

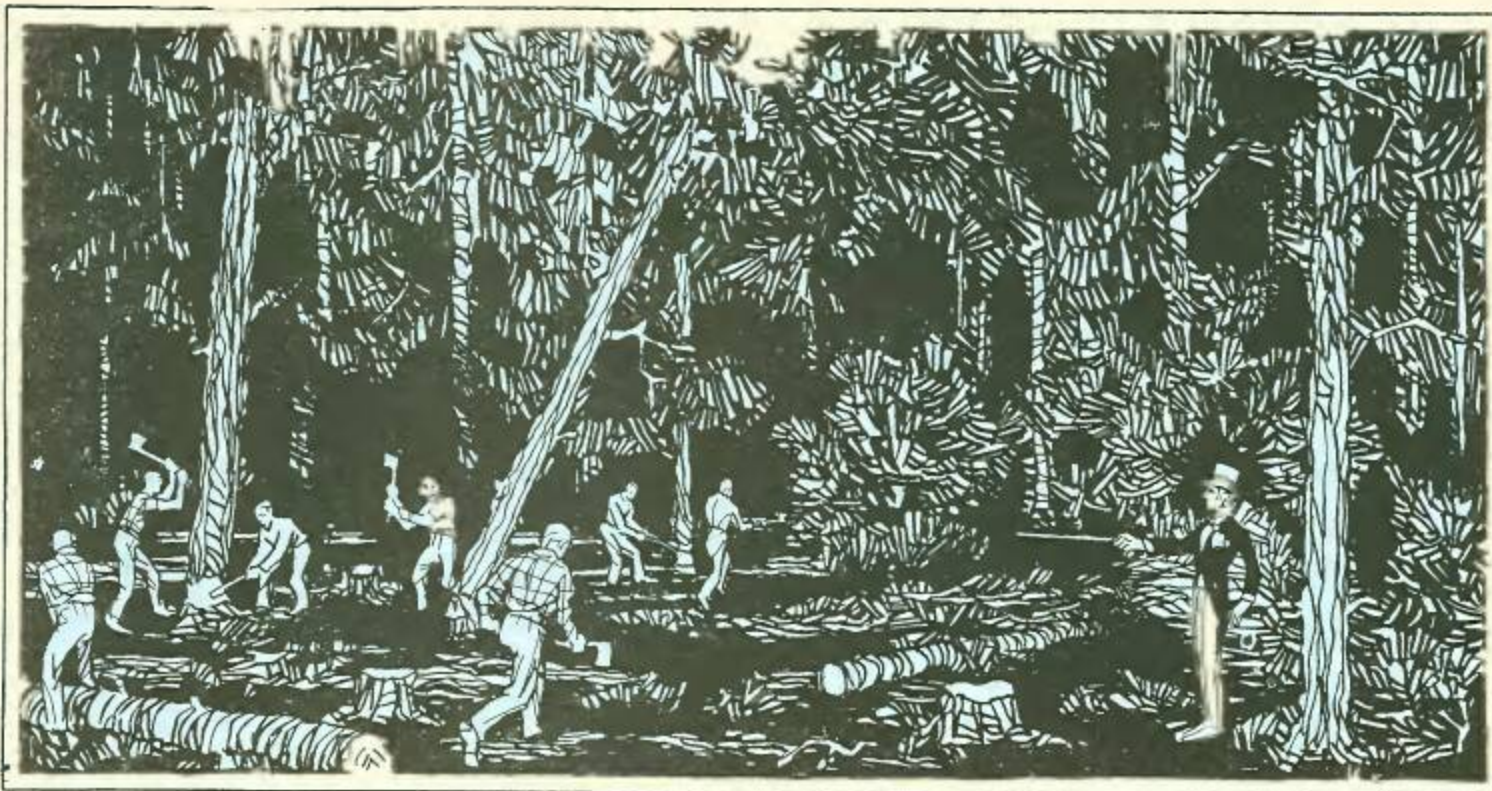
August 15, 1925

THE

Price 15 cents

NEW YORKER





Cutting down the specially grown trees to make paper for THE NEW YORKER. At the right, supervising the work, may be seen Our Mr. Eustace Tilley, one of THE NEW YORKER's special superintendents of forestry.

THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

I. Securing Paper for THE NEW YORKER

THE most essential feature of a magazine is paper. You might assemble all the vast organization of THE NEW YORKER, with its hundreds of thousands of workers in all the innumerable branches of the industry; you might gather all the type, ink, and other accessories of printing; you might even operate the huge presses week in and week out, turning out the 8,657,000 copies of THE NEW YORKER. But if you did not have any paper, the result would not be a magazine; and all those issues of THE NEW YORKER you had worked so hard to produce would have to be thrown away.

The first man to realize the importance of paper in the manufacture of a magazine was Horace Greeley. In 1847 he bought two acres up in Harlem, on the site where C. C. N. Y. now stands; and upon this property he planted twenty-eight poplar seeds. It was his intention, "God willing," (as he put it), that these seeds should grow into trees, and from those trees THE NEW YORKER should obtain the paper on which to print its issues.

In those early days, paper was derived from a number of sources—the backs of old envelopes, chewing gum wrappers, discarded Lily Cups—anything that came to hand. It was the duty of every member of the staff of THE NEW YORKER to keep his eyes open on his way to the office, bringing in what paper he could secure on the way. Here the paper was assorted into sizes, and a trained staff, equipped with red erasers, rubbed it clean.

Meantime, the circulation of THE NEW YORKER had grown from three to four to five and so on to seven figures; and as the inefficiency of this method grew more apparent, the practicality of Mr. Greeley's

plan was realized. For some time thereafter, THE NEW YORKER depended for its paper on what wood it could gather around New York; but as the Bronx began to be built up and Central Park was taken over by the city, THE NEW YORKER bought a vast tract of land in Maine, where they set out 5,260 trees. This scheme was dubbed at the time "The Maine Bubble" and was laughed at by everyone; but people since then have learned to laugh up the other sleeve.

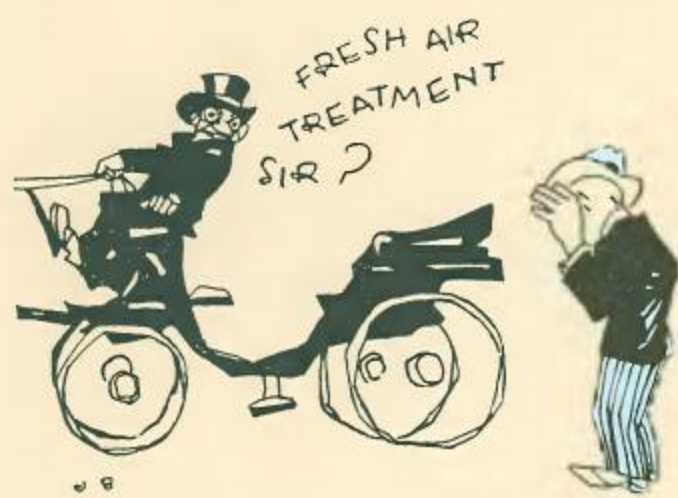
In order to realize the number of trees which must be felled each week, for one issue of THE NEW YORKER, the reader should try to visualize a vast forest of 8,657,000 trees, or sufficient trees when divided by 10 to equal 865,700 trees. In other words, if the reader will picture one tree, and then multiply that tree by 10% of 86,570,000 trees, he may perhaps form some idea of how many trees 8,657,000 trees are. It is typical of the great NEW YORKER organization, that it owns and operates to-day the biggest paper forest in the world, covering 29,000,000 or so acres in Canada, Maine, and northern New Jersey, under the close supervision of THE NEW YORKER's field superintendent, Mr. Eustace Tilley.

Although most of the paper for THE NEW YORKER is made nowadays from these trees, nevertheless, there is a certain percentage which is made in the old way, by picking it up here and there. The material best suited to this work has been found to be an oblong sheet of green paper issued by the United States Government, and bearing the words: "Five Dollars." From this single scrap, enough paper can be procured to print 52 copies; and to any reader who will submit such a bill to THE NEW YORKER, the editors will mail a year's subscription free.



Advisory Editors: Marc Connelly, Rea Irvin, George S. Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller,
Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woolcott

THE TALK OF THE TOWN



Notes and Comment

IN an age of taxicabs and ponderous limousines, we laud the horse-drawn barouches which lounge along Fifty-ninth street, near the Avenue. They are available in the early morning hours, and their elderly jehus are waking when younger and far less courteous chauffeurs have long since retired. They are ideal for late drives about the Park and perfect for what one philosophical coachman among the lot prescribes for flushed and uncertain fares: The fresh air treatment.

ST. PATRICK'S spires bandaged in scaffolding . . . three buildings being demolished within two blocks on the Avenue . . . replica of the Grand Canyon at Forty-second Street . . . working model of Vesuvius's crater three blocks north . . . minor disturbances everywhere . . . Perhaps we do deserve the outlander's complaint, "Was it for this I fled from Santa Barbara?"

Maybe, when the wreckers have finished all their other jobs in town, someone will put them to work on the pillars in some of our best theatres.

RESPECT for tradition grows rarer in town, even among those Bonifaces who benefit most by foster-

ing it in connection with their hostleries. An exception are the powers in the Waldorf-Astoria. Even with the profit to be made by remodelling the entire front of the hotel into stores, they confined the renovating to the Thirty-fourth Street side, so that the Rose and Empire dining rooms might be preserved.

Traditions both, murmured M. Oscar Tschirky.

A tradition yourself, M. Oscar, murmurs THE NEW YORKER.

IF the Health Department does not desist from its plan to issue and persuade persons to wear buttons inscribed, "I Have Been Vaccinated," it is going to make a number of citizens very sick, indeed.

No American custom is quite so heinous as that of wearing lapel decorations. Not only buttons, but animals' teeth of all kinds, miniature scimitars, and various portions of native fauna.

Why should a city department sup-



posed to promote health add to these unsightly ornaments, and so subject the cultured portion of the city's inhabitants to recurrent attacks of pains in the neck, headaches and similar ailments? And why, if we are to have buttons advertising, "I Have Been Vaccinated," confine the campaign to one disease? Wouldn't it be just as logical to issue celluloid boasts, "I Have Been Inoculated Against Typhus," "I Have Had Three Teeth Filled," "I Visit a Chiropodist Once a Month" and so on down the long list of those afflictions to which human flesh is heir?

LET Mayor Hylan battle so lustily as he will to preserve the sacrosanct five-cent subway fare. But is there no candidate who will pledge himself, on behalf of the poor upper classes, to maintain taxi rates at twenty cents a mile?

MAYBE Mr. Will Hays takes this Greater Movie Season seriously. He would. But, anyway, if he really wishes to make it a Greater Movie Season, we suggest that he keep Charlie Chaplin and W. C. Fields at work and give practically all the other screen stars a vacation for a year.

An exasperating failing of the movies is that their greatest artists have

to be thrust upon them. Chaplin, of course, grew up with the industry. But Fields has been around vaudeville houses for fifteen years—obviously one of the best pantomimists of his age—and the first time any movie chieftain thought of using his gorgeous equipment for the silent stage was after he had made a success of his first speaking rôle.

The Week

MR. BROWNING finally relinquishes his adopted darling and Miss Peggy Joyce returns from abroad. Senator James J. Walker is designated by Tammany and chemical retort explodes in City College. Police Chief of Des Moines says London is dying of dry rot from sin and Scotland Yard reports impressive decrease in British crime. German authority estimates 14,000,000 Jews in world and Mr. Henry Ford buys an airplane factory. Signorina Edda Mussolini, daughter of Fascist, rescues woman from sea and monkey bites policeman who captures it on lower Fifth Avenue. The Maharajah of Patiala engages floor of Savoy Hotel, London, and Mr. Jack Dempsey is suspended, in New York, for slighting Mr. Harry Wills. Youngster arrested for stealing bag of golf clubs to get money for starving mother and Russell T. Scott, convicted of murder, is committed to lunatic asylum. Parisian evening gowns feature trains and Representative Burton says Europe is improving steadily. Rockaways have real estate boom and Dr. Whitney, physicist, says matter is vacuum.

Rehearsal

THAT line again, Miss Meggs, and, if you please, more bitterness. The same feeling with which you would complain to the Equity about an extra matinee in Detroit. If you please."

Frigidly patient is the director.

Wearily and wanly, in the sick half-light of the barren stage, a voice:

"My first—oh, God—my first gray hair."

Once more, the director:

"Again, Miss Meggs; and try to remember *your* first gray hair. If you please."

Thus, in a hundred shadowed lofts, on two score shabby stages. Thus do the directors lash—or, more rarely—



cajole the Miss Meggses of August, with harried eyes and thoughts for a red-circled date upon September's calendars. The same scene everywhere. Perhaps, such is playwriting, the same line.

Beyond the shallow trench where sleep the dusty footlights, gray-white cloths shroud the plush orchestral seats from Summer's grime. Gray-white and dim, in receding arcs. An audience of ghosts. The ghost of the Big Commission Man from Chicago, who is even now looking in on the "Folies Bergères" in Paris. The ghost of the Big Bookie, beaming at the moment in the lobby of the United States at Saratoga. The ghost of the Big Contractor from Everywhere. Aisle seat ghosts.

In the foreground, wraiths, now substantial up-stage, now waveringly indistinct in the cathedral-like distances. The producer, offering obvious suggestions. The backer, wrapt in enjoyment of the new, when he is not calculating how long it takes him to make eighteen thousand dollars out of an automobile agency, or wondering whether the Little Girl is ever going to quit talking about her art and listen to reason. The Little Girl is Miss Meggs.

A lounging electrician, a bored stage hand—two realities from uniondom in this world of shadows. A juvenile with sideburns *Valentino*. An elder, female, dripping motherly regard for everyone, particularly those who sign checks. A male heavy, consulting the past performance pages against further villainies.

The director throws his sides upon the floor; then, slowly, so slowly, picks them up. His tone is more than ever saturated with suffering patience.

"The line again, Miss Meggs; and remember, your first gray hair is a tragedy to you. You know nothing

about beauty parlors. It's a tragedy, if you please."

The drama is in travail.

Explorer

THE recent safe return of Mr. William Beebe has revived interest in a movement among the United Societies of Victims of Insistent Insurance Salesman, which has for its object, the purchase of a solid gold petard, this to be presented to the explorer, to commemorate the one upon which was hoist an insurance broker.

Before Mr. Beebe's departure for the Sargasso, a broker bore on his trail, intent on selling to him, for a William Street company, a blanket policy covering every member of his crew during their voyage of exploration. Presently, without having written the policy, the broker found himself among the financial backers of Mr. Beebe's adventure.

A member of that expedition to spear giant squib and first page stories was Miss Ruth Rose, who is moving about her accustomed circles now, and telling a ghost story, somewhat in the following manner: A friend, joining a house party in Virginia, was astonished at being assigned to a room which was reputed to be haunted. But there was no other place to put her.

"It's really nothing," the hostess explained. "No sights or sounds or anything. The door simply won't stay shut during the night, that's all. No matter what we put against it as a barrier, it pushes open."

Miss Rose's friend, naturally, was not overcome with enthusiasm at the prospect of passing the night in a haunted room, but, reassured by members of the family, she decided to make the best of it. In the morning she was besieged with questions as to how she had conquered the insurgent door.

"I left it open," she replied.

Il Sont Là Bas

IT didn't seem possible that the French could be so sentimental, but when the fourth returning traveler brought the same tidings, reason tottered on the verge of belief.

It concerns, this story so often ferried from Paris, the second Lafayette Escadrille, formed to impose civilization upon the wayward M. Krim, and to renew that *entente*, not quite so cor-

dial since the Hon. Calvin Coolidge began hinting about war debts. And these are the horrible details:

The French were not doing too well in aviation against the Riffs. They had lost between fifty and sixty planes through the accurate rifle fire of M. Krim's hordes. And murmurs of these disasters were heard in the land. Even in Paris. Something had to be done.

The War Office approached several ex-members of the Lafayette Escadrille, fortunately still resident in Paris. Rumor mentions, among others, Colonel Charles Sweeny, late of the Foreign Legion, Adjutant Chuck Kerwood, once Grecian Air Minister to Paris, and Mr. Austen Parker.

The matter was taken under advisement, and, presently, a deputation waited on the French War Office, all willing as Barkis, providing:

(1) Three were given the rank of Colonel and the rest given ranks

graded proportionally.

(2) Service was to be for ten weeks, subject to renewal, including handshaking jaunts through Spain and Morocco, and the Sultan of the latter whatever-it-is was to entertain properly.

(3) Little flying was to be done, or, if possible, less.

And that sentimental old French War Office accepted, perhaps just so that it might provide orators with justification for speeches about, "The Americans are here again." Very good for home consumption, this. Makes the *citoyens* forget those fifty, or sixty lost planes.

Lafayette, ils sont là bas!

Second Sight

THE Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, was amazingly cheerful for a prophet proved false. He had said, only a fortnight ago, that

nothing but an act of Providence, or of Al Smith, could save us from four years more of the Hon. John F. Hylan.

And yet, smilingly, Well, Providence had very little to do with it, observed the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, referring to the designation of Senator James J. Walker as Tammany's candidate in the Democratic primaries.

Five times they decided against Senator Walker, and it was after the fifth decision that I became reconciled to four years more of the Hon. John F., murmured the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East. Then the shadow of Mr. William Randolph Hearst fell too blackly on the scene, and the Governor moved to have it erased. A great little eraser is Al, said the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East.

That's how it came to be Walker, asserted the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East. He's a good guy and he's



poison to Hearst, but he's nectar to Al. So the Governor will campaign for Jimmy. More, he will offer—or maybe he has offered already—a judgeship to the Hon. John F. on condition that he shall withdraw from the primaries.

And what, asked the Intimate of Fourteenth Street, East, could be sweeter than that?

Echo

THE last reporter is back from Dayton, Tennessee. He went into the hills for a fishing trip after the trial, and on his way back to civilization he stopped in the town.

Strange and human tale he has to tell. Dayton, eager at first for the publicity, feels now that it was made a laughing stock by the Scopes trial. Its resentment has been visited upon the promoter of the farce, Mr. George S. Rappleyea. His wife has been ostracized by the other ladies of town and he is reviled openly as the man who dragged the fair name of Dayton in the dust.

By concerted action, lately, every tradesman in town presented his bill in the middle of the week—despite the customary Saturday settling of accounts. Even the water, gas and electric companies joined in this. His old associates are not backward in hinting that it would be wise for Mr. Rappleyea to leave town while the going is good and while the rail is not yet plucked for an eviction.

Very strange and very human is Dayton, Tennessee.

In Our Midst

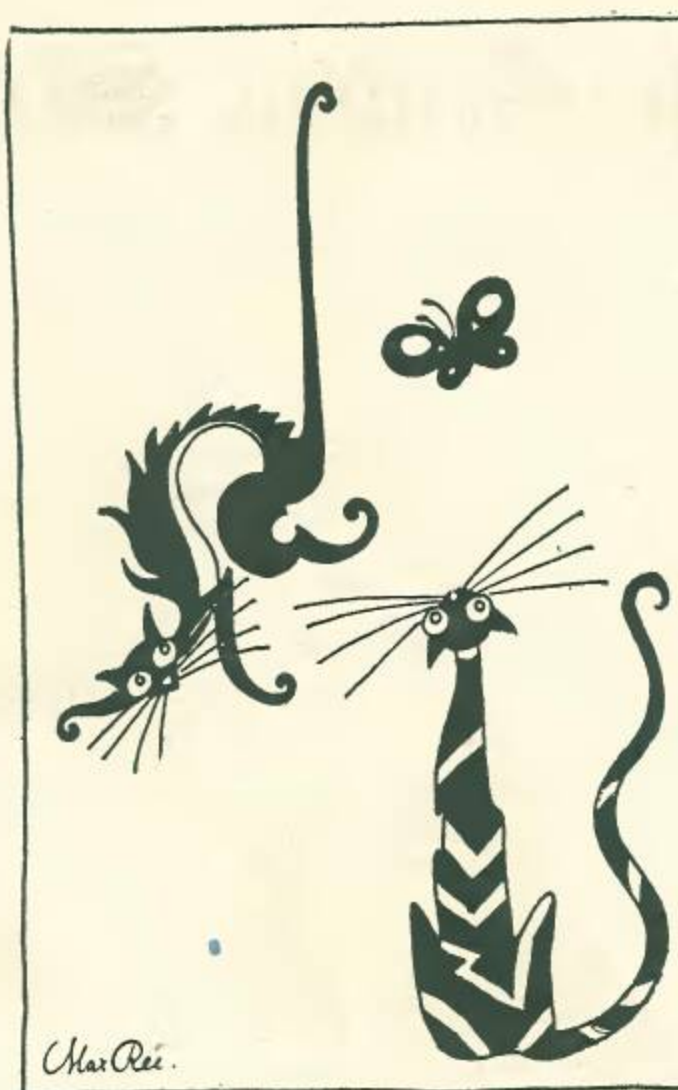
FITTINGS done, two flappers drape into chairs and inquire, "Where's the liquor?" "What liquor?" innocently counters proprietor of fashionable shop. "Don't we get a cocktail for every dress bought?" demand flappers. "They give them everywhere else in town."

Returning to France next month: Mr. S. Jay Kaufman, diarist to *illiterati*. Object: matrimony. Subject: Iva Berczy, Viennese heiress. . . .

Back from honeymoon there: Mr. Jules Glaenzer, phonetically appropriate vice-president, Cartier's. . . .

Cultural note: Station WEAJ broadcasts, in French, lecture, "How to Read a Menu Card." . . .

Further echoes from Tennessee: Judge Raulston getting ready for



Governorship. Nearly every big trial produces a Governor, says our friend from the hinterlands. Quaint quip attributed to same justice, in answer to query about fertility of adjacent fields, "'Bout forty gallons of corn to the acre." . . .

Magazine circles about town pondering significance of Mr. Henry Ford's suspension of advertising. Some say new "Edsel Six" may issue from Flivverton before year's end. . . .

Mr. H. T. Webster, world's handsomest cartoonist, has drawn three thousand poker drawings during career. How many more are there? one wonders. Also, he laments dearth of ideas for "How To Torture Your Wife" series, forgetting his own tantalizing calm, come what may, during shifting fortunes of bridge. . . .

Best dramatic criticism since aisle seat occupant became nauseated whilst watching first night of "Rose Briar" and Miss Billie Burke: Gentleman, fresh from "Louie XIV," remarks, "Comes out like a ribbon, lies flat on the ear." . . .

East Side gamins adopt Oxford bags. Version there: sailor's discarded trousers.

Family history: Hard feelings by Miss Ruth Chatterton's mother against Miss Ruth Chatterton's husband, Mr. Ralph Forbes, Englishman. Cause: Mr. Forbes goes rabbit hunting. Shoots mother-in-law's prized cat by mistake. Scene of tragedy: White Plains. . . .

Winner of wager of \$1,000 from father-in-law: Mr. Vincent Richards.

Title of sketch: One Year With Volstead Act. . . .

Representative of the Fred F. French Company, waiting upon THE NEW YORKER Office, bent upon explaining "why we offer The Most Preferred Stock ever issued."

Observation by Old Gentleman from Dubuque, visiting about cabaret belt: "Seems to be epidemic of housemaid's knee among these gals, don't there?"

The Players have issued catalogue of club's art treasures, including Sargents of Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson. Also, card signed by Artemus Ward for lecture in Salt Lake City, reading, "Admit Bearer and One Wife." . . .

Salutation by Mr. J. M. Kerrigan to Greater Movie Season: "Custard's Last Stand."

Obituary: "The Green Hat" now on seventy-five cent book counters in cut rate drug stores. . . .

Seen in Plaza: Mr. Sam H. Harris, covertly focusing monocle on canvas for sale in lobby. . . .

Timely hint: Don't postpone longer making application for your friends' applications for Yale-Harvard-Princeton football tickets.

Stares

THE week-end dances at the Sleepy Hollow Country Club had been congealing early in the evening, under the frosty glances of a fringe of conservative dowagers ranged about the edges of the floor. They brought a powerful battery of lorgnettes to bear on the poor youngsters who ventured to disport themselves in the measures of the Charleston, or other late dances. Under this relentless scrutiny, the younger set faltered. Groups detached themselves, tumbled into motors outside, and made away to road houses, where vision and supervision were less high-powered.

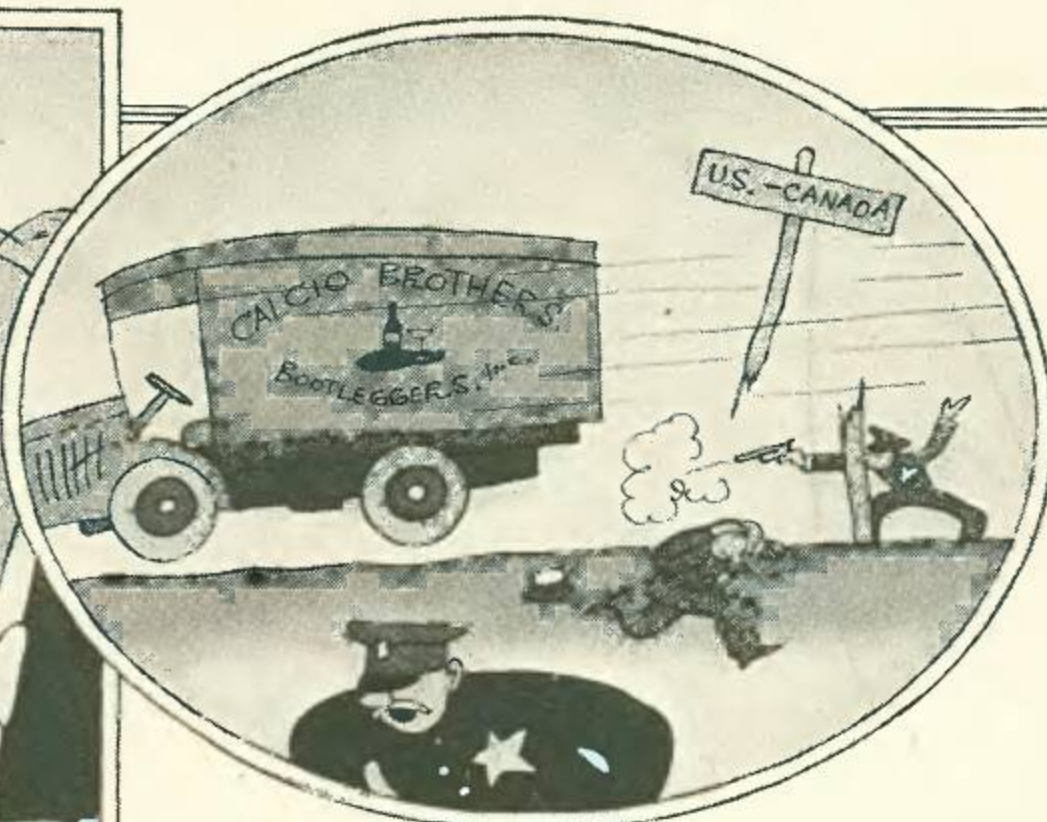
However, surrender was not to be eternal. A bright young lady completely routed the frigid elders by means of a simple stratagem. She and five companions appeared late for the dance equipped with field glasses, and as they moved about, focussed the glasses over their partners' shoulders on the relentlessly staring fringe. After the third, or fourth dance, the elders wilted. They withdrew discreetly, leaving youth in happy and triumphant possession of the floor.

—The New Yorkers

The Graphic Section



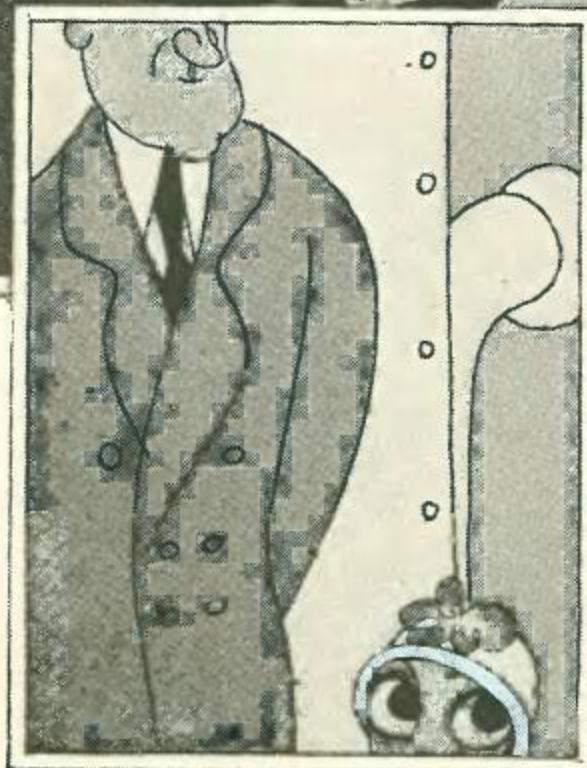
NEW YORK AGAIN PROVES ITSELF ONLY SMALL TOWN GROWN UP. When Edward W. Browning wanted to adopt (as who wouldn't?) a sixteen-year-old cutie for his very own, he felt that the affair was his own business, but the neighbors and town elders thought otherwise. You may be able to get away with that sort of thing in foreign parts, but not in New York or Dubuque, by heck!



RADIO-CONTROLLED MOTOR VEHICLES, recently tested, to the pedestrians' terror, on some of our better avenues, have been pronounced a success and are being put to practical uses on the Canadian border.



LOS ANGELES BESTED. Wilberforce K. Cravat, Los Angeles realtor, was pulled from a watery grave by two sturdy policemen when jealousy of the Rock-away real estate boom, which he witnessed while here on vacation, caused him to attempt suicide.



POPULAR PAIR RETURN. John Emerson, Czar of the Actors' Equity, and his wife, Anita Loos, the author, arrive on the S. S. Majestic. Miss Loos declared 92 hats.



GREATER MOVIE SEASON. Lon Chaney inspects the instrument of torture with which he will be mangled and crushed into his make-up in his next picture. Mr. Chaney's press agents affirm that he will be able to endure the pain of his make-up for only one second at a stretch.

PROFILES

The Colossus of Children

IN the good young days before the War, he was the one American novelist whom a self-respecting American radical could take time to read. He towered above the inarticulate flatlands of the Middle West. And there was none beside him.

Yet even in those good young days, he had deserted the broad Western land for which he stood, and lived in Greenwich Village.

Our first glance perhaps had been upon some afternoon. A huge, ungainly fellow, with a face poignantly sweet and pink, yet tortured by pain and overblown by passion from its inherent boyishness, sat at a dapper little desk. He rose above it, as utterly out of place as a crude phallic god might be in a lacquered cabinet for Victorian bric-a-brac. On his one hand was a bowl of oranges; on the other a bowl of pencils; and before him a small-sized yellow pad. (Upon such tiny surfaces had grown "The Titan," "Sister Carrie.") Athwart his shoulder on the wall hung portraits of himself by wild and incompetent emulators of the iconoclasts of Paris.

These versions of Theodore Dreiser after Cézanne, Gauguin, Matisse chimed admirably with the version of him we had formed from the romantic sentiments of our lonely youth. This man was the martyr of the American Novel; the one heroic warrior against legions of a commercial and Puritan world. We knew his story. How for seven years he had battled against a publisher who "killed" his first book, "Sister Carrie." How he had been crucified by the critics. How he had been forced to edit a cheap magazine to keep alive. How his nerves had broken down, but not his spirit. How his purse was empty, but not his inspiration.

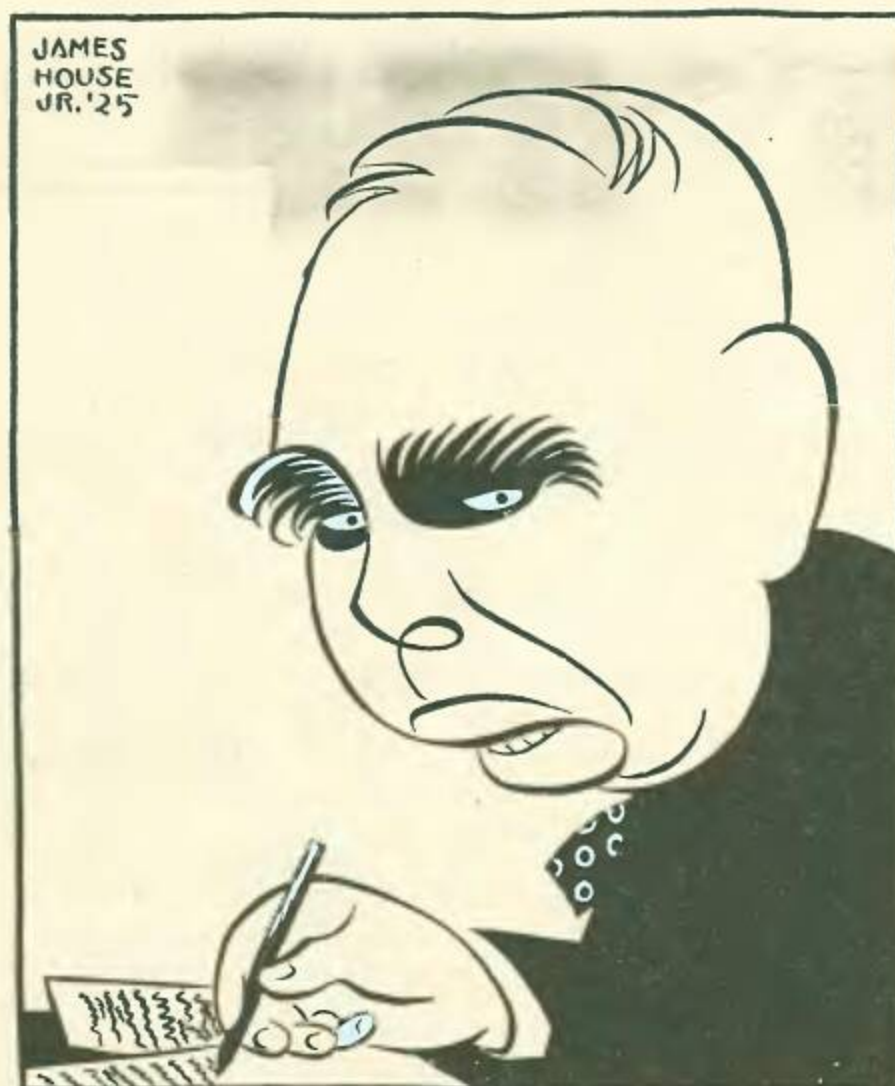
Between this version of our own, and the garish legends painted on the

wall, the factual Dreiser sat, and faintly stirred a twisted mouth in a smile half canny, half naïve. His nervous fingers (he almost never smoked) played with the accordion he was forever pleating and unpleating with his handkerchief. And he said, perhaps: "America is *some* place for a novelist." Or, "If only my name was Dreiserevski, wouldn't they just love me!" Or, "What the hell you come here to bother me for? Sit

before her and sat down. "A chocolate cake!!" Dreiser licked his lips. The lady cut a slice. Dreiser grew nervous. The lady cut a slice. Dreiser's eyes bulged, his hands thrummed. She cut a slice. Dreiser tipped his chair, sprawled forward . . . Then, the lady noticed his behavior. Swiftly, as if working against a possible crisis, the good lady put a piece of cake on a plate and handed it to Dreiser. He fell to, happy, rolling his eyes. The lady proceeded to serve Theodore Dreiser's guests. . . .

He is the symbol of America's spiritual childhood. Before the Civil War, sporadic full-grown men lived in the seaboard States—specimens of the maturity of Europe who had been transplanted without too great loss of wealth. The War wiped this inheritance clean; and the industrial expansion of the West made America for the first time the vastly sprawling, homogeneous child whose growing pains are now so evident. For this first period of barbaric youth, Dreiser will stand as a sort of monolith. He was born in the Indiana of the 70's. His positive education consisted chiefly of a revolt from the Roman Catholicism of his parents and the hypocrisy of his town. He has gone through life with the conviction that skepticism is profundity and that revolt is act.

There is a childlike beauty in his persistence, unto this day, in the gestures of disavowal which had their meaning when America was rapt in the belief that Freedom and Science had been discovered by the First Constitutional Convention. Like a child, he is intellectually active—discovering that fire burns, and that pain is not pleasant. Like a child, he is furiously busy, piling up evidence of the physical world: such as the facts that women are sexually attractive, that



Theodore Dreiser

down. Have an orange. Still playing your violoncello?" . . . It did not matter.

An evening at his house sharpened the revelation. His lady had baked a cake. We had earned it, wrangling for three hours—we four in our twenties and the master, Dreiser, ruddiest of us all—upon all possible Greenwich Village subjects: Music, Marx, Mobs, Flaubert, Freedom, Fame, Proletariats, Poe, Puritanism, Paris.

Now we waited about the large bare table, while the lady set the cake

monogamy is not a natural state, that business men love power, that wine intoxicates, that all the ladies who go to church are not saints, and that the earth is full of matters unexplained. He has the child's love of asseveration.

This world is a vale, not so much of tears, as of doubts. What little we are sure of, we cannot repeat too often! The normal child prefers to hear a story it has already heard, to one unknown. In the repetition it moves upon charted ground—conquered ground: and in a world of unknown wonders the known is the greatest wonder.

A similar impulse explains the millions of little words, same as the sands of the sea, with which Dreiser heaps his neolithic tales about the same people, the same intentions, the same conclusions. It explains as well the simple sense of wonder that dimly illumines his mastodonic structures. He is a child indeed: one not yet jaded of miracles.

If a town has a hundred and two houses and he knows how to count, it is ecstasy to count them. If a millionaire has forty suits of clothes and thirty mistresses, it is almost as good as possession to name them and describe them.

Dreiser has been succeeded somewhat in the public favor by other

"Western novelists" who, with one or two exceptions, may be said to come under him in innocence, rather than to top him in wisdom or in power. They have sophistication where he had the enthusiasm of young life. They have a cold, half-blind disgust for the frailties of our American world, whose meticulous details Dreiser has transfigured with the glow of his own dawning mind.

It is not easy to ride through one of Dreiser's novels. It must not have been easy to make one's way from Ohio to Nevada in the age of the covered wagons. The new novels are somewhat like a journey in a Pullman. They are comfortable: they get you "there"—they give you nothing. But a Dreiser novel and the voyage of the Pioneer are similar adventures.

The endless detail of tree and plain and hill; the mournful monotony of days, the blank, dumb wonder of the alien nights, the coarse caress of the camp fare, the dull tug of passion and of dream—these in some miraculous essence are the stuff of Dreiser. He writes of cities, it is true: of servant girls and financiers in cities. But these are American cities: cities still close to the plain, and builded of the life and purposes of pioneering. His novels, like these cities, are monuments

of the pioneer: and like the pioneer, they are sullen, dogged, dull—childlike but indefatigable.

Dreiser is over fifty. He has worked hard, suffered long, and come at last to what he considers perhaps a period of Rest. At all events, if you see him, nowadays, his ruddy face shining above the dapper clothes, and his spatted boots pounding along beside the pumps of a flapper, you have a grotesque sense of an old college boy on a vacation, or of an anachronous backwoodsman on a Sunday. Dreiser, clumsy and puffy, on a holiday at fifty is as childlike as twenty years ago he was childlike in his rebellion and his art.

His mind is as well stocked with 19th Century scientific fallacies as was his grandfather's perhaps, with medieval myths. He has no power of analysis, no eye for characterization. He is cultureless, formless, uncontrolled. And yet, he has the grace of one who has lived truly, he has the light and the mysterious mark of genius. If there be any writer in our midst worthy of homage, worthy to be called our master, it is this neolithic Dreiser. For such a child as he, courageous, enthusiastic, spiritually pure, must be father to the American Man—if ever there is to be one.

—Search-light



OF ALL THINGS



MILLIONS have changed hands during the Rockaway real estate boom, but we have been unable to confirm the wild report that this involves \$7.50 in real money.

❖ ❖ ❖

Complaint is made that the Bronx has inadequate police protection because most of the cops are assigned to the ball games. This is probably on the assumption that the way the Yanks are playing this year is a crime.

❖ ❖ ❖

General Dawes was hailed by the Indians as the "Great White Father No. 2." The number two company, as we go to press, is still playing the sticks.

❖ ❖ ❖

The boxing commission has given Dempsey a year to think over the idea of meeting Wills. This may seem quite a while but, as Longfellow said, "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

"The public can defend itself by keeping cool," says the helpful *Herald Tribune* on the strike situation. While the operators are keeping coal.

❖ ❖ ❖

A report for 1923 shows that New York City produced nearly five and a half billion dollars' worth of goods that year and that several people in our town are not in the clothing business.

❖ ❖ ❖

The American fleet has sailed for New Zealand, taking with it the best wishes of all the Australians and 20,000 headaches.

❖ ❖ ❖

There is a sinister note this week in the news from the Coolidge family. Young John has flunked in French and old John is gathering up shingles.

❖ ❖ ❖

Robbers of the subway station at Ninety-sixth Street got away with \$581, but left a nickel. Probably they were members of the Five Cent Fare Club.

We do not share in the widespread prejudice against the two-dollar bill. It is our experience that it will buy an honest dollar's worth of goods almost any time.

❖ ❖ ❖

General Andrews, not having been notably successful in getting men of the dollar-a-year type as enforcement administrators, may have to fall back upon the familiar holler-a-year variety.

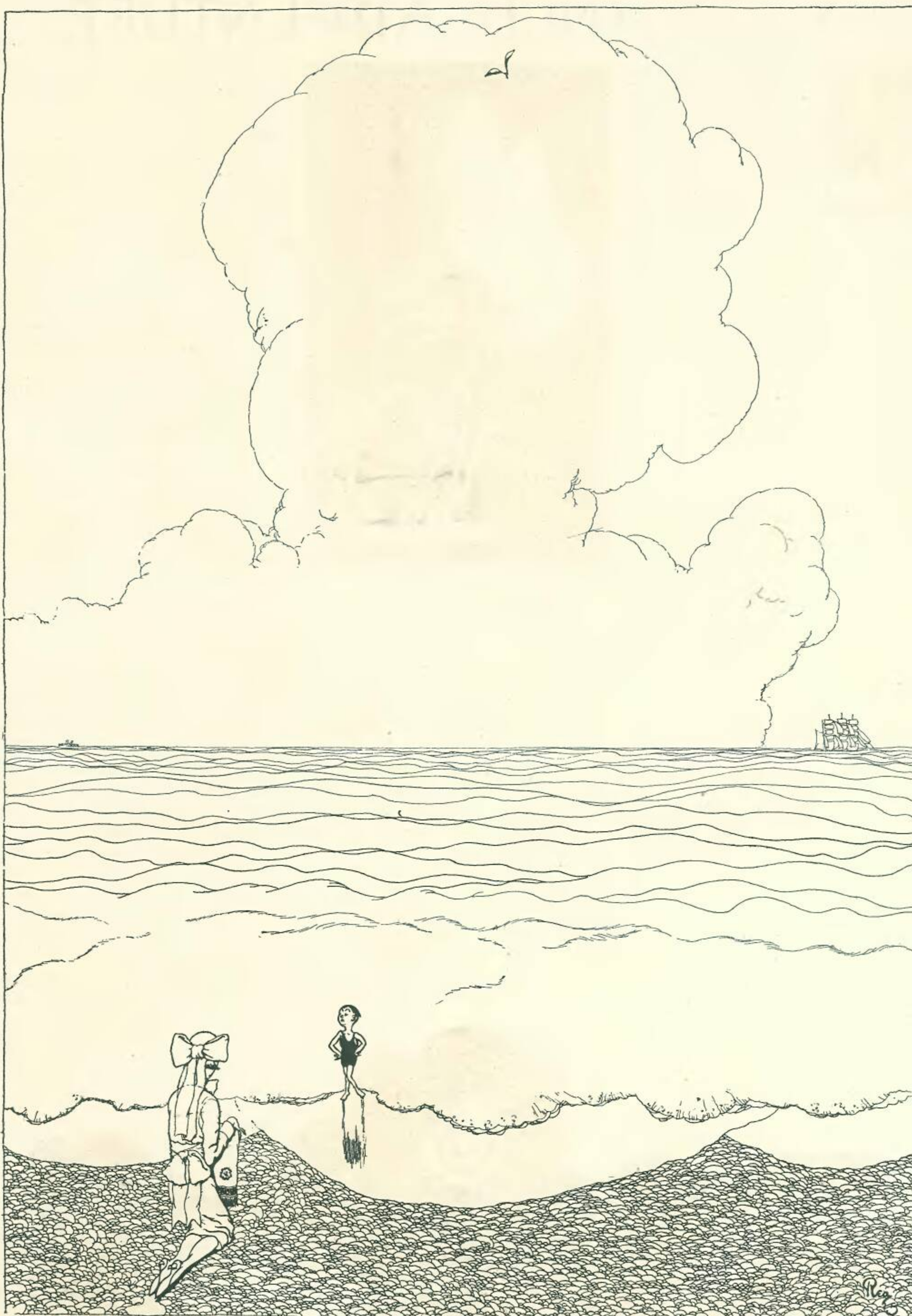
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According to the decision of the Lawn Tennis Association, Tilden cannot be interviewed for a living and keep his amateur standing. He cannot serve balls and Mammon.

❖ ❖ ❖

The Telephone Company boasts that there are now 24½ million instruments in use in the United States. It is an inspiring thought that somewhere among these is the right number.

—Howard Brubaker



"You May Pull the Plug, Now, Nurse. I Have Finished"

A STRANGE ADVENTURE

THE idea of such an extraordinary adventure probably would never have occurred either to Jimmy or Gladys if Uncle Bill, a newspaper man, had not come to dinner and his usual argument with Father and Mother. The talk was of politics, sprinkled with big words the children did not understand. But finally they heard Uncle Bill say:

"Well, I've got to go down to the office and write some guff."

"What's guff, Uncle Bill?" asked Gladys.

"Uncle Bill writes politics, dear," explained Mother.

IT was a long time afterward that Jimmy heard a knocking at the window. He nudged Gladys, and they sat up in bed and stared. A little man, with big spectacles over his eyes, a tiny straw hat on his head, and his shoulders bent under a huge bundle, was coming into the room.

"Don't be frightened," he said. "I'm only Mr. Peepul."

"What's in that bundle?" asked Gladys. "Something for us?"

"You'll get your share of it some day," said Mr. Peepul. "It's got everything in it. Taxes and rent and clothing and food; all sorts of things. I get something new in it almost every day. But I'll tell you about it some other time. I've come now to take you to the Forest of Guff. Get on my bundle and we'll be off."

With Jimmy and Gladys astride his back, Mr. Peepul jumped right out of the window. The children thought he would hit the ground with a terrible bump, but he did not come down at all. He made another leap in mid-air, and away he went.



"My!" said Gladys. "You're a good jumper! Don't you ever come down?"

"Not very often," said Mr. Peepul. "Something always happens to me when I get my feet on the ground, so I stay up in the air most of the time."

He jumped for hours, and at length they came to a great chasm. Voices came from it, and long arms reached upward and tried to grab Mr. Peepul by the feet, but he evaded them and cleared the chasm. He clung to a tree on the far side and gasped.

"That's Liberal Gulch!" he explained. "I'm always afraid when I cross that place. They keep telling me my bundle is too heavy."

"It is heavy, isn't it?" asked Jimmy.

"Well, a little," said Mr. Peepul,

"but my father carried it, and I guess what was good enough for him is good enough for me."

He took a long breath and went bounding across the country like a kangaroo, stopping finally on top of a hill. He helped Jimmy and Gladys to the ground, and they gazed downward into the Forest of Guff.

"What funny trees!" said Gladys. "They look like big words!"

"That's just what they are," said Mr. Peepul. "Every tree is a speech."

"They make a terrible racket," said Jimmy.

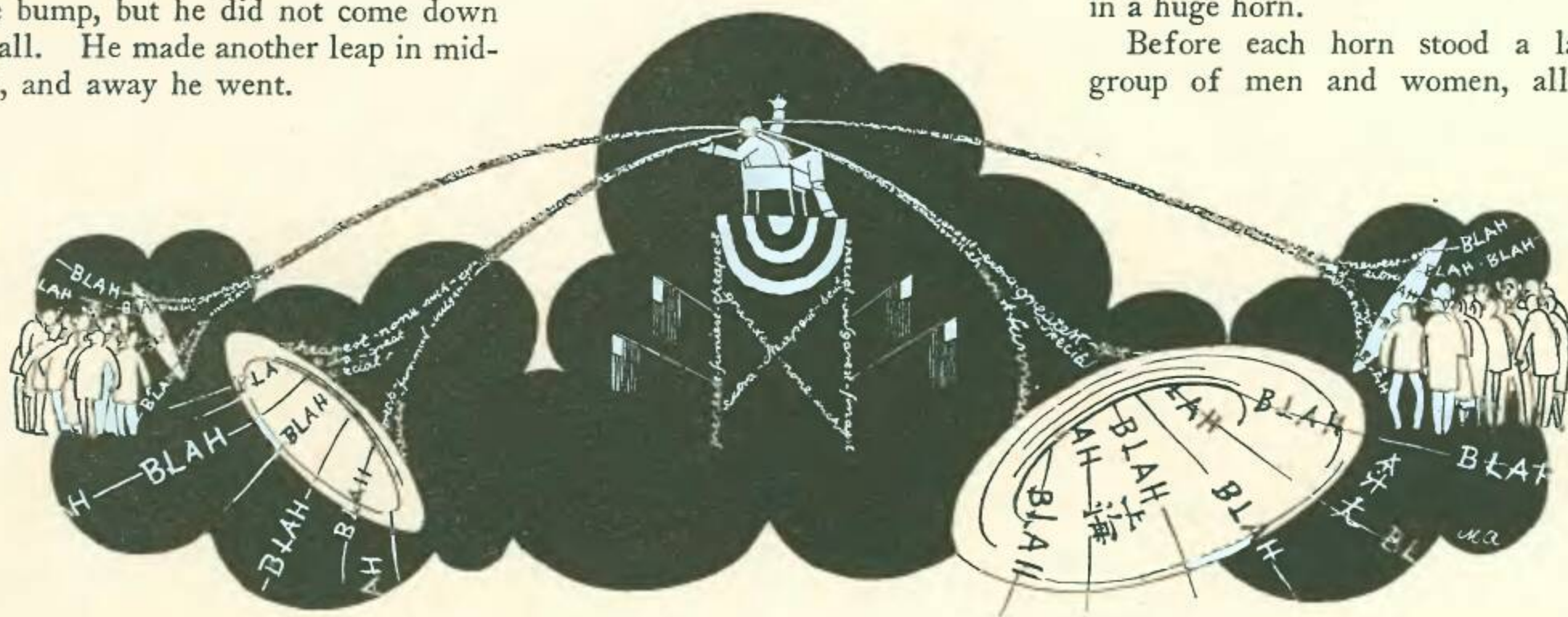
"How can you say that?" demanded Mr. Peepul, indignantly. "There is no more beautiful music in the world!"

They went down the hill and walked through the wood, along a velvet carpet curiously patterned with words, which were so soothing that Jimmy and Gladys almost went to sleep. Mr. Peepul was quite unconscious, and his ears had grown enormously. They were now as large as dinner plates.

"Look, Jimmy," whispered Gladys. "Look at the words come down off the trees and go into Mr. Peepul's ears!"

But even if he was asleep, Mr. Peepul kept moving, and at length they came to a clearing, in the center of which was a platform with posts made of up-ended words. The planks were also made of words, laid end to end and crosswise. Seated in a chair on the platform was a man who from his neck down resembled Father and Uncle Bill, but who had five mouths and no ears. From each mouth stretched a long tube made of words wrapped one about the other, and each tube ran across the clearing and ended in a huge horn.

Before each horn stood a large group of men and women, all of



whom had very large, flapping ears.

"That's my family," said Mr. Peepul, flapping his ears, now as big as wash boilers, and shouting wildly.

"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!"

Jimmy and Gladys ran along behind Mr. Peepul, but he did not notice them. He squatted on the ground, and stared in adoration at the man with five mouths.

"Who on earth is that?" asked Gladys.

"That's Mr. Demmy Gogg!" said Mr. Peepul.

"Goodness!" said Gladys. "How he talks! Can we listen?"

Mr. Peepul ignored them, but suddenly two fat little men popped out of Mr. Demmy Gogg's coat pocket, and stood bowing before them.

"I am Mr. Bomm," said one.

"I am Mr. Bast," said the other. "We shall escort you."

With Mr. Bomm and Mr. Bast as guides, Jimmy and Gladys went to the tube that led from Mr. Demmy Gogg's right hand mouth, and followed it until they reached the horn.

"He is saying Blah!" said Gladys.

"You're smart," said Mr. Bomm. "Lots of grownups can't make that out!"

They went to the second horn.

"He's saying the same thing here," said Jimmy.

"No! No!" said Mr. Bomm and Mr. Bast. "Listen!"

Finally Gladys shouted:

"He's saying 'bLah!'"

"That's right!" said Mr. Bomm and Mr. Bast.

And from the third horn they heard, "blAh!"

And from the fourth horn, "blaH!"

But the largest crowd was at the fifth horn, and the loudest noise came from it. It was:

"BLAH!"

Jimmy and Gladys had enough of this pretty soon, but they became interested in the antics of a man who suddenly clapped his hand to his stomach, shrieked loudly, and broke away from the crowd at the first horn. He ran from horn to horn until he reached the fifth one, where a smile spread over his face, and he began to clap his hands and shout.

"What was the matter with that man?" asked Gladys.

"He was sick," said Mr. Bomm. "Sometimes people get sick listening to Mr. Demmy Gogg and they go to another horn. Once in a while everything they hear makes them sick."

"Do they die then?" asked Jimmy.

"Unfortunately no," said Mr. Bast. "They jump into Liberal Gulch and chase each other around in circles and make fun of Mr. Demmy Gogg. Imagine that!"

"I guess Mr. Demmy Gogg is a big man," said Gladys.

"When he says one hundred per cent, it's all in capital letters," said Mr. Bomm. "That's how big he is!"

They started up the path toward the platform, but a piece of paper attracted their attention and Gladys picked it up. It was part of a poem.

"What does it say?" asked Jimmy.

Mr. Bomm and Mr. Bast tried to snatch it, but Gladys pushed them aside:

And as with vacant brain he stood
The Demmy Gogg, with words of
flame,
Came Hearsting through the Hylan wood,
And Darrowed as he came.

"Silly, isn't it?" said Mr. Bomm.

"It's a lot like the Jabberwock poem," said Gladys.

"I'll bet Mr. Demmy Gogg is the Jabberwock," said Jimmy, prancing about in a military manner. "I'm going to stick him!"

He picked up a sword, without bothering to find out how it came there, and then he bounded on to the platform and stuck Mr. Demmy Gogg right smack in the stomach.

"Ouch!" said Mr. Demmy Gogg.

IT was this noise that brought Mother into the room.

"Mother!" said Gladys. "Make Jimmy quit kicking me!"

"I thought I was fighting Mr. Demmy Gogg!" said Jimmy.

"So like grown people," sighed Mother. "Kicking each other when you think you're fighting something else."—Herbert Asbury



BURGLAR: Now come on—no nonsense—what have you done with your money?
MR. HENPECK: Why, Darling don't you remember? You met me outside the office and took care of it for me?

FABLE IN THE MODERN MANNER

CINDER ELLIOT

YOUNG ELLIOT was a scion of the cinder sidewalk district of Hohokus, a Small Town, piled high with rusty tin cans. Empty. Some of them human. He wore loud bat-wing ties and was short-winded for a packing clerk. Let us complete the picture. Railroad tracks, sunflowers, and much unpleasant noise in everybody's back yard. People, such as Sinclair Lewis and Edgar Lee Masters, stepping gingerly whenever they thought they were recognized. Postmen, postmen, postmen.

My Country 'Tis of Thee.

It is Sunday. God is in Church. It is August. Front porches with dusty screens to keep the flies out, and men's feet on rails. Sunday papers, radios, headaches. Sunday papers.

Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow.

Three pews, ushers, carnations, collection plates. The Hohokus Chamber of Commerce. The president of The Bank. The secretary of the Rotary Club. A visitor. Two saved sinners, for which the local minister wears two gold bars on his Club Badge. Seventy-nine naked women with clothes on. Sixty-three suits of underwear, pairs of pants, coats, shirts, socks, shoes. Nothing inside them. Young Elliot dreaming of the Celestial City.

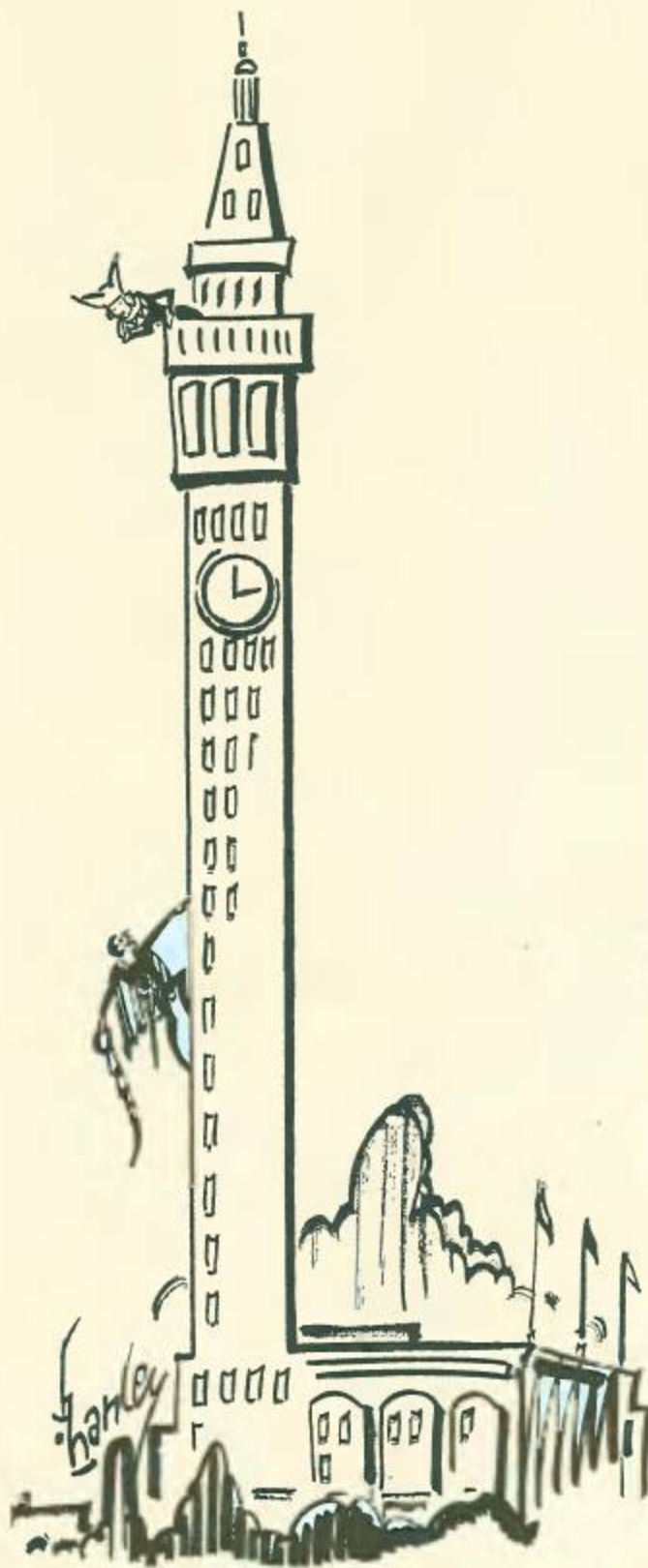
Pathé News and animated drawing by Bert Green.

The Celestial City.

Human figures as thick as — Glory. Glory. Glory. Of these, a fungus covers the brains of many. On the Fifth Avenue, where the women look sideways and the men down, a poet, an artist, a millionaire, a philosopher, Ikey and Jakey. Multiply by ten thousand. Where are you?

Pasteboard fans with girls' pictures on them in the soda fountains. Around the Celestial City meanders the Styx, murky with oil. Palaces, night clubs, opportunity. All of the Gods in neat rows, at their head the God of Business. His face has never been painted, but all the sacrifices are on his shrine.

Lying dead in the gutter are Jonathan Edwards, D'Artagnan, and John Stuart Mill. Statues of Horatio Alger. In the Celestial City Napoleon is motorman of the Lexington



Avenue express.

Coat of arms: Shield blazoned with silk hats, nickels and dice. On the reverse side, a mirror.

Streets paved with gold. Virgins. Parades.

Young Elliot kissed his mother good-bye. He shook hands with his father. He saluted the American flag.

"I am going to the Celestial City," he said. "Don't worry. Hohokus is too small for me. I'm off to make my fortune."

"Brush your teeth," his mother said.

"Write home," his father said.

"Pray without ceasing," his mother said.

"Drink plenty of water," his father said.

He picked a geranium and put it in his button-hole. Slowly he walked down the cinder path.

"Be careful crossing the street," his mother said.

"Keep away from loose women," his father said.

"William!" his mother said.

"Damn!" young Elliot said.

Lowering of the curtain denotes a lapse of ten years.

Office on the two hundredth floor of the Gum and Shoe String Building. Telephones. Radiophones. Dictaphones. Compressed air tubes. In Gold Letters on the Front Door: I. Boss, Big Business. Mahogany tables. Autobiography.

I. Boss is seated behind a table forty feet square. A file of people passes before him. He gives them orders: Buy. Sell. Try India. No. Tomorrow. Many of them pass sheafs of bills to him. He puts them in his pockets or sends them down the compressed air chute.

Enter his secretary. It is Elliot. He is ten years older. His face is now the color of hardened glue. He has almost no eyes, and his shoes squeak. He has done nothing all day.

"That will be all," says I. Boss.

I. Boss walks home. He has no car, because three of his best friends are car manufacturers.

Young Elliot walks home.

A busy thoroughfare. Three half-starved, ill-clad men with signs on their backs reading "Thieves" are dragging a French Seventy-five down the street. Boss comes along. Hundred dollar bills are falling from his pockets. They rush him and tie him to the muzzle of the cannon. They shoot a policeman and take an H. E. shell from his pocket. It does not fit. A bystander gives them a shell that fits.

Elliot comes along. He takes in the situation. He buys three tabloid newspapers and throws them at the thieves. They die. Band-wagons. Headlines.

A million dollar reward.

The daughter of I. Boss. The great fiction magazines. Cynthia Cynthia Cynthia Boss stood on the balcony. The dulcet whisper of the orchestra. Her slim, slim, slim, supple, supple, supple, strong, strong, strong arms.

Elliot.

"Hohokus and you! Too good to be true," she whispered.

Moral:

—Aesop III

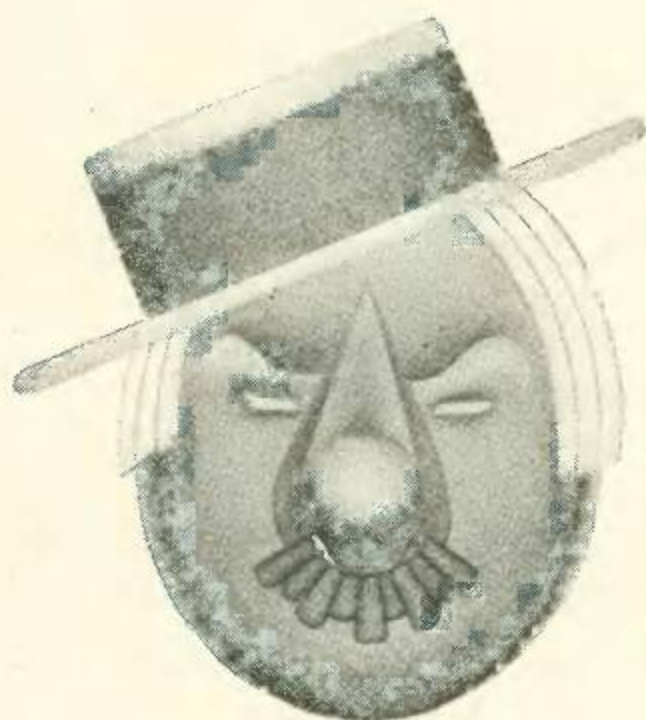


EDDIE
CANTOR



LEON
ERROL

A PAGE OF
FAMOUS
COMEDIANS



W.C.
FIELDS



ED
WYNN



AMERO
GROUP
CHARLIE CHAPLIN

CRITIQUE

The Theatre

MAN'S greatest possession, of course, is his ability to heal quickly. . . . What, for instance, was the play that opened the New York theatrical year of 1905-06, or 1913-14, or 1920-21? Anyway, the new theatrical year allowed itself to be declared formally opened with the production at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, on the night of August 3, of Vincent Lawrence's "Spring Fever," and if the lessons of the past teach anything at all, they teach that you'll get over it all right. In fact, the new piece is much better than you had any right to expect.

Mr. Lawrence's proper field is that of smart comedy, and he has no moral right to wander from it. (Friends and other well-wishers of Mr. Lawrence will do well to send him a clipping of this notice, for otherwise he may foolishly keep right on at whatever he's doing.) His previous "In Love With Love" and "Two Fellows and a Girl" were much more his sort of thing than the present "Spring Fever," which is essentially a success comedy with a half-hearted and unconvincing twist. The good reporter, moreover, will add that it has to do with golf.

One of the great difficulties in the writing of criticism is to negotiate the construction of a third paragraph, after such two as have gone before, that will indicate that the new play is, after all, highly amusing and interesting.

Until the close of his last act, in fact, Mr. Lawrence has written a play that keeps his beholder and listener—"beholder and listener" is a literary trick for avoiding the usage of the word "audience" too often—in a happy mood. His nifties are few, but his comic situations and his characters' self-revelations are many, and so all is merrily well.

What has got this reviewer into a condition in which he obviously doesn't know his own mind—just paste paragraphs one and two and paragraphs three and four into parallel columns and you'll see what is meant—is probably the obvious evidence that Mr. Lawrence is lying down on his abilities. There are countless things in "Spring Fever" that only a first-rate playwrighting mind could have put there, and there are other things on display that made at least one person feel the disagreeable sensation of being the instructor in a Columbia course on the drama and having to read the final play-efforts submitted by the boys and girls.

Mr. Lawrence once again takes chances on the audience reaction to the behavior of his young women who are otherwise meant to be sympathetic heroines. In this instance, the party of the second part to the final clinch is a maiden who has throughout been shown to be cold-bloodedly mercenary, and who has laughed, sincerely and heartlessly, at the hero's proposal of marriage no later than 10:30 p. m. on opening night, just because she thought he was a nobody and moneyless. . . . Can it be that our American ideals of true womanhood have changed, and that this portrayal after all represents what is regular and accepted? One rejects the thought contemptuously.

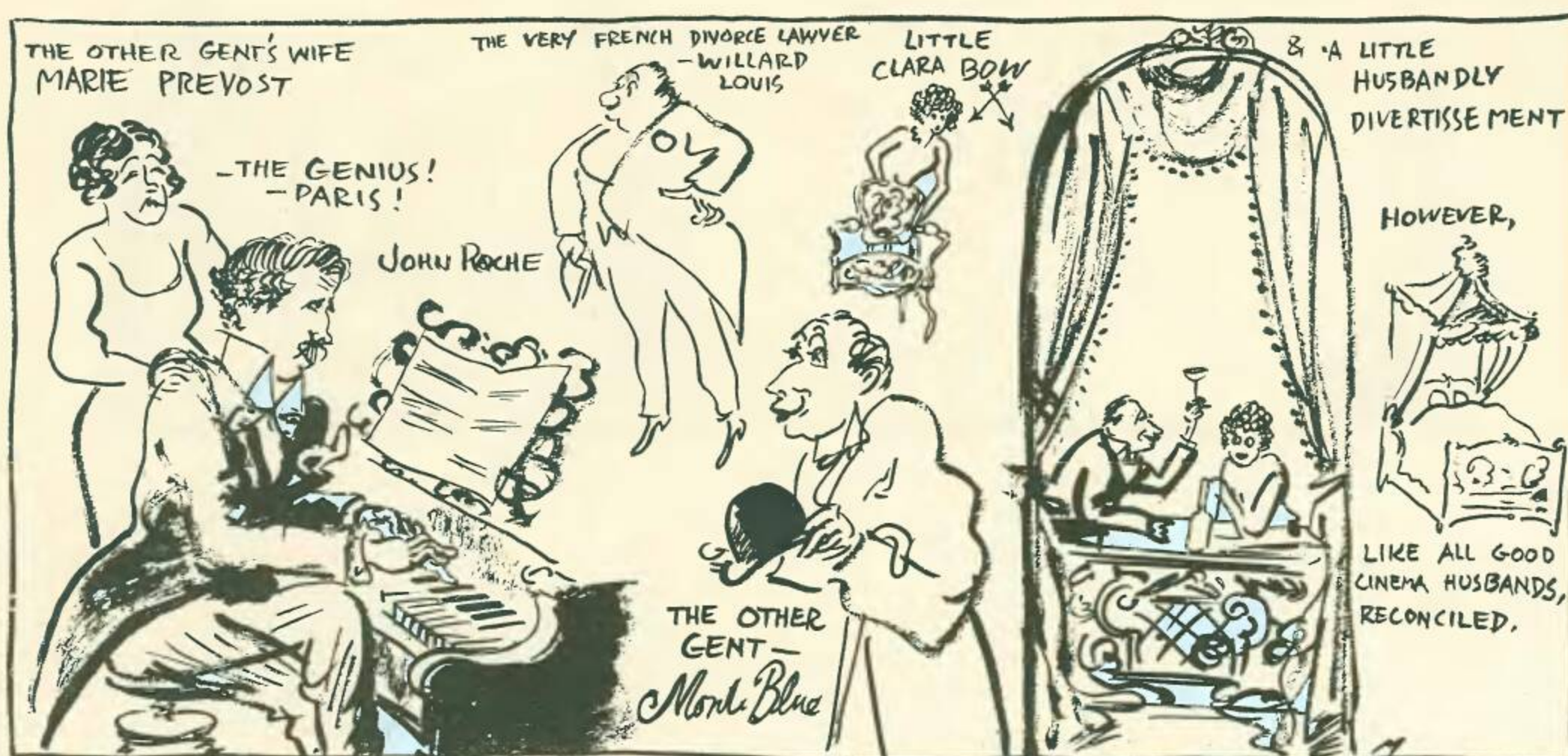
The acting for the piece is all that it should be, and perhaps it would be just as well to mention that this happens pretty invariably to be true of the plays put on by Mr. A. H. Woods. There are, thus, James Rennie, as what

would be the hero from Tentavenoo, though the sensitive play-goer occasionally wishes Mr. James Gleason had dropped in on rehearsals and ironed out his tough talk a bit; Marion Coakley, as the decorative and unusual young woman; and Joseph Kilgour, as a big business personage whose life is filled with sunshine, once he has cured his slice.

A FIRST-rate example of the ancient sport of gamut-running was furnished by the other two premieres of the week. One of these was a dramatization of the life of St. Frances of Assisi and the other a musical comedy called "June Days," and you couldn't get much further apart and still stay in the same country. In "The Little Poor Man," at the Princess, Harry Lee has written gracefully and sympathetically of his subject, and Mrs. Clare Tree Major has given it a generally able production. Since, however, Mrs. Major has been conducting a school of the theatre in recent seasons, there is a probably unfair impression abroad that her production of "The Little Poor Man" is to be regarded as the Friday afternoon recitation hour rather than as something designed to compete on equal terms with the rest of Broadway. The fact remains that, either way, it is a generally praiseworthy endeavor. Incidentally, "The Little Poor Man" won the William Lindsey prize. You remember Bill Lindsey, of course.

"June Days," at the Astor, is a musical version of the play called "The Charm School," which, in turn, was based on Alice Duer Miller's graceful story of the same name. The name of Elizabeth Hines appears in the largest type among the players, and deservedly, for Miss Hines has freshness, charm, and ability. Both Miss Hines and "June Days" will be dealt with in greater detail in a later issue of this magazine—a device calculated to keep





"KISS ME AGAIN"

The Greater Movie Season opens to the thunderous boom of drums and the faint tinkle of Herr Ernst Lubitsch's pleasantly pitched triangle

you buying future numbers in an agony of suspense.—H. J. M.

Music

NEXT week, ladies and gentlemen, we'll try to exclude reviews of "Aïda" from this department, but it would be an act of civic infidelity not to tell you about Mayor Hylan's performance of this ubiquitous opera in Ebbets Field. Of the assorted open-air "Aïdas" with which we have been regaled this Summer, Mr. Hylan's was by far the best show, and His Honor is at liberty to make any political capital he desires out of this assertion.

The heroes of the occasion were Josiah Zuro, who planned and conducted the production, John Wenger, who supplied the scenery, and the mounted police, who tried, unsuccessfully, to disguise themselves as Egyptian equestrians in Act III. It was easily the most spectacular "Aïda" ever seen in these parts under any administration, and it was good musically. Mr. Wenger's remarkable sets were changed with astounding speed behind a "light curtain." A "light curtain" may be constructed by anybody who can collect enough incandescent lamps to blind an audience while the stage is being rearranged.

The singing was competent, if not universally brilliant, and Mr. Zuro directed the opera with immense snap. Ebbets Field has a bad echo in the

upper stands near first base, but otherwise it's rather a good auditorium. A little canvas, by the way, would eliminate the reverberations near Mr. Fournier's beat.

There was a newcomer in the cast who will bear your careful attention. His name is August Werner and he sang the music of the Messenger. The Messenger generally is sung by a lightweight wobbler who hurries out his few measures and gallops off, but Mr. Werner intoned the incidental passage as though it meant something, and was the most democratic servant that ever made faces at a ruler. This messenger made it clear to the Mayor of Egypt that if he didn't pay attention to his bad news, all bets were off.

The number of guests of the city approximated 30,000, of whom 28,174 applauded in the wrong places, 163 brought young and demonstrative children, and 47 heard Mayor Hylan's opening address. The high points in the evening's ovations were distributed as follows, in the order named:

- The third camel
- The first elephant
- The mounted police
- Mayor Hylan
- The finale of the third act.

—R. A. S.

Art

E. WEYHE, just back from Europe, brings an assortment of studio sweepings, odds and ends to enhance further an interesting exhibit

now current at his gallery. They very much prize two small pieces by Guy, collection pieces no doubt and of little interest except to the collector or museum. There are some amusing paintings by M. Berly, daughter of the great Vlaminck, as well as numerous bits of his drawings. Then, there are Pascin, Bonnard, Maclet, Kisling. Mr. Weyhe seems to have a good time picking up these trifles and the galleries will pleasantly spread them before you for the asking. During August, when art pulls down its shades and takes a long nap, you can find a retreat in the Weyhe rooms. It is well worth an afternoon, or morning.

Along with the new acquisitions from Europe there are the Americans and those who are working here. Ronnebeck, who has been struggling along for recognition with his modern conceptions of New York, has been accepted by a society magazine. This may or may not ruin him. In the meantime there is enough of his work extant to show what he can do with the forms and rhythms of our great city. Harry Wickey, who is a careful worker and does not turn out much, always delivers something exceedingly worth while from his press. The Weyhe Galleries have one of his now—a scene in the Park. It is rather bitter in quality but is full of fine movement not often seen in etchings.

A special paragraph should go to Jan Matulka, a Czech, who has decided to grow up with this country.

Along with being most modern in his interpretations, he knows about all there is to know about drawing. His lithographs have great beauty as well as strength. Mr. Matulka would seem to be a good bet for those wise virgins (were they seven—they are even fewer now) who go about looking for art that will some day be valuable.

It is not our phrase, but it seems to be the only one fitting J. J. Lankes—the Robert Frost of the wood cut. He is so thoroughly American in his country scenes. In fact, one of his best now at the Weyhe Galleries is of Robert Frost's home and still another the view off over the New England hills. Lankes, better than any artist we know, has caught that vibrant calm that hovers around those lovely valleys. It is always a marvel to us how in that limited medium an artist has been able to say so much. He has the pure economy that makes for great art. A course in wood cutting would be a good beginning for all artists.

One of Tagore's pupils, Mukul Dey, is showing an example of the modern Hindu art. The Galleries are expecting more of his work and are hoping for an exhibit later in the year of the eastern renaissance.

—M. P.

Moving Pictures

THE bizarre slant that "The Unholy Three" takes in presenting the malicious antics of three queer and ill-assorted characters serves to give it a kick equivalent to a cocktail concocted from red-eye, coal dust, and squirrel whisky. As has been bruited about, three gentlemen of the side show, a malignant dwarf, a phlegmatic, cruel strong man, and a hard-boiled ventriloquist, enter into a compact for a small corner in evil doings. And evil they do, until two of them slaughter each other out of malice, touched with envy and greed, while the third—being the weakest—breaks his heart over a gal. Which, to a decent way of thinking, is just what should happen to all who barter away their souls for Mephistophelean ends.

To Mr. Tod Browning, all honor. His direction is replete with the grue-

some, the humorous, and the plain hardboiled. He has distilled grotesque melodramatic comedy, and has deftly built up a thing that kaleidoscopes a ghoulish combination of cruelty and hard laughter, irony and action. And how easily he might have fallen into the ordinary cinema traps and made of the picture mere crook junk! In fact, he has risen far above the story, which is, especially at the end, as full of holes as a sieve and again has proved the old Shakespearian adage that "the direction's the thing." Mr. Lon Chaney, as Professor Echo, the ventriloquist, has forsaken the "mangling machines" for his makeups in this picture, being content to play for a time, a nice crooked old lady who might even hail from Dubuque. The dwarf is very good, too.

It would be impossible to reveal our gloating over the "real" cruelty which the devilish three suggest to us. Such outpouring might possibly offend our critical confreres who show a taste for the Pollyannic, simple and honey sweet, and might cause Lord Chamberlain Will Hays a sleepless week searching out what he couldn't ever find in the picture.

THE "Goose Woman" is interesting from a technical point of view. The director has done miles of close close-upping to impress the dramatic convulsions of his characters. Which, naturally, calls for competent emotion purveying by the actors. Miss Louise Dresser is splendid as a gin-reeking old wreck. But we ask you, "Has either Miss Constance Bennett or Mr. Jack Pickford emotions?"

FAMOUS-PLAYERS has dealt a terrible blow to our faith in Bigger and Better pictures by conjuring forth such a puerile affair as "Wild Horse Mesa" (Rialto, Friday and Saturday, August 14 and 15)—*vide* Thousand and One Collected Works of Mr. Zane Grey.—T. S.

Books

MRS. RINEHART has come marching home to the mystery story, hooray, hooray, and up to its

climax "The Red Lamp" (Doran) is her best—in fact, at page 295 we were ready to call it the best by anybody. Certainly its prime idea, a new use of the supernatural, would be hard to match as a generator of truly horrific suspense, which certainly is transmitted over visible wiring done with all her skill. At least, we can swear we have not been so horrifically suspended since "The Hound of the Baskervilles" ran in the *Strand* when we were twelve.

Please bear that in mind as we proceed to do our duty. Page 296 *et seq.* did not let us down with a sickening bump; on the contrary, the solution is astonishing. But they did, to our dismay, uncover some unworthy engineering. The design of the plot is all right, but the parts are dragged together, and certain ones are positively wrought of cheese; the "Craig Kennedy" duffer could hardly have been clumsier, for examples, at getting a specimen of a cipher into the hands of his detective, or at disarming a guard for his murderer's convenience. You don't mind these things as you come to them, you think purposes will appear, you recall that in this line of fiction (quite an important one, by the way) Mrs. Rinehart was always as careful as she was clever—and then all that does appear is that now she isn't. One of a number of things that make the ending so surprising is that you don't expect *her* to work that flimsy dodge, disguise, to almost the Nick Carter limit of plausibility.

In short, she has taken liberties with the craft that made her famous, and in spite of them "The Red Lamp" is a wonder.

ONE reason why Theodore Dreiser is big, significant, etc., is that Stuart P. Sherman finds him morally objectionable. So we gather from Burton Rascoe's contribution to "Modern American Writers." We root for any one who jumps on Sherman in his rôle of Miss Ophelia, but it strikes us that Rascoe, having jumped, has slipped.—*Touchstone*

THE NEW YORKER'S List of Books Worth While will be found on page 23.



THE CURRENT PRESS

DISCUSSIONS about newspapers—the violent mistakes they make and the final worth of the exertions that produce them—generally proceed from shady reformers, lecturers in schools of journalism, copy readers with a phobia against the managing editor, or managing editors themselves at the annual meeting of the newspaper ethics committee. It is my proposal to elevate the tone of this discussion forthwith, by approaching it in the critical manner. In preparation, I undertook the stupendous task of reading the New York journals during the last four weeks.

At the beginning of this period, the Dayton affair was about to blossom. Previously, with the exception of the Amundsen adventure, there had been a dismal slump in news, so that even the incredibly stupid Hylan-Craig bickerings were finding generous front page space. But Dayton loomed as a smashing story, the most gorgeous indeed since that half-forgotten day when Jacob Coxey started out with his rag-tag army to march on Washington. It was. And what did they do with it?

The *Times* sent George Owen and Ike Shuman; the *American* dispatched John Stuart, a morsel of blue-ribbon talent lately purchased from the *Munsey*; Charles Michelson went for the *World*; Lindsey Denison undertook the burden for the *Evening World*—and the *Herald Tribune* assigned Forrest Davis and William O. McGeehan.

The 300,000 odd words which these gentlemen inscribed under the shocking sun of Tennessee, what time they could control their hysterics over the proceedings, may be assayed in retrospect as perhaps the most competent performance ever turned in by a group of newspaper reporters.

Owen's stories lay in the *Times* with that abundant clarity and breadth of grasp which is the very essence of his paper. Denison's perception of the background of the scene, the townspeople and the absurd little town itself, frequently was brilliant. Stuart's work was excellent, though hurt occasionally by the inept headlines of the *American's* copy desk. And even Michelson—dragged out of his proper job of growling over the great American statesmen—did as well as could be expected of a Wash-



ington correspondent. My imagination never will be able to conceive what notion led the *World* to give him the assignment.

But the deepest of genuflections herewith are proffered to Messrs. Davis and McGeehan, of the *Herald Tribune*. Even the rewrite boys on the lobster tricks read McGeehan's stuff, which is the farthest north in praise. The two made a brilliant team. And if the Dayton comedy is worth preserving for little men and women yet unborn, then I recommend that the Davis-McGeehan collaboration be bound in embossed Levantine, with suitable lettering in gold leaf.

Strangely, the Tennessee story was not the boon that editors had hailed. During those two weeks circulations quietly sloughed off from 3,000 to 15,000. And it was not until the anticlimax of Bryan's death, that circulation managers dried their tears and resumed the appearance of circulation managers.

Reading the newspapers of the days following Bryan's death, I cackle. Never was such a rout. Tears fell along banks of type where lately impish laughter and suave disdain had played. The Great Realtor, by the magic alchemy of dissolution, once more became the Great Commoner and the Boy Orator of the Platte. The tradition of sentiment in American journalism not only wiped out the memory of waggish impudence that three days before had crowded the columns; it actually, specifically, bereft the sage conclusions of the editors of all their logic.

Bryan's posthumously published speech, which would have been torn lights from liver had it issued from his lips, which would have been published fairly alongside comments from opponents showing how futile and loose it was, appeared in full, under heads calculated solely to arouse the dolor of the customers.

The obituaries, for all their overwhelming volume, were not distinguished. There was not discernible even a trace of unexcited effort to plumb the man and his motives. Only the *Herald Tribune*, fresh from the stunning triumph of McGeehan and Davis, displayed evidence of a shrewd mind somewhere in its ranks by printing the Cross of Gold speech in full. The other journals, sending thousands of words to its linotypers, failed to perceive that Bryan's one thrilling achievement, the one thread by which he is bound to posterity, is that same ringing speech.

In other departments of the newspapers during this chosen period, the New York press was simply the New York press. I find that the *World*, which numbers H. L. Mencken and Mutt and Jeff among its features, displayed on its second front for two days a gaudy and silly story about a black prize fighter named Siki, who brawled himself into the clutches of the police. Even the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* devoted a column to this same individual, in whom brawling would appear no unusual circumstance.

On that same second front page, incidentally, the *World* persists in printing daily a sample of the most stupid of American fads, the cross word puzzle. And again, on that page, appears intermittently a feature called "The World We Live In." I would respectfully inform the *World* that I live in no such weepy and maudlin sphere. On the other hand, an obscure young man named Leigh Matteson wrote for the *World* the best casual story of months when he set down the wandering adventures of Alvin F. Evans, a lad from Miami, a mature and amusing bit.

The *Evening World's* early editions have gradually been converted to the principles of that sterling publication, the *Racing Form*. And Karl Kitchen, paragrapher of the gay and devilish, has been dispatched to Lon-

don with an American flag in his hand, to recount the lack of spirit with which the select of that great capital engage in what Broadway terms, "the life."

To the *Mirror* must go whatever prize accrues to the paper bagging the greatest number of bathing beauties, for which, we gather, this is the open season. In a brisk competition with the *News*, *Graphic*, and sundry half-hearted rotogravures, the *Mirror* covered itself with glory by printing the pictures of seventeen beach girls in a single issue.

The *Journal*, however, performed the one feat of triple cunning in the use of the bathing girl. A full length portrait of such a creature was employed to adorn the editorial column, beside a grave essay on "the right sort of slimness." Having lured its readers to a consciousness of that department, the following day saw the editorial space filled with a virulent argument concerning the paper's superiorities.

Consternation, no less, was our emotion at the spectacle of Miss Marion Davies disposing of her memoirs to Bernarr Macfadden's *Graphic*. Whether her dealings with the house of Macfadden will remain in the

strictly literary field, is a matter of no trifling interest: it has been vaguely suggested that her moving picture rights also have descended to the physical culturist. Her autobiography, hewing close to the school of Merton Gill, is something less than brilliant, from the viewpoint of pure literature.

In some respects it is regrettable that the boys could not let the glamorous Browning Cinderella story remain just a Cinderella story. Yet, palpably, the thing was a bit too good to be quite true. And perhaps it is well enough to retain our journalistic curiosity in these matters. It is my hunch that there will be further front page developments.

The efforts of those papers outside the Hearst fold to damn candidate Hylan out of hand, and to bully the political orders into throwing him out, remain amusing if not particularly subtle. "Hylan Has No Chance, Says Barber," is the motif of the headlines. And there seems very little honest black powder in the fight. The editorials are ineffective chiefly because they insist upon assuming the aloof, and knowing, and cynical attitude, instead of approaching that brash political level where the men who vote

can understand them.

There were the usual columns of perennials. Commissioner Voorhis turned another birthday—his ninety-sixth. A dead man or two showed up. The *World's* zoo reporter, bored at last with the Bronx, visited the Natural History Museum and turned in a little piece on snakes. At least two wealthy women roused the rewrite men from their dozing by dying and leaving money to pets. The press agent for a musical comedy put over a snappy two-column head in the *Sun* by sending a half dozen girls to London to teach the Charleston. There was a brief flurry in the afternoon editions when an honest physician said his patient's death was caused by persistence in the daily dozen.

And, at the last, there was one circumstance which met my observation and roused a lusty cheer. And the lyrical and witty headline writers have gone on vacation. There was but one poetic head during the entire four weeks—and to make clear the reason for my hilarity, it is appended, from the *Post*:

"On Bimini Bay Is No Glory Today;
They Kiss Goodbye to Last U.S. Rye"

—*Prenez Garde*

Metropolitan Monotypes

*It takes all kinds
To make a town like ours.*

THERE is, for instance, the Social Standpatter. Her family has inhabited Manhattan Island ever since it was settled, And she has lived so long on Murray Hill That the architectural developments of upper Park and Fifth Avenues Never fail to strike her as a mirage— How well she remembers when there was nothing but cow pasture Above Seventy-second Street! She has gleaned a fair idea of what her country has come to From the letters of Ambassador Page; In the personal columns of her favorite newspaper— She almost took chloral the day it was amalgamated with another journal— She recognizes only an occasional name; Who are all these strange people, And whence do they come? The Social Register is now to her What the telephone book is to *hoi polloi*. And the manners and customs of the younger generations! Even her daughter, Milly, has been known To eat her luncheon in a public restaurant!! And wasn't Amy Blank photographed at Palm Beach

With the wife of a man who once was a steel puddler, or something?

Still, if people *will* go to Palm Beach They should know what to expect. Nothing is really left of Aiken or White Sulphur But the scenery and salubrity. Even though the old order changeth, The Standpatter will give place to nothing new. Swathed in patterned silk and rose point, She pours behind her heavy Georgian tea service For only those who can qualify According to her own unflinching standards, And hears from them such casual scandal As that a man known on the Exchange to one of their sons Actually paid out money to get a notice of his daughter's wedding Printed in a certain journal of gossip! She goes out only to the opera And the rare meetings of the Colonial Dames. In spite of the strong drink raging at present in the community, Claret, slightly watered, is still served at her table. Her jewels are set in *gold*! She drives daily in the Park, *behind horses*, Feeling exactly like the last of the Mohicans.

*It takes all kinds
To make a town like ours.*

—*Baird Leonard*

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

SOUTHAMPTON has gone to the dogs! No, I do not refer to the notice posted on the property of the Southampton Bathing Beach Association which specifically declares that during tennis week—this week, by the way—all women bathers wearing bathing suits without stockings will be required to adorn their persons with a cape, going to and from the water. That is not what I am alluding to, although just why the Southampton authorities chose tennis week as the time to issue an ordinance regarding female bathers is something you must unravel for yourself. What I was advertising to above was the fact that the annual Dog Show of the Hamptons was held last Saturday at the Meadow Club, under auspices of the Southampton Kennel Club.

THIS, the ninth annual Dog Show of the Consolidated Hamptons, (why incidentally, are they the Consolidated Hamptons, who consolidated them, and could they unconsolidate themselves if they so desired?) was a great success. A success in so many of the things that go to make a dog show successful: in quality and quantity of entries, in attendance, in weather, and most important of all, in keenness of competition. Annually one of the most impressive of all the outdoor dog shows in the metropolitan district, Southampton this year more than lived up to its reputation. The dogs were benched in a large, colored tent; while the judging rings were roped off on the turf in front of and around the clubhouse, close to the courts upon which the best tennis players of the country are battling this week at the Meadow Club's forty-second annual tournament.

Gathered around the rings where some of the best known dog men of the country were judging the different breeds from noon until well along in the evening, were exhibitors and their friends



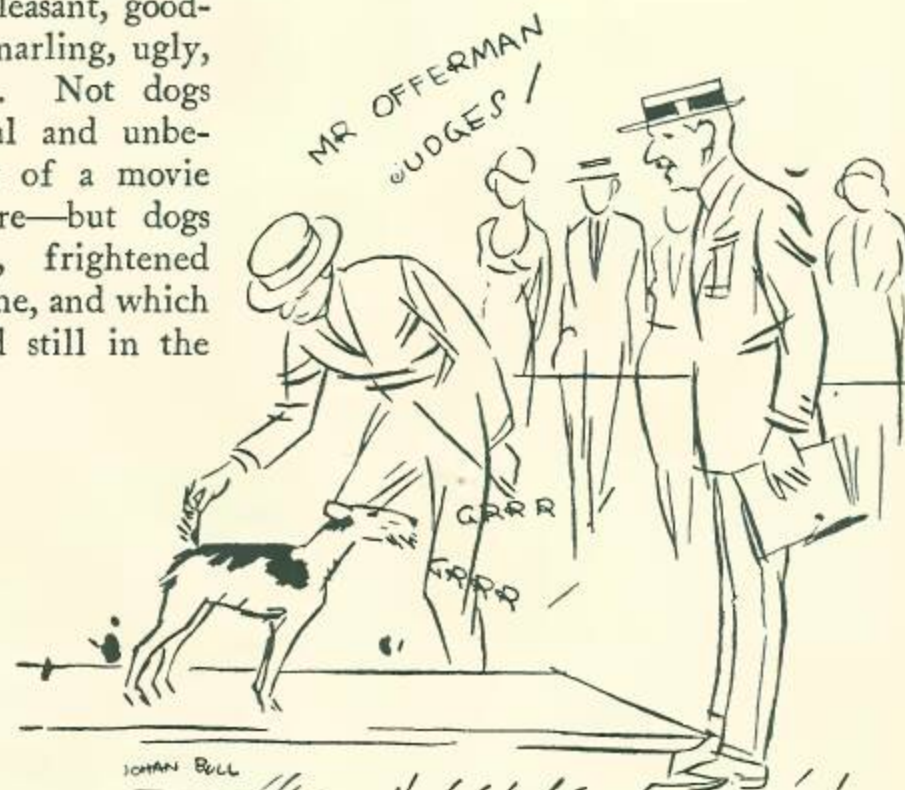
from the Hamptons, Amagansett, Quogue, and as far away as Sag Harbor on one side and Smithtown on the other.

Inside the tent and around the rings were the dogs. Dogs of all sorts: large dogs and small dogs, well known favorites like bulldogs, and Great Danes, and collies, and terriers of all kinds, as well as the newer breeds now so popular in this country, among which I noticed particularly some very fine Kerry Blue Terriers, and some Schnauzers. There were, to be sure, none of the terribly cute and cunning dogs one observes in the films and stories of Mr. James Oliver Curwood. There were, so far as I was able to discover after a careful survey of the entire show, few Nanooks of the North among the large entry. Mind you, I am not hinting; I do not say such dogs are non-existent. I can—with difficulty—believe my own eyes when I see them on the screen. But I do assert that they were missing at Southampton. Here were just dogs: handsome dogs and plain dogs, barking, nervous, fighting, pleasant, good-natured, lovable, snapping, snarling, ugly, quiet, contented, peaceable. Not dogs which performed wonderful and unbelievable feats at the behest of a movie director—out of the picture—but dogs which were self-conscious, frightened sometimes, hot most of the time, and which continually refused to stand still in the

ring, which forced the judges upon their knees, to stand on their heads, almost, in an endeavor to make sure of the good and bad points of what was on the whole a very delightful number of animals.

WHEN you consider that in many large cities the entry list for a dog show runs from two to three hundred dogs, the entry at Southampton of over five hundred was especially creditable. It imposed a heavy task upon the judges, however, and to get through such an entry meant eight hours constant judging on the part of Mr. Theodore Offerman, Mr. Robert Sedgwick, Mr. J. B. Wilson, Mr. H. C. Ahrenstedt, and other selectors. And very hard put to it, were these gentlemen in awarding the prize for the best dog in the show. The winner was a great surprise, unknown to the judges as well as to the crowd that surrounded the ring, a Sealyham bitch recently imported from Great Britain and never before shown in this country. C. M. Hamilton's Felcourt Fashion, a two-year-old bitch in very fine condition, was the winner over a number of prize dogs in the show, among them being Reginald M. Lewis's Warily Cactus Flower, a splendid little wire-haired fox terrier which was best of breed in its class. Another winner in his own class was Black Douglas, a very fine deerhound belonging to Miss Mary Hoyt Wiborg, and Mr. Robert Appleton of Easthampton had a well deserved winner in his chow, Sun Yat Sen VII.

I WAS much interested to see a large entry of Kerry Blue Terriers, among them several outstanding dogs belonging to Mrs. William Randolph Hearst. This breed, only recently introduced into this country, has made great strides in popularity in the last fifteen months, and at present is outstripping several other favored terrier breeds. This increase is by



no means of a fanciful nature, as would have been the case had the Kerry Blue been something entirely new in dogs. Such however, are not the facts. The Kerry Blue was originally out of the same litter as the smaller red Irish Terrier. He was, as his name implies, bred in the Kerry mountains in the southwestern part of Ireland near the town of Tralee, some twenty years or more ago. A big, rough, shaggy dog, this Kerry Blue was never a fashionable dog in any sense of the word, being rather slighted for the smaller and more popular red terrier. Consequently, he was turned over to the peasantry who used him for hunting, for sheep, and as a watch dog. Only after the war was he shown in England and Ireland, and has been seen in this country only during the last five years.

Kerry Blues at Southampton brought out a fine entry, besides Mrs. Hearst's dogs, two terriers from Esmond P. O'Brien's kennels distinguishing themselves in this class. His Tammany ran away with firsts for American bred Kerry Blue Terriers; and his bitch, Champion Festive Bells, won first prize for the best of breed in the show. Mr. O'Brien tells me that his Tammany has never been defeated among American Kerry Blues.

DURING the afternoon I was lucky enough to have a few minutes chat with Mr. Frank Spiekerman of Greenwich, Connecticut, who has done so much for dogs and for dogdom in this country. Mr. Spiekerman was showing his very fine Giant Schnauser, Hitofa Strolch, which he recently brought over from Germany. Having observed the growing popularity of this breed in Paris last Spring, I asked Mr. Spiekerman for some facts about them.

"The German Schnauser is a dog that I have been attempting to bring over to this country for a good many years," he said. "As early as the Spring of 1914 they were brought to my attention by a newspaper friend of mine in Berlin. I arranged to have several Schnausers imported that Summer, and actually went so far as to hire a lieutenant in the Berlin Police Department, who had been engaged in training them, to come across with the dogs and spend several months in this country with them. The war came and the project fell through. My friend was killed; so was the police lieutenant; so that after the war I was obliged to start all over again. It was, in fact, only recently that I was able to get hold of just the right dogs to import, of which Hitofa Strolch is one."

AFTER looking over the aristocratic and comely dogs of the Consolidated Hamptons and points east and west, I am obliged to admit that Cognac, my own very faithful but none too beautiful Airedale has very nearly all the points that a

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show dog should not have, and only a minimum of those points of which he should be possessed. One consoles oneself with the reflection that in dogs, as in humans, a good disposition more than atones for a variety of physical defects.

IT is incredible. I can hardly believe it. But it is so nevertheless. In one short month we shall be reading this sort of thing: "Six men injured on Yale squad. Tad Jones fears for team in big games." And in those short four weeks are packed a feast of sporting events such as even this country seldom sees. Here are a few of the high lights: The Junior Polo Championships at the Rumson Polo Club, even now being disputed with the United States Army Polo Team competing. The Gold Cup Regatta for motor boats off Manhasset Bay, Long Island.

Early in September come the National Amateur Golf Championships at the Oakmont Golf Club in Pittsburgh; and at the same time there is the Autumn Regatta of the New York Yacht Club. Starting with the Woman's Championships at Forest Hills next week, there is tennis at hand that will be full of more thrills



Young Steinbacher Asleep On Paul Berlenbach's Great Dane

than tennis has been for many years in the United States. Altogether a full thirty days for the devotees of sport in these parts.—J. R. T.

In Town

Five o'Clock

I, who had loved them both! I stood aghast
Upon the threshold. Then, in custom's mesh,
Walked, ghost-like, to the mirrors of the last
And bowed to feel my old wounds pulse afresh.
They, two, together, out of all my Fate
Who loved thus fully as to nurture hate.
We sat and smiled in cautious enmity.
I made them small talk; and they poured me tea.—James Kevin McGuinness



THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

(From Friday, August 14, to Friday, August 21, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth

You have absolutely no right to start in on the new theatrical season until you've seen this sensation of the last one.

ARTISTS AND MODELS—Winter Garden

The newest and most sprightly of the revues, with eighteen marvelous young women known as the Hoffmann Girls, and a highly entertaining young man known as Phil Baker.

IS ZAT SO?—Chanin's Forty-sixth Street

A boisterous comedy, written for the most part in authentic American language.

THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

Another comedy in American, with effective acting by Ernest Truex.

ROSE-MARIE—Eltinge

An elaborate musical play, with the unusual attributes of good music and good singing. Desiree Ellinger has replaced Mary Ellis in the leading rôle.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

Sidney Howard's Pulitzer Prize play, pretty good nevertheless, and with the most extraordinary acting in town, by Pauline Lord.

GARRICK GAETIES—Garrick

An entertaining revuelet, full of high spirits, put on by the Junior members of the Guild.

THE GORILLA—Selwyn

An elementary and hilarious burlesque of the standard mystery play.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

The greybeards insist that this is the best of the Ziegfeld "Follies." At all events, it has the most comedy to it, contributed mainly by W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley.

LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan

A Ziegfeld production, full of beauty, with the comedy derived from Leon Errol's legs.

LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

A very good time is to be had at this entertainment, thanks to the George Gershwin Score, the Astaires—Fred and Adele—and Walter Catlett.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—George M. Cohan

Here is an O'Neill play that can be seen with profit if you're not too much annoyed by the obscene snickerings of the audience.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Apollo

The seventh edition of Mr. White's annual offering, tuneful, merry and full of pretty, young women.

THE STUDENT PRINCE—Jolson's

Another one of the past season's exceptional musical offerings, with a book based on "Old Heidelberg" and a happily maudlin and sentimental score.

MOVING PICTURES

KISS ME AGAIN

Mr. Ernst Lubitsch toys brilliantly with that divorce situation. A champagne picture in a beery movie world. Piccadilly: Fri., Sat., Aug. 14, 15. No New York showing scheduled for remainder of week.

SALLY OF THE SAWDUST

Mr. W. C. Fields buffoons his way through acres of Mr. D. W. Griffith's stock sentimentality. Result: extraordinary Mr. Fields. Strand: Fri., Sat., Aug. 14, 15.

THE UNHOLY THREE

A side show trio plays on the side of the Devil. Mr. Lon Chaney does not impersonate a crab. Excellent melodrama. Capitol: Fri., Sat., Aug. 14, 15. No New York showing scheduled for remainder of week.

No New York showing of "Don Q" scheduled this week.

ART

MODERNS LEFT WING—Weyhe

Delightful show of lithographs, etchings, drawings and paintings, mostly new, some old.

HUNTINGTON COLLECTION—Metropolitan Museum

One hundred and eighty paintings, including famous masterpieces, shown in one room.

FRENCH PAINTERS—Durand-Ruel

Excellent examples of the work of Degas, Renoir, Cassatt, Monet, etc.

MUSIC

CITY CONCERTS—Central Park

Bands on Mon., Wed., Sat. and Sun., with orchestras relieving the situation on Fri.

GOLDMAN'S BAND—Hall of Fame

New York University Campus, nightly, except Tues. and Thurs. To-night (Aug. 14) there's a contest of boys' bands, which will give you some notion of how they are teaching the young idea to toot.

CONCERTS—Lewisohn Stadium

At C. C. N. Y., nightly. Fritz Reiner conducts the Philharmonic Orchestra to-night, Sat. and Sun. Mr. Van Hoogstraten returns Mon. for the final two weeks of these concerts. Note particularly two performances of Verdi's "Requiem," Tues., Wed., Aug. 18, 19.

SPORTS

TENNIS—West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I.

Fri., Aug. 14, Sat., Aug. 15. International Woman's Match for the Wightman Cup. Playing for Great Britain, Miss McKane, Mrs. Lambert Chambers, Miss Frye and Miss Colyer; for the United States, Miss Browne, Miss Wills, Miss Goss and Mrs. Mallory.

POLO—Rumson Polo Club, Rumson, N. J.

Sat., Aug. 15, continuation of the Junior Championships of the United States.

YACHTING—

Huguenot Yacht Club, New Rochelle, N. Y. Sat., Aug. 15. Annual Regatta.

BASE BALL—

Polo Grounds: New York vs. Brooklyn, Fri., Sat., Aug. 14, 15. New York vs. Boston, Sun., Aug. 16. New York vs. Philadelphia, Mon., Aug. 17. New York vs. Chicago, Tues., Wed., Thurs., Aug. 18, 19, 20. New York vs. Pittsburg, Fri., Aug. 21.

*The Montmartre*

When Nights Are Bold

THE needle in the proverbial haystack is no whit more elusive than a popular night club in Summer. I have said it before, and I say it again. You could spend a most exasperating evening for yourself and a most lucrative one for your taxi driver seeking out the old dancing places, only to find that they have been either padlocked or "closed for the Summer." The Trocadero is dark, "Texas" Guinan's club is in the shadow of the padlock; Ciro's, the Mirador, Barney's, Mori's, the Rue de la Paix—so many have vanished temporarily that there is no counting them.

Montmartre, for no especial reason, is The Place at present for after-theatre dancing. There is no telling what will happen to it when its rivals get under way in the Autumn, but the probability is that it will survive nicely. The decorations are conservative and charming; the music is excellent. That, however, is not unusual. But the fact remains that this is the only night club that, unaccountably maintains a steady popularity with a high-class audience. It also seems to be the only one where evening dress is the rule rather than the exception in the Summer months.

A second or third or fourth visit to the Plantation confirms the belief that the fashionable vogue for negro entertainment is pretty well on the decline. The show there is as good as a commercialized negro revue can possibly be; the colored mammy in her cabin at the door cooks flapjacks with all the old fervor; the orchestra hurtles itself through the "blues" with perpetual enthusiasm; but the audience is far from inspiring. The real devotees of negro shows are seeking them in the genuine dives in Harlem, and the tables here are filled with the type of people listed in the newspapers under the title "Arrival of the Buyers." If you are trying to give a foreigner of any description a thrill, however, the Plantation is still the unfailing recipe.

Frenchmen especially go completely mad there.

DESPITE the Summer languor and the padlock menace, Great Minds are busy with the problem of what are to

be the night club successes of the coming Winter. Also, with the problem of how long they can hold their public. Right here and now, I want to make a suggestion. Why can not tables to a popular dancing place be sold in advance, like tickets to a theatre? Then you would be spared the annoyance of battling at the entrance of the smart club of the moment, amidst a well-dressed crowd with subway manners, only to find that your reservation had been given away to the flour-and-lard magnate from the West who had arrived impromptu ten minutes earlier. This crowding and pushing is the main reason, to my mind, why no club maintains a sensational success longer than a few weeks.

SOME managers, in their big-hearted, quiet way have managed to solve the problem of the drift of popularity very nicely. The Idea is to own and operate half a dozen places, on the assumption that at least one of them will be the current vogue, carrying, in its boom, the deficit of others. Then, by means of confidential head-waiters and captains, the crowd may be directed around and around the ring, delighting in new discoveries.

This scheme is particularly successful with restless souls out to "make a night of it." No sooner have the waiters started to pile chairs on top of the tables preparatory to closing, than the same assiduous head-waiter begins to hint, "The Wee Hours Club is opening about now, Sir. I could give you a special card if—" The new club is usually a converted brownstone, without outward and visible sign of the fresh covert charge within. Many big dancing places maintain a whole string of these tiny places to make the hours between one and eight in the morning more exciting. And the "personally conducted" element is kept very well in the background.—*Lipstick.*

Venus, Mars, and Mercury Together This Evening.

—Heading in the *Sun*

Something ought to be done about these eternal astral triangles.

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GOINGS ON

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BOLD**

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Interesting personalities,
brilliantly dissected

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WHERE TO SHOP

THE WALK OF THE TOWN

The Walk of the Town is, Gentle Reader, the one name by which an avenue graced with shops selected from THE NEW YORKER's shopping columns could be suitably called. This delightful imaginary byway would be immediately so-named by virtue of its elusively fetching façades and quaintly charming interiors.

One could sate one's dearest desires among the romantically flavored curios and oddities tucked away under the awning of yonder bazaar. Your intuition, dear Reader, once you were midway on the Walk of the Town, would instantly depict dainty frocks, and the cool, topaz shade of a quiet tea room. You would be attracted to a real Russian inn where you might profitably display the artful dancing steps recently learned from a celebrated teacher. The shops that rightfully belong on the Walk of the Town have been catalogued for you by THE NEW YORKER, in these columns.

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FOUND—

a light on the subject of finding one's way through the "Maze of Streets" and the "Labyrinth of Shops." Aladdin's lamp was a mere wisp of light compared to the glow which this guide throws on the streets of New York Town.

Open THE NEW YORKER to the classified page and—presto—the shop windows of New York are brightly visible to one's eyes.

"Tell Me a Book to Read"

*These Are a Few of the Recent Ones
Best Worth While*

NOVELS

THE RED LAMP, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (*Doran*). As refreshing an armchair vacation as the mystery story can give.

THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). The "Dolly Dialogues" of the 1920s, and better than those of the '90s. (Your parents will tell you what those of the '90s were.)

THUNDERSTORM, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). Choice comedy in a villa in Italy. Part One, the servants; Part Two, their "signori," English.

PRAIRIE FIRES, by Lorna Doone Beers (*Dutton*). A first novel in the same broad general class of fiction with "Barren Ground," and infinitely better than that much-lauded specimen.

THE GUERMANTES WAY, by Marcel Proust (*Seltzer*). A ducal family and its connections are brought up in Proust's search of his memories.

THE PROUD OLD NAME, by C. E. Scoggins (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Jimmy, Gene the flapper, and ructions at Moreno's hacienda—as told by a dear old squaw-man with plenty of quaint humor, and by the author with exceptional skill.

DRUMS, by James Boyd (*Scribner's*). A long, pleasant, succulently written improvement on "Richard Carvel." (Your old-timers will tell you what that was, too, and will care more for "Drums" than you will.)

SEA HORSES, by Francis Brett Young (*Knopf*). Sea-going romance of the substantial kind. Young's style is not its least distinction.

THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*). A most brilliant satirical story on the side of constancy and chivalry.

CRUEL FELLOWSHIP, by Cyril Hume (*Doran*). Proving that a very young novelist's study of sexual morbidity need not itself be morbid in the least.

SHORT STORIES

CARAVAN, by John Galsworthy (*Scribner's*). His stories to the number of fifty-six, in a volume uniform with his "The Forsyte Saga."

GENERAL

JUNGLE DAYS, by William Beebe (*Putnam*). Essays by the sometime wireless operator of a tramp ship, the *Arcturus*. (Now, don't you take all we say seriously! You want to watch our eye.)

ORANGES AND LEMONS, and **THE HOLIDAY ROUND**, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Two collections of things Milne wrote for *Punch*. The former has some verse in it.

THE QUEEN OF COOKS—AND SOME KINGS (*Boni & Liveright*). Rosa Lewis's own story. Rosa, capricious and vivacious, is a famous London caterer who has known almost everyone worth knowing.

CREDO, by Stewart Edward White (*Doubleday, Page*). Scratch this well known fictioneer (as a leopard has done lately) and you find an astonishingly interesting lay philosopher.

The Optimist

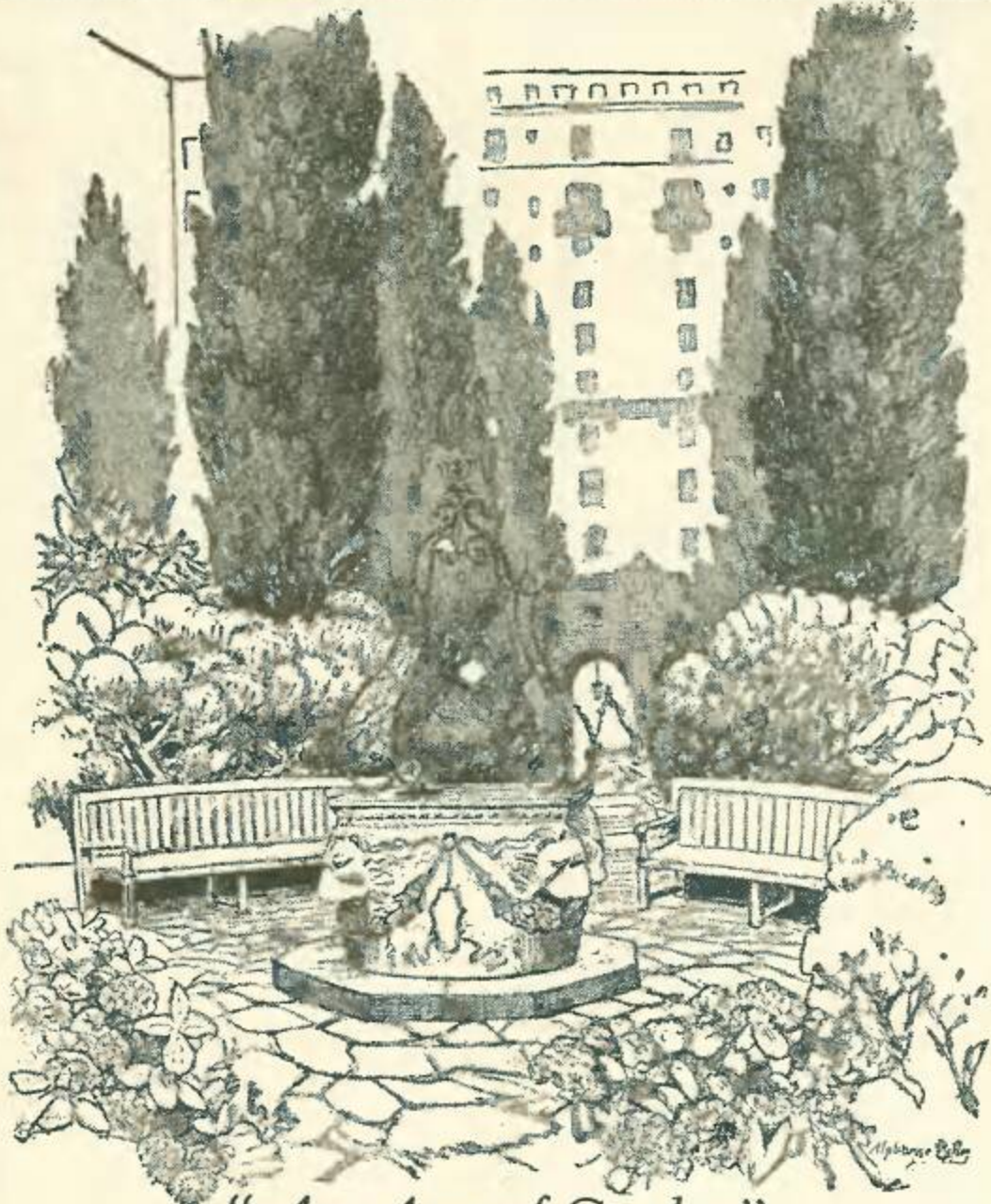
Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?

The Little Minister

Count Alexander Skrzynski, the Polish Minister of Foreign Affairs, arrived late yesterday on the French liner *Paris*. . . . The Count is 4 years old, well built and 6 feet 3 inches tall. He has a pleasant manner and speaks English well but slowly.

—The Times



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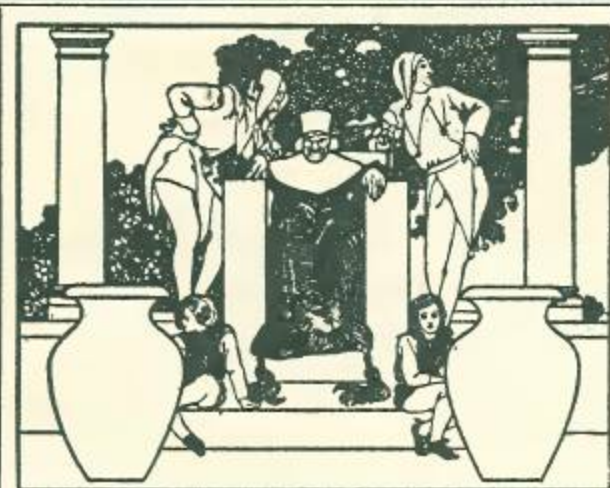
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Why I Like New York

BECAUSE coming out of the Metropolitan Museum the other day, I met three people in shirt waists toiling up the long Fifth Avenue steps—a mother, a father and a little boy about ten. They stopped me, and the mother, the bolder spirit, asked if I had been in there. I admitted I had. "Then you can tell us," she said. "Is it worth while?" There was a stimulating question not to be answered off hand! They had arrived by boat from the South that morning and were off by train at noon the next day. As a matter of fact I never did answer their question, unless it was an answer to drive them instantly across the Park to the Museum of Natural History.—A. D. M.

* * * *

Because no one asks me to boost it.

—Elias Lieberman

* * * *

Because in a department store the other day, I saw a tall, lanky boy of fifteen or sixteen tying up parcels with listless perfection, when a small errand girl approached him—one of these little, competent female creatures who at twelve years of age could run the universe. Her arms were piled high with more things to be tied up, and I heard her say: "Well, Mr. McQuire, there's no use in looking like that. It's got to be done."—R. A. H.

* * * *

Because I can't afford a car or go to cabarets and meet Commissioner Enright or donate twenty dollars to Mr. Ziegfeld's first night charities or play poker with my fiancée's husband or buy Hearst's film business or eat at Reuben's or live on a roof on Park Avenue or in a cellar on Madison or have a lot of jolly friends in the Village or support a bootlegger or be accused of a crime and get acquitted or wear a diamond ring and dirty finger nails or be slapped on the back by "Texas" or know a quiet little place for dinner where you can get anything or have breakfast in evening dress at Childs or be friends with an actor in the Summer or have a joke with a cop or be a gentleman and knock garbage cans over at five a. m. or say, "Meet you at the Montmartre" in a loud voice—because, in fact, I live very quietly, being a deaf mute bell boy at the Martha Washington.

—Raymond Lewis

* * * *

Because the water is soft. This is the real reason I live and slave here, instead of living in luxurious leisure in the suburbs. Here, as I found with delight, on my return after eighteen months of Europe, Ivory not only FLOATS, it actually makes a lather.—A. Amis

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