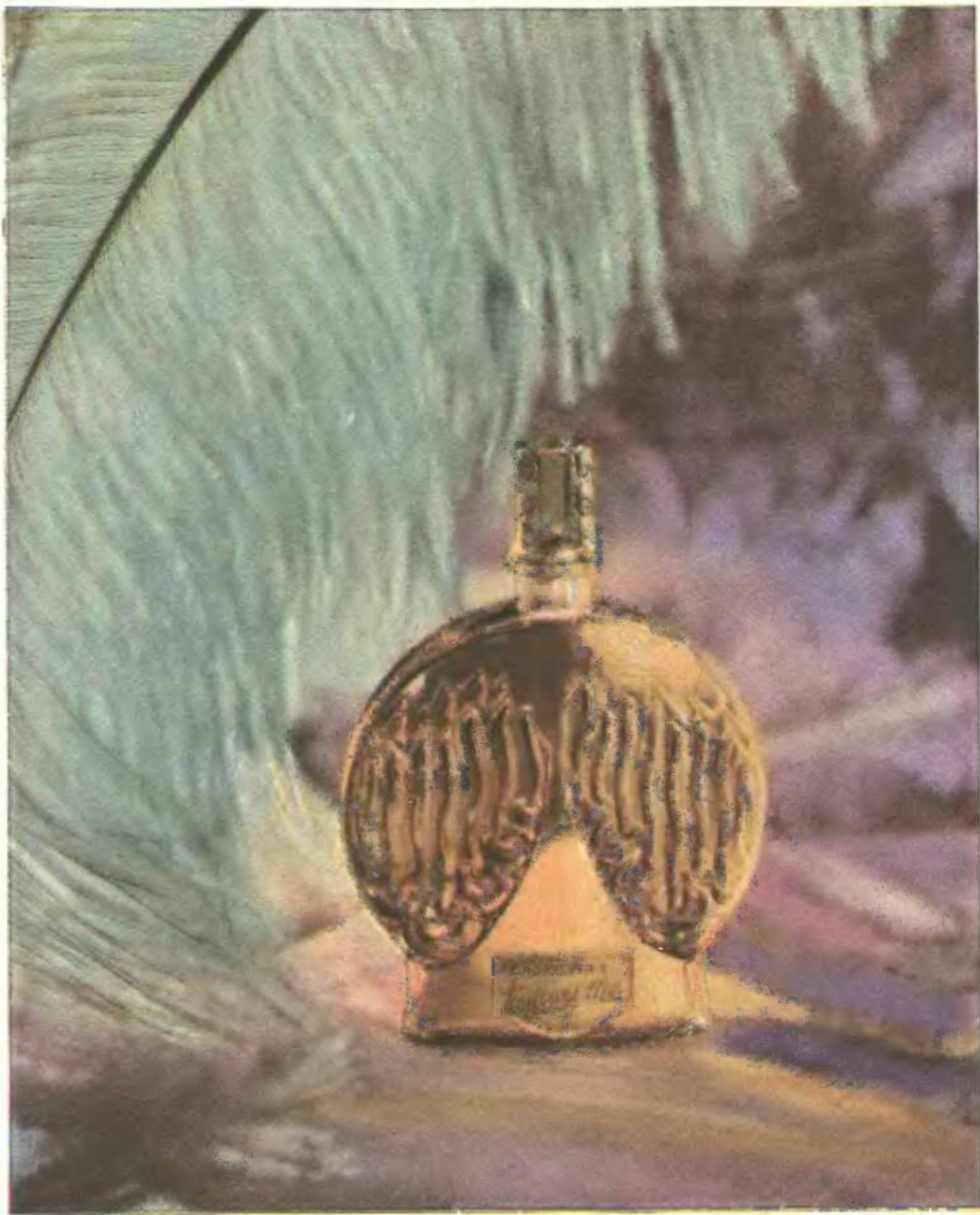


THE NEW YORKER





Toujours Moi

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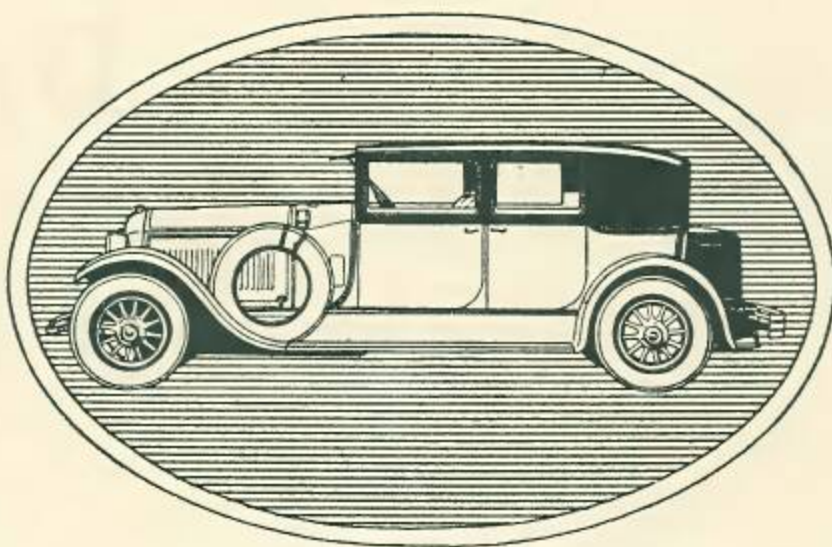
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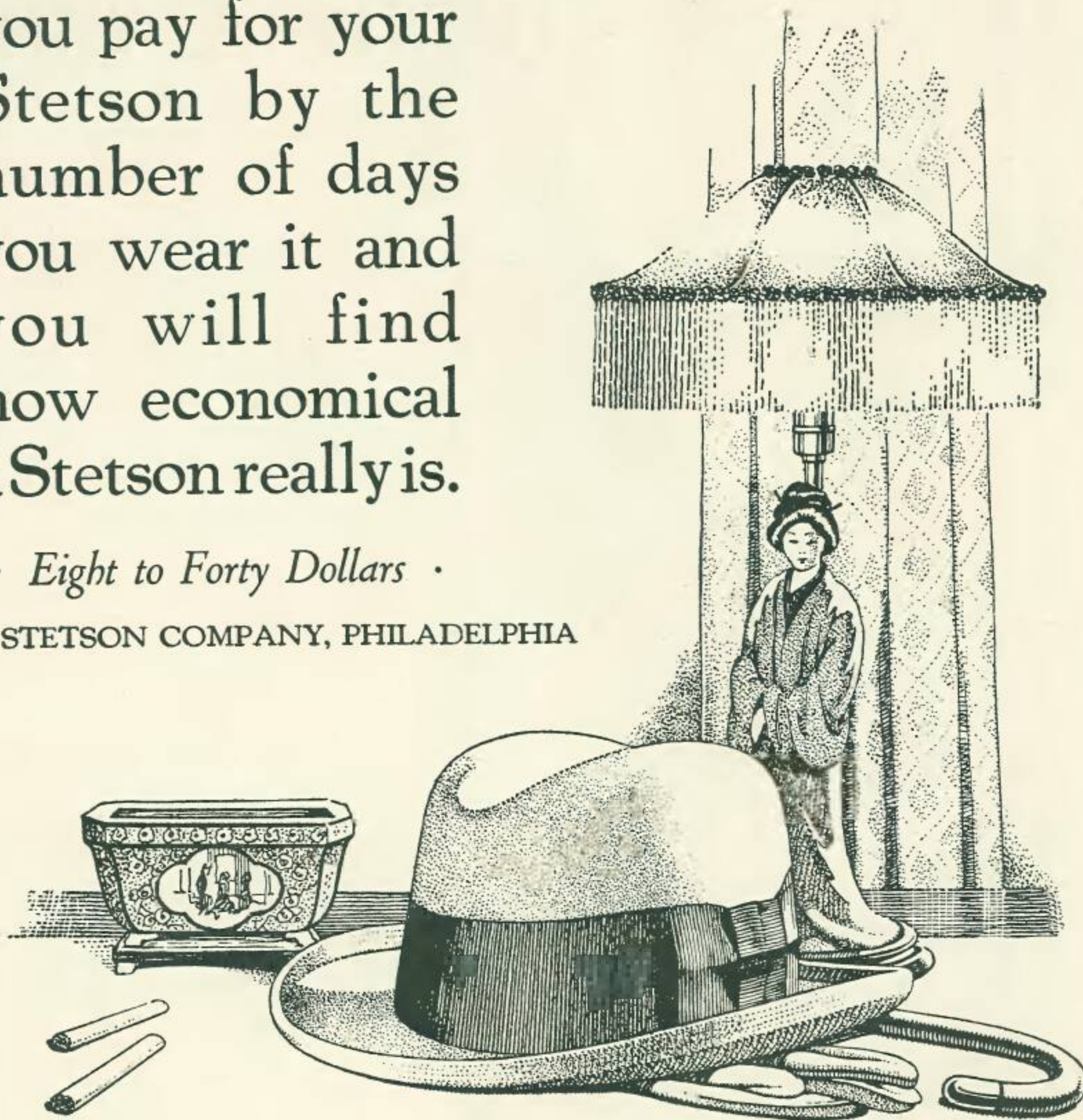
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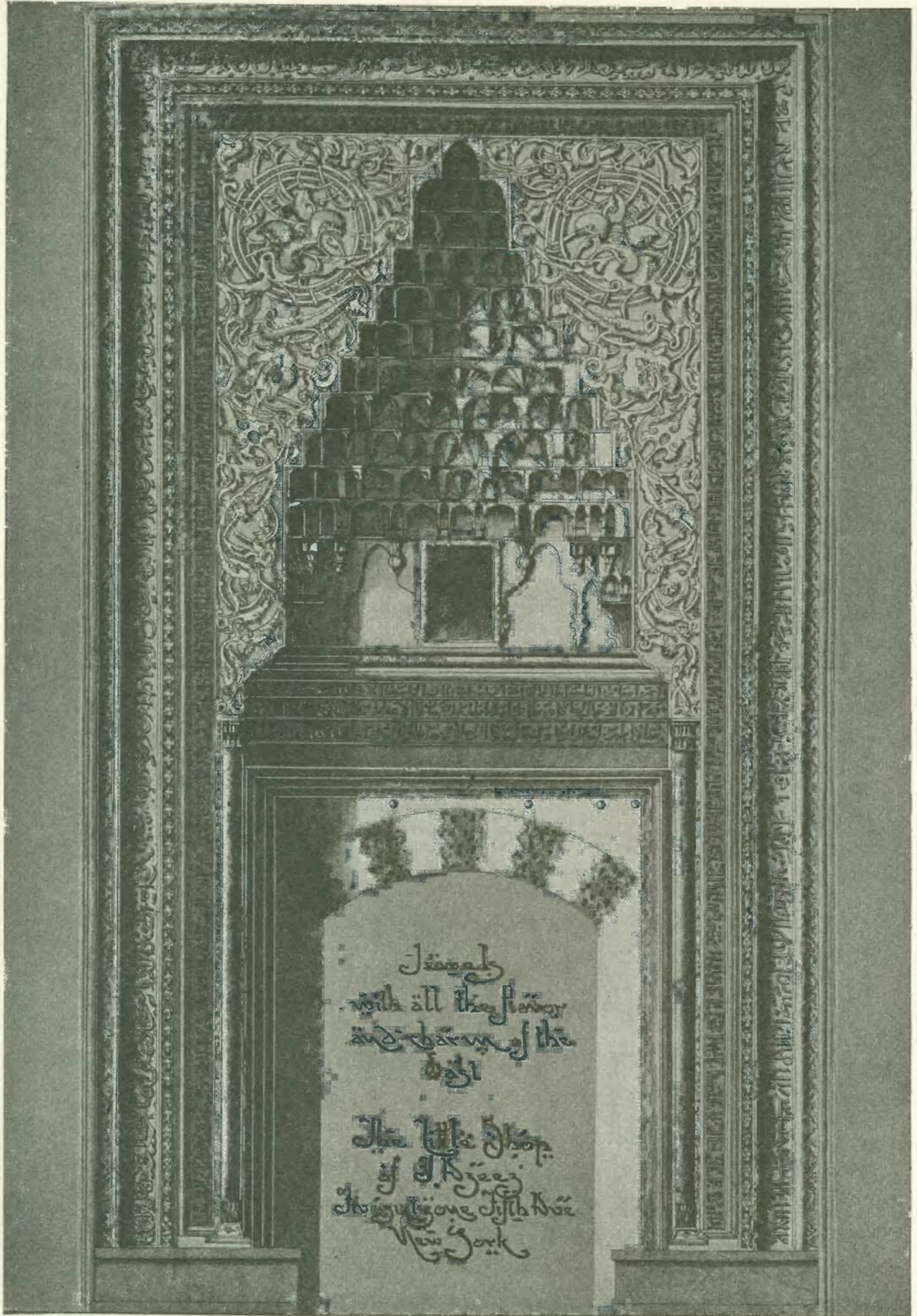
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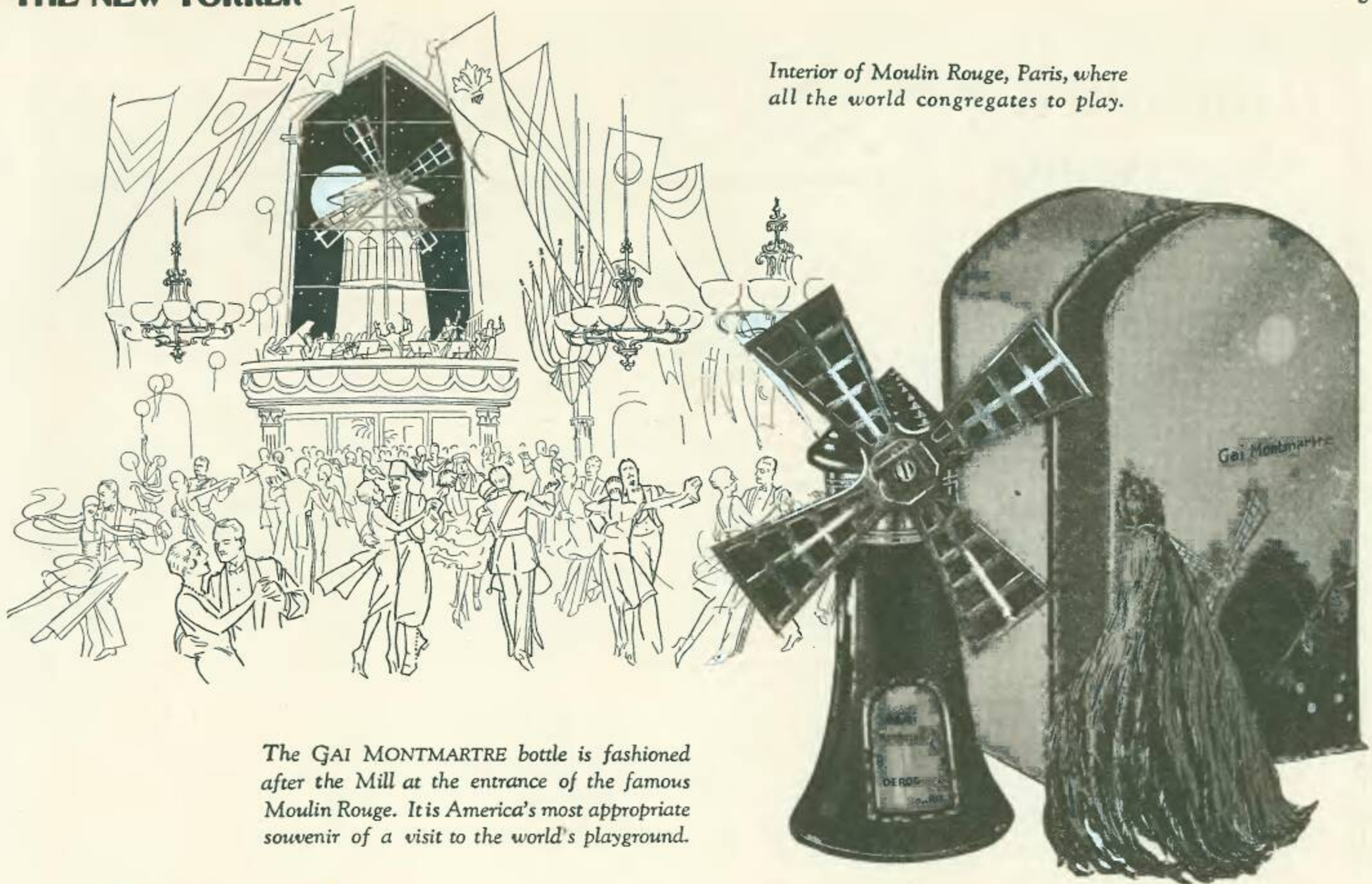


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THE picturesque Old Tally-Ho Restaurant, formerly in the Astor Stables, Twenty East Thirty-fourth Street, will re-open its doors at Eighteen West Fifty-sixth Street on December Fifteenth.

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Here one will find not only all the unique charm of former surroundings but also an added artistry of design, creating an harmonious ensemble, as necessary to discriminating people as a well-appointed table.

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Special Table d'Hote
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THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS

(From Friday, December 11, to
Friday, December 18, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

HAMLET IN MODERN DRESS—The floating edition of Shakespeare's Freudian drama, once again spared from sudden and unmerited death. NATIONAL, 41, W. of B'way.

THE VORTEX—Rigorous dissection of Britain's most indecorous and rancid. By and with Noel Coward. HENRY MILLER'S, 43, E. of B'way.

A MAN'S MAN—The unclassy lives of the metropolitan Main Streeters, unclassily, but bitingly told. With Dwight Frye. FORTY-NINTH STREET, 49, W. of B'way.

CRAIG'S WIFE—A successful attempt by George Kelly to define utterly selfish femininity. Trenchant and adult drama. MOROSCO, 45, W. of B'way.

YOUNG WOODLEY—A first play by John Van Druten delineating the devastation of calfl- love. Quickened to a white-hot glow by Glenn Hunter. BELMONT, 38, E. of B'way.

HAMLET—Shakespeare à la classic. There is none of this nonsense about Shakespeare in mufti. HAMPDEN'S, B'way and 64.

THE GREEN HAT—Heavy clouds of Mr. Arlen's perfumed literature for your sensual delectation. BROADHURST, 44, W. of B'way.

ACCUSED—Down a legal alley with Mons. Brioux. Mr. E. H. Sothern is there for relief. BELASCO, 43, E. of B'way.

IN A GARDEN—A playwriting symptomaniac ruins a pleasant enough marriage, with Laurette Taylor. A civilized drama. PLYMOUTH, 45, W. of B'way.

STOLEN FRUIT—Imported spaghetti drama embellished with the wondrous acting of Ann Harding. ELTINGE, 42, W. of B'way.

EASY COME EASY GO—Owen Davis's nine hundred and ninety-ninth farce. GEO. M. COHAN, B'way near 42.

BEWARE OF WIDOWS—Owen Davis's thousandth farce. But there will always be only one (1) Madge Kennedy. MAXINE ELLIOT'S, 39, E. of B'way.

THE JAZZ SINGER—Effective hokum with George Jessel, hybrid crossing of mammy singer with cantor. CORT, 48, E. of B'way.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION—The one by Bernard Shaw, metabiological pentateuchist. KLAU, 45, W. of B'way.

ARMS AND THE MAN—Mr. Shaw on the Great Delusion. GARRICK, 35, E. of B'way.

TWELVE MILES OUT—Rollicking melodrama amidst our most prospering bootleggers. PLAYHOUSE, 48, E. of B'way.

THESE CHARMING PEOPLE—Mr. Arlen transmutes much nonsense and small talk into a glittering farce. With Cyril Maude and Edna Best. GAIETY, B'way and 46.

NAUGHTY CINDERELLA—Introducing, besides the famed spaghetti, the next best Franco-American product: Mile. Irene Bordoni. LYCEUM, 45, W. of B'way.

OUTSIDE LOOKING IN—Legal and romantic bums tomfool slangily along the Great Open Road. Maxwell Anderson's wise dramatization of Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life". THIRTY-NINTH STREET, 39, E. of B'way.

IS ZAT SO?—The toughened and the decadent provide pyrotechnical New Yorkese comedy. With the able Mr. James Gleason. CHANIN'S FORTY-SIXTH, 46, W. of B'way.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Ina Claire in as trivially interesting comedies as Mr. Lonsdale has to offer. This time he manipu-

lates epigrammatic crooks. FULTON, 46, W. of B'way.

THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN—Gregory Kelly as a Merton of the Theatre. George S. Kaufman's kidingest of comedies. LONG-ACRE, 49, W. of B'way.

AMERICAN BORN—Mr. George M. Cohan rescuing American superiority comedy from Banal Street. HUDSON, 44, E. of B'way.

MORALS—Reviewed in this issue. COMEDY, 41, E. of B'way.

A LADY'S VIRTUE—Reviewed in this issue. BIJOU, 45, W. of B'way.

CHARLOT'S REVUE—England hasn't as much reason to be proud of this year's Charlot's as of last. But there are Gertrude Lawrence, Beatrice Lillie, and Jack Buchanan. SELWYN, 42, W. of B'way.

MERRY MERRY—Tuned merrily, danced merrily, sung merrily, and acted merrily by chorus and principals. VANDERBILT, 48, E. of B'way.

SUNNY—A happiness show, very, very tasty with talent. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42, W. of B'way.

THE STUDENT PRINCE—Cohorts of singers, armies of principals, plus maudlin, soul-tearing music; equals hippodromic satisfying operetta. JOLSON'S, 7 Ave. and 59.

THE VAGABOND KING—A splendid gesture of a musical show. CASINO, B'way and 39.

THE CITY CHAP—You couldn't get it pleasanter if Aristophanes had written the words, Socrates the music, and Jupiter the humor. REPUBLIC, 42, W. of B'way.

PRINCESS FLAVIA—"Prisoner of Zenda" put to music. CENTURY, 62 and Central Pk. W.

NO, NO NANETTE—Well, well, well. Now Borneo is to have a permanent Nanette Company. GLOBE, B'way and 46.

MAYFLOWERS—Ivy Sawyer and Joseph Santley are here to talk, dance, sing and amuse the citizens. FORREST, 49, W. of B'way.

DEAREST ENEMY—An operetta of dullish book, but lovely old Colonial setting and sageraceous music. KNICKERBOCKER, B'way and 38.

ARTISTS AND MODELS—The best revue the Shuberts have ever produced. WINTER GARDEN, B'way and 50.

THE COCOANUTS—Les Marx Brüder in a new musical show. LYRIC, 42, W. of B'way.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

MOSCOW ART THEATRE MUSICAL STUDIO—JOLSON'S FIFTY-NINTH STREET. Dec. 14.

MERCHANTS OF GLORY—A play from the French with Augustin Duncan, Helen Westley, Jose Ruben, George Nash and others. GUILD THEATRE. Dec. 14.

THE WISE-CRACKERS—A comedy by Gilbert Seldes. 66 THEATRE, 66 5th Ave. Dec. 15.

THE MAKROPOULOS SECRET—A play by Karel Capek, with Emily Stevens. CHARLES HOPKINS THEATRE, 155 W. 49. Dec. 16.

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

MOTION PICTURES

THE BIG PARADE—Laurence Stallings "helped" by the gifted scenarists writes a sentimental one about the recent holocaust. At the Astor.

BROKEN BLOSSOMS—A one day's revival by the worthy International Film Guild of D. W. Griffith's poetic tragedy of young

ABOUT TOWN



CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

love. At the GEORGE M. COHAN, Sun., Dec. 13, only.
A DOG'S LIFE—A revival of one of Chaplin's funniest. At the PLAZA, Sun., Mon., Dec. 13, 14.
HIS PEOPLE—A fairly plausible treatment of slum drama with Rudolph Schildkraut as the humane Hebraic pushcart vendor. At the RIALTO, Fri., Sat., Dec. 11, 12.
THE KING ON MAIN STREET—Adolphe Menjou, up to some regal tricks in the land of the Fundamentalists. At the PLAZA, Sat., Dec. 12.

AFTER THE THEATRE

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park and 51—Hancis De Medem and Evelyn Grieg dance at midnight in charming surroundings. Excellent dance music by the Larry Siry orchestra.
BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3—Bohemia meeting Park Avenue and Broadway halfway. Midnight revue.
BILTMORE, Mad. and 43—Roger Wolfe Kahn and his orchestra in a spacious room that affords comfort for breathing and dancing alike. Evening dress not required.
CHEZ FYSHER, 63 Central Park W.—Yvonne Georges heading a troupe of French artistes in the colourful cellar of the Century Theatre.
CLUB LIDO, 808 7th Ave.—The S. R. O. sign is still out in the most crowded of the smart after-theatre dancing clubs. Maurice and Bennett dancing.
CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51—Moss and Fontana's new tragic Apache dance attracting, as usual, the smartest crowd in town.
CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50—Charlie Journal holding a quietly smart clientele despite competition. No entertainment.
COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9—The latest and most eccentric of Village places following the Pirate's Den type. Good food. No entertainment.
THE FLORIDA, 144 W. 55—Frances Williams entertains at midnight.
KATINKA, 109 W. 49—Russian gaiety and informality at its highest point. Spasmodic entertainment.
RUSSIAN SWAN, 161 W. 57—Following the pattern of the old Russian Eagle. Classical music and some dancing.
THE CAVE OF THE FALLEN ANGELS, 301 W. 46—Exotic cellar decoration and Russian entertainment.

MUSIC

RECITALS—ELSHUCO TRIO. AEOLIAN HALL, Fri. eve., Dec. 11. A Schubert Trio and Schubert songs by Thom Denijs.
PADEREWSKI. CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. aft., Dec. 12. Try to get in this time.
RICHARD HALE. AEOLIAN HALL, Sat. aft., Dec. 12. A singer of intelligence.
GITTA GRADOVA. AEOLIAN HALL, Sun. aft., Dec. 13. A pianist with personality as well as ten skilled fingers.
ELENA GERHARDT. AEOLIAN HALL, Sun. eve., Dec. 13. Last chance for two years to hear the most typical *liedersinger*.
JAMES WOLFE. AEOLIAN HALL, Mon. eve., Dec. 14. A basso who isn't singing "Im Tiefen Keller".
SIGRID ONEGIN. CARNEGIE HALL, Wed. eve., Dec. 16. One of the great voices.
SITTIG TRIO. AEOLIAN HALL, Wed. eve., Dec. 16. An expert instrumental ensemble.
TOLLEFSEN TRIO. TOWN HALL, Fri. eve., Dec. 18. The week's third trio.

JOSEPH SZIGETI. AEOLIAN HALL, Fri. eve., Dec. 18. A new fiddler who comes with a fine reputation.

WILL ROGERS. PLAZA "ARTISTIC MORNING", PLAZA HOTEL, Thurs. Morning, Dec. 17. First "concert appearance" of the lyric stage's newest bet, with the De Reszke Singers assisting.

WITH THE ORCHESTRAS—PHILHARMONIC, Mengelberg conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. aft., Dec. 11; Thurs. eve., Dec. 17; Fri. aft., Dec. 18. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, Sun. aft., Dec. 13.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY, Damrosch conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. morn., Dec. 12 (Children's Concert); Thurs. aft., Dec. 17; Fri. eve., Dec. 18. MECCA TEMPLE, Sun. aft., Dec. 13.

STATE SYMPHONY, Dohnanyi conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. eve., Dec. 12.

PHILADELPHIA, Stokowski conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Tues. eve., Dec. 15.

CLEVELAND, Sokoloff conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Sun. aft., Dec. 13.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC, Bodanzky conducting. TOWN HALL, Sun. aft., Dec. 13.

METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY—Performances nightly, except Tues., with matinee Sat., and concert Sun. night. Programs not announced at time of going to press. See daily papers.

ART

100 YEARS AMERICAN ART—GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES, atop the Station. Over five hundred paintings of the best of the National Academy during the century.

WOMEN PAINTERS—NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, 17 E. 62. Showing of small canvases and marbles by the women.

NEW WING—BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway and Washington Ave. American and European masters and architectural drawings by Ferdinand Boberg.

JOSEPH PENNELL—ANDERSON GALLERIES, Park Ave. at 59—Process of making Pennell's latest book, from original drawings to binding.

MAXFIELD PARRISH—SCOTT & FOWLES, 667 5th Ave. Large showing of original works.

FIVE WATER COLORISTS—MONTROSS, 26 E. 56. Chase, Cutler, Hopkinson, Pepper and Perkins show what they can do.

ALLIED ARTISTS—FINE ARTS BUILDING, 215 W. 57. Large and mediocre showing of this group, some small worthy sketches in center room.

JAMES CHAPIN—NEW GALLERY, INC., 600 Mad. Ave. Latest work by this painter of distinction and well worth going to see.

SPORTS

HOCKEY—MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, 50 & 8 Ave. Tues., Dec. 15, 8:30 p. m. The Canadian world's champions skate against Mr. Rickard's New York team in the official opening of the Garden; which will make as colorful an international sporting and social affair as one would care to see.

OTHER EVENTS

CHRISTMAS BAZAAR—GRAND CENTRAL PALACE. Sat., Dec. 12, and Mon., Dec. 14, through Sat., Dec. 19, daily, 2 p. m. to midnight. The old Street Fair organization moved indoors, offering a gay and colorful setting in which to do your Christmas shopping. For the benefit of Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association and Association for the Aid of Crippled Children.



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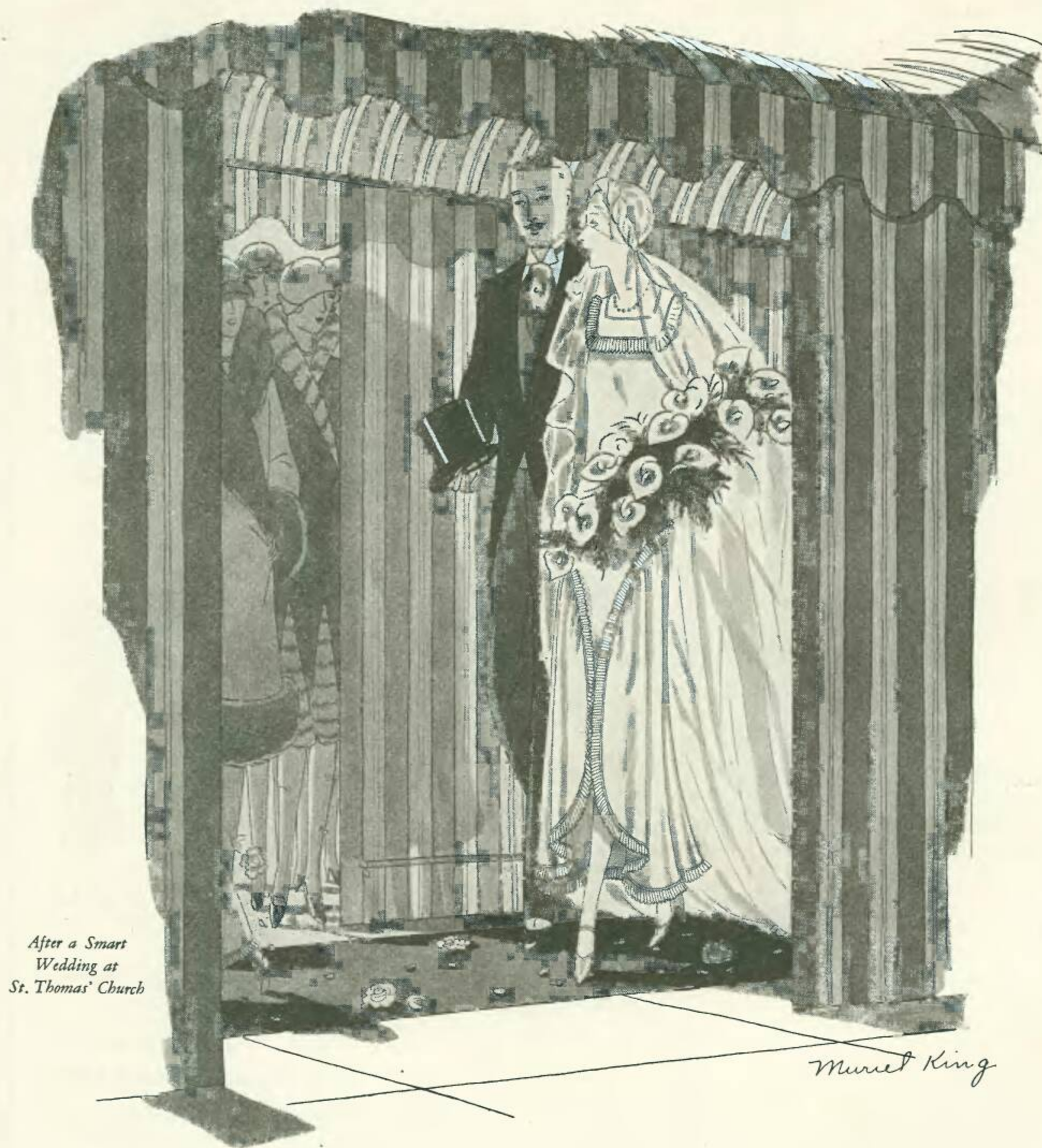
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Wedding at
St. Thomas' Church*

Muriel King

What is a Smart New York Wedding?

—When the bride in her white loveliness is a delight to herself, her family, friends and admiring spectators—when the attendants make the wedding “picture” one of unforgettable charm—when every-guest is conscious of her own smart attire—when every wedding gift is of unquestionable taste—which is another way of saying—when *all* of these things come from Bonwit Teller & Co.



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

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN Murphy of Tammany Hall died, everybody congratulated his shade on the fact that his estate was comparatively small. It seemed to refute the idea that politicians ever grafted. It is now discovered that a mistake was made, and the estate is four times as big as was supposed. Mediums report that the Murphy shade is slightly paler.

SOME weeks ago we said as definitely as we knew how, that the Elevated ought to be done away with. Now they have a wreck. Our sympathy for the victims is mixed with regret that while it was killing people the entire structure didn't quietly fall down.

NEXT to the Forty-second Street shuttle, the calendar is obviously the most inconvenient thing existing. Yet we do not endorse the movement of business men to introduce thirteen months each of twenty-eight days. It may be that we feel the business men have enough things their way already. But we think it's because we love the



creaky old thing. Thirty days hath December, April, May, and so on. Let be, vandals!

THE lovely masterpiece of Stanford White which stands on Madison Avenue at Fifty-first Street has long been our ideal of where to live. We had said that we only awaited the arrival of our ship before moving in. Tuesday, however, we saw one Rolls Royce and one Hispano-Suiza standing in the courtyard, chauffeurs idly chatting, which arouses the suspicion that we may need two ships.

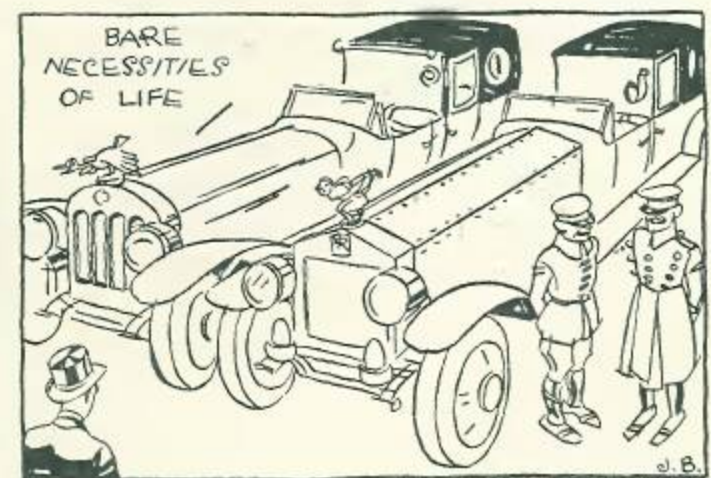
THE Pennsylvania Railroad, while doubtless in some ways admirable, offers those who wish to meet arriving friends, little or no help. The bulletin board is in the icy cold, the clerks are ill-mannered, and the exit gates are arranged so as to be practically invisible. But meeting trains is easy compared to buying tickets. Why officials of a big railroad won't supply enough ticket agents, is something this feeble mind cannot grasp. We can't believe that they dislike their customers.



WE visited friends from placid California and found them in bed in the Waldorf. They had been in the city three days. "New York," they said, "is a mad house. It has done us in." We commiserated and rushed uptown feeling comfortably insane. We had exactly fifty minutes to get to Ninety-third Street change our clothes, and get to Washington Square for dinner.

The Week

SEVEN nations, at Locarno, sign pledge to keep peace and United States sends three more destroyers to China. Former minister arrested in Perth Amboy on charge of drunkenness and women of Swiss village sell wine to reform their menfolk. London Don Juan, seducer of 5,000 women, is sent to jail for ten years and Mrs. Tinney says she may remarry Frank. Rome hears Pope may visit Assisi, ending traditional imprisonment in Vatican, and Chinese laundryman in Belleville, N. J., starts writing laundry tickets in English. Fourteen inches of rain fall in twelve hours in Miami and James J.



Davis urges check on over-production. Athenian police place ban on short skirts and theatrical managers see hope for Sunday shows. Prohibition forces decide to do something about import of candies containing rum and New York Central warns of hard Winter. Count Salm arrives in the hope of seeing his in-laws and Captain Fawcett, explorer, says ukulele playing charms savage tribes.

Judgment

THOSE incidents become amusing after success, which were sore points in more meagre times. Accordingly, Mr. Edward Justus Mayer, author of "The Firebrand", takes delight now in recounting the story of his first meeting with Mrs. Elinor Glyn, whose one-time startling "Three Weeks" is by way of being Victorian in comparison with modern novels.

It was when Mr. Mayer was only too glad to interview certain celebrities for a moving picture magazine and fifty dollars. La Glyn was indicated by the editor as one whose say would be interesting to his readers.

The Lady Elinor received Mr. Mayer's first question with a sigh, gazed at the orange draperies of the hotel room's windows, and whispered: "Orange, orange; that is the color of Love!"

Mr. Mayer tried another question, but Lady Elinor was as in a trance. "Orange, orange," she breathed; "that is the color of Love."

He made further overtures toward conversation, but each time he was stunned by the irrelevancy, "Orange; that is the color of Love!"

Finally, Mr. Mayer picked his hat off the table. "Mrs. Glyn," he concluded the interview, "I think you are a damn fool!"

Chanson de Gest

WHEN the great Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, partner of the far-flung Stanislavsky in the founding of the Moscow Art Theatre, arrived in our town the other day to supervise the impending season of their Musical Studio at Jolson's, he learned that Morris Gest had set his heart on starting that season with the least operatic piece in the repertoire—the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes. This may have surprised the Muscovite entrepreneur, who could not be expected to know that the dramatic sections of the Sunday newspapers have so much more

space for lovely advance publicity than the less pampered and less nourishing music departments.

The "Lysistrata" is, of course, a far bawdier entertainment than American college students have been permitted to discover; and just when the unshackled Gest was meditating happily on the circumstance that here for once in a way, America would have access to an unexpurgated text, it dawned on him that after all the performance would be in Russian. And among the things with which the prowling Mr. Sumner is unfamiliar, the Russian language is one.

It may be that so austere a liberal as Morris Gest shrank from the unworthy rôle of bootlegger of improprieties to the American sinner. Then, whereas what John Sumner does not know won't do him any harm, neither will it do Morris Gest any good. At all events, the translation on sale in the lobby will be a less cautious one than the trots hitherto available for the sheltered undergraduate.

The courtesies compel us all to assume that any censorship of this text would give Brother Gest a pain in his aesthetic nature. But, after all, he has other aspects. And one part of him must recall with mingled emotions the great rush to the box office of the Century when his production of "Aphrodite" there was so helpfully denounced by the vociferously shocked Alan Dale, whose disapprobation was made even more con-

spicuous by being published right smack on the front page of Mr. Hearst's *American*. At the time Mr. Gest denied with tears in his unsurprised eyes that this attack had been directed by Mr. Hearst as a personal favor to him.

Explanation

WHO says a psychoanalyst can't be subtle? We got the story from the man who lunched with Dr. Brill last week. It has to do with the explosion of an ardent feminist who met the eminent Doctor as he was leaving his office.

"What do you think of Ma Ferguson?" asked the feminist.

"I like her," said Dr. Brill, looking through his glasses. "She sounds like a fine woman."

"But surely she has mismanaged things as Governor."

"That's what I meant," said Brill, getting into his taxi. "I'm a biologist."

For several minutes, the feminist stood fingering her stiff collar, and then exploded.

This and That

WITH no apologies and without humor, the Casual Observer says he has been to the "Greatest Collection of American Art" at the Grand Central Station, and to a collection of sculpture in soap by students at the Art Center in Fifty-sixth Street.



"Waitress, is that a Russian dish?"

"Yes, eet iss."

"Well—I'll take it."

Both appear to be equally interesting. The soap exhibition, he dilates, has no Childe Hassam, Chase, or Inness, but has nothing in it so wholly bad as some of the art-longings in oils of American illustrators.

No names mentioned; but we are assured they are present on the sixth floor of the Grand Central.

It appears that the soap exhibit should be visited for its smell, if for no other reason. Color and sound have been sucking together at the breast of Art for some time, but not form and odor. From now on they will. A lovely smell of that which cleans pervades the corridors of the Art Center; invites, charms, and arouses the Casual Observer. In the meanwhile the cunning little figurines and animals are standing around, in cases, very proud of themselves. He says they look for all the world like ivory—most of them are Ivory, with an occasional touch of Lifebuoy. The sculpture is no laughing matter. Not half so ridiculous as the paintings in Forty-second Street, where the sublime and the unutterably tiresome are scrambled together. Anything that's American, says the Casual Observer, is not a good formula.

But he still thinks that having exhibitions in a railroad station is a very good idea. Also he thinks that now that half the world cleans itself with Cleansing Cream, Armour is probably going in for Art himself.

Background

WITH one recital in the open season for songbirds so very like another, it was only natural that one read in the papers with surprise that "someone with a happy instinct for the decorative had placed an enormous screen of shimmering peacock blue behind the piano . . ." which played for Miss Florence Kimball at Aeolian Hall last week.

The someone with the "happy instinct for the decorative", investigation proves, was Chamberlin Dodds, who sent Miss Kimball the screen with a note to the following effect: "Here, my dear, is my concert present to you. Just stick it up somewhere around the piano. This is a much easier way out for a man in my profession than dashing over to a florist's and selecting the customary poison ivy."

Thus did it come about that for probably the first time in history some-



thing pleasant could be said in the newspapers about the stage of Aeolian Hall.

Due Credit

ALTHOUGH we fully appreciate the feelings of all Harvard men over the moral victory won by the Harvard team in holding Yale to a 0-0 tie, we cannot allow what was originally a 100% Yale story to be pilfered by these sons of Harvard and passed as original. And the tale has been many times told about town ever since the fatal game.

The authentic story originated early in the century. It appears that in one year, strangely enough, Harvard supposedly had a very good team, and Yale a very bad one. But the Elis, accustomed even then to giving odds, were willing to make a scare bet. Accordingly, a subscription was raised at New Haven, and an emissary sent to Harvard with instructions to make a hair-raising bet. Now the man to whom this fund was entrusted had one failing. Once, and only once, a year he got (*sic*) tight. Conclusions are obvious. He had been sober a long time. But none dreamed that in the boldness of his cups he would go so far as to bet all his friends' money that

Harvard would not so much as score.

Consternation in New Haven. But when all the watches, fur coats and furniture had been duly pawned, it was found that the sum realized would just about hedge the original bet. Accordingly it was sent to Harvard (by other hands) and wagered that Yale would not score.

The game even as this year was a 0-0 tie, and, thus, the Elis became millionaires.

Real Estate

THE purchase of the Belmont parterre box, Number Four, at the Metropolitan, by Mr. Paul Helms has called forth the observation that only some ten such boxes have been sold outright in the last thirty years.

Not the whole world knows that buying a parterre is very different from buying \$200,000 worth of orchestra seats, but it is. As it happens, the price of a parterre box is not based entirely upon its musical or social value, whether real or fictitious, but to some extent upon its financial value. The parterre boxes, way back in 1883, were given—thirty-five of them—to the original stockholders in the Metropolitan Opera & Real Estate Company which leases the Thirty-eighth Street corner to the Metropolitan Opera Company. Recently this leasing company was offered seven millions for its property; seven millions divided by thirty-five boxes makes \$200,000, which is somewhere near the price Mr. Helms is said to have paid.

Not that the investment is good for widows and orphans—the distinction that accrues to box holders is supposed to do for large dividends until such time as the Opera makes more money than it can spend. But the money invested is not necessarily lost or taken out in music; the property value is inherent.

So Mr. Helms steps in as one of the fixtures in our Opera House, with privileges and responsibilities nicely balanced. Many opera glasses will be leveled at the former Belmont box this season.

Crusade

OUR almost weekly advice from the source of all flickering drama, concerns, for the present issue only, the stern endeavors of one producer for the uplift of Hollywood. Ladling

out one of his numerous edicts on this subject, the gentleman thwacked his desk as he thundered to Mr. Jack Holt, silent hero:

"We must all understand this, Mr. Holt. My Corporation will never produce anything but good (*thwack*), clean (*thwack*), licentious (*thwack*, *thwack*) pictures."

Blues

GEORGE GERSHWIN has come forward again with another piece of ambitious jazz, a concerto with the beat of the Charleston stirring it. This time he abandons Paul Whiteman who introduced the "Rhapsody in Blue", and places himself under the wing of Walter Damrosch, the one whose wing covered Deems Taylor's "Jurgens" not so long since—and who is on record as looking for "new blood" in music.

Gershwin is new blood, beyond question, whether illuminated with genius, or merely of a novel color, is not yet, and may never be, decided; he is young and ambitious and serious anyway. And he knows that the eyes of millions of jazz-lovers are fixed on him hopefully.

It is most encouraging that he has managed to complete his education. In the early days he studied in the hope of making his mark among pianists, but he was forced to fall back on Tin-Pan Alley for a living. He took some harmony and counterpoint and orchestration under Rubin Goldmark, and some composition for the piano under Ernest Hutcheson. He was not too thorough, however. His earlier pieces such as the old hit, "I Was So Young and You Were So Beautiful", and even the "Rhapsody in Blue", he did not feel competent to orchestrate, and had to turn over to professionals to put in shape. Ferdie Grofé, who does nearly all such work for Mr. Whiteman, did the "Rhapsody".

In the concerto, however, Mr. Gershwin goes the whole road by himself, which should give him a new confidence and a new freedom.

Verdict

LAST Sunday's baptism to professional football gave me answers to two questions which I have heard debated all Fall. As supposed, the game decidedly is not played with collegiate desperation, but as a spectacular contest of skill, it is a good game,



worth watching. Personally, I enjoyed being calm enough to look on unemotionally. I didn't care who won, I could appreciate clever plays on both sides.

Mr. "Red" Grange I thought recognizable as a great player; and the crowd did, too, for an electric wave swept the crowd every time he carried the ball. But there was nothing as thrilling in Grange's performance as in the galloping interference of both teams. It mowed down defensive players. Who ran behind it was usually of little moment.

The managers did their best to stimulate collegiate reactions. They draped the stands, even the goal posts, with rival colors; they had a band (there should have been two) and their vendors sold dyed feathers which a few thousand wore in their hats. The crowd was all with them; it wanted desperately to have some of the fun it had watched in the partisan stands of college towns. It fairly ached for cheer leaders and cheers.

But perhaps the most realistic bit was on the field, in the closing moments of the game. The Giants, now hopelessly beaten in their Big Game, were making a last desperate stand when from the benches came a succession of blue and crimson substitutes. Bob Folwell, the Giant's coach, was putting on the last touch. He was sending in the bench-warmers to get their letters. Check enclosed, one might even say.

The Bearded One

THE Whitman exhibition in the Public Library opened on the fifteenth of November, and will con-

tinue through the present month. So far, some twelve hundred persons have visited it per day, so that better than fifty thousand will see it before the first of the year. Walt Whitman was a personal poet, which means that people love him.

In the cases are portraits of the poet, photographs, letters and autographs, translations of his works, books from his library, biographies and critiques, contributions to periodicals, famous editions, and manuscripts of poems. It is the usual spectacle of genius at work—erasing, crossing out, interlining, hesitating, changing. The photograph of his room, all in disorder, with his big hat lying on a pile of books, is more than worth seeing. And the pictures of his father and mother, looking, incidentally, much like everybody else's. Particularly that of his mother (except that she has cross eyes), which is in the next case to manuscript in which he announces that he will send his "barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world." Mrs. Whitman looks as though she would be very suspicious of a son who would talk such nonsense as that. She probably was; which should encourage twelve hundred people a day, anyway.

Not least interesting is the plaster sketch of the memorial to the poet by Jo Davidson, proposed for Battery Park. The first lines of "The Open Road" are to be inscribed underneath the figure, as a sort of exhortation to loafers thereabouts, perhaps. It shows Whitman striding along with the wind in his beard. And it should do the dingy old park a lot of good to have him there.

STORIES from Summer resorts still roll in from time to time. It seems Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, the poet, was in Petersborough, New Hampshire, at the MacDowell Colony, just as that educated society was trying out a motherly new headwaitress in the dining room.

Mr. Robinson, understand, is a most retiring person. But the headwaitress did not know it. She was full of health; her face was smiling; she could have taken the world to her bosom.

"That woman," said Mr. Robinson, quietly, after he had suffered more of her solicitation than he could bear, "is so damned motherly that she makes me feel illegitimate."

Successor

IN the late afternoon, not even the kindly shadows of the Sixth Avenue Elevated structure can hide the new shabbiness of the building's exterior. The scars of the remodeler's assault are upon its face; and dusty planks groan as the laborer trundles his wheelbarrow into the dimness. Transition is upon the place in all its untidy agony, and dirt.

There George Luks used to bring the aura of glamorous characters, which surrounded him in a more stalwart and lustier heyday. They will nod and smile and wag a time-fattened finger at you, and tell you of the argument with the Irish waiter and subsequent ejection to the reiterated "I, sir, am George Luks." Or, wait a minute, perhaps we were not thrown out after all. The wine bins were deep and dusty then, and memory is an unreliable thing at best.

There were a dozen other colorful groups welded into one clique of those who considered the amenities of dining a part of the graceful art of living. The pageant has passed, and only the Elevated remains to echo a hollow knell over the shrine. On its outside wall is a new sign: "Another high class

Princeton Cafeteria will be installed in a modern building on this site." Scramble two with a side of toast has taken the place of truffles and terrapin.

Under the latter-day legend, one may observe in dusty gilt, "Mouquin."

Measure

IT is inevitable that Mr. Edouard Steichen, who does that artistic photography which embellishes so many pages of Metropolitan publications, should have calls for private practice. One such came lately from a young lady whose father, during the war, had taken government contracts until it hurt.

"I should be charmed," murmured Mr. Steichen, professionally courteous, in reply to the telephonic inquiry.

"And how much do you charge, Mr. Steichen?" the cooing voice inquired.

"One thousand dollars."

A gasp—a distinct gasp—and then: "One thousand dollars! Why, how large a picture do you take?"

New York Bridge

BRIDGE players are asked by the Cavandish Club to note that there are some five hundred and fifty clubs in London where the sexes may meet

and play bridge, whereas in New York there is but one—to wit the Cavandish. The Knickerbocker Whist Club, which offers mixed bridge every Thursday is not counted; the Knickerbocker is a masculine affair, and much too bad mannered in the card room to suit ladies. At least that's what the more sensitive aver.

The Cavandish Club opened last month with the Godspeed of Major and Mrs. Granville Fortescue, Mr. Frank Crowninshield, and Mr. Whitehead and other experts formerly at the Knickerbocker. There is to be bridge at two and a half cents, with a table for one-centers and perhaps five as well; and there is to be as much social side as the traffic will bear, including a club luncheon on Tuesdays. The problem is difficult; for it is generally admitted that society demands a certain amount of good manners, and that good bridge is usually a pretty rude affair. However, the Cavandishers promise they will be pleasant to one another.

The authorities, backed up by the Mayfair House at Sixty-fifth and Park, are confident of success. They say that a place where husbands and wives can play bridge without playing with each other is sure to be a big success.—THE NEW YORKERS



The STREET SWEEPER'S CHRISTMAS
A LOVELY ENGRAVING BY JOHN HELD JR.

Heroes of

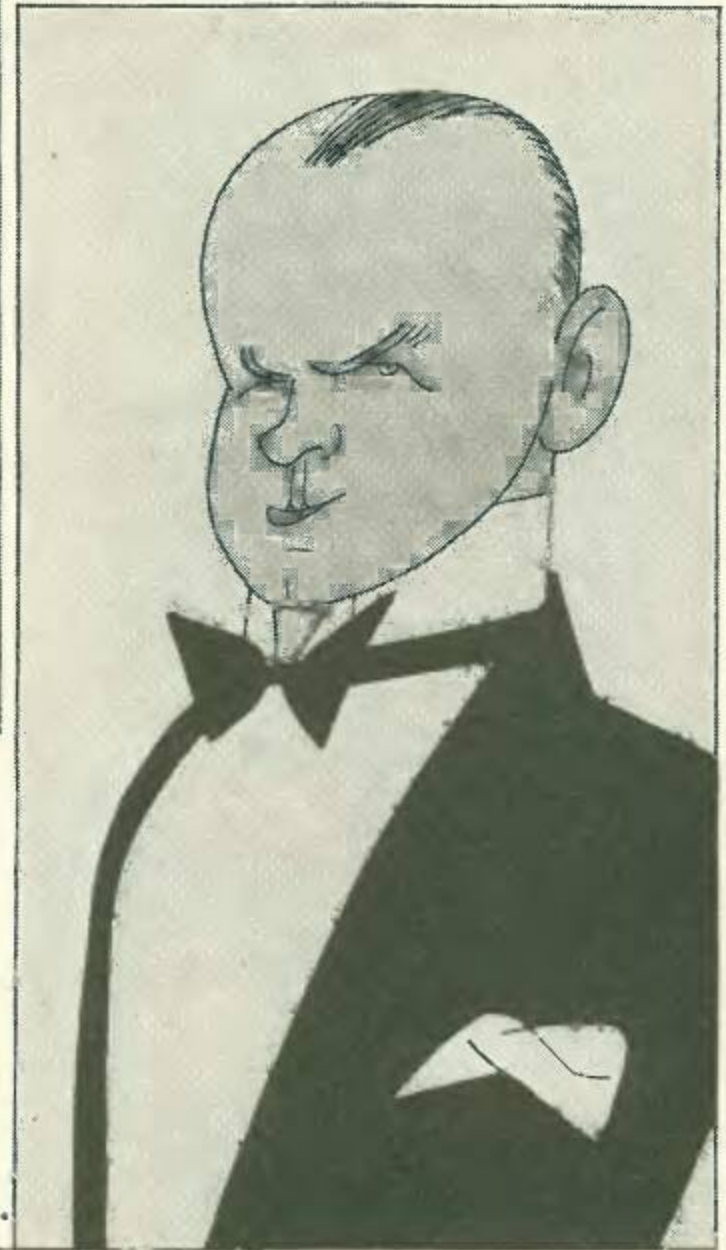
the Week



CARL VAN VECHTEN—Whose next book, for which the vast army of Van Vechtenistas has been waiting for some months with ill-concealed impatience, will, when it is published at an indefinite future date, be called, it is here announced for the first time for the benefit of those who would like to have a head start in either direction, "Nigger Heaven".



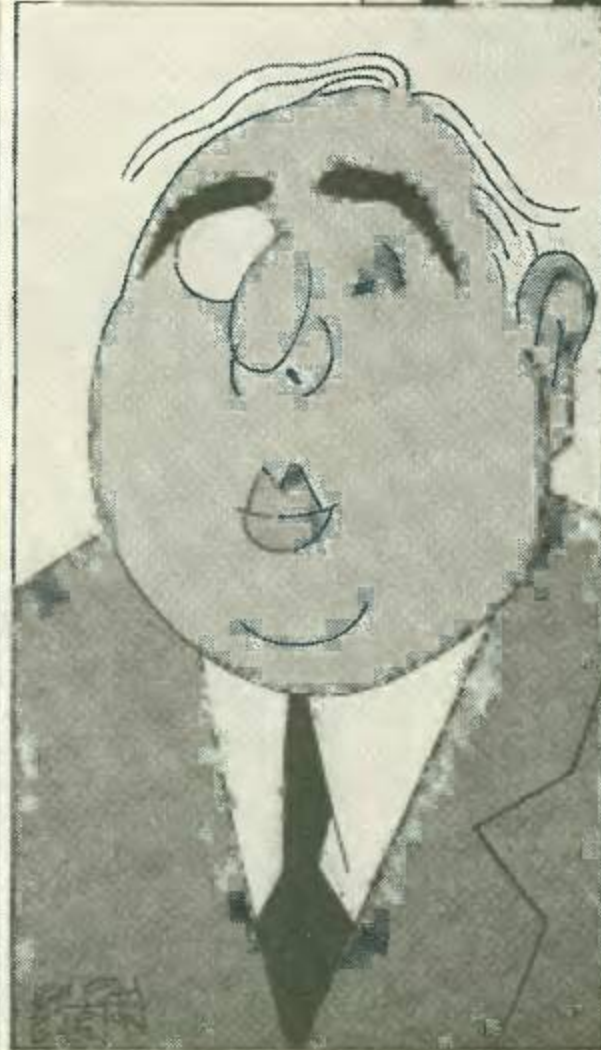
ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN—Who, as *Beaunash* in the theatre programs, has done so much to lift the name of Bryan from the estate into which it has fallen. His weekly article on "What the Man Will Wear" is directly responsible for the natty appearance of George Jean Nathan, and for the suicide of seven actors in the past five years who have discovered, too late, that their waistcoats were not correct.



THEODORE TITZE—Who has been for many years the most perfect of *maitres-d'hôtel* in New York, who has made the restaurant of The Madison one of the smartest places in town in which to lunch or dine and who, last week, assumed the management of the entire hotel.



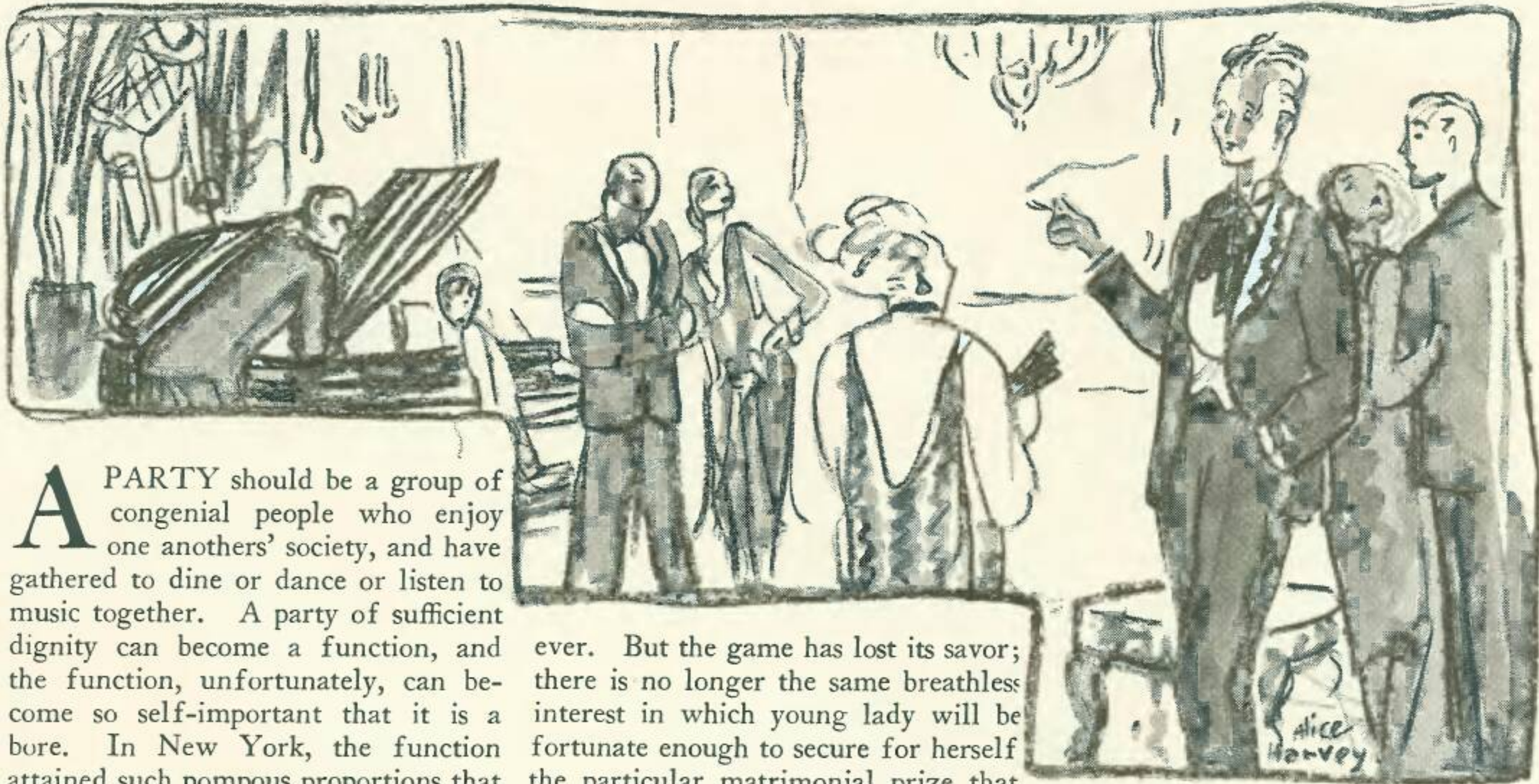
PHILIP GOODMAN—Who quit Broadway winner a year or two ago after two successes and a flop, and who is fingering a batch of new plays, with the temptation to produce them strong upon him. They always, as Rube Goldberg says, come back for more.



FERENC MOLNAR—Whose witticisms are collected every morning in a Budapest newspaper under the heading "What Molnar Said Last Night" and who is still writing all the plays produced in New York that are not imported from England.

THE DECLINING FUNCTION

A POST-DEBUTANTE REJOICES



A PARTY should be a group of congenial people who enjoy one another's society, and have gathered to dine or dance or listen to music together. A party of sufficient dignity can become a function, and the function, unfortunately, can become so self-important that it is a bore. In New York, the function attained such pompous proportions that it is, fortunately for all concerned, rapidly becoming a party again in self-defense. Certain balls became self-conscious about their exclusiveness, invitations to those balls were a passport to social distinction, and even people who did not need to prove to themselves, or to anyone else that they were distinguished, felt happier in the knowledge that they were marked with the correct rubber stamp. The debutante's family saw to it that she attended all the proper functions, including the Tuxedo Ball and the opening night of the Opera, and the debutante went willingly, a little wearied by excessive formality, but comforted by the thought that she was passing a sort of social test, and determined to pass with honor.

To the era of the function belonged the belle of the Season. She was queen of the carnival and she married, of course, the most eligible young man. Now, there are several girls who are more beautiful and charming than their sister debutantes, but there is no longer one girl who focuses so much attention on herself that the season is spoken of forever after as *her* Winter. The belle has disappeared, and, to some extent, the eligible young man has vanished with her. Young men are still eligible; still watched by greedy parental eyes; undoubtedly they are as determinedly elusive as

ever. But the game has lost its savor; there is no longer the same breathless interest in which young lady will be fortunate enough to secure for herself the particular matrimonial prize that is at large. Perhaps the Lucy Stone League has affected the modern girl. Of course if she thinks about the Lucy Stone League at all, it is with vague amusement at the fierce determination of so many women to retain the virginal prefix, "Miss", in spite of a husband and five children. But there is something there. Modern girls are conscious of the importance of their own identity, and they marry whom they choose, satisfied to satisfy themselves. They are not so keenly aware, as were their parents, of the vast difference between a brilliant match and a *mésalliance*.

This same independence of spirit is almost wholly responsible for the passing of the function. Civilized people are learning to take their pleasures less solemnly. They realize that an important party can be a festive occasion, and need not be a penance. But, above all, they are learning social independence. They have found out that their own individual charm is of more importance than the badge of social respectability that must be won through the torment of boredom.

People who are tone deaf no longer feel they must endure the meaningless agony of listening to music because on a certain Monday in November they ought to be at the opening of the Opera. People who think of the horse merely as a subject of conversation

Unfortunately, most of the lions are not very good ones. It is hard to coax a really great artist to play Tommy Tucker at a party. . . .

that makes the hunting enthusiast, otherwise charming, an intolerable dinner companion, do not rush madly to Long Island for the week-end because they feel they should attend the Piping Rock Horse Show. Nor does the debutante, whose idea of a really good time is seeing a football match with her best young man, forego attending the Yale-Army game because she feels that, unless she appears at the Tuxedo Ball, her Season will not have begun under the proper auspices. A sense of duty is undoubtedly an excellent quality, although it makes people do and say such unnecessarily disagreeable things to their neighbors. But to make of the pleasure of social intercourse an onerous duty, to be self-righteous about one's amusement, is to be not admirable, but absurd.

However, the rising generation's independence of spirit (some may prefer to name it cock-sureness) could not alone have dealt a death blow to the function. But the function itself has lost the elegance of other days. The gatherings of society, when our Elders were young, had distinction. Hostesses were exclusive as no hostess would dare be today. The balls were some-

times the poorer because a too rigid adherence to snobbish standards excluded many delightful people whose wit and charm would have added to the party. But at least the old-fashioned hostess whose point of view was expressed by the question: "Who was her mother before she was married?" gathered together a group of agreeable, congenial people. And the hostess who could not trust the exclusiveness of her own good taste was safe in choosing her guests according to the accepted standard of social position.

Recently a new and just as deadly snobbishness has appeared; and manifests itself in an attempt to be cosmopolitan. A morbid fear of being considered snobbish has frightened many hostesses into a democracy more complete than that of our better hotel keepers, and strangely varied are their guests. Her democracy has left the hostess with a conglomeration of people on her hands who have not enough in common to amuse themselves, who must be entertained. And most of the guests will be made quite happy by being at a party where they can see and perhaps meet a celebrity of whom they all have heard. In her anxiety to interest her guests, and possibly to gratify her own taste for playing Madame Récamier, the hostess is vigorously lion-hunting. If not the function, she says, at least let's have lions. Unfortunately, most of the lions are not very good ones. It is hard to coax a really great artist to play Tommy Tucker at a party, and it is easy to persuade a minor exponent of a decidedly minor art to come and be glorified. The trouble with stuffed lions is that they can't roar, they can only give a little toy squeak. But the hostesses play at Gilbert Seldes sport, discovering talent with much pleasure and enthusiasm. It makes them feel agreeably cosmopolitan.

Yet, although the invitation lists are as long and as all-entrancing as the telephone directory, the legend of exclusiveness still persists. Honest-minded people are forced to admit that it is only a legend, and that an invitation to a function is no longer a recognition of any kind of distinction. Functions of a kind, there will, of course, always be, for there will always be the type of mind that is uncomfortable without formality. But the importance of the function is gone. People are bored, at least for

a while, with being sheep; they are weary of filling their hours of ease with tiresome duties; they have learned to go where they want to go, not where they want to be seen.

—ELLIN MACKAY

THE MAKING OF THE ANCHOVY

Excerpts From Our Own Encyclopedia for Busy New Yorkers

THE ANCHOVY (*genus sardinus inoilus*) is a native of Cedar Rapids, Michigan, and has made that town what it is today, if anything. In the Spring, the female anchovies, charming in their soft-eyed maternity, come to the rapids to spawn. Scientists attribute this phenomenon to the remarkable furniture polish content of the waters, which reminds the homesick anchovy of its native cans and paternal olive oil. The female anchovy, a very impressionable creature, is so affected by this that she gives birth to great numbers of young which are gathered in quantities by the citizens of Cedar Rapids, and convening Elks.

These young are immediately placed in large vats of pure oil and given a mother's loving care for several weeks. They are fed three times a day, supplied with warm clothes and feather beds, and are given calisthenics to phonograph music every morning at seven. They are taught deep knee bending, hearty breathing, and spinal exercises, by which they are gradually trained into the familiar spiral anchovy shape.

Unaware that malice is lurking under-

neath the hospitality of these Cedar Rapids denizens, the poor anchovies are thrown completely off their guard. Each morning, they go through their exercises conscientiously. Suddenly, one bright day, the young anchovies are in their spiral shapes at the command of "Bending at the waist—BEND!!" The hypocritical Cedar Rapidians then hasten to let all of the oil out of the tanks and the poor anchovies are immediately rusted into their helical shapes for all times. Unable to move their joints without oil, they are heartlessly gathered, and cruelly separated from their families, and placed in glass bottles indiscriminately as to color, race, religion, or sex.

A most remarkable thing about these anchovies is that they are so numerous year after year. Professor Duffle of Harvard conducted a very interesting experiment in 1924. He attempted to place all the anchovies known end to end to see how far they would reach. After exhaustive tests he found that this could not be accomplished successfully as the normal anchovy has no end.

—ROBERT JAY MISCH

OUR CAPTIOUS READERS

Dear Editors:

On Friday of last week, at the newsstand on this side of the Jersey Central,—I'm a train-hopper, myself—a man purchased without shame *The Saturday Evening Post*, a bar of Hershey's chocolate, a package of raisins and **THE NEW YORKER**. All of these commodities I admire.

Yours,

L. B.



THE HUNTING SEASON

PROFILES

Rickard Rounds Up the Rubes

NORTH and south of the equator, east and west of a given meridian, a Rube is a Rube the world over, to put it more or less in the vernacular of Mr. William C. Fields. This includes New York City, which fact is demonstrated by Mr. George L. Rickard, the esteemed Tex, proprietor of the new Madison Square Garden, and purveyor of amusement to the Five Million, and the visiting firemen and firewomen.

Mr. Rickard earned his sobriquet of Tex by apprenticing himself to a herd of steers that once roamed the plains where now roam the Ku Klux Klan and Ma and Pa Ferguson and all the little Fergusons. He decided that there was no future in associating with the he-cows and headed north and west to Alaska.

It was in this land of the hard money that the far-visions Mr. Rickard saw the opportunity for the easy money. At first he toiled over the Chilkoot Pass, carrying pack after the fashion of the burros of Texas. But he did not remain a burro for any considerable period.

On the beach at Nome, opportunity knocked, not at the door of Mr. Rickard, for doors he had not. It smote him rather upon the forehead. Some kegs of liquor had been entrusted into his care by an owner who had left to evade the Alaska Winter. Nome was pining for entertainment. With two partners, Ole Elliot and Kid Highly, gamblers and adventurers, Tex Rickard started to provide the entertainment.

They opened the Great Northern, a saloon and gambling house at Nome, and they prospered. It was more lucrative than scratching in the tundra, and certainly easier going. Mr. Rickard learned something about entertaining the Rube from the Sourdough branch of the great species.

With the tables crowded, with the customers three deep at the bar pouring their dust into his scales, Mr. Rickard said to himself, "This was going on all the time and I did not know it until now."



Tex Rickard

Mr. Rickard sold his rum at a high profit. The rake-off from the gambling was heavy, yet all of the customers of Mr. Rickard seemed to feel that he was conferring a favor upon them to keep The Northern running. He became the camp good fellow. Sourdoughs coming in from far places would toss their pokes on the bar and shout, "Hey Tex, mind this for me. I'm going to whoop it up." He became the trusted banker of the camp, for the "Dangerous Dan McGrew, the lady that's known as Lou" and all the rest of them. In the Alaska camps, as in the California gold days, the gambler was a solid citizen with a high social standing.

The roar of the camp at Nome died down. There came the whisper of a new camp in the Nevada Desert. They called it Goldfield. Rickard and his partners arrived there with the first rush, and The Northern, saloon and gambling house, became the social center of Goldfield, Nevada, a name which was shortly to be heard around the world through the agency of Tex Rickard.

Now Goldfield as a mining camp was no Nome. There was one mine there and plenty of sage brush and rock that might be sold to credulous

customers. Goldfield organized a Chamber of Commerce to devise ways and means to advertise at a minimum expense.

In Goldfield at the time, a fugitive from embarrassing complications, elsewhere, was a certain ex-newspaperman, tipster and bucket shop man, a genius who would have been many times a millionaire had he not preferred the crooked way. The putting of Goldfield on the map was his idea.

At that time there was talk of matching Battling Nelson and Joe Gans for the lightweight championship, but these pampered gladiators were so rapacious that their combined demands amounted to something like \$25,000, an outrageous sum in those pre-Dempsey days of the great cauliflower industry. The Goldfield intellectual proposed that the Chamber of Commerce offer \$40,000 for this bout. "If you get it," he said, "you will have the Goldfield date line in every newspaper of the world for at least three months. That will be forty million dollars worth of advertising for an ante of forty thousand. It will bring suckers here who will buy mining stock. You may get all of the money back. Even if you don't get the bout, it will be a good free advertisement just to make the offer."

It sounded good. The business men of Goldfield subscribed the forty thousand then and there at the bar of The Northern. It was put up in dust and in twenty-dollar gold pieces, and turned over to the care of Tex Rickard.

"But we must have a promoter," said the author of the idea. "For business reasons I am not eligible."

"Oh, let Tex be the promoter," suggested three or four, in the same voice. So a wire came to San Francisco announcing that Mr. Tex Rickard of Goldfield Nevada had offered forty thousand dollars for the Gans-Nelson fight. There was considerable skepticism.

Bill Nolan, the manager of Battling Nelson, was inquisitive enough to go to Goldfield to investigate. They

showed him the forty thousand dollars in a neat pyramid of twenty-dollar gold pieces, and Nolan sprained his wrist in his haste to sign on the dotted line.

Two days later Rube Goldberg and I arrived at Goldfield to investigate for a San Francisco newspaper, and we saw the pyramid of gold on the bar of The Northern. Mr. Rickard affected surprise that newspapermen should be sent to Goldfield over such a trivial matter. Mr. Rickard always seems naïve. He is not. That drawing speech and that appearance of naïvete is part of his makeup.

Mr. Goldberg and I dined with Mr. Rickard in the cottage on the ridge above the Mohawk Mine. He had a lawn twenty feet square for his little daughter's playground. This was in the Nevada desert, and it cost him twenty dollars a day to have water hauled up to keep the grass green. He had chicken imported at great expense, lettuce from the Carson Sink, and champagne for dinner cooled in thirty dollar's worth of ice. There was plenty to write home about in that camp.

The staging of that fight was recorded officially in the *Police Gazette* almost twenty years ago. Plenty of customers for mining stock arrived and they bought mining stock. But strangest of all the fight itself paid some profit. This was the part that interested Tex Rickard. He never had seen a prizefight before,

and he was incredulous about people paying money to see them. When the books were balanced and the profit was shown in black and white, Mr. Rickard said simply, "How long has this been going on?"

Rickard sold his interest in The Northern shortly afterward. It was not long before he offered James J. Jeffries one hundred thousand dollars to come out of his retirement and "bring back the championship to the white race" by defeating the Senegambian Jack Johnson. New York fight promoters declared that Rickard should be placed in a padded cell. Jeffries did not bring back the championship to the white race, but Tex Rickard did bring back several hundred thousands in profits to New York where the Rubes were thicker.

I do not know how much Rickard learned from the cows in Texas, if anything, but his experience with the sourdoughs and the desert rats taught him that they will pay for their amusement, no matter how high the price. The influx of the urban Rubes to Goldfield convinced him that the Rubes of the cities are just as soft, if not softer than the Rubes of the great open spaces.

Mr. Rickard leased the old Madison Square Garden which was more commodious than The Northern at Nome or Goldfield and built the arena at Boyle's Thirty Acres for the overflow of Rubes. He sold them Georges Carpentier, Jack Dempsey and the

Wild Bull of the Pampas. He is selling them back their own Six Day Bicycle Race on a rising market. In New York's new social center, he will sell them professional hockey. If they are not careful, he will sell them their own Brooklyn Bridge.

There was much opposition to Tex from the "home town boys" who would promote. They complained that it was not right to let in a foreigner to get all of the gravy, but here is Tex Rickard entrenched in the place once held by the late P. T. Barnum. Why, he even promoted a National Democratic Convention in the old Madison Square Garden.

His fetich now is respectability and elegance. Long ago he started to shudder at the very notion of holding a conference in a saloon to sign his prizefighter. He will promote anything that will gather a sufficient number of Rubes for profit or for prestige. One of these days this cowboy-sourdough-desert-rat-saloon-keeper-gambler may decide to promote a Christian Endeavor Convention at his new Madison Square Garden. And he will get away with it.

Behind his guileless exterior, there is deep guile that is half benevolent and half Satanic. But it can not be said of him that he does not give his suckers an even break. He must have given them at least a sixty-forty break, or he could not have survived Nome and Goldfield.

—W. O. MCGEEHAN

OF ALL THINGS

BEING a French premier must be something like trying to keep house in a revolving door.

If George Washington University scientists prove their theory, that sleep is a form of intoxication, it will be a great boost for the circulation of the *Congressional Record*.

Senator Borah now intimates that he will support the Court if it is divorced from the League. In that case there needn't be any alimony.

Washington jaywalkers are now liable to a term in jail. The jaytalkers are already serving terms in Congress.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT

The La Follette group fought for the right of the majority to control govern-

ment; in the Senate they upheld the right of the minority to obstruct legislation through the filibuster. When General Dawes was saving the Constitution in the fall of 1924, his great heart bled for the minority; now he rediscovers the beauty of majority rule. The same inconsistency with reverse English. Periods of profound reflection. . . . Political life is a struggle between the us's and the them's.

"My post of duty is here," says Secretary Wilbur. Nevertheless a lot of us still feel that the ideal post for Wilbur would be a post mortem.

This department does not agree with other nature students who predict a hard cold Winter. The Autumn novels and plays are decidedly light, stockings are

thin and the political birds did not go South until the middle of November.

Governor Ferguson's friends are rapidly fading away, but she is still first in the hearts of the newspaper headline writers. Ma is the only genuine two-letter character in public life since the immortal T.R.

The responsibility for the continuation of the coal strike has been neatly shifted to the bosses. Pinchot's plan did not put the men in the mines but it put the operators in the hole.

The impression persists in the cultured classes that Grange did something dishonorable when he became a professional. It may be slightly nobler to play football for hollers than for dollars, but a pro game is not necessarily a con game.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



REVIEWING THE NEWS

An Unsolved Mystery

SOMEWHERE along the thronging streets, or yet perhaps in some sequestered backwater of the human torrent, there is a man with a stirring adventure behind him who is given to turning sharply whenever he hears the lift of an unfamiliar voice, or bending his face and hurrying away at the sight of an unfamiliar figure approaching him. Until a week or two ago, this man was running before a chase: covering his trail—running—lying up in this safe place or that, while thirty or forty other men prowled in the dark corners of the city waiting for his first false step. The hunt has died now. The voices of the pack are crying off in another direction in fitful search for another quarry. They have forgotten him. Yet he is still cautious, for some more persistent hound, with voice held tight except for a whimper as he noses along the trail, is doubtless close behind him.

Three weeks ago, we were reading in our papers about this mysterious person. We were reading that he had stolen \$685,000 worth of pearls from Mrs. Jessie Woolworth Donahue—that he had proposed a most audacious bargain whereby the pearls should be sold back to their owner for one-tenth their value—and that he had been cunning enough to bring off the deal, take to his heels again, and vanish. Also, that the police were tardily angry at his bold adventure, and had blown down the hunt upon him. Nowadays, news and crime and the police being what they are, we do not read about him any more. And yet he was a bold rogue—perhaps worth an idle speculation or two:

It was on the night of September 30 that he struck out for the peak of his adventure. Days before, he had learned that Mr. and Mrs. James Donahue, returning from Europe to

find their uptown house under repair, had engaged a suite at the Plaza. Since their arrival, he had been watching, awaiting impatiently the one little break that would be his cue.

He was lounging in the lobby on the afternoon of the thirtieth; dressed in the mode, apparently expecting a friend. But when Mrs. Donahue came downstairs for tea, he saw her instantly. And when he saw that she was wearing the pearls, limpid and glowing and incalculably rich, he knew that his break had come. Unostentatiously, he kept her in sight. And finally she re-entered the elevator to return to her rooms. He watched the clock. Twenty minutes—then thirty: and he too entered the elevator.

It was breathlessly still in the corridor of the sixth floor. A maid or two brushed along, towels over her arm. And occasionally light laughter came through a closed door. But the tea dance was in swing downstairs, and most of the guests were there. He idled along the corridor, picking up the door numbers and searching for the one he knew so well. At last he was before it.

He sauntered past it twice, as if hunting for an elusive number, before he became aware of the miraculous bit of luck that had befallen him. The key to the Donahue door was in its lock.

He waited a moment, lighting a cigarette. A faint and drowsy voice came from inside, then the muffled closing of a door. He waited one minute longer, then softly turned the key. There was a small entrance hall, empty. He stepped across its soft carpet. There was a reception room, empty too, but with the bantering voice of a maid coming faintly into it through a closed door. Another door stood open, and through it he saw someone asleep on the bed. Cautiously, he went into that room.

There on the dresser they lay, thrown lightly among the trays, glistening rose color in the pale light. But there were, astonishingly enough, four strings of pearls instead of two.

He knew, being the sort of gentleman that he was, that two of the strings were real and two of them crafty imitations. And, wary of a deception which would make him despise himself, he carried all four softly to the window. There, even in the late light, the difference was apparent. He dropped the two real ropes into his pocket, glanced at the figure of their owner asleep on the bed, and mechanically picked up a pocketbook, a brooch or two whose genuineness even then he suspected, and went out as he had entered.

Ten minutes later he was merely one man in the midst of a million hurrying through the streets.

I hesitate to grow romantic over the next step which he took, which, as you know, was to arrange the meeting between himself and the agent of the insurance company that was liable for the loss of the jewels. I do not know just how such things are managed. He was wary, of course, when the papers next morning had nothing to say about his adventure. He was suspicious of secret investigations. But when the afternoon journals of October 1 howled their news of the latest sensation, he felt better. For some reason, doubtless, the Donahues had seen fit to conceal their loss for twenty-four hours.

By whatever machinery is used in such a case—and there is plenty of precedent in similar robberies of precious jewels—he met the insurance man, Mr. Noel C. Scaffa, at the Prince George Hotel. Already, he had read in the papers that Mr. Scaffa had promised the District Attorney to produce the stolen property within five days. He met him, then, took \$65,000

in bills, stowed it in his pocket, surrendered his loot, and walked out again into the street. In his retreat, which he sought then without delay for the long wait, he read the papers: read how Scaffa walked into the District Attorney's office, dumped his brown paper parcel of rich stuff on a table, and swore he did not know the identity of the man who had given them to him: read how the three Donahue servants were questioned: how Scaffa was indicted for compounding a felony: how forty detectives were sent out to find him: and how jurists and citizens and editors deplored a state of society which permitted such a bargain as that between himself and Mr. Scaffa.

He read (picture his restrained amusement!) of Pockmarked Jack Dillon, shuffling into the District Attorney's office to tell a weird tale of a meeting with English Jimmy Berkley, somewhere in Central Park. English Jimmy, said Pockmarked Jack, had given him the low down on a job he was to pull off, a rich job—pointing toward the sixth floor of the Plaza. But Jack (so he said) having reformed, scowled at the proposition and hurried beyond temptation. And Jack gradually dropped out of the affair.

He read of Sam Layton. And he prodded about in his memory to see if he, himself, once had been called Sam Layton. And then, because he surely knows as much as I of thieves' ways, he remembered who Sam Layton really is—and grimaced at the plan of formal justice which discreetly preserves Sam Layton's real identity.

Then the papers found a murder or two to play with, a new opinion on the miracle of bobbed hair to exploit, a holdup, which in detail was just like the last, but must be described in its finest points. And the Donahue jewel robbery slipped out of print.

The police found that their daily flow of new crime had not subsided out of respect for their duty toward our jewel thief. Ten detectives were called off the hunt. Then ten more. Then all but one. And the District Attorney, at first indignant, then relentlessly determined, and finally (when the furor in the press had subsided) somewhat resigned to the difficulty of his job, says, "We are doing our best." After all, explain police and District Attorney, this is only one crime in a thousand, and the victims have gotten their stuff back.

All but one, then, hurry on to meet

the new tide. But this one has a certain advantage: The noise is over. In the pocket of our villain there is \$65,000 in yellow bills. And they are beginning to itch. Also, even the shrewdest and quietest of men are burdened with an imp which goads them to boast of deeds of prowess and subtle cunning.

So ten years will pass, bringing one of two mildly interesting situations: In an uptown precinct station, a hoary Sergeant, back into his uniform now, will yarn on a dull day, telling how, when he was young, he turned up that Donahue pearl robber. "Yes, sir" (ptui), "he's doin' his turn up the river right now." Or—a tired and restless fellow, lean and nervous and slightly out at heel, will grow expansive under the drink he has neatly cadged from a younger man. "Say," he'll murmur confidentially, "you don't know me, do you? Well," (a quick look about him) "I'm the bird that pulled that Plaza job. Remem-

ber the Donahue pearls and the slick turnover with the insurance guys?"

Meantime, the world will have forgotten. And, doubtless, enough dimes will have poured into red-front stores, in exchange for tin pots, and sleazy ribbons, and Christmas-tree balls, to pay for another rope of pearls, more shimmeringly lovely than the last, which in their due turn, perhaps, will provide the urge for another startling but lightly forgotten crime.

—MORRIS MARKEY

During the rainy spell of last week, Dudley Field Malone, evolutionist, and the best dressed lawyer who ever took his coat off in a Tennessee court room, appeared in the uptown district. Artists and other sensitive pedestrians in the vicinity of Forty-fourth Street have rested easier ever since. It has been proved no idle rumor, that Mr. Malone would rather buy a new wardrobe, than wear rubbers, or carry an umbrella.



News



"What did we come in here for, Jim?"



Hokinson

The beginning of Wisdom.



The effect of art.



"Where is he going, Grandma?"
"Hush, Dear!"



His wife's getting a divorce!"

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

"Dairy-Man Dies, Loss of Fortune Blamed."—*Daily Newspaper.*



NEVER should a Christian venture forth to wander and to prowl, purchasing some wild adventure by the efforts of his fowl.

Though the faithful chickens labor, they don't mean to foster vice. And the City's dance macabre will exact its fearful price.

Silas, after many Summers' tending to the cows and hens, Silas Jason joined the mummies in the Devil's pleasure dens.



There the trombone's muted cooing throws the stranger off his guard. Scarlet ladies heed his wooing for a prearranged reward.

Yea, unholy hussies hover, like so many birds of prey, o'er the victim they discover with a coveting "hey-hey."

Now he's dead, poor Silas Jason, no Kiwanis came to weep at his bier, no Elk, no Mason; As ye sow so shall ye reap.

—HANS STENGEL

PASSING TIME AT CHRISTMASTIDE

AT THE FIREPLACE waiting for Santa Claus—consider the stockings—does it occur to you that good things come in small packages—does it check up with your past experience—do you believe it—examine the chimney—conceive Santa Claus's entrance—how does he do it—what makes you think so—can it be that you suspect there is no Santa Claus—why—try to recite the poem beginning with "Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse"—do you know the next line—do you know any of the other lines—is your house like the one of the poem—listen intently—can you hear any mice—are there any mice in your home—can you be sure—jot down what presents you would like to receive—do you always get what you want—when

don't you—when do you—lie down—close your eyes and try to stay awake—

UNDER THE MISTLETOE kissing a girl—what brand of rouge does she use—what flavor is it—do you like it—what other brands or flavors do you like better—could it be possible that she does not use any rouge—consider her eyes—are they open or closed—does she seem to be in heaven—how about yourself—pinch her arm—does she notice it—would she notice it if you were kissing her properly—have you ever heard the lines "and this love's sweetest language is"—what do you think of them now—can you look at your watch without releasing your hold—would the girl mind it—would you mind it if you were a girl—try it—don't you think it is about time to let her go—

—JOSE SCHORR

This is the time of the year when most people think only of the present.

EPISODE

She may be one of those who are glorified nightly. He helped her out of the cab, and you, too, would have stared.

Skirt naughtily, provokingly short over a ravishing pair of legs—exquisitely sheathed and expensively shod. Graceful as a young birch in a whisper of wind.

Too much make-up? Perhaps. Drinks? Probably. And smokes? Of course.

Raw weather. He sneezed.

"God bless you, dear."

Magdalen incarnate, more sure of Heaven than I—and there are some who dismiss her with . . . "hardboiled".

—PHILIP BERMAN

The fleet is in the river, and
A thing I cannot understand
Is where the sailors get the Janes
Who ride with them on subway trains.
Perhaps I'd learn if I'd explore
The nearest Army-Navy store.

CRITIQUE

*The Theatre*

A MINOR triumph of adaptation is to be witnessed at the Comedy Theatre these days. The Comedy Theatre, to wit, is harboring the production the Actors' Theatre has made of Ludwig Thoma's heavy-handed "Moral", in a concentrated, pulmotorized version, called "Morals", by Charles Recht and Sidney Howard.

"Moral", this past decade, has been enjoying a reputation, by default, out of all proportion to its merits. For the most part, the situation can be traced to an incessant beating of the drum on its behalf by George Jean Nathan, who used it regularly as the example of the fine Continental play American managers were neglecting while they were producing the masterpieces of the Mons. Owen Davis, the grand opera of *La Akins*. El Nathan, for ten years now, has been a Wienerwurst if "Moral" is not infinitely superior to a great majority of the childish playthings the Americans call their theatre.

The M. Nathan, for one thing, because he has contributed more than any other writer to the improvement of the New York theatre in the last fifteen years, has his substantial audience, however, and a fair part of it was at the Comedy Theatre on the night of November thirtieth to see exactly what it was that its prophet had so long been so loudly proclaiming. And it saw a slow-moving, ponderous, and obvious farce comedy, made out of the brilliant idea that the President of a provincial Society for the Suppression of Vice should at the same time be one of the hamlet's most industrious, if surreptitious sinners. For the exposition of this bitter bit of irony, moreover, Herr Thoma had chosen as his fable the one about the fancy lady who kept the names of her clients in her own little red book, with all the interesting events on stage

resulting from the fact that the book had fallen into the hands of the gendarmes. To this triumph of dramaturgy, if we are to take the Nathan ballyhoo too seriously, has Nathan been striving for a decade to bring the American theatre.

It was a shabby, stencilled, and flat-beer play, then, that the Actors' Theatre saw fit to present as its second offering of the season,—such a play as used to be seen here thirty times a year, but as now happily makes many less annual visitations. There were, of course, amusing moments to the evening's offering, but there were many more to such a surely unimportant play as the recent "Weak Sisters"; and "Cradle Snatchers", at the Music Box, carries with it more dumb merriment to the minute than "Morals" to the hour. Is one, then, to expect that Mr. A. B. Walkley will ring the *London Times* welkin for the next ten years for "Weak Sisters", and that Herr Alfred Kerr will disturb Max Reinhardt's nightly sleep by shouting a decade long, through his open windows, that he really must produce "Cradle Snatchers", or else confess himself openly a producer of sugar-wafers for the Yokels of the Hinterland?

So much for the "Morals" that the Actors' Theatre has produced. But, ah, mesdames et messieurs, the "Moral" that Herr Ludwig Thoma has written and that, but for the grace of adaptors Recht and Howard, it might have brought to life on these American shores! . . .

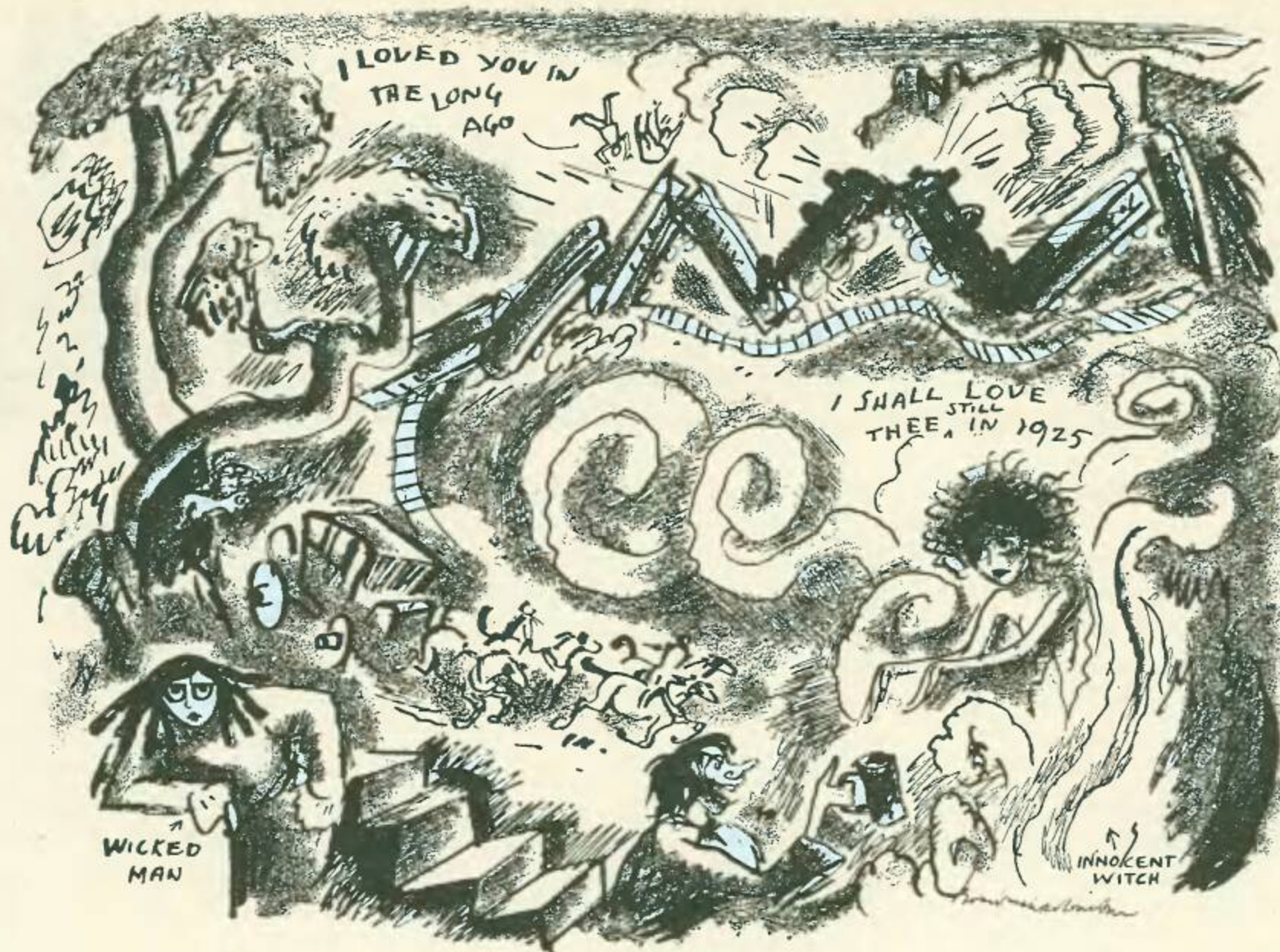
Thoma's play, as Nathan saw it ten years ago in Munich, is full of sledgehammer satire on peculiarly local German conditions. There is much essential discussion of German politics and good Teutonic irony about the attempt of the working-men to achieve the sacred level of the middle-class. There is criticism dulled but, nevertheless criticism, of German bureaucracy, and this is so much a part of the

play that even the heroic work of Recht and Howard was not enough to prevent the wonder of intelligent first-nighters here as to exactly what was meant by the figure of the Assessor, who is just a duty-struck German police official. As it was, such audience enthusiasm as the production here has provoked has come almost exclusively from the acting, with the fancy lady well in the lead—and in the German original, the lady appears in only one act, the Second.

The piece at the Comedy is well cast. As the lady of the ancient profession, Marian Warring-Manley gives a sparkling performance, in no way impaired by the pleasing circumstance that she resembles the Elsie Ferguson of "Such a Little Queen" in appearance and voice. Edwin Nicander, the hypocritical vice crusader of Thoma's brilliant invention, plays as he has always played such a farce part as has ever been his . . . and the sudden information that he is now in a masterpiece must make him feel much as did the startled graybeard who learned that he had really been speaking prose all his life.

One feels for Mr. Nathan, and one understands how it could have happened. Others, too, have been in Munich in Indian Summer, when the Kapellen played sweetly in the English Gardens, and the Backfische paraded coyly along the Maximilian Strasse, and there was a purple twilight over the Isar, and a Maas at the Hofbraeu Haus was a Maas, and all the world was young . . . and one saw "The Fool" at the Residenz Theatre and thought it was a masterpiece, nor paused to remember that after all it was only Munich.

THE Stagers, at their Fifty-second Street Theatre, are presenting "The Devil to Pay", by Herman Heijermans. The chief reason for the present production seems to be that the play is a Dutch masterpiece. Where-



"THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY"

Cecil B. De Mille offers a fine dish of Hollywood tripe at the Rivoli.—B. R.

fore, it should sternly be called to the Stagers' attention that the law requiring American production of Dutch masterpieces in the name of art, where they are manifestly dull and verbose, was repealed long, long ago.

This particular Dutch masterpiece was probably a moderately interesting play at home, where the attention of the audience was allowed to remain fixed upon what the characters were doing and saying. Here, unfortunately, the Stagers' attempts to create a Dutch atmosphere and the picture of Dutch small-town life serve merely to accentuate the audience's feeling that it is in the presence of something highly artificial that wouldn't interest it much even if it were real. Any reality the play may possess, any roots that it may have in actual existence, are largely rendered frustrate by the elaborate, ponderous, and unrelenting artificiality of its staging and its language. On the other hand, there is too much prosaic solidity, too little actual charm and natural quaintness, to provide the observer with a substitute illusion of poetry and beauty.

There was a time, not so long ago, when one of the main ideas of Heijermans's play would have been considered startling. The idea of the reference is that the unmarried woman who is about to have a baby—the

theatre's favorite member of the *enceinte régime*—has other chances for salvation than in marriage to the father of her child. Such a marriage, even, might be the bigger of two evils, it seems.

In the main, Heijermans's play concerns the fortunes of a simple, frugal, and decent Dutch man and wife, who have fallen under the control of an elderly, tyrannical, embittered lodger, who contrives to keep from them most of the cherished material things of life. The play ends, however, on what must be a high note—she can not deprive them of their faith in love, she can not cripple their souls.

Margaret Wycherly, ever a capable actress, is capital as the venomous hag whose distorted sense of justice for herself upsets the lives of those about her. Whitford Kane and Ethel Strickland are effective as genre pictures, perhaps, but are otherwise not too convincing—in Mr. Kane's case clearly because of a wordy role.

AT the Bijou, future historians will be obliged to us for recording here, they are now playing "A Lady's Virtue", by Rachel Crothers. It provides a pleasant enough evening for those who can take their Broadway theatre, or leave it alone.

This department can have a nice

time at the theatre any evening, just by watching either of the Nash sisters. In this instance, they are both on view. Florence is a small-town wife, full of the New Thought, who thinks she is perfectly willing to have Mary, an opera singer right out of the *Mirror's* Daily True Story, steal her dull, plodding husband from her. (The husband, if you haven't already guessed, is Robert Warwick.) But after Florence spends the first scene of the Third Act in the apartment of a New York Monty, to whom she wrongly thought she could give herself, she wants her Warwick back and Mary gives him to her.

All this, of course, is very silly and cliché, and the real reason our eyes glowed so brightly during most of the love scenes, and all of the time Florence was on stage, was because of a light someone in the seat ahead was flashing constantly. In addition, Isabel Irving pleased us greatly, as she always does, even though what Miss Crothers has thought up for her is something about mother not approving of all these modern goings-on.—H. J. M.

Music

DON'T let anybody kid you out of it, children. George Gershwin's piano concerto is about the

most important new work that has been aired in this hamlet of ours in many somethings, and when we say "important", we're not using a nicenellie for "dull". By the time that this meets your careless eyes, there will have been much shouting, more whispering, and public dancing in Carnegie Hall, if not, as the intelligentsia are saying, in the streets. The burthen of it will be that George has done it.

It isn't necessary to attend a session of the League of Composers or some other body dedicated to the production of modern stuff, to discover how thoroughly good the Gershwin achievement is. But after hearing the vague annoyances of the Messrs. Tansman, Prokofieff, Honegger and Copland under the sympathetic auspices of Mr. Koussevitsky, the new concerto strikes our eardrums as monumental. And if it seems so, only in contrast to the outpourings of the boys who are being taken seriously by ladies who go to concerts without socks (yes; there was one of them at the League musicale), it still remains a splendid job, and so far as this unregenerate department is concerned, five minutes of Gershwin are worth several years of the esoteric belly-aches which pass for the music of the future.

Gershwin, who, by the way, is the only composer privileged to bring a pipe to the rehearsals of the Symphony Society, has not broken with the kind of music that made him famous, but he has succeeded in using its rhythms, and some of its instrumental decorations to build a piano concerto of which no composer need be ashamed. The Charleston foot print of two beats separated by an eighth-rest is the theme of his first movement, but the vulgarity of it has been transformed into brooding vitality. From

this simple *motif*, Gershwin has developed a movement which would remind one of a simpler, rather American Rachmaninoff, were it not that only Gershwin could have composed this section. A fragment of a song considered too difficult for the cast of "Lady, Be Good" forms the basis of an utterly charming second movement, in which a derby-hung trumpet sings plaintively a refined blues phrase. The concluding canto is, as the composer confesses, "a riot of rhythm," and consequently a trifle inconclusive. That, however, probably can be repaired by the time that the concerto again appears on Mr. Damrosch's programs.

The effectiveness of the piano part, played with singularly beautiful tone by the composer, is not surprising, but the sureness of the scoring is amazing in view of the fact that this is the first effort of Gershwin in writing for orchestra. Some of it is rather opaque, and there are unnecessarily difficult passages for the bull fiddles, but most of it is strikingly to the point, and sharply effective. Gershwin, it appears, devoted some of his royalties on "Why Do I Love You?" to engaging an orchestra, led by the gifted Bill Daly, for a preliminary hearing of his score, and did his overhauling by ear rather than by eye. There are no jazz instruments employed, the only unconventional touch being the use of the derby, and this is planned not for comedy, but to obtain a timbre which cannot be brought out by the usual mutes. The derby, at the dress rehearsal at least, was that of Mr. Damrosch, who explained that he was glad to be so intimately connected with the premiere of the concerto. The concerto in F is an advance on the "Rhapsody in Blue", although it obviously springs from the same musical im-

pulses, and there are a few parallels in the two works. However, the concerto has in it something that might be called nobility, and that is what we shall call it.

IF you will pardon us for waxing enthusiastic this week, we shall scatter a few gobs of apple sauce about Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, whose two-piano recital was one of the most diverting, and most soundly musical events of the past month. (In response to several queries heard in Aeolian Hall that evening, we inform you that the one who doesn't wear glasses is Pattison.) The startling ensemble of these young gentlemen is already taken for granted, but to each must be awarded some token for his skill in arranging music for the two instruments. Mr. Maier's transcription of Brahms's "Liebeslieder" waltzes is a valuable addition to the repertory, and Mr. Pattison's gorgeous doctoring of the "Arkansas Traveler" is another. Put Maier and Pattison on your must-list and don't mislay the list.—R. A. S.

Art

WE can find no quarrel with the Centennial Exhibition of the National Academy of Design now on view at the Grand Central Art Galleries. It is what it sets out to be: a commemorative show of the work of the members of the Academy during the century. It is a brave showing of their wares, their less inspired moments, as well as their high spots, and it is a good deal of everything. That it may not be an accurate history of art in this country, is not to the point. That it fails to recognize at all the developments that have crept in during the last decade of



A.H.

French influence, is also not relevant. It is their show, and you can take it or leave it. Whatever camp you belong to, a few hours spent at the Grand Central will be of interest.

The Centennial gives in a compact orientation what you will not get in visits to various museums. It shows the earliest form of art in the young country, the point where young blood was beginning to flow back from the Whistler-haunted studios of Paris, and one might even fix the date where the nude became permissible in American Art. We hope to see some of the men who make graphs and charts busy with their measuring sticks in this show. There is ample material in the eighteen galleries and the 533 canvases and pieces of sculpture. Certainly the bulk of esthetic appreciation in this country finds itself at home in such a show, and even its rampant offshoots will have some thrill of recognition in this phase of art.

We found a certain fun in exploiting our ignorance. We wandered around and came to a full stop now and then before something that touched our peculiar eyes. We had never known that there was an H. Bolton Jones, or that he could paint as well as he did in his "A Brook in the Berkshires". Nor had we ever heard of W. Granville-Smith and his beautiful "Old Mill". Perhaps you will feel as we did, that a small panic ensued when the Gallery found that the Centennial included "The Red Bridge" by Charles Rosen. There must have been some chatter and excitement; perhaps a committee meeting and voting to determine whether or no the Rosen work was "Modern". At all events it was decided to give it a place—a nice spot high up near the ceiling in the hinterland gallery.

As usual the admission is one dollar and the catalogue one dollar. We have never liked this feature of the Galleries. In this case the catalogue charge seems warranted. But it has been explained to us, that the main purpose of the Gallery is to make art pay. More power to them. That's more than we have been able to do.

SOMEONE else will have to explain to you the position Maxfield Parrish holds in American art. The fool-rush-in shoes we slip on so comfortably for such occasions have been misplaced, and we have nothing left to wear but frankness. Little enough

protection for these cold days and open minds. Anyway Parrish is having his first exhibition at Scott & Fowles. And you may be a user of Edison Service or any of the many things Maxfield Parrish has glorified in American advertising these many years. It is a show to be seen certainly by all advertising men, and perhaps by most of the students. As we walked around the galleries marveling at the technical skill by which he simulates light, we tried to banish from our memory, studio legends of how this man works. Photographs, we believe, had much to do with these legends—certain legitimate enough uses of the camera to catch the human figure when needed in a composition. If we had gone there with a clean slate, and had been told that this stuff was the brush work of a meticulous artist, our slate would have been filled with words of admiration and awe. A stuffed legend is a dirty club to use on any artist, so we ask you to forget it. Certainly nothing has been done as marvelously as these drawings since the Lord's Prayer was carved on the head of a pin.

—M. P.

Books

IN the matter of "God Head", by Leonard Cline, this department's conscience pricks it. Here we are, stationed to watch night and day for

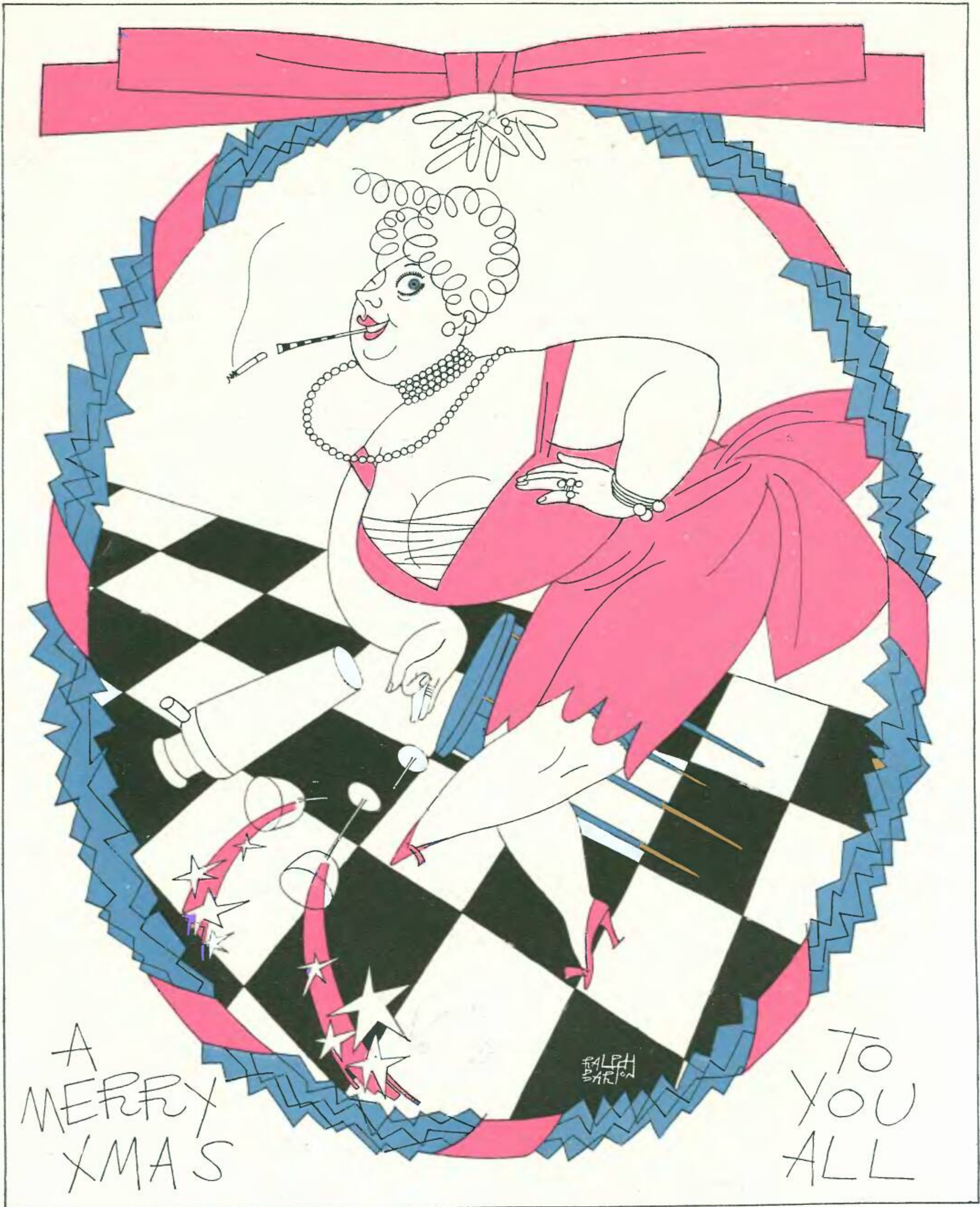


literary lights, and the moment they show up, one if by land and two if by William McFee, to go galloping over the countryside, shouting under windows of Mills hotels, and supper clubs, and roadhouses, that something to read is coming. In particular, when a new novelist who is really good shines forth, we are supposed to be first to review or, as you might say, revere him. Well, Cline is such a new novelist, but for weeks we kept shuffling his book, unread, to the bottom of the pile because we disliked its jacket, which suggested one more of those determinedly queer and "expressionistic" fantasies that have grown as common, and welcome, as hard colds.

At last, we found ourself flat on our back, and stuck for something to read for our own pleasure. Having gone through a dozen books, some of them later to be sneezed at, we discovered it in "God Head", which, while modern and somewhat fantastic and decidedly symbolical, is not, in the sense referred to, queer at all. Disregarding the poetry of it, the narrator, successively disheartened as a surgeon, a sculptor, and a labor agitator, falls among some Finns on the wooded shore of Lake Superior, and under an intoxication of desire for his rescuer's wife, becomes a prankish superman. Like other supermen, he is a case for an alienist, also, what Mencken would chastely call a cad, and finally a murderer. But he is quite a cuss, and his account of his triumphant jamboree makes swinging reading; his crazy mirth is infectious; and so is his passion. As for the poetry, Cline gives his characters both symbolic significance, and something of the epic quality and stature. He weaves in Finnish legends here and there with much effect; and there are two pages, in which his superman imagines the future "as far as thought can reach," that seem to us to eclipse the whole of that act of "Back to Methusaleh".

The only review we have read of "God Head" (*Viking Press*) made us tired, guardedly complaining of its crudeness and the author's inexperience—as elderly reviewers often do when a book shocks their moral sensibilities. The fact is, Cline writes, and conducts his very original and vital novel, uncommonly well.

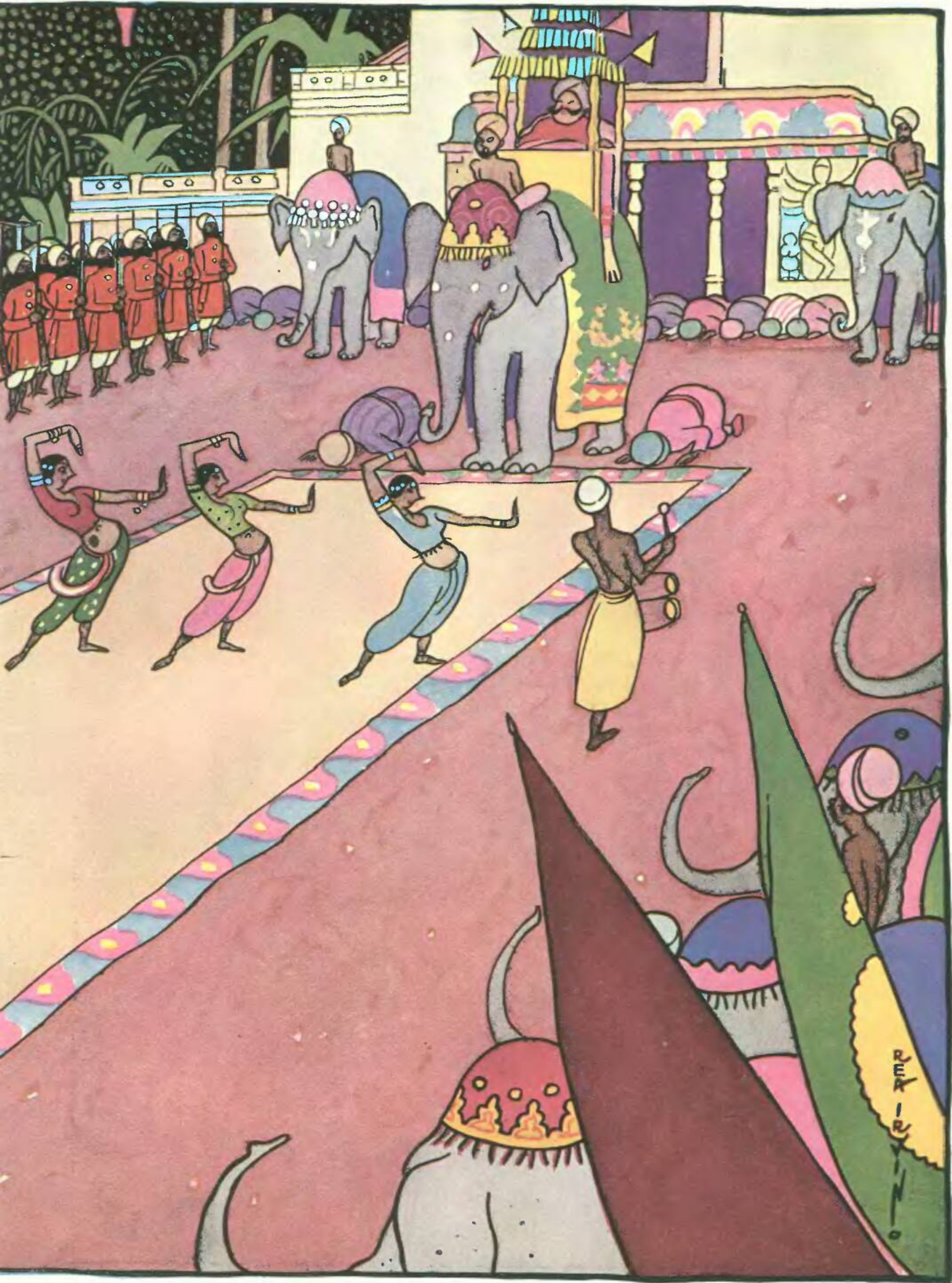
●
Goes On, THE NEW YORKER'S selective list of the current week's events, will be found on page 6, the list of new books worth while on page 44.



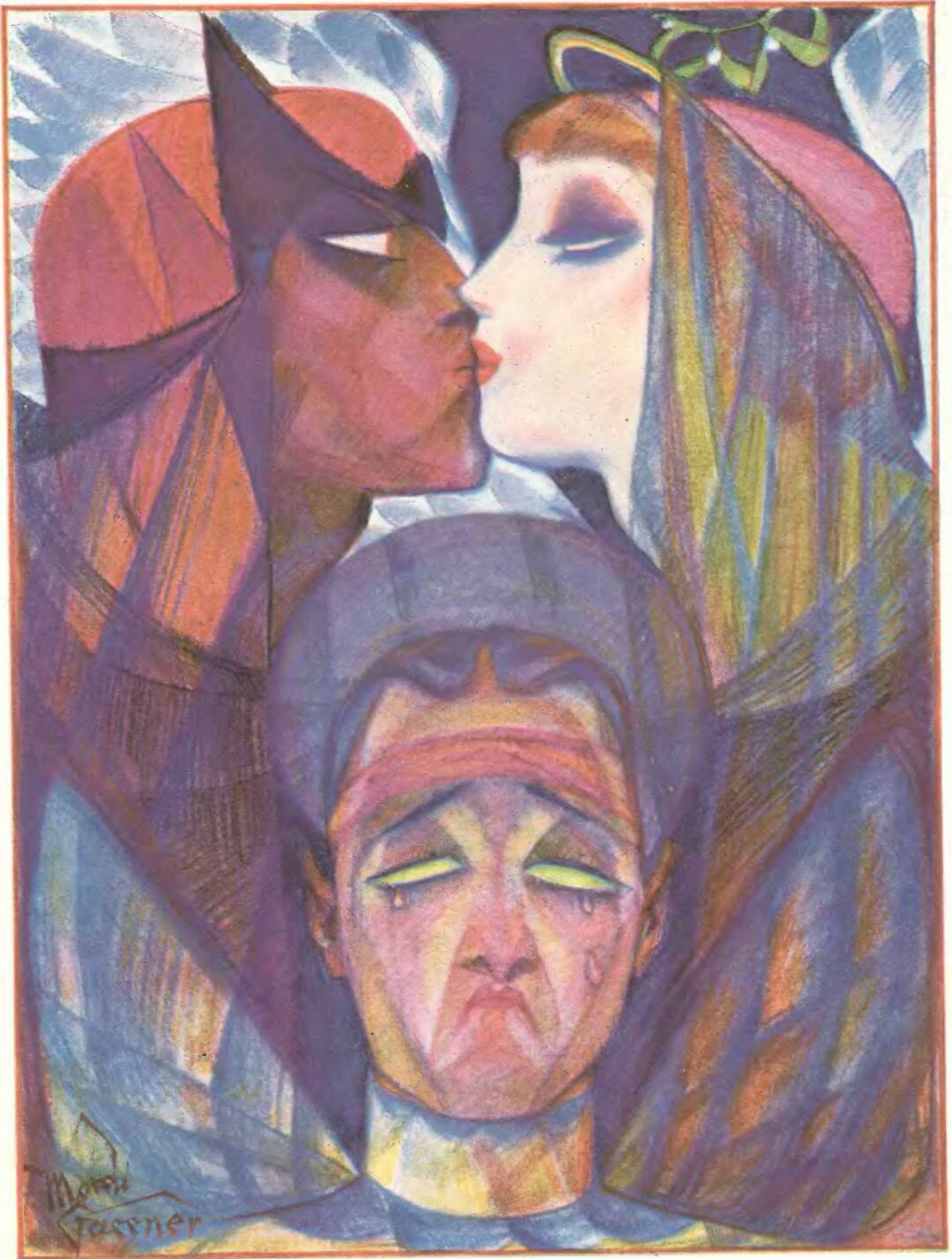
DISTURBING EFFECT OF THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS ON THE OLD LADY IN DUBUQUE, AS REVEALED IN A CHRISTMAS CARD RECEIVED BY THE NEW YORKER FROM THAT WORTHY DAME.



THE MAHARAJAH OF PUTTYPUT RECEIV



CHRISTMAS NECKTIE FROM THE QUEEN



TRIANGLE

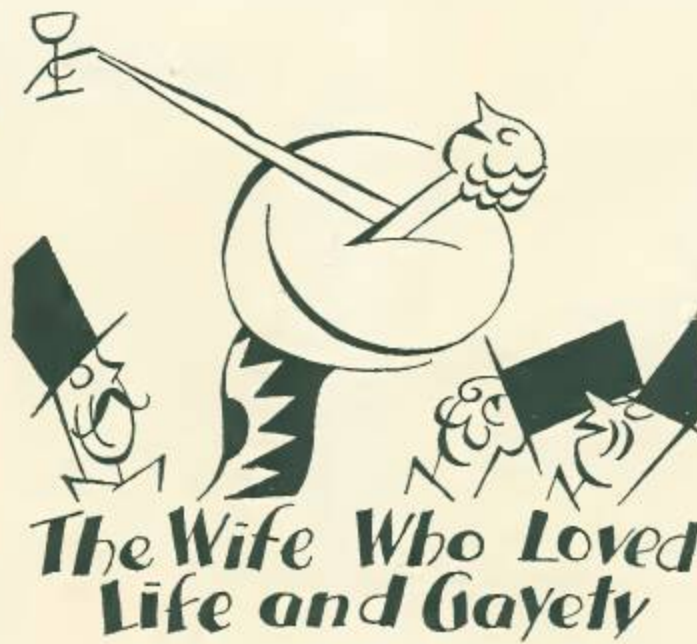
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

THOSE familiar with the workings of Big Business must have realized that in a few years some system would be devised for making us produce during the period usually spent in recreation. It remained for the big true story magazine owners to point the way. But let us tell our story as a warning to others:

We have had, let us say, a hard day at the office. After dinner, we make ourself comfortable in our easy chair and pick up our favorite magazine. Directly under the title of the first story we read the following in 12-point heavy italics:

"A young and innocent girl of seventeen comes to New York and obtains a job as private secretary to a millionaire, young and handsome, but divorced. He falls madly in love with her and asks her to marry him. Then begins a terrible mental conflict. If she refuses, it might sacrifice that love and happiness which all of us, even the humblest, crave. If, on the other hand, she accepts and spends his money, it will cut off the hard-earned alimony of the divorced wife. Suppose YOU were confronted with such a problem? What would YOU do?"

In attempting to solve such problems we would try to put ourself in the place of the various characters. First, we would imagine that we were an innocent girl. This was exceptionally difficult, but not nearly so hard as trying to imagine ourself a millionaire or a divorced wife receiving a fat alimony check each month. Looking at it from the girl's standpoint, it *was* lucky to be asked actually to marry a young and handsome millionaire, what with so many hundreds of innocent girls entirely content to be ruined, or even just noticed by one. But then, think of the other woman! According to statistics, if we did marry, we ourself would be receiving alimony in seven months and eight days. How would *we* like to have another girl step in and cut it off, possibly just at the time we were about to purchase a new fur coat! The millionaire, we thought, had the easiest problem of the three. What difference could it make to him which wife spent his money? That eliminated him. Concentrating on the other two, we finally solved the problem. At 1.30 in the morning, mentally jaded, but with that satisfaction which follows work well done, we dispatched the following letter to the editor:



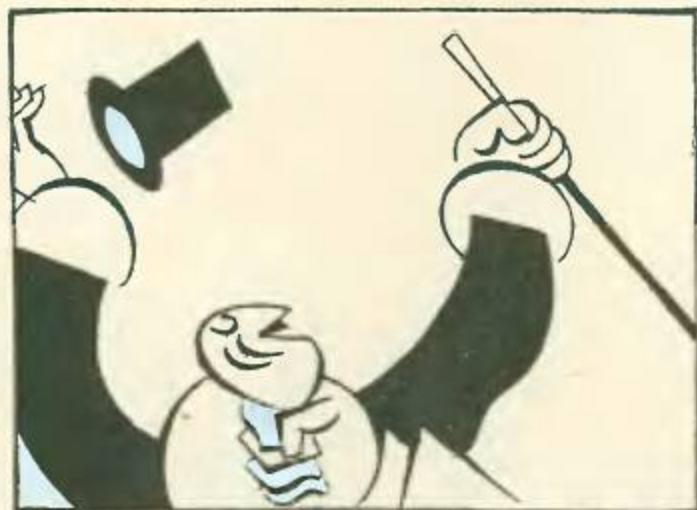
The Wife Who Loved Life and Gayety



The Husband Who Was Immersed in Business



The Best Friend Who Took Advantage of the Husband's Absence



What Would YOU do if Someone Tried to Steal Your Wife?

"Referring to the first story in the September number wherein you ask what we would do to solve the problem, we wish to advise that we would make the divorced wife and the innocent girl one and the same person, and thus eliminate the problem entirely. She could dye her hair, tint her skin, limp slightly in the left leg, and then apply for the job as secretary because she found she couldn't live without him on the alimony."

Six months later we would pick up the March number and scan the various headings. Directly under one of them, "When Two and One Make Two", we read the following in 12-point heavy italics:

"She had been divorced from her millionaire husband. The court declined to increase her alimony and she found she couldn't live without him. So she dyed her hair, tinted her skin, limped slightly in the left leg, and came back and secured a job as his secretary. He fell madly in love with her and wanted to marry her, not realizing who she was. Never before was a young and innocent girl confronted with such a problem. If she married him, she'd have to live with him again. If she didn't, she'd have to use last year's furs and only be able to go to the opera every other night. Suppose YOU were confronted with such a problem? What would YOU do?"

Triumphantly we took the magazine over to our best friend who had sat up for two nights vainly trying for a logical solution. After enjoying his chagrin and envy to the full, we started on the next story. The title was intriguing: "Her Husband Knew It All So She Told Him Everything". But on to the problem!

"She had had a lurid past. She had been a dance hall girl in Alaska, a 'badger come-on' on the Barbary Coast in the wild days of San Francisco, a shanghaiers' crimp on the Baltimore water front. Yet she was pure and innocent at heart. So when she met the man of her choice, she was faced with the age-old problem. Should she tell him all, or just what she knew he suspected? Other women only confessed what was already known, and got away with it. But there was always the dread possibility of his knowing more than she thought he did. Suppose YOU had been in her place. What would YOU have done?"

Amazing how practice makes perfect! We had scarcely spent five hours on the problem before the solution came to us like a flash. The night mail carried it to the editor:

"In re the second story in the March number, have the girl tell all. If the husband takes it quietly, it signifies that he knew it before and all will be well. If he takes it noisily, she should tell him she is just repeating the life story of her friend Mabel in order to see what reaction it would get from a husband, and that she'll tell Mabel she'd better not risk it."

Each month we eagerly paged the magazine. We cannot describe the mingled feelings of triumph and

ecstasy when the August number came out, and we realized that we had scored again. And the lead story, too! We quote verbatim:

"A young girl who had had a lurid past, but who was pure at heart, decides to tell her husband everything. He goes into a rage, calls her a heartless flirt, and threatens divorce. She thereupon tells him that she was merely repeating the life story of her friend Mabel in order to see what reaction it would get from a husband. The husband forgives her for the sins of her friend, but tells Mabel's husband, a life-long pal of his, what he has learned. Mabel, of course, is frantic. What should she do in this great crisis of her life? What would YOU do if YOU were in her place?"

Greatly encouraged by these two triumphs, we started in solving problems in earnest. For several years we spent practically all our spare time unravelling intricate domestic knots for our favorite true story magazine. It is not possible to list them all here, but there are some of which we are especially proud:

There was the case of the beautiful and cultured girl so strangely fascinated by her chauffeur. Home, honor, friends—all were as nothing when she looked into his eyes. Willingly would she have given herself to him, but he would not have it so. With him it was marriage or nothing. Our solution was the only logical one. Love could not be denied; so we had her marry him, only to learn that he was a wealthy clubman who had worshipped her from afar, but had been unable to obtain an introduction, so decided to get the job as her chauffeur. They dwelt in perfect peace and harmony until the June number, when he fell in love with another chauffeur's stenographer.

Then there was the girl who didn't believe marriage meant settling down, but wanted the foolish pleasures of wild parties. Followed the trip to the roadhouse. Then the humiliation of those horrible yellow extras announcing in letters five inches high that Helen Upshaw, wife of the well known janitor, had been caught in the raiders' net. We spent many hours on this problem, but finally arranged for Helen's husband to be caught in the same raid, and for her to tell him that she had suspected him and followed him there. A reconciliation took place. When the big Christmas issue came out, a baby was born with the birth mark of a padlock on its brow, and we had to decide whether she should admit the baby was her husband's, or let him go on suspecting that it belonged to someone else.

We consider our best work, however, the solution of the Salvation Army lassie's problem. Never was anyone so torn 'twixt love and duty. She loved a drunkard because of his fatal weakness. If she reformed him, the weakness would be gone and she couldn't love him any more. If she didn't, she would be recreant to the great trust placed in her by her superior officers. Realizing the disastrous results of permitting an irresistible love to meet an immovable duty, we spent over forty hours on this problem. Our work, however, was well repaid, as we found the way out. We had him appointed a prohibition enforcement officer, which made it one of his chief duties to drink evidence. His duty to the Government was, of course, superior to hers to the Salvation Army, and this relieved her of any responsibility for his reformation. For this solution we received a personal letter from the magazine complimenting us on our good work. This we had framed and hung in our study.

About this time our health began to fail, due, the doctor said, to excessive mental concentration. One Saturday afternoon, after solving a particularly hard problem, spots appeared before our eyes. We could no longer ignore the warning; so we closed the magazine and went to the movies for relaxation and rest. Immediately the show began the tension left us and we experienced a wonderful relief. First, there was a picture of a beautiful girl with the caption:

THE WIFE WHO LOVED LIFE AND
GAYETY

Followed by that of a handsome man with greying temples, explained as:

THE HUSBAND WHO WAS IMMERSSED
IN HIS BUSINESS

And a dashing young Lothario:

THE BEST FRIEND WHO TOOK ADVANTAGE
OF THE HUSBAND'S ABSENCE

With a feeling of satisfaction we sank back in our chair, knowing that we would return home fresh and re-

juvenated and ready to tackle more problems. Suddenly there flashed upon the screen:

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF SOMEONE
TRIED TO STEAL YOUR WIFE

A smothering sensation oppressed us. We arose and fled. How the following two or three hours were spent we do not know. When we again became conscious of our surroundings we were on a train en route to California. In front of us sat two men we recognized as true story magazine magnates. And it was their conversation which awakened us to the fact that for many years we had been Barnum's favorite fish. One of them was telling the other how he had received 2,172 usable ideas in answer to story problems. As a result, he had discharged the entire editorial staffs of his fourteen magazines and had placed a forty-dollar-a-week clerk in charge of them. It was not necessary to pay more, he contended, as the clerk's work was purely mechanical. He simply set the submitted ideas in ruled forms and filled in the spaces with words of one syllable.

But even after we learned how shamefully we had been exploited, it was difficult for us to break ourself of the habit of solving these problems. So low had we sunk that we had actually begun to love our chains.

For months afterwards, weak and shaken, we hovered between independence and slavery. We locked all magazines in a closet and gave the key to a servant with instructions not to give it to us under any circumstances, only to go down on our knees to him a few hours later and beg that he permit us to solve just one more problem.

By diverting our mind to business (hitherto completely neglected), exercising regularly, eating nourishing food and inducing sleep with a mild sedative, we finally won out. And oh, the happiness of that day when we got out the entire pile of magazines, read the problems carefully and then, *without the slightest desire to solve them*, went on casually reading the stories; the first stories, by the way, that we had found time to read since we had started working on the problems.—JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN



A valet is a little guy
Who swipes your cuff-links on the sly,
Annoys the cook, annoys the maid,
And when his salary is paid
Lights out for places of his choosing—
God knows what valets find amusing.



"AN OBSTINATE INDIGESTION had opened the scene; nervous depression followed; a skin eruption appeared on top of all. General troubles require general remedies: good yeast has a bracing and purifying effect on the whole body; therefore I began taking, scrupulously before each meal, one of the dainty cubes put up by the Fleischmann Company. The symptoms of disease disappeared, one by one, inversely as they had come: first the eruption, then the depression, lastly the digestive troubles. In a fortnight, I was enjoying life again; still to enjoy it better, even now I stick to my three cubes a day." CHRISTIAN MAURONER, New York City.

"Scratches festered, pin pricks turned to boils—I was a rival for Job's 'laurels.' I developed a morbid, craven terror of pain. A neighbor suggested yeast and, though cynical about it, I took 4 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily for one month. The incredible happened. A boil just starting dried away painlessly, minor blemishes on my back, which I had had in series for years, totally disappeared; I grew steadily stronger and life reassumed normal perspective. Finally I, who had dragged to my housework, half fainting from the least exertion, had surplus energy and wiped dishes dancing to phonograph records.

MRS. R. G. BOOTH, Port Washington, N. Y.

Now enjoy everything more

With constipation banished, skin and stomach disorders conquered, vitality regained, thousands have found a new zest in living through one simple fresh food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system.

They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation.

Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation espe-*



"I SOLD MY GROCERY STORE and entered the insurance business with the hope that the change would cure my stomach cramps and constipation. But it did not help me. I grasped someone's suggestion to try Fleischmann's Yeast. After taking three cakes daily for about two months I began to feel better. That was three years ago. I have taken no medicine for three years—just yeast. My insurance business is prosperous, so I am not sorry that I sold my grocery store; but I am sorry that I suffered for thirty-five years before I discovered that the cure, Fleischmann's Yeast, was back there on the shelves." PHILIP HOLM, Clinton, Iowa.

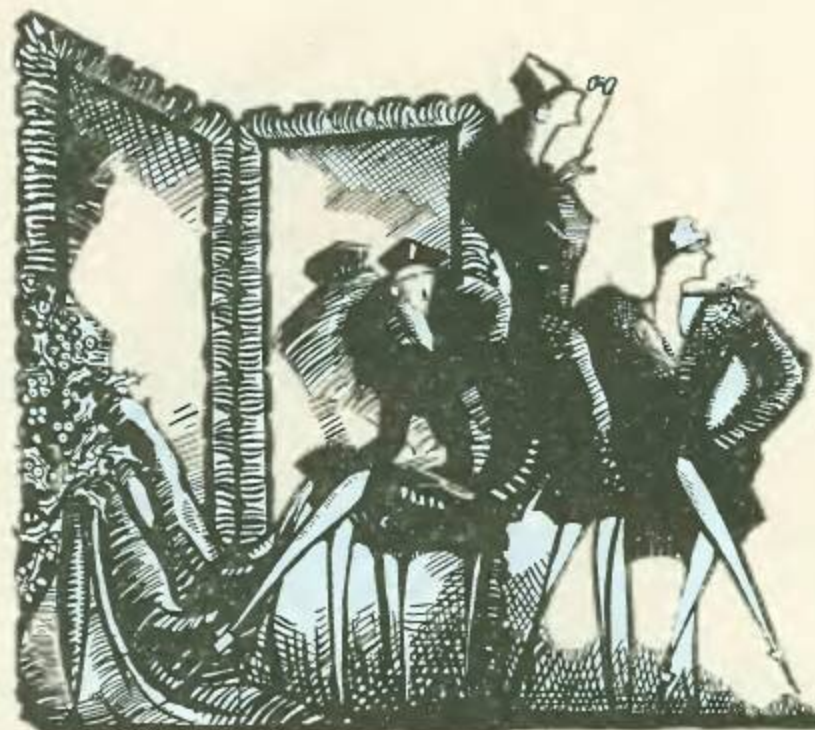
cially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.

Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Y-8. The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. You will find many delicious ways of eating Yeast—on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—with a little salt or just plain. Eat 2 or 3 cakes every day regularly before meals.



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE



THIS is the time of year when all women, worthy of the name, pause philosophically, take a deep breath, and prepare themselves fully for the shock of what their request for a nice handbag from Santa Claus is going to bring them. And this Season, of all Seasons, is the one time when they should be pleasantly surprised. For bags have never been as fascinating as they are now.

In Paris, both Chanel and Vionnet are featuring the enormous pouch bag of leather, with a monogram on a flap extending from the mounting. These are the smartest possible type for wear with tailored clothes. Best & Company was the first to import these, but at present numerous other department stores and specialty shops have them, and they are appearing, in every possible bright color, to supplement the daytime clothes of most of smart New York.

Another new note besides these pouch bags, which are causing our mothers to harken back plaintively to the days of the carryall, are the underarm envelope purses, still as smart as they were last Season, with the new note supplied by the futuristic designs on the outside of them. These come in plain or reptile leathers with designs in leather to harmonize or contrast, for the daytime; in black suedes or moires with designs printed, embroidered, pressed into the leather, or applied, for semi-formal wear; and in gold or silver kid for evening. The tapestry bags are still very good, but imitations are unforgiveable, and the little rhinestone evening bags are much seen. But the futuristic designs are, by all odds, the newest.

At Jewelers like Cartier, or Black, Starr & Frost, this novelty element is not very much stressed, and the em-

phasis is on bags of Persian tapestry, or Petit Point, and on moire purses with cut-steel ornaments, rather than on the fads of the moment. For the futurist affairs, department stores, especially Bonwit Teller's (for evening), Saks-Fifth Avenue, and Altman's, offer a comprehensive selection. Above all, in a fashion so eccentric, shun the copying-in-cheaper-materials shops of Broadway! R. Mingot, at 561 Fifth Avenue has also a large assortment of very new imported bags, and specializes in making them to order to match the costume. At Irene Penn, at 526 Madison Avenue, there are a number of very attractive things. She also makes up bags to suit old frames and mountings.

Cartier's is carrying, as usual, gold, silver, or platinum bill grips, like enlarged paper clips, for men who shun wallets, and have the habit of carrying bills around loose in their pockets. These have little tabs for the initials of the happy recipient, and have been noted in the pockets of extremely practical men. They might also be used for one's collection of bootlegging and dancing "club" cards.

IT being the merry Yuletide, whether you choose to acknowledge its existence or not, the mind of your friends right now is lightly turning to the question of handkerchiefs. And several little birds around our smart haberdasheries have been whispering faintly that the very best kind with which a gentleman may mop his tired brow in the evening is very fine linen handkerchiefs with a wide taped border, a narrow, rolled handsewn hem, and a cut out black and white initial. In fact, the cut out initials are best for every type of tailored handkerchief. You will also find, in be-

wildering quantities, white or neutral colored linen handkerchiefs with plaided borders in color, which are very good. Charvet, at 653 Fifth Avenue, has a particularly fine selection of these. For women, the frothy little handkerchiefs of linen and lace for evening are to be found at Grande Maison de Blanc, at Hollander's, and at Mosse. It is well to avoid giving silk handkerchiefs, unless they are so very delightful in color that they may serve as a decorative note on a sports costume. Even then, the little linen affairs with bright colored, plaided, or blocked designs in color are better, I think. For these, Franklin Simon, Bonwit Teller, Coulson's at 429 Fifth Avenue, Walpole's, 373 Fifth Avenue, and, of course, McCutcheon's offer a large assortment.

SOME of the very bright hand-painted things that Russian refugees are making over here to sell, and thereby avert starvation, are on sale at the Samarkand, at 9 East Fifty-fourth Street. There are negligees, triangular fringed scarfs, shawls, and handkerchiefs on display. The Flambeau, at 7 East Thirty-ninth Street, also has a great quantity of this type of thing. Princess Ouchtomsky, at 420 Madison Avenue, has already been referred to, notably for her very decorative hand-painted pajamas and for her scarfs.

DURING the week beginning December 12, the Studebaker Company will hold an automobile salon at the Hotel Plaza which should be exceedingly interesting to connoisseurs.

—L. L.

(THE NEW YORKER'S list of Christmas Gift Suggestions will be found on page 36 of this issue.)

A Clearing House for the Original Models of the Most Noted Modistes at Half the Usual Cost



The Only Shop of Its Kind in New York!

FOR OVER 25 years, many of the most distinguished women in society and in the various professions have been enjoying the rather remarkable experience of cutting their annual dress budgets in half without in the least cutting their wardrobes, by ensembling their Costumes at Maxon's . . . Some of the most gorgeous Gowns & Wraps that "Lipstick" sees and adores when she lipsticks at the Opera or at some smart night club, when the nights are at their boldest, have been elected right here. Yet, Madame et Mademoiselle pay for them very little — just about half of prevailing prices. . . . This Shop specializes in the presentation of Exhibition Models (Samples) exclusively. That's why they are half-priced! If you can wear Sample Sizes, Maxon's is the place for you—



THE GOWNS, Half-Priced \$24 to \$198

THE WRAPS, Half-Priced \$59 to \$274

"Two Unusual Costumes at the Usual Price of One"

Interesting Booklet "Pour les Fashionables" Sent on Request

MAXON MODEL GOWNS
11 E. 36th St. • *Naviland Bldg*

Searchers for the unusual CHRISTMAS GIFT will find much of interest to them in this collection



Illustration showing an old Indian Shawl draped above French Peasant Chest, on which rests a very fine example of Commercial Empire Sebastian Ship Model, flanked by a pair of old French Peasant Chairs

You are cordially invited to view
a rarely beautiful collection of interesting
and decorative Art Objects

PERIOD FURNITURE, PEWTER, TAPESTRY, POTTERY and
OLD FABRICS recently acquired by Mr. Herter during his travels
in Southern Europe

Direct importations of Tapestry Handbags

J. R. HERTER STUDIO
117 EAST 57TH STREET



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING SUGGESTIONS

IN compiling the imposing list of Christmas suggestions that follows, we have made no pretense of being complete. Even the vast organization of THE NEW YORKER does not contain the three hundred investigators, each with exactly the same amount and kind of taste, that a really comprehensive list would require. We have laid our main emphasis upon specialty shops recommended by discriminating friends or chanced upon in our rambles along Fifth Avenue and environs, because, while every New Yorker knows that any one of our first-class department stores can supply excellent articles in any line, the true character of all, save a very few, of the smaller shops is slightly ambiguous. This is our gentle and tactful way of saying that this list has not been compiled for the benefit of the Old Lady from Dubuque, but as supplementary information for the person who already knows a great deal about New York and is always willing to learn just a little bit more.—L. L.

FOR WOMEN

Lingerie

Newest and smartest shade in French handmade silk lingerie is the peach-apricot shade.

Emma Maloof, 442 Madison Ave.—Robes, lingerie, and lovely hand made French garments.

Princess Catherine Gagarine, 123 East 57th St.—Tea gowns, slips, negligées etc.

Javotte, Inc., 530 Madison Ave.—Famous for sheer stockings and vanity accessories.

Calvaire, 389 Fifth Ave.—Beautiful boudoir accessories.

Mme. Bertha Robert, 11 East 56th St.—Exquisite French importations, and French sheer hose.

Kargère de Paris, 636 Fifth Ave.—Specializes in sets of step-ins and chemise.

Dolly Trimlyn, 44 West 57th St.—Stockings only. Imported French sheer and lisle, also English sports hose.

Jay-Thorp, Inc., 24 West 57th St.—Elizabeth Arden, 681 Fifth Ave. The Colony Lingerie Shop, 664 Madison Ave.—Lace and pleated petticoats, also French lisle hose.

Among the department stores, Bonwit

Christmas Dinner—Reservations Imperative
Entertainment ♦ Dancing ♦ Music Nightly

MID-TOWN
HOFBRAU

Broadway 52nd—53rd Streets

Make Your New Year Reservations Early
Big Entertainment — to closing
Telephone Circle 8141

Teller, Franklin Simon, and Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Perfumes

If you know the kind she likes, give her that by all means. The following, however, is a suggested list of perfumes that are sure to please any woman of taste:

Morny's Chaminade—Bonwit Teller.
Lanvin's J'en Raffolle — Franklin Simon.

Caron's Nuit de Noel—Arnold Constable.

Toujours Moi—Jay Thorpe.

L. Legrande's Eventail—Lord and Taylor.

Babani's Ming—Elizabeth Arden.

Also, sets composed of three different Babani perfumes with atomizer, or with a measuring cup and extra bottle for women who like to mix their own perfumes.

Fioret's Jouis—Fioret.

Chanel's Gardenia—Tailored Woman.

Roger & Gallet's Jade—Macy

Coty's Emeraude—Stern Brothers.

Bath Fragrances

Caron's Bain de Champagne—Franklin Simon.

Omi Bath Ointment—Elsie De Wolfe.
Marie Earle Jasmine Bath soap—Marie Earle.

Compressed bath tablets for travellers in Pine, Nirvana, or Rose—Elizabeth Arden.

Morny's Bath Salts—Macy.

Beauty Boxes

Elizabeth Arden, 681 Fifth Ave.—Leather cases, overnight size, fitted with every possible beauty requisite whether you need it or not.

Dorothy Gray, 753 Fifth Ave.—Week-end beauty boxes, and elaborate fitted cases.

Fioret, 677 Fifth Ave.—Beauty boxes containing lipstick, powder, etc. Jouis favored perfume.

Macy, Herald Square—Morny beauty boxes of all types.

Jewelry—Imitation and Semiprecious Stones

Little Shop, 561 Fifth Ave.—Real semiprecious stones in exquisite small pieces.

Hodges, 22 East 50th St.—Novelty gold and silver jewelry; semiprecious stones.

Louis XIV Antique Co., 9 East 55th St.—Unique earrings; also, antique Spanish 17th Century earrings.

Yamanaka, 680 Fifth Ave.—Jade, amber, crystal, cornelian, lapis lazuli, malachite, and rose quartz jewelry.

Guitel Montagne, 510 Madison Ave.—Cornelian necklaces; reproductions of genuine pearls.



810 Fifth Avenue

*Where the most discriminating
choose to live*

The best residential life of New York is now located around Fifth Avenue above 59th Street. The most discerning prefer to live here while in town.

On the sunny corner of 62nd Street, the very center of this section, 810 Fifth Avenue is being erected. Every apartment will have southern exposure and a lovely view of Central Park.

Changes in the typical plan of 13 rooms and 5 baths on each floor can be made to suit your needs.

810 Fifth Avenue will be ready for occupancy next summer.

100% Cooperative

J. E. R. Carpenter, Architect

20 East
48th Street



Vanderbilt
0031

MOSSE
INCORPORATED

730 FIFTH AVE
NEW YORK, N.Y.



*[[A truly unique and individual Christmas gift,
that is useful and decorative that carries with it
old-time charm and hospitality.]]*

"RAVENNA"

The refectory table damask that supersedes the doily set. Fitting background for the Christmas feast. Cloth and napkins of silver and duo-tone ecru linen.

For six persons, \$51 For ten persons, \$80
For eight persons, 68 For twelve persons, 98

Gaza, 527 Madison Ave.—Chinese and antique jewelry.

Técla, 398 Fifth Ave.—Técla pearls. Frederic, 559 Fifth Ave.—Manufacturers of every type of pearl ornament. Evening studs for men.

Varga, 565 Fifth Ave.—Earrings made to order.

Lord and Taylor, Fifth and 38th St.—Antique silver and paste suggesting rhinestones, making duplicates of early Victorian chokers, earrings, etc.

Saks-Fifth Avenue—Every kind of novelty jewelry, especially pearls.

Bonwit Teller—Odd gold and silver pieces.

Jewelry—Precious Stones

Cartier, 653 Fifth Ave.—Specializes in original designs.

Dreicer, Fifth and 46th St.—Pearls.

Black, Starr, and Frost, Fifth and 48th St.

Marcus, 554 Fifth Ave.

Tiffany, Fifth and 37th St.—Conservative designs.

All of these jewellers carry excellent watches, leather goods, studs (especially onyx and mother-of-pearl, set in platinum, plain or engraved), vanity cases, cigarette cases, writing accessories, semi-precious stones, etc.

Linens

Mosse, 730 Fifth Ave.—Exquisite table linens.

Grande Maison de Blanc, 538 Fifth Ave.

Walpole, 373 Fifth Ave.

Coulson, 429 Fifth Ave.—Specializes in laces.

McCutcheon, Fifth Ave. and 49th.—Every type of linens.

Altman and Bonwit Teller are department stores where excellent linens of all kinds can be secured.

Handkerchiefs

See "On and Off the Avenue," page 34.

FOR MEN OR WOMEN

Boxes

The Box Mart—25 East 54th St.

The Chintz & Box Shop, 526 Madison Ave.

Wrappings, Coin Cards, and Gold Piece Boxes

Dennison, Cor. 26th St. and Fifth Ave.

Interesting Shops—Miscellaneous

Yamanaka, 680 Fifth Ave.—Japanese and Chinese objects of art.

Beatrice Meyer, Ltd., 402 Madison Ave.—Colored glassware.

Orientalia, 32 West 58th St.—Oriental books; Japanese batiks; Eastern art objects.

Braus Galleries, 34th St. and Fifth Ave.



Value!

It means that we put a little more into our clothes than we have to so that you can get a little more out of them than you would expect to—and then some.

AINSLIEGH
INCORPORATED

920 B WAY, NEW YORK

AT 21ST ST.

11th Floor

SUITS TUXEDOS ACCESSORIES

"How's the new secretary, Jim?"

"Great! She does twice as much work. Doesn't spend half a day phoning every corner of the earth for my theatre tickets. She knows a thing or two. Bascom's, just above 44th, you know. . . ."



And branches at the Biltmore, Ambassador, Astor, Plaza, Park Lane, Belmont, Ansonia, Commodore, Murray Hill and Imperial.

Delightful gifts of all kinds; etchings, bronzes, brass etc.

Milnor, 41 East 45th St.—Oriental brass tables in ebony stands; Japanese embroidered pajamas; Hourie house coats, etc.

Brown-Robertson Galleries, 8 East 49th St.—Etchings, and color woodcuts.

Di Salvo Bros., 443 Madison Ave.—Antique furniture, tapestries.

Albert Grosfield, 689 Lexington Ave., and also of Paris. Chairs, small antique tables, etc.

Vardi of London, 448 Madison Ave.—Old English silver and china.

Todhunter Galleries, 414 Madison Ave.—Wrought iron fireplace equipment.

Arnoldo Du Chene, 415 East 51st St.—Original designs in pottery for gardens.

Macy Corner Shop.

Wanamaker Au Quatrième.

Ovington, "The gift shop of the Avenue".

Small antiques, end tables and other attractive pieces, laces, china, silver etc., may be found in quantities at the following shops:

J. Zado Norran, 15 East 54th St.—Also small Persian drop rugs.

Arthur S. Vernay, 12 East 45th St.—Unusual decorations.

C. V. Howard, 141 East 57th St.—Pewter plates jugs bowls, etc.

Enskos, 680 Lexington Ave. Silver.

Rena Rosenthal Studio, 520 Madison Ave.—Lamps, shades, etc.

Smoker's Accessories

Dunhill, 43rd St. and Fifth Ave.—Gasoline cigarette lighters that work. The smartest of these are in colored leather. Also pipes, tobaccos, and some very attractive wooden animal match-box holders. Women's pipes, slightly smaller replicas of men's type.

MM Smoke Shop, 6 East 45th St.—Smart English shop.

James B. Russell, 23 West 57th St.—Smokers' accessories for men and women.

Benson & Hedges, 435 Fifth Ave.

The Ritz-Carlton Humidor, Ritz-Carlton Hotel, 46th St. & Madison Ave.

Saks-Fifth Avenue—Suède tobacco pouches, oilskin lined, with club or college seal. (Long oilskin tobacco pouches and moire pouches striped in club colors can be secured at any reliable men's haberdashery.)

Well known brand of Cigars advisable for Christmas gifts.

La Corona, Manuel Garcia, Ramon Allones—The heavier smokes for after dinner etc. The prices range from \$48 to \$60 per 100.

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By FORD MADDOX FORD

The New York Times, Evening Post, Sun, and The New Yorker all agree with The Herald Tribune that this is "Far and Away the finest book of the year." **\$2.50**

ALBERT & CHARLES BONI Publishers 39 West 8th St. NEW YORK

Carltonia, Flora de Cuba—The smaller lighter smokes. The prices range from \$14.00 to \$19.00 per 100.

Handbags

See "On and Off the Avenue", page 34.

Luggage

Dobbs, 620 Fifth Ave.—Sole importers of the famous Hermès luggage. Arthur Gilmore, Inc., 22 East 55th St.—Louis Vuitton luggage imported. Martin & Martin, 45 West 57th St. Crouch & Fitzgerald, 586 Fifth Ave. Mark Cross, 404 Fifth Ave.—All types of leather goods.

Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Ave. and 45th St.—Sports luggage, golf bags, etc.

The luggage departments of Saks-Fifth Avenue and Altman are very good. For men, Brooks Brothers, Tripler, and Finchley.

Leather Goods

These can be bought almost anywhere, and buyers are thrown everywhere upon their own good taste. Avoid, in general, pink and blue leather things for women and any imitations of Italian tooled leather. Good selections in bill folders, desk sets, memorandum pads, bridge sets, and so on, can be found at any reputable jeweller, such as Cartier, Marcus, Black Starr and Frost, Dreicer, and Tiffany; at reliable book stores, such as Scribner, Dutton, etc.; at good department stores; in men's haberdasheries; in luggage shops mentioned previously; at Mark Cross, who makes a specialty of leathers; and at Ovington.

FOR MEN

Neckties, Sweaters, Scarfs, Dressing Gowns, Personal Apparel

For neckties, avoid loud patterns, violent stripes, and noisy colors.

Also, ladies, avoid the \$1.75 counters and, when in doubt, buy plain, soft colors. Spitalfield silk ties in tiny patterns are the newest type.

For scarfs, the best is the square of silk, the newest version being Scotch plaids. For evening, black, with white or grey.

For sweaters, avoid anything costing less than \$22.50, and sets of sweater and hose to match, unless in quiet colors. Turtle-necked sweaters in plain colors are very smart, but the safe type is the V-necked sweater with or without sleeves.

Cruger's, 8 East 45th St.—Neckties.

Rogers Peet Co., 485 Fifth Ave.—Persian Goat chamois lined washable hand-sewn English gloves.

Budd, 572 Fifth Ave., or 149 Broadway—Ties.

Charvet, 653 Fifth Ave.—Silk lounging robes, scarfs, handkerchiefs, silk pajamas.

Kaskel & Kaskel, 657 Fifth Ave.—Silk dressing coats, golf sweaters.

A. Sulka, Fifth Ave. at 43rd St.—Violent striped or checked flannel dressing gowns.

Tripler, Madison Ave. at 46th St.—Silk pyjamas in soft colors, heavy gloves with zipper lock; excellent men's clothes for every occasion.

Brooks Bros., 346 Madison Ave.—Excellent for all accessories for men.

A. G. Spalding, 518 Fifth Ave.—Sports wear.

Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Ave. and 45th St.—Sports wear.

Peck & Peck, 587 Fifth Ave.—Sweaters.

DePinna, Fifth and 50th St.—Gloves. Nettleton Shoe Co., Madison Ave. and 45th St.—Leather mules.

Walking Sticks

Plain Malacca, hooked sticks best.

Kaskel & Kaskel, 657 Fifth Ave.

Tripler, Madison Ave. and 46th St.

Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Ave., and 45th St.

Brooks Bros., 346 Madison Ave.

Dunhill, 512 Fifth Ave.

Drinking Accessories

You can't avoid them anywhere in town.

FOR CHILDREN

Funny Animals

Herbert Novelty Company, 47 W. 57th St.—Importers of delightful English woolly animals.

Kiddie Corner, 28 E. 56th.—Furry animals that leap and move like the beasts they represent.

The Dugout, 18 East 58th St.—Limping animals and funny dolls.

United Arts & Crafts, 26 East 55th St.—Odd wooden animals.

Dolls and Dolls' Accessories

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Alice Hill, 15 W. 51st.—Handmade furniture, cradles, etc. for dolls.

Mechanical Toys

Boucher, 415 Madison Ave.—Motor boat engines; airplanes; electric trains, derricks, etc.; parts, plans and implements for creation of model ships; mechanical games.

Children's Furniture

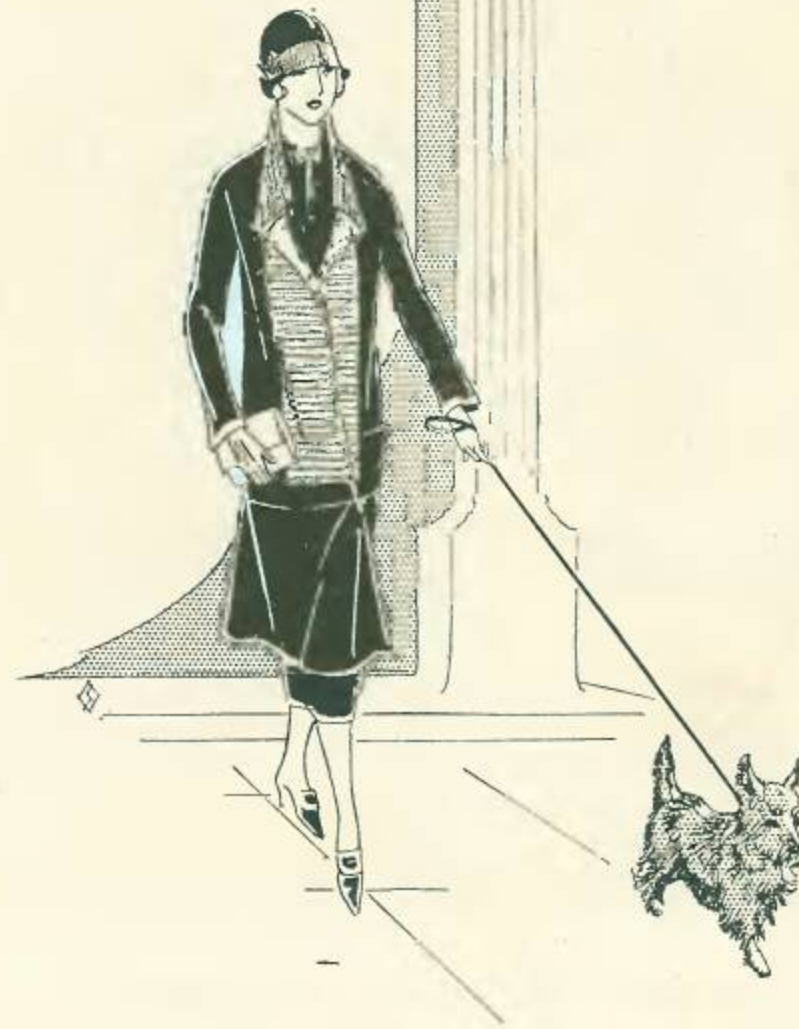
Chez Les Enfants, 856 Lexington Ave.—Genuine antiques, and modern equipment for the nursery.

Infants' Clothes

Chez Les Enfants, 856 Lexington Ave. L. Brogan, 27 E. 54th St. Fairyland, 10 W. 50th St.

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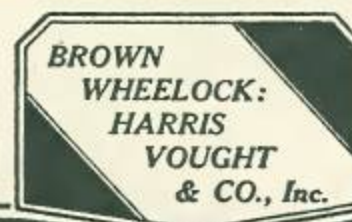
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Engagement Limited to Seven Weeks in New York, Beginning with a

GALA PREMIERE

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 14

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[By courtesy of MESSRS. SHUBERT who have graciously consented
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Matinees Friday [By request of American Artists of the
stage and Music] and Saturday.

The repertory for the first five weeks will be:

Gala premiere and entire week of December 14, matinees Friday and
Saturday—Aristophanes' "LYSISTRATA."

Entire week of Dec. 21, matinees Friday and Saturday—Offenbach's
"LA PERICHOLE."

Entire week of Dec. 28, matinees Friday and Saturday—Lecocq's "THE
DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT."

Week of January 4, Monday and Tuesday evenings, January 4 and 5,
Friday matinee January 8 and Saturday evening January 9th, "CAR-
MENCITA AND THE SOLDIER," a wholly new version of the Bizet-Merimee
"Carmen." Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, January 6, 7, and
8, and Saturday matinee January 9—Offenbach's "LA PERICHOLE."

Entire week of January 11, matinees Friday and Saturday—Pushkin's
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*The productions for the remaining two weeks of this engagement will
be announced later.*

Write to Morris Gest, Princess Theatre, New York, for prospectus

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Inside the Moscow Art Theatre

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

Mr. Sayler gives us here first hand information about the famous Moscow Art Theatre at home in Russia. It is an intimate picture of the world's foremost acting company at work and the first record of its new lyric branch, the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio.

Beautifully illustrated with eighty full page color plates and ninety black and white illustrations. (\$4.00)

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A collection of complete English translations of the entire repertory of the lyric branch of the Moscow Art Theatre founded by Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. The introductions to these interesting translations are by Oliver M. Sayler. (\$3.00)

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Children's Shop of Richmond, Va.,
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Kiddie Corner, 28 E. 56th St.—Very
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dren under six years of age.

A La Jeunesse Elégante, 72 E. 55th
St.—Continental clothes for gilded
youth.

L. Brogan, 27 E. 54th St.—Simple,
handmade frocks; brother and sister
suits.

Stocking Toys

Happy Heart Shop, 23 E. 65th St.—
Every imaginable trifle for stockings,
or for their Happy Heart surprise bags.
Alice Hill, 15 W. 51st St.

Mayfair Shop, 741 Fifth Ave.

Jewelry

Cartier, 653 Fifth Ave.—Bracelets,
loquets, porringers, silver sets.

Black, Starr & Frost, 48th St. and
Fifth Ave.

Roller Skates, Ice Skates, Bicycles, Etc.

Abercrombie & Fitch, 45th St. and
Madison Ave.

All of these shops carry an assortment
of games both instructive and destruct-
ive, toys, books, and so on. For a large
selection, F. A. O. Schwartz, 303 Fifth
Avenue, has, as usual, every conceivable
type of toy. Also to be recommended
are the toy departments of Macy's and
Wanamaker's, and, for clothes, Best's
Lilliputian Bazaar.

Within a week of each other, two taxicabs
have fallen through the pavement on Broadway
near Times Square into the subway excava-
tions with fatal results to their drivers.—
Local Newspaper.

We point to the credo of Mr. Benja-
min Franklin, slightly modernized—
"Nothing is certain but death in taxis."

Last night I went to the Garrick where I
saw

A play called "Arms and the Man", by
George Bernard Shaw

Whose works, in the manner referred to
by sophisticated people as "Shavian",
Are copyrighted in all languages including
the Scandinavian.

THE NEW YORK GIRL

She's fond of art; her atelier

Attracts the dilettantes,

Who paint and sculp and prattle—yea,

And sing self-praising chanteys.

WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

Because: In a pet shop on Sixth Avenue a small Marmoset rests on newspaper clippings which are full of election promises; and the Marmoset drools comfortably, sluggish and smug like the bigger monkeys.—ARTHUR VERNICK

Because: Hurrying through Washington Square one morning I met a leisurely old gentleman with a grizzled beard quietly engaged in picking up papers on the end of a pointed stick, and thrusting them into a sack; because, when the old gentleman looked at me and said, "Bon jour, mademoiselle," I had time only for a startled, "Bon jour, monsieur, ça va bien?" and for his tranquil reply, "Oui, mademoiselle," before dashing on to my appointment; and because he was never there before and has never been there since to answer all the things I'd like to ask him.—CONSTANCE M. HALLOCK

Because: On Saturday I saw Harold Vanderbilt, America's wealthiest and most patrician bachelor, stop before a chestnut vendor's stand at the corner of Forty-fifth Street and Vanderbilt Avenue (appropriately enough) and ask in a cool and canny manner "How many of these do I get for ten cents?"

Because: I have a pack of playing cards given me when I eat at the Park Lane and can help myself to toothpicks when I eat at the Exchange Buffet.—JACY BEE

Because: On upper Fifth Avenue there is a certain filet-lace-curtained three-window, ten-room house, belonging to, and in the evenings elegantly occupied by, a certain colored woman who day times does general housework in my four-room flat on West Eighth-ninth Street.—M. G.

Because: Though I can no longer get coffee at a nickel, a glass of cream for eight cents a bottle; though I can't get a room and two meals for eight dollars a week or expect my landlady to give me strawberries in January, at least I don't need a silk petticoat stiff enough to rustle, seven yards of material to make a dress, and I don't have to spend my last dollar for duster, goggles, bonnet and enough veiling to escape even Scotland Yard, in order to go on an automobile tour.—HENRIETTA A. KOHLER

Because: Walking down the Avenue the other day I saw a gentleman ahead of me in a coonskin coat drop a brand new fifty-cent piece. He must have heard it fall, because he turned, regarded the shiny coin—then, smiling superciliously, spurned it. (Idiot! Of course, I picked it up and had a good meal at the Automat.)—DELANO MCKELVEY

Only lights
When it's
UPSIDE DOWN
—
Right side up
or on its side
the light is
OUT



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HERE it is, pictured above—the most interesting and convenient Cigar Lighter yet invented—and a beautiful paper weight in the bargain. He'll be just tickled to death to get such an original gift!

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No unsightly match-ends lying about—no smell Tiplite is clean, good-looking, handy, economical—made of genuine Bakelite most any color you fancy. Price \$5.00 complete with cord and plug.

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These Are a Few of the Recent Ones
Best Worth While

NOVELS

GOD HEAD, by Leonard Cline (*Viking Press*).

Psychological eruption of a superman—or, if you choose, a story of insane elation. In either light, a strong and richly colored novel. NO MORE PARADES, by Ford Madox Ford (*A. & C. Boni*). In the main, a brilliant, selective picture of an English base in France. Incidentally, a worthy sequel to "Some Do Not . . ."

FRAULEIN ELSE, by Arthur Schnitzler (*Simon & Schuster*). A tabloid psychological novel; a blazing little firework, consisting of the "reactions" of a girl hysteric to a cruel dilemma.

THUNDER ON THE LEFT, by Christopher Morley (*Doubleday, Page*). In the fantasy, children wonder whether grown-ups have a good time. In the body of the novel, some of them find out, dismayingly. Really a poignant book.

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY, by Elmer Davis (*McBride*). A humorous and moderately satirical Manhattan yarn, by a yarner with brains—which he refrains from advertising.

MANHATTAN TRANSFER, by John Dos Passos (*Harper*). An elaborate and impressively artistic presentation of the familiar view that Manhattan is a hell of a place full of futile people.

FABER, by Jacob Wassermann (*Harcourt, Brace*). Comes under the broad head of novels about marriage, but sizes up to those of a hypothetical Tolstoy with a healthy mind.

LEWIS AND IRENE and CLOSED ALL NIGHT, by Paul Morand (*Boni & Liveright*). A short novel, and four stories, by one of the redeeming members of the guild of writers of "sophisticated" fiction.

THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL, by Ruth Suckow (*Knopf*). The Ithaca of her Odyssey is an Iowa village. An uncommonly interesting piece of mid-Western realism.

PORGY, by Du Bose Heyward (*Doran*). This new novelist is also a good poet, and his poet's vision, fire and power with language irradiate his picturing of negroes in a Charleston rookery.

KRAKATIT, by Karel Capek (*Macmillan*). A fantastic scientific romance, with allegorical features, about the inventor of an explosive whose possessor could master the world.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY, by John Erskine (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Helen, Menelaus, Hermione, Orestes *et al.* (or whatever the Greek is) in a thoroughly modern sequence of amusing conversations.

GENERAL

THREE ROUSING CHEERS FOR THE ROLLO BOYS, by Corey Ford (*Doran*). Good, and often irresistible, foolery a la mode, including some good burlesques of reigning authors.

AARON BURR, by Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). Two volumes. A biography costing as much as five novels, and worth about 500 of the run-of-the-mill variety.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE, VOL. III, by Burton J. Hendrick (*Doubleday, Page*). The shirtsleeves patriots accused Page of toadying to England. Should you meet such a patriot, brain him with this volume—which gives Page's letters to Wilson.

"For truth is precious and divine
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine."
—Butler"

—Quoted on editorial page of *Evening Graphic*

Indicating, apparently, that even the shrewdest editors have momentary lapses in which the subconscious speaks.



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smartly hand decorated

Imagine her delight at a gift like this! . . . A graceful Powder Table. Compactly closed, it has the color-witchery of a delicately-hued floral decoration against the beauty of apple green. Open it!—and the wild rose interior is cheerfully reflected in the clear mirror. And there are other gay color treatments, if you wish. As a gift of gladness here is a happy choice.

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THE PSYCHOANALIST ANALYSES SANTA CLAUS

A VERY interesting case, indeed. The subject is an adult (male) of Dutch-Germanic extraction, well along in years, suffering from an advanced form of inferiority complex. This causes subject to go out only at night, and to enter houses by means of chimneys and other means of ingress by which he will not be readily seen. Case is complicated by juvenile complex, as subject prefers to associate with juveniles and to gain their favor by expedient of gifts. Subject is an introvert, as shown by his lack of ability to adjust himself to the needs of a physical world, which causes subject to use reindeer and old fashioned equipment, when modern progress demands that he use an airplane, or at least an automobile of superior type. Subject plainly had unfortunate family life in formative years; evidence indicates that he was not in accord with his father, as when, on his periodical visits to a family he is prone to neglect the father in the family. Subject is now too old to effect permanent cure. As subject means well, would suggest that he be left to continue as at present where his inhibitions and repressions find expression only in harmless midnight pranks.

—HOMER CROY

THE FUTURE OF HOTELS

PERHAPS, in no other field of industry is American genius so exemplified as in the construction, equipment, and administration of hotels. Changes have been so rapid, that a hotel built ten years ago is old and out of date today. Veteran hotel men, however, say that progress has only begun, and predict that, within the next ten years, changes will come which even the most confirmed hotel habitué would not dream possible. Speaking before the National Hotel Men's Convention a few days ago, Mr. Tatler, of the famous Tatler chain, created a sensation by making the predictions which follow:

1927: Room Clerk acknowledges receiving guest's telegram making reservation. Page pronounces name so that man called understands it. Guest given room in which large hall light is not directly in front of transom.

1928: Waiter serving guest in room remembers to bring salt and pepper. Hotel advertisement in which "Cuisine unexcelled" is not used. Man paged more frequently than anyone else found to be person of prominence.

1929: Guest desiring to sleep late not awakened by hall porter noisily cleaning outside door knob. Guest desiring to sleep late not awakened by vacuum cleaner in front of room.

1930: Guest desiring to sleep late not awakened by maid rattling key in lock. Umbrella rented at desk found to be



52 Gramercy Park North

—in that green and secluded little oasis of historical old New York—which forgot to move uptown.

52 GRAMERCY PARK NORTH has jumped into a present-day prominence equaled only by the position this famous number held in the past as the home address of many of New York's most noted people. It is a prominence due to a wide and discriminating appreciation of the manner in which this new residential hotel is carrying out its genuine new idea in gracious living.

In the quiet and verdant setting of old Gramercy Park—keeping all its traditions, all the memories—"52 North" recreates the charm of that old and delightful neighborhood life, adding to it the most modern material comforts and personal service features. Every detail—artistic decorations and furnishings, as well as its full hotel and restaurant service—reflects culture and refinement. Operated by its owners, the maintenance of superior excellence thruout is guaranteed. While the character and prominence of its permanent residents and transient guests, now doubly assured, only continues the fame of its name.

Rooms singly or en suite, furnished or unfurnished. Personal inspection invited.

WILLARD H. BARSE, *Manager*

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The marvelous symmetry of a Simmons wave gives to every woman that perfectly groomed appearance so much to be desired.

Mr. Simmons personally ministers to each client and guarantees that neither kink nor discoloration will result from his splendid method.

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Color Harmony

HOW much—or how little do we actually know concerning this vitally necessary study.

Every home—large or small—may be intelligently lightened and brightened to send forth full vibrations which gladden its visitors and harmonize its occupants.

In a series of short talks Miss Deane covers this subject with amazing clarity and bestows invaluable information on Interior Decorations and kindred subjects.

EDITH DOUGLAS DEANE

Consulting Decorator

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water proof. Arriving guest administers severe beating to bell boy for taking suitcase from him so forcibly that handle breaks.

1931: Headwaiter admits that several window seats are not reserved. Traveling salesman expresses himself as entirely satisfied with food and service. Hat check girl says, "Thank you."

1932: Guest is entirely through bath and out of tub before clerk rings phone to ask if his initial is T. or F. Diner with newspaper spread on table doesn't have it pushed aside by waiter to make room for knife and fork. Guest waits only fifteen minutes for dish marked "Ready".

1933: Diner who ordered coffee served with meal gets it. Phone girl asked to call 415 at 7.30 doesn't call 730 at 4.15. Guest sits in lobby for half hour without raising feet for porter to sweep under them.

1934: Girl at newsstand not too busy with theatre tickets to sell newspaper to guest. Prices in basement cafeteria, advertised as cheaper than main dining room, actually are. Door man calls cheapest taxi instead of most expensive one.

1935: Guest gets room and bath at minimum rate advertised. Arriving guest only waits four hours for room after being told there would be vacancy in thirty minutes. Bath mat plainly marked so that guest fails to dry himself with it before discovering that it is not Turkish towel.

1936: Headwaiter appears as guest enters dining room, and shows him to seat. Valet returns clothes at time specified so that guest does not miss important engagement. Mr. Tatler, addressing Hotel Men's Convention, admits he was too sanguine concerning some of the changes he predicted ten years ago.

—JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

EASTSIDE—WESTSIDE

Downtown Street is dim and narrow,
Downtown Street is mean and small.
A child may fall there, or a sparrow,
None will notice it at all.
Trucks and wagons jolt and rumble,
Children scuttle in retreat.
Life is just a fearful jumble
For the kids in Downtown Street.

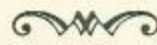
Downtown Street is lined with casements,
Women sprawl across the sills;
Crowded garrets, swarming basements,
Crammed with quarrels, heaped with ills.
Dull in grief, too drab for dreaming,
Shorn of peace, too cross for play,
Toils the race, more dense, more teeming—

How do they beget that way?

—HOWARD CUSHMAN

LE SOIR

*Emil Coleman is playing nightly
at the Villa Venice*



WE have heard two things from the younger set, which is daily becoming more articulate: First, the average hostess cannot be critical enough of her guests to make the private function exclusive; Second, the younger set has chosen instead, the cabaret, where one may have one's own party in spite of the fact that other patrons may be of a different social strata.

We realized the existence of this condition. We also realized that the combination of modern restaurant facilities and a tactful insistence upon persons and not purse would create the perfect evening entertainment. In opening the Villa Venice at Number 10 East Sixtieth Street for dinner and supper we wish to announce the establishment of this ideal.

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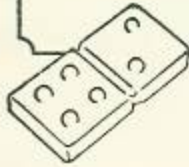
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

WE caught a pre-showing of Herr Lubitsch's "Lady Windermere's Fan", an evening or so ago at a night club, appropriately enough. Which is about the first intelligent use one of the Charleston and mineral water emporiums has been put to, since La Belle Murray appeared in one in half a towel for a Spanish dress, and gave the customers a topic besides love to talk about. And although the handsomely caparisoned waiter at this pre-view showed a tendency to hurry away the sundry schnitzel and skittles an instant after serving them, and although one of the Six Flying Warner Brothers, Hollywood Bears that they are, kept rising to recite the Gettysburg address, or to speak on the covert charge, and although at one point, Madame La Valentino strode in like Flaming Night and almost wrecked the place with her well-calculated and devastating sweep of train—we should like to report that Oscar Wilde will have no cause to turn over in his grave when the picture is released in January. Der Herr Lubitsch has done magnificently, if somewhat Germanically, by the Gifted Magpie of the perfumed sayings.

He has attempted and succeeded in transfilming a Wilde without use of a single tinsel Wildean epigram from the play, rather trusting to his own great sense of cinematic wit and the dramatic. The result is a Wilde of wondrous characterization and situation, well interspersed with pictorial wit, acted by the usual splendid hand-held lubitschean actors. Perhaps the vigilant German may seem to have stressed the surface tragedy of the fine play to the apparent sacrifice of the brilliant and eternal fragrant epigrams, but this can hardly be considered a grievous fault and may be mended by a judicious insertion of a line from the play at this point, and that in the subtitles. For Wilde is there—in picture terms it is true—but still essentially the Wilde of the gorgeously unreal puppets, of the amorous *bon vivant* Lord Darlington, of the super-sentimental harlot-motherly Mrs. Erlynne, of the fourth



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dimensionally virtuous and slightly thick *Lady Windermere* (virtuous to the nth point of virtue as are all the Wilde heroines), of the gossipy, over-lusting clubman type (constituting the Wildean villain), of the chilly, screechingly clever British drawing rooms, of the scandal, of the backbiting, of the painfully correct serving men, of the high odor of British clowning manners, of paradoxical this and of sentimental that, and of cheek tonguing thus and thus. And so we repeat, a line or two from the play, especially at the start, at the race track interlude and in the drawing room where *Mrs. Erlynne* comes to be undone but remains to undo, would help considerably.

Incidentally, Mynheer Watts of the *Tribune* [a contemporary (Republican) sheet] expressed a tender disappointment in the picture, finding it too s o u p i l y mother-love-sacrificial-etc. The retort is, "What of it?" If Wilde was a fat sentimentalist and a weepy one at that—we shouldn't be surprised if he didn't weep drenchingly over the "sad" situations he put into his plays—why should that reflect on Lubitsch? Wilde, of course (as if you didn't know), immediately on inserting a tear-wringing scene into a play would cover it with layer on layer of swank speech, redolent to high heaven with perfumery, but in spirit at bottom stuck hard and fast in sticky mushiness of feeling. It would seem, M. Watts, that Lubitsch acquitted himself nobly under the strain imposed thusly on him by the late official ballad-maker of Reading Gaol.

The acting is excellent, with Irene Rich taking honors. She, unhappy wife of the screen who has been down a long corridor of endless unhappy wives pictures, has done wonders with the rôle of *Mrs. Erlynne*, the paradoxical déclassée; Ronald Colman is cast right for the first time: he is an ineffectual Wildean villain and at last not a hero for the Woolworthian mind; while Bert Lytell as *Lord Windermere* acts for the first time in his life—but doesn't know it; and the *First Lady Gossip*, whoever she was, was supremely good.—T. S.

OUR CAPTIOUS READERS

Dear Editor:

What I want to know is, has Mr. Red Grange signed a contract to play the *Nun* in "The Miracle"? And if not, why the discrimination?

As always,

E. D.



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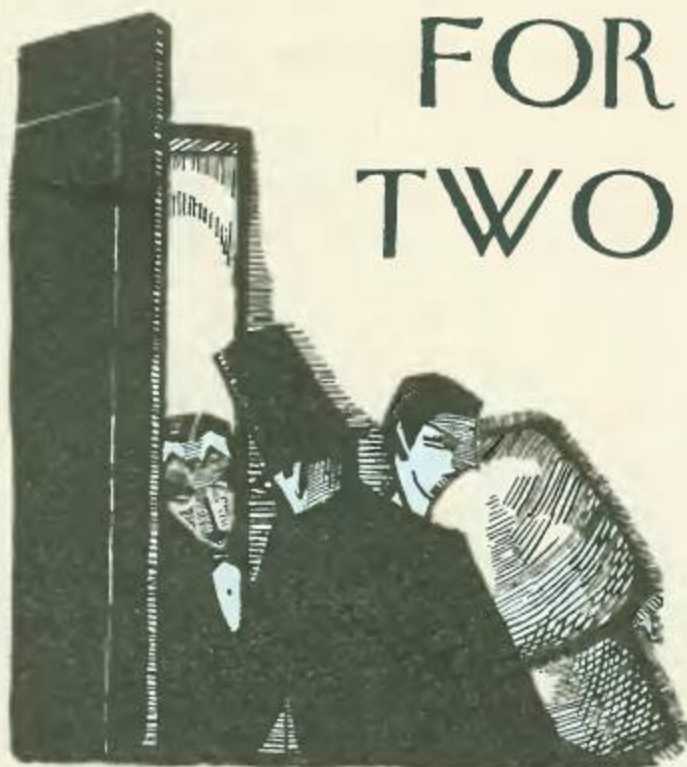
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IT was with a feeling closely akin to horror that I realized, some few days ago, that, by not having gone to Harlem so far this Season, I was failing my dear public. And after all my denunciation of the decline of negro entertainment downtown, it seems only fair that I should dig out something to take its place.

The first thing that I noticed, is that most of the negro girls entertaining along Lenox Avenue would do well, either to take Charleston lessons from one of the five thousand flowers of American womanhood adorning our choruses, or to invent a new dance. The second thing that I noticed, is that the time-honored short white cotton bloomers have given way to very intriguing pink silk step-ins trimmed with lace, which were just a little nerve wracking to the gentlemen in our party. And the third, is that the only way to see negro entertainment at its best, is to go to places where the black portion of the audience outnumber the white at least three to one.

The first stop, made as an *aperitif* to the main festivities of the evening, was at the good old Nest Club; two years ago the main attraction for smart society anxious to go slumming, and decorated with them in mind, and now a somewhat deserted shadow of its former self. There are still the curious amber lights that make everybody look the same color; still the nonchalant negro who plays a tuba, and keeps a long black stogie going at the same time; still the excellent dance music, which was inspiring a Broadway couple to the most amazing gyrations of the evening. At the door, a new sign—"Members should be pre-

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pared to be searched for liquor at any time".

From the Nest, the evening being yet young and increasingly lively, we went on to the Club Cabaret, Johnny Cobb's new club at Lenox Avenue and 130th Street. And this was, without doubt, the high spot of the evening. The usual cellar with green walls, round tables, bright red and green lights, and an enthusiastic orchestra. The entertainer there, a girl whose name turned out to be Retta, and whose casual remarks about a well-known annulment suit were more caustic than delicate, turned out to be one of the most vigorous animals that I have ever seen turned loose in public. If only she doesn't drop dead in her tracks from the sheer exhaustion of maintaining a one-woman all-night show, she could easily be the success of the Season. Never could I have believed that coon shouting could be as noisy, or that the very expressive gestures that accompanied each song as abandoned, or that dancing could so completely engross the anatomy as hers did. The lady has no inhibitions, and is proud of it. She is simply swell, and like the tattooed lady, worth going miles to see.

The third place visited was the Hooper's Club, formerly the Vaudeville Comedy Club, which has impressive signs pasted all over the walls, proclaiming that members only are welcome. I understand that late at night, which, in Harlem, means from five in the morning on, it is one of the most amusing places that you can find. Unfortunately, we arrived ridiculously early—about three-thirty, and not very much was going on except the loudest and jazziest dance orchestra of the evening, and a few rather lackadaisical entertainers.

In all the excitement of rushing around in taxis in search of a young negro who was to guide us, and apparently found something more highly colored to do, we missed Small's—the most popular of the uptown places, and, unlike the ones I have mentioned, packed to the doors with blacks from midnight until morning. So this means another trip.

At Small's and at the Nest Club, they are making a great furor about their Monday morning breakfast dances, which you may attend from five in the morning UNTIL——. (The caps are supplied by the announcers, with a leer.) These cumulate in a terrific crescendo at about noon

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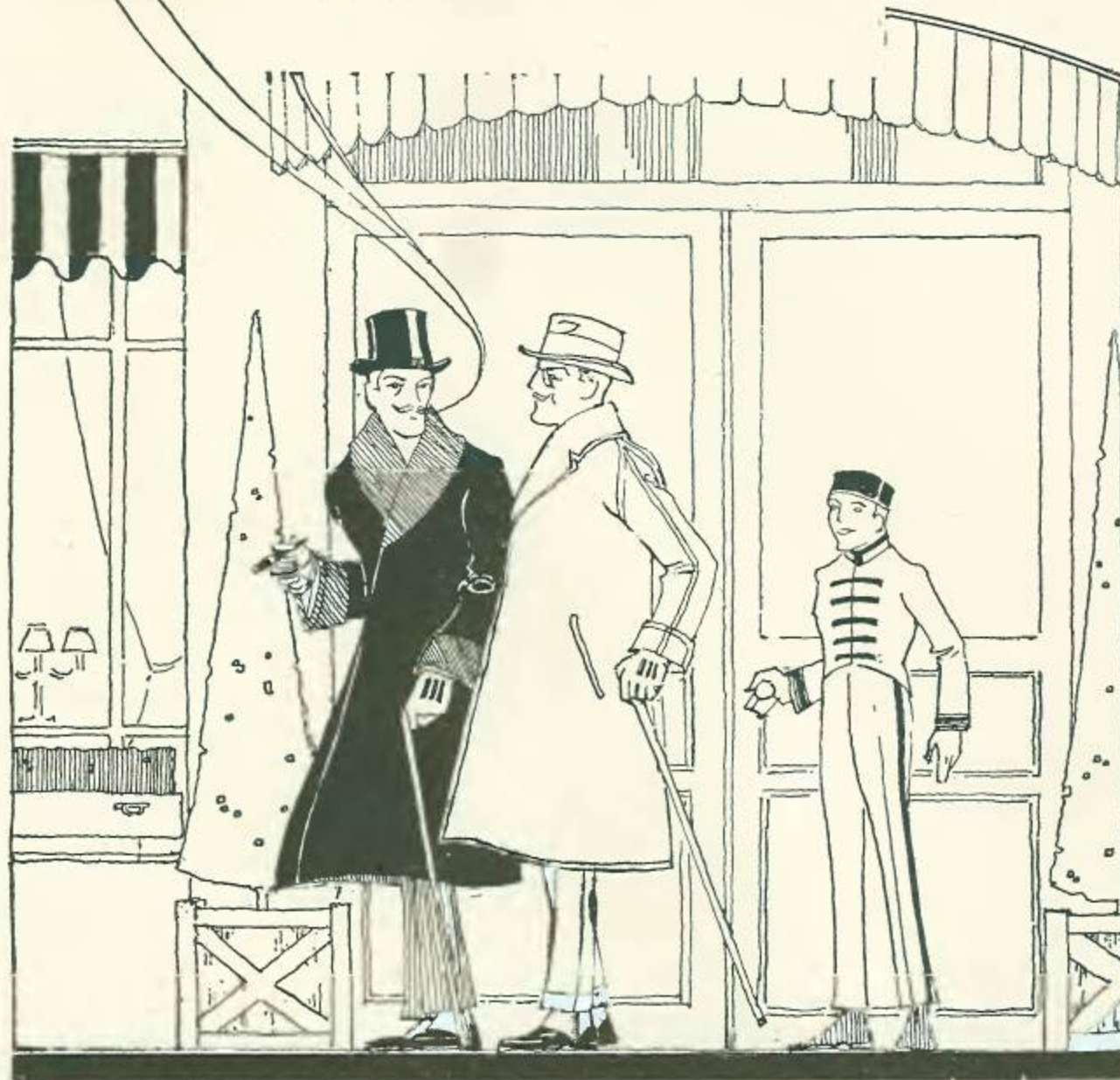
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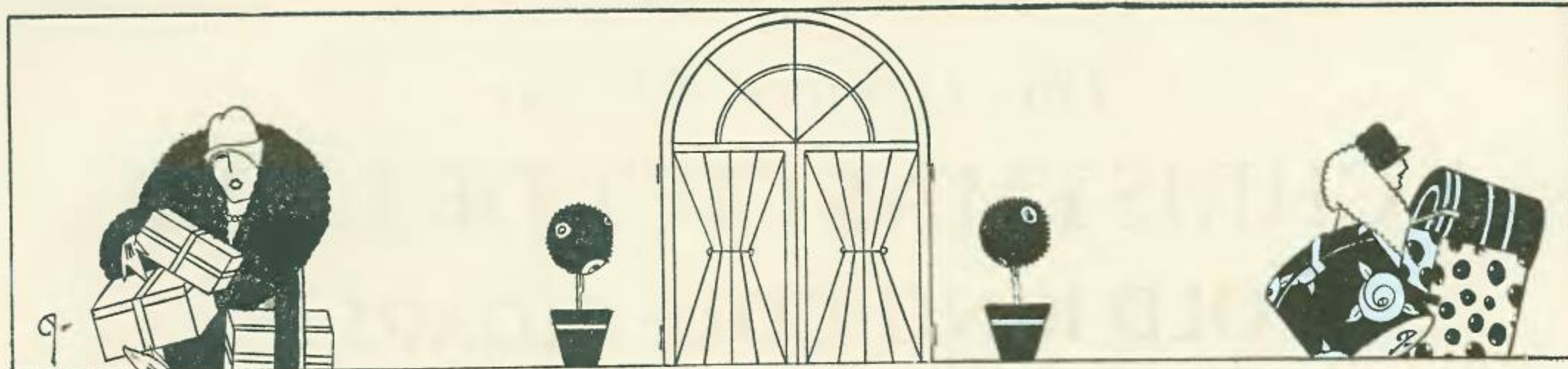
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THE night after this conscientious excursion, reaction took the form of dining at Sherry's, which I adore, and, with somewhat gingerly memories of the hot dogs consumed the night before, ordering the most exquisite dinner that I could think of. There is simply nothing new that I can say about Sherry's, except that both the room and the people are charming, the food excellent and well-served, and that the music is especially good this year.

LATER in the evening, such is the force of habit, I journeyed to that not-at-all leaning tower of respectability, the Waldorf, for a little dancing after the theatre. The supper dancing here is primarily designed for the cohorts and cohorts of debutantes who want to feel safe after midnight, and fulfills its purpose well. The audience was composed principally of older people at supper, and very few dancers—which seems a great waste, in view of the fact that the music here is unusually good for dancing as well as listening.

WORD comes that the Mayfair House is now open for dinner dancing; that the Tally-Ho has opened new quarters at 18 East Fifty-sixth Street for lunch and dinner; that Harry Richman has taken over Ciro's; and that Felix Young, formerly manager of Ciro's, has taken Frances Williams, this department's favorite entertainer, with him to Club Borgo and named it after her. Also, that Prince Romanowsky, just a buddy of the late Czar of Russia, thinks that it might be an elegant idea to open a Russian restaurant. The result is the Kazbec (the name being very near the Kavkaz, and the location very near to the Katinka). This will be honored with a review as soon as I get my strength.
—LIPSTICK

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Wherever the Smart Set Meets



Terri Oval Open

Notice the smartly gowned woman who sweeps to her table—the cynosure of all eyes. Glance at her toward the wilting small hours—fresh and immaculate . . . Her Terri Vanity is always at hand offering every convenience Madam may require—even to her cigarettes! At every rendezvous of the *haute monde* Terri adds decidedly to the smartness of the occasion! If Terri Vanities are not procurable at your favorite shop, remit direct to Dept. 103. Terri Incorporated, 4 West 40th Street, New York.



Terri Oval Vanity

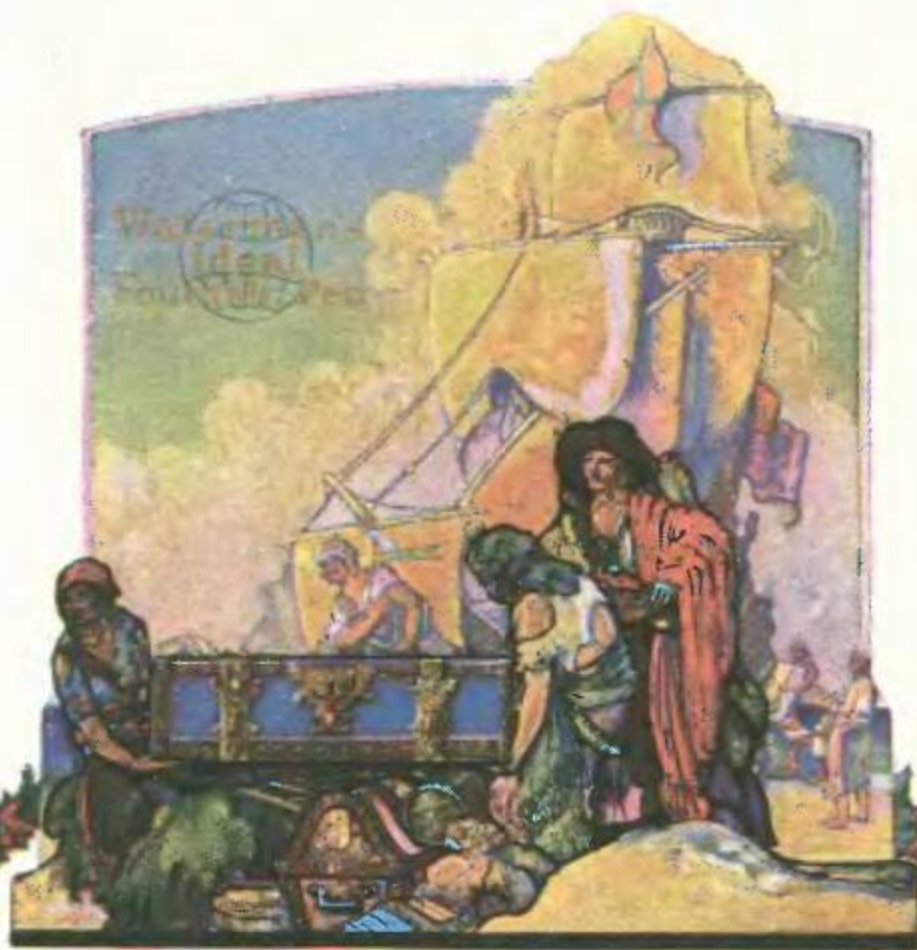
TERRI FACE POWDER—
 a revelation of velvet softness—
 intriguing fragrance—a delight to
 use. Shades: Blanche, Naturelle,
 Rachel, Spanish Rachel. \$1.50 the
 box. A generous trial package 25c.

Terri

VANITY

Exquisite leather-effect case with
 white or green gold-plated striped
 design. Compartments fitted
 with full-face mirror, face rouge,
 face powder, lipstick, concealed
 comb and a place for cigarettes,
 keys and coins.

Price \$7.50 each.



The Treasure Chest

Here is a package that will add to Christmas joy—a treasure chest containing a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen and Pencil. No Christmas gift could be more acceptable.

When you see the Treasure Chest display and Santa Claus window card shown below you will know you have arrived where Waterman's seasonable packets may be secured.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Always an ideal Christmas gift. The Treasure Chest and pencil add to its charm and acceptability.

Pen shown may be had with black, cardinal and mottled holders. Different holders for different sized hands; different pen points for different characters of writing. Pencils to match.

Waterman's pens vary in price according to size and decoration. The more popular models cost from \$4.00 to \$7.50.

Waterman's pens are sold by 50,000 reliable merchants and are guaranteed without time limit.

L. E. Waterman Company

191 Broadway, New York
Boston Chicago San Francisco Montreal



EXACT SIZE
OF
\$4.00
MODEL

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*Fleurs d'Amour ~
the most luxurious perfume
in the world*



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PARIS

"Fashions in Fragrance"—Our colorful little book, describes
Fleurs d'Amour, *Le Jade*, and many other of our favored
Parisian specialties—Complimentary on request.