahara," published by Dodd, Mead, Miss (or is it Mrs.?) E. M. Hull takes a definite stride forward in the pursuit of her art. The very title shows that here her problems have been more firmly grasped, more soundly realized, if one may coin a phrase, than in her earlier works. Evocative as it may be, and intertwined as it now is in all our hearts with loving memories of Rudy Valentino, it yet seems to me that "The Sheik," as a title, failed somewhat. It was vague, indefinite, lacking in conviction. "What sheik?" one asked, and had to read the book to find an answer. Almost, if one had not known her sterling worth, one might have thought that the author had fallen prey to the confused skepticism of the so-called "modern" writers. There was also, unfortunately, the vexed question of pronunciation, further to cloud the matter. "Have you read 'The Shake'?" one person would ask. "No," the other would reply, "but you must read 'The Shike.'" This led to a great deal of confusion, and did nobody any good—not even the author,

for though some people bought two copies and read them both under the impression that they were dealing with two different books, a still greater number just gave up entirely and turned to something else, or subscribed to a book club.

In the new novel there is no such uncertainty. With trenchant, biting realism, the author plunges at once to the heart of the matter, and informs you that someone is held captive, in the Sahara. Who this captive is, and who the captor, is made poignantly clear by the illustration on the dust-cover, which portrays a lovely blonde maiden, clad in riding habit, squirming in the iron grasp of a handsome white-robed Arab, while through the open portal of the tent, luxuriously hung with priceless draperies, in which the struggle is taking place, peers the cold crescent of the desert moon. Anyone who can't get the drift of that oughtn't to be reading books.

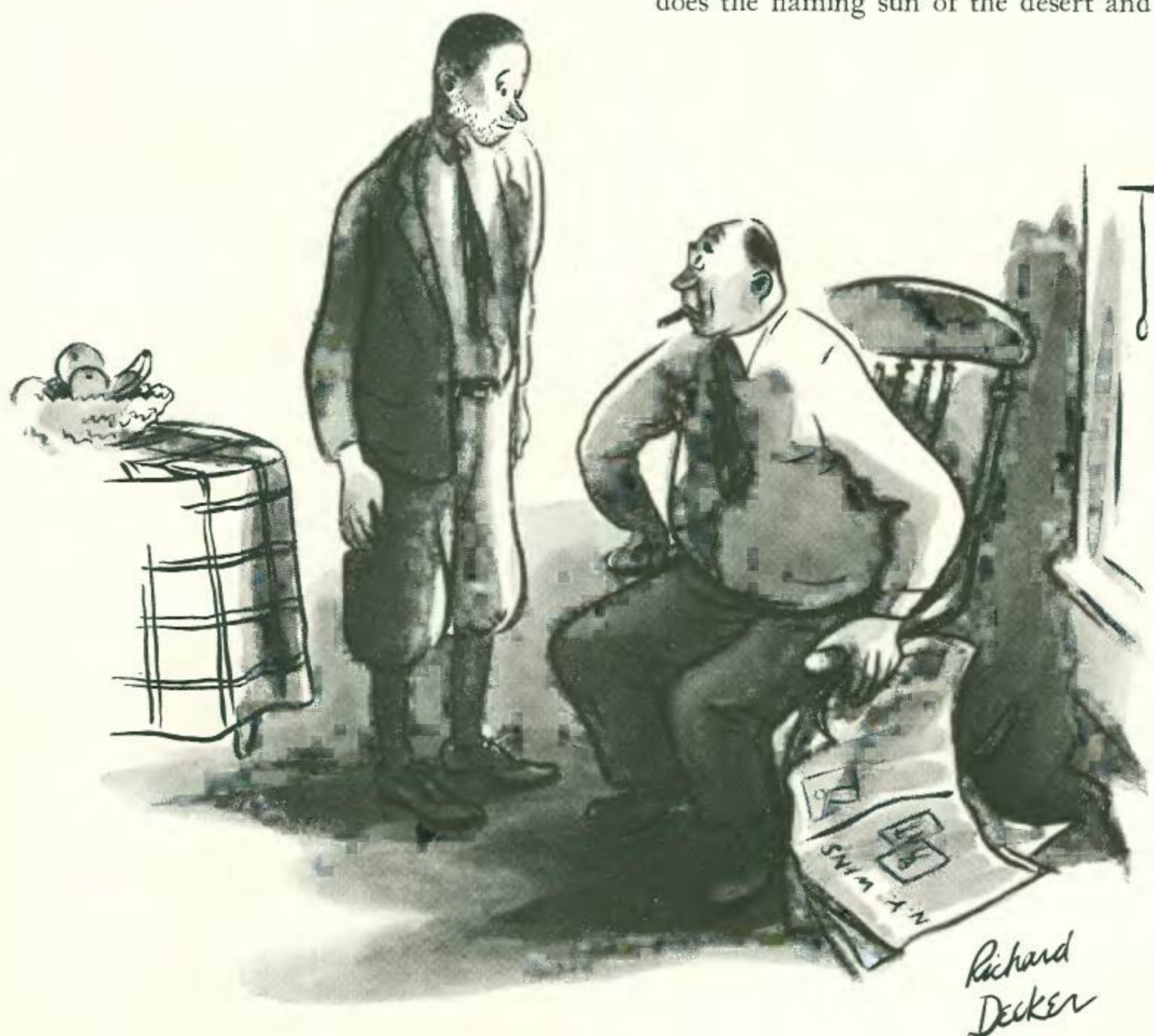
The binding, too, will stand comparison with "The Sheik." That, if I remember correctly, was done in red, a good enough color—suggesting as it does the flaming sun of the desert and



the still more ardent passions of the men who roam its wastes—but open, on the other hand, to serious objections. For one thing, if you carried it around with you when you went shopping, it was likely to come off on your hands, giving them a sort of washerwoman look which, as a number of ladies found out to their cost, was difficult to laugh off when later you sat down to tea. Even in the home, the color was too glaring, and often jarred against—or "fought with," to use a technical term of the interior decorators—the other furnishings of the room.

The *motif* of "The Captive of the Sahara" is a pale brown-yellow, or sandust, which brings vividly before the eyes the shimmering surfaces of the desert itself, and will fit in anywhere. In the cover design, too, the author turns for a moment from romance to irony, for here the title is printed in green with a wavy border around it, a hint of the sea, at once so like and yet so unlike the trackless Sahara. I take it to mean that men are like that—ever-changing, unfathomable, hot and cold by turns, and so on. All in all, a delightful book in every respect, except for the story, which is terrible.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM's new book, which Horace Liveright publishes, represents, on the other hand, a definite falling-off of his genius. Printed though it is on a dust-cover of chrome yellow, and spelled out in large, black, quaintly fashioned letters, the title alone—"Duke Herring"—in no wise compares with the romantic elegance, the witching symbolism of "Naked on Roller Skates," his previous effort. One feels, as one reads the book, something of the same weakening of Mr. Bodenheim's once-sturdy fibre. The story itself quite attains his usual levels of stridulousness and general insanity. It's about a Chicago author who makes a lot of money in devious ways but has a lot of trouble with the ladies, and it may, for all I know, be



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aimed at some one particular person; may even, in some cockeyed fashion, be conceived as a reply to "A Jew in Love." But what has become of the author's gift for incoherent but important-sounding epigram? Can't he think of anything better than "His popping eyes were ovoids of faked sympathy and scurrile lust," or "Whitman was a piece of fly-paper in a high wind;" than "She regarded Mr. Herring as a chiaroscuro beetle," or "Her face was a tired moratorium for a gamut of past emotions?" Why, one can almost understand what the man is getting at, and once one penetrates through the dense verbosity of Mr. Bodenheim's style to the fundamental meaninglessness underneath, then all is indeed lost.

I, for one, have always admired his skill in stringing words together without making any sense whatever, as well as Mr. Liveright's proud tenacity in continuing, all these years, to publish him. It represented something—call it the spirit of youth, if you will—in both of them. I should be sorry to see it all end, through a mere understanding.

MAY I mention just one more book, or are you tired? There's "Seven Days," by Andreas Latzko, published by the Viking Press. I've thought and thought about it, and finally decided that you'll have to take it as a sort of modern parable if you are going to get anywhere with the story. This has to do with a haughty German manufacturer who is surprised by an embittered workman on Christmas Eve in the place of all places where at such a time he shouldn't be—in the home of his mistress. To avert scandal, he agrees to the workman's demands—which, rather oddly, are that the two shall exchange places (socially and economically, that is) during the holiday week. The results are that the workman gets killed, the millionaire comes to see things from the viewpoint of the radicals, and, presumably, takes steps to better conditions at the factory thereafter. Pretty much of a fairy tale, as you see; inconclusive as social criticism, and perfectly pointless as a novel.

But if you do look at it as a fairy tale, or as a parable on man's inhumanity to man, you'll be delighted with the extremely vivid writing which embroiders and renders almost believable the otherwise impossible narrative. The book is translated, by the way, by Eric Sutton.

—R. M. C.



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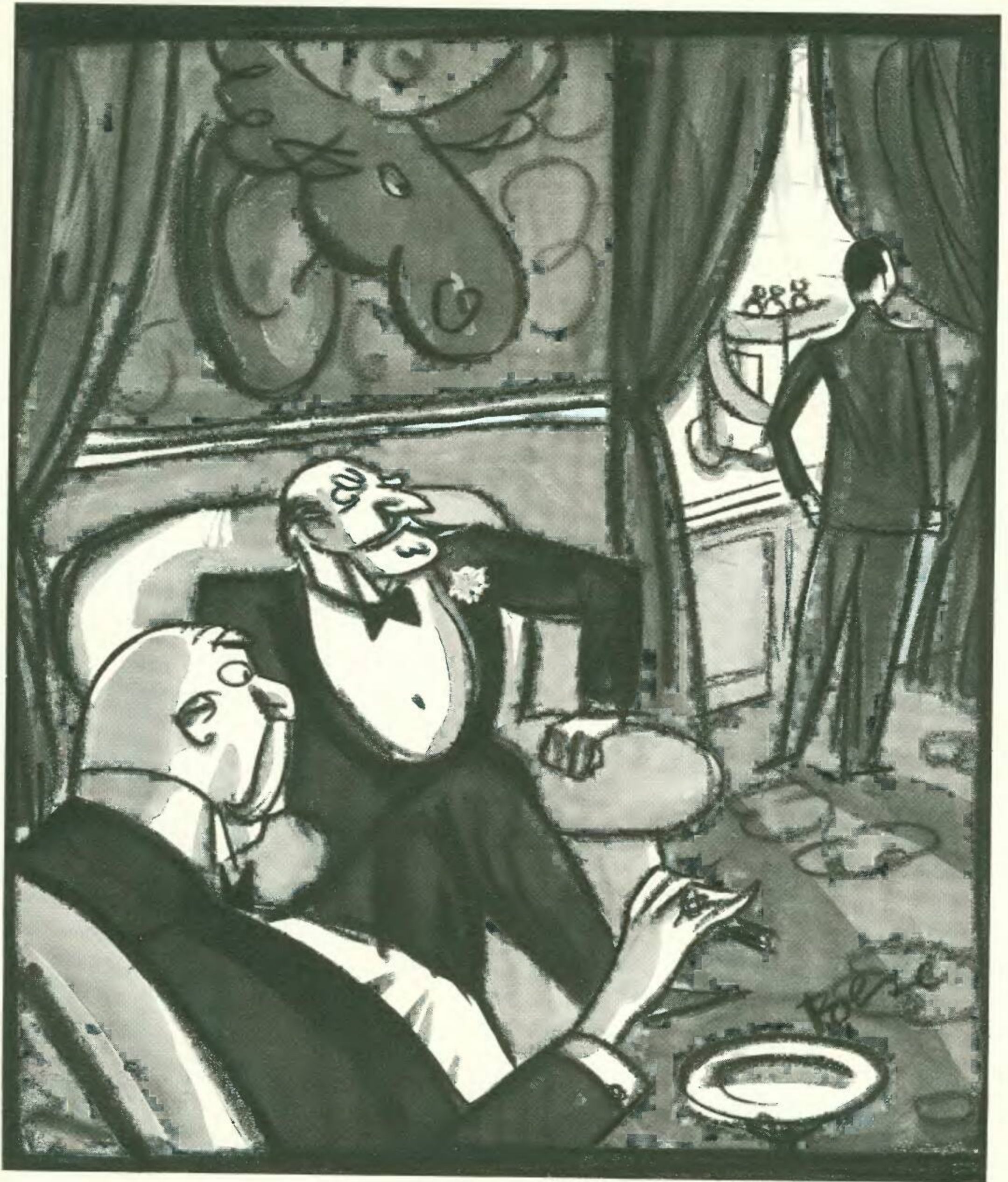
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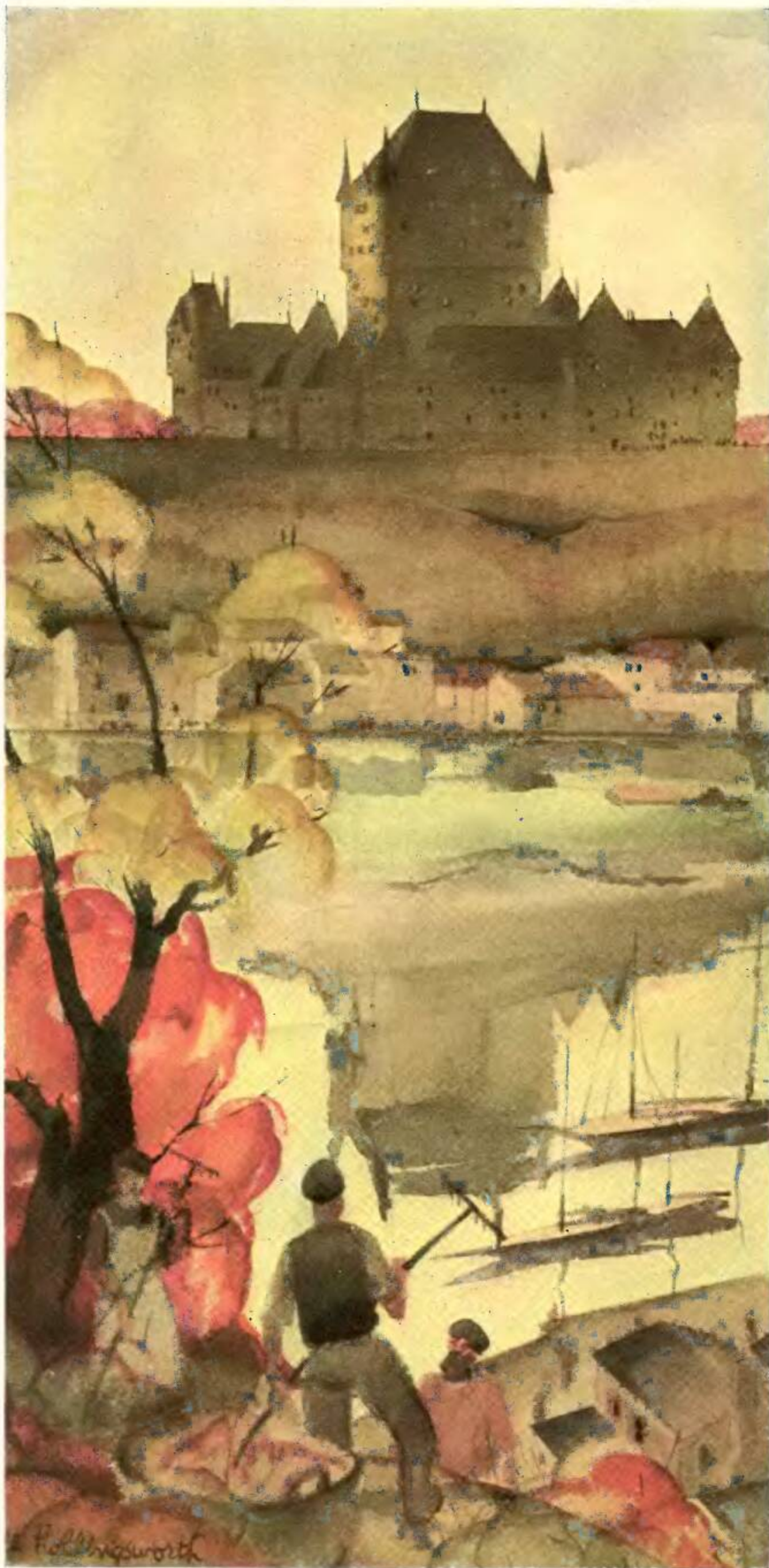
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## *At its best...* *in Autumn* **HISTORIC QUEBEC**

Five miles of gold...that's a hard-maple woods. A mountain-side of blazing scarlet...that's red-maple out-blazing a forest fire. Yonder is crimson of oak...shimmering pale yellow of birches...deep-green gravity of pines. Through it all runs the great St. Lawrence seaway to Europe, flowing between two ribbons of harvest, the Norman river-farms that took their title-deeds from King Louis of France. Farmed by the same families today. Plan to visit Québec in harvest time...perfect all through September and October.

### **NIGHTLY EXPRESS TRAIN SERVICE**

Leave at night on the fast express, the next day's lunch you'll eat in a foreign land...French food, ordered in French if you like at Chateau Frontenac, baronial castle hotel. You explore the 17th century Norman city...shop for antiques and home-spuns...play golf at Montmorency...dance a bit...dine in state or simply, as you prefer...it is the perfect time to see the province at its best. Through Pullman overnight...leaving Grand Central Terminal 9:45 p. m., via New York Central, Delaware and Hudson, and Canadian Pacific. A week-end can be done for \$75.

Full information and reservations at any Canadian Pacific office, or write to Chateau Frontenac, Québec, Canada. New York, 344 Madison Avenue...Boston, 405 Boylston Street...and 33 other cities in the United States and Canada.

**A CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL**