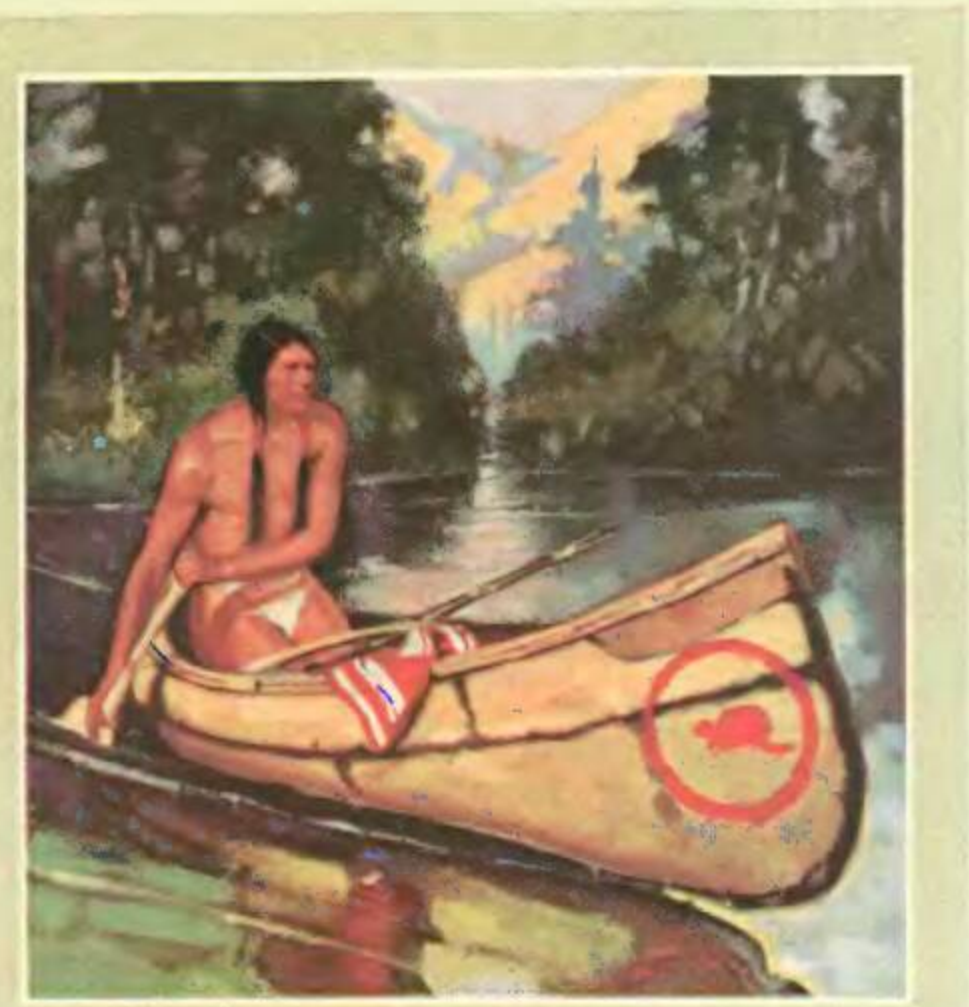
Mar. 26, 1927

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



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"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars."

If any one quality above all others distinguishes the truly fine car it is quietness of operation. For silent ease of motion results only from fine designing and fine craftsmanship—the utmost precision in every part of body and chassis.

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The Packard is the supremely silent car. For it is designed and built to standards of precision expressed in terms of even one ten-thousandth of an inch. And Packard power—unsurpassed in any motor car—is so much more than ample that response to the driver's need or whim is instant, smooth and silent.

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Silence is a permanent Packard asset throughout the car's unusually long life. For the precision of Packard parts is protected anew each day by an almost automatic lubrication system.

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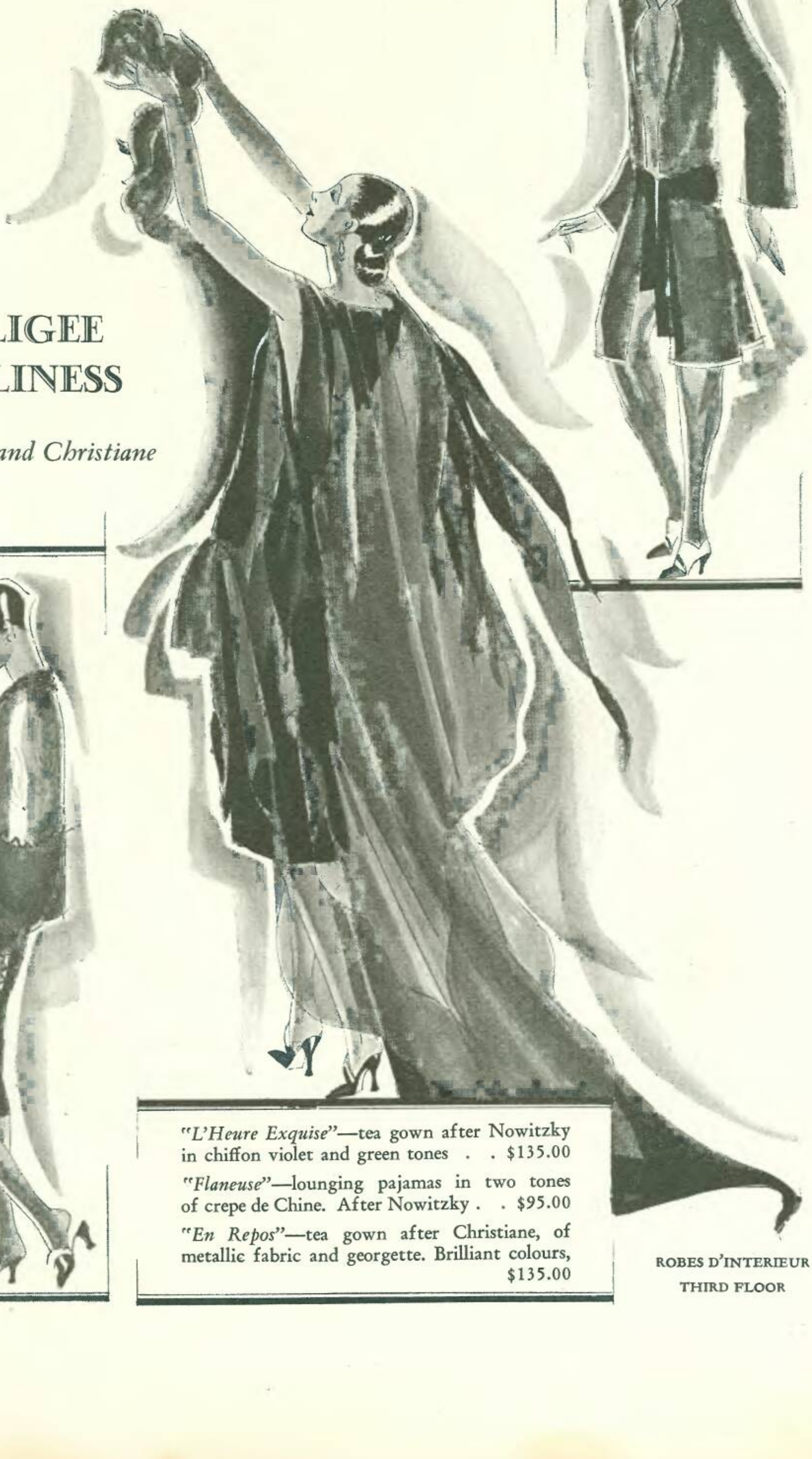

NEGLIGEE LOVELINESS

By Nowitzky and Christiane

"L'Heure Exquise"—tea gown after Nowitzky in chiffon violet and green tones . . $135.00

"Flaneuse"—lounging pajamas in two tones of crepe de Chine. After Nowitzky . . $95.00

"En Repos"—tea gown after Christiane, of metallic fabric and georgette. Brilliant colours, $135.00

ROBES D'INTERIEUR

THIRD FLOOR

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Originally created exclusively for one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of France.

Until recently the exquisite PARFUMS ISABEY were the private *parfums* of one of the nobility of France. But so completely did their unforgettable and lasting *odeurs* captivate the aristocracy of Paris .... that there grew an insistence for the privilege of their use. With charming grace, this world-renowned family acquiesced. First to its *intimes* .... then to its native France .... now to America—where PARFUMS ISABEY may be obtained in the very smartest stores.

The Isabey odeurs, now the vogue in Paris, are: Bleu de Chine, Lys, Ambre de Carthage, Sourire Fleuri and Divertissement.

Isabey's Bleu de Chine

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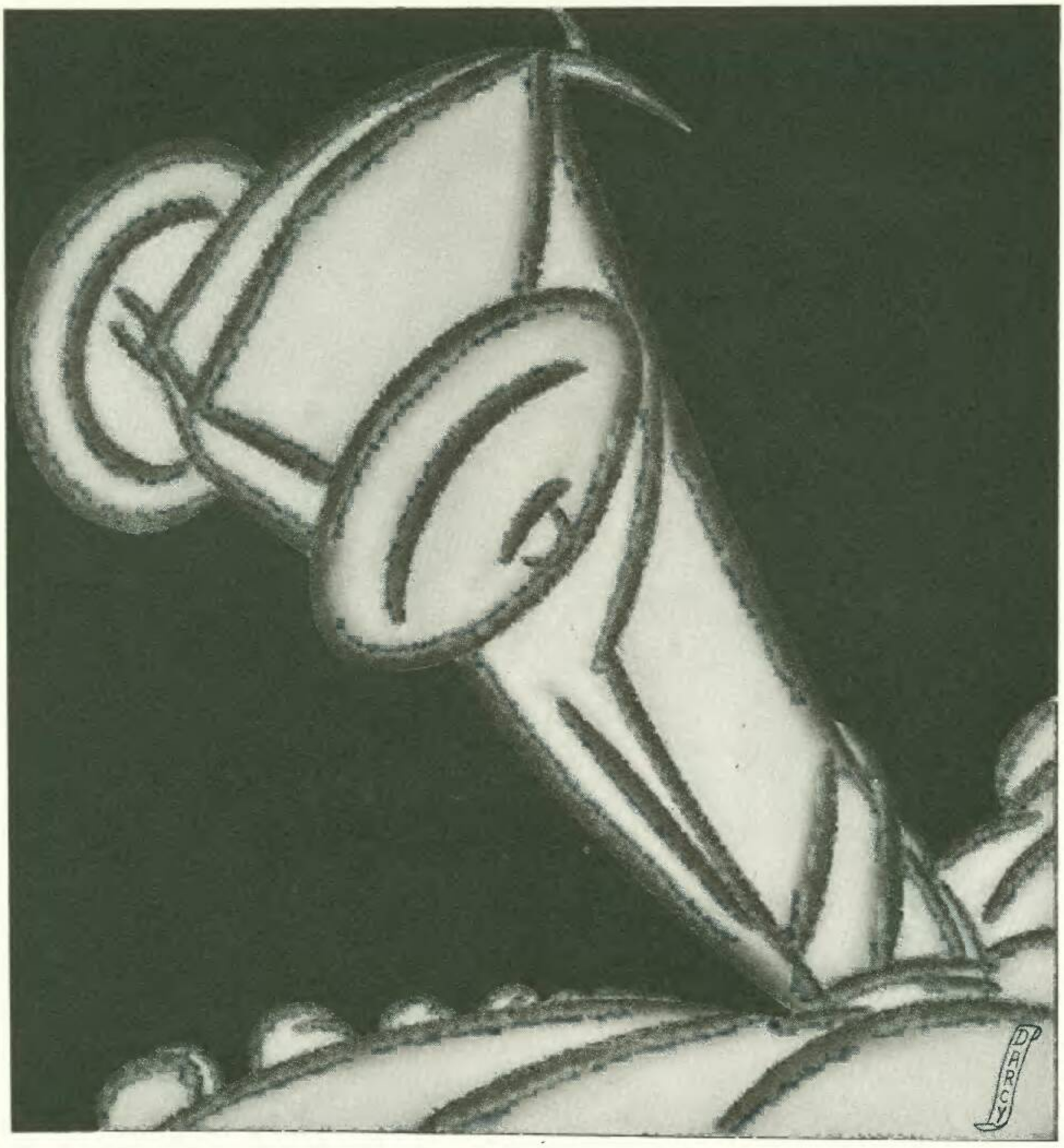
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York. N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. III, No. 6. March 26, 1927. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1927, by the F-R Pub. Corp.



THE PROUDER THE CAR . . .

THE GREATER THE DEMAND

FOR MOTOR APPAREL AND ACCESSORIES

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Prizes *that Egg them on*
to swing a Doughty Driver!

NO longer in most of the swanky clubs do the brothers struggle through four miles of combat for a two-handled loving cup. For, since Ovington's went seriously into this matter of golfing prizes, a better day has dawned and gainful glory is now to be rewarded with prizes of great beauty and usefulness.

Literally, there are just about two thousand good golf prizes here at Ovington's. There are hundreds of good and useful things in silver, scores more in crystal, rare woods and leathers, platters, crystal cocktail sets, humidors, lamps, portfolios, ice tubs and a hundred other things, all of which can be appropriately marked, all of which can be constantly used.

To a harassed chairman of a prize committee, there is no greater wisdom than to waltz down to Ovington's and select his for the season's tournaments. Here he will be able to discover prizes in a variety so great that he will have no duplicates—prizes of great beauty and good use and prizes so fairly priced that no mortgage need be put upon the clubhouse.

436 Fifth Avenue
New York

OVINGTON'S

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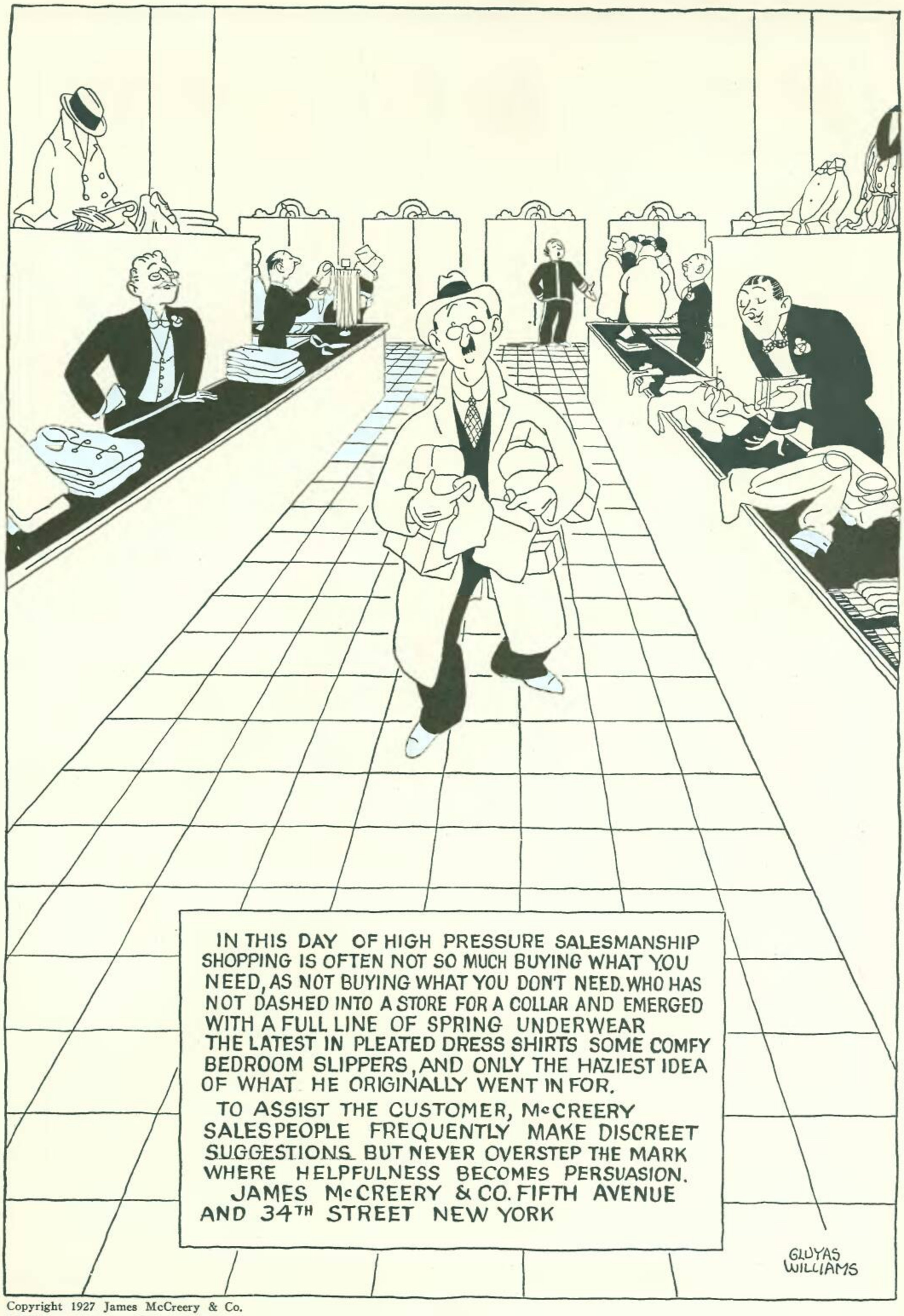
Chicago



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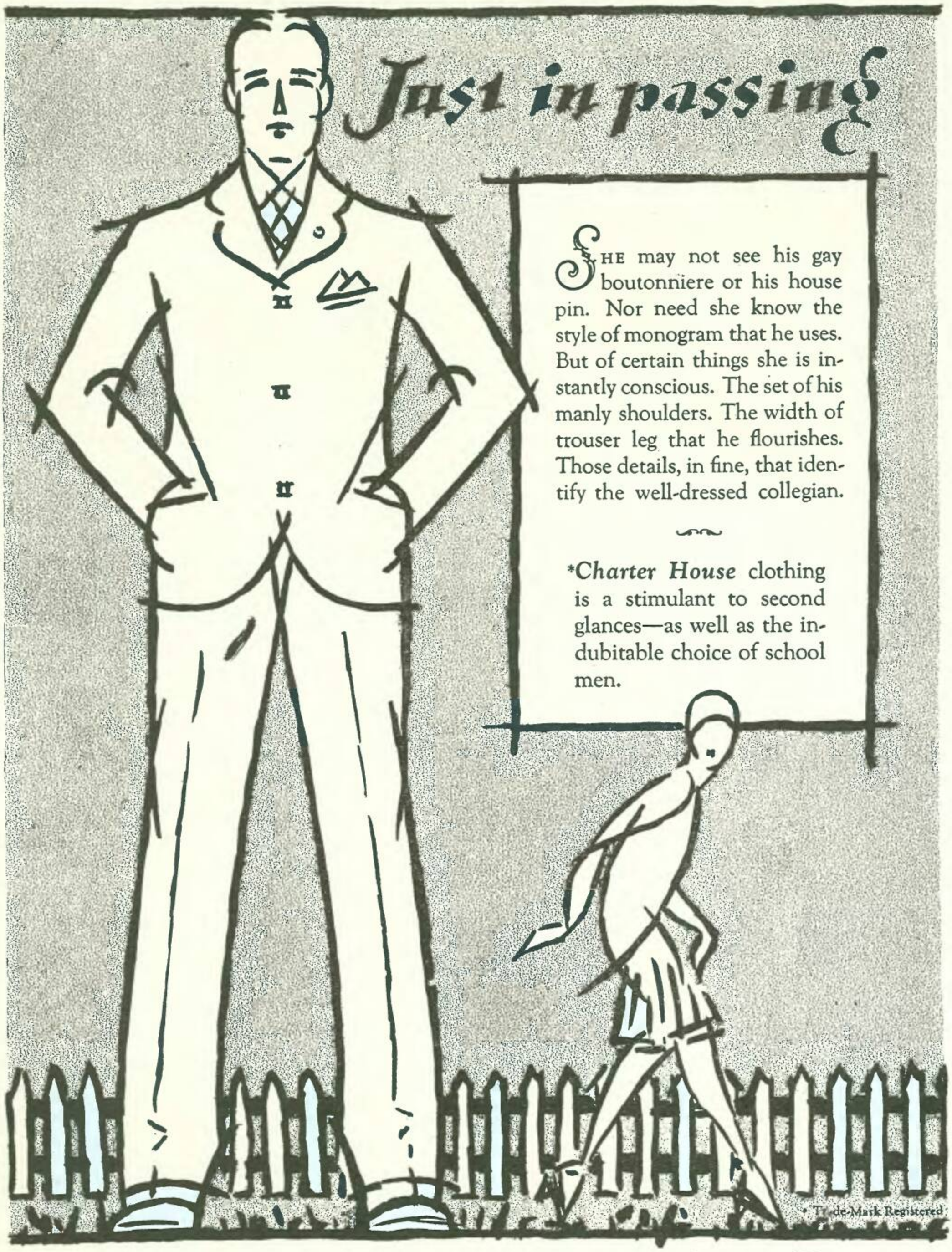
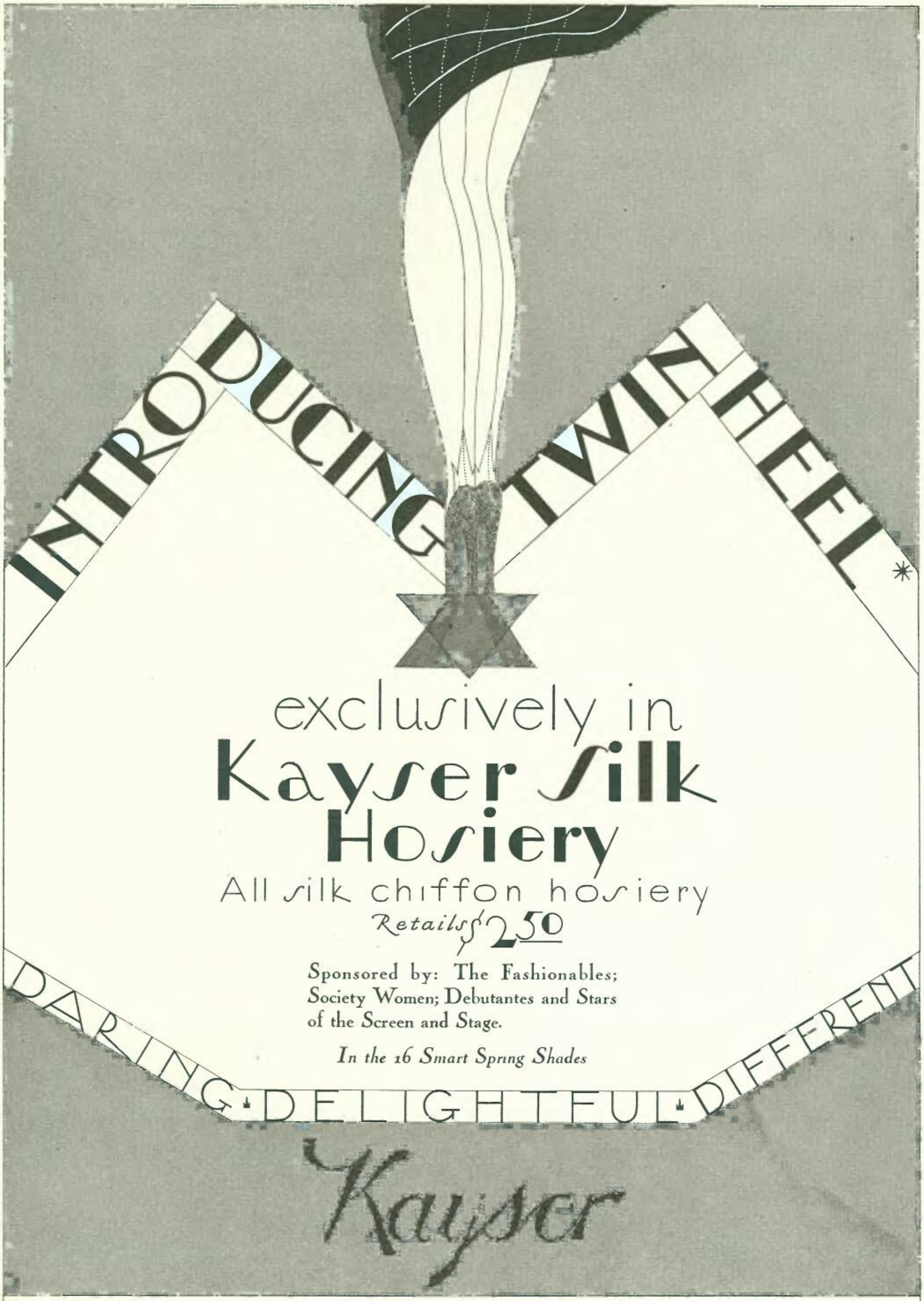

Just in passing
She may not see his gay boutonniere or his house pin. Nor need she know the style of monogram that he uses. But of certain things she is instantly conscious. The set of his manly shoulders. The width of trouser leg that he flourishes. Those details, in fine, that identify the well-dressed collegian.
*Charter House clothing is a stimulant to second glances—as well as the indubitable choice of school men.
*Trade-Mark Registered
L. BAMBERGER & CO.
"One of America's Great Stores"
Newark, N. J.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Kayser Silk Hosiery
All silk chiffon hosiery
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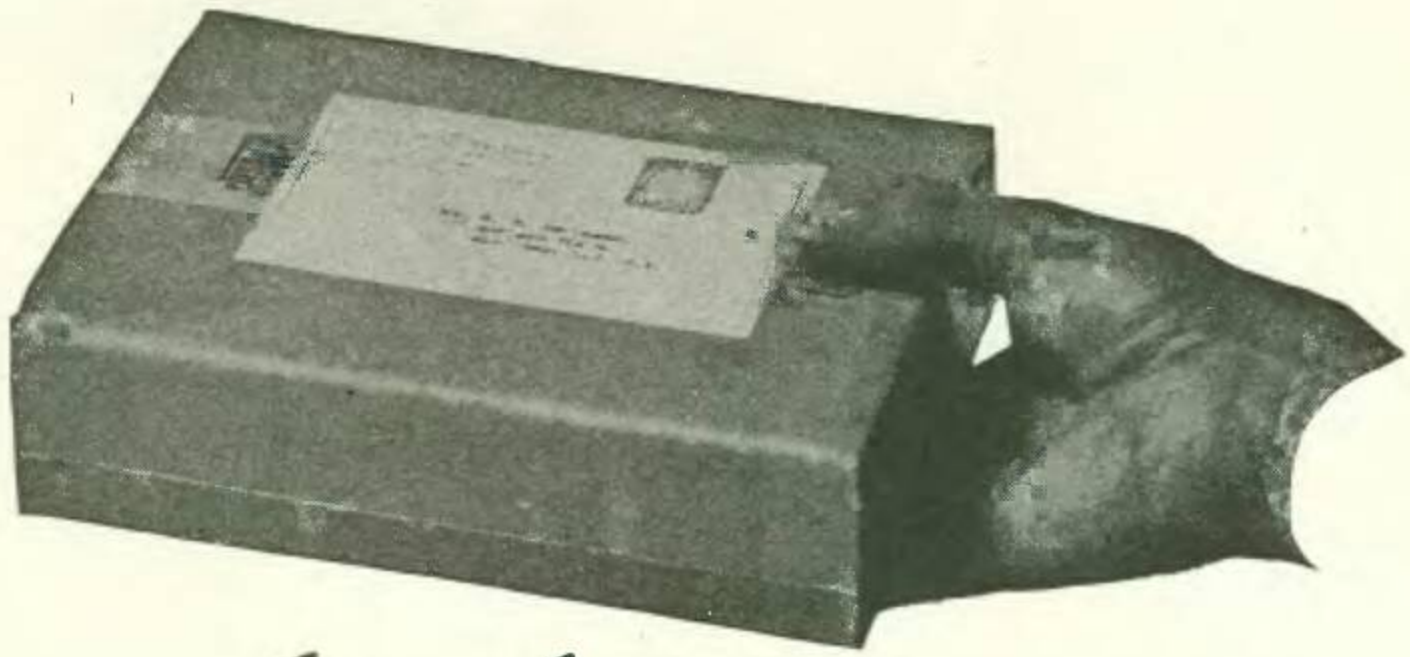
*Pat. July 6, 1926

The-Book-of-the-Month Club now guarantees you against missing the new books you are most anxious to read.



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the outstanding book each month with a guarantee of satisfaction!

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WM. ALLEN WHITE

OVER 40,000 of the most prominent people in the country have already subscribed to the service of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Frequently, however, the simple idea behind it still seems to be misunderstood.

The average person *fails to read* most of the important books, because he is either *too busy* or *too neglectful* to go out and buy them. How often has this happened to you? "I certainly want to read *that* book!" you say to yourself, when you see a review or hear a book praised highly, by someone whose taste you respect. But, in most cases, you never "get around to it."

It is to meet this situation, chiefly, that the Book-of-the-Month Club was organized; *each month its subscribers receive the outstanding new book published that month—or some other book which they have the privilege of specifying.*

How is the "outstanding" book each month chosen? The Book-of-the-Month Club has asked a group of well-known critics, whose judgment as to books and whose catholicity of taste have long been known to the public, to act as a Selecting Committee. They are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White. Each month, the new books, *of all publishers*, are presented to them. From these, by a majority vote, they choose what they consider to be the most outstanding and readable book each month. The theory is—and it works!—that any book appealing strongly to a majority of five individuals of such good judgment and such differing tastes, is *likely* to be a book few people will care to miss reading.

Subscribers, however, are not obliged to accept the choice of the Committee. Tastes vary greatly. Before the book comes to you, you receive a carefully written report, telling what sort of book it is. If you don't judge that you will like it, *you specify that some other new book be sent instead*, making your choice from a list of other important new books, *which are also carefully described to guide you in your choice*. On the other hand, if you let the "book-of-the-month" come to you and find you are disappointed, *even then you may exchange it for any other book you prefer*. In other words, you are given a guarantee of satisfaction with any book you obtain upon the recommendation of the Committee.

The cost of this convenient service is —nothing. The cost of the books is the price set by the publisher himself.

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The last sip from the demi-tasse is the signal for a light. And the Douglass supplies it, automatically

THIS MATCHLESS AGE

After the demi-tasse

PLACES kept open for the "present generation" have achieved a notable smoothness of operation.

Would you like a table near the dance floor?—a word on the telephone fixes it. Would you like some special dish?—add a word for the chef. And that evening Pierre, the waiter, stands at just the right angle to catch the mere flick of an eyebrow—alert to serve, yet discreetly deaf and blind.

One doesn't wear overshoes in such places, nor light tobacco with matches, nor wheedle and coax uncertain lighters.

After the small-blacks, lighters of a new kind now appear. They are automatic. They light at the mere press of a trigger.

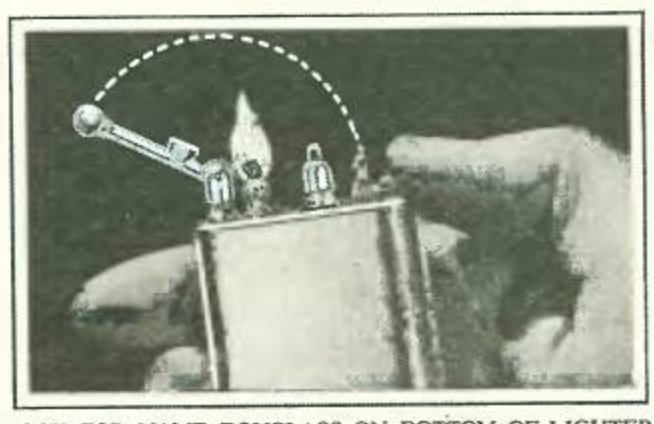
Douglass Lighters, they are, and their inventor, Leon F. Douglass has caught in them the spirit of this matchless age. It has long been his hobby to improve things and he's been granted nearly fifty patents for doing it.

As in the Douglass Lighter which has no gadgets to lift or sooty wheels to turn, but, ruled by a thumb-press, pings a light *instanter.*

At tobacconists and jewelers who keep step with the times you'll find Douglasses in wide array. Some are gold or silver plated, others cased in unusual leathers. A new model in burnished metal is popularly priced. All are finely built for long-time service. The Douglass Co.

If a call or two in your locality does not reveal a Douglass dealer, Hargraft & Sons, Wrigley Bldg., Chicago, will direct you, and send an interesting leaflet, "This Matchless Age." Write them.

Press the trigger—there's your light



LOOK FOR NAME DOUGLASS ON BOTTOM OF LIGHTER

Use Douglass Lighter Fluid; just the right grade

New! The Black Douglass, a burnished metal model at $5. Other models upward from $10

Two-toned snake skin encases this gold topped Douglass at $17.50; silver topped $12.50. Ostrich, alligator, lizard and calfskin clothe other Douglasses in colors. There are rugged leathers —pigskin and tooled morocco — for men

The Douglass Lighter

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 25, TO FRIDAY, APRIL 1, INCLUSIVE]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. and the midweek matinée is on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of B'way.)

PLAYS

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY—Dreiser's grim book making not so good a play. LONGACRE, 48, W.

BROADWAY—Authentic enacting of bootleggers at play. BROADHURST, 44, W.

PYGMALION—Shaw takes a hand at the Cinderella legend. GUILD, 52, W. Fri., Mar. 25, and Sat., Mar. 26; then off until Apr. 18, while—

BROTHERS KARAMAZOV—suicide, murder, and madness of the Russian brand, plays for the week of Mar. 28. Last week. Mat. Thurs. GUILD, 52, W.

CAPONSACCHI — Walter Hampden in Browning's "The Ring and the Book." 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. HAMPDEN'S, B'way at 63.

CHICAGO—A splendid mixture of murder, Chicago, and satire. With Francine Larrimore. 2:35 and 8:35 P.M. MUSIC BOX, 45, W.

CRIME—The Super-Crook surrounded entertainingly by super-hokum. With James Rennie. TIMES SQUARE, 42, W.

MONEY FROM HOME—A sugar-coated crook play with and by Frank Craven. FULTON, 46, W.

NED MCCOBB'S DAUGHTER—Bootleggers losing a contest with the New England tradition. JOHN GOLDEN, 58, E. Fri., Mar. 25, and Sat., Mar. 26; then off until Apr. 4, while—

THE SILVER CORD—deals with mother love in modern clothes for the week of Mar. 28. Mat. Thurs. JOHN GOLDEN, 58, E.

REPERTORY—Eva Le Gallienne and her company presenting: Fri., Mar. 25, "Inheritors"; Sat. (mat.) "Cradle Song," (eve.) "Inheritors"; Mon., "Cradle Song"; Tues., "Inheritors"; Wed. (mat.) "Cradle Song," (eve.) "La Locandiera"; Thurs., (special mat.) "Cradle Song," (eve.) "Three Sisters"; Fri., "Inheritors." Of these we find "Cradle Song" the best. CIVIC REPERTORY, 6 Ave. at 14.

RIGHT YOU ARE IF YOU THINK YOU ARE—A parable by Pirandello for Tues., Wed., and Fri. Mat. only at 2:40. GUILD, 52, W.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN—A poignant and truthful account of love, life and low wages. BOOTH, 45, W.

THE BARKER—Seduction and parental discipline in a tent show. With Walter Huston. BILTMORE, 47, W.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—The musical *Sangers* moved from the book to the stage. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. CORT, 48, E.

THE CONSTANT WIFE—Ethel Barrymore holding the modern husband in check. MAXINE ELLIOTT, 39, E.

THE PLAY'S THE THING—The salvaging of an engagement by a lot of talk. Mat. Thurs. HENRY MILLER'S, 43, E.

THE ROAD TO ROME—An amusing account of why Hannibal did not take Rome. With Jane Cowl. PLAYHOUSE, 48, E.

TOMMY—Good comedy and clean, too. GAIETY, B'way at 46.

WITH MUSIC

BYE BYE BONNIE—Prison, prohibition and music well mixed. COSMOPOLITAN, Columbus Circle.

COUNTESS MARITZA—A good operetta with a poor plot. 44TH STREET, 44, W.

CRISS-CROSS—Fred and Dorothy Stone doing their stuff ir a nice way. GLOBE, B'way at 47.

HONEYMOON LANE—Pickles and love and Eddie Dowling. KNICKERBOCKER, B'way at 38.

OH, KAY!—Gertrude Lawrence, Gershwin music and Betty Compton. 2:35 and 8:35 P.M. IMPERIAL, 45, W.

PEGGY-ANN—A musical comedy with an original theme. With Helen Ford. VANDERBILT, 48, E.

QUEEN HIGH—"A Pair of Sixes" turned pleasantly musical. With Luella Gear and Charles Ruggles. AMBASSADOR, 49, W.

RIO RITA—Large, beautiful and tuneful musical comedy. ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54.

SCANDALS—A big revue with a mass of stars. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. APOLLO, 42, W.

THE DESERT SONG—A terrible sheik plot, but good music and singing. CASINO, B'way at 39.

THE NIGHTINGALE—Jenny Lind as the heroine of an operetta. JOLSON'S, 7 Ave. at 59. Closes Sat., Mar. 26.

THE RAMBLERS—Marie Saxon dancing delightfully and Clark and McCullough being amusing. LYRIC, 42. W.

VANITIES—Moran and Mack, and Julius Tannen. Mat. Thurs. EARL CARROLL, 7 Ave. at 50.

YOURS TRULY—Leon Errol and Marion Harris, and they are plenty. SHUBERT, 44, W.

SUNDAY NIGHT SACRED CONCERTS—"Sacred" covering a multitude of variety acts. Where to amuse yourself after vespers. Quality not vouched for. PALACE, B'way at 47, 8:30 P.M.; EARL CARROLL, 7 Ave. at 50, 8:30 P.M., and WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50, 8:00 P.M.

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51.—Charles Sabin and Edwina St. Clare entertaining nightly.**

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3.—Midnight revue and uptown spirit with informal coating.**

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave and 52.—Frances Williams singing blues for the élite.***

CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51.—Who should be in this smart rendezvous but the Yacht Club boys?***

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50.—Still the playground for a civilized dancing crowd.***

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56.—Harry Richman, indefatigably funny, at the head of his own revue.**

GEORGE OLSEN'S CLUB, 159 W. 49.—One of the gayest and most amusing clubs in town, except on Saturday night, when it is too crowded.**

PARODY CLUB, B'way at 48—Those with a sense of the ridiculous will enjoy Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, late of the Club Dover.**

ROSS FENTON CLUB, B'way at 50.—The collegiate spirit of Brooke Johns, proprietor, permeates.**

PAUL WHITEMAN'S, B'way at 48.—Tawdry and crowded, and elegant music.**

VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60.—Inexpensive and refined.***

GREENWICH VILLAGE DISTRICT—For informality and low couvert, COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9, is one of the best.

HARLEM—SMALL'S, 7 Ave. at 134, and CLUB BRAMVILLE, 65 W. 129, wisest choice for first visitors. Better not to dress, and go very late.

RUSSIAN ATMOSPHERE—KAVKAZ, B'way at 53. Best exponent of cellar atmosphere and impromptu Russian entertainment.*

* NEEDN'T DRESS.
** BETTER DRESS.
*** MUST DRESS.

MOTION PICTURES

(Unless otherwise noted, performances are daily and begin at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. Sunday matinées at 3. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

BEAU GESTE—The activities of the *Geste Brothers* providing mystery

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

Almost

1,000,000 *widows*

are compelled to earn their own livings—not because their husbands did not leave property or money, but because, in many cases, they left estates in unhealthy conditions.

How is your health financially? You owe it to yourself and your family to find out. Read the column at the right.

THE EQUITABLE TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK
37 WALL STREET

Madison Avenue at 45th Street 247 Broadway
Madison Avenue at 28th Street

LONDON · PARIS · MEXICO CITY

Total resources more than $475,000,000

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Examine your financial health

Men readily submit to physical examination to assure themselves that their health is not being endangered through neglect. Financial health is next in importance. Why neglect *it?*

1. Have you asked your bank to check your security holdings and to advise you as to their latest investment rating and suitability to your needs; also have you asked your bank, from a knowledge of your present holdings and circumstances, to recommend advantageous future investments?

If not, put a check in this square ☐ and you will receive the *Equitable Investment Memorandum*, which outlines a plan that will enable us intelligently to suggest from the present market those bonds offering distinct advantages to you.

2. Have you taken out ample life insurance to keep your family from want, should you die suddenly or become permanently incapacitated and have you given careful thought to how your insurance will be paid?

If not, put a check in this square ☐ and you will receive a copy of our booklet, "*I'll Make Assurance Double Sure.*" It tells how, through a life insurance trust, you may materially increase the net amount of your estate. Ask your insurance agent about it, too.

3. Have you protected your estate by making a will and appointing a trust company executor-trustee?

If not, put a check in this square ☐ and you will receive a copy of the *Equitable Will Memorandum* and our booklet, *How to Protect Your Estate and Your Family.* The *Will Memorandum* is a simple form which, when filled out, will give your lawyer the information he needs in drawing your will.

4. Have you arranged to have your bank assume responsibility for the prompt collection of interest on bonds, prompt collection and reinvestment of matured principal and in other ways insure you against possible losses through personal neglect?

If not, put a check in this square ☐ and you will receive our booklet explaining the advantages of *The Safe Keeping Account.* For a negligible charge you may avoid the burden of detail and risk of serious losses. This is a particularly popular service with travelers.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

N. Y.-3

Tear off this column and mail it to the nearest office of The Equitable Trust Company of New York.

Your Neighbor on the Right—

is, in all probability, a very beneficent gentleman and possessed of a sense of humor, but after you have whispered to him, confidentially, for the nth time, "You know, Jones, some day I am going to own a Packard," he is likely to have opinions of his own on the matter.

And, as a matter of fact, there should be no reason why you can't own this car which you have so often dreamed of and talked about. Especially, when you consider the fact that the Improved Packard Six 5-passenger Sedan has been reduced $335 and can now be delivered to your very door for only $2431.

Never before in history has any Packard been offered at such a price!

And keeping in mind that the Packard of 1927 is the finest Six that the Packard Company has ever built—this announcement is certainly really worth your serious consideration.

If you will just drop into the Packard showrooms, or give us an opportunity to have a car at your door, we shall be pleased to demonstrate for you this great automobile.

Tell Jones, "It's a new Improved Packard," today!

PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO.
of NEW YORK
Packard Building
Broadway at 61st Street
1037 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn

Dealers
PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
274 Park Avenue, New York
Ashland 8607

THE HEIGHTS PACKARD CORP.
St. Nicholas Ave. at 174th St.

PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
650 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

PACKARD

Ask the Man Who Owns One

GOINGS ON

[FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 25, TO—

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

and adventure in the desert. CRITERION, B'way at 44.

METROPOLIS—An extraordinary German film that you should certainly see. RIALTO, B'way at 42.

OLD IRONSIDES—An extremely beautiful picture with a silly plot. RIVOLI, B'way at 49.

ROUGH RIDERS—The dash up San Juan Hill forming an excuse for a good movie. COHAN, B'way at 43.

THE BIG PARADE—John Gilbert and Renée Adorée make the war entertaining. ASTOR, B'way at 45.

WHAT PRICE GLORY—A splendid comedy made from the play. With Victor McLaglen. HARRIS, 42, W.

WHEN A MAN LOVES—John Barrymore and *Manon Lescaut* and good hokum. With the Vitaphone. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. Feature at 3 and 9 P.M. weekdays and 3:30 P.M. Sun. SELWYN, 42, W.

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

BLONDE OR BRUNETTE, PARADISE FOR TWO, THE GENERAL, THE SCARLET LETTER, BLIND ALLEYS, LET IT RAIN, THE SHOW, THE BELOVED ROGUE, and STARK LOVE.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., weekdays only.)

AMERICAN—The Nat'l Arts Club invites outsiders to show. NAT'L ARTS CLUB, 119 E. 19. Closes Mar. 30.

AMERICANA—Portraits by James Barton Longacre, and miniatures. Open Sun., 1 to 6 P.M. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

BEST MODERN AMERICANS—Dickinson and Demuth among others. DANIEL GALLERIES, Madison at 57. Opens Mar. 28.

CANADE—One of our hopefuls. WEYHE, Lexington at 62. Opens Mar. 28.

CASSATT—Memorial Exhibition of etchings. Open Sun., 1 to 6 P.M. Print Gallery, PUBLIC LIBRARY.

EGYPTIAN ART—Famous Carnarvon Collection, on view. Open Sun., 1 to 6 P.M. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

ENGRAVINGS—Primitive and Renaissance masters. KENNEDY, 5 Ave. at 54.

ERNEST THURN—An American of Paris. ARTISTS' GALLERY, 51 E. 60.

INDEPENDENT ARTISTS—The free-for-all in the art world. Open 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. weekdays; 2 to 10 P.M. Sun. WALDORF.

LACHAISE—One of the few favored by Stieglitz. Modern sculpture. Open Sun., 2:30 to 5 P.M. Room 303, ANDERSON GALLERIES, Park at 59.

MALCOLM PARCELL—One of the Academy prize winners. MACBETH, 15 E. 57. Closes Mar. 28.

MAX WEBER—A fine show of a great painter. NEW ART CIRCLE, 35 W. 57.

NATIONAL ACADEMY—Spring show, this year with modernistic jokers in the pack. Open Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M. FINE ARTS BLDG., 215 W. 57.

RELIGIOUS ART—Loan collection of masterpieces. SELIGMANN, 3 E. 51.

ROBERT REID—A craftsman who is working himself out of bondage. GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES, Vanderbilt at 43. Opens Apr. 1.

STILL LIFE—Manet, Renoir and Gauguin, among others. DURAND-RUEL, 12 E. 57.

WALTER—Exceptional glazed sculpture. Also decorative painting of Buk. DUDENSING, 45 W. 44.

WORLD'S BEST—Multi-national collection of good things from many lands. GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES, Vanderbilt at 43. Closes Mar. 26.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Aeolian Concert Hall still at 34 W. 43.)

RECITALS

BENNO MOISEIWITSCH—Another recital by a great pianist. AEOLIAN HALL, Sat. Aft., Mar. 26.

KATHERINE BACON—Beethoven program by the heroine of the sonata cycle. TOWN HALL, Sat. Aft., Mar. 26.

KREISLER—Benefit Concert. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, Sun. Aft., Mar. 27.

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY—A spectacular man at the keyboard. CARNEGIE HALL, Sun. Aft., Mar. 27.

WALTER GIESEKING—THE NEW YORKER'S guest critic in a piano recital. CARNEGIE HALL, Mon. Aft., Mar. 28.

EFREM ZIMBALIST—Last recital for two years of a great fiddler. CARNEGIE HALL, Mon. Eve., Mar. 28.

BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION—Musicians at liberty in chamber music. TOWN HALL, Mon. Eve., Mar. 28.

MISCHA LEVITZKI—A great pianist. CARNEGIE HALL, Tues. Eve., Mar. 29.

NEW YORK TRIO—Fiddle, 'cello and piano well played. TOWN HALL, Wed. Eve., Mar. 30.

LILLIAN FUCHS—Exceptionally gifted

ABOUT TOWN

—FRIDAY, APRIL 1, INCLUSIVE]

young violinist. AEOLIAN HALL, Wed. Eve., Mar. 30.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC—Furtwaengler conducting: CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. Aft., Mar. 25, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Mar. 26; Thurs. Eve., Mar. 31; Fri. Aft., Apr. 1, at 2:30.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY—Damrosch conducting: CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. Eve., Apr. 1.

LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS—Serafin conducting: Adolph Bolm Ballet in modern dance music. JOLSON THEATRE, 7 Ave. at 59, Sun. Eve., Mar. 27, at 9.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bodanzky conducting: Mendelssohn's "Saint Paul." TOWN HALL, Sun. Aft., Mar. 27, at 4.

SCHOLA CANTORUM—Hugh Ross, guest conductor: CARNEGIE HALL, Wed. Eve., Mar. 30.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Mannes conducting: METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Sat. Eve., Mar. 26, at 8.

CHAMBER SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Jacobs conducting: AEOLIAN HALL, Sun. Eve., Mar. 27.

AMERICAN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Climton conducting: AEOLIAN HALL, Mon. Aft., Mar. 28.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA CO.—Fri. Aft., Mar. 25, at 1:30, "Tristan and Isolde"; Fri. Eve., Mar. 25, at 8, "Boris Godunoff"; Sat. Aft., Mar. 26, at 2, "Traviata"; Sat. Eve., Mar. 26, at 8:15, "Tosca"; Sun. Eve., Mar. 27, at 8:30, Concert; Wed. Aft., Mar. 30, at 1:30, "Meistersinger"; Fri. Aft., Apr. 1, at 2, "Boris Godunoff." Others to be announced.

ON THE AIR

GOLDMAN BAND—The summer favorites polish up their brasses. WEAF, Fri. Eves., Mar. 25 and Apr. 1, at 8.

JERITZA, D'ALVAREZ AND WERRENRATH—A Metropolitan soprano and two concert singers. Victor Hour, WJZ, Fri. Eve., Mar. 25, at 8:30.

BEETHOVEN HOUR—Walter Damrosch in a lecture recital on the Ninth Symphony. WEAF, Sat. Eve., Mar. 26, at 9.

PHILHARMONIC—Furtwaengler conducting: Student Concert. WJZ, Sat. Eve., Mar. 26, at 8:25.

EDITH MASON—A Chicago Opera star. Atwater Kent Hour, WEAF, Sun. Eve., Mar. 27, at 9:15.

BOXING—RONTIS (French Featherweight Champ.) vs. SALAS and PAULINO vs. HEENEY (Heavyweight elimination bout). WMSG, Fri. Eve., April 1, at 8:15.

SPORTS

BOXING — PROFESSIONAL — RONTIS (French Featherweight Champ.) vs. SALAS and PAULINO vs. HEENEY (Heavyweight elimination bout). Fri., Apr. 1, at 8:15. MAD. SQ. GARDEN.

AMATEUR—*Daily News* Tournament. During the preliminaries 39 knockouts were registered in 40 bouts. Mon., Mar. 28, at 8 P.M. MAD. SQ. GARDEN.

HOCKEY—PROFESSIONAL—CHICAGO vs. RANGERS, last League game. Fri., Mar. 25; CHICAGO vs. BOSTON, first play-off for Nat'l Hockey League Champ. Tues., Mar. 29.

AMATEUR—N. Y. A. C. vs. MONTROYAL HOTEL H. C. Sun., Mar. 27. All games at 8:30 P.M. MAD. SQ. GARDEN.

INDOOR POLO—NAT'L CHAMP. matches on Sat., Mar. 26, and Tues., Mar. 29. OPEN CHAMP. First match, Tues., Mar. 29. All games at 8:30 P.M. SQUADRON A ARMORY, Park at 94.

INDOOR TENNIS—NAT'L INDOOR CHAMP. Last two days. Fri., Mar. 25, at 1 P.M. Finals, Sat., Mar. 26, at 2 P.M. 7TH REG. ARMORY, Park at 66.

SWIMMING AND WATER-POLO—Intercollegiate Champ. Fri., Mar. 25, at 2:30 and 8:15 P.M., and Sat., Mar. 26, at 8:15 P.M. HYGIENE BLDG., C. C. N. Y., Convent Ave. at 138.

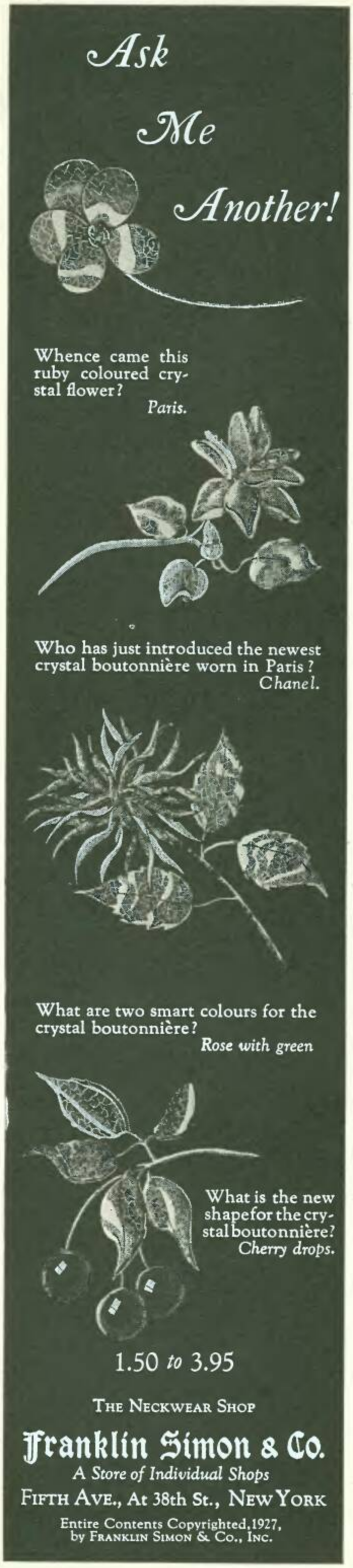
TRACK—Wide to run a 2-mile race in the United Swedish Societies' Meet. Sat., Mar. 26, at 8 P.M. MAD. SQ. GARDEN.

OTHER EVENTS

FLOWER SHOW—New York is treated to a pre-view of spring. Last two days, Fri., Mar. 25, and Sat., Mar. 26. Open 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, Lexington at 47.

MARIONETTES—Tony Sarg's Actors with strings to them. Sat., Mar. 26, through Wed., Mar. 30, every weekday at 3 P.M. Thurs., Mar. 31, and Fri., Apr. 1, at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. HECKSCHER THEATRE, 5 Ave. at 104.

GREENWICH VILLAGE REVEL — Last chance this season to put on your costume and to antic at Webster Hall. Fri., Apr. 1. WEBSTER HALL, 119 E. 11.



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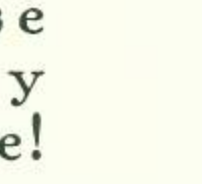

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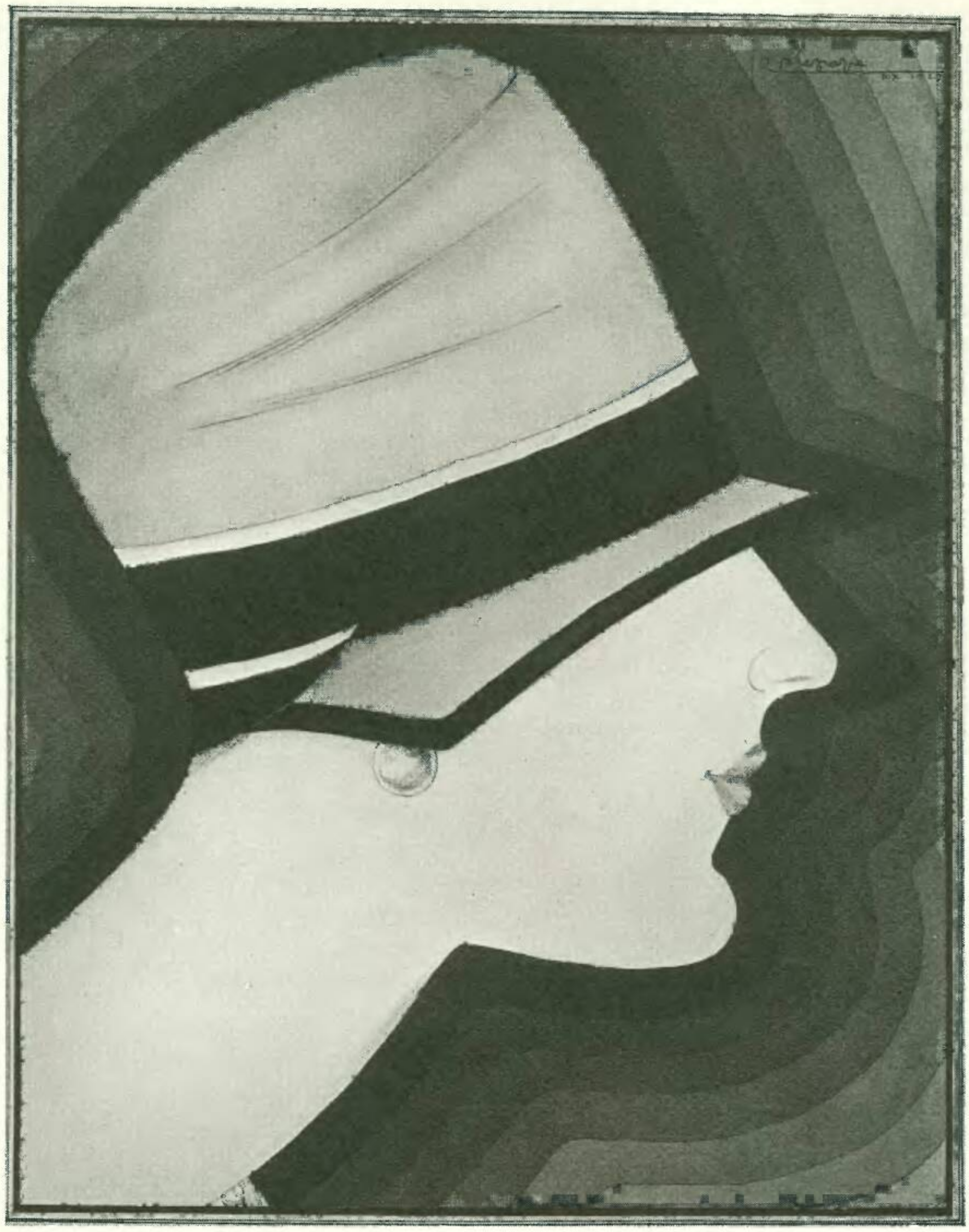

The complement to the costume that is truly Parisian . . . . for Marie Alphonsine, the well-known modiste of Paris . . . . in creating the original hat remembered the need of direct simplicity as well as newness.

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The new neck line . . . . new creases in the crown . . . . two-toned the color . . . . these, the new ways of Paris . . . . Navy Blue, French Blue, Rose Beige, Gray, Green and Black. Felt $12.50; Balibuntl, $16.50.

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This is the subtle pink tone that has created a new vogue in pearls—
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JEWELRY—Main Floor

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

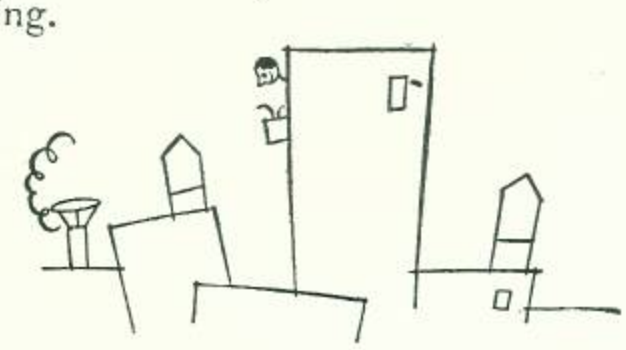
THE WEEK has produced two cases of mortal man's intense itch to see, with his own eyes, a poet or a writer at work. The first case is that of the novelist who will write a book in a glass cage on a Paris boulevard—a chapter every working hour. But the second instance is even more plaintive, richer in human frailty. It concerns our own Edna Millay, who contemplates a trip to Washington. "It would be good," says a Washington news story, "to have this tender poet here in cherry blossom time and to hear her version of this glorious

spectacle." (Even the theme is laid out for her, like clean linen.)

ONE way to get round and meet big people (we again try to be helpful) is to take taxicabs. The other evening we were driven, badly and fast, by Nathan Straus—face and signature plainly on the card. Since that time we have been automotivated by Frank Norris, Donn Byrne (who smoked a pipe and spat frequently), and D. F. Malone. Make interesting contacts as we go, is our motto.

IT IS reasonably safe to assume that the greatest dignity with which the cinema has been vested is the dignity of Palm Beach. There, where palmettos and social security are deeply rooted, the motion picture theatre, we learn, is controlled by boxholders—each box costing one thousand dollars a year. By thus reproducing the Metropolitan House atmosphere at a Harold Lloyd comedy, the latter-day four hundred are able to reap a strange, twofold pleasure—the joy of being looked at in public, *plus* a real appreciation of the show.

NOT suburban dwellers with their tenderness for rows of hyacinths, not Long Island gentlemen with their propensity for formal gardens, not fanciers with a bent for growing a bigger dahlia than ever was grown, know the sweet madness of the city person who leans far out into the sky to scratch, with a mixing spoon, the dull soil of a window box. His is the high frenzy, the true valor, the faith that passeth all understanding.



NONSENSE is the rumor that persons returning late from a night club cause rancor in the breast of the working class. Brilliantly and formally attired, we hustled into South Ferry at three o'clock the other morning with our lady, and found quite the reverse of rancor, for the guard, the fruit man, the mopper-up, and the newsdealer were unanimous in helping us to make the boat and in wishing us *bon voyage*. The only intimation of discontent came an hour later, when, still escorting our lady, we appeared again in the same waiting-room and the little coterie of

workers realized that we hadn't really wanted to get to Staten Island at all, but had just gone for the ride. That made them sore.

AT HEART we are faintly alarmed at the growing Anglomania on the part of the apartment hotel owners, who name their buildings out of English "nobility and gentry" lists—Berkshire, Dorset, Drake, Beverly, Barclay and the like. We are alarmed principally because these names really belong to collar manufacturers, and we feel it may lead to confusion in the case of men who dwell in, say the Dorset, and who wear, say, the Beverly. They might go wrong, either when dressing or when returning home late.

Aide-De-Camp

GOVERNOR SMITH, as his friends well know, finds little solace in solitude, especially when he travels, and when he arrives here from Albany it is frequently with someone who has just come for the ride. Similarly, when he returns he usually has a guest for the executive mansion. A week or so ago he made his way from the Biltmore across to the Grand Central Station, facing the ride to Albany alone. Crossing the street, he saw a traffic policeman with whom he frequently chatted. He seized the officer by the arm, marched him into the station and announced:

"You're going to Albany with me;

never mind the job—I'll issue an executive order or something."

The cop, we are told, was bundled into the governor's compartment, spent the journey playing two - handed poker for buttons, enjoyed a night at the state's official mansion, and, much refreshed, returned to his post.

Orientale

MISS Ruth St. Denis, who has returned after a two-year tour of the Far East, will bow again to an occidental Carnegie Hall audience within the week. She has returned with the satisfaction, it is said, of knowing that her conceptions of Oriental dancing, gleaned from library shelves, were not spurious, and she is disillusioned only in that she found the land of her dreams so cluttered up with mangy coolies.

The confirmation of Miss St. Denis' terpsichorean intuition is cause for gratification, for she was born no nearer a nautch dance than Newark. She was reared in Somerville, and her name was just Denis. Her father was an inventor and her mother a former college teacher. Her first interest in the dance was inspired by a visiting troupe when she was twelve. A year later she ferried to New York to seek fame. Stanford White saw her and thought so much of her dancing that he paid for some rather flossy photographs of her, and these won her a vaudeville engagement. On this tour, in a Western city, she fell under the spell of a cigarette poster picturing an Egyptian lady and resolved thereafter to be exotic. When she was twenty David Belasco cast her as one of the giggling girls in "The Music Master," and it was that wily old wizard who suggested that she become St. Denis "because she was such a good girl." She danced in "Du Barry" and in that rôle went to England for a year. There she spent her moments dusting off and devouring weighty volumes on the lore of the East in the British Museum.

RETURNING, Miss St. Denis launched boldly into Oriental dancing, but found difficulty getting an engagement because her appearance called for little in the way of clothes. She danced on Hammerstein's Roof, however, and as a consequence of this appearance William B. Harris agreed to stage a ballet for her. She had raised $35,000 to finance it when word came that Mr. Harris had gone down with the *Titanic*, and she went back to vaudeville. Then she met Ted Shawn, a dancer with ideas similar to her own, and they were married. Thus the prospering Denishawn School.

On the recent tour Miss St. Denis was reluctant to perform the Oriental dances she had conceived from books. In India, for instance, she substituted a Viennese polka for her nautch dance. Finally, however, a British official dared her to dance it. She did, and an Indian prince later told her that it was

THE FLOWE

"Good wrinkle, what?"

perfect in feeling and tradition and that its only error lay in the fact that once she lifted her foot from the ground when she twirled, which no real nautch dancer would have done.

Miss St. Denis and Mr. Shawn, we learn, are building a Moorish house, near Van Cortlandt Park, which they plan to occupy in the autumn.

Costs

A MIDDLE-western heiress who, after the manner of some heiresses, wanted to go on the stage, came to New York not long ago and spent $1,000 with one of our dramatic schools.

Then she made her way to a none-too-affluent producer and sought a job, telling him, in a way that heiresses sometimes have, about the expenditure.

"You paid 'em $1,000 tuition!" he blurted. "Say, dearie, have you got another $1,000?"

It seemed she had not.

"Well, you scrape together another grand and I'll get you the second lead in the show across the street." The story is that the girl, lacking the second $1,000, merely went across the street, asked for a tryout and was given the second lead—in the producer's own show.

Revellers At Large

WE WERE not aware of the real devastation of prohibition until the other night, when we encountered a charming fellow pulling a rope down one of the streets in the theatre district. He was under the impression that a dog was on the other end; a very temperamental dog, it turned out. It could beg, jump, stand on its head and count the colors of Old Glory. The owner demonstrated all of its accomplishments before a crowd that numbered five hundred, at least.

Now an imaginary dog would never have occasioned such a rumpus ten years ago, when the town bravos fenced and parried with lamp posts, stole milk wagons and deposed hansom cab drivers as a matter of routine. We drink more, but whether it is the stuff we buy or the way we funnel it down, no merry larks are engendered; at present one imaginative gin-bibber can astonish the community.

The proprietor of the phantom dog had one answer for the ill-bred spectators who asked him what he had on his rope. With contemptuous dignity, he replied:

"What does it look like?" adding, "I'd laugh if it bit you."

With the detached composure of royalty, a bit offset by a broken derby, he moved away from the crowd just as a humorless policeman was elbowing in his direction. He entered Beefsteak Charlie's, ordered a large steak and threw it on the floor. The waiters, rendered dull and grouchy by our latter-day drinking manners, also failed to see the dog and massed to throw its owner out of doors, which caused him to remark that they were making more fuss than they had made in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The episode ended when a Samaritan bought the dog and contrived to have it run over by a taxicab. The former owner uttered a wail as the wheels passed over the rope and then, like an artist, offered to buy the purchaser a drink and forgot the entire matter.

A BIT of the old imagination also was concealed in the complaint of a distinguished visitor to our shores and shame, to the effect that he had been robbed of several thousand dollars recently in one of our night clubs.

After all the wrong people had been arrested and a highly circumstantial story of Innocence in a den of thieves had been established, the true story was divulged. Our hero had escaped a stuffy function, pleading business cares and sending Madame on alone. Whereupon he tilted a bottle of exempted Scotch, hung a silk hat over one ear and stepped out. An extraordinary delusion meanwhile had taken possession of him. He believed that he was an East Indian fakir and could work wonders that would send Rahman Bey back to India talking to himself. He yearned to demonstrate his strange power, and two girls in the night club seemed a likely audience. He commenced by sticking hatpins ears. They were enormously im- through his cheeks and wiggling his pressed. Elated by his success, the distinguished visitor thereupon offered to bug out his eyes, but the girls begged that instead he go into a trance.

"Voilà!" he cried cheerfully, took a deep breath, and went bye-bye. When he awoke the girls were gone —his wallet too.

Water and Color

IT IS related that one of our exhibiting water-color painters was recently reminded by his agent that he was to have an exhibition the following week and that one hundred of his pictures had been advertised for the occasion. He complained rather mournfully to a visitor who was present when he received the message that none of the hundred had been paint-

Hardy Annuals

HOW

ed. The visitor left but dropped in an hour later. "Well," announced the much relieved artist, "I've just done six of them, anyway."

Au Naturel

FOR those who were as moidered as we were by the announcement on the program of a current theatrical attraction that Dr. Philip L. Kohnstamm was the "company physiotherapist" we are now able to offer some light. A physiotherapist, as any one might have discovered by doing a little Greek rooting, is a nature attendant, and Dr. Kohnstamm, then, is a physician whose boluses are nothing more than water and heat and such remedies as may be extracted from the electricity which Benjamin Franklin discovered with a kite. He bakes his patients in a curious oven, he sprays them with a powerful hose; he irons them out by massage and treats and tints them a lovely tan with the ultra violet ray.

DR. KOHNSTAMM is what he himself calls a "gas house New Yorker," meaning that he was born in the shadows of the Fourteenth Street gas house, and he began, oddly enough, as a veterinary surgeon, a youthful interest in animals luring him into the field. Twelve years ago, his mother, on her deathbed, asked him to give the work up and devote his life to curing people "in a natural way." He took a course in physiotherapy, joined the staff of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and later went into private practice.

Now he has a tremendous theatrical trade, all of which began coming to him five years ago, when a friend sent Mr. Ziegfeld to his office to be baked. The process was so successful that the impresario promptly included it among the processes of glorification for his handmaidens. Since then many luminaries have discovered the doctor. With the aid of the violet ray he gave one producer an advance sunburn before his departure for Florida this season. He also gave Ethelind Terry a Mexican complexion for her rôle in "Rio Rita." Furthermore, he reduced Miss Terry to Ziegfeldian slenderness just before the show opened. It seems she had gone to Mexico to study types and had noticed that most Mexican ladies were rather plump. She purposely took on weight and when she returned Mr. Ziegfeld, we are told, almost called off rehearsals. But Dr. Kohnstamm saved the day.

Reunion

ONE of the embarrassing moments which the tabloids have not yet recounted concerns a matron who, having been away from the city, returned, to be greeted at the Grand Central by one of the darker red-caps.

"How do you do, Mrs. S——," he murmured, cheerily, and, noting her amazement, added: "I guess you don't remember me, but I met you at Carl Van Vechten's!"

Of course she remembered. On the way to the cabstand she debated whether it would be proper to tip a social acquaintance. She decided that, in this instance, she should, and a quarter was accepted with due gratitude.

Reverse

A GENTLEMAN tells us that he was standing at a Madison Avenue corner when a taxicab, leaping with the change of the traffic eye, nipped a less alert pedestrian on the heel. There were curses and brake screeches and the pedestrian planted his right fist firmly on the driver's jaw, then ran. He ran, however, into a policeman who brought him back to the scene, where the chauffeur was complaining somewhat bitterly about the assault.

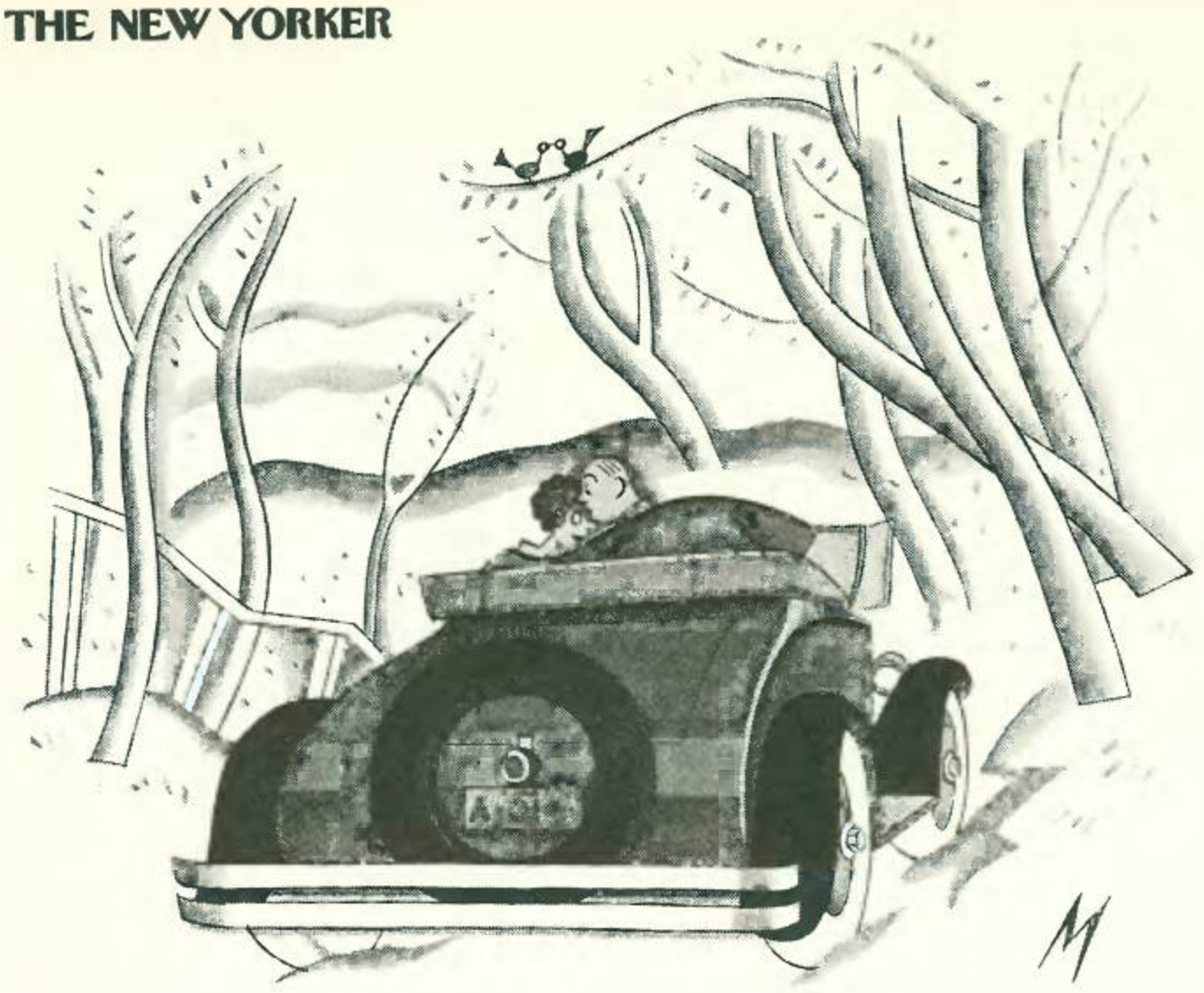
"Hit him?" said the pedestrian, in response to the policeman's query. "Sure, I hit him. I'm a hit-and-run pedestrian!"

Regular

WE STROLLED the other day down the long straight tail which is being added to Sixth Avenue on the south, and observed the passing of the quaint. The wreckers are quietly prodding whatever stands in the way, and the whole district from Carmine to Canal is barren. In the sad cavities small Italian boys explore the ruins; in sunny doorways which stand alone like monuments, cats sleep—lingering long after the families have vacated.

Two of the rather lamentable excisions are Guttenberg's costume shop, at 26 Sixth Avenue, and the Church of Our Lady of Pompeii, on Bleecker. Both are doomed; both have known fame. Old Guttenberg is dead, but that merely adds one more ghost to the dusty place; his sons still sell costumes from the same chaotic shelves which served Richard Mansfield and Edwin Booth. At one time or another most of the important figures in the theatrical world have done business there. It is a sort of superstition with actors. Weber and Fields were customers there in the early days; Maurice Barrymore was an esteemed friend; David Warfield still says he failed in "The Grand Army Man" because it was the only show in which some part of his wardrobe didn't come from Guttenberg's. Mary Pickford bought her first stage cos-

"You know, I've about decided to let my eyebrows grow."
"Well, for cat's sake! What for?"



"Ask me another."

• •

tume from them. Now, we are told, the shop will be removed to larger, more orderly quarters, in a neighborhood that has "tone."

AS casually as it is lopping off the end of Minetta Street, the city will shortly discard the fine old Church of Our Lady, which faces it. This moves Villagers to tears, for the stately little structure was at an elbow in the street and played an important part in half a dozen vistas. Seventy-five years ago it was a Universalist church; then, for a while, it served the colored congregation of St. Benedict the Moor. Its present Italian congregation will soon move westward one block to a new building.

Minetta Court, once tucked away securely, has been rudely exposed to the light of day, and looks as helpless as the under side of a stone. Little cobbly Congress Street is to merge into the highway, too. All along the winding ways of the district store fronts are deserted or destroyed; signs announce the removal of the merchants to other locations; junk men loot the dingy basements. Here and there, in back yards, new walls are rising already, to salute the broad avenue that is soon to arrive there with a crash.

All this is to provide an artery to the new vehicular tunnel. The experts discover that it is necessary, and the Village sadly sees its landmarks fall. We note with pleasure, however, that at least two small blacksmith shops are escaping the ravages of progress: the one on Minetta Place, and the one of Mr. James O'Shea on Clark Street. Both are saved by a hair. "Me move?" said the burly smith of Clark Street. "You can't move an Irishman."

Jade

WITH regard to the latest jewel story, now making the rounds, either you believe it or you don't, according to the way you feel. The tale is that a New York banker, returning from a trip to China, gave his wife a jade necklace for which he had paid the equivalent of $250. Shortly afterwards, the catch broke, and the banker dutifully took the necklace to a jeweler to have it repaired.

When he called for it, the clerk informed him that it was in the possession of the firm's expert, and that the expert would like to see him. The banker obliged. Without warning, the expert said his firm would pay $10,000 for it, should the banker care to sell.

The banker mumbled that his wife rather liked the necklace, and that maybe he had better keep it. Before he reached the door, the offer was raised to $20,000. He still refused, and requested that the repair work be completed.

A couple of days later he again visited the expert, refused $40,000, and still the necklace was nowhere in sight. Then the jeweler offered to pay his expenses to Chicago if he would go there to see "a certain antiquarian" who had the necklace. The banker did. The bids climbed rapidly to $70,000. By this time, he had almost decided to give up banking and just follow up necklaces. Finally he agreed to let the interesting little trinket go for $75,000, provided they would tell him what all the fuss was about. He received—so the splendid story goes—a certified check for $100,000 and a sealed letter, "not to be opened for one month."

Recently his purgatory was up. The letter, being opened, disclosed that the jeweler had discovered that one of the jade stones in the necklace contained the inscription (in French) "to J. from N. 1802." The French government had a standing reward of $200,000 for the Napoleonic treasure, which had been stolen from the Louvre in 1850.

The banker didn't care.

Transformation

A SCHOOLBOY word game has now been revived, and is, we find, being played in the very idlest living-rooms about town. The object is to change one word into another, by altering one letter at a time. Thus, to change "gin" into "joy," the transition goes: gin—sin—son—soy—joy. The player effecting the change in the quickest time, or in the fewest moves, wins.

Commendable transformations are possible; thus, "hate" can easily be changed to "love." Hate—late—lave—love. Fanatics say it will work for any two words having the same number of letters, but just try and change "winter" into "spring." We'll give you one week to go crazy over that one, and will tell you how it's done in the next issue—if we don't forget it.

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MIXTURES REPORTED: "Lipstick" cocktail, so named by its inventor, Mr. Barney Gallant, because it tastes sweet and innocuous and has an awful wallop—Two parts champagne, one part gin, one part orange juice, dash of grapefruit juice, and a flavoring of cherry brandy. Shake rapidly with single chunk of ice.

—THE NEW YORKERS

THE RITZ CARLTONS

SUMMER PLANS

MRS. CARLTON lay propped among pillows getting strength. She spoke casually, holding out her hand to her husband. "Ritz, I wish you would think a little more about when we ought to leave for Southampton." It was true—March was almost past, and in a month or so the better people would be leaving town, and New York would be in a fair way to becoming intolerable.

The week had been a hectic one for Ritz. "I'll try to think, dear," he said, his brow wrinkling with worry. "But I've got a domino tournament on this week at the club which keeps me pretty busy. We're playing nines, you know."

By way of explanation it must be said that the problem of where to go for the summer is a grave one to people of wealth and social prominence. The majority of mankind may take it lightly, but the rich cannot; from somewhere they must find strength to solve the perplexing question; and they do—*noblesse oblige.*

The Ritz Carltons, of course, faced it squarely. "Listen, Father," Ritza said, breaking into the den where he was practicing his dominoes, "I'm sick of Southampton. Why can't we go to California this year?"

"Maybe we can," said Ritz. "But I've got a domino tournament on this week and won't have much time to—"

"That's all right," said Ritza indifferently, "but if you think we can go, for Heaven's sake do something about it. You know how crazy Mother is about Long Island."

A FEW days later Ritz spoke of summer plans to his friend, Park Lane. The domino tournament was over and they were sitting resting in the restatorium. "By the way, Park, where are you going this summer?"

Mr. Lane looked grave. "The truth is, we may go to Europe," he said. "Mrs. Lane feels it's time the children saw the chateaux district. Park, Junior, is almost eight, you know."

"We'd thought of California," said Ritz.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Lane. "They say it's bully out there."

The subject was formally broached in the family the next day. Ritz had been breaking in some new spats by walking up and down the halls and had happened to wander into Mrs. Carlton's sitting room. He briefly recounted his conversation with Mr. Lane. "Of course, dear," he added, "I know how fond you are of Southampton; but—"

"My Lord!" broke in Ritza, who was standing by the goldfish bowls, "we've been to Southampton for the last three years. *I* want to go to California."

While they were talking, Mrs. Carlton had risen on her elbow. "I don't know what you mean," she said in a strained voice. "Not go to Southampton? Why, I was going to have the housekeeper go down to Carlton Terrace next week to get the cleaning started."

"MEAN!" echoed Ritza. "What do you suppose I mean? I mean that neither Pa nor I want to go to Long Island, that's all."

There was a moment of silence, during which Mrs. Carlton's hand fluttered tremblingly among the smelling-salts bottles by her bed. "All right, dear," she said. "If neither of you want to go to Long Island, we can go somewhere else."

The reply was so unlooked for that Ritz, who had become absorbed in gazing out of the window, came to himself and turned around; as for Ritza, she stared speechlessly, her mouth falling open with amazement.

"We'll go anywhere you say," continued Mrs. Carlton, her lips parting in a faint smile. "Anywhere."

It was a curious scene; and the explanation of it was no less strange. That very morning Mrs. Carlton had awakened in a peculiar state of mind. Lying among her soft pillows, she had considered her many, many blessings and had even turned over in her mind the possibility that she had not always done all she could for others. To what extent her life was already given to sacrifice only those can realize, who, like herself, face the responsibilities of social position day after day—yet she was willing to give even more; though she could be happy only at Southampton, she would give it up.

"Holy Moses!" whispered Ritza in an awed voice when at length she regained the power of speech. "Then we'll go to California."

The succeeding week Ritza took charge and spent the days interviewing travel agents, sorting over hotel advertisements and arranging a thousand details. The condition of the Carltons' private car, *The Ritzy,* disgusted her.

"It looks like a Pullman," she declared. "The whole thing has got to be done over. The goldleaf in my compartment is a sight."

Mrs. Carlton was unselfishness itself. Nevertheless it was clear that she was suffering. In her husband's presence she sometimes let fall a word that indicated what was passing in her mind. Once he heard her whisper to herself: "And I was to have been president of the bridge club this year." Another time, forgetful of the new plans, she spoke of the kitchen arrangements at Carlton Terrace: "I've been thinking, Ritz, there aren't enough ranges in—" and then stopped suddenly and bit her lip.

BUT for the most part she went unselfishly about the house, not interrupting, only smiling. Then one day she spoke to Ritz as he was leaving

for the club. "Ritz," she said hesitatingly, "Ritz, do *you* want to go to California?"

Ritz, who had recently received a new shipment of canes, was busy trying them out in the vestibule. "I don't know," he said. "It might be jolly. Park Lane is going to Europe, you know."

"But you don't particularly *want* to go West," she persisted, looking slightly wild-eyed.

He did not think he did—particularly. "You never can tell about a place, though," he added hopefully.

SHE turned and left him without saying anything further. They were supposed to be present at a small dinner and bridge at nine that evening, but at eight o'clock Ritz's valet reported to him that Mrs. Carlton was unusually tired and felt that she couldn't possibly go out. Ritz was surprised. "Do you suppose there's anything in the house for us to eat?" he asked.

The valet raised his eyebrows dubiously. "There's a couple of freshly cooked wild turkeys, sir."

Ritz good-humoredly made the best of it, and after dinner went upstairs to see his wife. He found her strangely weakened. "Is there anything the matter, dear?" he asked with concern.

"No," she said.

The next morning, however, she was if anything worse; there were signs of growing nervousness; she wept quietly, refusing breakfast and sipping only a little pomegranatade at eleven o'clock. All day long the faint sounds of the coming and going of Ritza's travel agents, trunk salesmen, and private car decorators penetrated fitfully into the suite in spite of all the secretary could do to prevent it. "The soundproof doors *must* be kept closed," she said to the housekeeper.

Of all those who loved Mrs. Carlton, perhaps only the secretary understood what the woman suffered. Ritza came in hastily about noon to find out from her mother about monogramming the trunks. "I can only say," she declared brutally, "thank God we aren't going to Southampton."

MRS. CARLTON'S eyes closed slowly. There followed the clink of smelling-salt bottles as she reached among them, and watching from the doorway, the secretary's lips tightened.

"There will be no need of food upstairs today," she told the butler.

Ritz thoughtlessly remained at the club until fairly late. "Well, dear," he said, stopping in for a moment on his way upstairs, "how are you? I don't understand your being ill this way." She moved slightly.

"Park Lane, by the way, sails next week," he continued brightly. "I expect they'll have a fair enough time. But, you know, I'm not crazy about this California trip of ours."

Unselfish to the bitter end, Mrs. Carlton at last allowed a great sigh of relief to escape her at Ritz's words. The room seemed to lighten, and the secretary tiptoed away to tell the butler that a little nourishment might be needed after all.

AS it turned out, the brightening was but momentary. Ritza appeared like a whirlwind. "Everything is fixed!" she vociferated. "We leave for Los Angeles next Friday."

"Ritza," said Mrs. Carlton tensely, raising herself, "of course I want to go where you want to go this year, but do you realize that your father doesn't like California?"

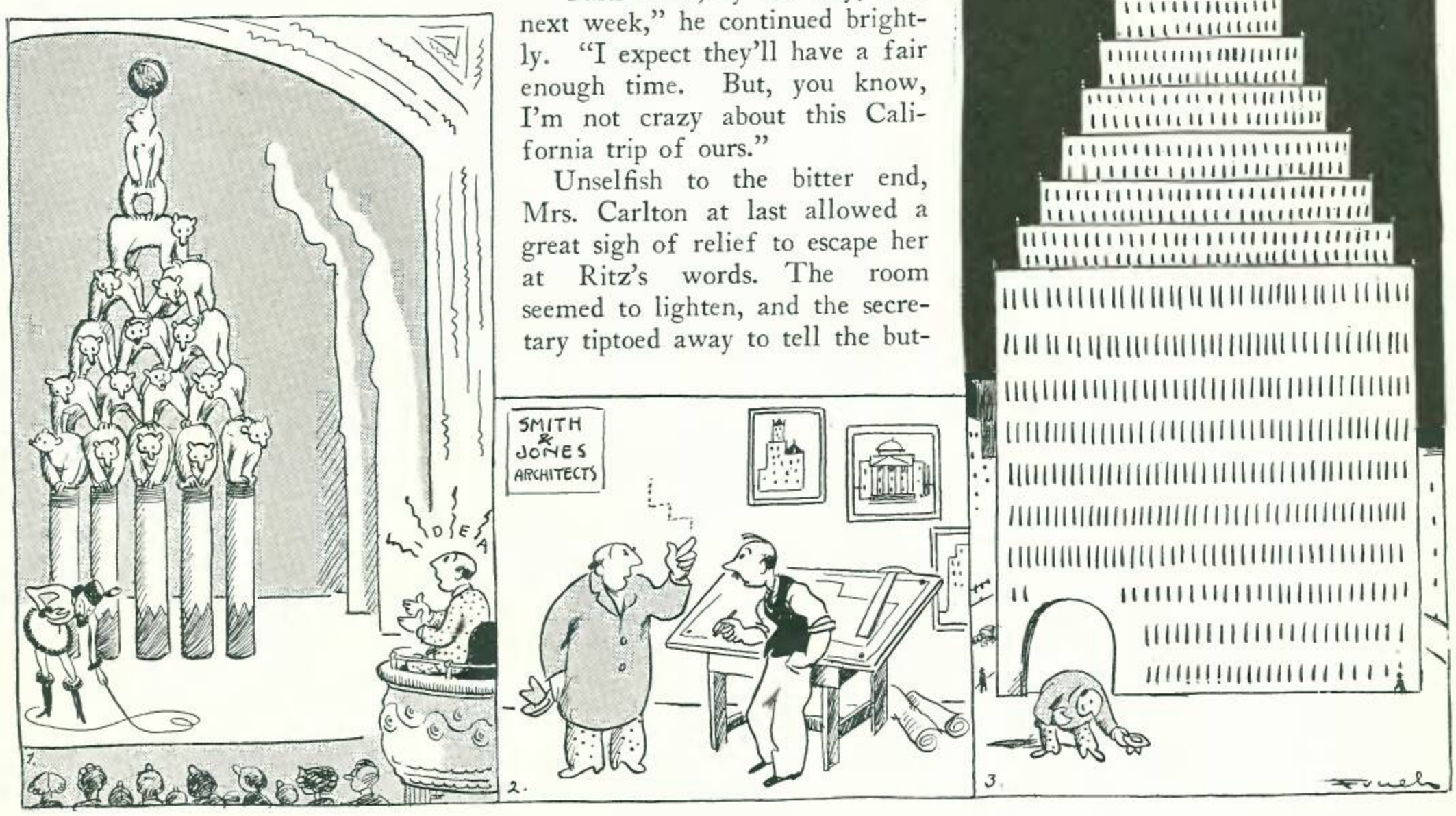
Ritza stared. "You're crazy. I suppose you think he wants to go to Southampton?"

"It is our home," said Mrs. Carlton simply. "We both love it."

"I tell you you're crazy," repeated Ritza.

Mrs. Carlton turned to the secretary. "Please go and ask Mr. Carlton where he would like to go for the summer."

For several minutes there was silence in the room; Ritza lit a cigarette and began polishing her nails, and Mrs. Carlton lay on her pillows breathing heavily. Presently the sec-



ARCHITECTURAL ORIGINS

"Gracious, can't you walk a little *faster, Doris? Mother's in a hurry."*

• •

retary returned. She was pale as death. "Mr. Carlton says, Madam—" she said, pausing, wide-eyed.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Carlton leaning forward eagerly.

"He says, Madam, he would like to go to Europe. He says Mr. Lane—"

A choking cry came from the bed as Mrs. Carlton fell back.

"Call the damn doctor," said Ritza disgustedly. But the secretary had already taken action.

AN HOUR later the door of Mrs. Carlton's room opened and the doctor stepped out into the hall where Ritza was waiting. "Mr. Carlton," he said, "your wife is ill. Unselfish mother that she is, she will not tell me what has hurt her; but I can guess. Mr. Carlton—women must have their home, their nest. They cannot wander as we can wander and be happy."

"You mean—?" said Ritz.

The doctor nodded gently. "Yes, Mr. Carlton—Southampton; it is her home. Let her go there this summer."

Tears had sprung to Ritz's eyes. "Of course," he said huskily.

Then with a silent pressure of thanks on Ritz's arm, the doctor turned down the hall and tiptoed in to reassure his patient.

—FILLMORE HYDE

OF ALL THINGS

INCOME tax receipts are running unexpectedly strong. The returns for 1927 are certain to be even higher because of the two big gold strikes—Weepah, Nevada, and Elmer Gantry.

•

According to the Secretary of the Treasury, the Princeton professors who favor debt cancellation do not know what they are talking about. They only sit around, Mellon says, and make noises like academocrats.

•

Mr. Coolidge has been overwhelmed with Western invitations for the summer months. It will take a political realist to decide which is the best spot for presidential purposes.

•

King has decided not to make any further attempt to enter Haiti. He may, however, send his henchman.

•

The race issue has been ruled out of the Ford-Sapiro case. Nevertheless we feel that Henry is fortunate in not having a trial by jewry.

•

Those hinterlanders who charge our town with ungodliness are informed that New York now has the world's largest and maybe only Motion Picture Cathedral. Scoffers are invited to come and attend a service by Bishop Rothafel.

•

Peaches Browning is shocked for publication by a picture at the Independent show, as is also her sainted mother, Mrs. Heenan. Public decency has a couple of charming new friends.

•

A shakeup in the Cluett-Peabody Company reveals the fact that the Troy corporation is no longer enjoying robust health. The ailment is diagnosed as soft collary morbus.

•

The extension of the Queensboro subway to Seventh Avenue makes Times Square the largest passenger station in the world. It already has a floating population of a hundred million a year, besides the permanent residents who are unable to find their way out.

•

April *McCall's* has a symposium by famous Americans, "Do You Believe in Immortality?" and twenty-eight of these short pieces are continued to the back of the magazine. Immortality wins by a large majority and may be pleasantly spent in zipping back and forth through *McCall's*.

•

Our postmaster has barred a new edition of the Decameron. He makes it clear again that books are not mailable without a stamp of approval.

•

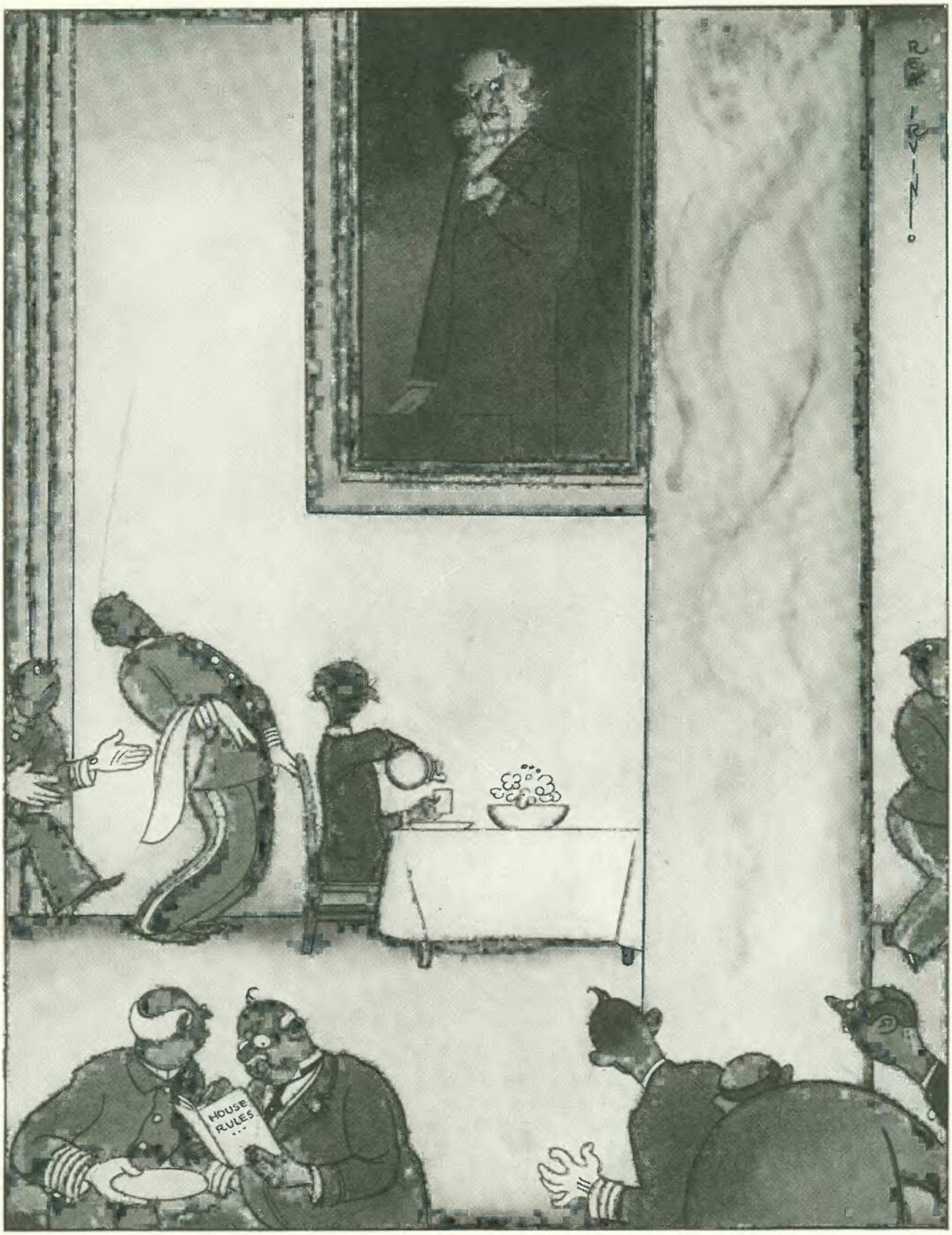
A Philadelphia bachelor will get $500,000 from his father's will, provided he marries. Financial experts over there predict an early investment in the holy bonds of patrimony.

•

"Colby and Kerensky drink tea and discuss the Bolsheviki." The accent, we suspect, was strongly on the ultimate cuss.

•

It is "Haiti" in the *Times*, "Hayti" in the *Herald Tribune* and both ways in the *World*. After profound thought this department rules that the "i's" have it. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



SOCIAL ERRORS

The man who poured his own water at the Bankers' Club.

"Now have you any of those chewy little jiggers with the holes?"

•

SONGS NOT ENCUMBERED BY RETICENCE

THE SECOND OLDEST STORY

Go I must along my ways
  Though my heart be ragged,
Dripping bitter through the days,
  Festering, and jagged.
Smile I must at every twinge,
  Kiss, to time its throbbing;
He that tears a heart to fringe
  Hates the noise of sobbing.

Weep, my love, till Heaven hears;
  Curse and moan and languish.
While I wash your wound with
    tears,
  Ease aloud your anguish.
Bellow of the pit in Hell
  Where you're made to linger.
There and there and well and well—
  Did he prick his finger!

—DOROTHY PARKER

•

NEWS

THE condemned man's last breakfast.

Anything that practically anybody more important than a deputy sheriff has to say about "the traffic problem."

A protest by a minister against anything he could find in the previous day's paper that was protestable.

Samuel Untermyer.

Any scientific development which comes like a bolt from the blue to the managing editor.

The birthdays of Chauncey Depew, John D. Rockefeller, and Thomas A. Edison.

Virtually a turn of the hand by anyone who may be called, with or without accuracy, a "broker."

The arrest of anybody claiming to have been on the stage, graduated from college, or the nephew of an alderman.

Any operation during which a claw-hammer, five needles, a velocipede, and a spool of barbed wire are removed from the patient's stomach.

The death of any old man who remembered Lincoln, Greeley, Washington, Hannibal, or Pontius Pilate.

A public speech blaming anything on Moscow.

Any meeting at which Assemblyman Maurice J. Moop was "heckled" by agents of the opposition.

Any comment, pro or con, regarding the "younger generation," "the jazz age," "hip flasks," "bobbed hair," or "this post-war moral let-down."

Ganna Walska.

On dull days almost any incomprehensible story found by the exchange editor in the *National Geographic Magazine*, *Popular Science Monthly*, the *Kansas City Star*, or the *Milwaukee Journal*.

An unqualified branding of a lie.

Earl—believe it or not—Carroll.

Letters of protest from Adolph Lewisohn.

What the president of the First Drovers and Herders Bank has to say upon his departure for abroad "in connection with a contemplated merger."

A birth at the Zoo.

The nineteenth child in a family.

For Monday's paper anything more serious than a hangnail.

—NUNNALLY JOHNSON

Vanderbilts in bulk.

The first bluebird of spring heard in Worcester, Mass.

A statement describing any place as "a veritable school for criminals."

Any demand for a larger navy, a smaller navy, no navy, or two navies.

A forecast of "chaos."

Any forecast of cosmic events (earthquakes, catastrophes of all kinds, including "the end of the world") by a somewhat demented religious fanatic.

The identification of the body as that of one who, as it develops, is alive and dwelling in Akron, O.

Dudley Field Malone.

An attempt for a world's record in dancing the Black Bottom, holding tobacco juice in the cheek, running up the stairs of the Woolworth Building, hurling alligator pears, lifting black beetles, gargling soapsuds, or any other whatnot.

Whatever Magistrate Gisselbaum has to say in passing sentence upon a Polish husband charged with non-support by a woman bringing their three-year-old child to court.

A noticeably warm, cool, damp, or snowy day.

Three successive such days.

•

Dr. Wise demands ban on student suicides—*Headline in local paper.*

This should effectively stop all such nonsense.

PROFILES

SCULPTORS ARE DIFFERENT

IT WAS not long ago that Jo Davidson removed his sculptor's studio from musty Montparnasse to fashionable Auteuil in the suburbs of Paris—perhaps because of the rate of exchange and perhaps because more and more corporation presidents, and the like, apparently wish to see themselves permanently installed in marble or bronze in their own entrance halls before they die. This is quite as it should be, and few Americans earning their way by art in Europe—so many are just remittance squatters talking about art—can deserve their success more emphatically than does the jovial and black-bearded Jo who, at forty-four, still has the world before him in his special branch, though not without having traversed the blackest periods *en route*. There was the time, for instance, when he devoted months of toil after the armistice to models of United States war memorials only to see the whole scheme for their erection in Europe abandoned. To this day, Davidson has one relic of this *débâcle* on his hands in the shape of a sixteen-foot Doughboy out at Suresnes, the product of two years of unremitting labor. I should imagine, however, that the neglected Sammy hardly constitutes the sculptor's keenest disappointment, which must rather be his failure to see erected, on one side of the Atlantic or the other, his vast symbolic figure of France turning to face the foe on the Marne. Davidson says the statue was inspired by Coleridge's lines:

> When France in wrath her giant limbs upreared,
> And, with that oath that shook earth, air, and sea,
> Stamped her strong foot, and swore she would be free!

"Does it give you that?" suggested Jo. "Thought they might have put it up where the Boches turned and ran."

However, prior to that, Davidson had held other *propos*. To visitors seeking him at Auteuil he had been wont to opine that "All is not beautiful, it just is. All is not fascinating. All is mystery." Therefore before entering the studio I had carefully fortified myself with a frothing *bock* at a neighboring *bistro*, against a continuance in like vein.

Jo Davidson

"What do you want here? I'm busy," was his goodbye to me as he applied a "point" to the left eyelid of Field Marshal the Earl of Ypres in finest Carrara.

"I want to pay you that five hundred francs I owe you."

"Sit down."

BORN in New York City of Russian parentage, Davidson's first striking piece of work was a head of his mother, modelled when he was twenty-one. At that time he used also to draw for the *World*, which he left to go to Paris, more or less for good, a score of years ago. He did not win a *Prix de Rome* at the Beaux Arts, but in 1910, at the time of the first exhibition of his work in America, which was held in the basement of a Broadway store, James Huneker heralded Davidson as a "great impressionist sculptor"—an assessment which was to be dramatically vindicated less than a year later when Jo was given the place of honor at the Paris Salon with his "La Terre." Not so bad at twenty-eight.

But better was to follow—at least in the sphere of practical politics, since one must ever bear in mind, in connection with Jo Davidson, that through the years of his apprenticeship and struggling, he had to feed a family. In the immediate pre-war years London fell for him, and especially Lord Northcliffe, with the result that Jo was enabled to start in on his now famous series of busts of celebrities, his "bag," at this early stage, including Northcliffe, Havelock Ellis, Conrad, Georg Brandes, Zangwill, Tagore and Garvin the editor. Then came the war years and a period of relative eclipse relieved only by Davidson's being summoned to the White House in 1916 to make a bust of President Wilson (Sargent worked beside him). The bust is now in the Luxembourg.

It was after the armistice and during the winter of the peace conference in Paris that Davidson produced his astonishing gallery of all the peacemakers in Paris: Foch, Lloyd George, Milner, Lansing, Clemenceau, Baruch, Diaz, Robert Cecil, Bliss, Tardieu, Joffre, Venizelos, Pershing, Mazaryk, Douglas Haig, House, Balfour and the rest—an historic collection which at once established its author as a psychological portraitist of the highest order and of strongly individualistic touch. The difficulties under which Davidson worked at that period were enormous, for he had to model nearly all his subjects at lightning speed, modelling grumpy marshals and nervy statesmen, while they worried and *strafed*, worked and orated—even while they ate. Any European newspaperman knows how difficult it is to corner a

"G'wan, dearie, make a pass at it."

"Oh, I dunno. If it looked a bit more like 'Orace, I'd enjoy takin' a few smacks. Let's have a peek at some o' the picture machines —my treat."

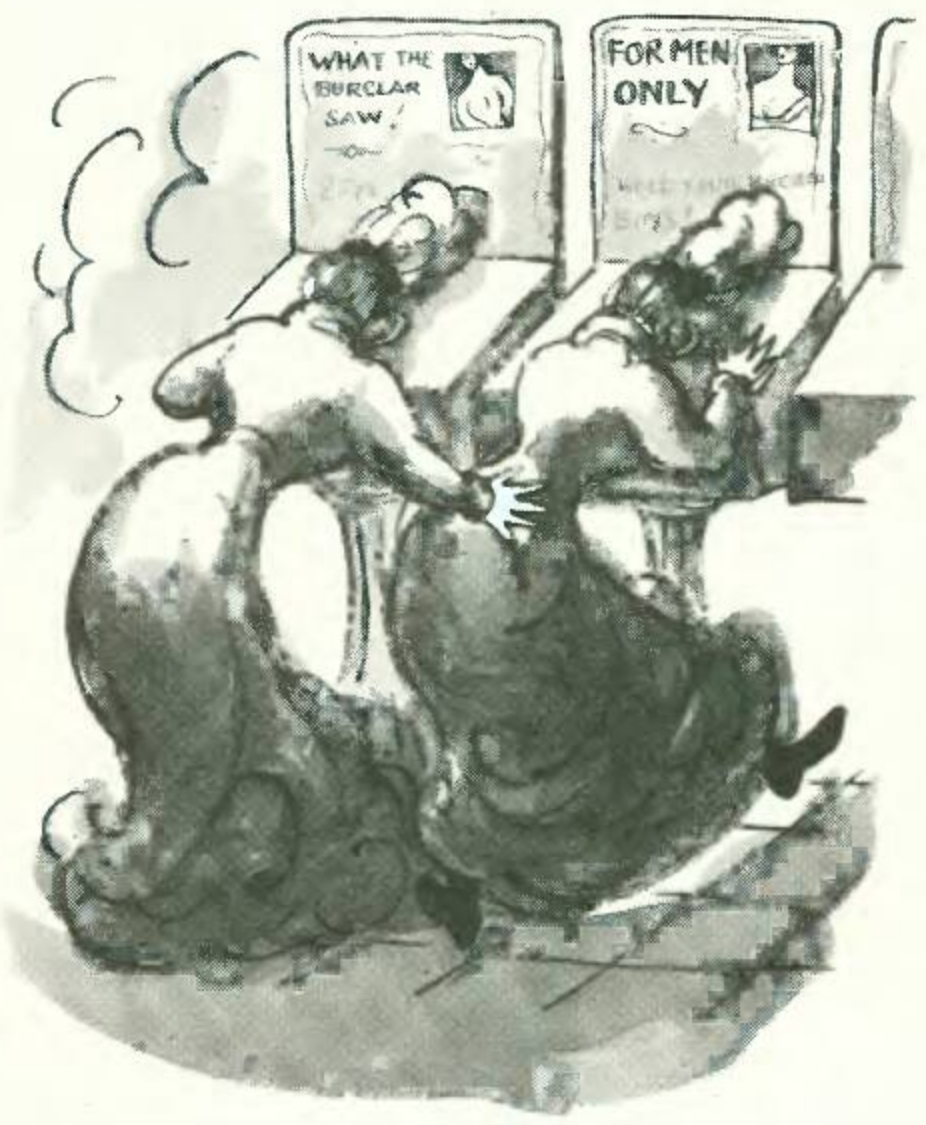
celebrity, but once cornered he may be allowed to do what he likes with his face and features so long as he talks. Alas, in Davidson's case, the sculptor has to wait patiently for one particular expression to return to his subject's face—since clearly a Prime Minister eating spaghetti at his desk wears a different expression than when he is weighing the fate of nations at the same desk.

"THIS man's art goes deep," wrote an eminent French critic at this stage. "There is a kind of primordial strength manifested in all his curves, his planes, his masses. And his work has not only strength and solidity; it has the equivalent of color, form, movement. His is a vital impassioned utterance in stone, and alive—like himself—at every pore. Alert, independent, a frank questioner of things, fearless, untiring, there is in him an elemental force apparent in his work whether it be in clay, plaster, bronze or marble. One gets the impression of incisiveness, intensity, imagination, spiritual awareness, but underlying all is a 'troubling upheaval of some inner life in the clay,' a ruggedness, a fine dramatic strength. Yes, you feel that man is putting every ounce of himself into his work." Davidson's own credo in regard to his art is this: "It is a fallacy to set out with the assumption that there is a scale of values in Art, 'bad' to 'good.' All artists' work expresses them and those of us who like their art. My sculpture is neither 'good' nor 'bad,' it is mine; it may be yours. It is mine because I did it. I did so because I could not do otherwise. It expressed something in me. If it expresses something in you, you will like it, and then—in an Art sense—it is yours. It is yours and mine. And if it is ours, let us say so. Don't call it 'good' and don't let anyone else call it 'bad.' Art is beyond good and evil. Let us say, 'For better or for worse' this Art expresses us."

Davidson holds other decided views—such as that "you can no more learn to do sculpture than you can learn to speak"; that "you cannot study Art, all you can do is to study the history of Art." Jo is like that in private life—downright and opinionated on everything from politics to petticoats, and there are very few things that don't interest him. A strong point in his makeup is his broad sympathy for all kinds of ideas and all kinds of men, since essentially he is becoming a chronicler in stone of the times in which we live as represented by individual actors and actresses in the current comedy. As man, there is something that rings true about Davidson, something basically sound. Far from being full of the high-falutin talky-talk of artistic Paris, Davidson makes no bones about his being a breadwinner for the family, out for the highest remuneration for his efforts that he can get. In a way, to accomplish his end, he has set a new fashion in his craft by chasing after famous world-figures (a pursuit which is gradually making him an historian in bronze of the early twentieth century). However much the heterodoxy of this may shock artists who would only work for honor and the museums, it pays and does not seem to have interfered in any way with Davidson's art—rather it has matured and broadened it. Davidson loves to feast upon the passing show, to watch the great of this earth go by, that he may be inspired by their personalities and their foibles, and it is by pandering to this eclecticism of his that he manages to be so entirely at home with those whom he likes to call his "patients," who come chiefly from the intellectual, artistic, political and fashionable worlds of New York, London and Paris. His unique business-artistic trips have taken him as far afield as Tokio, but it is always to Paris that he returns with a swing and an enthusiasm not unlike Walt Whitman's:

"Afoot and lighthearted, I take
to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before
me
Leading wherever I choose."

Davidson's latest, and some think his best, figure is of this same Walt, and some day soon the Authors' Club



"Treat me eye! It's education I'm after."

"WHOOPS! ! !"

"Control yourself, sweetheart. Now this li'l episode 'ere—"

in New York will have the nine-foot bronze of the grand old poet. How one would love to see it, though, erected ninety instead of nine feet high, at the hub of every slaving, nerve-wracked metropolis as a reminder to standardized go-getters of all that they've irrevocably foregone!

Today, in his new quarters, Davidson has a trio of young Italian aids to do most of his carving—none can do it like Italians—and when I called they were busy with La Follette, which is destined for the Hall of Fame. Zukor had just been finished and stood ready for transportation across to the Paramount headquarters, while French had hardly been begun. What a bewildering *potpourri*—to be sure — that studio affords, with Rockefeller cheek by jowl with Charlie Chaplin, and Chaliapin gazing at Mrs. Whitney, while Owen Young and Reggie Vanderbilt and Sam Vauclain cluster around Anatole France! Davidson himself seems to switch here and there from one piece to another, superintending things and now and again taking a turn with mallet and chisel when he isn't modelling a miniature in clay — first phase—or receiving an almost constant stream of visitors in an adjoining kind of bar-parlor. One current piece—twenty-months-old Pete Steffins—he was particularly enthusiastic over as representing "the greatest baby in the world," but his enthusiasm may have been a screen to avoid talking of the action of the United States Graves Commission in deciding on utility memorials instead of artistic in the war area, or to evade a comparison of the relative merits of Bourdelle, Maillol and Despiane, as sculptors. With the years, and success, Jo Davidson has perhaps lost a little as well as gained. Just as he has deflated physically and become a good-looking, dapper little fellow, so also has he lost some of that breezy *bonhomie* and bohemianism which used to call to my mind Locke's "Beloved Vagabond" when I first knew Jo six or seven years ago. The first time I ever met him he was being too noisy in a London club. He was merely telling an amusing yarn in that infectious way of his, but he should of course have known better than to try and make a London clubroom smile after dinner, and I well recollect piloting him away from the shipwreck, and back to his beloved Paris, where he belongs perhaps more genuinely than any other transplanted one immersed in the Arts.

"Whoops! Mind the cop!"

FOR almost twenty years Davidson has lived in Paris. His wife is a charming and brilliantly clever Frenchwoman of the old Breton family of de Kerstrat; his two good-looking young sons, neither of whom are going to follow in father's footsteps, are at the Lycée and express themselves alternately in French and English. Davidson himself, in addition to having acquired two permanent domains — a pretty, Norman, châlet-like townhouse and studio and a lovely old manor near Azay-le-Rideau in Touraine—would be prevented, by force if necessary, from leaving Paris for good, did the notion ever assail him, by as large a circle of French, English and American friends as any cosmopolitan character of note could well wish to have Jo would be the first to admit that his popularity and present social situation has been lavishly contributed to by his wife, who in three short years has blossomed into one of the first dressmakers in Paris as "Yvonne Davidson, Champs Elysées." Very tall and slender, and graceful as a Russian borzoi, Mrs. Davidson won a gold medal at the recent Decorative Arts exhibition and has established a definite *genre* of her own with her simplicity of line and absence of all *flou-flous*.

"What's Yvonne Davidson like?" the tall, elegant Mrs. Davidson once heard herself under discussion at Longchamps.

"Oh, you just wrap her round twice and tie," came the singularly apt rejoinder.

With such twin creative talents operating in different directions, the Davidsons are building up a reputation for giving the most brilliant studio parties in Paris—but, fortunately, Davidson the social lion will never overbalance Davidson the sculptor.

For the last few weeks New York itself has had the opportunity to look at one of the latest Jo Davidson works —his statue submitted in the competition for a monument to the Pioneer Woman, which has been shown with the other competing models at the Reinhardt Galleries. Whether Mr. E. W. Marland, who is to erect the monument on the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma, will choose Jo Davidson's heroic figure or not, cannot be prophesied, but at least it is evident from the exhibition that an American expatriate, in this case, has lost none of the vigor and feeling of his own soil. —F. T.

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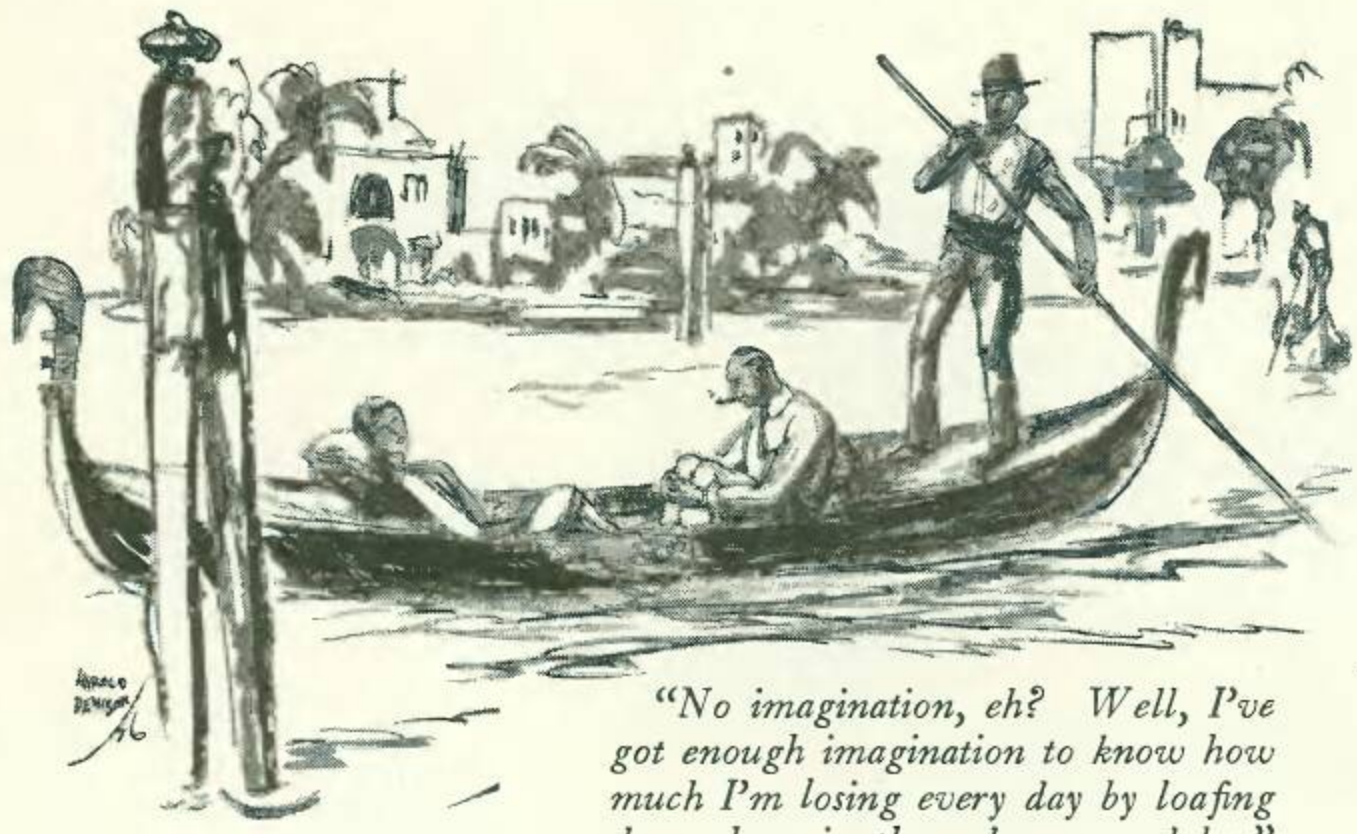
THE LAST RESORT

THE March sun comes pouring down in the sparkling sea, the uncorrupted sand and the clean, empty boardwalk of Atlantic City and at one of the principal corners of the walk there is the office of the "Inventor and Discoverer of Health and Beauty."

Atlantic City is the last resort—the bag into which are thrown the discards of civilized existence. It solves the ancient mystery of where all things go when they suddenly disappear from the quotidian activities of human kind. Here are the *rejetés* in a perpetual and ludicrous salon, here are all the waiters who flip salads on the floor and the chefs who scrape a burnt steak; here are the barkers whose



"No imagination, eh? Well, I've got enough imagination to know how much I'm losing every day by loafing down here in these damn gondolas."

•

voices are loud and throaty and unseductive; here are the outside men who wrap ten one-dollar bills into a wad and before changing them into a single one-dollar bill, call on Mr. Abramson to auction off a few lampstands of tortured jade. Here and not elsewhere, is the last stand of the mother-in-law joke and the comic spelling of fotograf. Over the untidy, splotched, unpainted, dark hovels which fill the sand lots between hotels there hangs invisibly THE SIGN OF THE DUCK: no quackery fails of representation here from phrenology to French in ten lessons.

On the beach in the dazzling sun and the bright, sharp air a fat woman in a black bathing suit walks backward from the dark and uncontaminated sea. At each two steps she stops and erases her preceding footsteps, then suddenly begins to dance with scarves. The gathered crowd, having nothing to do all day but savor the freshness of the sun and sea, murmurs: "She is advertising something." And having put this seal on its own sophistication, remains waiting.

IN GENERAL, the visitor to Atlantic City prefers to spend his time indoors. The small auditorium of the Victor Company is overflowing from nine to six with an apparently immobile audience. The exhibits of tin cans, typewriters, vacuum cleaners, pickles, electric motors and tooth paste are always crowded with attentive onlookers. At various points on and off the walk radio games are played in long, gloomy rooms lit by cruel arc lamps under which men and women sit at long tables with lotto cards and counters placed before them listening to the numbers announced at a microphone or through a loud speaker.

THE rolling chair remains one of the few aristocratic institutions in a sentimentally democratized country. As you are gently propelled at a speed which seems always to be approaching zero, you observe the more active phenomena and the more striking curiosities of the city. At noon, when the auction sales and other interests of life suspend their seductions, there is a spurt of activity along the boardwalk, thousands of women angrily hurry thousands of children back to hotels to keep them out of the sun and air.

Two things are most apt to strike the eye: the number of redheaded women and the prevalence of twins. The little ones are handed over to the tender care of negro swipes and allowed to ride close to the waves in pony carts while their elders hasten to absorb tasteless *tables d'hôte* in preparation for the emergencies of the afternoon.

At three-thirty the auction sales begin again. In spite of the friendliness and jocosity of the auctioneers it is an awful and mysterious rite. The fascination is extraordinary. No explanation, however plausible, of receivers' sales, bankruptcies, fires and other disasters to which commerce is liable, can quite account for these hundreds of "genuine Princess Bokhara rugs," for these dozens of "sixty-one blue white diamonds mounted in platinum, and when I say platinum, ladies and gentlemen, I don't mean white gold," bracelets valued at fifteen hundred dollars and sold at three hundred.

A greater mystery still are the solid, ill-dressed, dull-looking men and women who unquiveringly bid and bid and eventually pay fantastic sums and order the silver and china sent back to Baltimore and Philadelphia.

The patter of the auctioneers does not vary. "A little prayer book with fifty-two pages" is always good for a laugh, and cynicism about the felicity of married life is the sales talk for china and carving sets. But the sterner virtues of American life are not neglected. In the midst of reluctant bidding on Persian rugs a local pugilist was observed by the auctioneer and introduced to the audience with the assurance that if we taught more of our boys to put up their dukes instead of cramming their heads with Latin we would empty our jails and take a weight off the hip of the younger generation.

AT nightfall the scaling point of wooden shacks and the scabby brick of the Ritz are hidden in the impartial obscurity of the dusk. The green Turkish mosque of the Marlborough-Blenheim joins the twentieth century colonial of the Shelburne and the reticent verandas of the earlier hotels.

At one hotel, one sea-food grill, and one restaurant it is possible to get food that is not distasteful; after which there is the theatre, a last year's bawdy farce mopped up for the road or a premature tryout of a comedy from which the more fatuous moments have not yet been eliminated. In the pit, the last of all the theatre orchestras still plays the overture from "Poet and Peasant."

Atlantic City in summer is another thing again. But in March all the elements of nature are there at their best and most refreshing and all the better works of man are either absent or forgotten. —GILBERT SELDES

•

What Every Daughter Learns
with
Abe Slick Rosewald
—*Theatre Adv. in Muskogee (Okla.) Phoenix.*

Or, as the newspapers would have it, with Abe ("Slick") Rosewald.

WOULD-BE RAFFLES: *Th' rest's a pipe! All I gotta do now's mingle unpurceived wit' th' guests!*"

THE DUCHESS AND HER PA

Eliza Doolittle, *who acts like a lady when she remembers her phonetics, is here commiserating with her father*, Alfred Doolittle, *in Shaw's "Pygmalion" at the Guild Theatre. Both have been wrenched (by the prankish Mr. Shaw) from their place among the middle classes*—Alfred *through the medium of Mr. Henry Travers*, Eliza *by the grace of Miss Lynn Fontanne.*

LENTEN BOAST

SOME people give up the theatre for Lent, and yet it is the critics, who may not, who have taken on in these last weeks the strange, spiritual beauty which comes only with mortification of the flesh.

Resigned to the expectation that every night will bring forth some terrible thing, one achieves at last a mystic, medieval state of mind where the more terrible it is the better one likes it. Lavish of this unhealthy pleasure was "Menace," by Arthur M. Brilant, at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre.

"Menace" was a mongrel, with "Rain," "White Cargo," "The Green Goddess" and "Madame Butterfly," among the more obvious indications of its cross breeding.

Its action taking place in a shaggy hut on a Japanese island, "Menace" told the story of one *Lattimer*, whom the *Princess* of the island loved in her fashion.

Lattimer is an escaped convict who hesitates to marry the *Princess* because of one of those fastidious scruples which are constantly keeping fugitive murderers from getting on in the world. In his heart of hearts he still loves a Dream Girl, though he can never hope to marry her. In spite of knowing this, the *Princess* presses her suit and, having warned her that he gives himself with reservations, *Lattimer* finally names the day.

Just about then *Lattimer's* faithful *Michu* returns from a shopping trip to the mainland. He has there encountered three Americans who were showing *Lattimer's* picture about, and inquiring for him. Being a bright boy *Michu* has clapped them on board his boat and brought them out to the island before they could communicate with anybody. On the island it will be simple to get rid of them and, hearing, the *Princess* smiles in her secret, Samurai way. Then the three Americans enter, and sakes alive! if one of them isn't the *Dream Girl!*

The *Dream Girl* is the daughter of the warden-chaplain who was so moved by the story *Lattimer* told him that he let *Lattimer* escape, for which bit of altruism he has since been rewarded by a seven years' sentence, and the *Dream Girl* is out to get *Lattimer vi et armis.*

His hand forced by circumstances, *Lattimer* at last tells the *Dream Girl* (and the far-from-indifferent audience) the story which has caused the warden-chaplain so much trouble. In fact, just as he starts the lights go down, and one is vouchsafed a flash-back of his original relation of the tale to that super-sensitive parent.

You're wondering what it was? Well, it seems that *Lattimer* killed a man to avenge the honor of a ward of his who was to become the mother of a fatherless child. Naturally, his ward's name had to be shielded at any cost, particularly after she committed suicide.

The *Dream Girl*, who has evidently inherited the family weakness for this story, is so moved by its recital that she can no longer conceal the love-light in her eyes, and *Lattimer*, seeing it, gives the *Princess* the air.

A battle between the islanders and the Americans ensues and though the Americans run about, saying, "Isn't this a terrible scrape?" and "Aren't we in awful trouble now?" the battle is so flat as to approach concavity.

Finally the *Princess*, seeing *Lattimer* in danger, bids her men cease. She would rather cede him to the *Dream Girl* than have him die a Samurai death.

If he returns to the United States as he now wishes, however, there remains the slight problem of a death sentence hanging over him. The *Dream Girl* dispels that with a word. "I," she promises brightly, "will speak to the Governor myself."

As the lovers exit gaily the *Princess*, who seems to have more self-respect than the rest of the cast, is seen preparing to commit hari-kari.

"THAT FRENCH LADY," by Samuel Shipman and Neil Twomey, at the Ritz Theatre, is not only a factory-made vehicle, but it is one of those inferior factory products which I believe are called seconds.

It is written around that sure-fire dramatic commodity, rage, in this case the monotonously recurring choler of a lovable old German-American who is confronted with francophilism in his own home. Louis Mann dispenses it, and Miss Clara Lipman, as a roguish French grandmother, is the object of most of his attacks, which she returns in a dialect interlarded, for cuteness' sake, with elaborate rephrasings of American argot.

"That French Lady" is the sort of tumbril old favorites are constantly having built for themselves. From it one cannot get even the pleasure "Menace" provided, because it is all unintentionally touching.

OF "THE MYSTERY SHIP," by Edgar M. Schoenberg and Milton Silver, at the Garrick Theatre, I can give only the depressing report that it seems to me the best of the very mediocre mystery melodramas now in town, slightly more closely tethered to the possibilities than either "The Wooden Kimono" or "Fog," and in addition more coherent than "Set a Thief."

"The Mystery Ship" suffers from the disadvantage that its dialogue sounds as though it had been written with an old wooden kitchen spoon; but it has some good sea effects, and its dénouement is well above the average. I find that the acting of mystery melodramas is one

of the things one doesn't talk about.

"THE NEW YORKERS," at the Edyth Totten Theatre, while it has better music and far better lyrics than many shows in town, and several amusing sketches to boot, is sung and performed by a cast—with one exception—so appallingly devoid of voice, charm or talent that one can't say even as decent a word for it as the foregoing without running the danger of justifiable homicide. Also it has a scurrilous and humorless number about the Prince of Wales. The exception in the cast is Dorothy Daye, who is charming. —CHARLES BRACKETT

•

MOON-SET

"OH," said the First Stenographer, "There's the moon."

And the Second Stenographer said, "Yes, there's the moon sitting on top of the Public Library just the same."

Three stenographers stood on the curb and looked at the moon, waiting for it to fall off the Public Library. Three hundred people passed them and fifty automobiles and five street cars, but the only thing the three stenographers saw was the moon. They were on their way home from the movies.

"LOOK," said an office boy, "The moon is sitting on top of the Public Library."

"Yes," answered the Second Stenographer, "that's what I said."

"You know, the moon is made of green cheese," volunteered the Office Boy, confidentially.

"No," said a young man, joining them. "The moon is a yellow jade bowl full of moonstones tonight and nobody but me knows that yellow jade is as brittle as butter-scotch kisses. I work in a candy store. If the moon falls off of the Public Library, it will break."

"The moon," said a little old man, leaning on his crutch, "is a cold, dead, but celestial body revolving around the earth."

All of them turned and looked down at the Little Old Man.

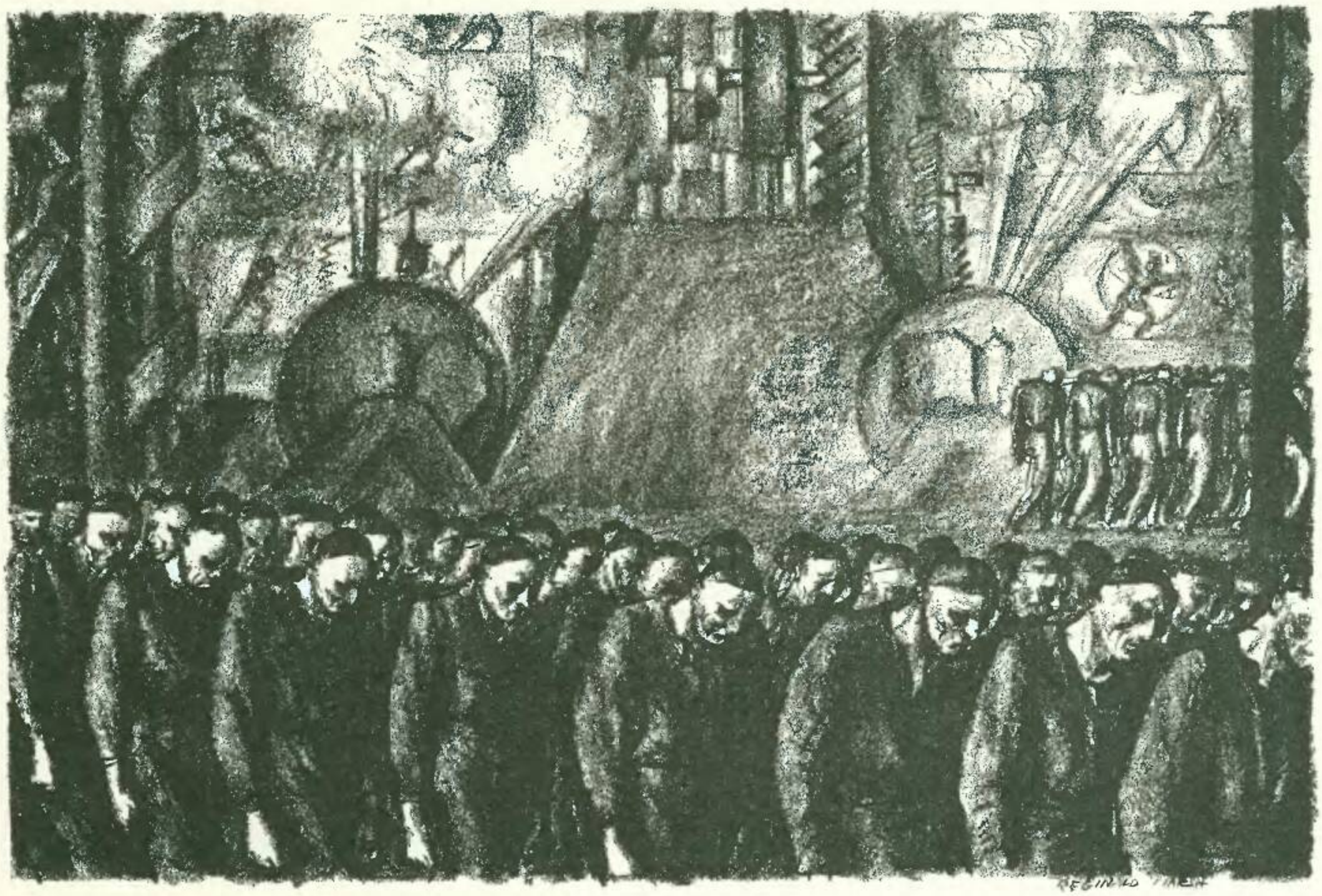
"But," said the Second Stenographer, "the moon is sitting on top of the Public Library."

Then they all looked up again, but the moon wasn't sitting on top of the Public Library at all. It had disappeared.

"The moon is broken," said the Young Man. "I told you that if a yellow jade bowl full of moonstones fell off of the Public Library, it would break."

AND so, since they were on their way home from the movies, they all went home. —SPUD JOHNSON

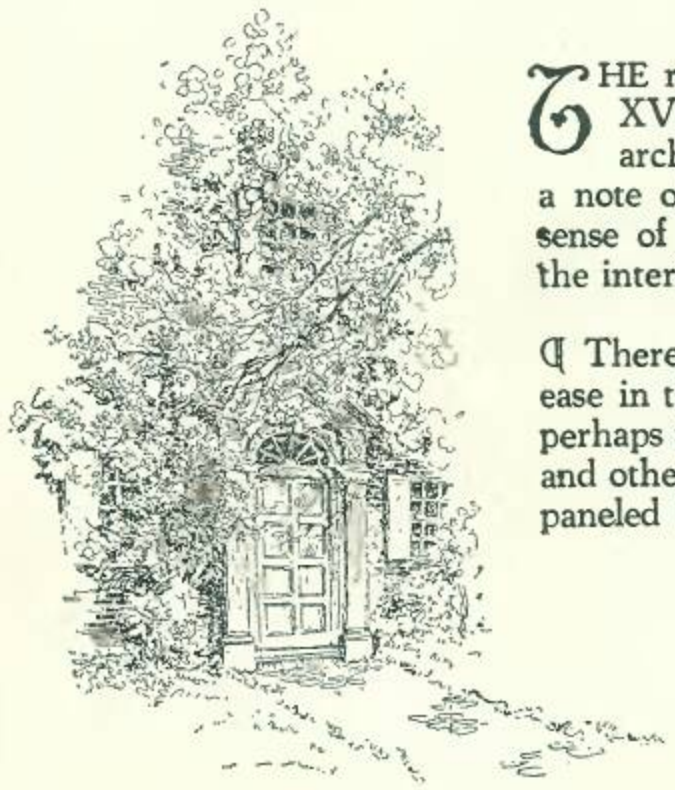
• •



THAT NEW GERMAN FILM AT THE RIALTO

This is what we shall all be doing a few years hence—bullied and cozened by machinery in an underground city—according to the prophetic vision of "Metropolis." Here you see the workers, directed by John Masterman (*not visible because he is upstairs*), *all in soulless unison, and all having a very bad time.*

New York Galleries, Inc., Decorators



THE renaissance of classic forms in the XVIII Century contributed to the architecture and furniture of that time a note of grace and dignity . . . the fine sense of restraint so happily expressed in the interior before you.

¶ There is a suggestion of leisure and ease in this sunny morning room . . . due perhaps to the manner in which the sofa and other pieces are composed before the paneled background and broad casements looking out upon the garden terrace and sparkling waters beyond.

¶ True to historic tradition, this lovely room is but an echo of the fidelity with which our cabinetmakers reproduce the beautiful furniture of other days . . . each object invested with the charm of Old World artistry—a fitting accompaniment to the collection of antiquities arranged at these Galleries in a series of decorative ensembles.

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New York Galleries
INCORPORATED
Madison Avenue, 48th and 49th Streets

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE BATTERY

THERE is, if you will allow my suggestion, a remedy for this rising of the sap, this uneasy stirring of the spleen which we have learned to call Spring Fever. I found it yesterday, when the crowds and the incessant surge of energy and purpose along the streets became quite too much to bear, when that curious rebellion which the season always brings kept muttering that I should knock off a few hats, or grind a few faces in the dusty pavement.

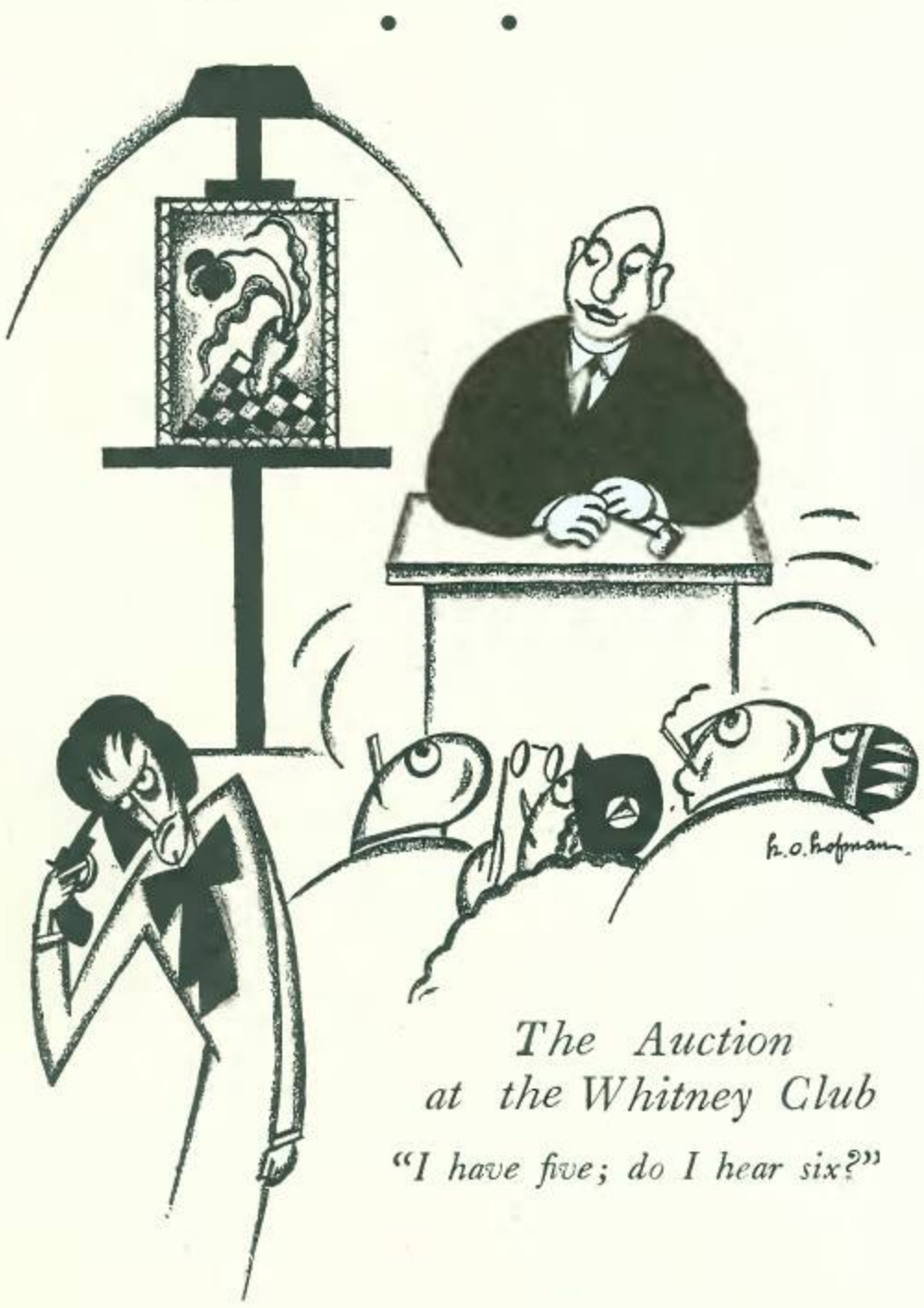
I did not find this remedy quite of my own volition. I was running through "Moby Dick" and came upon the passage wherein *Ishmael* describes the eternal attraction which the sea holds for humanity. And this paragraph came out of the page to stare at me:

"There now is your insular city of Manhattoes, belted round with wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs —commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme downtown is the Battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves and cooled by breezes which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there."

So I went to the Battery —at high noon of a brilliant day. And the reward was generous. For whatever may be said of the breathless rush of Manhattan, the feverish and depressing hurry which ruins leisure and makes a mockery of pleasant laziness, it does not apply to that curving strip of earth that lies below the Customs House. The place is a fragment out of another world: a world that comes suavely against the perceptions, touched with new odors, and new scenes, and new sounds. It is a place of leisure: of honest, gracious indolence. I found, as I lingered there, leaning from the sea wall to gaze profoundly at the lap of little waves, or strolling along the lanes, that time hardly mattered any more. The long afternoon stretched out toward dusk, and still there seemed no reason on earth for leaving. The sun was warm and altogether drowsy. The faint sea breeze smelled of salt.

THE wide, broken park was somewhat full at midday. Down from their offices had come the clerks for lunch hour: slender boys and girls who meandered languidly among the winding lanes, incredibly forgetting their slavery and their untidy little homes in the expansive quiet of their environment. There were a few, of course, who doggedly fortified themselves against the bright beauty of earth and sea and sky with pink copies of the *Graphic*. But these were few indeed.

Slim Jewish girls, with dark faces and dreaming eyes, walked slowly along the water's edge, or lolled on the benches. Girls of an Anglo-Saxon cast, plainly touched by the Anglo-Saxon sense of respect for purposeful exercise, tramped resolutely back and forth. The color was in their cheeks, and they looked not unhappy.



The Auction at the Whitney Club

"I have five; do I hear six?"

Down against the iron railing that shuts off the land from the sea, a lazy fellow stood proprietor to a shining brass telescope and a rack of binoculars. These instruments, quite apparently, were meant to be trained upon the Statue in the harbor or upon the streaming file of ships that moved with slow dignity up and down the channel. But, contrarily, most of them were in the hands of laughing youths, and most of them were pointed inland. It turned out that they were regarding through the lenses the pretty knees of a girl who sat all unconscious of their attention on a bench some distance away. Their delight was frank and merry, as who should accuse them of lecherous intent?

The lads who were not thus gaily occupied walked thoughtfully, or stared out toward the hazy sea. Most of them were alone, and in the faces of some deep dreaming was reflected.

A few drunks lounged on the grass or the benches. A sailor or two hung with all a sailor's awkward grace against the iron railing and stared down at the shallow, moving water. In the stream, puffing tugboats thrust their heads, all covered with white beards of foam, into the green water. The air was filled with the sonorous cries of the shipping. From the tower at the end of the Municipal Pier a ship's gong clanged three bells. The boat for Bedloe's Island set out bravely to combat the cross-stream of river traffic, bobbing on the almost imperceptible swells, with band playing and the hands of the passengers waving as if they were setting out upon a journey around the world.

Out of the mists that hid Staten Island a long, black hull crept up. She lay low against the water, with a black plume waving from her funnel and a strange flag at her masthead. Presently she came level with the Battery, and men were visible, moving along her narrow decks. She was a freighter from some port with an alluring name: Tripoli, perhaps; Porto Bello, or the Majorcas. The

Remember ~

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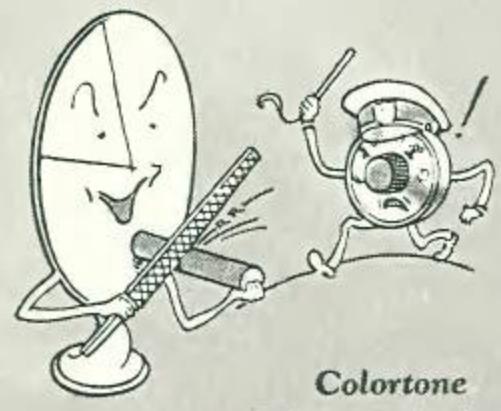
clear, natural

and One Dial Control



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eliminates the harsh, unnatural sounds which spoil reception.

Flexible Unit Control
makes the Synchrophase a One-Dial Controlled Set.

THE Colortone keeps the unusually superior reception of the Synchrophase free from loud speaker distortion.

Tuning is simplicity itself — move one dial and get the station you want.

Send for Booklet Y Then ask a Grebe dealer to demonstrate.

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The oldest exclusive radio manufacturer

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The Synchrophase is also supplied in five console models.

The Water Tower

A gentleman of a western college unwittingly composed this week's Water Tower. In our last issue we spoke of the tendency of people way out there beyond the metropolitan sky line to seek Aquazone. This letter is another piece of evidence.

"Aquazone Corporation
"Dear Sirs:

"Despair impends unless a California corner grocery or night club vending Aquazone is found. Just last week we sent out invitations to a Brannigan with a statement added 'To try out Aquazone.' Guests arrived. Stinko twinkles soon attained. But twinkles are at best ephemeral and when last week's ones changed to mere glassy stares, what a magnificent gesture for the host if Aquazone could have been included in the gin service. One guest, surmising the hoax perpetrated, tried to phone Vanderbilt 6434. Luckily the line was busy.

"If you New Yorkers have lost the hardiness of the Kentucky feud addicts, we Californians have lost that physical gusto of the forty-niners. We think Aquazone will help, especially in view of a strenuous Spring drinking season all but upon us. Please give us the name of your San Francisco distributor, and if you haven't one, well, perhaps you can help us spend our afternoons introducing this apparently marvelous panacea.

"Expectantly,
"E. A. Q."

✣ ✣ ✣

We omit full name only to give him the protection he deserves whether he is student or professor. His prayer, or rather, his letter was answered, and San Francisco crashes through with some cases of Aquazone.

✣ ✣ ✣

The scene shifts suddenly to Hick's, on Fifth Avenue, where the popularity of Aquazone proves that one doesn't have to be a wet to like it. Hicks' is one after the theatre meeting place that has never been, and doubtless never will be raided. Along its row of soft drinkers you will find Aquazone, the night cap, being absorbed with as much relish as Aquazone, the mixer.

✣ ✣ ✣

Aquazone for both purposes is on sale in and about town and at

VANDERBILT 6434

Advertisement

faint breeze came from her decks, bearing exotic scents and bearing also the sharp clang of a bell, hidden deep somewhere in her hold. A tug darted out from some hiding place and set after her, like a terrier after a hackney stallion. The smoke, coming down from the buildings that shone dazzling white in the sunshine, lay in long, wispy billows upon the water.

A tall girl, with grave blue eyes, had been sketching the restless scene upon the water. And after a time, simply because I happened to be standing near her and without the least hint of a provocative smile, she held it up for me to see. It was very nice, we agreed, though sketching was difficult because the picture out there upon the moving bay was changing with each instant.

"I come down here once a year, on the first fine day of spring," she confessed, impersonally. "I spend the afternoon, and then I go home and cry."

"What a foolish thing," I complained. "This is no weather for tears."

"You are quite wrong," she said. "If only a person cries, you know, the spring fever leaves. I'd have it all summer if I didn't cry. And this is the only thing that will make me."

She seemed a very long way from tears at the moment, however, and even chatted on quite cheerily for a time. Until at last she turned away without the formality of a leavetaking, and wandered off along the cluttered seawall.

FOR TEN cents, I voyaged down to Staten Island, sitting upon the bench that stretches along the edge of the wide deck of the ferry. The boat moved swiftly, with a hissing of foam in its wake and the choppy waves glistening more brightly than ever in the sunshine. We passed the old green goddess of Bedloe's Island—a dubious example of the sculptor's art and mystery, but for all that a profoundly romantic thing: huge and immovable, and utterly permanent—perhaps the one permanent thing in all that massive scene of piled buildings against the sky, of docks and wharves stretching their black fingers out toward the water.

The most stirring view of New York is to be seen, I think, from a point about a mile below the Statue. From there, the buildings of that incredible sky line have lost their ponderous majesty, their overwhelming sense of mass and wealth. About their feet hang smoke and mists. And so they seem to tower skyward out of a dream, out of shifting clouds. They take upon themselves the most fantastic delicacy. Their white stone shimmers in the sunlight, and from here and there waves a plume of white smoke, so that all the lofty picture appears to sway in the faint wind—to fade and grow strong again before the eyes.

Off to the right there stretches the tracery of the bridges: themselves the color of the gray and smoky mists. Fragile they seem, as if devised against the background of the sky by an etcher's tools.

Hardly more than half-way to Staten Island, the mists quite obliterate the city. It fades out, and is gone. And the world is a world of low flat shores distantly on either hand, of clanging red buoys, of slowly moving ships, and of strangely anachronistic sailing craft that stand to anchor with their thin masts looming toward the sky. They seem quite deserted and out at heel, unpainted and dingy, the little handful of sailing ships that is eternally anchored above the Narrows. Sometimes there is a dog to stand on the poop and bark, his voice coming with surprising faintness across the water. But generally they are quite silent, quite abandoned, like the ghosts of some past glory anchored there forever to remind us of the days that are gone.

IT IS, I assure you, a thrilling moment—that instant on the voyage back to Manhattan when first those tall spires loom out of their obscuring mists. The sun strikes against the gold of the Woolworth Building's pinnacle.

It glitters upon the high windows, changing them, too, into gold. And in that moment, when the outlines of those towers are not clearly to be seen,

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Attention is called to the first of two special articles on CITY GARDENS, on page 64.

CADILLAC *welcomes* LaSalle

A New CAR *for* CADILLAC HOMES

Only within the past twenty-four months has it been possible for Cadillac to look beyond its own particular field and arrange to satisfy that other great market which has long demanded a companion-car of Cadillac's calibre to fill a slightly varying field of usefulness.

The congenial task of creating this other-brother to Cadillac has gone on carefully for nearly four years. It has proceeded with those inch-at-a-time precisions and precautions which exist only in the Cadillac engineering department and shops—supplemented by the facilities and the resources of the General Motors laboratories and proving grounds.

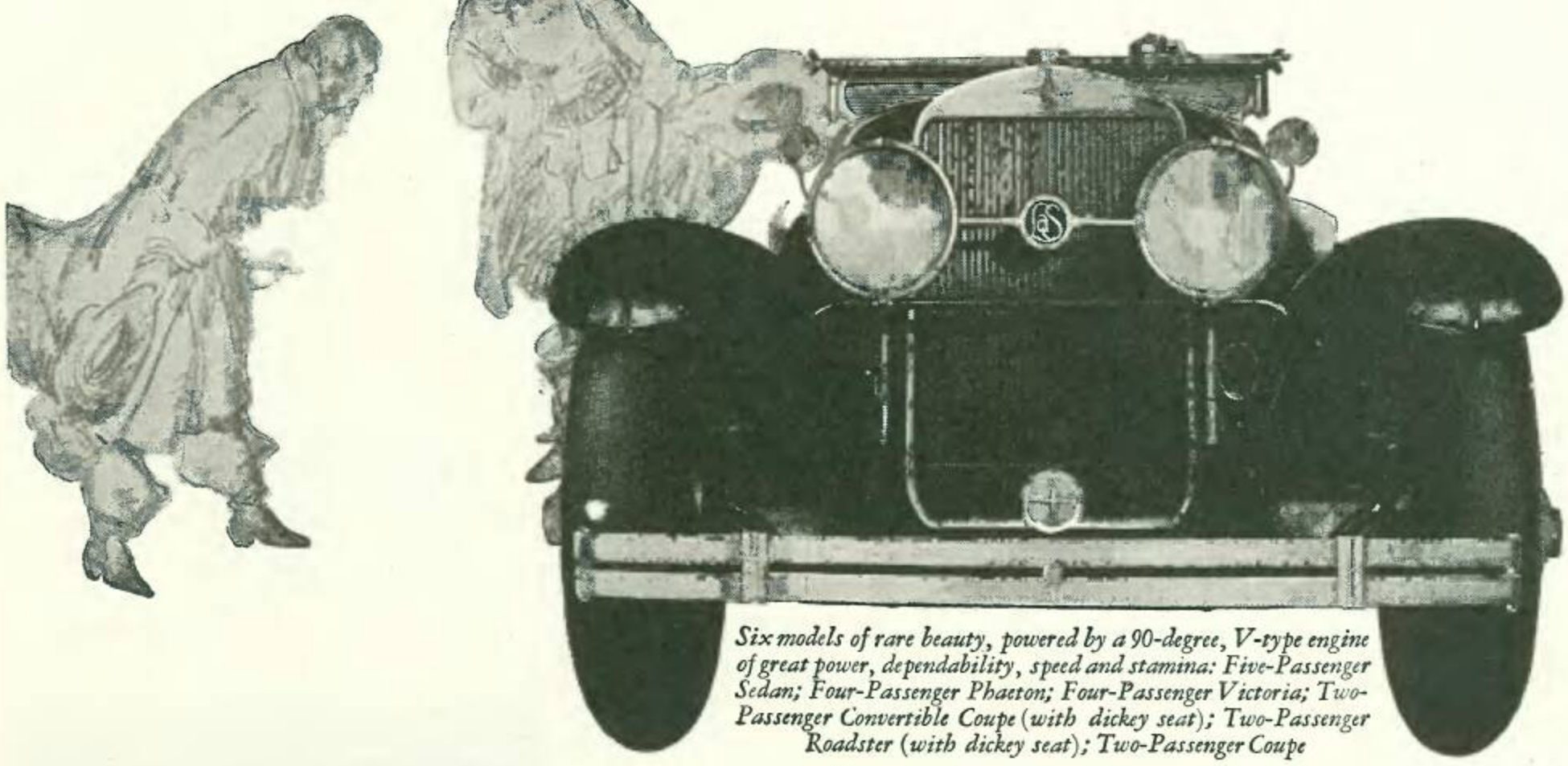
The luminous result is a rarely beautiful car of most brilliant performance—the LaSalle—companion-car in every sense of the word to the Cadillac as *Sieur Rene Robert Cavelier* LaSalle himself was companion in distinguished achievement to that other great early-American, *Sieur Antoine de la Mothe* Cadillac.

The LaSalle is manufactured completely by the Cadillac Motor Car Company within its own plants.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan • • *Oshawa, Canada*

Division of General Motors Corporation



Six models of rare beauty, powered by a 90-degree, V-type engine of great power, dependability, speed and stamina: Five-Passenger Sedan; Four-Passenger Phaeton; Four-Passenger Victoria; Two-Passenger Convertible Coupe (with dickey seat); Two-Passenger Roadster (with dickey seat); Two-Passenger Coupe

UPPERCU CADILLAC CORPORATION INGLIS M. UPPERCU, *President* BROADWAY AT 62ND ST., N.Y. COLUMBUS 7700

Light is the foot

that taps to the lilt of a musical comedy melody—when that foot is trimly shod in a Walk-Over. Sophisticated New Yorkers who know about the Walk-Over men's shops are passing the story along to their friends—how personal shoe fit, in smart leathers, may be had at $8.50, $10 and $12 the pair.

when the whole detached mass, unrooted to the earth, seems to swim and dissolve against the clouds—in that moment one can understand why Joseph Conrad, as he came up the harbor, cried that it was the most beautiful city in the world.

Perhaps that is not true. But go down to the Battery some warm afternoon, linger among the boys and girls who are liberated for a moment from their imprisonment of commerce, voyage down to Staten Island and back—and I think that you, too, will believe it. At any rate, even if you do not cry after the fashion of the girl artist, I think your spring fever will be mollified.

—MORRIS MARKEY

•

THE MEXICAN SUIT

MRS. KRANZ hung the Mexican suit back where it belonged, closed her costume shop, and went home.

"Well," said the Pirate hat, when he heard the door close, "how was it? I didn't get to go."

"An artists' ball," replied the Mexican suit. "I enjoyed it—the coat of me, the pants of me, the sash of me. My man was very amusing."

"Did you fit him?" said the hat.

"Certainly not. The tighter he pulled my sash, the more my pants stuck out behind—which is what I always do."

"A neat trick," said the hat.

"I must tell you about my man. I knew something was wrong with him the minute he started putting me on, he was so nervous. He kept sticking safety pins right through my pants into his own leg."

"Liquor?" asked the hat.

"No, sir," said the Mexican suit, "love!"

"Come, come," said the hat.

"Exactly that. It appears he was preparing to escort a lady (pretty, as I discovered later), and inside the pants of me his knees trembled at the mere business of giving the taxi driver her street number."

"I don't believe it," said the hat.

"Don't then."

"But I would like to," said the hat.

"Then listen. She was dressed as a gipsy (I had met her costume at one or two other affairs, incidentally), and when my man and she got into the cab. . . ."

"He kissed her," suggested the hat.

"He did not," said the Mexican suit.

EASTER *and* Books

Intellectual raiment is really much more important to consider than other Lenten garb or gift. We have vestments to clothe the mind at Eastertide.

Religious Books

which view the mystery of the universe, and enhance the dignity and beauty of life.

EASTER CARDS

of really unusual loveliness are awaiting those who make an early choice of exclusive designs.

EASTER BRIDES

irrespective of the amount of silver and cut glass that may arrive will appreciate the thoughtfulness expressed in

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or even one exquisite volume for the new home.

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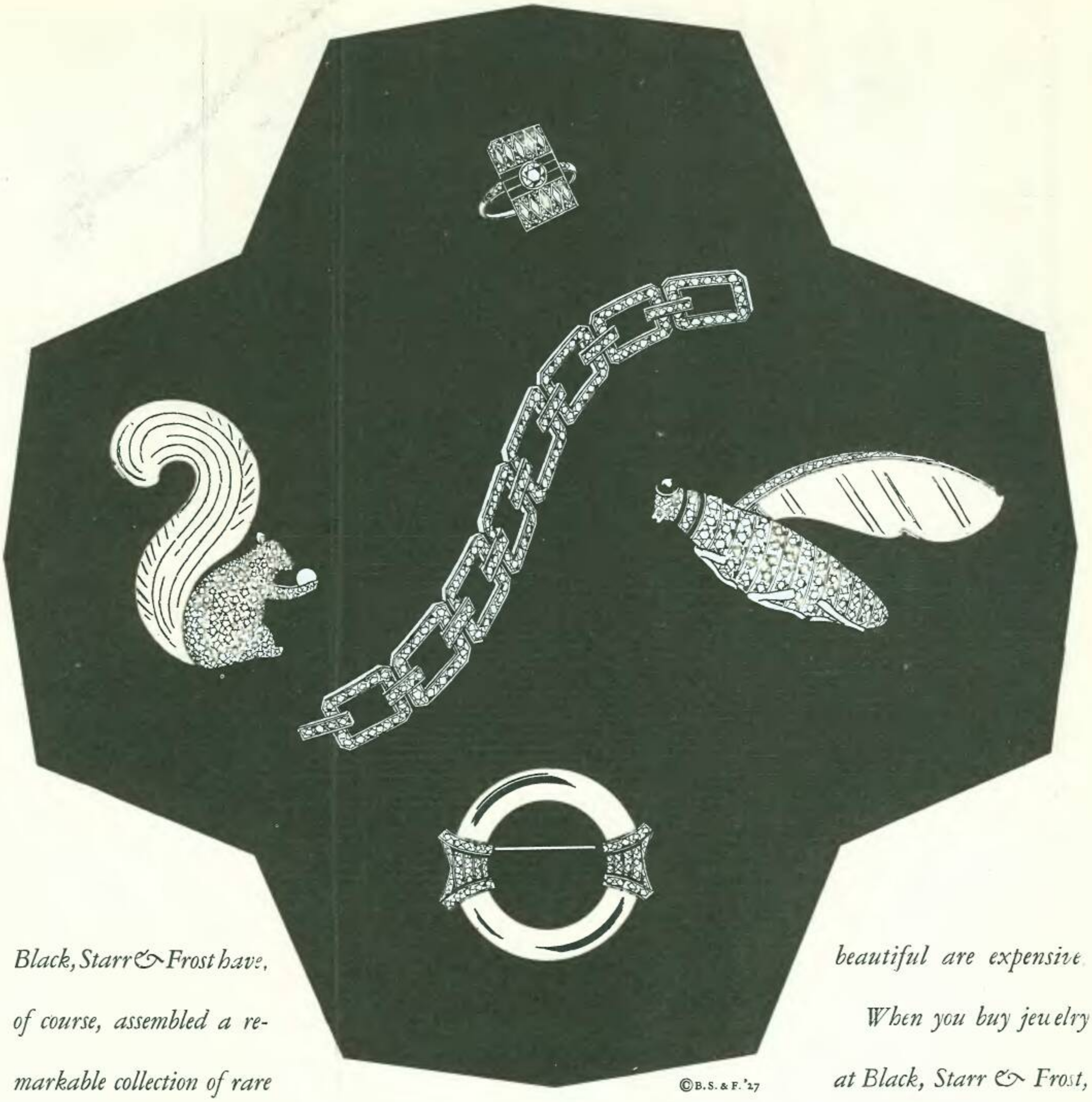
1 West 47th Street, New York
Fifth Ave. & 27th St., New York



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Black, Starr & Frost have, of course, assembled a remarkable collection of rare and valuable stones. Yet they should not be thought of only as collectors of famous and important jewels. One of the rare delights of buying and wearing jewels is that not all ornaments which are beautiful are expensive.

When you buy jewelry at Black, Starr & Frost, even though your purchase is only a modest dinner ring, a brooch or a simple dress ornament, you may know this: your jewelry is both fashionable and intrinsically beautiful in design.

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Gifts That Suit The Needs of Every Taste and Purse

JEWELERS FOR 117 YEARS

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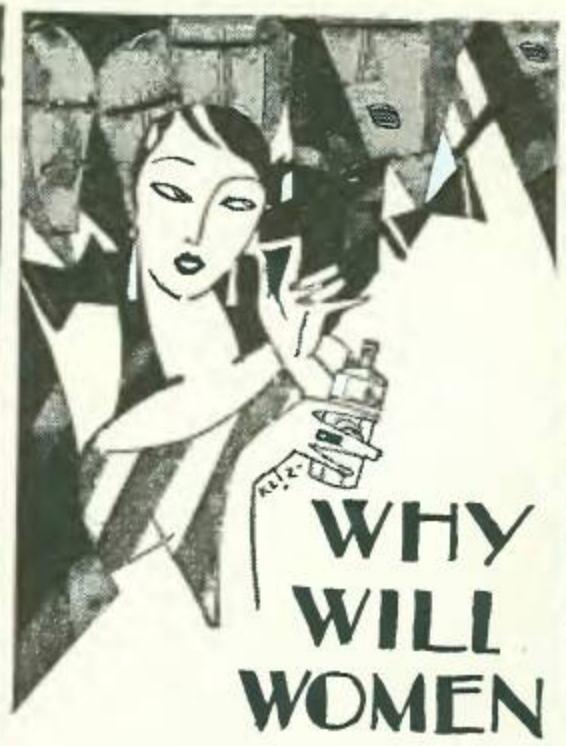


WHY WILL WOMEN

usurp a man's properties . . !

WELL, in the first place, women have noted that air of fresh, smart immaculacy which an application of Farina gegenüber Eau de Cologne gives to men. Men they admire use it after shaving—in the morning to gain the well-groomed, successful-business-man atmosphere which keeps them fresh all day—and in the evening to achieve that irresistible out-of-the-bandbox look.

Naturally, women who admire the smartly groomed appearance which was never more the vogue than now, use it also in their toilet and appreciate its refining touch.

Farina gegenüber Eau de Cologne is not a scent, but a revivifying toilet water which destroys tobacco and other odors, and creates a remarkable feeling of freshness and cool immaculacy. If you haven't used it, try it.

Be sure you get the *original* Johann Maria Farina. (You can recognize it by this phrase.) *Gegenüber dem Jülichs Platz.*

Sole Distributor
GEO. BORGFELDT & CO.
New York

Obtainable at your druggist, specialty or department store.

JOHANN MARIA FARINA
GEGENÜBER DEM JÜLICHS PLATZ
Eau de COLOGNE
Bath salts Bath powder

"I don't believe it," said the hat.

"Don't then," said the Mexican suit.

"But I would like to!" said the hat. "I have ridden on men's heads to hundreds of artists' balls, and never has my man failed to kiss his lady en route in the cab. Go ahead with the story."

"I will," said the Mexican suit. "At the door a member of the committee stopped us and bade my man throw open his coat. 'That Mexican suit is the wrong period!' the committee man said, harshly. 'Ah,' said my man, 'the wrong period, but the right waistline.' And we marched on through."

"Not bad," said the hat.

"Definitely good," said the Mexican suit. "Inside, everything was pretty rowdy. You know artists. Why is it, do you suppose, that when salesmen get rowdy they are regarded as vulgarians, whereas when artists get rowdy everybody thinks they are just expressing themselves?"

"Don't let's go into that," said the hat. "Isn't it time your man had a little drink?"

"It is, and he did," replied the Mexican suit. "He had two or three little drinks, and that was when I began to learn of the matters that upset his heart."

"Upset his stomach, perhaps."

"His heart, cynic! Have not hundreds of costume parties taught you this: that if a man's knees knock together when he is sober, you can believe his words when he is drunk?"

"What were his words?"

"Protestations of affection for his lady, done in excellent prose style with a nice feeling for poetic values and virtually no understanding of the feminine mind."

"I never believe any protestations of affection at an artists' ball," replied the hat. "That is a safe rule. What time did the ladies begin to fall out of their costumes?"

"Half past two. By three o'clock there was not a safety pin nor a hook-and-eye in the whole place but was in need of adjustment. But the committee supplied a tucker-in,—very good, in his way. I am told that there isn't a costume in the whole city that he can't tuck a lady back into."

"I know him," said the hat, "go on with your story. What about your man?"

"He lost consciousness at five o'clock at the door of his lady's apartment. So she kissed him gently, and put him to bed. It was very pretty;

a positive rage for evening

•

the mother of pearl nails GERTRUDE LAWRENCE started

the mystery of Gertrude Lawrence's shining finger tips is solved!

she says it's "Opaline;" and "it is entirely new;" and "it gives a chic to my evening and stage costumes I like tremendously."

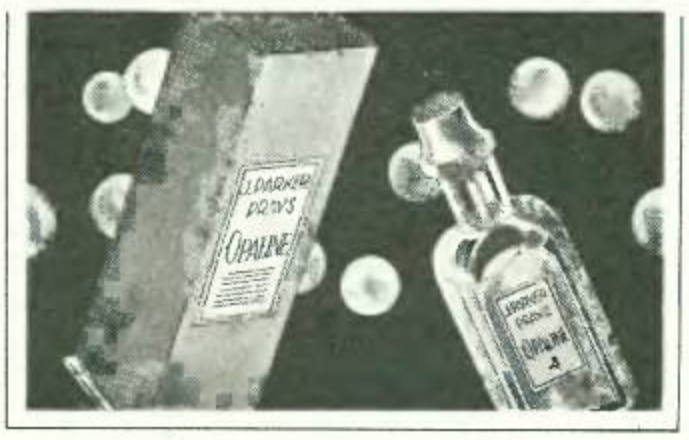
the exclusive shops report tremendous enthusiasm from all those lovely ladies who are so clever about sleuthing out the new things and making them the rage.

you will pounce on Opaline with cries of glee too!

all the smart places have it, a generous bottle is only $1.00. J. Parker Pray, the famous house that makes Rosaline. New York, Paris, London.

OPALINE

$1.00 at Saks-Fifth Ave., Franklin Simon's, Lord & Taylor's, Macy's, Gimbel's, Altman's, Stern's, Frederick Loeser's, Abraham & Straus' Bamberger's.



FEED THE BRUTE!

BY THE BUTTER AND EGG GIRL

Well, boys and girls, the last thing mother said to me, with tears in her eyes, just the day before I led Jim to the halter was—"Feed the Brute, darling, Feed the Brute."

"Give a man a pair of Red Hearth Slippers," she said, "and the right to pick his own Chicken Wings in the pantry before going to bed . . . and you'll wear ermine before you're forty, my daughter. Some women," mother tore on, "some women lose their husbands by serving arsenic in their grapefruit, and others do the work slower and meaner by serving their grapefruit lukewarm."

Well, when we got back from the honeymoon, Jimmy was all for having a Copeland installed, and I began to find that mother was right, as usual.

Jimmy gave a very quaint reason for buying the Copeland. What he said was, "Dear, I can't have any icemen waving their ice tongs around you here, during the day."

"But icemen always seemed to me to be quite harmless . . . all they do is bang doors and make a lot of noise," I said.

"Yes, and some play football," said Jimmy fiercely.

I do love Jimmy when he's fierce like that.

"And if anybody makes a touchdown in this house," he boomed, "it's going to be ME!"

That was that!

"Another thing about the Copeland," reasoned Jimmy nobly, "if these sheik books and plays that you're bringing home get any hotter, we'll have to move them into the Copeland to save the Shakespeare set in the library . . . and then, there's the little detail of the ice cubes . . . why, do you know that in the state of Massachusetts alone, six thousand, eight hundred and sixty-three chaps nearly splintered their wrists last year by letting ice picks skid while at parties. . . ."

All these Sales Talks of Jimmy's, of course, were merely silly excuses. He wanted the Copeland simply because he was a Midnight Muncher . . . a slave to nibbling in the dead of night. . . .

So, I finally thought up a good sensible reason myself.

"I believe we do need a Copeland . . . it's exactly the right temperature to keep my orchids during the night."

"Wouldn't you know I'd get in hot water, buying an ice chest," moaned the spouse.

"Sire, do you consider matrimony a substitute for orchids . . . because if you *do* I'll divorce you now . . . even if we have to do it on the Installment Payment Plan, like everything else. . . ."

"We'll have the Orchids in the Copeland," he groaned . . . "we'll have them . . . even if you have to cook with China Eggs!"

Now, my dears, just drop in at the Copeland store, 50 E. 46th St., and see for yourselves what they have to rave about, or clip this coupon for bigger and better dividends.

Forget your bonds today. Clip THIS coupon

COPELAND REFRIGERATING CO.
50 E. 46th St., New York City.

Please send me free Recipe Book and information on easy payment plan.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

COPELAND BUILDS 9 COMPLETE REFRIGERATORS AND 14 SEPARATE UNITS TO FIT YOUR PRESENT ICE BOX

"No ridge down the center!
—it must be a Stickley"

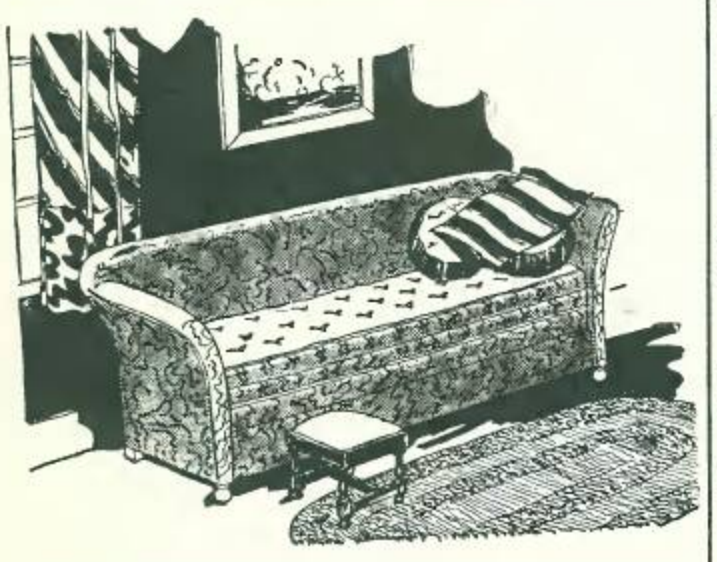
EXTRA rooms in New York cost money. The biggest and smartest stores here have given special study to bed davenports, and unanimously decided that the Stickley—because of its deep coil springs with no center ridge—is the most comfortable, best looking, most satisfactory, best value.

STICKLEY
Ridgeless
GUEST DAVENPORT

New York isn't the only crowded city. Dealers everywhere have asked for Stickleys to meet the requirements of discriminating trade. One by one we have been supplying them, and now you can buy a Stickley in almost any city. Write for nearest dealer's address. See the genuine Stickley Ridgeless before you buy any davenport. Look for the name on the lower spring.

STICKLEY MFG. CO., INC.
Syracuse, New York.
N. Y. Wholesale Office: 110 W. 34th Street

Makers also, in Fayetteville, N.Y., of the famous Stickley Early American Furniture—superlative by fine. Descriptive booklet on request.



but you know how I hate to be slept in—coat, pants, and sash.

—E. B. W.

•

QUICK LUNCH

"OH," said my wife. "It's a button."

She said it with great decision and conviction so that I could not have doubted it even had I been blind, which I was and am not. She said it in precisely the quaint sort of way she has of saying, "You're drunk" as though she had arrived at the decision after hours of deliberation, whereas the fact is generally obvious to any passer-by.

As I was saying, it actually was a button. A very dark brown button, what is more. And not only that, but a round one, sticking up so that anyone could see it.

This button had deliberately thrust itself out of the club sandwich my wife had ordered, as though it were about to promenade around the upper level and wait for a train.

I summoned a waiter with a flick of my Napoleonic eyelash and said: "Waiter, there is a button in my wife's sandwich."

He studied the plate solicitously and then his face brightened as he murmured, "Oh, sir, you're mistaken, sir. It's not in her sandwich, it's only on her plate."

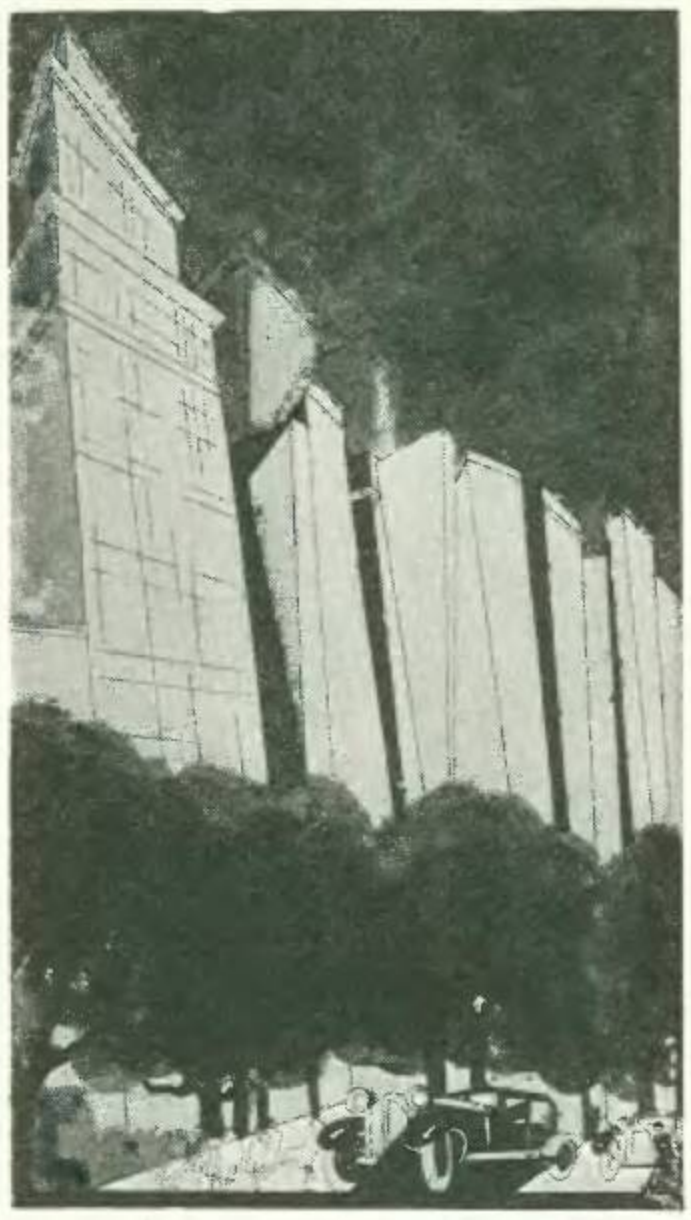
And sure enough it was. My wife had disinterred it with a polite fork.

"But it came out of her sandwich," I parried. "And what is more, there are probably others inside. A self-respecting button never completely deserts its set. The sandwich is probably alive with them. And besides," I beamed triumphantly, "it's a club sandwich, isn't it? Well, there's probably an octogenarian button sitting in every window and God knows how many in the billiard room."

SLOWLY the waiter began to realize the seriousness of the situation. He wrung his hands, dashed to a telephone booth, put three nickels in the slot and said: "I want a policeman, I want to report a fire, I want an ambulance, give me Whitehall 3600."

Then he told the head waiter. Well, you just should have seen the head waiter. He was distrait. He was melodramatic. He was magnificent. He told the cook.

The cook fainted, and the second



Because NEW YORKERS ARE PEOPLE WHO DISCRIMINATE

—they will instantly recognize in these 3 apartments, a distinction of arrangement and desirability that *is* "Park Avenue". More than a quarter century of planning, building and managing is reflected in these finer homes.

For August Occupancy

885 Park Avenue
N. E. Cor. 78th St.
9-10-12 Rooms
Pease & Elliman, Inc.
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888 Park Avenue
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125 E. 84th Street
Just East of Park Ave.
6-7 Rooms
JULIUS TISHMAN & SONS, Inc.
285 Madison Avenue

PARK AVENUE

Why Certain Society Women Are Becoming More Popular!

"Laugh if you will, but when hundreds of my pupils tell me frankly that for the first time in their lives they are now enjoying dancing—getting a real thrill out of it, finding themselves constantly sought after as dancing partners—it does seem as though my new method of teaching is based on the right idea."

Posed by Florence O' Denishawn of "Honeymoon Lane" and Arthur Murray

By Arthur Murray

DANCING is far more varied and interesting now than it once was. There no longer is just *one* correct way of doing it. Today there are many accepted styles of dancing, and a really good dancer must know them all.

Take the Fox Trot, for example. You may dance it with several different partners in one evening and find each one using a different style. Or the same man may follow one style today and—for the sake of variety—an entirely different one tomorrow.

Men are quick to recognize a good dancer and eager to dance with that rare woman who can follow, easily and gracefully, in any of the new steps—any of the new rhythms.

Ten Teachers for Each Pupil

And this is exactly what you learn to do when you come to my Studio. For you are taught not merely by one instructor but by *as many as ten.* In this way you quickly become accustomed to different leaders and familiar with every conceivable step and every conceivable style of dancing your partners will ever use.

I have personally trained all my instructors. They are not merely remarkable dancers themselves, but *they know how to teach.* They are sympathetic critics, genuinely interested in helping you overcome your faults.

No Two Pupils Taught Alike

All lessons are strictly private and under my personal supervision. Your dancing is first analyzed and then instruction is given to fit your individual needs. Some require limbering and strengthening exercises to enable them to dance with a long, free, graceful swing. Some spread the feet and bend the knees too much. All such faults are quickly corrected.

You learn to move gracefully—not merely on the dance floor—but in every step you take. You gain poise, ease, assurance. You master the secret of following—any partner—any step—any style. Your dancing becomes a real joy—to yourself—to your partner.

New York society women are admittedly the most critical—the most exacting of patrons. They demand the best—or nothing. It is a striking tribute, therefore, to the unqualified success of my teaching methods that my clientele numbers so many of New York's social leaders. At present fully three hundred people listed in the Social Register are taking my course.

Free Analysis of Your Dancing

If you want to feel that your partners dance with you because they enjoy your dancing, and not just out of politeness—if you sincerely desire to be the very best dancer in your set—I will personally analyze your dancing, free of charge, and quote you the lowest possible fee to make you a perfect dancer. Studio open until 10 P.M.

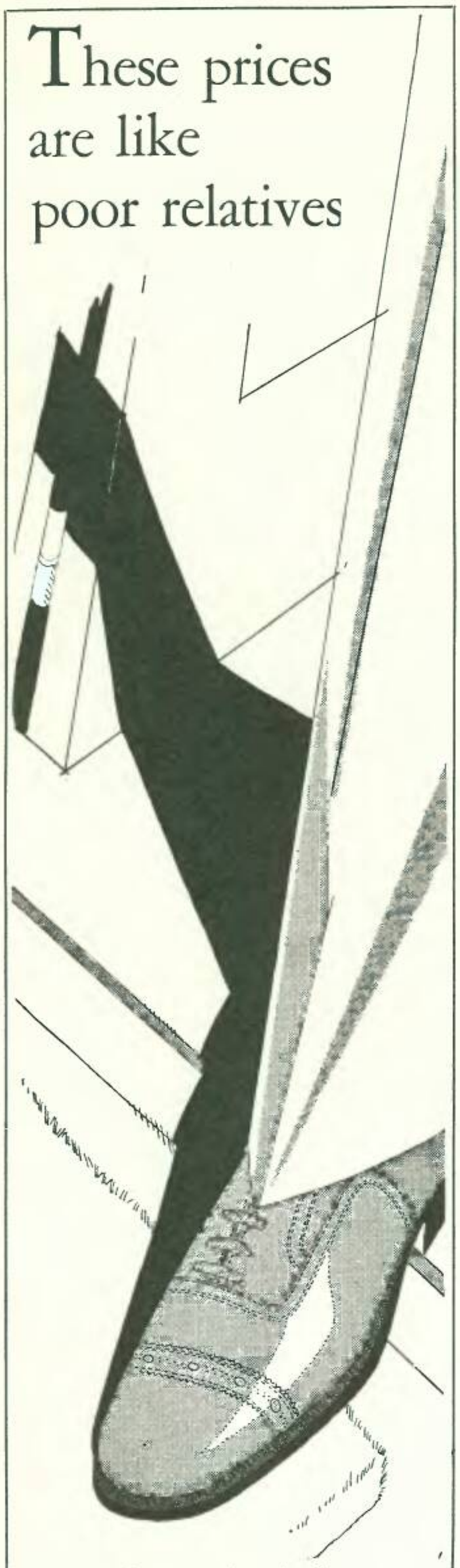
Arthur Murray's teachers are not only wonderful dancers but they are sincere, conscientious instructresses and sympathetic faultfinders. Several hundred business men, bankers, lawyers and professional men come regularly for private lessons.

When a girl learns to dance from only one teacher, she can follow him, but she cannot dance with others. Arthur Murray's Studio is the only one in America where a girl can receive private lessons from *ten different men teachers*—an absolute essential if you would learn to follow *any* man—in any style of dancing.

Arthur Murray

7 East 43rd Street

These prices are like poor relatives



We're almost apologetic about our low prices.

Like all snobs, we're so afraid people will judge us by the price tag.

Fancy selling really *fine* shoes at seven to eleven dollars!

John Ward Men's Shoes

INCORPORATED—REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

42nd Street

between Madison and Fifth Avenues

Broadway, just below 38th

Other convenient shops in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Newark

cook rapidly put on his coat and went out to tell his mother-in-law, while the third cook revived the cook by putting a bottle of Roquefort dressing under his nose. He sat up, looked around, said, "Where am I?" remembered the button and fainted again.

There was nothing to do but notify the head office. Messengers were despatched, and presently the publicity manager arrived with three cameramen, a reporter, a button manufacturer from Passaic, and a public stenographer. Meantime, the sandwich was being vivisected on a neighboring table.

THE scene was too much for my nerves. I fled to the outskirts of the crowd and met the general manager and owner of the restaurant at the door. We discussed the whole situation in hushed tones; and finally, after going over each point minutely and scratching his chin reflectively for some moments, he turned to his secretary and said:

"Send this gentleman a memorandum on Monday morning explaining that we cannot commit ourselves in the informal medium of an interview, but that if he will mail us a complete questionnaire and have his whole case properly drafted by a competent lawyer and duly witnessed and signed, we will take care of the matter at our next directors' meeting."

Then he turned to me and said, "Good day!" in the most charming manner imaginable.

"There," I said to myself as I turned wistfully away and began to worm my way through the crowd, "is a real gentleman."

I was met at the inner circle (where a cordon of police held the curious rabble in check) by the button specialist himself, who whispered that no other buttons had been found as yet and that he had established beyond the shadow of a doubt that the one we had unearthed was not a vital button.

"Only four-sixths of a calory had been displaced," he reassured me.

My wife and I quietly tiptoed out, went home, and fried ourselves an egg on the electric toaster in silence.

—SPUD JOHNSON

•

COWARDS!

The few people in the vicinity of the bank saw the robbers come out, jumped into an automobile and drove hurriedly out of town.—*Oklahoma City Daily Oklahoman.*

The face is soothed, refreshed, feels velvet smooth

Quickly heal the INVISIBLE NICKS

EVERY shave leaves the face nicked in countless unseen places. For the skin, instead of being smooth as it looks, is made up of tiny ridges and irregularities. A razor sharp enough to cut your beard is bound to nick it slightly.

For safety and comfort these nicks must be quickly healed.

A tingling dash of Pinaud's Lilac on cheeks and chin. . . . A rush of healing circulation. . . . And the face is soothed, refreshed. Feels velvet smooth!

Regular use of Pinaud's Lilac makes the face hardy, protects against chapping and prevents skin eruptions. You'll like the faint lilac odor from which it gets its name.

Get a bottle *today* at any drug or department store. Or send coupon for a free trial size bottle. Look for signature of Ed. Pinaud on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

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Lilas de France

FREE—TRIAL SIZE BOTTLE

PINAUD Incorporated, Dept. N-102
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Send *free* sample bottle of Pinaud's Lilac to

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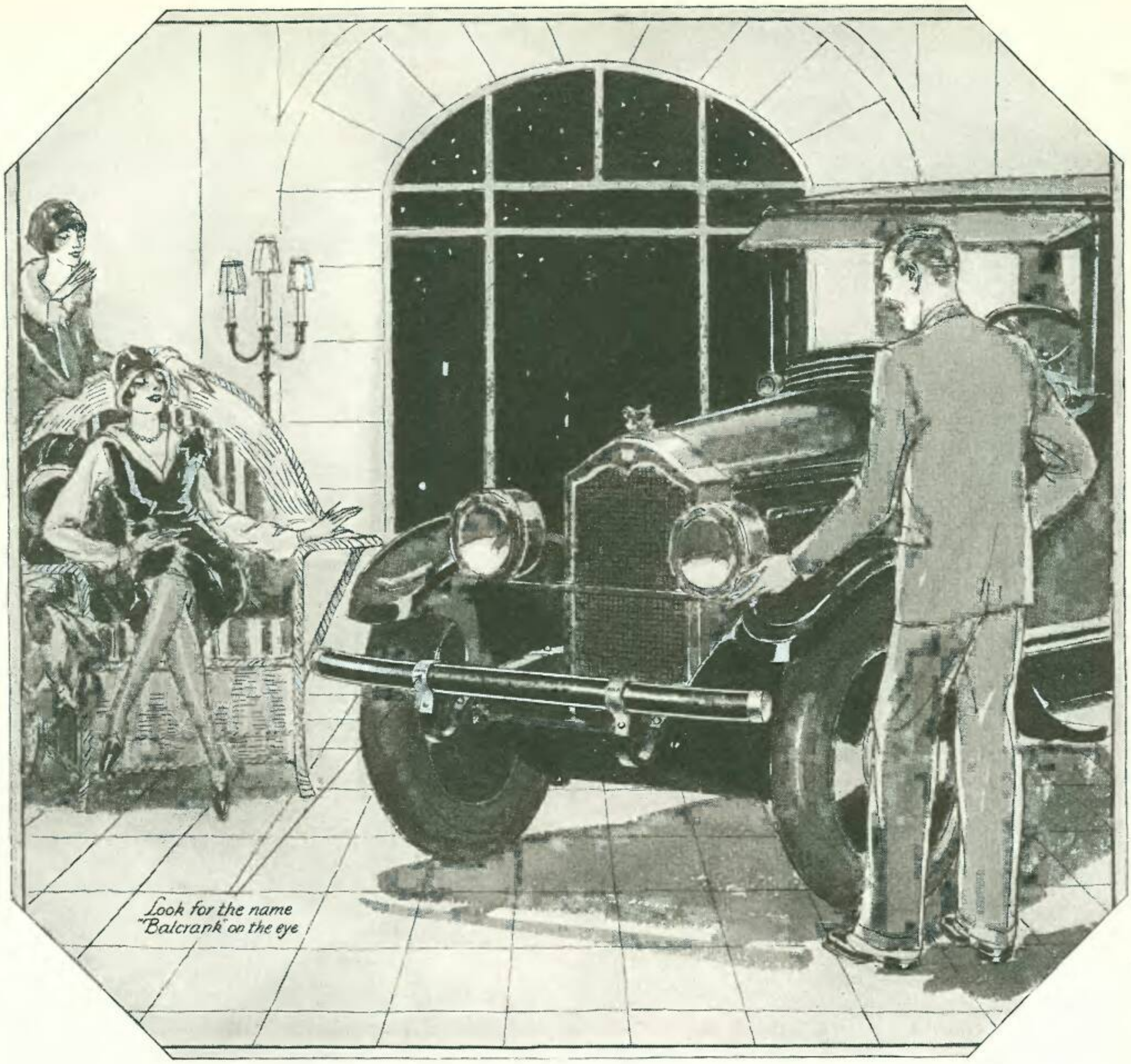


Oh Look! . . . .

Mrs. Biltmore-Broadlee is buying a new car—not that buying a new car is unusual, but she knows that the old-fashioned kind of bumper her previous cars have had will not do.

Mrs. Broadlee also knows that the better dressed cars are being equipped with Balcranks this Spring. Anything not socially correct cannot be considered. Her car must be *admired*, as well as protected.

So the new limousine will be dressed with Balcrank Collision Absorbers, in a rich Bordeaux blue, that blends with the color of the car.

You, too, can know the distinction that goes with the Balcrank equipped car, for very few cars are equipped by the manufacturer. Demand them of the dealer from whom you buy the new car, or call the closest Balcrank distributor.

SMITH & GREGORY, 121 W. 52nd St. Circle 2057, Bronx and Manhattan

F. B. HAGUE CO., 96 Washington St., Newark Market 6424, Northern New Jersey

SERVICE AUTO SUPPLY CO., 1413 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn Prospect 4700, Brooklyn and Long Island

The Balcrank method of attachment causes the car springs to absorb any excess shock.

BALCRANK
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COLLISION ABSORBERS

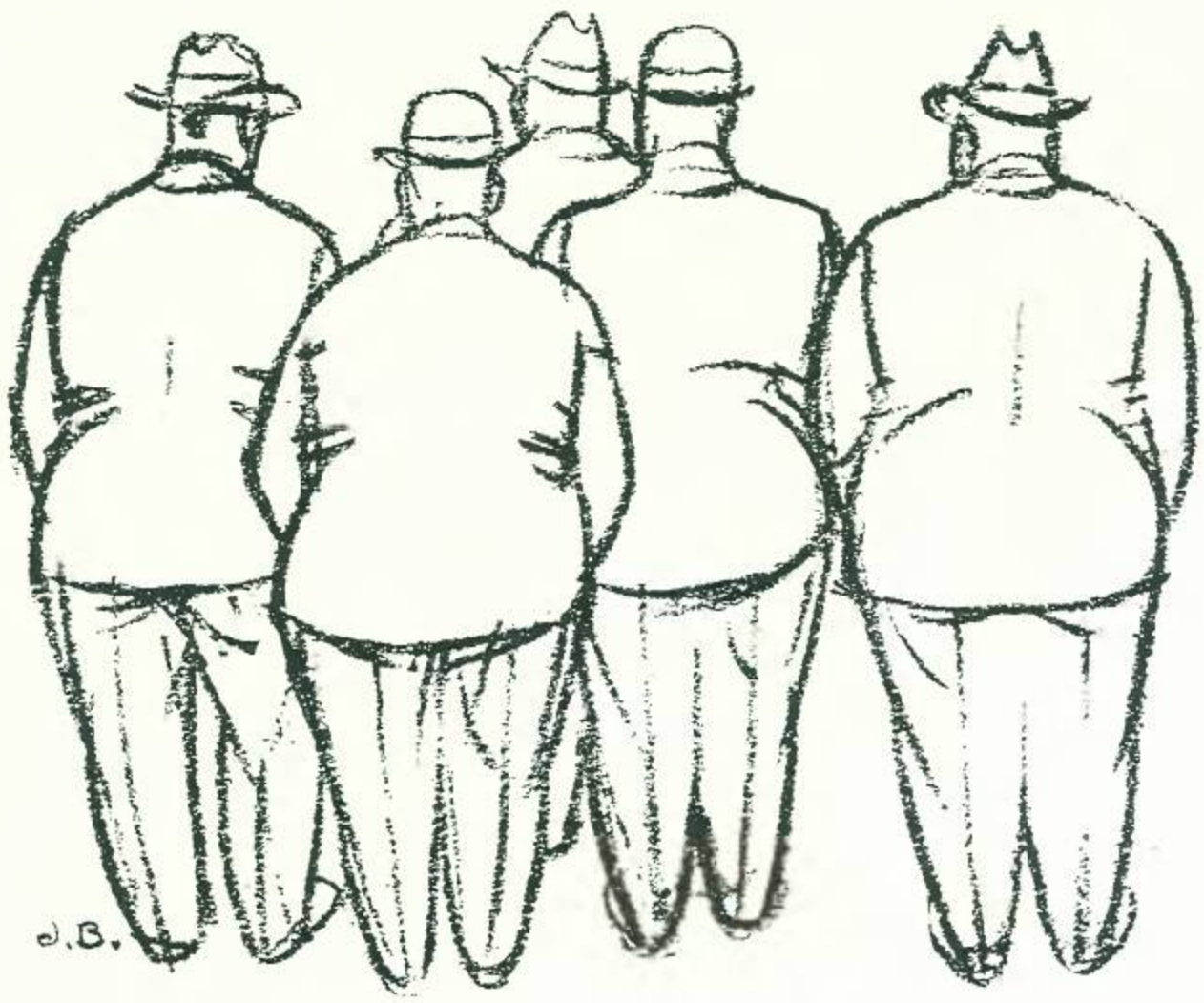
Balcranks carry the highest rating given by the Insurance Underwriters Laboratories.

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

Lloyd Hahn's "Chop-Style" vs. Edvin Wide's Graceful Stride—A Blazing Indoor Mile

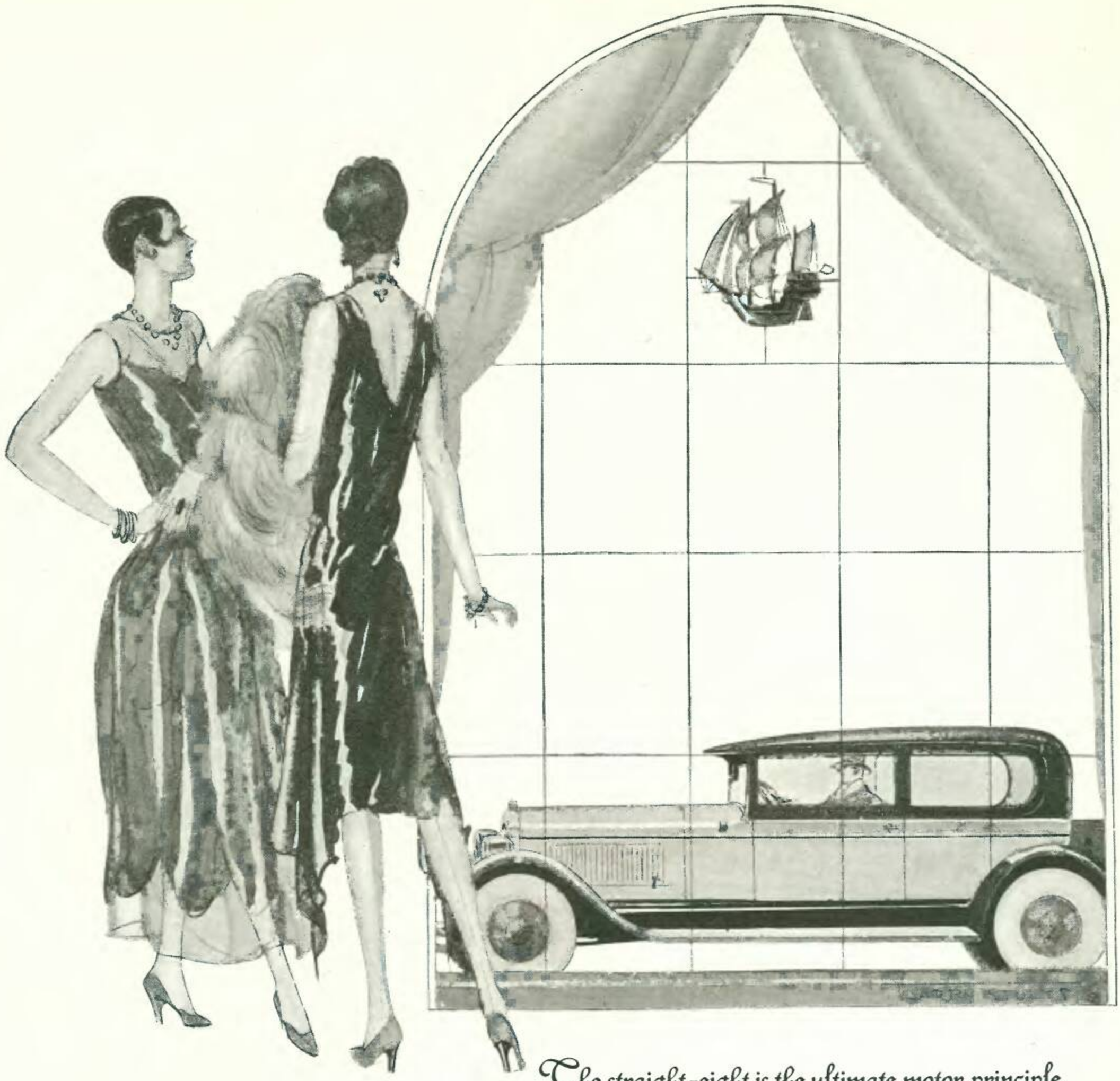
MASTERY of the indoor track, "choked down" style of running gave Lloyd Hahn the victory over the gracefully striding Edvin Wide, Swedish champion, and world's champion at the two-mile, in a special mile at the Garden the other night. The result of this blazing race, which finished only a fifth of a second behind the 4:12 mark set by Paavo Nurmi and Joie Ray (two watches caught Hahn in 4:12), gave renewed heart to American coaches, most of whom have yet to be convinced that the European style is superior to the American method.

By no stretch of the imagination can Hahn be called a graceful runner. He is a fighting runner of the first class, with a sprint that serves just as well on the short indoor turns as it does on the stretches. As one old-timer put it just before the race, "Hahn is a foxy 'turn' sprinter, with a burst of speed that will flash him through a mere crack in an alley."



As it turned out, the Bostonian was on this occasion a little better than that, for in the closing laps of the race he was able to meet the Swede's challenges even in the stretch-running. The three-yard margin of victory was an accurate estimate of the difference between the two as indoor racing men on the occasion in question. What would happen out of doors is quite another matter.

There are a few criticisms to be made in behalf of the "clock-runner" from Stockholm. When the race was first announced by the Knights of Columbus it was as a match affair between the American and the Swedish star. Later, however, other runners were added to the entry list, and at the last moment Willie Goodwin was sent in to reinforce the efforts at pace-making of Joe Sivak, Jimmy Connolly, and Gus Moore. Here were four men on the track who had no business in such company as that of Hahn and Wide. It was obvious that none of these had any chance for victory, and that the mission was to pull the Swede away from his time schedule if possible. Goodwin's flash to the front by thirty, and then forty yards, running an absurd first quarter at 58 3-5, and a somewhat saner half in 2:05, would not have fooled a tyro; it wasn't Goodwin, but the others who spoiled Wide's chances at



Beauty, Color Options, Luxury in fourteen enclosed and open bodies, $1945 to $5795 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax

The straight-eight is the ultimate motor principle. Hupmobile is its finest expression. The combination means that there literally is nothing more distinguished in motoring

IN THE FINE CAR FIELD THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

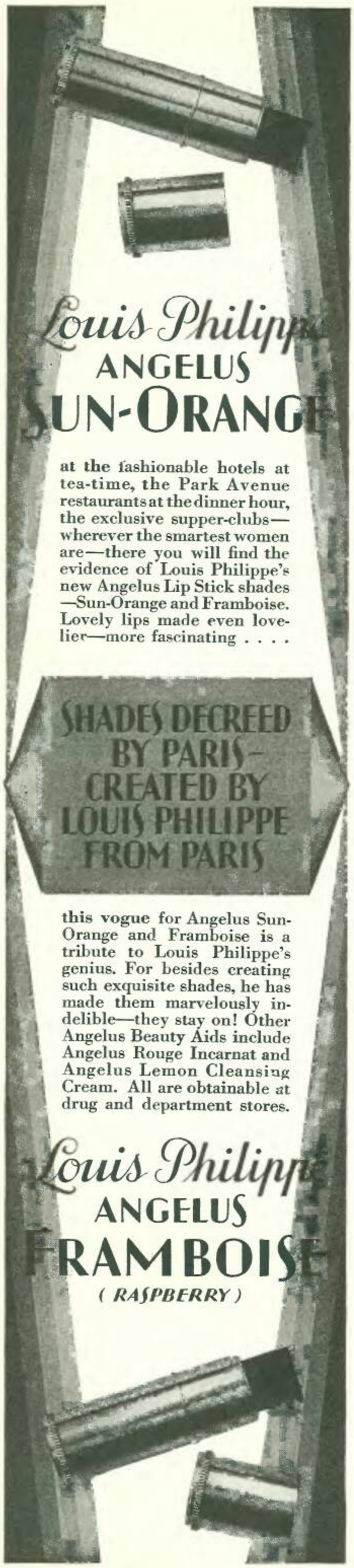
THE DISTINGUISHED HUPMODILE

EIGHT

1876 Broadway, New York City
Telephone Columbus 7660

VAN ALSTYNE MOTOR CORPORATION

1294 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn
Telephone Prospect 9941



clock running. He simply had to get out ahead of this pack as soon as possible, and in order to do so he had not merely to pass these runners, but Hahn as well, which I do not think was called for in his original program.

As it turned out, Hahn probably would have won in any event, for this great campaigner was in the form of his life, and I think that on an eight-lap track, such as the Intercollegiate path used in the 102nd Engineers' Armory, he might well have broken the world's record. However, on such a track there is little doubt that Wide would have been even more formidable than he was.

THE "Race of the Century," the above affair was billed on the program. This was stretching it a bit, for the century is still young, and there is a race coming at Amsterdam next year that will come closer to filling the bill—the meeting in the Olympics of Wide, Nurmi, Dr. Otto Pelzer, of Germany, a possible Englishman or so, and such American milers, including Hahn, as may make the grade. So the end is not yet. It will be seen in the future whether Hahn can adapt himself to the conditions beloved of Wide as well as Wide was able to adjust himself to the conditions that suit Hahn to perfection.

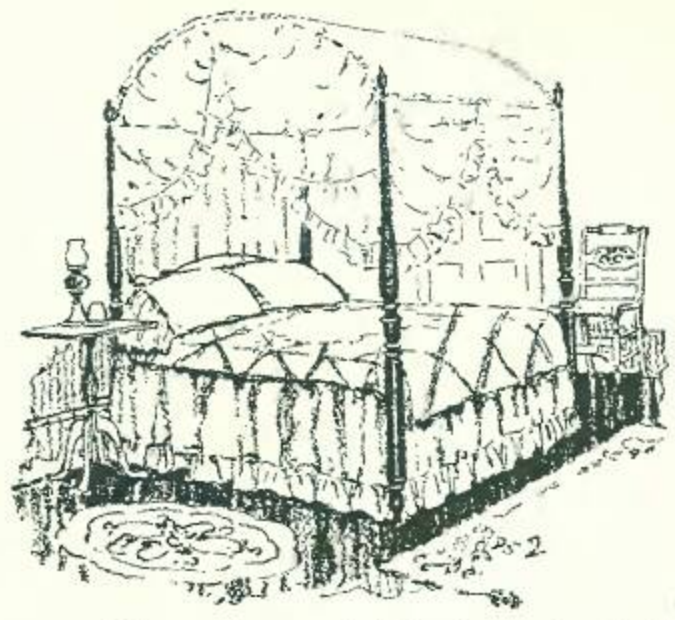
Hahn was made into a miler from a mediocre sprinter, but whereas his sprinting ability was useless at the hundred or the two-twenty, it is a great factor in his mile running. He can pick it up almost as quickly as if coming out of the "holes" at the start of a dash race. On the other hand Wide was made into a miler from a distance runner, which is, in my opinion, much the better system and the one to be followed by up-and-coming youngsters. The danger to American running in Hahn's victory lies in the fact that it may convince youngsters that there is no need to put in the amount of work undertaken by the European runner. It is truly American to look for short cuts to victory. That is not the process that has given the Europeans world supremacy over the distances. And it should be added that while Hahn pursued no such schedule of preparation as Wide's, he nevertheless went in for a terrific racing campaign from the very beginning of the indoor season.

OUTSIDE of the added entries, the Knights of Columbus are to be congratulated on their sense of

dramatic values in staging this race, which may, after all, turn out to be the best ever run in a century of St. Patrick's Days. All officials and field competitors were ordered out of the midfield, save only the referee, the now slightly bald Col. Theodore Roosevelt, the judges and the timers. The runners left their marks to a great cheer and the smoke of many flashlights, the Swede hitting the first turn in last place. Thereafter, to the finish, the crowd of 12,000 remained on its own and neighboring feet, howling for the American competitor, with an occasional Friendly Son cheering for the Swede with the idea that his green trunks made him at least an adopted son of the Free State. The Boston runner went to the front for the moment, but obviously did not want to carry the pace, as he was relying on his sprint at the turn to beat the Swedish schoolmaster. Goodwin then promptly took up the task for which he had been entered. He shot away to the front at an impossible pace. To get out of the pack Wide had to circle it and shoot on past Hahn into second place. This was faster, without a doubt, and further, than he had planned to go, but there was no help for it. For the first four laps Goodwin led the field, obviously running himself out, with Wide and Hahn second and third and just a pace apart. At this stage there is no doubt that Hahn, too, was running by the clock, for Goodwin was no more a help to him than he was a temptation to Wide.

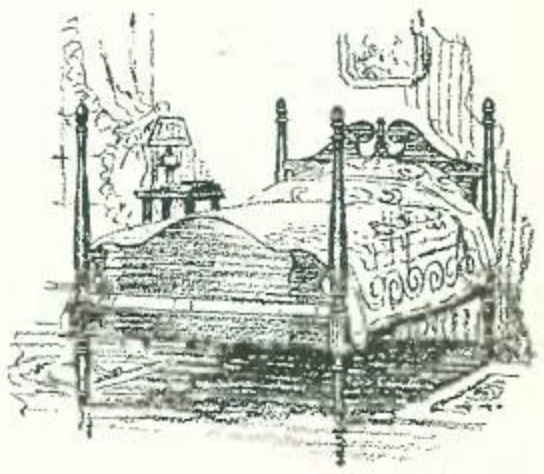
CLOSING out the sixth lap, Goodwin was still in the van, but he was about pumped out. In the meantime, Connolly had shot through in another attempt at a pacemaker's pull-out. It was a burst that no man whose hope was victory had any right to make, and this flash also failed to tease the Swede into a sprint. The plan to uncork any sprint Wide might have through any other agency than Hahn himself, therefore, met its second and final failure, for Sivak's attempt got him into fighting distance entirely too late. It was not until halfway through the seventh lap, at the Fiftieth Street side of the Garden, that Wide made his first real bid.

He held this lead for a lap, running easily, but the effort had taken him a little beyond his time schedule, and undoubtedly took something of his reserve. The Bostonian jumped the lead in characteristic fashion at the



ROBIN HOOD'S great-great-grandfather's bed—if it were like others of his time—had sliding side panels, a wooden roof, and could easily have been converted into quite a decent clothes closet.

¶Posterity, always progressive, condemned the contraption, and, century upon century later—in the middle of the Eighteenth or thereabouts—America, in some happy way, had developed the quaint Field bed with its gracefully arching canopy of net, and four tall posts. Reproduced authentically, as it is here, no more entrancing creation for comfort exists. ¶Later, as if to satisfy those of us with more conservative leanings, the canopy was forsaken, and the posts shortened, giving us another pleasant piece, in a goodly number of styles. ¶Again and again and again we shall repeat, willy nilly, that prices here are just, sensible, and fully as appealing to your economic sense, as



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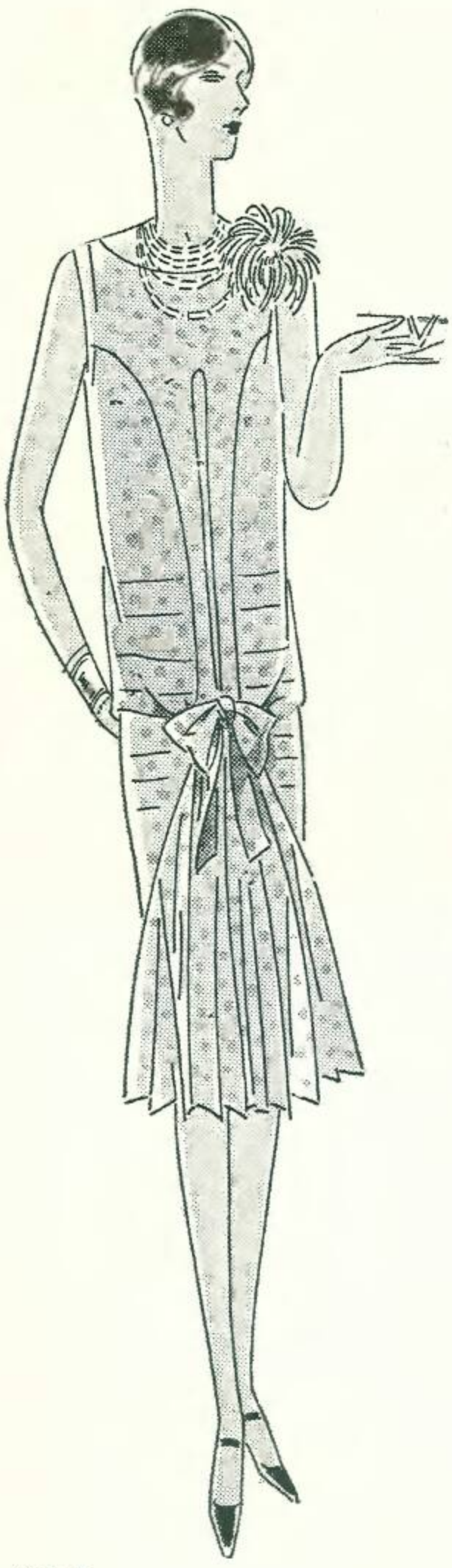

"MILER SOEURS" combine the bib front, the swathed hip-line and the front flare in this gown of printed chiffon. The original, $250; The copy, $89.50

beginning of the ninth lap. The Swede, however, had two distinct sprints left, and they were good ones. He everlastingly confounded his American critics, who had stoutly maintained that he had no sprint, by putting on a final savage spurt in the stretch. Hahn, head down, met it just in time, with a last pounding effort that carried him through to a spectacular and thoroughly deserved victory.

IT IS interesting to note that Wide covered the 1,500 meters in 3:56-3-5, within 3-5 seconds of Nurmi's record. It is true that the Swede prefers a longer distance than the mile, but he has certainly qualified as one of the most dangerous men in the world at the 1,500 meters and at the mile, and the world's record at either distance out of doors is within the range of his possibilities. However, to borrow golfing terms, "match play" running seems to have it on "medal play" running, for the moment.

—HERBERT REED

COURT GAMES

Mr. Coward's Dilemma

MR. THOMAS RIDGWAY COWARD is in a position to appreciate the tragedy of William Johnston's defeat by Jean Borotra in the national lawn tennis championship last September. For six years the Californian had found his path towards the crown blocked by William Tilden, who defeated him each succeeding season on five occasions in the final round. Last September, Henri Cochet, of Lyons, obligingly removed Tilden from the championship picture and everything, it seemed, was set for Johnston. At last, with his nemesis out of the play, the way was prepared for him to regain the crown, which he had held in 1915 and 1919. And then Borotra, who never in all his life had won a set from the Californian, overcame a 2—0 lead and put America's second ranking player out of the tournament.

It was in 1922 that Coward last won the national amateur squash tennis championship. Mr. Edward Coward, his father, wore a green necktie on the day of that final, and in going to the Harvard Club for the match he followed a certain course, taking care

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—***Georgia O'Ramey***
featured in "The Ramblers"

L. L. Wrote in The New Yorker

Anne Gérarde, who had built up an extensive cliéntèle by the treatments she gave in her own apartment, is now holding forth in an intimate Provençal salon on the seventh floor at 5 East Fifty-seventh Street. She happens to have studied with Dr. Payot, a famous Parisian facial specialist, almost long enough to emerge with an M.D. degree of her own.

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—L. L.

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to pass a certain cigar store and to cross the street diagonally from that point. Each year since Coward *père* has worn that green necktie whenever Coward *fils* has played in the championship and has religiously taken the old route to the matches. But for four years the gods were not to be appeased—mainly for the reason that Fillmore Hyde was also playing.

This year Mr. Hyde obligingly removed himself from the championship by betaking himself to Europe, and once more Coward *père* took out the green necktie, now too faded and threadbare to be worn, and put it in his breast pocket. Surely this was to be Thomas' year. Hadn't he won every tournament in which he had played this season—the Princeton and Yale Invitations and the Westchester-Biltmore Cocktail? Wasn't he playing the best squash of any man in the amateur ranks, and hadn't he beaten Rowland Haines, of Columbia, every time they had met during the season? Who else was there in the tournament for him to fear?

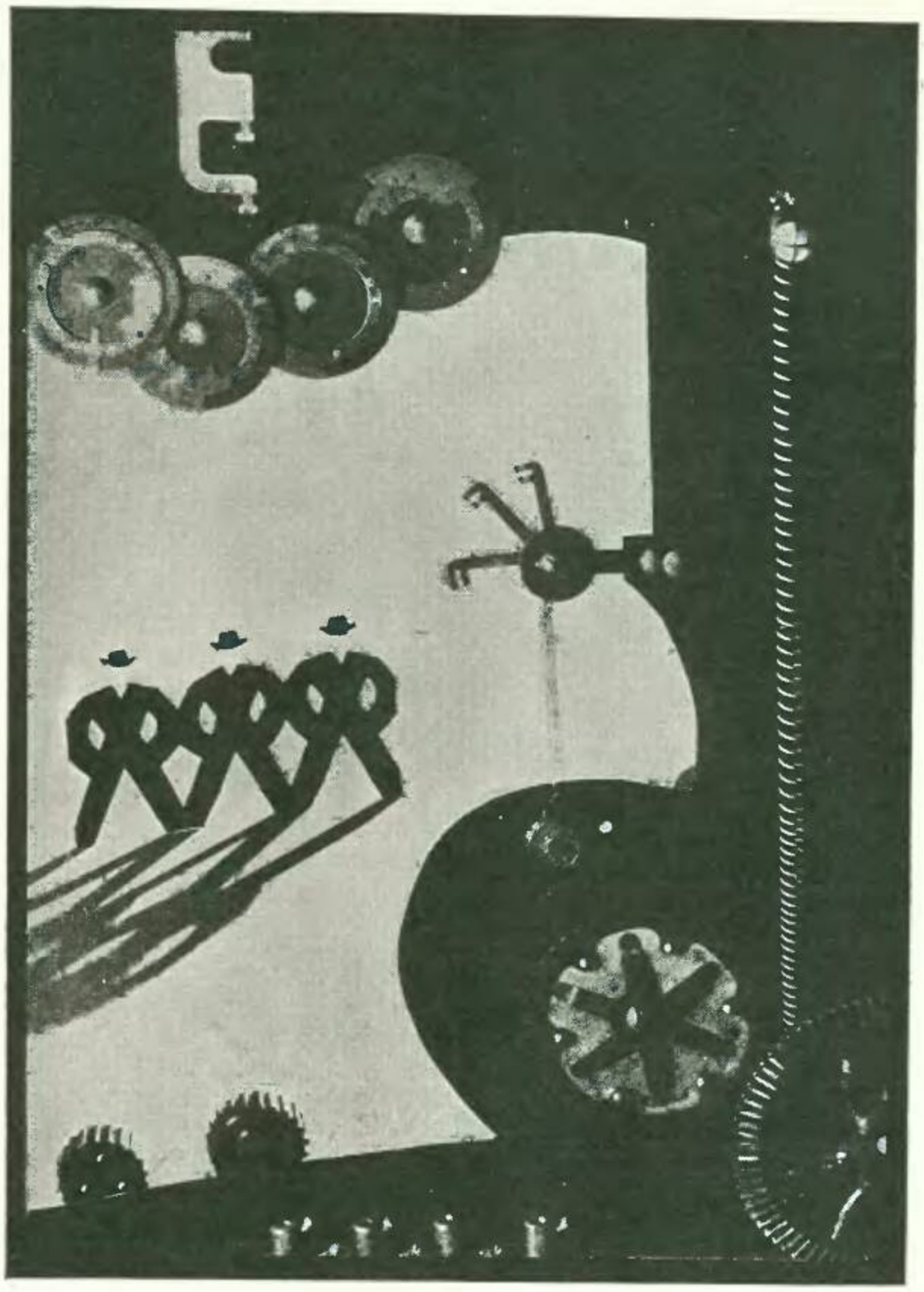
Certainly not Mr. Rand, for the winner of the 1925 championship had not been going well for many weeks. Mr. Mixsell, of Princeton, the forty-four-year old champion? Hardly. He had beaten Mixsell decisively in their last meeting. Yes, it seemed only too true—a man would be a sucker to lay his money against Mr. Coward. This was Fat Man's Year in every sport, as had already been shown by young Mr. Maloney, the fat boy of Boston, and the fat-salaried Mr. Babe Ruth.

I'd hate to tell you how much money changed hands when Mr. Mixsell took the first game from Mr. Coward. The Yale contingent in the gallery paid plenty. One of the gentlemen had laid nine wagers that his clubmate wouldn't lose a game. He was terribly hurt. It wasn't the money, but the principle of it. Imagine leading at 14—10 and then losing the game!

AS FOR Mr. Coward, he was more than hurt. He was so disgusted with himself that he forgot most of the good squash he knew and made such distressing errors of judgment and timing that I feared Coward *père* would disown him.

It is my belief that the loss of that first game cost Coward the match. He never got over it, mentally. Instead of keeping his mind on his work he was scourging himself for his

ADVENTURES OF THE FABRIC GROUP No. 9



"What is it—one of Rube Goldberg's mosquito destroyers?" "No, it must be the widget factory from 'Metropolis'". "You're both wrong. It's a woolen tester. They use it on all the fabrics that go into Fabric Group suits."

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slovenly start and thereafter he was forever running into the ball as it came off the front wall or lagging in his footwork and getting trapped by a dead ball in the back corner when he might have played the shot sooner.

But bad as Coward was, he still might have won the match had not Mr. Mixsell been so amazingly good on the defense. The Princeton veteran made it his business to keep up front, and it was a rare occasion when he failed to return the other's up-and-down wallops—which added greatly to the Yale gentleman's mental discomfiture. This impenetrability on the defense and a service that was good for points in every pinch were the big factors in Mr. Mixsell's victory.

Nothing quite so exciting as the final game of this match has been seen all season. After winning the fourth chapter Coward took an early lead in the fifth and, until the score reached 12—10 in his favor, had a slight edge. Mixsell was fighting to stay on even terms with him and it would have been a losing fight had not Coward made so many miscues, which helped the Princetonian finally to gain the dangerous lead of 14—12.

Mr. Coward now hung on grimly and managed to pull up to 14—all, setting a game of 3. The score went to 1—all, then to 2—all. Upon a single point now hung the match. As you can well imagine, the gallery, which was jammed to the roof of the balcony (I was hanging on to a beam, never knowing when I would carry a couple of parasites down with me into the void below), was cock-eyed. Mr. Coward had the service, and passed up his chance. It was his last one. Mixsell became hand-in. He served. The next instant the two were in a furious rally and then Mr. Coward was caught up front by a soft shot that trapped him in a rear corner, his own return failing to get up.

THE FINAL match between Mixsell and Haines, who had put out Rand, wasn't much of a contest. The Princeton veteran had stopped Mr. Coward's smashes, but he was blown off the court by the volcanic wallops of Mr. Haines. Every time the Columbian set himself to lean on the ball the gallery held its ears. If you heard one of Mr. Hindenburg's B-I Cans explode as you ducked for a shellhole you have some idea of the dynamite in Mr. Haines' racket.

Before the match Mixsell remarked that he was going to stay out in front

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of the other. But after he had been hit a half dozen times by the rebounding ball he realized it was safer to let Haines have his way. That way was to hold a position well up forward, meet every ball on the volley or half volley and play nothing safe. There was one crazy rally in the last game in which the Columbian pulled the trigger on the ball so fast for a dozen strokes that you would have thought a machine-gun was in action. It was the most magnificent exhibition of perfect timing and sureness of stroking I have seen all season, and the gallery went wild.

I've neglected to say that Mr. Haines won the match, and thereby brought the title to the Columbia University Club for the first time in the history of the championship. With the exception of 1923, this is the only time the championship hasn't gone to Yale or Harvard. —ALLISON DANZIG

INDOOR TENNIS

Borotra and Brugnon

THE chauvinists who have refused to believe that America's star in tennis set at Forest Hills last September found little from which to take encouragement in the international indoor match between the Sporting Club of Paris and the Heights Casino in Brooklyn, which was won by the French on the second day of play.

It is a sad commentary on metropolitan tennis that not only was the Casino unable to muster a winning team but it had to go to Philadelphia for its leading player in the person of Spain's Davis Cup ace, Manuel Alonso. There is no getting around it —the defection of Vincent Richards from the amateur ranks has left New York hopelessly behind Philadelphia and California as a bulwark of the nation's tennis strength.

However, the fact that Borotra and Brugnon won the match is nothing to take alarm over. Indoor play is quite distinct from turf court tennis, and it happens that the French excel particularly at the hothouse game. There are more and better covered courts in France, and the indoor game has much more of a vogue there than in this country. In addition to this, the Casino courts are not ideally suited to championship tennis, though they are far superior to any others in New

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York and are splendidly lighted. The scrambling area outside the lines is too restricted, and a shot that has any kind of angle on it is hardly playable. Of course, it is just as fair for the Americans as it is for the French —more so, perhaps, because the invaders are not so accustomed to the Casino courts—but just the same the results of the indoor matches should not be stressed too seriously as a portent of what the future holds in store in the Davis Cup matches. Not while Tilden, Johnston and Dick Williams are still available to fill the breach.

MR. C. C. PYLE'S venture into professional tennis has reached an impasse and the indications are that, unless he can induce Tilden to sign on the dotted line some year in the future, he will devote his promoting talents to other fields, though the spirit that moved him isn't entirely defunct. Indeed, the gentleman who made money talk so persuasively to so many of the sport's figureheads is likely to regard himself as an altruistic worker for tennis when he learns that the admission price charged at the Casino was $4 per ticket, which was at the rate of $2 per match, including the exhibition.

I think that the performance the Wheaton impresario put on at the Garden was more entertaining, and he gave you a very good seat for $2. There were some thirteen thousand who turned out for the matches at the Garden, while less than five hundred saw the three days of play at the Casino, although it was announced that every seat had been sold in advance and only standing room could be obtained. If all the seats *were* sold, then the Casino realized a pretty penny from the matches, for Messrs. Borotra, Brugnon, Alonso, Hunter, Washburn and Mathey are all amateurs, so there was no payroll to cut into the profits, which were further swelled by the dispensing of tea, tickets for which (it was announced by the umpires) could be purchased at the office. It occurred to many of us that the tea might have been thrown in with the $4 admission charge.

BEFORE he went on the court with Frank Hunter, Borotra confided to me that last year he spent one hundred and ninety-eight days in sleepers and ship cabins, not counting the hours he had travelled in aeroplanes, and he is out to break his record this year. He arrived from Washing-

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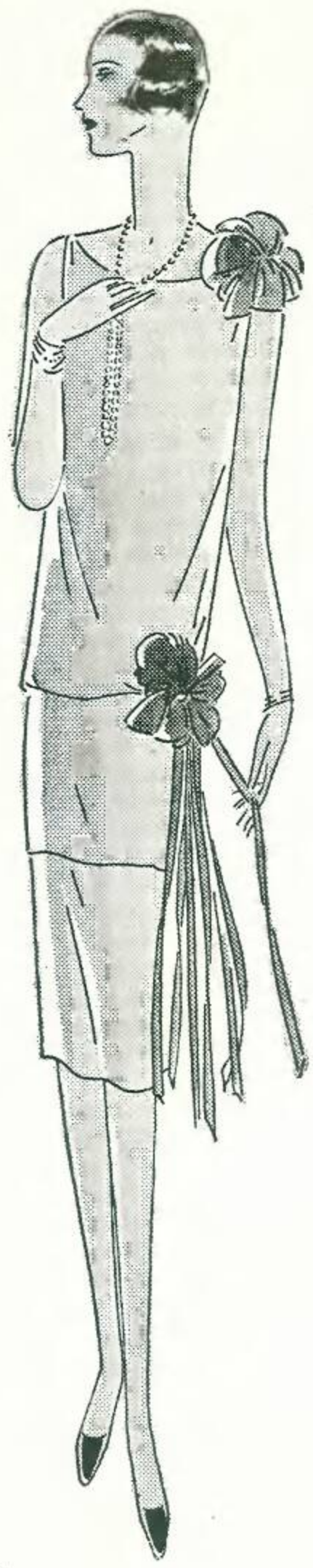

"MILER SOEURS" use crumpled flowers of crepe and a sash of strips. The Original, $325; The copy, $75.

ton the day the matches began, for he is again combining business with tennis as on his two previous Winter visits to the States, and the effects of his journeying were apparent in his play. He was far less effective than was Brugnon, who looked much the better player of the two in his brilliant victory over Alonso, a victory gained after the Spanish dynamo had been within a stroke of winning in the fifth set.

There is no question as to which is the better player of the two Frenchmen on turf courts, but indoors Brugnon is almost as dangerous as his higher ranking countryman. His service is incomparably superior, and his volleys, which are made with the nonchalance and the extended racket of Cochet, can be just as effective because of the daring with which he angles them. Overhead, of course, there is no comparison. Borotra stands by himself as a smasher of lobs, as he proved in the doubles match, in which he went back repeatedly almost to his baseline to bring down with spectacular kills the high parabolas of Washburn and Mathey. The burly Gerald Patterson is perhaps more deadly in bringing down a short lob, but on the deep tosses he isn't nearly as sure in his stroking as the Basque. But those who live by the sword also die by the same weapon; the lob has ruined Borotra in more close matches than any other shot.

Lacoste beats him because Lacoste knows how to use the lob, and almost every time Borotra goes to the net Lacoste puts the ball over his head. It was the lob that he used to kill Borotra off in the final of the national indoor championship last winter, and again in the final of the turf court championship at Forest Hills. It is because Lacoste employs the lob with such deadly precision that Borotra fears to meet his countryman more than any other player in the world. "He kills me," the Basque is wont to mourn, with a discouraging shake of his head. If only Johnston and Richards had taken a leaf from Lacoste's copious notebook last summer!

In doubles play Borotra is not to be killed off so easily, for he has a partner to carry on while he recovers from his exertions. Washburn and Mathey had just the right depth on their lobs and used them frequently, but almost every one of these counted against them, so unerring and severe was Borotra overhead.

Washburn, as a singles player, has gone off considerably in the past few

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years, but as a doubles player he is still one of the best in the world. His instinct for putting the ball in the right place is infallible, and he slaps it across the net so low and fast and at such sharp angles—particularly on his return of service—that his opponent must have a wrist of steel to handle it.

Mathey, also, is much better in doubles than he is in singles, and the indoor game is his specialty. He handles himself with the smoothness and quickness of the natural athlete, with perfect coördination between brain and muscle, and there is no player I know of who is more adept at making half volleys off his feet with every variety of twist and spin of the body. Half of the shots he makes would be classed as flukes if made by another player, but with him they are natural.

It was only by the margin of two points that the Casino team failed to win the doubles, according to the official record, and, in reality, they came within a single stroke of victory. In one of the games of the fourth set, with the score 6—7 in their favor, Borotra made an overhead kill shot that was out by a foot. But the ball travelled so fast that the official on the side line failed to see it, and it went as good. That made the score thirty-love in favor of the French, when it should have been fifteen-all, and as the Americans took the next two points they would have led at fifteen-forty. As it was, Borotra and Brugnon took the next two points for the game, and ultimately won the set to tie the score at two sets all, and then went on to capture the fifth, in which Borotra played like a streak. It was well that the Basque reached such irresistible heights in this final chapter, for Brugnon went to pieces, seven times in succession, erring in his stroking.

INDOOR POLO

Team Play Backing Up "Gerry" Smith—Brooklyn Turns Back West Point

SUPERB combination play on manifestly superior mounts, supporting the great individual efforts of "Gerry" Smith, served to turn back the West Point officers, a team built around Charlie Gerhardt, the Army internationalist, in

A MAN'S APPROBATION

Only occasionally do we hear direct echos of a man's views upon his wife's visits to her hair-dresser.

One comment which came to us recently, we observe, seems to be apt. "I consider my wife's weekly appointment at the Charles-of-the-Ritz Salon to be an excellent investment. Better than visits to her M.D. She comes home looking younger and feeling smarter—always.

If husbands think like this, what do you suppose others usually more observing may say?

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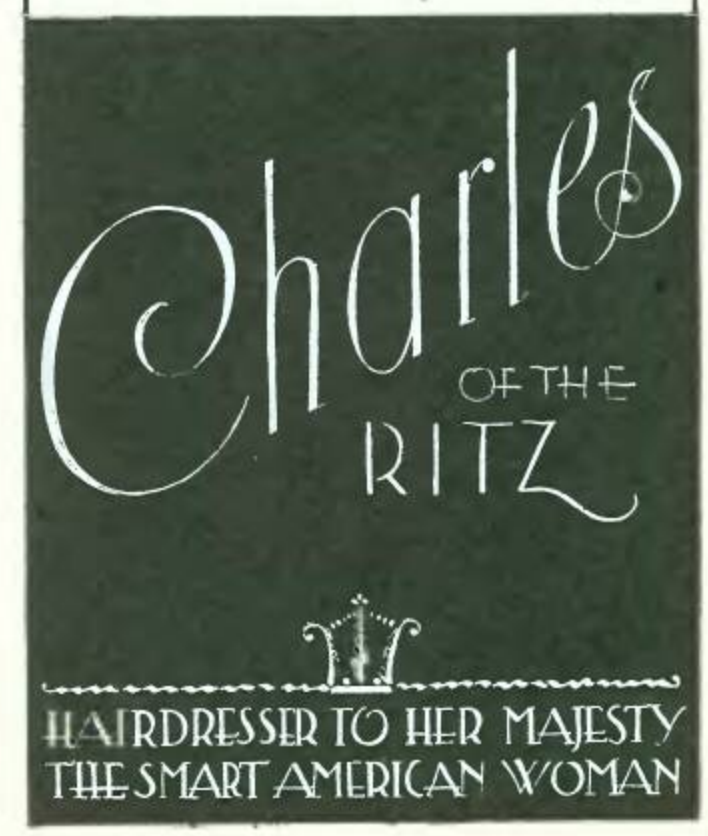
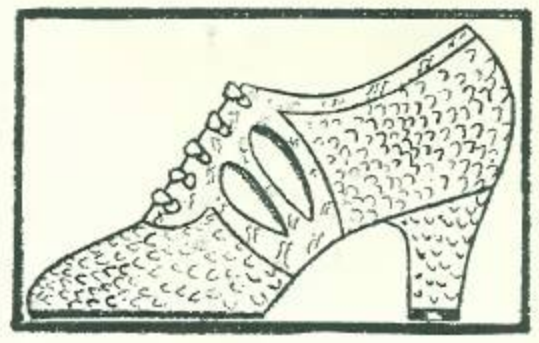


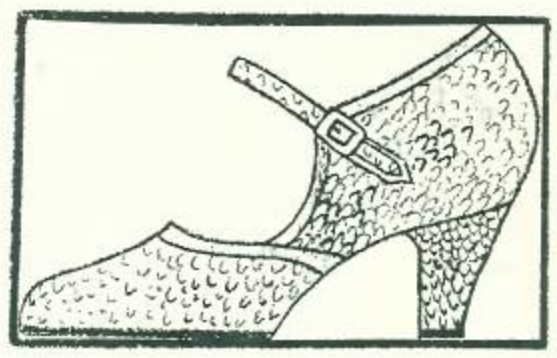
the first round of the Class A championships in the Squadron A Armory the other night. As a result, the Brooklynites loom up as favorites for the title. There was no disputing the character of their horseflesh, and to this observer at least, it seems doubtful if the committee, in raising Gerard Smith's handicap, has come as far up the ladder as it might have come. There are good judges of the indoor game who believe that Smith is the best man playing indoor polo today, and they think that he ought to be handicapped on a par with Arch Kinney, Dr. Blackwell, and Winston Guest.

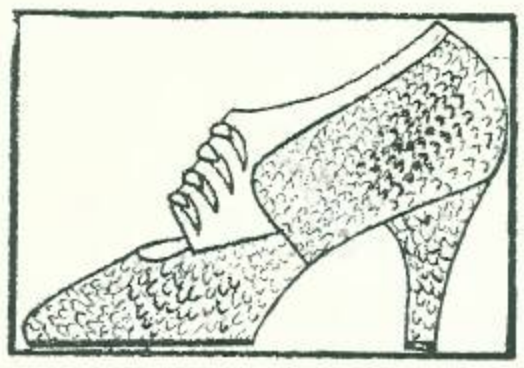
This feeling doesn't mean a belief that the Brooklynites are enjoying an unearned advantage—the appreciation of Smith's play is simply a fine rapture over indoor polo as it should be played.

The West Pointers, with Gerhardt handling the generalship as he used to on the football field, were prepared for Smith, but it appears that no amount of preparation is going to stop this remarkable player. Cole was assigned to him for a time, and later Gerhardt himself took over the task of handling him, but the Brooklynite, in addition to his dexterity with the mallet on all sides of his mount, was in a saddle that moved faster than anything the West Point officers had to offer, and this time they were on their own ponies, a string usually considered very much better than mediocre, and brought down from the famous military academy riding-hall for the occasion.

THE Brooklyn men took the match by the one-sided score of 15—6½, getting away to a flashing start and pulling out easily throughout the match. Before the two teams went into action the theory was that the men from across the bridge would be the favorites because their game was pivoted around Smith, at No. 2, whereas the combination play of the West Pointers was built around Gerhardt at No. 3. It so happened, however, that Sackman, the Brooklyn back, proved an even better man in action than Gerhardt, so the versatility of the Brooklyn attack was far greater than that of the men from the Hudson. I doubt if there has been a better display of horsemanship and hitting in an indoor game of recent years than that put on by Smith. For he was not only a heavy scorer, both backhand and forehand, but in addition a capable rider-off, who made it pos-







Genuine Lizard—$18.50

Lizard—what a word! In Java and India it signifies the goal of a thousand avid buyers . . . in a fashion magazine it names the favorite among modes in footwear . . . at Shoecraft it is represented in the finished shoes themselves, inimitable as to styling, unmatchable — in such a quality — as to price. Since only a limited quantity of the finer skins is obtainable, early purchases are recommended.

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sible for Sackman, whose hitting is as sound as that of any back playing the indoor game, to come through to the attacking position.

Throughout all this shuttle and shift of the flexible Brooklyn team, there was always Parsons on very fast mounts, out in the clear, and frequently in the mouth of the enemy's goal. This freedom of a No. 1 has become one of the essentials of the indoor game just as it has been of the outdoor tactics, and for the same reason. With Smith and Sackman outplaying Cole and Gerhardt, there was no need of Parsons on the defense, and he was out front either to take long feeding shots, or to ride off the defensive back in the interest of his No. 2 and his back. It was, indeed, Parsons who had a great deal to do with the ruination of the West Point generalship. Keeping Gerhardt out of the play a considerable part of the time, he not only had the Hudson attack spiked, but also forced the up-river team to the defense.

WHEN one disposes of men as smart in the matter of equitation as are the West Point officers, one is pretty nearly beyond criticism, and that is the point the Brooklynites seem to have reached. They may come a cropper before the tournament is over, but it will be through no lack of horsemanship. Nor will it be through lack of mounts. It may be that some of Harriman's string are faster and handier than the Brooklyn ponies, but it would take an actual contest to settle that point. As the tournament stands at the moment of writing, the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club is the most impressive trio afield, with a chance that the New York Athletic Club will look about as good, as a team, when it goes into action. The cheering for Brooklyn should last a week at any rate.

ANOTHER Brooklyn organization, the 101st Cavalry, just missed out in the Class B affair with the Squadron on the opening night of the tournament. These particular Brooklynites, Kornblum, Mortenson and Brachtel, were beaten 4—3 by the Squadron team of Fitzgibbon, Lull (better known as back than as No. 2), and Bill Klausner, the heavyweight last defense man of the New York cavalrymen. The Squadron started with a handicap of a single goal, made its other three tallies by aggressive attack in the first chukker,

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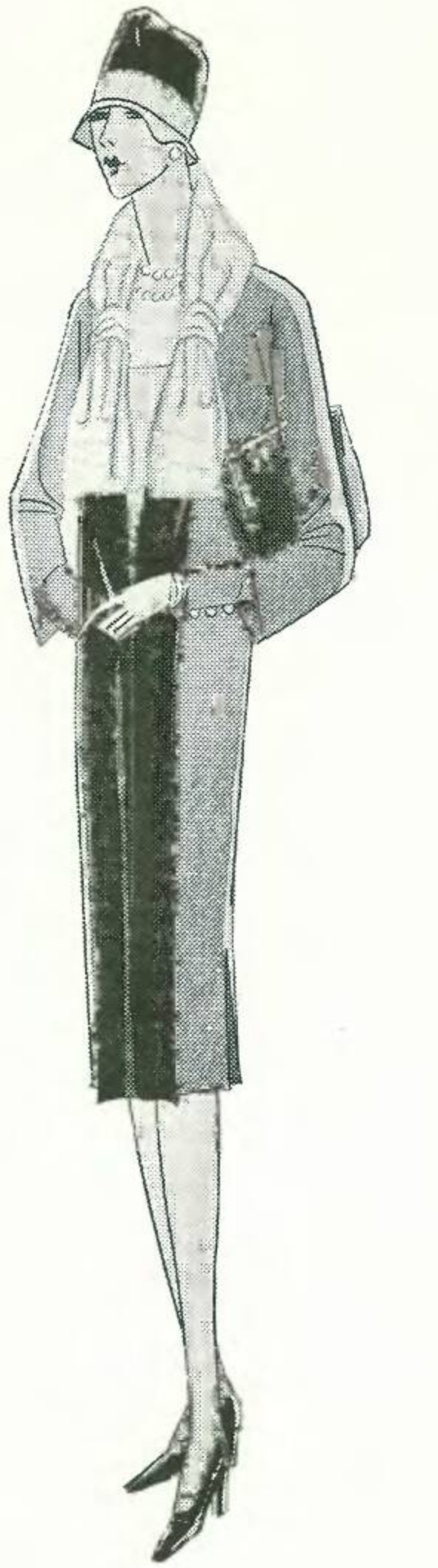


ANOTHER model by Paquin suggested this kasha coat. With ermine, $235; with mole, $110; with velvet, $75

and thereafter had its hands full staving off rally after rally by the men from Brooklyn. It was a hard game to lose, and a most satisfactory one to win.

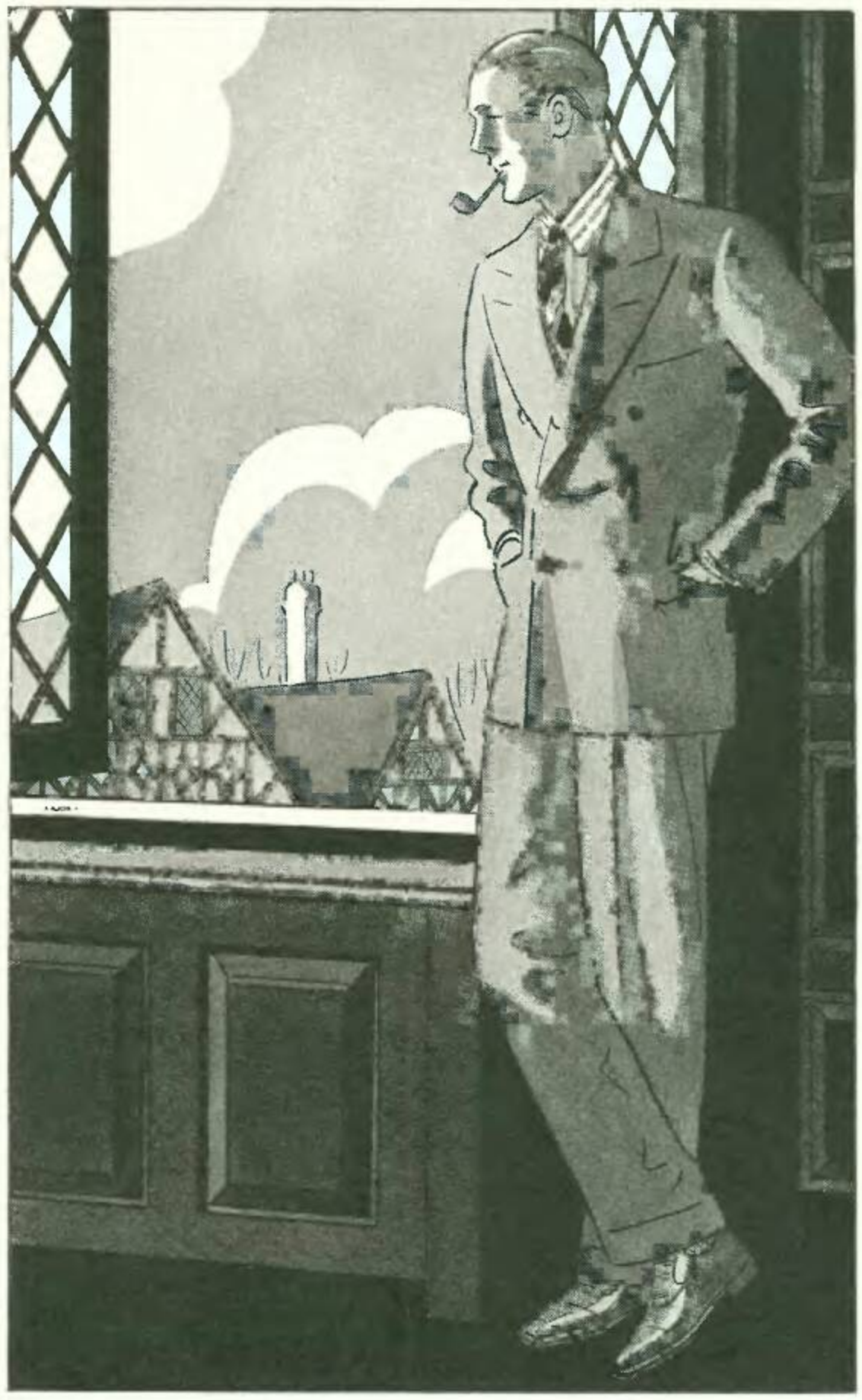
There will be more fireworks on Saturday, the twenty-sixth, but I consider it doubtful if any combination of No. 2 and back will have on tap a better exhibition than that staged in the first game by "Gerry" Smith and Sackman. —RIGHT WING

HOCKEY

Trading Tactics in Pro Circles

THIS IS the season of the year in which perverse hockey teams seem to take infinite delight in upsetting all the tidily arranged forecasts of the armchair critic. The Detroit Cougars appear to have more than their share of this perversity for, after having gravitated to the bottom of their group and stayed there all season, they now turn up with a brand of hockey that holds the league leaders in balk and utterly ruins the chances of those who hover on the outer fringe of the play-off group. On former appearances at the Garden the Detroiters have displayed some of the poorest hockey ever seen on New York ice. Last week they stepped a pace that held the Rangers to a 2—all tie at the end of the maximum eighty minutes; two nights later they poked a goal into the American cage in the first five minutes of play and then throughout the full three periods withstood all efforts of the local team to wipe out this small lead.

KEATS at centre and Briden at right defense were strong contributing factors to the success of the visitors; nor is it too much to suppose that they have had a deal to do with the late-season comeback of their team, when one recalls that during the first half of this year's schedule these two lads held, in an insecure fashion, substitute positions on the Boston team. Art Ross, the Boston bear-trainer, let it be generally known that MM. Keats and Briden were on the auction block and that no reasonable offer would be refused. As these conservative sales tactics proved ineffectual, the always resourceful Mr. Ross set out upon a



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BATH POWDER
Transparent drum protects the puff . . $3.50

FACE POWDER—
Four enchanting shades . . $3.50

PERFUME FLACON . . $2.00

LIP STICKS . $1.00

ROUGE
Scarlet, Apricot, Geranium . . $1.25

TOILET SOAP
$1.75 the cake
$5.00 the Box of Three

Created, Prepared and Sealed in packages in France. New to the New Yorker and already in tremendous vogue with the patrons of New York's smartest shops.

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personal canvass of the hockey circuit.

Earlier in the season Detroit had counted the two Icelanders, Fredericson and Haldersen, as the brightest stars in their constellation, for had they not led their former team, the Winnipeg Falcons, to victory both at home and abroad, even to winning the international supremacy in the Olympic Games? Detroit, however, soon became aware that these two Norsemen were, in point of present performance, but paper stars—gilt paper, perhaps, but certainly without its old accustomed brilliance. And when the persuasive Mr. Ross approached on his missionary journey he heard a voice crying in the wilderness, "Come over unto Michigan and help us!" Keats and Briden went to Detroit, while Fredericson and Stuart followed the prophet back to the promised land. Haldersen was later traded to the Toronto Maple Leaves, in return for Bellefeuille.

TO US on the side-lines these barterings appeared quite meet and just. In the matter of their past glories, as in their poor showing at the time of the barter, the players involved seemed about on a par. But, observe what followed this little game of "General Post." Bow your heads to the perspicacity of the wily managers—and behold the upshot:

Fredericson is starring at center for Boston, and ranks up near the top of the list of goal-getters. Keats and Briden are the mainstays of the Detroit outfit, Keats having replaced "Foxy" Foyston, the veteran at center. Bellefeuille is proving a tower of strength and a cyclone of speed as utility man for the Cougars; and Haldersen has had no mean part in the rejuvenation of the Toronto Maple Leaves. So everybody is happy—that is, everybody but the Chicago Braves and the New York Americans, who have grown so accustomed to downing Toronto and Detroit that on their well-thumbed, dog-eared schedules all encounters with these two former easymarks are ticked off as already won. Making good the checkmarks isn't so easy. —R. K. ARTHUR

•

PARTY WILL, IF PARTY'S WISE

Party who took new broom from 262 West Emerson Street was seen; if the party will return the broom and throw it in the back yard, no questions will be asked and nothing said about the matter. —*Bloomington (Ill.) Daily Pantagraph.*

You can travel without your husband

Traveling in Europe, husbands are really a handicap . . . yours may be different, but, as a husband, I think I know.

We husbands land in London or Paris and lead our wives to "our" hotel—of course, it is filled to overflowing, so we walk the streets trying to find just one vacant room.

We buy the wrong tickets . . . take the wrong train . . . just because we, as husbands, hate to ask advice.

You can travel without *your* husband . . . but if he must go —*you* make the arrangements.

Outline your plans to Raymond-Whitcomb and let their Individual Travel Service smooth out your itinerary, suggesting little places along the way that will greatly increase the interest of your trip abroad.

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SPRING SENTIMENT

THE FLOWER shop looked inviting, the door stood wide open, and I wandered in. After all, how better spend that unexpected ten dollars than by getting Mary a few orchids? The money had practically dropped from the sky, Mary did love orchids, and it was balmy and warm and almost spring. An efficient-looking salesman sauntered towards me. He smiled, imbued no doubt with the spring spirit of the day. "You want orchids? Yes, sir, five dollars apiece." A gust of air blew through the shop as he spoke, scattering a few leaves from a magenta azalea plant in the corner. I shivered a bit and cleared my throat. "How about something a trifle less expensive? Violets for example. How much are they?" "Four dollars a bunch, sir. Very nice and fresh." A cloud blotted out the sun and the atmosphere darkened perceptibly. "The lady I'm buying these for—I've just remembered she doesn't like violets—What about the arbutus?" He looked at me with a faint but well-bred trace of scorn. "Three dollars, sir." The air had become noticeably cooler, dark clouds seemed to have covered the sky, and several large drops of rain could be seen on the pavement outside. "After all, I think a gardenia would be the best—it's a nice little attention and they do smell so good." The scorn was more perceptible but the salesman obediently moved over to the case where the gardenias were reposing, carefully encased in cotton batting. Then the storm broke. The rain came down in torrents. I thought of the umbrella I had been meaning to buy for the last month. I thought of the taxi I should have to take home. "Never mind," I shouted as I ran out the door, "I'll come back tomorrow when it's clear."

—ELEANOR BACHMAN

•

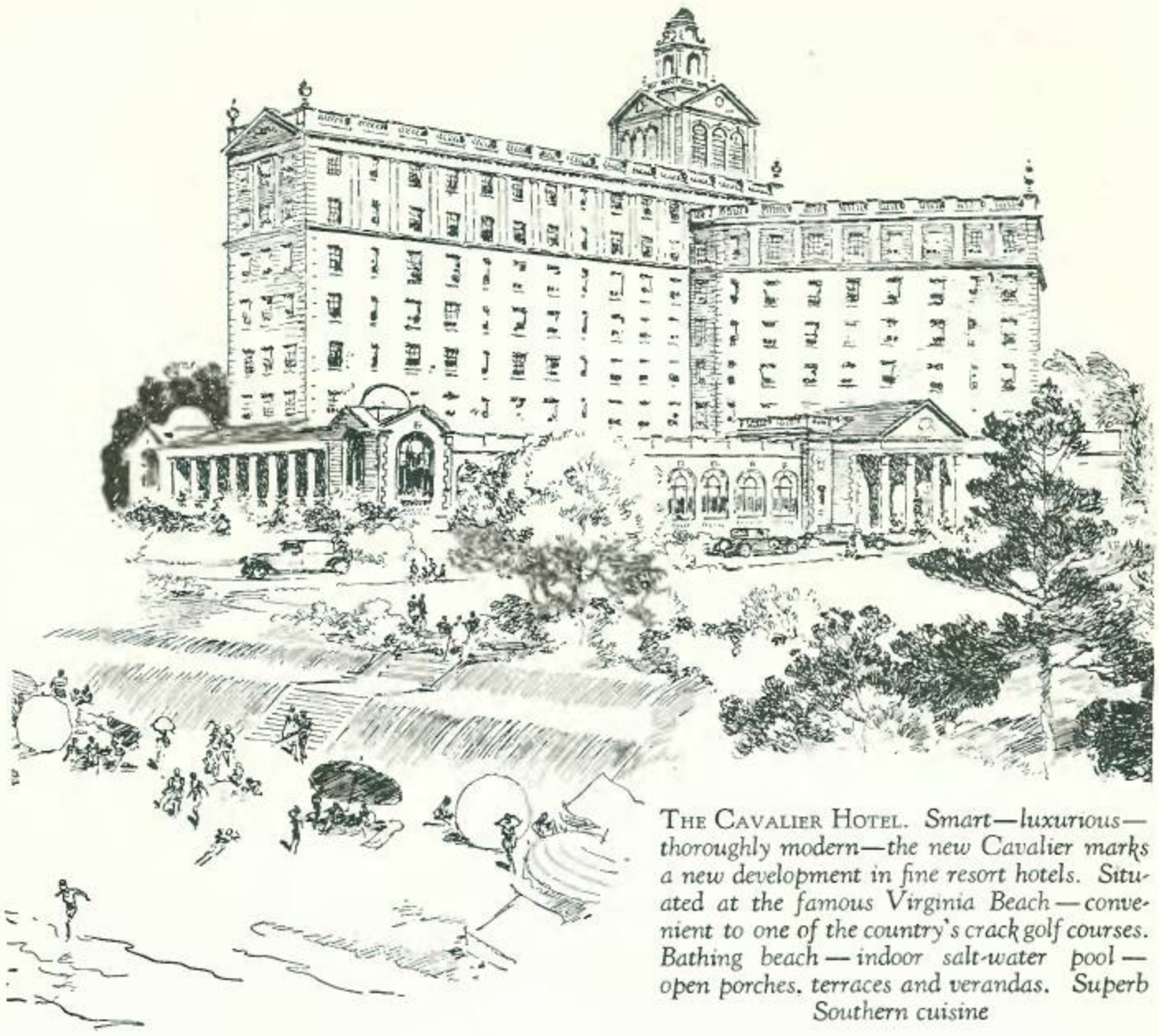
IF I WERE KING

At the slightest signs of spring
I'd become a crazy king,
Drape a pansy in my hair,
And fish for trout in Union Square,
Or put the matrons ill at ease
By wearing bathing suits at teas.

—P. C.

•

Chicken bone kills man as doctors fail.
—*Headline in Houston (Tex.) Post.*
Good to know about.



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The NEW CAVALIER
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All this and more is yours at the new Cavalier Hotel—the latest of the many well-known hostelries of Tidewater Virginia.

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Many fine hotels at Virginia Beach—Ocean View—Cape Henry—Norfolk—offer excellent accommodations to suit the most exacting taste. You can reach this famous section easily—only an overnight trip from the great centers of population. The Tourist Information Bureau, Norfolk, Va., will be glad to provide you with complete information about where to stay, what to see and do to make your visit to this famous playground interesting and delightful. Write for booklet.

GOLF. *The Princess Anne golf course—just one of seven sporty courses in this vacation area. Popular with both professionals and amateurs. The mild climate is ideal for year-round golf*

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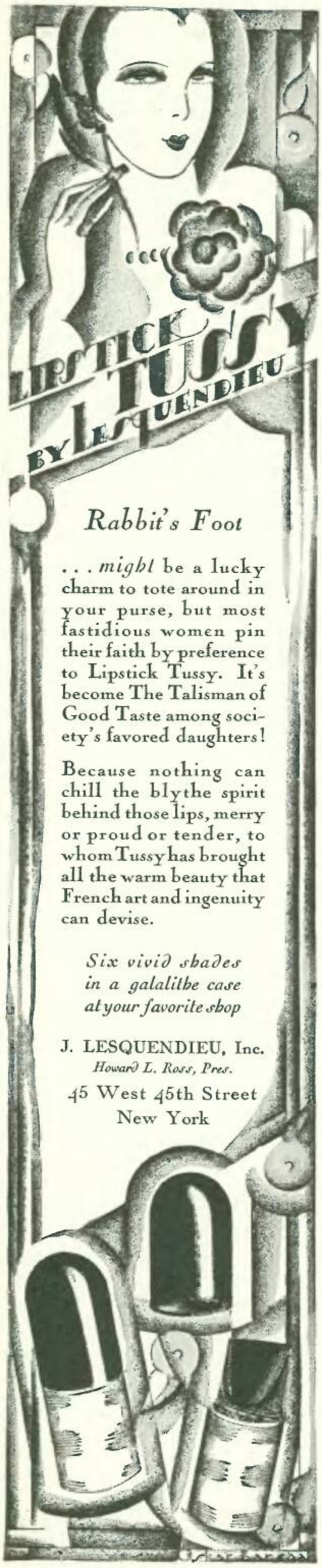

CITY GARDENS

I

Roofs and Rhododendrons—The Saga of the Seed — Cabbages and Kingfishers

THE Back to Nature movement, so florists solemnly assure me, has hit Park Avenue above the fifteenth story, and while the central parkway is left to the casual caress of the banana peel and cigarette stub, plants are being enthusiastically watered on the terraces of the loftier apartments. To the dead-serious gardeners who call holycross *lychnis arkwrightii* and get dirt under their fingers which no amount of Eclador will conceal, I have nothing to say. But to the dilettantes who can take their gardens or leave them alone the following modest encyclopedia of information is addressed.

Very nice little gardens can be made by the amateur who steers clear of all unseemly erudition and realizes, at the start, that his flowers are apt to be incidental. Whether the garden is to adorn a roof, a backyard or a simple window-box, the owner should take all sorts of precautions in the way of tiles, ironwork and terra cotta jars against the possibility that nothing will bloom, after all. One far-sighted gentleman on West Fifty-seventh Street has given his garden the sure attraction of a trout pond surrounded by full-grown trees where serious fishermen may be seen casting and reeling-in in deadly earnest. But only at the true trout season, mind you, for the pond is as much bound by the game laws as any Adirondack stream.

Whatever combination of gravel, cinders and clay at present occupies the site of your garden had better be ignored and a considerable investment laid out for good, rich soil. At the bottom, have a six-inch layer of coal ashes for drainage, topped off by two or three feet of fibrous earth. This can be bought for $7.50 a bushel from any florist who deals in bedding-out plants, or more cheaply from contracting company, without guarantees as to its components. A sample should be sent for free analysis to the Department of Agriculture at Albany; ten to one, the verdict will be over-acidity, so you may as well begin to correct this fault while the government is taking its course. Lime and wood ash are the usual correctives,

The restaurant with a culinary conscience is rare as a moving-picture house with an artistic conscience—but it does exist.

CRILLON

Restaurant service is like weather. When weather is blizzardly one notices it, and when it is blazing hot one notices it. But when weather or restaurant service is perfect one is hardly more conscious of it than of the act of breathing—therein lies the perfection.

CRILLON

"Better to be civil to the kitchen-god than to the god of the inner sanctum."

Chinese Proverb.

CRILLON

CRILLON, Cafe and Restaurant, decorated by Winold Reiss, is open (including Sunday) for breakfast, luncheon and dinner. Baumgarten Management. Entrance at 277 Park Avenue and 116 East 48th. Complete Restaurant Service to 277 Park Avenue Apartments.

and although some local adepts have had success with buttermilk and soapsuds, I recommend an attitude of rigid conservatism. Fertilizer, another essential, can be obtained from any seedstore—bone meal and sheep manure are the most esteemed. If the earth is to be confined to a few terra cotta urns, the outlay for soil will be trivial; if it is to spread over the entire surface of a roof terrace, it will mount up. But anyone who can afford a penthouse, as penthouses go these days, should not quibble over the price of sheep manure.

IF THE garden belongs to the usual variety which is neglected for two or three months while the family bathes at Bar Harbor, the matter of background becomes complicated. Evergreens do badly, and have to be replaced every few years, with two glorious exceptions—the Japanese yew and the Japanese holly. These are guaranteed to thrive in the shade of the Larkin Building, and as they are of contrasting shapes and shades of green, their combination is effective.

Of deciduous trees, the ailanthus is the best. The way this mounts from a courtyard of unbroken stone would bring a lump to your throat! Its only drawback is the tendency of many varieties to give off an unpleasant odor, so, unless you are prepared to spray your garden with Nuit de Noël, you had better investigate the antecedents of any ailanthus you buy. The funny, twisted ginkgo and the European linden are good bets in the city, and if there is sufficient breathing space the magnolia will burst into bloom. This last should be unmercifully pruned, to insure large flowers —perhaps you had better leave that to the butler.

Of shrubs, the most satisfactory and obvious is the California privet. The caragana is more *recherché* and has a little yellow blossom towards June, and the Forsythia takes to our pesky climate like a charm. Oddly enough the rhododendron, which I had always imagined as growing under glass, has a genuine affinity for the soot and sulphuric acid of the city. All these trees and shrubs should be ordered from a good nursery which will send your tree to you, tenderly wrapped in burlap with lots of nice free earth about its roots. Some of the nurseries will even send a representative to see that it is properly transplanted. Bobbink & Atkins, of Rutherford, New

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SPANGLED
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MADRID has been called "the spangled city" because of the magnificence of the jewels worn by its beauties. Spanish ideas have found their way into American jewelry. Pear-shaped gems, of which Castilian women are so fond, are made by Udall & Ballou into ear-drops and pendants decorative and characterful.

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GO-to-day—to one of our exclusive men's shops maintained for the convenience of our patrons and prospective patrons—allow an attendant to show you Comfort, Style and Quality, such as you never imagined a shoe could possess. THEN—treat your feet as they deserve to a pair of FRENCH, SHRINER & URNER'S. You'll never regret it.

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131 West 42d Street — 365 Broadway
1263 Broadway — 1843 Broadway

BROOKLYN
367 Fulton Street

Other stores in Boston (1), New York (6), Brooklyn (1), Philadelphia (1), Chicago (2), Detroit (1), Cleveland (1), St. Paul (1), Minneapolis (1), Kansas City (1), and Seattle (1). Agencies in other important cities.

Jersey, Julia Roehrs, also of Rutherford, and Hicks, of Westbury, Long Island, are all good.

Hicks, the old man of the seeds, is noted for his ability to transplant trees at the most *outré* seasons, but the new gardener will avoid trouble if he acts according to Hoyle and plants deciduous trees before they have acquired their leaves in the spring or after they have shed them in the fall—with the preference pointing to the former.

THE GROUND covering, if it is not of solid tiles or flags, may be made of grass (which requires lots of water and does badly in the shade), or of some trailing vine. Max Schling, 618 Madison Avenue, makes up a special mixture of grass seed for shady places, and sod may be procured, rather expensively, from any good nursery. Grass seed should be sown the first week in April in ground that has been stirred about and treated with lime. For the Stygian gloom of an apartment garden, English ivy and euonymus are best. Against a trellis which sees the sun at its summer solstice, Boston ivy, wistaria, morning-glories, trumpet vine, polygonum auberti, clematis, Virginia creeper and Japanese ivy do very nicely. But one's choice should be influenced by the general design of the garden—no greater disrespect could be shown an Italian grille than a covering of purple morning-glories! And if the garden suffers from unusual neglect, you may have a fairly convincing show of green by using rusker, a semi-artificial shrub which requires no care.

IN THE matter of flowers, I shall begin, like the books for children who ask questions, with Mother Nature and the Little Seeds. On one New York roof sixty-five different flowers thrive and these include bachelor buttons, nasturtiums, sweet William, cosmos, asters, larkspur, annual phlox, portulaca, sunflowers, mignonette, pinks, mallows, snapdragons, annual chrysanthemums, and chives—the last a bit of pragmatism on the part of the owner who is fond of *schmierkase*. The same ambitious young man dines in his garden, and has an alligator pear growing within reach of his dinner table.

The canny gardener, however, will have no commerce with plant life in any such unmodified form as this, for seedlings should be given a mother's care for the first weeks of their little

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE HALL OF FAME

Attention: Room Clerk

Gentlemen:

We wish to reserve two single rooms (without baths) for two of the most justly famous people in America today. At the time of writing busts are being made for enclosure in two of your choicest niches (preferably Southern exposure).

The entries are Messrs. Justin Spafford and Lucien Esty whose names appear between the covers and on the jackets of 176,000 books, all with the same title: ASK ME ANOTHER!

Through their laudable efforts in editing this great contribution to American arts, letters and information, they have brought our country (right or wrong) to the questioning age. Has Paul Revere done more? Has Alexander Hamilton? Has Betsy Ross? (Answers will be found in the back of the book).

And by the way you'll be glad to hear that ASK ME ANOTHER! is the fastest selling book that has ever been published in America. Laugh that off!

Yours cordially,

THE VIKING PRESS

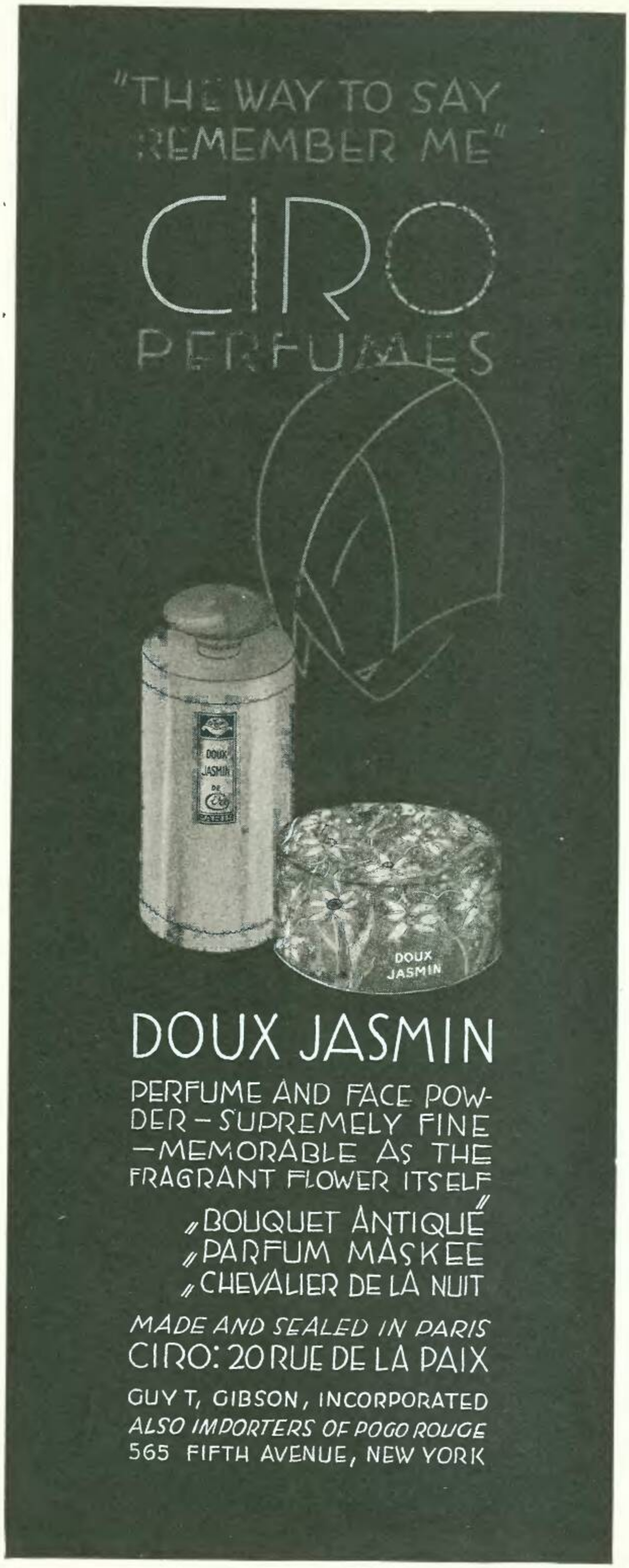
lives, must be moved from hotbeds to cold frames and back again with a tireless devotion. Bulbs, however, are another matter, and any seed store will supply you with a catalogue showing perfectly lovely illustrations of their perfected state. You should, however, rein in your imagination, and allow for the natural prejudices of the grower who fathered them. Please leave imported iris and peonies to those who have their doctorate in horticulture and confine yourself to the simpler varieties of bulbs—which are, in the order of their appearance, grape hyacinths, narcissus, native hyacinths, tulips (cottage and Darwin), everblooming calla lilies and yellow callas. Several of the best known commissaries for bulbs are Andrew Kennedy's, at 226 West Thirty-fourth Street, Peter Henderson's, 35 Cortlandt, and Max Schling's, already identified—the last a particularly good place to have a charge account, as Schling owns a flower store at 785 Fifth Avenue, from which bedding plants may be bought.

Stumpp & Walter, of 30 Barclay Street, are another good firm whose quarterly catalogue covers almost as wide a span as this article and has the added advantage of being sent free on request.

W. E. Marshall, of 150 West Twenty-third Street, is by way of being a specialist in lilies, and devotes an entire catalogue to them; as they are among the best bulbs for city growing, his name is worth remembering.

Herrmann's Seed Store, at 140 East Thirty-fourth Street, is an excellent place for the neophyte to shop, as the clerks are versed in all the funny little ways of plant life and will give practical advice. Everything you could possibly require for the garden is kept in stock at the proper season, and a demand for Crimson Ramblers in November will be received without evident sarcasm.

ALL bulbs demand a certain amount of sun and should be planted with the tip pointing upwards to have any hope of success. The time to order them won't be until the early fall, when all of these seed stores have their new importations, including a fascinating array of gardening implements, resembling variously guillotines, safety razors and oyster forks, intended for the cabalistic operations of the greenhouse. They will also pack fertilizer for you in aristocratic



ALTMANAC

. . . a column devoted to things sartorial, both old and new . . .

Backing Into A New Dress Shirt

The man—haw!—has studded it complete while you were at the bath. Go 'round and enter from the rear—click—it's all over! Many get into these new, unbulging dress shirts all by themselves, so simple do they make the art of dressing . $4.00

Town Shirts

Hard-boiled—but in a nice way. Stiff bosoms go only quarter way down, the part that shows behind a cravat; stiff cuffs, round away—like a cow's heel. And matching collars! High in back, where it doesn't matter; low in front, where it does.

* * *

Ordinarily, Town Shirts are plain coloured madras with the world's smartest collar, rounded like the cuffs. Extraordinarily, they are cross-striped at bosom and cuff and boast the rear entrance feature mentioned away up above.
In any case they cost . . . $4.50

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street

pound packages from which the label has been delicately left off.

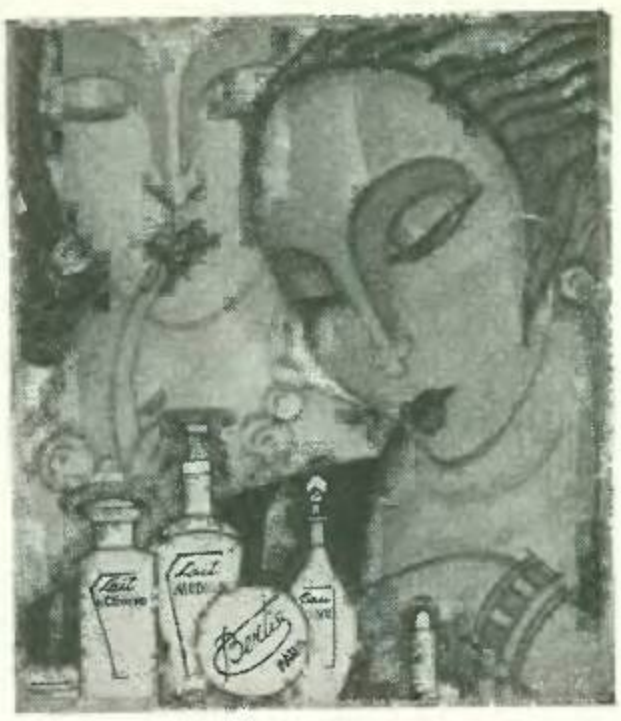
AFTER the bulb cycle is completed, the owner of a sunny garden must content himself with bedding plants, which are to be bought from almost any florist. Max Schling and the Christatos boys (whose stores are scattered all over town) are very good at this. The most tractable plants, where there is sun, are the simpler sorts of iris, geraniums, petunias, marigolds, zinnias, verbena, sedum, sweet alyssum and lantana—most of them too garish to be used in combination without a certain amount of forethought, but all pert and pretty against a wall of green.

For the damp spot of earth where the sun never rises, nothing should be attempted but lily-of-the-valley, violets, forget-me-nots, pansies, myrtle and begonia. In caring for the garden, it is well to remember that more plants are killed by too much watering than too little, and that a thorough drenching once a week is plenty when supplemented by a light daily spraying to remove the dust. If your plants require more water than is generally required, your florist will instruct you.

THE WINDOW box presents a whole battery of new problems. For a song or its equivalent you may buy the wooden type of box with tin lining from any department store, and the large stocks now include a new "self-watering" box which permits one to play hookey from the daily watering that is generally advised. The family carpenter can be trusted to make one, but he should be firmly held to painting the inside of the box, or else it will quickly decay.

Much more attractive boxes of stone and cement may be bought from the dealers in garden furnishings, of whom ever so much will be said further on. Whatever box is selected, it should have a layer of gravel or cinders in the bottom for drainage, then two inches of sphagnum moss, and at least eight inches of the very best soil of Westchester County. A covering of English ivy or wandering Jew is best and if this is combined with the simple scarlet geranium, you may set your mind at peace and look forward to a continual bloom from May until October.

More finicky plants are the lantana, which demands sandy soil; begonias, daisies and pansies, all of which will curl up their leaves and die after about



Beautiful Women
of discrimination
are grateful for
Produits Bertie

You will quickly realize why and be equally enthusiastic after your first trial.

"I have used Produits Bertie exclusively for a great number of years and cannot tell you enough of their perfection."
GENEVIEVE
(*Princess d'Orleans Comtesse de Chaponay*)

"I think the 'Bertie' preparations are excellent, and I never use any other."
MARY CURZON
(*Baroness of Ravensdale*)

"I have used Produits Bertie for over three years and would not be without them."
RITA WEIMAN
(*Famous Author and Playwright*)

"Produits Bertie are perfectly splendid. They are not only highly beneficial but delightful to apply." MARY NASH
FLORENCE NASH
(*Broadway Stars*)

LAIT D'OESYPE, the penetrating semi-liquid skin nourisher and cleanser.
LAIT MEDIANA, the skin tonic.
EAU DETERSIVE, the truly remarkable astringent.
CREME MEDIANA, the perfect foundation cream for skins inclined to be dry.
CREME DETERSIVE, the light, whitening and delightful powder foundation for skins inclined to be oily.
POUDRE MEDIANA, the unusually fluffy sterilized face powder.

For appointments Plaza 2525

SALON BERTIE
21 EAST 57th STREET

Produits Bertie sold at all smart shops

six weeks. If there is plenty of shade, bearded iris, sedum spectabilis, lily-of-the-valley, ageratum and heliotrope are all advised, and for the sun-flooded box, zinnias and marigolds. If the soil is two or three feet deep, privet will also flourish—I hope it is unnecessary for me to mention that these plants have to be bought after they have attained their growth and that no libel suits from gardeners who attempt to raise seed in window boxes will be recognized by this crafty department.

I CANNOT leave the subject of window boxes without mention of the rare intelligence shown by an informal little store called Flower Service, Inc., at 800 Madison Avenue.

The young esthetes who run this shop arrange window boxes with a view to the appearance from the interior: if cactus is the plant required by your scheme of interior decoration they will plant cactus, and treat any rebellion on your part with a high hand. Their theory is that a window box should resemble a full sized garden seen through the wrong end of an opera glass, and they make themselves invaluable by selecting the container, planting it, and replacing the withered flowers as the season progresses. Some of their flower pots are very original and diverting—my heart went out to a pair of blue elephants who snort trails of ivy from their terra cotta tusks.

THE TYPE of garden which is not intended for public view, but for the drab economic purpose of raising flowers for the table, is best conducted on a roof, and requires a great deal of thought and devotion throughout the summer. Large wooden tubs should be filled with good soil, and marigolds and dwarf zinnias are about the only plants hardy enough to stand the wind and sun all through the summer.

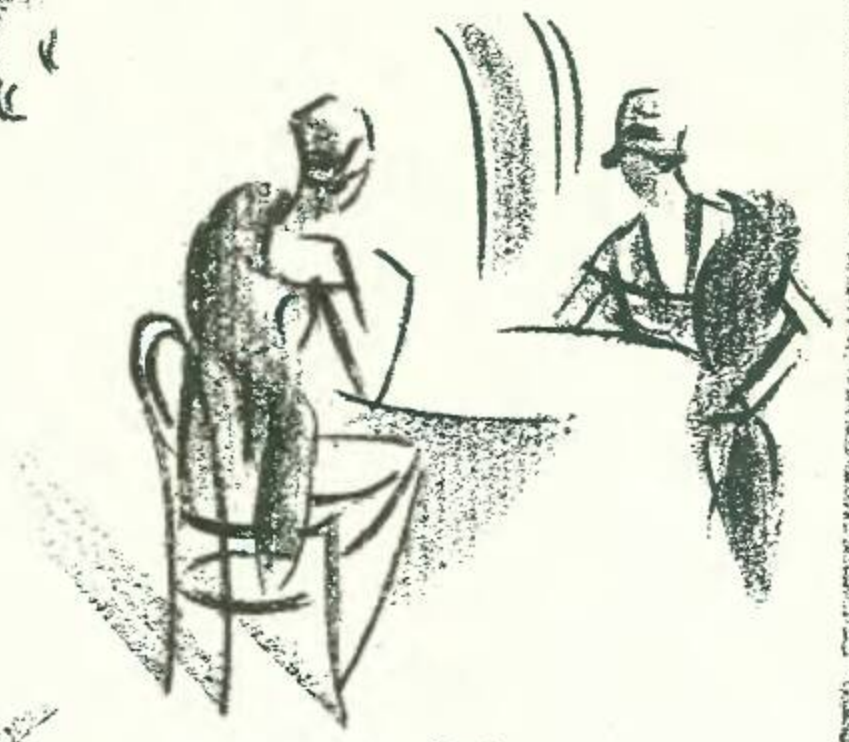
The seeds should be planted in the early spring, and if the soil is conscientiously stirred every week and the plants are watered daily, you will have a gay crop of flowers from August until late fall. After which the soil should be treated with lime and sand and put away under cover for the winter. This is an unusual type of garden, however, and all in all, it seems simpler to order one's cut flowers from Mr. Thorley.

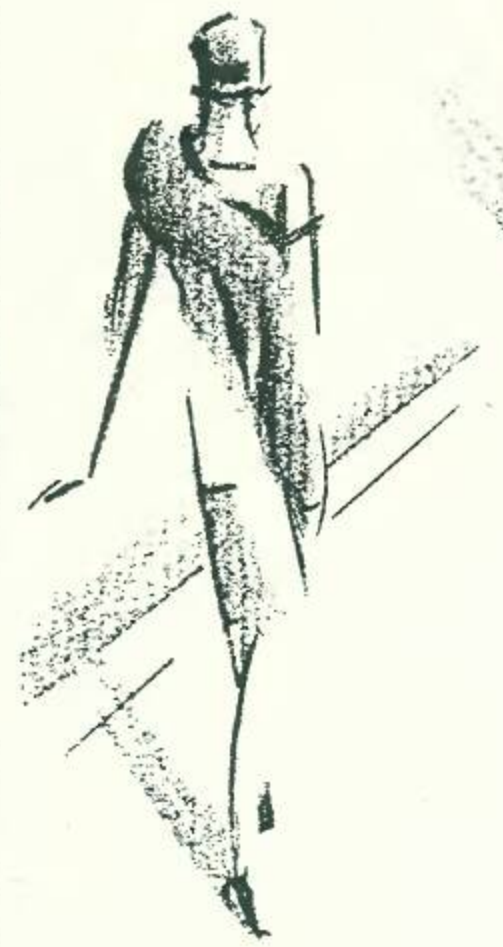
—G. P.

(*To be concluded in next week's issue.*)

SILVER FOX
BLUE FOX
RED FOX
and CROSS

PASTEL *and* POINTED —
BY ONES *and* BY PAIRS!





The

simple truth is, that you have to have a **FOX SCARF** this Spring. (Unless you prefer a Sable Stole.) And the equally simple truth is that if you insist on a certain assurance of quality, there aren't too many sources from which to choose. And of those sources, we'd, very modestly, like to suggest that you compare us, quality for quality, and price for price!

Kurzman

Practising Furriers

661 FIFTH AVE.—52nd-53rd STREETS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, MARCH 16, 1927: It is certainly going to be a good season for last year's street clothes, for if anyone can find a changed line in that department, they have brighter eyes than mine. And since black is widely acknowledged as the smartest shade, the business of having the old dears dyed is quite simple. Then all one needs to do is add a little white facing on the cuff, and the newest thing has been evolved.

It is always amusing to wonder what colors New York deems really Parisian. It is still a little early to know what the women over here are going to decide on. Since coming to the obvious—but boring—conclusion that novelty in line is not on the program, I have been rushing about wide-eyed on the color question. The consensus of opinion—and here I am privileged to quote as the sources of my information Madame Jenny, Jean Patou, Madame Charlotte, the directrice of Premet's, and numerous others—is that black and white have never in their history been so smart; that navy blue is very good; that the pastel shades are excellent, and that one may still wear beige without blushing. Take that for what it may be worth.

In practice, Paris at the tea hour is a bit of a sad sight, because the majority of women are still carefully concealing their winter clothes under their fur coats. But of the few dresses which have that obviously new look—you can usually tell by the expression on the face of the wearer—the greatest number are green or gray. It was whispered during the collections that gray was going to be smart, and for a wonder it seems to be turning out as planned. The dresses are flat crêpe or georgette, with no trimming other than tucks or pleats, and the thing to wear with them is a darker gray hat. Nothing could be more chic.

As to green, there is no apparent reason why it is being chosen out of the other light shades (except, perhaps, that it is the most spring-like), but it predominates, especially at the Ritz. The Claridge runs more to gray. It's so refined. And the smart people at Volterra—after you have sifted out the demi-monde—hover between the two, with a fair sprinkling of black-and-white.

Reboux has some fascinating hats. The felts have low, round crowns and small turned-down brims, and the grosgrain ribbon band underneath appears only where the felt hat has been cut away in various designs in front. There are a number of grosgrain turbans trimmed with plaques of tiny, multi-colored flowers on the side or back. All of these have been seen on smart women, but as yet I can report no actual name worth printing to give them that final stamp of approval which so many women insist on before taking up anything new.

Also displayed (but a strictly summer thing, of course) are large straw hats with lace-lined brims, and smaller hats made entirely of lace. All this is in keeping with the basque-and-ruffle idea that I suggested before.

STOCKINGS are still beige; bags all have handles; evening shoes are made of lizard with a mother-of-pearl finish. (These sound ghastly, and Henning and Delman, who apparently feel the same way, announce with a lifted eyebrow that they will make them to order, though they do not keep them in stock.—Interruption by L. L.)

No one in Paris, except the concierge, has long hair, or shows any signs of falling so low.

PARISITE

THE LINE in the French clothes not having changed materially (see above) there is a distinct tendency on the part of Parisian couturières to get imaginative about accessories, and, often to build dresses around the results of their labors.

Patou, for instance, created one of the really elegant novelties of the spring—a huge hunk of aquamarine, suspended on a slender silver chain and outlined by a rim of rhinestones. (Lord & Taylor). To set this off, he made the necklines of the white evening dress, the simple black day dress, and the little blue affair as simple as possible.

Vionnet, realizing the beauty of crystal, particularly with black or white, has done marvelous things with carved and clouded crystal, combined with gold for white and gold evening dresses.

Molyneux, refusing to desert pearls, tints them beige or rose to harmonize with the costume. (Bonwit Teller). These must be perfect in relation to the entire ensemble, or they will look like Forty-second Street. I warn you.

Premet built a series of dead-black frocks to show off the gold jewelry that everybody in town has right this minute. This is also effective with all-white, unless you feel that such jewelry is too much of a Ford to wear now. (You do? What a coincidence!)

Lelong experiments with interspersions of galusha, in various colors, on drippy pearl cascade necklaces. These would make any costume dressy, if that is the way you feel. (Bonwit Teller).

And, if you don't care if you are Amurrican, you can buy the Gertrude Lawrence necklace. This indefatigable endorser sponsors a single large pearl on a silver chain, close around the throat, and large pearl button earrings to match. This at Arnold Constable, and probably every-

where else in town by the time you read this.

TWO developments are directly traceable, in my opinion, to the vogue of wearing a dozen or so bracelets of gold, silver, or tortoise-shell on the arm. One definite result of this chain-lightning fashion is the Chanel three-quarter sleeve in which, say what you will, most women will feel darn uncomfortable. The other is the appearance of the short glove. This, in washable suede, with a single pearl button fastening and a Harry label, is to be found at Kurzman, being snapped at by ladies with tailored suits.

The slip-on type of glove, with or without an elastic at the wrist, still remains predominant, however. Bonwit Teller has some marvelous ones, of a washable suede that doesn't look washable, handstitched for wear with tweeds. For use with hardier types of sports clothes, pigskin (of which more anon) and heavy antelope—the glove perfectly plain and worn half a size too big—are still most suitable. Washable suede in beige or gray, of course, is still ideal for town.

IN THE handbag line, the mode for tweeds has brought in pigskin with an enormous rush. Lord & Taylor have made a specialty of accessories like handbags, gloves, umbrella handles, belts, and so on, all of this leather, and matching perfectly.

This vogue, apparently, has not interfered with the rush on the reptile, for lizard and snake are still going strong, despite seasons of popularity.

In this, also, Lord & Taylor have been furiously matching up—which is a good idea in view of the fact that shoes of lizard, a boa belt, and an alligator handbag are anything but a happy combination, all of them being sufficiently conspicuous to make things jar.

Tortoiseshell, not content with being seen in hatpins, bracelets, and jewelry in general, appears on the tops of handbags with very smart effect.

For formal wear, suede is still the aristocrat. It may be touched up with tortoiseshell for the tailleur, or with simple gold or silver monograms, or with discreet marcasite. But if you want to be really dressed up for the afternoon and must do justice to your silver fox, you should trot up to Jay-Thorpe and buy a black suede bag with an imported top of colored stones

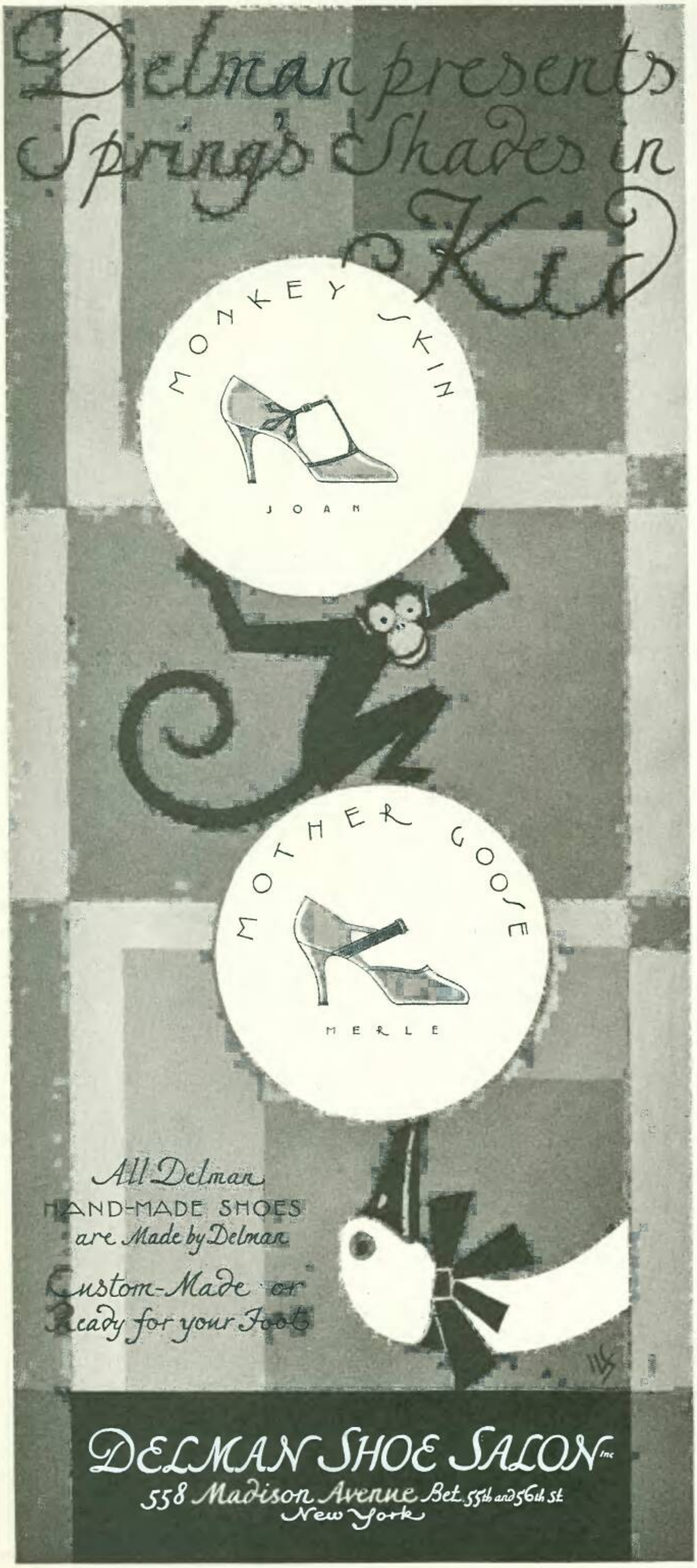
THE MODE TAKES A
DIAGONAL LINE TO CHIC

Diagonal tucking – first sponsored by Vionnet—has become of enormous importance. This coat of Kashmireen is just one of many smart fashions with this chic detail. Broadtail collar. 98.50.

Best & Co.

Fifth Ave. at 35th Street—N. Y.

Paris *Palm Beach* *London*



in modernistic design, at any price, from $15 to $250.

AFTER all the shops in town had had their showings of French fashions (which are not too important from your point of view, until you see what the copyists for the different shops are going to do with them) Hickson rivalled Roxy by opening its new building with a solemn, engraved-invitation, garment-baron-in-full-dress, evening affair. Just like a Lelong opening, except for the champagne—muted violins, refreshments and dancing afterwards, cigarettes, views of Matchabelli, prince of the blood and head of the Hickson perfume department, and everything.

Hasty and awestruck glances away from the petit-point chairs and the gold and white décor revealed the following: The strategic importance of the flower, which appeared in the most unexpected places; the use of silk kerchiefs, tied to give the effect of stocks with the severe tailleurs for which Hickson is famous; fur trimming on every separate coat in direct defiance of Chanel; black and silver for evening—and I forget the rest. The model that won the greatest applause was a white velvet evening wrap trimmed with silver lamé and square-tile gold stitching. One monocle was seen.

WHEN writing up the Mensendieck system of bodily control two weeks ago I referred to Mrs. Pearson as the person to phone for appointments. This is for one instructor, but there are many others, available if you telephone Dr. Mensendieck's headquarters, 36 West Fifty-ninth Street, Plaza 3402. This for either teacher's training or personal lessons. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

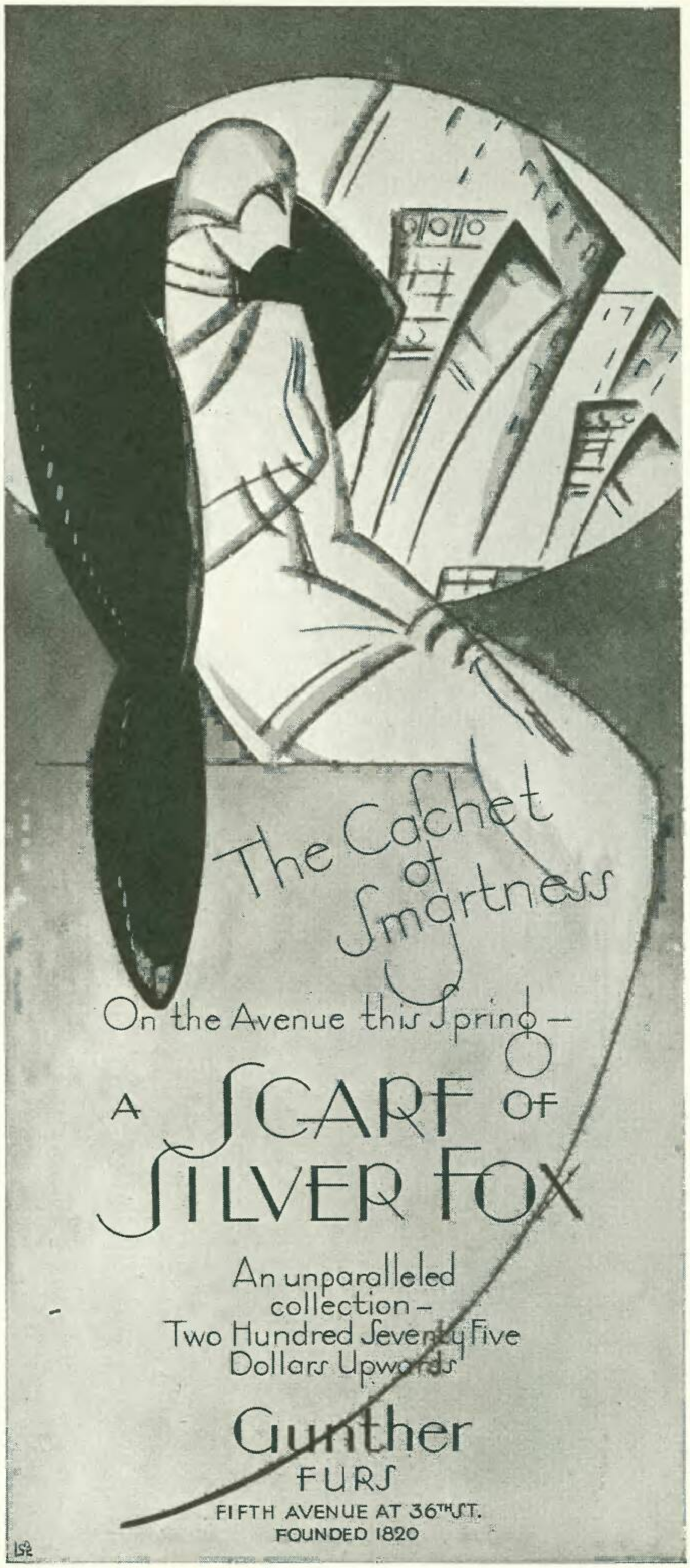
Of Children, Laces, Jades and Other Burgeonings

NOW THAT the various children's diseases have had their early spring run, and harassed parents are settling down to juvenile entertaining before the summer exodus, the problem is to think up methods for keeping a

crowd of children happy from four to six-thirty of a spring afternoon. Mrs. Madeline Snyder, at the Children's Entertainment Bureau, 108 East Fifty-seventh Street, is a person to appeal to in this case. She will plan an April Fool's party, a March Hare party or any one of the many others for which she has ideas, providing the favors and prizes and an endless number of suggestions as to appropriate and harmless games.

In addition to the regular clowns, monkeys, and marionettes that Mrs. Snyder can provide in the way of entertainment for children who must be kept comparatively quiet, she will requisition the services of Cora, a highly intelligent young lady of the fox terrier family, who understands French as well as English, or a man who will produce guinea pigs, goldfish and rabbits from thin air or from under hitherto unproductive carpets. Another attraction she offers is a whole circus family consisting of cockatoos that can add (announcing the results by ringing a bell), a trio of dogs, known as Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, and Timmy, the baby, (who appears in a perambulator wheeled by his proud mother) and—most incredible of all—cats that walk a tightrope! Mrs. Snyder also plans entertainments for grown-ups, and will outline parties and send favors to places as remote as Dubuque, if the famous Old Lady should want to give a sewing bee.

IF, while giving the regular spring cleaning to your trunks, you run across some old lace, or one of those atrocious white dresses covered with embroidery and lace flounces that you wore for your graduation in 1900, it is high time that you took them out of the mothballs and had them "made over into something." Miss Eloise Zallio has an art lace studio at 561 Fifth Avenue, and from these odd pieces she will make sachets, pillows, table cloths, or bedspreads. She spends a great deal of her time hunting up old laces in the convents, churches, and palaces of France and Italy, and on her return, laden with Breton caps handkerchiefs, fragments from old vestments, collars or wedding veils, she sets herself to designing pieces that are exquisite mosaics of lace. These are all made up in the workshop adjoining her showroom, where your lace can also be expertly mended and cleaned. Miss Zallio likes nothing better than showing you her collec-



«DOBBS»
THERE IS DISTINCTION IN WEARING DOBBS CLOTHES

DOBBS FRENCH HAND-MADE FROCK, CREPE DE CHINE, EMBROIDERED MOTIF, HAND-TUCKING

The charming poise of the femme du monde comes from the knowledge that she is faultlessly clothed . . . and it is to this smart woman of the world that Dobbs appeal in their exquisite creations of smart simplicity.

At Dobbs, also, there is a marvelous collection of new Coats for Spring—and Dobbs Hats of unusual chic.

DOBBS 620 FIFTH AVENUE *at 50th St. · New York*

tion, and I must say that I felt positively reverent in handling the pieces, although I haven't been to church in ten years!

THE Jade Tree Gift Shop, at 23 East Sixty-first Street, is a little shop filled with attractive Chinese odds and ends, from mandarin coats to fat little jade Buddhas. If you drop in there around teatime you are invited to sit down and have a cup of Jasmine tea (which can also be bought here), and munch rice wafers while you look around. Sacramental wine cups, incense burners, and reproductions of the wandering geese of China are in bronze; lampstands of rock crystal, soapstone or marble, depicting parrots, mandarins and dogs, can have shades made up to go with them. There are also trees and sprigs made entirely of different colored jades, a sweetmeat tray of teakwood and Canton enamel, and a small wall panel with a teakwood background on which Chinamen of rose-colored soapstone are fishing. The prices are reasonable, and you are sure to find something to please your purse as well as your taste.

I SEEM to have mentioned spring more than once this week. It can't be helped. The only antidote I have for my spring fever is to go out on the fire-escape and look in vain for robins and grass in a panorama of office buildings and dingy roof-tops. So I must effervesce. —K. J.

AS TO MEN

Belts, Ties, Golf, and the Hat Complex

THE OTHER day I heard a man arguing with his tailor about the material he wished to choose for a riding coat. He wanted, it seems, a blue tweed; and the tailor, while agreeing that the finished coat would present a smart appearance, warned his client that blue tweeds are soft and do not stand up as well as, say, whipcords.

"Smart, did you say?" remarked the customer. "I'd rather be smart than President."

Which is your correspondent's idea

of the proper way—always providing you know a smart thing when you see it—to go about buying clothes.

I WANDERED into Budd's, at 572 Fifth Avenue, to discover a new sports belt constructed of looped and knotted cords, very much like the heavy line used for catching bluefish. These belts may be had in a variety of colors and are priced at $10.50. The salesman informs me that they will not stain white flannels and that their construction prevents trousers from slipping or sagging in front. All the advantages of braces, with none of the comfort. Still, they are decidedly good-looking and as exclusive as the deuce.

Also at Budd's I learned that foulard four-in-hands for spring and summer will be made up of geometric patterns, quite small so that—at a short distance—they appear to be checks. These and minute polka dotted effects will be popular. Price—$4.00. Handkerchiefs to match—if you go in for that sort of thing—the same amount.

The new linen handkerchiefs at Budd's are extraordinarily good. Some with wide, solid borders have centers of the same shade in interesting angular designs, separated from these same borders by a broad band of white. Price, $2.50. Others, a bewildering array, $2.50 and up.

IT'S a funny thing about fashions. Almost every shop on the Avenue is featuring light brown felt hats for spring wear. And almost every man I observe buying a hat buys a gray one. To my mind, rightly. Very few men can wear brown at any time, and almost none at this time of year, when complexions are sallow after a hard winter of cocktail lifting. No, fashions are not made by department stores nor yet by manufacturers.

NOW that winter rules are passé, it's time to look about for new golf suits. I saw some very interesting tweeds at Spalding's, priced, I believe, at $65. One thing, though, the almost universal adoption of knickers has brought about. A great many carefully dressed men are wearing flannel slacks, with harmonizing tweed coats, on the links. This, it seems to me, is an excellent idea, for becoming as are knickers to a few well built men, they are anathema to the majority.

White flannels, too, are winning

NEW ON THE AVENUE

HOW fortunate for smart New Yorkers—these breezy days of March! A new stocking of sheerest texture, most cleverly woven to insure a fit of new smoothness! *Roman Stripe* sheer hose give you a new feeling of elegance and trimness. Smart New Yorkers are stopping across from the Cathedral at The Tailored Woman to buy these new stockings. Here they find expert advice on the shades to match the new Spring colors.

A SHOPPING DISCOVERY!

$1.95

Service Chiffon Hose

AN OUTSTANDING VALUE. Silk to the top. Reinforced foot. Woven to exquisite fit. A special 42 gauge sheerness. With the Roman Stripe that is a guaranteed check to all garter runs.

$2.50

Finest Sheer Chiffon

One of the few 45 gauge chiffon stockings now offered in New York. Unbelievably lustrous and sheer. Picot top. Double silk toe. With the Roman Stripe which is a guaranteed check to all garter runs.

These stockings in every smart shade to result adroitly in the new composé effects of Spring

ROMAN STRIPE HOSIERY

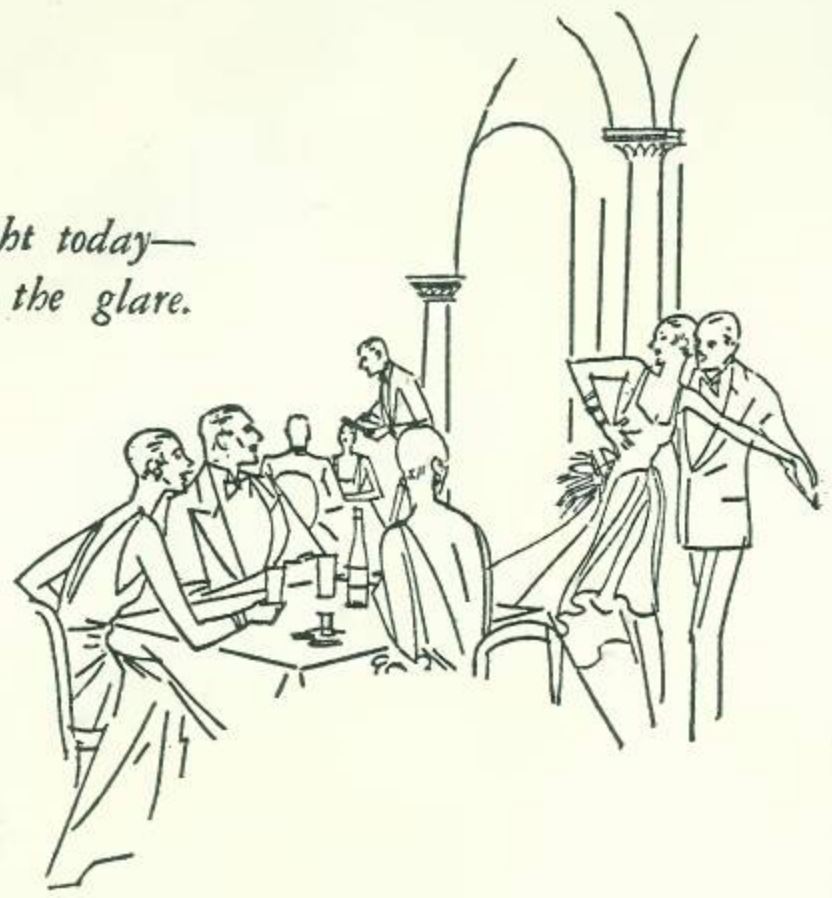
at

THE TAILORED WOMAN

632 FIFTH AVENUE *at* 50th STREET

Opposite the Cathedral

One's shoes have the spotlight today—
and Pedemodes withstand the glare.



Pedemode
Feminine Footwear
New York 570 Fifth Ave.
Boston Chicago Detroit

DAB

Do You Believe This, Too?

Many men believe they cannot be satisfied with Ready to Wear clothes simply because they have never been properly fitted with conscientious care in alterations.

This was the first and most important discovery D'Andrea Brothers made in adapting custom methods to Ready to Wear clothes.

We have never forgotten the important part this played in building up our business. Now, as always, the keynote of D'Andrea service is—*the customer must be fitted!*

That is why you will never see or wear an ill-fitting D'Andrea garment.

Ready to Wear, $75

D'Andrea Brothers Inc.
MEN'S TAILORS
587 Fifth Avenue at Forty-Seventh
Telephone—Murray Hill 5532

their way back to their old popularity. Tailors tell me that they will be worn this summer with gabardine or drill coats, and even with tweeds. Of course, the blue coat, good old standby, remains correct, although scarcely fashionable.

Although the double breasted, wide shouldered topcoats that are so popular this spring are all right for wear in town, it is advisable to have a loose box coat, preferably with raglan sleeves, for country wear. I was particularly impressed with this last Saturday, when I saw a single formal-looking coat in a group of loose slip-ons, somewhere in Connecticut. It lent its wearer a faintly ridiculous appearance, not at all desirable for a man who wishes to be thought of as well turned out.

For a year or more I have been praising — to all who would listen —the McAfee shoes sold at Saks-Fifth Avenue, and the Fortmason shoes, at 719 Madison Avenue. Now I learn that both are manufactured in London by Mr. McAfee. Which proves nothing, save that the prices vary slightly—although I imagine that they average up pretty well in the long run.

WHILE I have never cared, personally, for ready-made clothes, I am forced to admit that it is becoming increasingly simple for the man of normal build to purchase lounge suits, at least, which are difficult to detect as standardized products. It is quite impossible to buy riding breeches ready-made; evening and morning clothes must be constructed with such nicety that any one who knows anything about tailoring can spot them in a moment; knickers and sports clothes of factory manufacture usually betray their origin; but at least a dozen shops in town are showing lounge suits that are virtually perfect in design—at least for the time being. No ready-made suit I've seen (I do not wish to seem pedantic) will hold its shape for as long a time as one turned out by a good tailor; but aside from that I have observed many that appear excellent.

D'ANDREA, at 587 Fifth Avenue, are showing interesting two-button sack suits at $65.

De Pinna's, at Fiftieth Street, have copied several English custom models with considerable success, and at Finchley's—if you choose with care among a number of Broadwayish cuts

—you can do yourself very well. But the onus is upon the purchaser of ready-made clothes no matter where he may go. Don't let the salesman tell you a thing excepting the price.

—Bowler

•

GIANT SERIAL'S STORY

ONCE upon a time, children, there was a great big Giant whose name was Serial.

He was born in the pages of a magazine. He was not born all at once nor was he at birth a tiny baby like you and me. No; he was born in sections called Installments and was at his fullest size and strength the moment he came into the world.

How he flexed his illustrations and puffed out his great text the day his first Installment appeared! There he stood at the head and front of the magazine, dwarfing his bodyguard (a full page shaving soap advertisement) and making all the serials and stories that followed in his train seem puny by contrast with his powerful bulk. Ah, he was wonderful to look at as he teetered up and down on his toes in his pride!

And in the next Installment he was almost as big. His illustrations were still large and strong and his text no shorter than at first. But he no longer led the procession. He appeared on page 45. Nevertheless he inflated his text and displayed his illustrations with undiminished self-satisfaction.

But—the rest is too awful! His fall was gradual but complete. His fourth Installment was split up into eight pages, six of which were mere double columns back of page 150. At his sixth and last appearance every page of him was next a dinky single column ad and his last words were next to the automobile accessories department.

Sic transit gloria Seriali!

—Baron Ireland

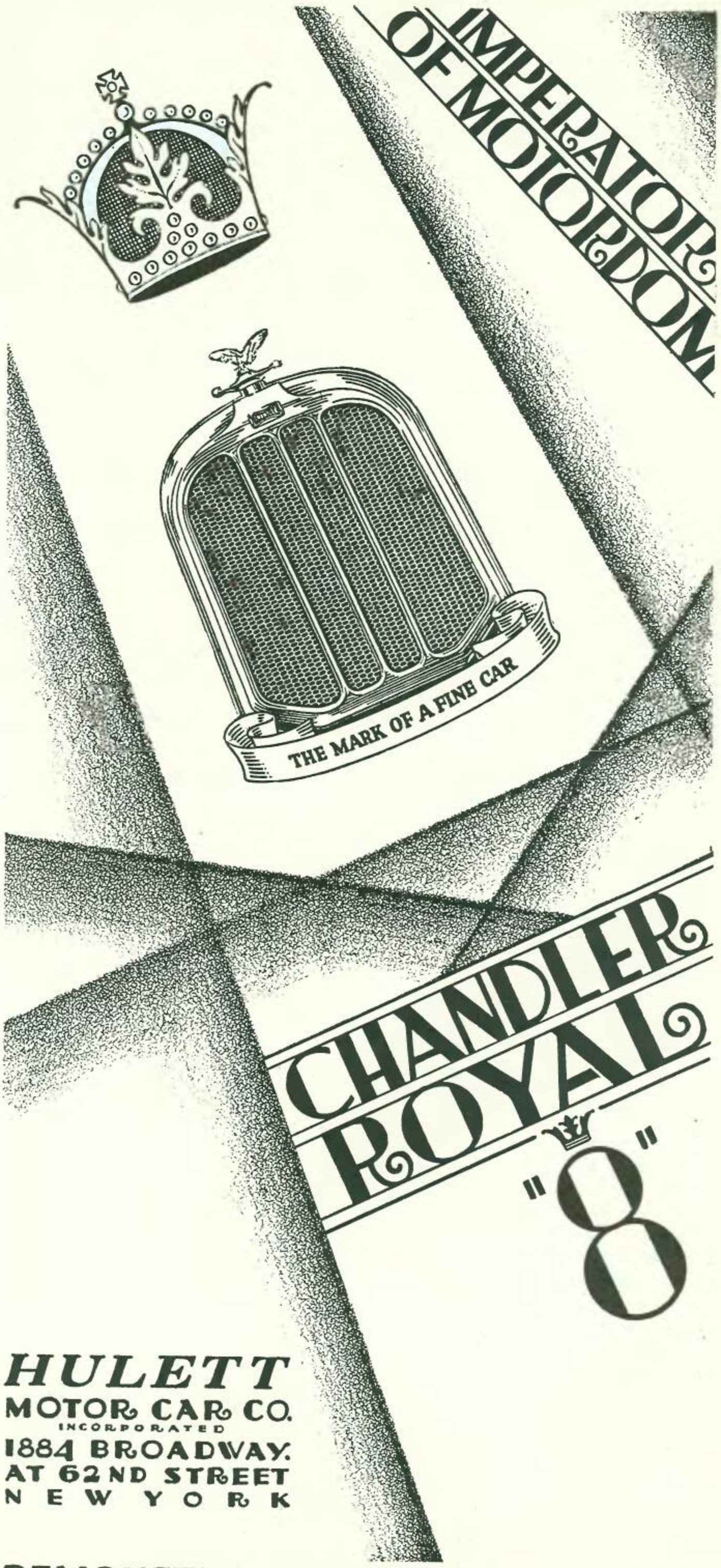
•

Now through days
No less than forty
We must diet, fast and morti-
Fy the flesh with caviar
Terrapin and sauce tartare.

•

"Sex" before jury; respite to "Virgin."
—*Headline in New York World.*

Stet.



TOPCOATS

TOPCOATS, in the styles wanted by New Yorkers and the weaves wanted for this season.

$37.50

A full line of furnishings

Golf School, two instructors, reasonable rates.

NAT LUXENBERG & BRO.

CLOTHES

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And such a treatment! In the twenty minutes in which you surrender yourself to the skillful fingers of the attendant, you hear her naming of every cream she uses, her careful explanation of just what movement of the fingers should be used when you apply it in your own treatment at home. Not only do you look lovelier as you leave, but you carry with you the material of future loveliness in the kit of special preparations—Cleansing Cream, Skin Tonic, Skin Food, Special Bleach Cream and Lily Cream—with which you will continue the good work by yourself. And all—treatment, instructions, preparations—for $3, which is less than the standard price for the usual treatment!

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So convenient—facial treatments, hair treatments, permanent waving, water waving, shampooing, hair cutting, manicuring—all at the one salon!

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TABLES

Discovery of Surviving Playful Nights—The

THIS WEEK has been somewhat lackadaisical, since, whenever I am dressed up of an evening and feeling particularly elegant, I always seem to end up at Robert's for dinner, and, when it comes noon-time and everybody departs from the office, leaving no one to talk to, I go to the Algonquin (yes, the hotel is still there, and impressed suburbanites headed for Theatre Guild offerings still try to crash George's dining-room in search of celebrities).

I have, however, been on another slight slumming expedition to Sam Broad's chop house, on West Third Street. The characteristics of this are: first, the homesick letters framed on the wall, from members of the A. E. F. confronted with army mess; second, the sawdust on the floor; and third, the bed of live coals behind the counter on which your steak and your oysters are cooked with becoming nonchalance. Sea food and sirloin steaks are the specialty, taste delicious, and are incredibly cheap. Just a place to eat a thing almost unheard of in this age of calories—a meal.

ARRIVES in the mail the announcement of a new restaurant, called the Mirasol, at 43 West Fiftieth Street, stating that "ours is not the usual money venture, but is an attempt to supply an urgent need in this neighborhood—a first-class restaurant at moderate prices." As one who once went down this block and counted no less than thirty-one tearooms, not including speakeasies, this announcement comes as a profound shock.

THREE doors west of the totally grand and suave Roma Restaurant (Sullivan Street) is a tiny little place dedicated entirely to the loving care of that Italian delicacy—the cheese pie. This has been discovered by discerning hostesses down Washington Square way to be a very nice apéritif, despite the fact that the Italians, who invented it, eat it for dessert. Little kids of the district, with small change clutched in grubby palms, run in and out all the time to get one for the momma. And

FOR TWO

Meal — Elegant and
lumming Panacea

others sit right down and eat them then and there.

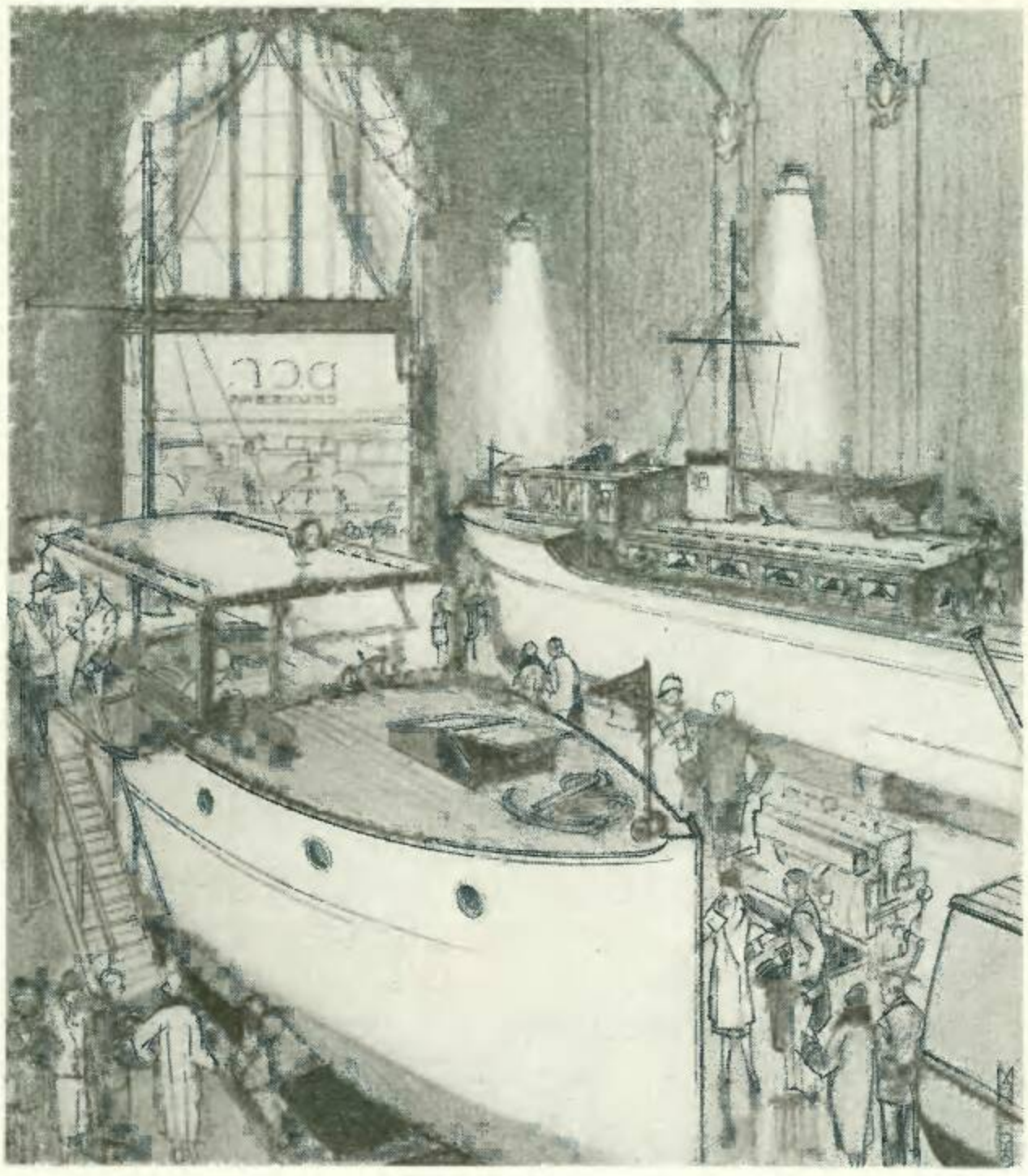
They are cooked in any size. You sit patiently on a bench along the wall and watch an expert roll out the dough, cover it with anchovies (you must order these specially), peppers, four kinds of cheese, and other ingredients that are to me anonymous, put it on a shovel into the oven, and bake it. I went into the place about nine o'clock, and information as to how late it was open brought forth only Italian answers, so my information goes no further.

NIGHT CLUB NOTES: Thursday night, for no apparent reason, is the time to hear gipsy music and view your favorite celebrity at the Gipsy Camp, now moved, in Hungarian manner, to Second Avenue and Ninety-second Street, from Eighty-second. Every night is elegant at George Olsen's, except the crowded and uptown-collegiate Saturdays; Saturday is the one night of the week when the Kavkaz is sufficiently crowded to make the outsider feel at home; and the Salon Royal, in the Acropolis Hotel, at 308 West Fifty-eighth Street, is a playful dive that becomes most acutely early-Guinan after three o'clock, at which hour all bad little cabarets that do not have fifty-room attachments are supposed to close their doors. Charles Sabin (a dark youth who is a shade too graceful for my taste) and Edwina St. Clare, whose hair is blonde, whose legs are exquisite, and whose figure is delirious, are attracting attention as one of the most interesting new dancing teams of the year, now putting pep into the Ambassador. The old favorites, Montmartre, Lido, and Mirador, are progressing about as usual.

About this time the compulsory-evening-dress regulation begins to let down all over town, though I believe that the Villa Venice remains aristocratic to the end in this respect.

MORE slumming notes: Those interested in the Human Interest side of life may find it, better than anywhere, at the five-cent cafeteria of the Bowery Y.M.C.A., which

a.C.f. Salon



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Yacht Connoisseurs decide ....

STANDARDIZED cruisers and speedy runabouts are not accepted by yacht connoisseurs just because they float. With a knowledge born of experience, these men investigate factors of safety, comfort, design, engine equipment, construction, materials, finishings and furnishings.

From all parts of America they congregate at the A. C. F. Salon on Fifty-Seventh Street, New York City. Here, thay can board the A. C. F. cruisers, obtaining first-hand insight into the artistry, craftsmanship and livable accommodations incorporated in every model. Here they may inspect closely the Hall-Scott reduction gear engine.

After their critical survey these yachtsmen admit the practicability and beauty of A. C. F. cruisers—completely furnished and ready for glorious summer cruises. Strict consideration of the advantages of A. C. F. cruisers and Super Bear Cat runabouts has brought many connoisseurs to a decision to purchase. Their early orders assure an early Spring delivery.

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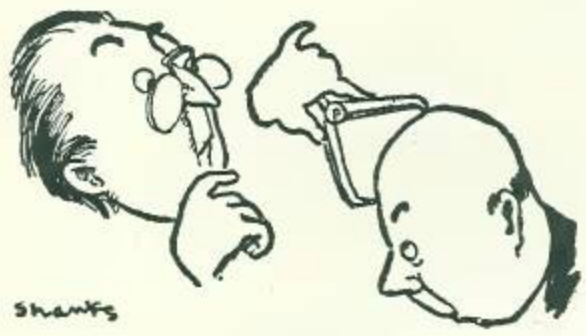

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Let Saburo Institute diagnose your case and tell you the truth about your hair. It costs nothing and imposes no obligation.

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The YACHT CLUB BOYS

Chick Ender George Walsh
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formerly at
CLUB LIDO, NEW YORK
and Le Touquet, Palm Beach

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THE MIRADOR

and every hour on the hour thereafter until closing.

JOHNNY JOHNSON and his Orchestra appear *exclusively* at The Mirador.

Couvert $3.50

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New Yorkers are flocking to

The PARODY

48th St., 2 doors West of Broadway

Nightly to see—

LOU
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"Laughmakers Supreme"

TABLE D'HOTE DINNER
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{Another Leonora Hughes, discovered by Maurice}

Nightly at Supper in the

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LARRY SIRY
and his Famous Orchestra
Furnish the Music

Dinner Dancing, 7:30 *to* 10:30
Supper Dancing, 11:15 *to closing*

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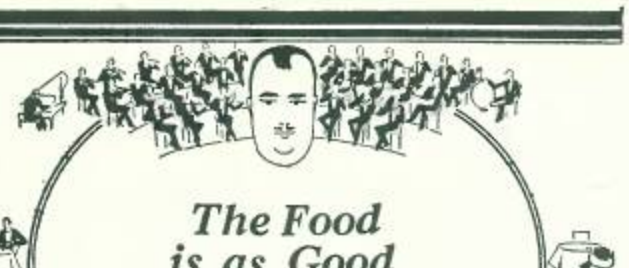
PARK AVENUE at 51ST STREET



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Himself and His Orchestra of 30 ARTISTS

Broadway at Forty Eighth

Nightly at 5:30
Special De-Luxe Dinner
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Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra will play during Dinner and Supper

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25 West 51st Street
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SPACIOUS SURROUNDINGS
Open every day, Sundays and Holidays
Special Sunday Dinners and Lunches
BREAKFAST — LUNCHEON — TEA — DINNER

has already been the subject of so many sob stories that I hardly have the heart to compete with my newspaper sisters. There you can order soup or coffee for five cents, corned beef and cabbage for ten, pie for five, and bread for nothing; and you can watch the derelicts of the town decide definitely against anything too nourishing in favor of pastry and pie. You may also observe the gentlemen of the ensemble secreting bread all over their persons in whatever pockets (besides the one that contains the hootch) are still capable of holding anything.

And, if this doesn't make you feel sufficiently superior and prosperous and beautiful; if it doesn't knock your inferiority complex endwise, the Armless Wonder and the Five-Toed What-Is-It and the Fattest Lady, gents, in captivity eat in their headquarters in the Hubert's Museum, daily between five and six.

THE Tailored Woman has a special dollar pot of paste lipstick in three shades—and it is so darn indelible that getting it off your little finger after applying it takes three scrubbing brushes, one quart of cold cream, and a rough towel.

—LIPSTICK

•

SPRING GLEANING

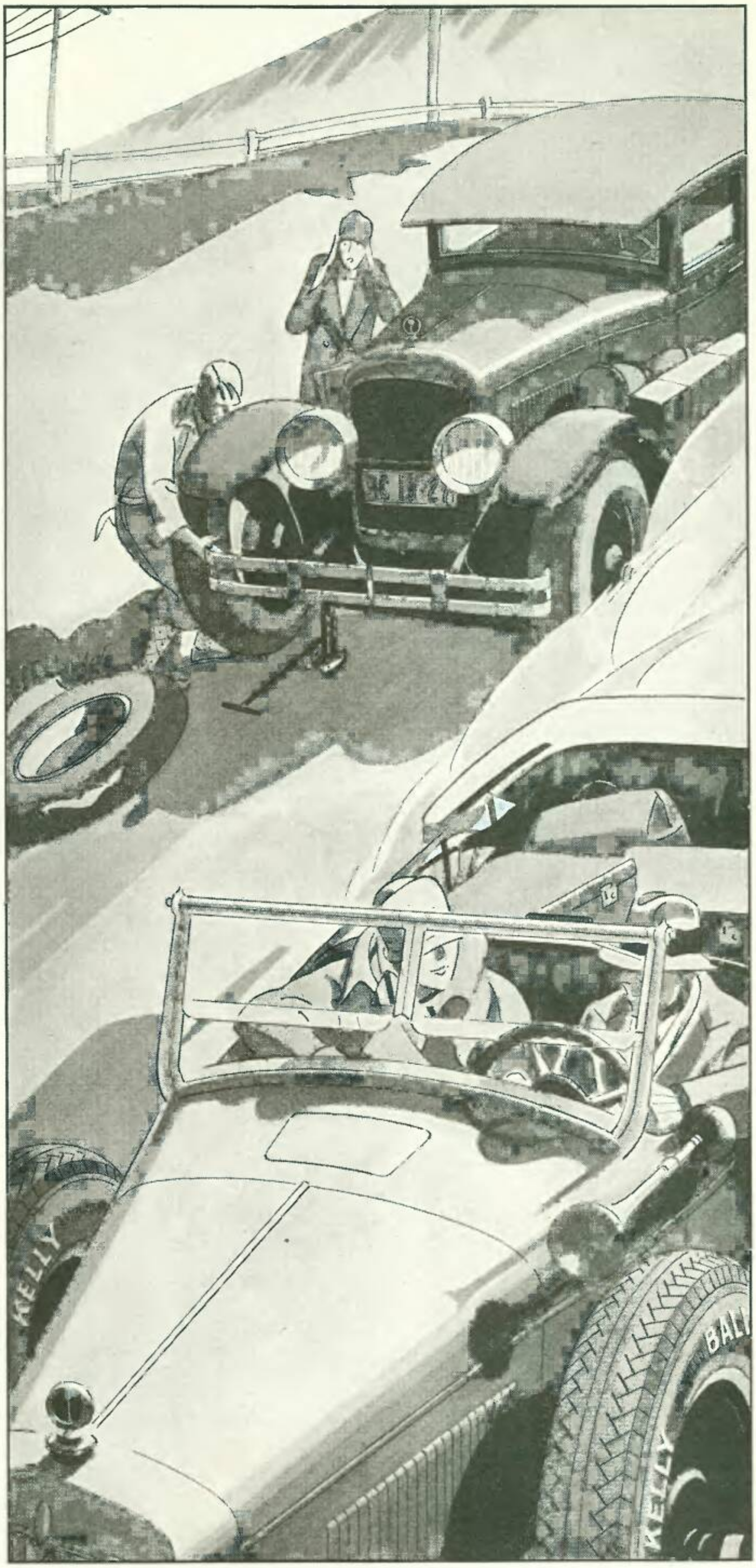
WHEN George and I shelled out four dollars in advance for the rental of a vacuum cleaner I felt, and said as much to George, that no matter how strong it was it couldn't be more of a sucker than we were.

Being bachelors, like all men, neither George nor I had much faith in vacuum cleaners. The only vacuum cleaner we knew anything about was Sarah, who drops by our place in West Eleventh Street for an hour or so when the weather is good, and, as George has repeatedly said, she makes a better vacuum than cleaner; we had never tried an electric.

"Do we want a single strength or a double?" George asked me, having got in touch with some vacuum cleaner garage on the telephone.

"The double won't be a bit too strong," I said, casting my eye 'round at the smoke screen that enveloped the place.

"Send a double," said George, and the next morning two men brought it down. One man carried a large coil



"That reminds me of the old days before we changed to Kelly-Springfields."

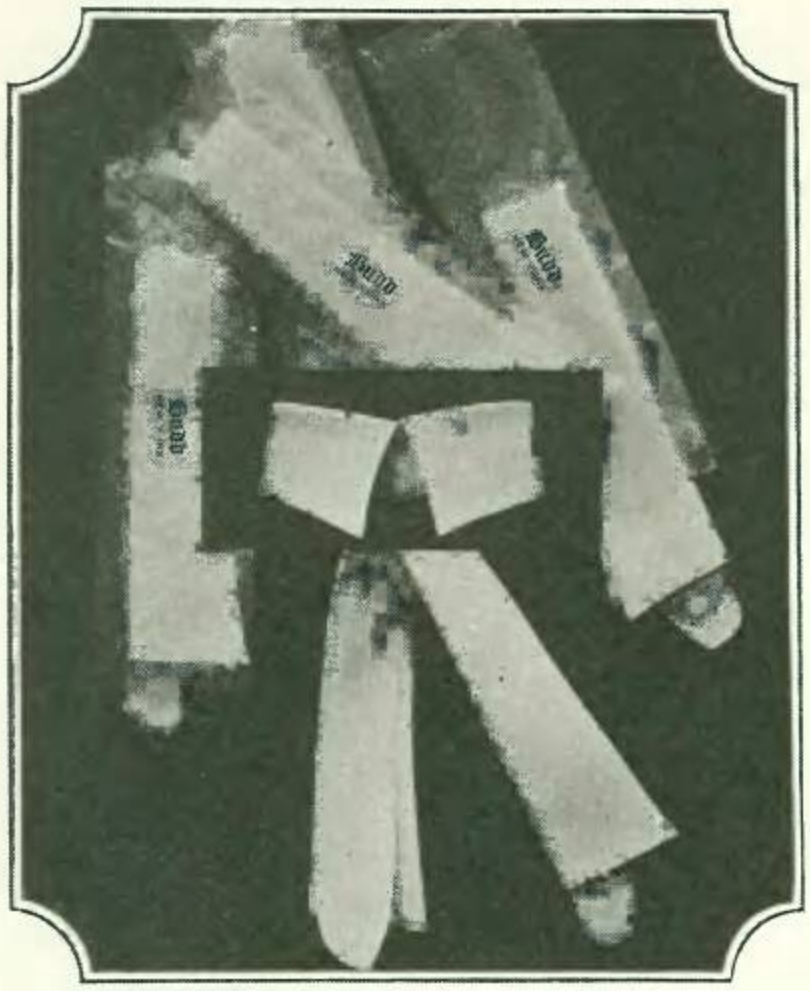
Hanan Shoes

THE SABOT
$12.50

PATENT LEATHER
OR BLACK SATIN

A de luxe edition of Paris, bound in leather or satin. High arch; newly moulded back. The "Sabot" lends to the foot an aspect of tapering elegance. Your special notice is directed to the moderate price, a Hanan habit.

TEN SHOPS THROUGHOUT GREATER NEW YORK



SEMI-SOFT COLLARS

made in exceptional quality
especially for Samuel Budd.

75c each.

ESTABLISHED 1861

Budd
NEW YORK

BUDD BUILDING
572 Fifth Avenue

SINGER BUILDING
149 Broadway

of green hose the size of your arm, a handful of electric wire, and three or four nickel rods with fan tails; the other struggled along with a machine of about the size of a garbage pail for a family of four. It rolled about on rubber-tired wheels.

They showed us how to hook it up, accepted our four dollars, and departed.

"Punch the button," I said to George, pointing the end of the hose out the window.

He punched it. The motor in the bottom of the bucket flew round with a mighty whine. The hose tugged in my hand.

"Where's the dog?" I shouted to George.

"Outside," cried George.

"Well, keep him out. And keep away from in front of it yourself, old fellow." I could see that it hadn't eaten in days.

NOT knowing exactly what sort of thing to feed it first, we took it into the bathroom and let it run round on the tile floor until we should be able to get the living-room ready for it. George threw it a pinch of tobacco; it gobbled the stuff down like cornflakes. You could hear the grains click into its stomach, it was so empty.

"You'd better shut up everything you don't want it to have," I told George.

He went away to straighten things up. When he returned we opened the bathroom door and let it out.

We have an old rug on our floor that belonged to George's grandfather when he was at college. It is growing bald and has rheumatism. Parts of it have disappeared altogether. I have always felt that any sudden shock would resolve it into dust.

As soon as the vacuum cleaner caught sight of this rug it sprang a couple of inches into the air and made for it.

"Hold it!" cried George.

"Get a bucket of water!" I shouted, doing my best to keep them apart. But it was of no use. It shook that old rug and gnawed it and scratched it, and before we could get it away it had begun to pull out what little hair the rug had left.

WE SHUT off its digestive system and rolled what remained of the rug into a corner.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said George to the vacuum

cleaner, which tried to put its tail between its wheels.

"Don't scold it, old fellow," I said. "It didn't mean any harm. Turn on its appetite."

I held the leash for a while, then George held it and we gave it its head. It ranged round into the closets and under the radiators and behind the gas stove; it traversed country that no human eye had ever seen. It was the most omnivorous creature you ever saw; it ate anything it could get into its mouth. It bolted tacks and penpoints and pieces of plaster; it took matches down whole; it clawed up particles of the floor and swallowed them without so much as blinking its eye. George gave it an ash-tray and in half a minute it was licking the bottom.

"I believe that thing would wash the dishes and think nothing of it," said George.

And I have no doubt it would. I believe that a man who knows how to manage it can make it do just about anything he wants done. I shouldn't be surprised to find that it could be taught to go out on the street and bring back the morning paper, or collect the money you have lent your friends.

BY THE middle of the afternoon it had taken everything we could afford to give it. The apartment had a harsh look about it; all the pleasant old haze was gone. It looked bare, as if some of the furniture had been taken away.

"Don't know as I like it, quite," I said to George as we shut off the motor and looked about.

We tenderly unrolled the old rug.

Then, from George: "My God! My cuff-links!"

I knew something like that was coming. He had ignored my warning to lock up such things.

We looked for the cleaner. It was curled up in front of the fireplace in a plethoric sleep.

NOT having the least doubt as to who had eaten the cuff-links, we unscrewed the bolts of the cleaner and removed its top. My eyes opened wide at what lay before us! There, of course, were George's cuff-links; and there, of course, was that pleasant old haze which we had missed. But this wasn't all; in that old haze was a great deal of other stuff.

There was a set of collar buttons and three shirt-studs, worth alone

Happiness

THE DELIGHTFUL SUBSTITUTE FOR
THOSE MEALS THAT HAVE BECOME MERE HABIT

The everyday meal, the hasty lunch, the in-between bite cannot be eaten without a distinct sense of pleasure at the new Happiness Restaurant on Fifth Ave. at 44th St. Here, amid the most beautiful surroundings in New York, no meal is allowed to become mere habit . . . Superlatively good home cooking and smoothly efficient service see to it that your taste and comfort are both delighted and satisfied.

Every Friday evening at 7:30 the Happiness Boys — radio favorites — broadcast their entertainment from this restaurant.

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"ON THE SITE OF OLD DELMONICO'S"
Fifth Avenue at 44th Street

Happiness Candy Stores

OTHER HAPPINESS RESTAURANTS
10 *West 47th St.* : : 6 *East 39th St.*

FIFTH AVE PLATES

¶ The prologue of your first dinner in this rose and old gold room could be blue points or consomme. Then half spring chicken pot pie—piping hot pie—with Brussels sprouts and corn souffle. Salad is tender hearts of lettuce; dessert a choice of old favorites. And coffee—oh! you would come again for the coffee alone.

¶ Because the Fifth Avenue is an apartment hotel and the restaurant is patronized by its guests daily, decidedly moderate prices are maintained.

¶ Entertaining here is a pre-assured success. Charming private dining rooms available for all social functions.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL

24 FIFTH AVENUE

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1, 2 and 3 rooms with serving pantries, refrigeration; furnished or unfurnished.

And on Murray Hill

THE HOTEL WHITE

Lexington Ave. and 37th Street

Lexington 1200

Oscar Wintrab, *Managing Director*

about five dollars; there was a receipt from the gas company for a deposit of eight dollars; there were one dozen and three paper clips, one small screw-driver, an amber cigarette-holder belonging to George that had been stolen by the iceman six months before, a watch-charm stolen by the same man at an earlier date, and seventy-four cents in cash.

There were, in addition, a few other odds and ends, bringing the total value up to approximately thirty-one dollars and forty-three cents! Deducting running expenses amounting to four dollars for the rental of the bucket and about seventy-five cents for electricity, there remained a net profit to us for the day of twenty-six dollars and sixty-eight cents!

"That gives us, George," I said, "individual earnings of thirteen dollars and thirty-four cents, which, for unskilled labor—"

"Shake," said George with quiet eloquence. —BERRY FLEMING

•

OVERHEARD

[At "The General," starring Buster Keaton]

"ISN'T it terrible to think that people ever fought their own countrymen?" asked a female voice.

"Yeh," answered a male voice.

"That was the Civil War, wasn't it?"

"Yeh."

"What was it about?"

"Freeing the slaves."

"Who won?"

"The South."

"Were the slaves freed?"

"Yeh." —F. R.

•

BEND LOW, YE CHARITABLE SKIES

Elizabeth's tallest structure will rise at 1143 East Jersey Street, consisting of an eight-story office building, it became known today. The site now is ocupied by two frame buildings, which will be razed to make way for the skyscraper.—*Elizabeth (N. J.) Daily Journal.*

•

To provide for the future extension of the home of Harvard Alumnae a syndicate of members has just purchased the adjoining property, Nos. 33 and 35 West 44th Street.—*New York Evening World.*

The girls are spreading themselves.

Double Your Beauty

Let Alexandre & Emile enhance your natural charm thru the aid of their delicate hair tinting, or perhaps that ultimate in beauty —the permanent wave at

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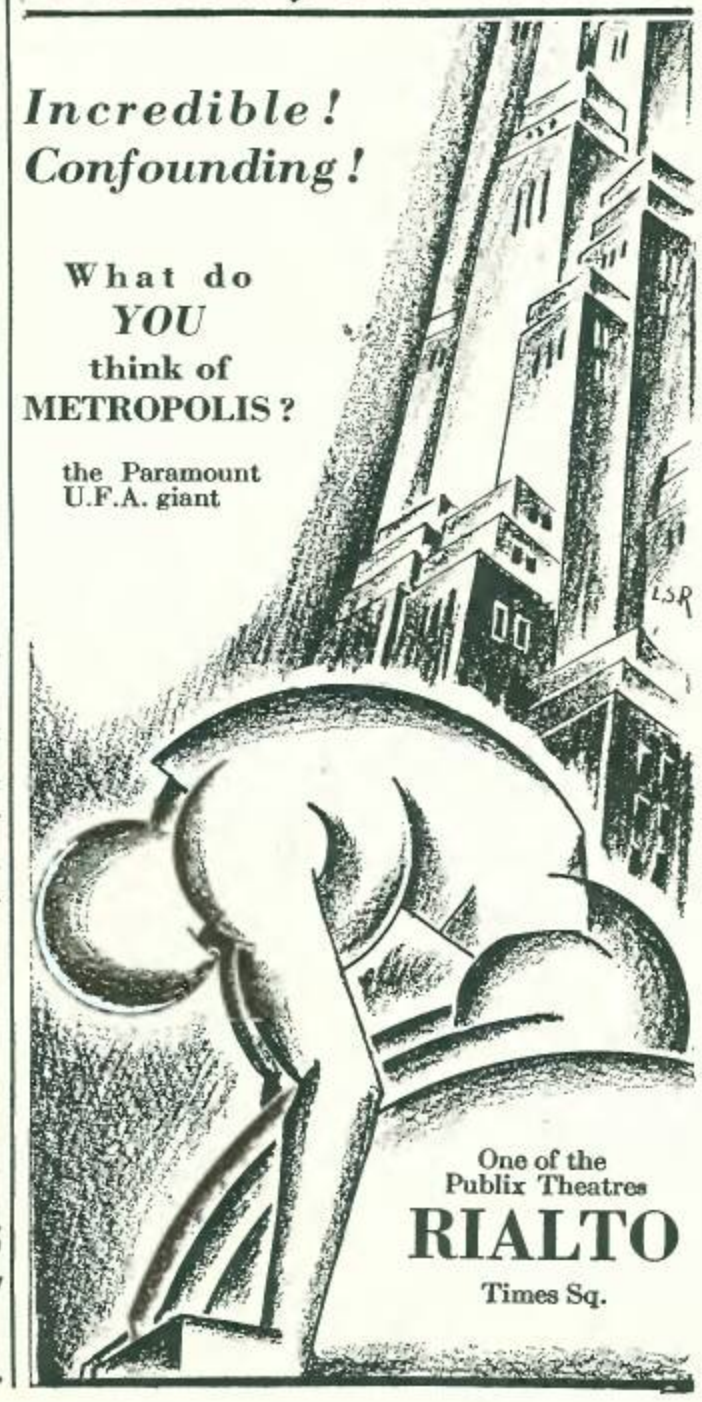
Incredible! Confounding!

What do *YOU* think of METROPOLIS?

the Paramount U.F.A. giant



One of the Publix Theatres

RIALTO

Times Sq.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Spanish - American War — Mediocrity — A Nice New Movie House

AS an epic of the Spanish-American War, "The Rough Riders" doesn't amount to much, but as a movie it is pretty successful, which is about all that could be asked. Although at the time of our victory England hailed us as the "lion's whelp" and other countries said nice things, it has developed with the disordered progress of the years that this nation was battling a push-over, and lucky to come off as handsomely as it did. So that very little is now left to wave the flag about.

Mr. Hermann Hagedorn was called in to aid and assist on those parts of the picture in which Roosevelt and the Rough Riders were concerned, but after the completion and cutting of the film he departed from the studios on a wave of protest. All the dignity of the picture, he maintained, had been stripped from it in the cutting-room, and he wanted no connection with its present state. It must be added, in justice to someone, that Mr. Hagedorn stands ready to sponsor a re-edited version of the film. It would be interesting to see another edition, as I have a suspicion that where patriotism suffered in the cutting, entertainment gained.

THE first half of the picture deals with the training of the Rough Riders at San Antonio, and is laden with love and semi-slapstick in a diverting manner. A girl is the object of the affection of two youths, one a cocky, self-confident lad, the other a sappy boy; and after a series of incidents they learn to dislike each other. The comedy is excellently provided by George Bancroft and Noah Beery, as two cowboys ready to follow their idol, Teddy.

Then in Cuba the spineless boy turns suddenly from cowardice to heroism at San Juan Hill and is mortally wounded during the charge. His rival picks him up and carries him back to a dressing station where he

Has "YELLOW MASK" made you despair of beauty?

Dental Science has a New, Quick Way of Erasing that Unfashionable Yellowish Tinge—Just Try It!

DON'T RESIGN yourself to the idea that your teeth are naturally yellow. Or that glistening white teeth are for others — not for you. All teeth are a beautiful ivory white, yours included. Only a glassy yellow mask obscures the dazzling whiteness.

Here's where that unlovely yellowish tinge comes from and here's how to dispel it. In your saliva is a "liquid cement." It glues to your teeth—then hardens. Food, coffee and tobacco stain this mask, for it is also an absorbent.

To rid the enamel of this mask your dentist uses a precious substance known as "Tri-Calcium Phosphate." But only now has dental science found a way to embody this famous cleaning agent in a pleasant, tasty tooth paste. That is why, until now, you have never been able to dislodge that yellow mask.

The name of this new and marvelous dentifrice is ORPHOS Tooth Paste. Often it does in one brushing what others have failed to do over a period of years. The effects are truly amazing. Yet ORPHOS contains nothing that could do the slightest harm to the softest enamel —no grit, no acids.

Don't keep your teeth beauty hidden — buy a tube of ORPHOS today or mail coupon below for a FREE 20-Time Tube.

The Tri-Calcium Phosphate Does It!

FREE 20-Time Tube
Mail this Coupon Now!

ORPHOS CO., 22 West 32nd St.
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Please send me, Free, 20-time tube of Orphos Tooth Paste

Name ----------
Address ----------
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"I say, Bob and Phyllis haven't thrown a row in weeks. Why the awful tranquillity?"

"Well, I guess they've nullified their fighting issues. Phyl's memorized Work and Bob's discovered Bascom's, just above 44th, you know. . . ."

And branches at The Biltmore, Plaza, Vanderbilt, Ambassador, Astor, Commodore, Belmont, Murray Hill, Imperial and Williams Club.

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ROXY THEATRE 7th AVENUE 50th St.
under the personal direction of S. L. ROTHAFEL ("ROXY")
A new Standard in Motion Picture Entertainment never before attempted.
MONTE BLUE
in
"Wolf's Clothing"
with
PATSY RUTH MILLER
and
A Revelation Program
Daily, until 6 p. m. ORCHESTRA and BALCONY SEATS 50¢
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Doors Open Daily at 11:30 A. M.
OVER 6200 SEATS—SIX BOX OFFICES

Big Profits running a TEA-ROOM
We train you to organize and manage a TEA-ROOM, MOTOR INN, CAFETERIA, COFFEE or SANDWICH SHOP, CLUB, CAMP. Wonderful Field. Resident and Correspondence Courses. Included are: *"Famous Recipes of Famous Chefs."* Training personally directed by Helen M. Woods, ORIGINATOR of Tea-Room Training. Write for Booklet N.
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School of the Theatre and Dance
Instruction in Every Branch of Dramatic Art
Enrollments Received Now For Second Spring Term — Apr. 5th
DAY AND EVENING CLASSES IN MOTION PICTURE ACTING
Commercial Screen Tests Made
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EMPIRE Thea., B'way & 40th St. Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
GILBERT MILLER and A. H. WOODS PRESENT
JEANNE EAGELS
in
"Her Cardboard Lover"
By JACQUES DEVAL
Adapted by Valerie Wyngate & P. G. Wodehouse
GILBERT MILLER Presents
HOLBROOK BLINN
in
"The Play's the Thing"
by Ferenc Molnar
Adapted by P. G. Wodehouse
HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, 124 W. 43rd Mats. Thurs. & Sat at 2:30 Eve. at 8:30
GILBERT MILLER Presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE
in
"The Constant Wife"
By W. Somerset Maugham
MAXINE ELLIOTT'S Theatre, 39th St. Eves. at 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LOEW'S LEXINGTON 51st STREET & LEXINGTON AVE.
Apr. 2, 3, 4: JOHN GILBERT in "THE SHOW"; Apr. 5, 6: "GOD GAVE ME TWENTY CENTS" with LOIS MORAN; Apr. 7, 8: MAE MURRAY in "ALTARS OF DESIRE"; Apr. 9, 10, 11, ADOLPHE MENJOU in "EVENING CLOTHES."

Week of Mar. 21. PYGMALION
Week of Mar. 28 BROTHERS KARAMAZOV
GUILD Th., W. 52 St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30
Week of Mar. 21. NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER
Week of Mar. 28 THE SILVER CORD
JOHN GOLDEN THEA. 58th St., E. of B'way
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JED HARRIS PRESENTS
'BROADWAY'
by Philip Dunning and George Abbott
BROADHURST Thea. W. 44th St. Mat. Wed. & Sat.
SEATS—8 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

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Now in its 5th Month
WALDORF 50th St. East of Bw'ay. Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday.

CAPITOL THEATRE B'way at 51st St.
FROM ROYALTY TO THE PROLETARIAT—
So wide is the universal appeal of this —the outstanding motion picture entertainment of the world. Orchestra of 85 —Ballet—Soloists.
MAJOR EDWARD BOWES

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SAM H. HARRIS THEATRE West 42nd St.
Twice Daily 2:30—8:30
ALL SEATS RESERVED

PLAZA THEATRE Madison Ave. at 59 St.
Direction Leo Brecher
Sun. and Mon., March 27-28: "HUSBAND HUNTERS" with MAE BUSCH. Tues. and Wed., March 29-30: DOLORES COSTELLO in "THE THIRD DEGREE." Thurs. and Fri., March 31-April 1: King Vidor's "FLESH AND THE DEVIL" with JOHN GILBERT and GRETA GARBO.
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PEGGY-ANN
with LULU McCONNELL

dies. The usual satisfactory end is achieved, after an anticlimax.

In the second half too little is made of the fever, too much of the boy being carried to the hospital, and the shots of the battle are somewhat disorganized, but as for the rest—looked at as a few hours' entertainment—only criticisms too slight to be necessary can be made.

As Col. Roosevelt, Frank Hopper constantly suggests the platform orator, but he undoubtedly looks the part. Mary Astor sports a very pleasant smile at the heroine, and the rest of the cast do well.

OF THE remaining films of the week only mediocrity can be reported. Adolphe Menjou does his customary stuff in "Evening Clothes" at the Paramount, and although the affair has some amusing moments the general effect is draggy. Louise Brooks makes herself more able than usual by the aid of a trick haircut. "The Demi-Bride," at the Capitol, is about as draggy, stretches of dullness killing the better portions of the pic-

"A million dollar production!"

ture. Norma Shearer does a lot of kittenish fluttering about as a young girl, and I hope she never gets the opportunity to do so again. Tenen Holtz is good as a butler, and Lew Cody does the best he can. The theme concerns a polite, but shotgun, wedding, that turns out nicely. (As if anyone thought it wouldn't.) It is one of those pictures that take a long while

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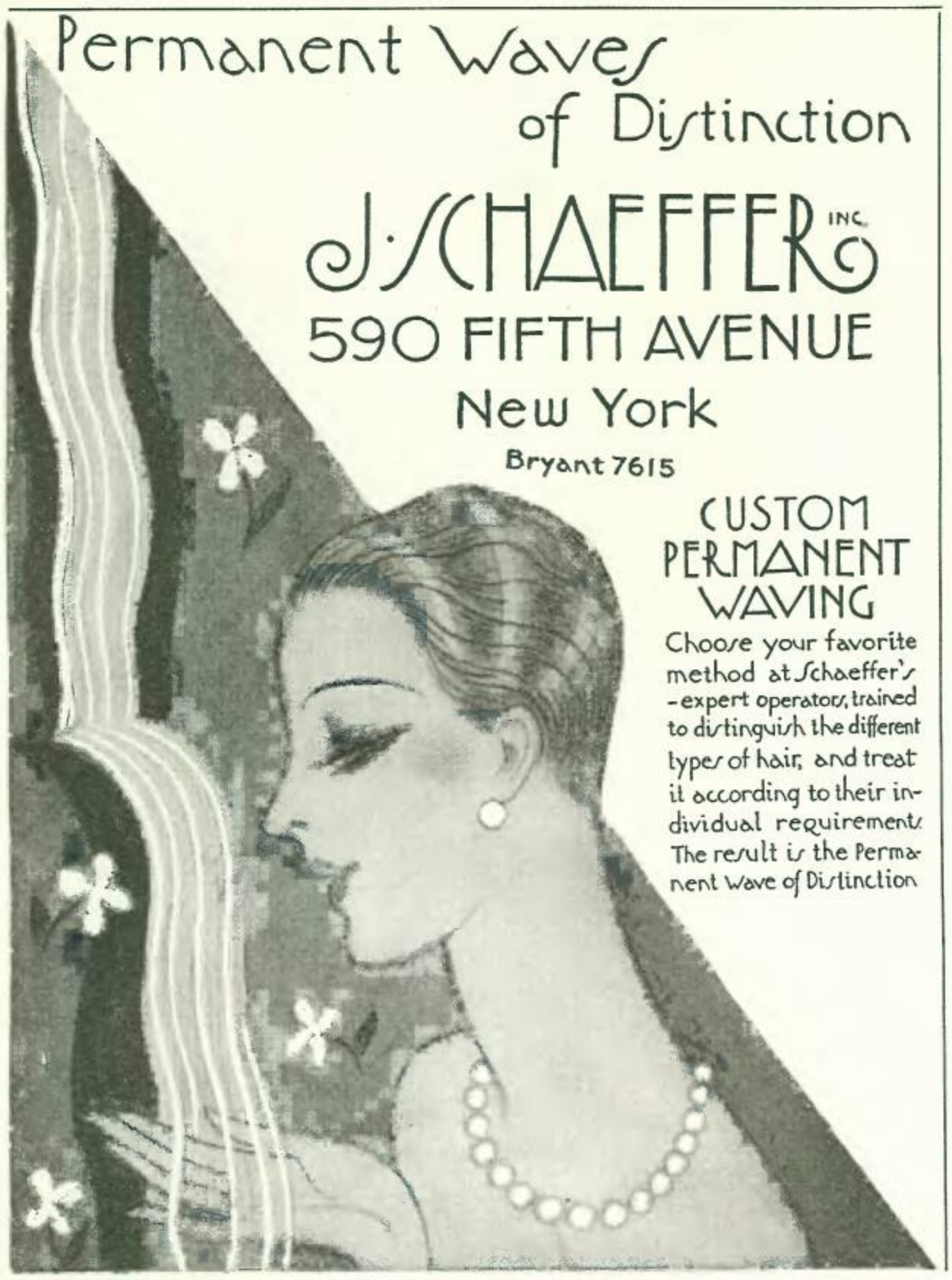

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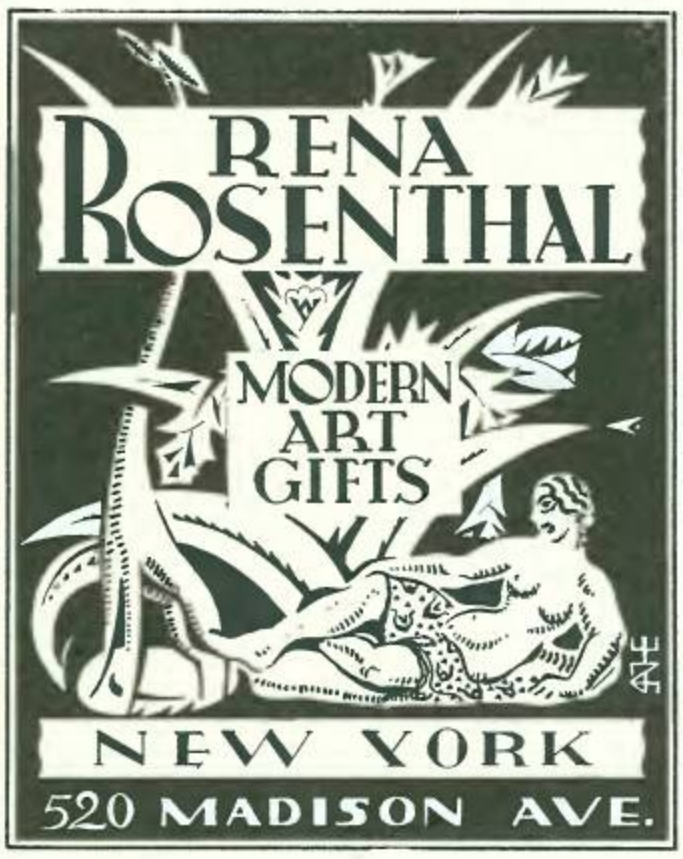

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to reach a given point and then promise to go on forever. The Colony returned to a weekly program change with the Vitaphone and "White Flannels." "White Flannels" is terrible. The Cameo is sheltering "Thru Darkest Africa," and it is equipped with poor photography, very poor captions, and a lot of them. However, if you like to see the beasts of the Dark Continent hovering on horizons, there they are.

THE Fifty-fifth Street Cinema, a new movie house devoted to better things, is announced to open on April 7 or 15, with "The Marriage of The Bear." The picture comes from the same source as "Potemkin" and probably will repay anticipation.

—O. C.

•

RESERVING ACCOMMODATIONS

"Shop always between 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. when the Subway and Open Air 'L' offer the best accommodations."—*Subway Sun.*

I dialed CORtlandt 8920.

"Hello? Is this the general office of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company? I'd like to speak about accommodations on the subway for next Thursday afternoon."

Pretty soon a voice said, "Accommodation department speaking. Good morning."

"May I make subway reservations of you?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," the voice replied most courteously.

"What have you for two on the 12:08 out of 145th Street on the West Side line for Thursday?" I asked.

"That'll be pretty crowded, I'm sure," said the voice. "You see that's one of the matinée days. But hold the wire a moment, I'll look and see what I can do for you."

A few moments passed and then he returned.

"I'm terribly sorry. I could give you one between Mrs. Greenstein and Mrs. Epstein on the 12:08 express out of 145th Street. But frankly I don't think you'd be very comfortable. They're both rather large women. Especially when they sit down. However, if you'd care to take it, it's 54, Car 8. And I could give you 55 in the same car. That would be right across from it."

"No. Those two would never do. I can't stand riding right over the wheels. You haven't a couple together in the center of the car? We'd much rather be next to one another than opposite."

"No. I'm terribly sorry. Those two are all I have. But I tell you what I would do if I were you. I'd take third-class accommodations on the 12:08 West Side Express out of 145th Street and take my chances on getting a place to stand. Then I can give you a couple of dandies right in the middle of the car on the 12:17 Local out of 137th Street. It's only one station, you see, and the locals start right there. You'll find it only will take a few minutes longer and the comfort you get is actually worth the difference in time."

"Very well, then," I said. "If that's what you'd honestly advise I'll take them. What are the numbers, please?"

"Yes. I honestly would advise it. I'm reserving 28 and 30 on the West Side Local leaving 137th Street at 12:17 for as far as—did you say Times Square?"

"Yes."

"For Times Square, then. For Thursday next. That'll be ten cents."

"How long will you hold those accommodations?"

"Till five minutes before train time. Pick them up at the change booth. Thank you. Goodbye."

I SAID goodbye and hoped I'd done the sensible thing.

I hadn't. When we took the train Thursday, what was our surprise to find that Number 28 was on one side of the center door and Number 30 on the other. I suppose I have only myself to blame, though. I should have asked. I'll know better next time.

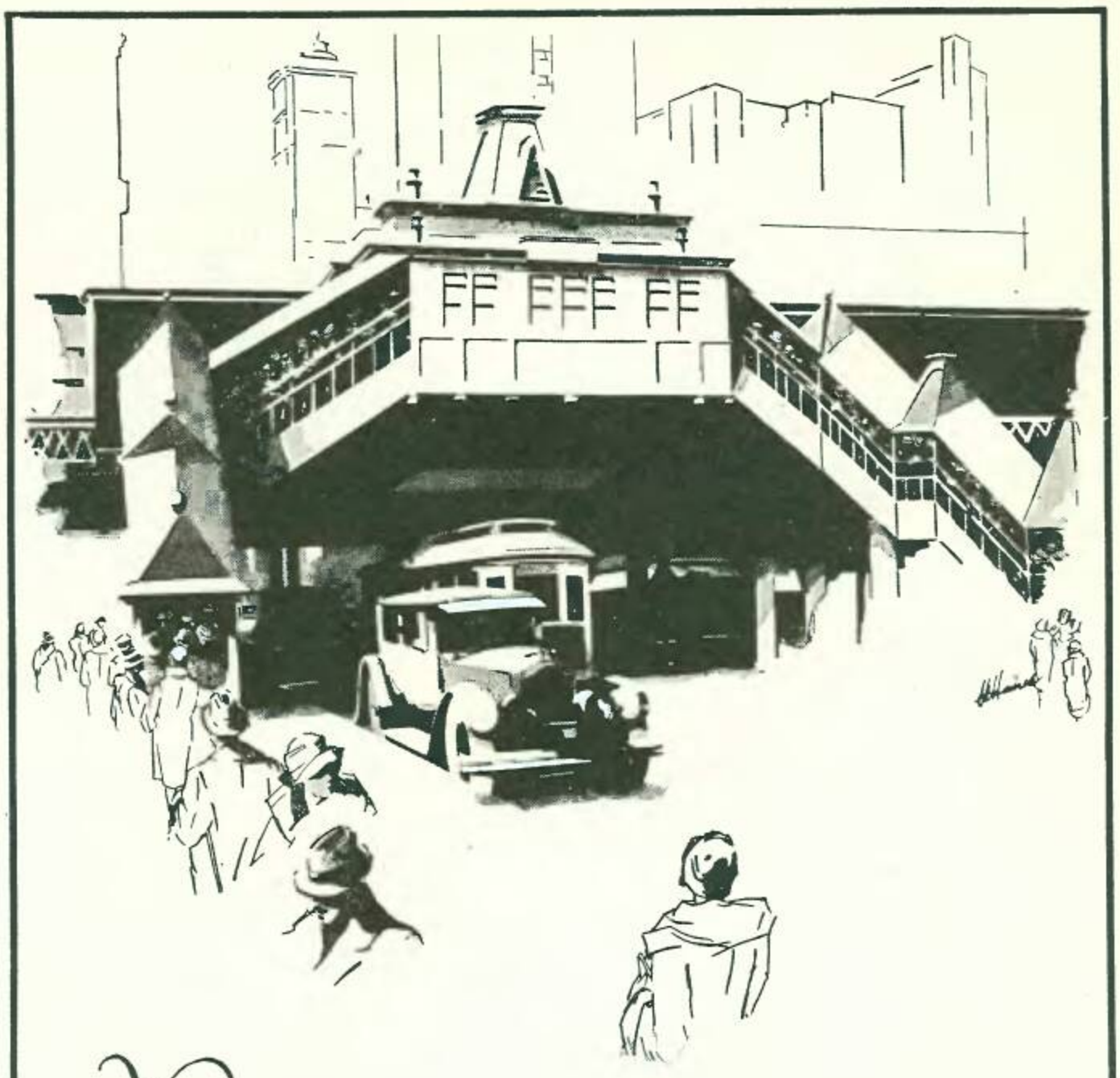
—CARROLL CARROLL

•

TRIOLET ON A WARM BENCH

It's very pleasant to sit and moon
In the friendly sun of Madison Square.
At two o'clock in the afternoon,
It's very pleasant to sit and moon.
Although you realize that very soon
You'll be in the office instead of there,
It's very pleasant to sit and moon
In the friendly sun of Madison Square.

MARGARET FISHBACK



Yes, there's "more room on the 'L'" ~ ~ ~ ~ but ~ ~

AFTER all, who cares? There's also more room in the Bronx. However, if someone in the know should confide to you the discovery that you can live in the heart of Gotham, in apartments as fine as Park Avenue but at rentals more like the Bronx than like this King of Avenues . . . well . . . who could scoff!

That is what Tudor City means. If we should have a slogan, it would probably be something like "Accessible, both ways." As it is, we merely remind you that it is located on the East River front, between 40th and 44th, that it is a complete and independent community—shops, restaurant and park, and then let you draw your own conclusions!

But most of all, Tudor City is amazingly convenient. You can walk to nearly anywhere you want to go. As central as Grand Central, just five minutes' away.

The first group will be ready in September. Prospect Tower, an apartment hotel, has suites of 1 or 2 rooms at $875 to $2050. The Manor, with housekeeping apartments from 1 to 4 rooms, ranges in price from $720 to $3100.

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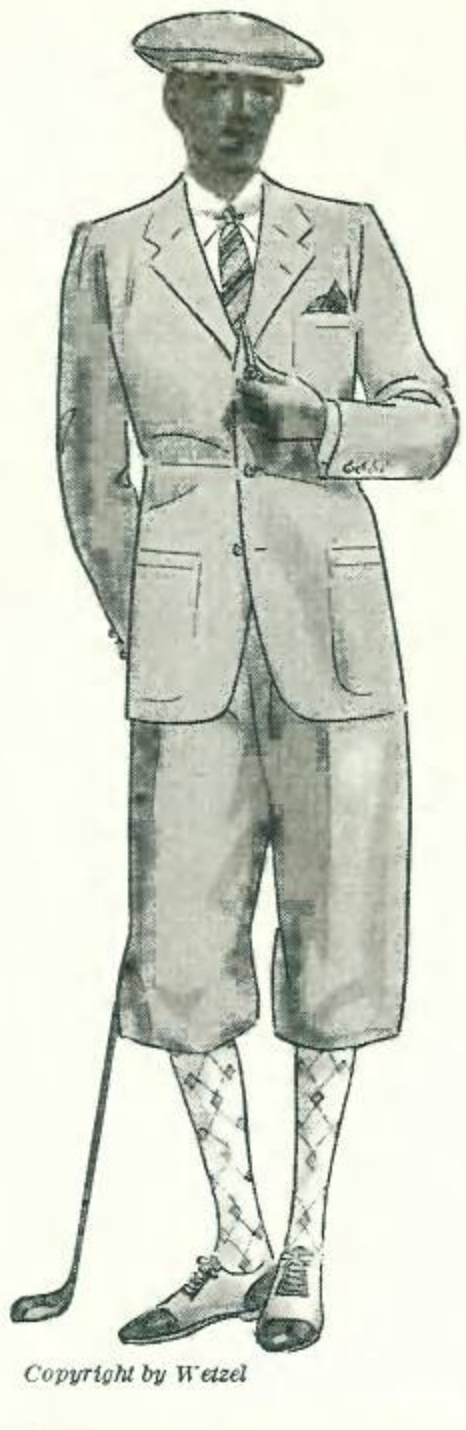

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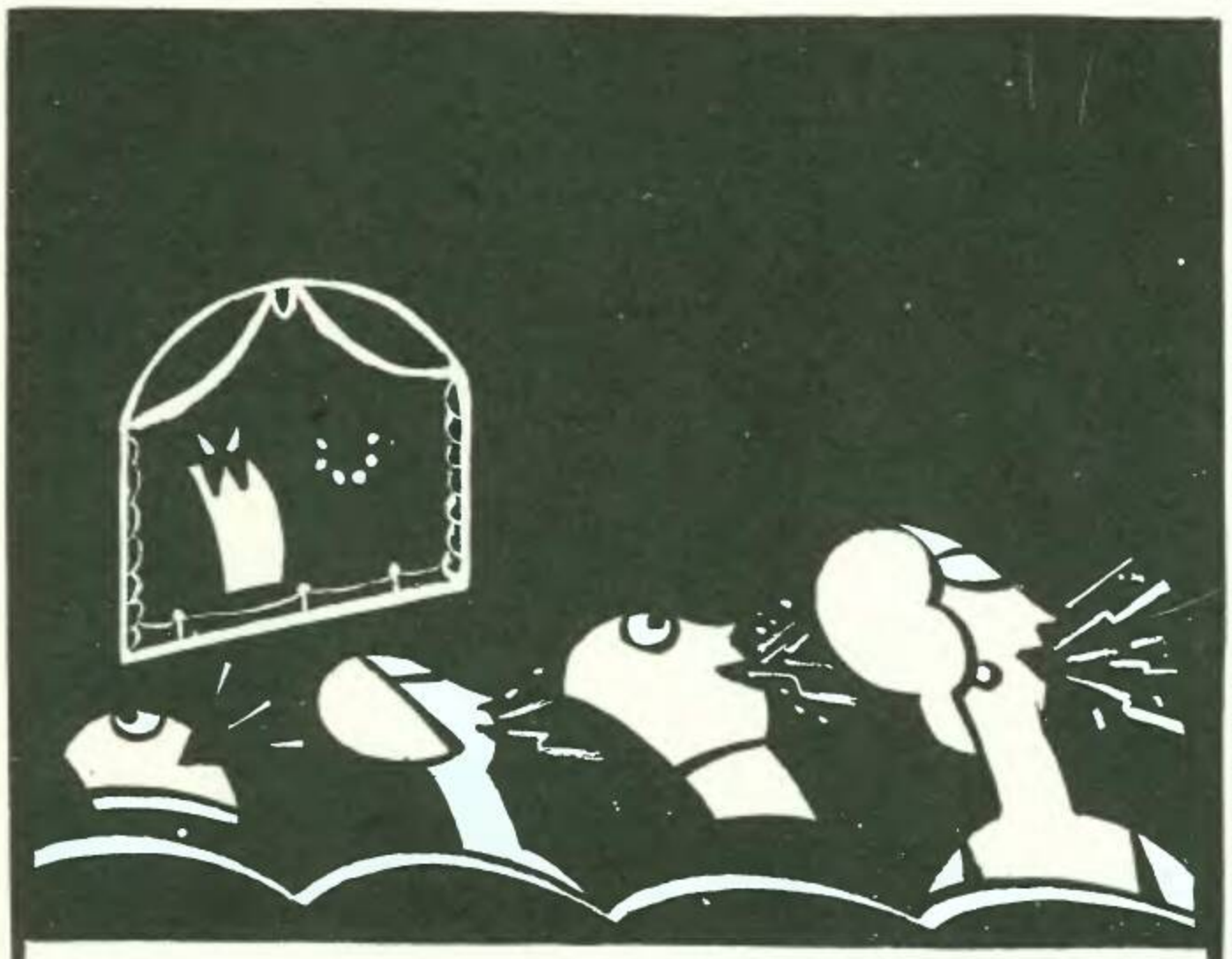

The Wing Collar: **"It seems that some people save their coughs for a good show!"**

The Pearl Necklace: **"Except those who save their breath with LIFE SAVERS."**

THE ART

Geniuses Hot, Co

WE HAVE thought it over backward and forward and from the middle both ways, and are about ready to announce that one of America's great is having a show at the New Art Circle. He is Max Weber, and we believe our previous reports of him were not so enthusiastic. He had always seemed to us just another of those clever, versatile painters thickly larded over with the "Eili Eili" complex. Most of his things were so somber and dark of mood that we invariably burst into tears in front of his pictures and said "Dear me, *some* one must do something for these downtrodden people!"

Our one-track theory of painting having something to do with the employment of color and hence joy, we held that painting should be something to be cheerful about. Pulpits, pamphlets and publicists are the proper mediums for propaganda. So we always resented Weber's sorrowful note. Something seems to have happened to Weber, or to us. Anyway, here is his show, bursting with color and light and the things we old fogies demand in painting. We have about decided to admit Weber to our first ten Americans.

It is all very well for you to say: Well, how about Cézanne, and how about a blue Matisse? Granted those sources or derivations, we still stake Weber to a considerable quotient of individuality. The picture chosen as the prize by the discerning and disputatious Mr. Neumann is "Laborers' Huts." We are the dissenting vote and, while admitting that it has consummate organization and a lyrical balance, insist it is nowhere near the achievement of "Autumn," "Winter" or "The Old Barns." In the first the artist has let himself go in a passionate burning canvas, all seeming to pour out of him in one mood. Thus did Van Gogh paint, and we will give you a hundred of the hundred-pose pictures for one of these things that is passionately conceived and spontaneously born.

It is the "Hills," a small canvas of green and brown, that we consider more dynamic and persistent than

GALLERIES

d Nine Days Old

a bill collector. Just as we remembered the Weber in the Multinational long after the gold walls were forgotten, the punch of this picture follows us around. Weber's, of course, is a painters' show, and the gallery was filled with craftsmen, from the most successful to the girl students who drag their feet around in silent worship. We ourselves can not bend the knee too much to the assorted fruits and vegetables and we do not fall under the thrall of the "Chair." His "Interior With Child" we felt a bit too Matisse, otherwise we would have raved over that. His ample, rolling nudes are here in all their abandon for any with Turkish tastes, the "Reclining Figures" being the farthest north, also south, in his adept uses of such organizations.

We hope you have seen the show by now and if not we ask you to run right around. Max Weber is one of the subjects you should be posted on.

NOW and then you may have seen a green hippopotamus in the window of the elder Dudensing on Forty-fourth Street. It was the work of Carl Walter, a worker in the precious things of the vineyard. He is having a full show now, and gentlemen who give up a few thousand readily for a little thing of this Ming or that Mong period might do well to drop around and consider the best of America's dynasty in the glazed wear department. As to beauty it is not unlike Varnum Poor's pottery. But Walter doesn't worry about utility and, instead of plates and bowls that delight the soul, goes in for bulls, giraffes, penguins and any number of animals we can not spell at the moment. Walter is almost alone in his field, but that is not the reason why he is preëminent. He is a gifted poet, led on no doubt by dreams but not unmindful of the fact that he is working in clay.

SHARING the show with Walter is Buk. That is all you are going to get of that name—not even an "n." Buk was a cowboy, the legend runs, and he has just come back from three years in Paris. Put that combination together and you come out as near the answer as we did. The display contains forty-one numbers and shows

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MANY of New York's notables foregather now at the Ned Wayburn Studios to take Mr. Wayburn's conditioning exercises. Recognizing Mr. Wayburn's reputation as the producer of the best editions of the Follies and his association with such stars as Ann Pennington, Marilyn Miller and Gilda Gray, there is convincing evidence that Mr. Wayburn can offer *practical* and experienced suggestions with exercises that enhance bodily grace and promote health.

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Smart New Yorkers are beginning to realize that work at the Ned Wayburn Studios is a pleasant way to grace of bodily movement which can enhance the charm of the most fastidious ensemble and at the same time bring into their lives a new freshness and vigor.

New classes in conditioning are being formed at the Studios in the next few days. If you cannot visit the Studios in person, we urge you to write immediately for information. Address Studio N-1, Ned Wayburn Studios of Stage Dancing, 1841 Broadway (entrance on 60th Street) at Columbus Circle, New York City.

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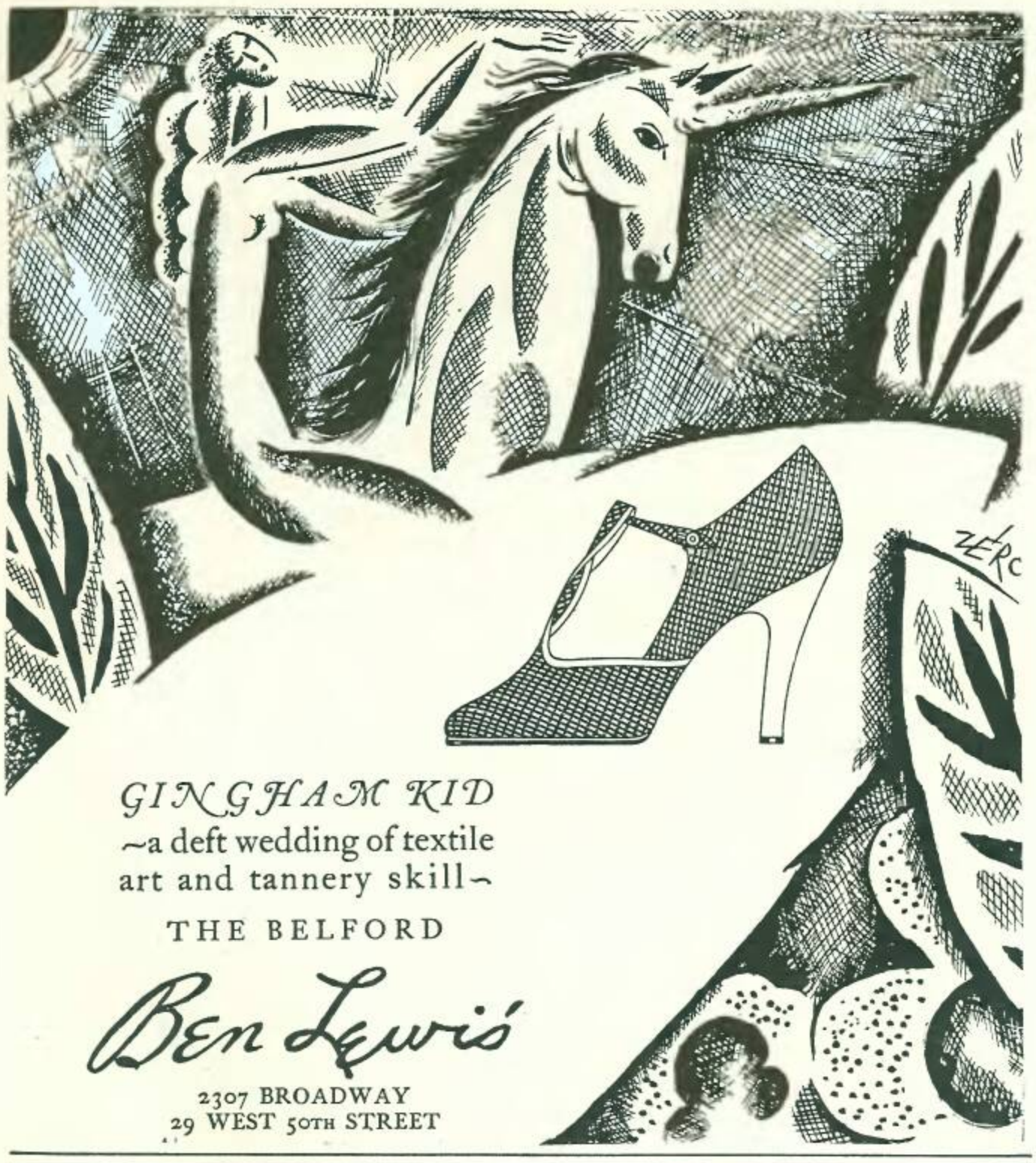

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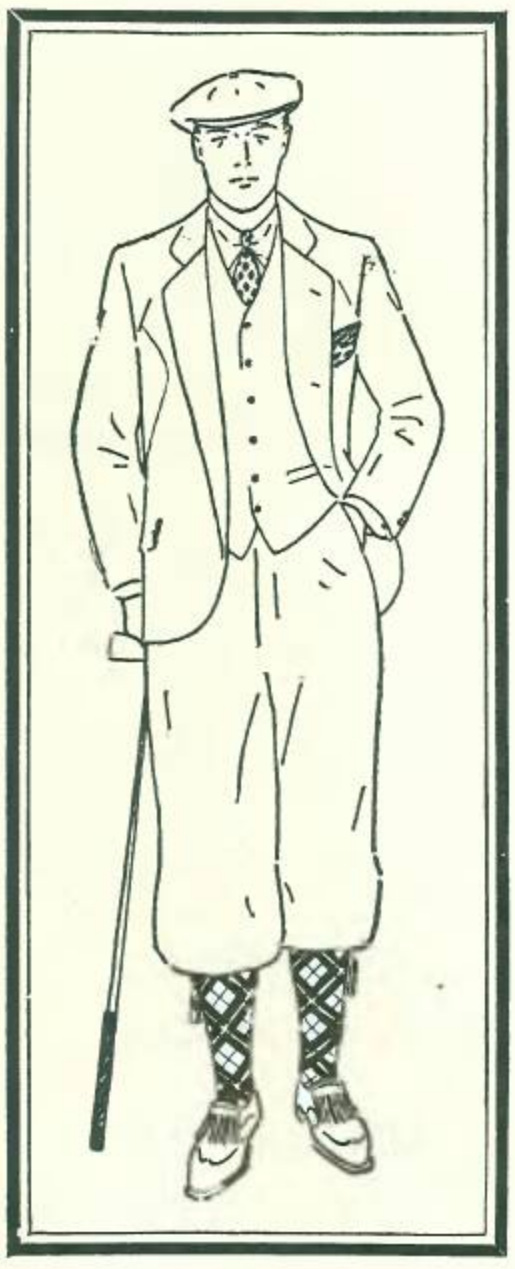

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several phases of Buk's development. Abroad he seems to have followed with a devotee step the Persian influence. We mention this merely to give you some idea of the sort of things he paints. Most of them are in water color—bright triptyches, patterns or compositions, of sundry lithe ladies in munsingwear, weaving in and out of Persian miniatures. The effect is exhilarating and sometimes disturbing. It is a sort of painting that you seldom see. We imagine it meets considerable opposition in a country given over to graphs and charts. We liked Buk's work much better than his titles, borrowed no doubt, and to be returned to the Academy in time for their show. "Glorious is the Morning Sun and We Dance for Joy," and "Drifting Thoughts With the Evening Dusk" are two of the happiest choices.

IF ANY considerable sum of money were left us, the first thing we would do would be to establish a school for city editors. And one of the first classes would take up the matter of how to stop the assignment of plumbing experts to cover art exhibits. Which assertion is prompted by the annual show of Independent Artists, if you haven't guessed it already. All the Independents ever claimed for their yearly exhibition was that it was a place where any one who had a picture and five dollars could get a viewing. Its motto is, "No jury and no prizes." But the average reporter feels cheated if all of the thousand exhibits are not Brancusi or Braque.

We liked this year's show, though we wouldn't want our record brought up against us. We can recall years when we didn't, and when we thought it was our function to put a stop to the whole foolishness. But the show seems to keep right on and we must report on it. If the Independent hastens the process of discovery of even one genius in a generation, we would have to say that it was entitled to full support.

MANY of the old favorites are around, though we did miss some of the staunch names that have lent their aid from year to year. Of the newcomers we were entranced by the work of Mr. Early Prender. He is not in the catalogue, so you will have to look for him in the first room to the south as you go in. From the entrance the vision is about right and you can get the full magnificence of

Mr. Prender's dream. It is primitive of the first water, full of that naïve sincerity that the sophisticate primitive painter never touches. May he never improve. Second in beauty we thought the "Dawn at Hilltop," by Bumpei Usui. Adequately hung, it would be stunning. Well, there are some eleven hundred to choose from and we advise you to go early and avoid the crowds of the night sessions. Going down the alphabet we will knock off a few names that caught our pleased eye: B. Allegarde, Helen Atwood, A. S. Baylinson, Theresa Bernstein, Robert Brackman, Charles Brobeck, Joseph Burgundy, Margaret Chaplin, Clyde Criswell, Isami Doi, Sarah Freeman, V. M. S. Hannell, Julia Kelly, Mila Kincner, Flora Lauter, Henry Lindemann, Joe Meierhans, Maxwell Simpson, May Spahr, Chuzo Tamotsu, Dorothy Thompson, Jay Van Everen, Charles Walther, and E. B. Winslow. Amen.

AS IF there were not enough good things in town, Brummer devotes the month to a retrospective show of the work of the late Eugene Zak. We have never seen any work of this artist in color, as we recall. Certainly this is the first one-man show he has been given in the city. The exhibit ranges from the rather academic studies of his youth to the plastic poetic period just before his death last year. Even in the early sketches there is great beauty, though hardly any warning of the last phase.

MONTROSS has a show of paintings by Bryson Burroughs. These are the lyrical, other-worldly canvases that seem as remote from the surrounding skyscrapers as the subjects themselves. There are fifteen compositions in the exhibit, each filling out the artist's conception of a legend, running from Endymion to St. George and the Princess. A show that will entrance those avid souls who go from A to Z in the weekly roster of painting.

THE NEW GALLERY is showing Sidney Kaufman. At Jacques Seligmann is the loan exhibition of religious and pensive art. John Vassos is showing designs at the Art Center. Jere Raymond Wickwire is on at Ainslie's. Emil Amero, pride of the press agents, is showing his theatrical drawings at the Drama Book Shop. Walt Kuhn has a show of lithographs at Our Gallery. —M. P.

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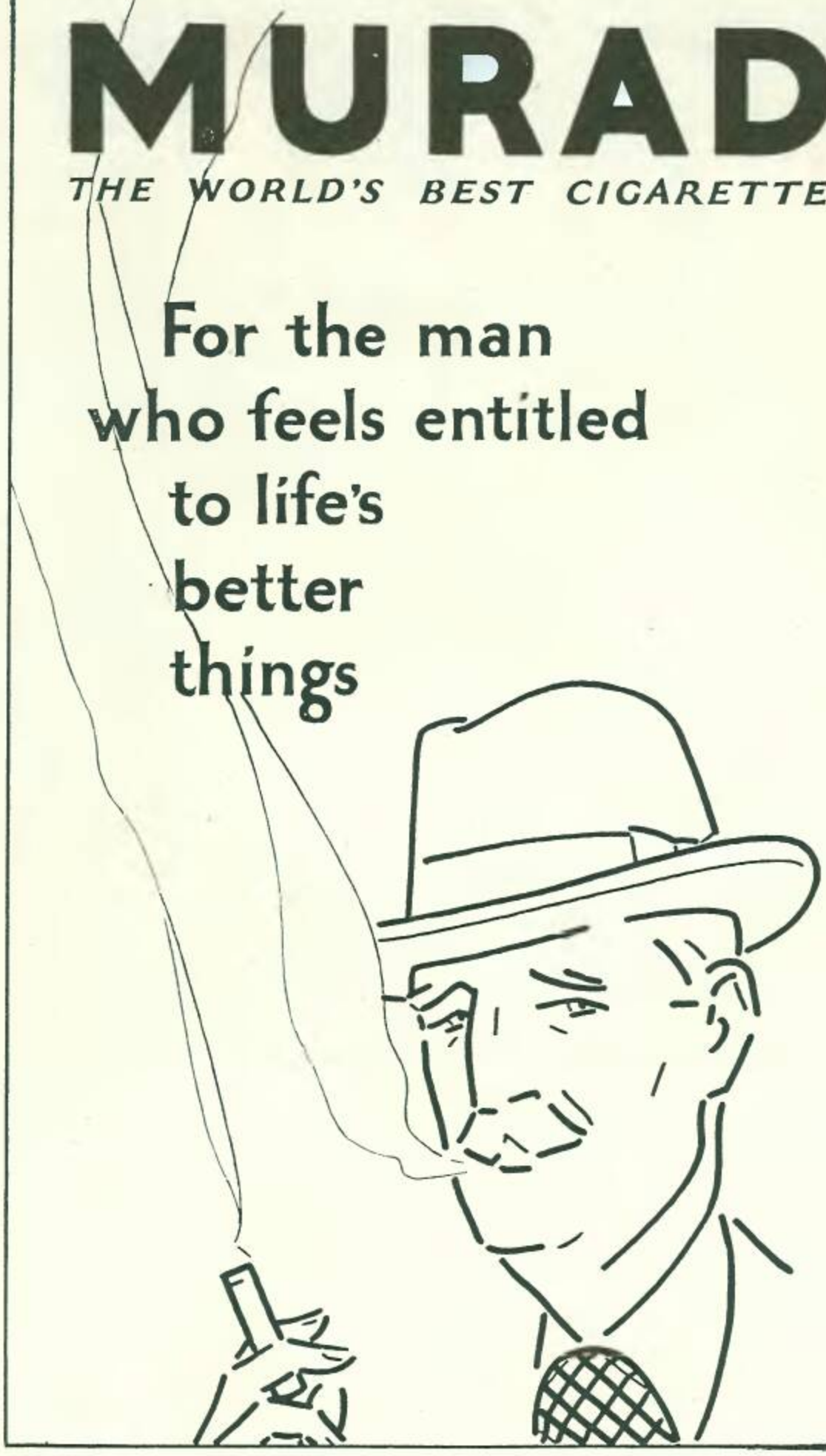

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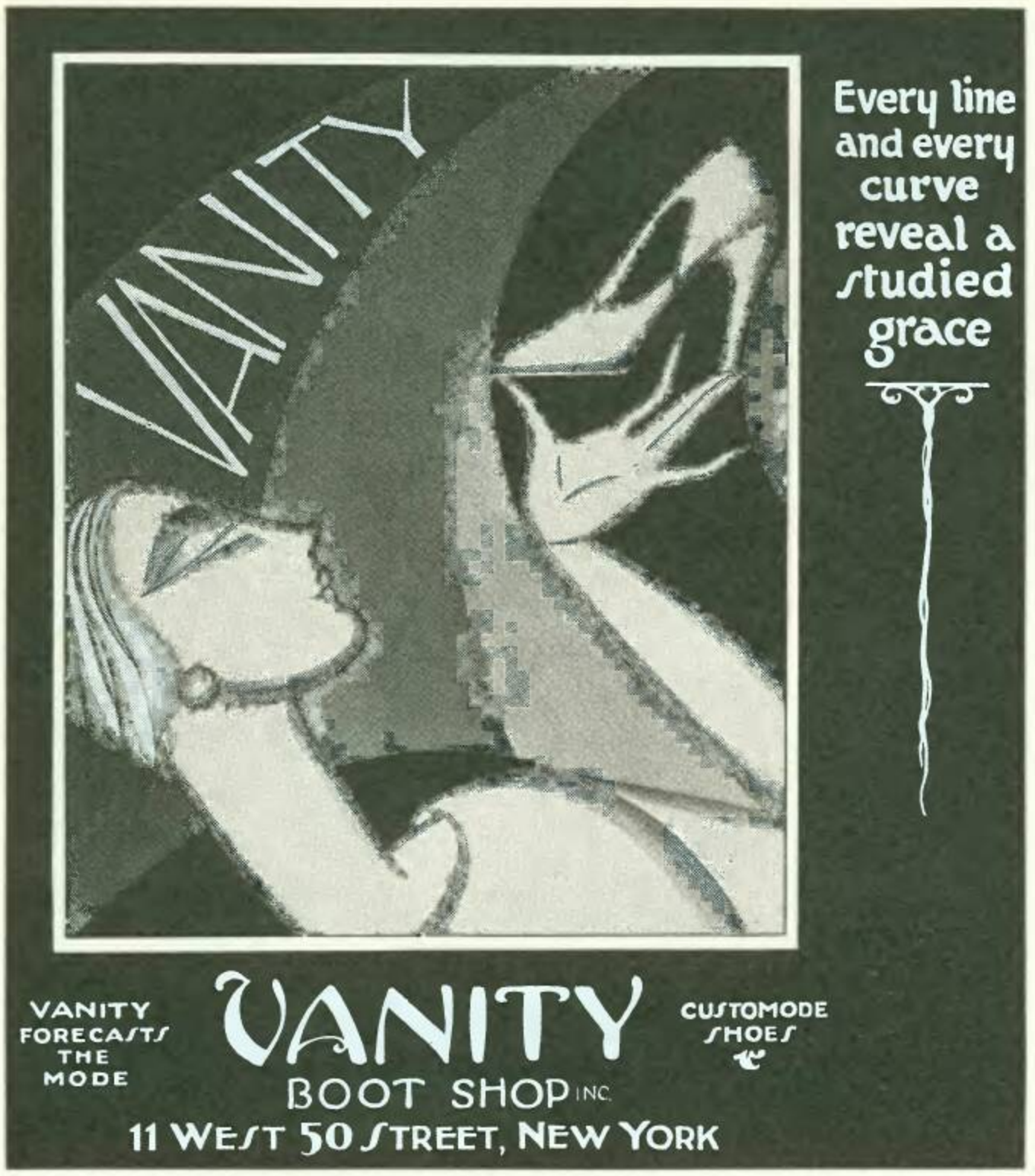


TO THE YOUNGER MARRIED SET

DESPITE the proverbial joy of struggling up from the bottom together, the first few years of marriage may be so full of the struggle that they rob you of companionship. Business is exacting—the daily commuting trip long and arduous. Haven't you wished there were some way of recapturing lost peace and leisure for the sort of companionship you want? Why not live where you can spend at home together the time you now spend in trains or subways?

Ten minutes walk from Grand Central is Stewart Hall, on a hill by the river, sunny, quiet. And yet within the reach of your income . . . 3 and 4 room apartments with monthly charges as low as $66 and $84 respectively. And most complete: open fireplaces, dining alcoves, roof garden, bus service. On Mitchell Place (East 49th Street) near the East River. 100% cooperative, with low prices of $4900 up and $6300 up.

If fatigue is taking its toll in comfort and *élan* give a thought to Stewart Hall. It will be the best investment for the future you could possibly make. Phone or write today the selling agent B. S. Geary, 15 East 40th Street—Murray Hill 6268—and ask to see the floor plans.

MUSICA

The Busch Beats Ab
—Roxy's Orchestra
Dream" in German

OUR latest visiting batonier was Herr Fritz Busch, from Dresden, who directed the Symphony Society during the interval between Mr. Klemperer's departure and Mr. Damrosch's reappearance. The guest operated on a conservative basis, his first program consisting of the third "Leonore" Overture, the Reger variations on a Mozart melody and Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony. This layout is ample to reveal the executive capacity of any conductor, but it is not sufficient to test his imagination.

It became obvious that Mr. Busch was a leader of the hard-boiled school —which means that he pulled from his orchestra exactly what he planned to extract. His beat is one of the clearest to be observed today; his left-hand models phrases graphically; and his head complements these gestures with leanings all its own. Few of our resident or transient directors address themselves to their men with so much severity, but Mr. Busch's almost menacing conducting drew from the Symphony an unwonted degree of precision and euphony.

Mr. Busch is a detail worker rather than a tonal architect. He labors diligently with every measure, but the climaxes sometimes come as anti-climaxes. The Reger variations, which can be played as highly agreeable lush, sounded somewhat like a finicky exposition of orchestral virtuosity, and the "Leonore" overture was squeezed until it became dry. Even the frankly sentimental symphony was treated to a dissection. Our final impression was that a rather brilliant *Kappelmeister* had been with us. If Mr. Busch returns next season, he may be disposed to be less economical in such matters as repertoire and poetry.

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY, who always brings something interesting with him from Boston, offered as a special attraction a choral work of Prokofieff, "Sept, Ils Sont Sept!", the text of which is derived from a cunei-

VENTS

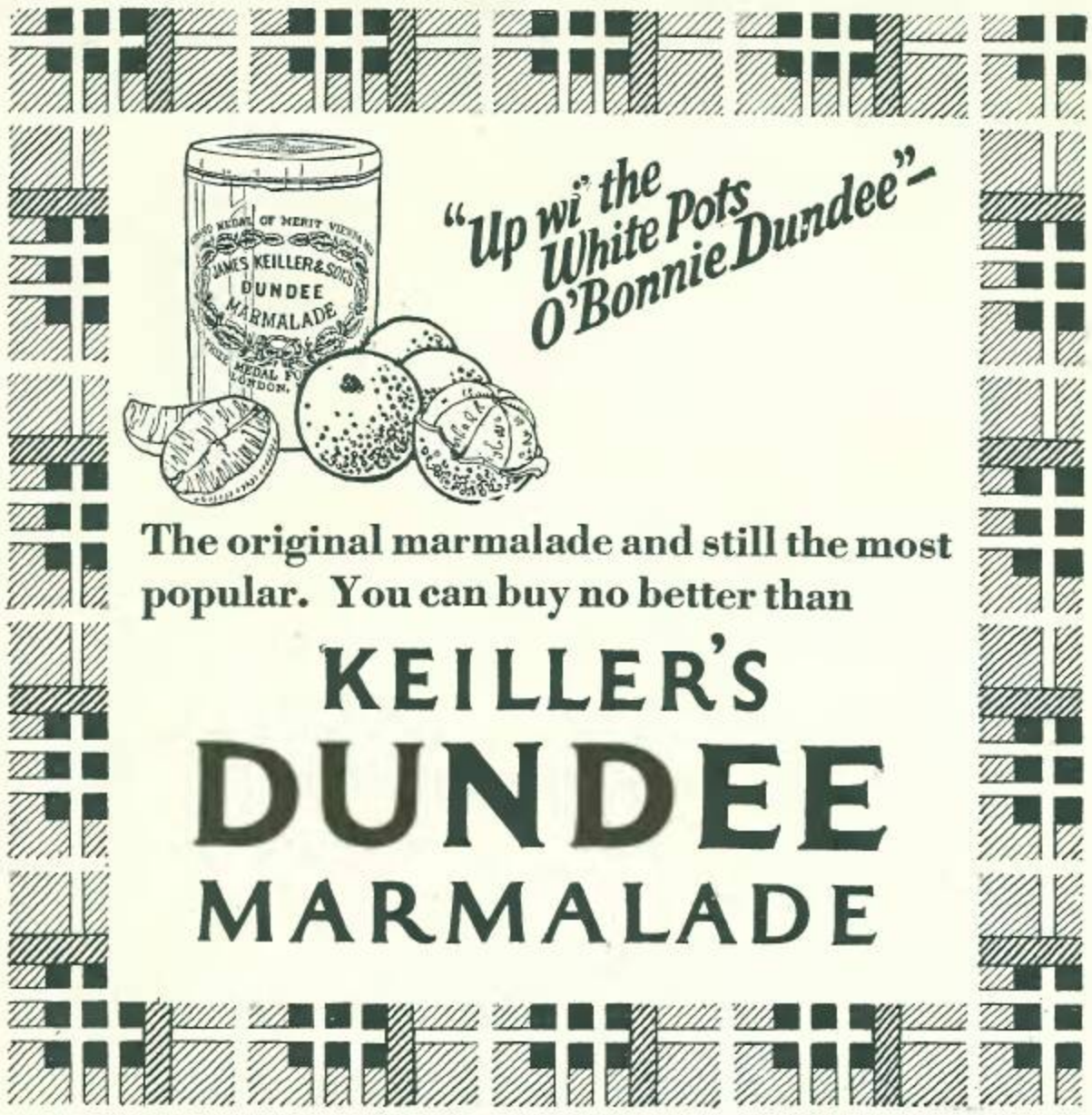
Russia Via Boston
legiate—"A Waltz
ee - Man Circus

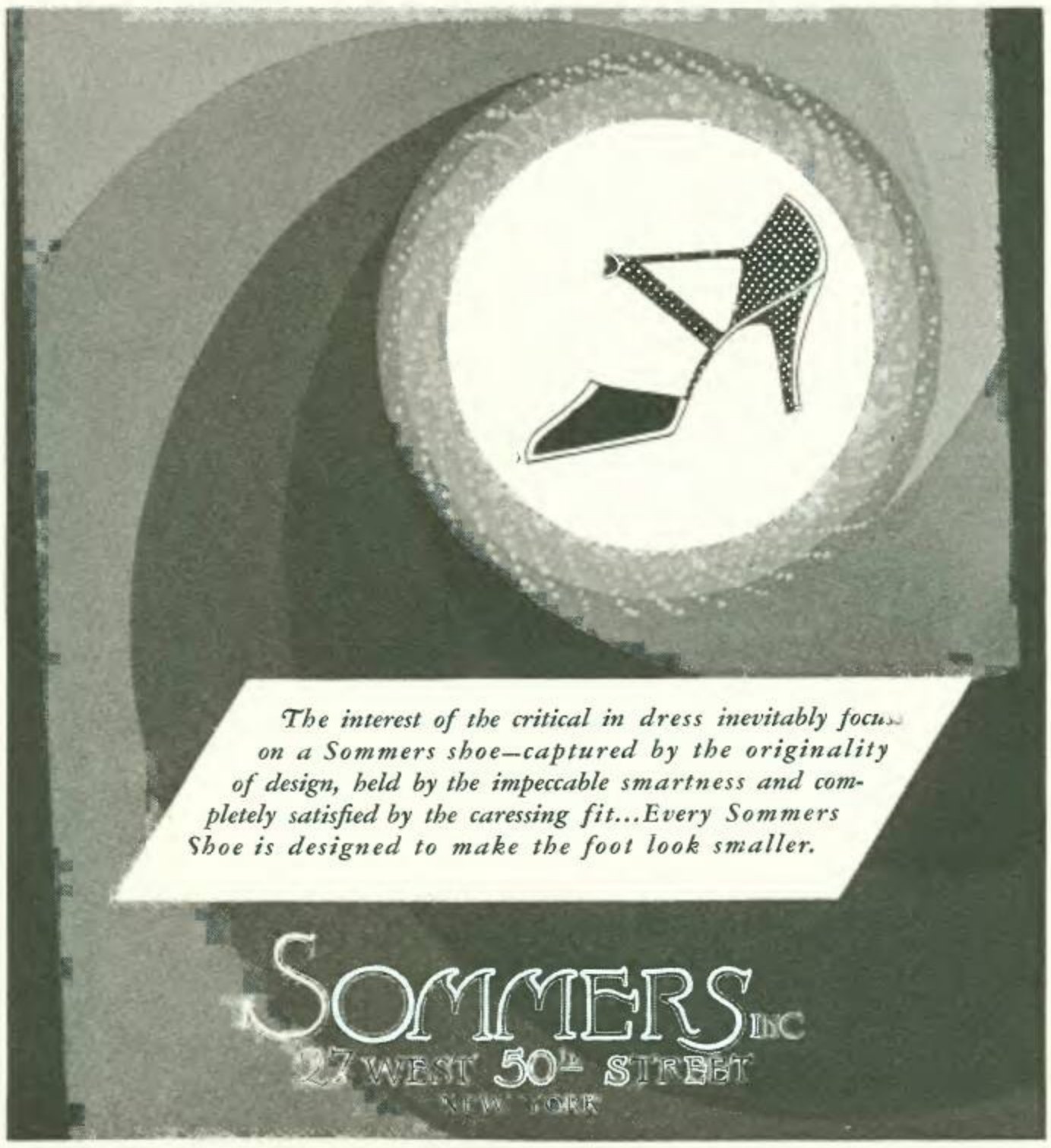
form inscription on the walls of an Akkadian temple. The Boston conductor thought so well of the work that he played it twice on the Thursday evening program and repeated it on Saturday afternoon.

"Sept, Ils Sont Sept!" is an incantation against seven demons and it enlists the aid of a tenor soloist (Mr. Charles Stratton) as well as the chorus of the Cecilia Society. It rises from a wail to a frenzy and subsides to a whisper after a ferocious climax in which two kettle drummers almost break their wrists. The sheer vigor and savagery of the work is irresistible, but the physical gusto of it almost summarizes its importance. The Polovetzian Dances for chorus and orchestra from "Prince Igor," which concluded the program, made "Sept, Ils Sont Sept!" sound gymnastic rather than inspired.

THERE is a new orchestra in town. It is the property of the astounding Roxy and it functions in his fascinating new theatre. Although the organization is only a few weeks old, it has already acquired a homogeneity and a tone that would be a credit to many a more venerable ensemble. Mr. Rothafel, in assembling this orchestra, had no simple task before him, because he could not emulate the conductor who recently engaged the Philharmonic personnel and called it something else. He had to take players whom other bands had not yet captured, but the performance of the young orchestra indicated that the others had not snared all of the good instrumentalists available. We were startled to hear a horn passage played perfectly in a cinema theatre. The orchestra moved up and down on its peripatetic platform so rapidly that it was difficult to identify the members, but the phenomenon of the horn passage was explained when we spied the familiar beard of Xaver Reiter in rapid transit from the audience level to the recesses of the pit. The two concertmasters, also, Joseph Stopak and Henry Nosco, are unusually capable.

The music played in the opening week did not test violently the possi-





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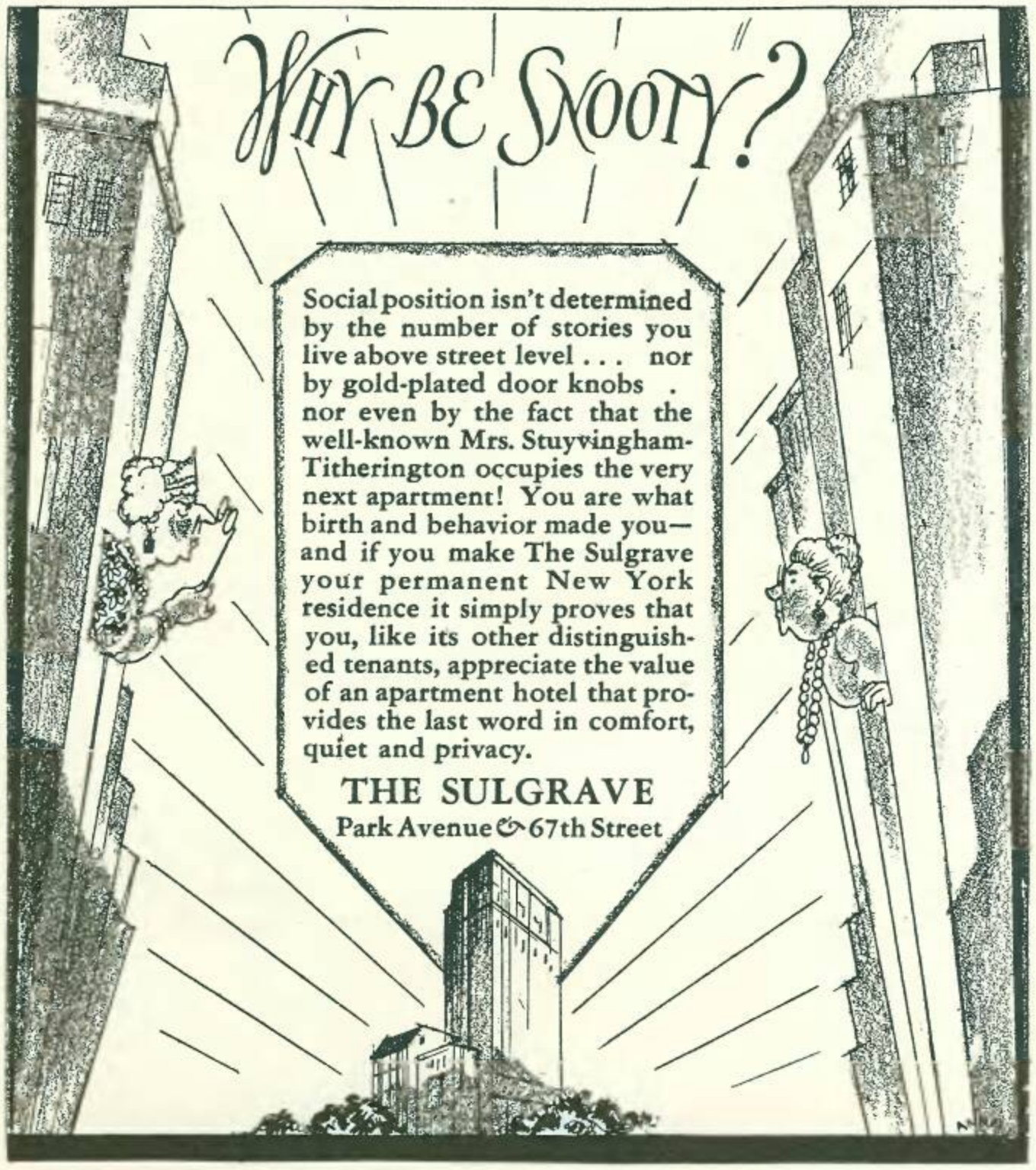

bilities of the orchestra. There was a home-made tone poem depicting the composition of "The Star Spangled Banner," a few yards of ballet music, Hosmer's "Southern Rhapsody," with choral interpolations, a potpourri of airs from "Carmen" and the score for "The Love of Sunya."

OF THE conductors, Erno Rapee in his "Carmen" compôte made the greatest impression. It appears that Mr. Rapee had injured his right shoulder just before the opening, and he conducted left-handed, as Mr. Stokowski has been doing of late.

His directing has gained enormously in subtlety without any loss of vigor and his performance of the medley was so good that we hope to hear him in something which requires the ministrations of so able a conductor.

The vocal retinue attached to the Roxy Theatre seems to be first-rate. Mr. Previn's choristers are a well-drilled aggregation, and the soloists included such accomplished artists as Gladys Rice, Douglas Stanbury and Julius Bledsoe. The three organists deserve an award from some musical foundation for omitting the customary movie *glissandi* and *tremoli*, and the ballet, headed by the captivating Mlle. Gambarelli, worked easily in a rather simple-minded bit of choreography.

Accompanying the film, which we refrain from discussing, was a well-made score embodying a pretty waltz composed by the Roxy's M. Jacquet; also patches of "La Forza del Destino," "La Bohême," "Rigoletto," "L'Arlésienne" and "Tosca." We wonder whether the audience recognized the bits of "Pace, Pace" from "La Forza," employed as a *motif* to denote the whimsies of fate. But that suggests an essay about the relation of song titles to their musical significance, and we desist.

COLLEGIATE Night at Carnegie Hall brought together thirteen glee clubs competing for a silver urn. The audience received with its programs score cards on which could be registered its estimates of the contestants' tone, diction, pitch, ensemble and interpretation. Our own ballot coincided with the decision of the officials only in the number of points awarded to the Wesleyan boys, who were declared winners. We preferred the Penn State group, which sounded less studied in its efforts, and we

enjoyed the performances of the Furman University *intelligentsia*, whose leader evidently had ideas of his own about the music in hand.

Here is the standing of the clubs, as we recorded it on our own card: Penn State, Wesleyan, Furman, California (which would have been first had it been able to stay on pitch), Missouri, Ohio Wesleyan, Yale and Princeton (tied), Dartmouth, Fordham, N. Y. U., Columbia and Middlebury. Something will have to be done about the singing of New Yorkers!

SCHUMANN'S second-best setting of "Die Lotosblume" in an execrable translation was not the best possible selection for the prize song, although its modulations made it easy to detect flaws in pitch and ensemble. The English version is so far away from the music that any performance must be unconvincing. And thirteen consecutive hearings of it are not so much a pleasure as an endurance test.

The "choice songs"—meaning those which the clubs sang of their own volition—suggested that courses in music appreciation are not too popular at colleges, and the array of college anthems was much worse than Mr. Downes hinted in his lecture prior to the announcement of awards. It seemed to us that only the picturesque "Gamaliel Painter's Cane" of Middlebury and "Mother of Men" of Yale were above the level of illiteracy.

These demurrers, however, should not obscure the value of the Intercollegiate Musical Council's work in holding regional and national Eisteddfods. Next year's vocal battle is scheduled for March 10. Save the date!

THE Deutsches Theater, which travels from the Heckscher Theatre to the Longacre, offered a production of "Ein Walzertraum," (*anglice*, "A Waltz Dream") which is recommended to anyone who can understand *"Ich bin, du bist, er ist."* The settings are simple and the chorus is sketchy, but the show goes with immense snap and the comedy of Edmund Loewe and Ernst Robert, two of the most accomplished of our local German actors, will be a revelation to those who have grown to believe that laughs can be obtained only by roarers in baggy pants. The tenor has dangerous methods of tone production, but he makes the hero something more than a singing stick.

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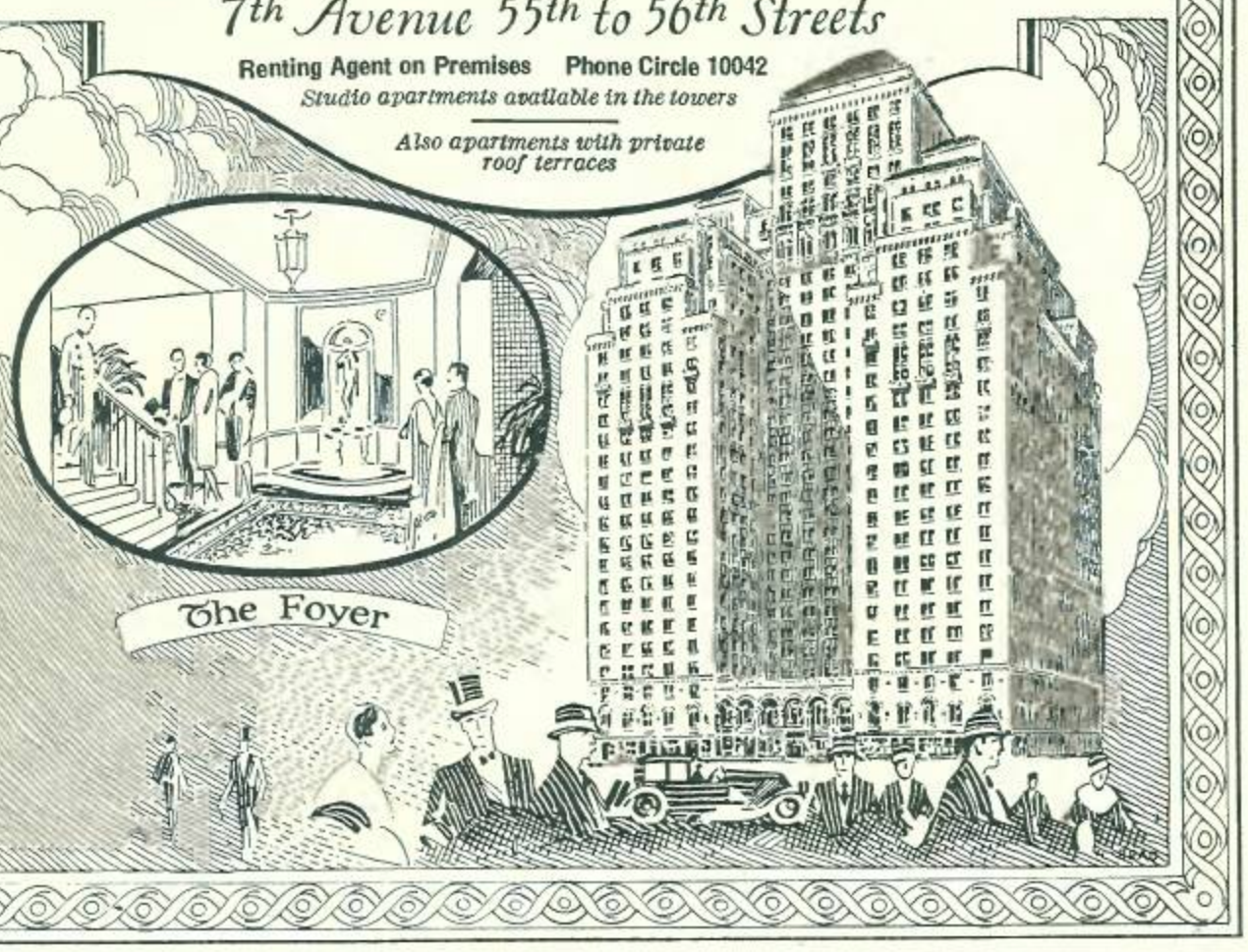

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"Here or there"—fox trots

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"I'm looking over a four leaf clover"

"High high high up in the hills"—sung by Nick Lucas, "The Crooning Troubadour" 3439

"Sing" from "Betsy"—fox trots

"Sweeter than you" from "Twinkle twinkle"—Park Lane Orchestra 3431

"The Little White House" from "Honeymoon Lane"

"It made you happy when you made me cry"—piano solo by Lee Sims 3462

"Crazy words—crazy tune"

"Since I found you"—sung by Vaughn De Leath, comedienne 3443

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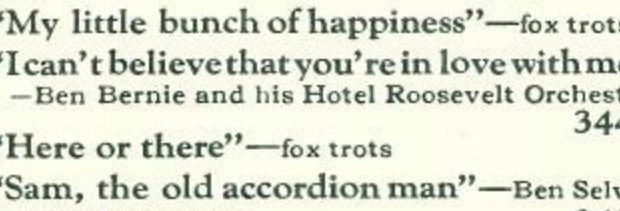

There's new snap, rhythm and pep in "Light-Ray" records

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Helene Holstein, the soubrette of the company, who is magnificent. Whether she could be transplanted to the American musical comedy stage is difficult to say, but she is a superb actress, a good singer, a competent dancer and one of the most vivacious young women that ever brightened a musical show.

Incidentally, patrons of the Deutsches Theater will discover that "A Waltz Dream" is not without its Restoration moments, especially in the first two acts.

THE three-conductor circus which played a one night stand at the Metropolitan Opera House was not anything for criticism but it was a pleasant tribute to Mr. Damrosch, and the combination of the Philharmonic and New York Symphony Orchestras gathered in a great many citizens who probably never before heard symphonic music.

Recent events of importance which won't be reviewed *in extenso* this week were the Beethoven cycle of the London String Quartet, Harold Bauer's excellent historical piano recital and the annual evening of song by Elisabeth Rethberg. —R. A. S.

•

WARM WEATHER LYRICS

Merry the church bells, brilliant the sun,
Cheerful the street cars, living is fun,
Crisp is the night air, pleasant the rain,
Trouble is close, for I'm restless again.

Who'd dare to pity me when I'd resent it?
Who'd urge me to be wise or I'd repent it?
Who'd tell me when in love I mustn't show it?
Who'd waste their breath—when I already know it?

—ELEANOR BACHMAN

•

WELL BALANCED

The program Wednesday night will be covered with adhesive tape, spaghetti and assisting soloists.—*Kansas City Star.*

•

$100 reward for recovery of body of H. Short, who was drowned June 17. Body can be identified by impediment in speech.—*LeGrand (Ore.) Record.*

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SUPPRESSING THE SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT

THE SUNDAY feature section is one of the definite menaces with which American civilization is faced, and we intend to organize a movement looking toward its ultimate suppression. But before outlining our plan, we shall go into some detail concerning the evil we wish to attack:

Let us take a typical Sunday. The lead article is an amazing story by Marie Descartes, the toast of the Paris boulevards, in which she tells why she had her legs insured for a fabulous sum. In the center of the page is a picture of a pair of legs, with the caption "Are They Worth A Million Dollars?" No prizes, however, are offered for the proper solution. Then follows a double page spread in which Tony Novelli, the doorman at the home where the latest European Prince to invade the city stopped on the occasion of his visit, tells how the Prince held up the dance of the furious Mrs. Vanderbilt for three hours while he tried to learn the Charleston from Evelyn Eau Claire, a humble dancing girl of the Grand Street Follies.

When interviewed concerning the matter Miss Eau Claire said, "What of it? I'm just as good as any of them dames." Mr. Novelli's article is illustrated by a pair of legs, with the caption, "Evelyn Eau Claire, Follies Beauty Who Took the Prince Away From Noted Social Leader."

SCIENCE is not neglected. For those interested in its marvels there is a detailed description of how a hardy crew of daredevils raised the steamship *Atlantis*, sunk in 457 B. C., and found positive proof that women were bobbing their hair even at that early age.

Also a page concerning the discovery of Grief Gas, a single puff of which would reduce New York to a jumble of bricks. There is a drawing of the Woolworth Building crumbling into ruins, with scores of stenographers with shapely legs running out of all the exits.

THE "Wonders of Nature" page is unusually informative, containing a detailed description of the Kanine Plant of Japan, which bites and snarls like a dog when anyone approaches it. Dr. Mahomet Punjab, who knows more about this curious growth than

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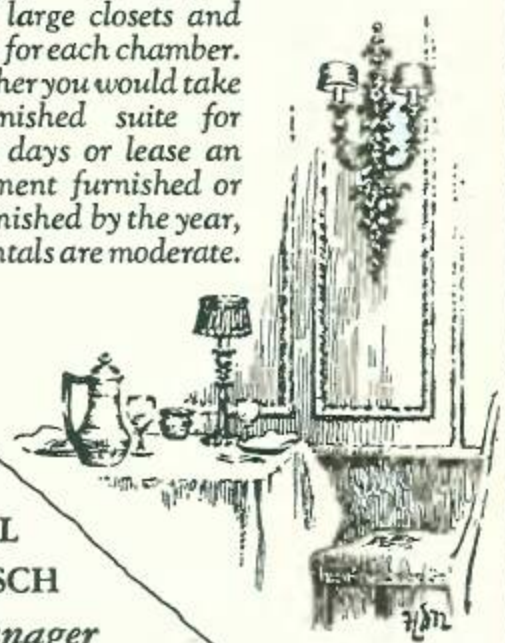

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anyone living, tells how the natives of Japan hold it in superstitious awe, and cites the case of a girl who accidentally stepped upon it and contracted hydrophobia. There is an extraordinary drawing of a pair of legs starting back in fright as they come upon the Kanine unexpectedly.

The issue is completed with a story of the haunted castle of Drummondcliff and the sinister trail of disaster which pursues all the brides who live in it, with a picture of the latest one, the beautiful Countess De Marnet (one of the famous Longhorn sisters of Texas), whose legs bear a striking resemblance to those which stepped upon the Kanine; an intimate story by the murderess of the hour, entitled "I Killed My Husband Because I Had Just One Bullet Left"; and a double-page spread of happy stage marriages which have lasted more than two years, with pictures of all three couples.

SINCE we began our studies of the Sunday Supplement we have read of more than forty young girls who married poor struggling boys they loved in preference to handsome millionaires who had laid their all at their feet; of twenty-seven prehistoric beasts which still live in a sunken lake in the impenetrable forests of Indo-China; of sixty-three wild parties on the Boston Post Road which made it necessary for a well-known industrial chieftain to pay more than a million dollars to protect his reputation, and of three hundred and seventy-four beautiful girls with very short skirts who had been chained in the attic since birth by inhuman relatives who wished to deprive them of their inheritance.

We think it will be agreed that the masses are being educated to the danger point by the iniquitous Sunday Supplement. They cannot possibly be kept in the subjection so necessary to our social fabric when their minds are constantly being awakened to the tremendous forces constantly at work about them. We have no desire to alarm, but we do feel that we are rapidly approaching a crisis.

WHAT is to be done? It is too late to do away with the Sunday Supplement entirely, as the masses have been pampered with it so long that such a course would undoubtedly result in riots and bloodshed. What we can do, however, is what every physician does when treating a bad habit—taper it off gradually. So we intend

A & C

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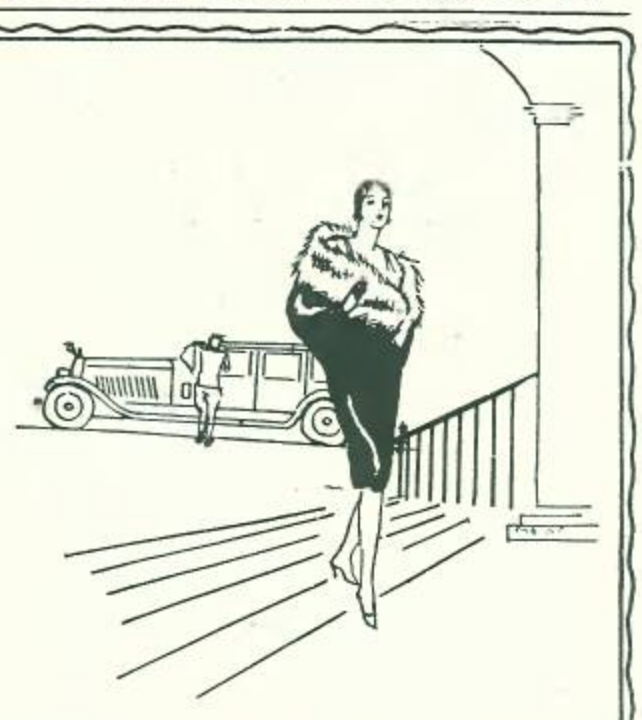

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to work for an amendment to the Federal Constitution requiring all newspapers to publish the Sunday Supplement on Monday, when the masses are at work and cannot possibly spare the ten or twelve hours necessary to read it.

In this way the appetite for it will disappear with coming generations, and the people can again be thrown back on the simple facts of the almanac for such mental stimulation as they actually need.

—JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

•

MUTTON THAT THINKS ITSELF LAMB

A man on the street is selling arbutus;
There's a faint green smoke in the trees in the Park;
There's a youngster with wings and arrows to shoot us.
Yoo hoo, Cleopatra, come out. It is Mark.

The season is bad for the young and romantic;
It's no sinecure for those middle-aged;
To say that you are calm now is simply pedantic;
It's a ruinous time to feel that you're caged.

Get me my tabor and let me go dancing;
Bind me a wreath to wear in my hair.
Pick up your skirts, girl, and join in my prancing;
I know I am ridiculous but what do I care?

Please, Mr. Officer, don't try to collar me;
All I was having was a bit of a fling.
Nor is it needful that you should foller me—
How very few cops have a sense of the spring.

—ROLLIN KIRBY

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From a mortician's circular letter]

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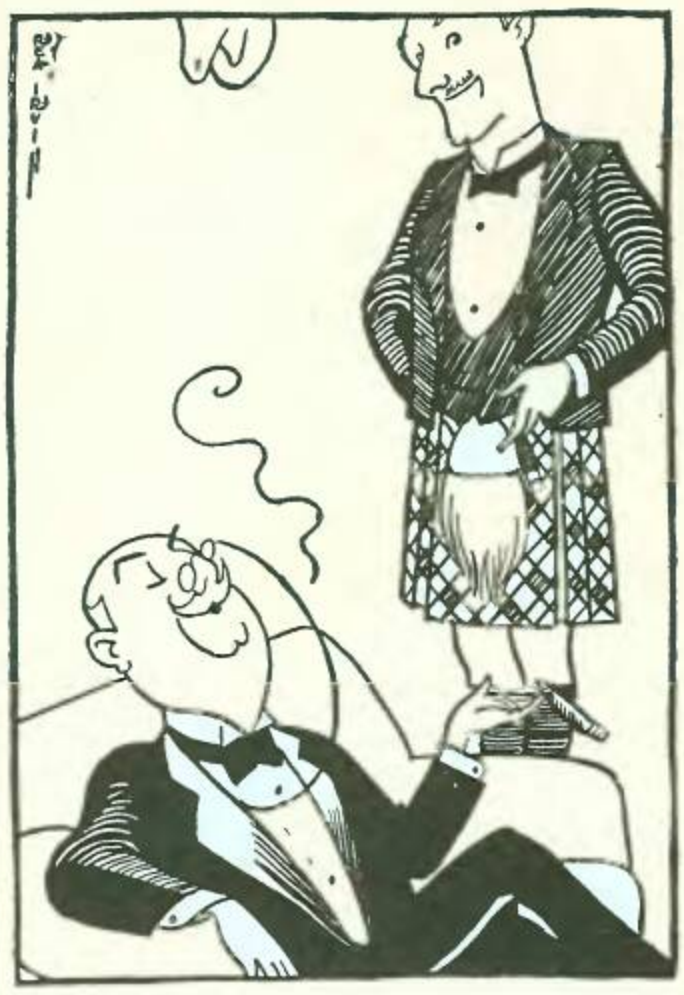
THE EPICURE IN SCOTLAND



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THE NEW BOOKS

A Puritan in Spite of Himself—The Tale of Genji—The Obscene as Boston Sees It

LLOYD MORRIS has written a portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne. "The Rebellious Puritan" is not so much a study of Hawthorne the writer as a study of Hawthorne the Puritan, who was blest with a feeling for beauty and therefore failed at times to feel and think as a Puritan should. It is this element in him that prompted Mr. Morris to choose his title, but he very soon abandons the attempt to prove what that title implies. Instead he offers a lengthy, elaborate, sympathetic, and very readable outline of Hawthorne's life, sketching in the ancestors whose dour lives were so powerfully to color Hawthorne's life and temperament. Old Salem is vividly evoked, the atmosphere and theories of Brook Farm, the somnolent quiet of Concord and Lenox, the two Custom House jobs, and the United States Consulate in Liverpool—these, with his stay in Italy, are the elements out of which the eventless career of Hawthorne was composed.

If Hawthorne had not lost his position as Surveyor of the Port of Salem, he would probably never have written "The Scarlet Letter." His wife had $150 put by for a rainy day, and with this between them and destitution, Hawthorne, at the age of fifty, began to write one of the world's greatest novels. Even then his publisher had practically to wrest the manuscript from him. All his life Hawthorne was repressed and inhibited. Despite his esthetic sensitiveness, he did not feel the impelling urge to create. He did not share the reformist enthusiasms of his contemporaries. Solitude was his delight and his escape from a universe across which the shadow of sin and its consequences lay heavy. Yet, when he came to relate a human tragedy in terms of that universe, "The Scarlet Letter" revealed him as repudiating the code which condemned Hester Prynne.

ARTHUR WALEY's translation of "The Tale of Genji" is in a fair way to become a great Oriental classic in English comparable to "The Arabian Nights." The third volume is called "A Wreath of Cloud," and carries on the Lady Murasaki's narrative of *Prince Genji's* adventures at the Imperial Court of Japan in the eleventh century. *The Prince* is now a married man of middle years, and his love affairs play a less prominent part in the story than in the two earlier volumes. His political activities as the head of the young Emperor's government take precedence over private adventures. The dearest of his mistresses, the *ex-Empress Fujitsubo*, dies in the first chapter, and *Lady Asago* does not surrender to his entreaties. The love story of his son, *Ugiri*, is told with the charm and delicacy which readers of this work have come to expect. A touch of the old Adam in *Genji* is seen in the latter half of the book when *Genji* discovers *Tamakatsura*, the long-lost daughter of *To no Chujo*, lodges her in his palace, falls in love with her, and cannot bring himself to tell the father that the child that was lost is found again. And always there is the simple loveliness of the writing, as in such a picture as this:

"The moon was now fully risen, covering the whole garden with its steady, even light. The withered flower-beds showed, in these cold rays, with painful clearness the ravages of wind and frost. And look, the river was half-choked with ice, while the pond, frozen all over, was unutterably strange and lonesome under its coat of snow. Near it some children had been allowed to make a monster snowball. They looked very pretty as they tripped about in the moonlight. Several of the older girls had taken off their coats and set to in a very business-like way, showing all sorts of strange under-garments, while their brothers, coming straight from their tasks as page-boys and what not, had merely loosened their belts, and there was now a sight of smart coat-tails flapping and long hair falling forwards till its ends brushed the white garden-floor—an effect both singular and delightful. Some of the very little ones were quite wild with joy and rushed about dropping all their fans and other belongings in their mad excitement. The glee imprinted on these small faces was charming to behold. The children made so big a snowball that when it came to rolling it along the ground they could not make it budge an inch, and the sight of their frantic endeavours to get it moving provoked much jeering and laughter from another party

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of children which had just made its appearance at the eastern door."

ON consulting the archives I find that of the nine books recently suppressed in Boston, only two have been mentioned here for the edification of New Yorkers. As eight of them are recent books, it looked as if this department had been somewhat remiss in not spotting what has evidently given Boston such a kick. But zealous as I am in the cause of righteousness, I can't feel it my duty to catalogue such dullness item by item.

"The Beadle," by Pauline Smith, is a work which deserves consideration, and is probably the only work of literature involved in this pious raid. Miss Smith is a new writer who aroused attention in England with a volume of stories of Dutch life in South Africa, and "The Beadle" treats of the same people. It is a harsh picture of austere piety and sin in a remote community living in the Little Karoo. The central character is *Aalst Vlokman,* the beadle, but the action of the story lies in the adventures of *Andrina,* the charming niece of two Christian dragons, *Jacoba* and *Johanna. Andrina* meets a young Englishman, who teaches her English and other things which do not meet with the approval of the beadle's jealous eye.

She is lacking in that sense of sin without which none of these folk can be happy. She loves her Englishman wisely and too well, and without remorse or regret she finds herself about to become a mother, after the man has departed for England. The shock of this kills one of her aunts, and drives the beadle into a dramatic confession, in which he tells how he jilted *Jacoba,* betrayed her younger sister, and is the father of her child—*Andrina.* Miss Smith writes of these primitive Bible-reading rustics with restraint and power and a half-suppressed sense of humor. Presumably *Andrina* was too much for Boston.

"THE ANCIENT HUNGER," by Edwin Granberry, is also a tale of primitive people on a lonely ranch, where an inhibited lady named *Anna* is repelled and attracted by the lusty and natural emotions of the Polish settlers around her. In fact she casts an eye that would have been wicked, if it could, upon her hefty foreman, who at first responds to her, but who finally tires of her morbid show of coldness. Had he been wise enough to overpower her physically, all might

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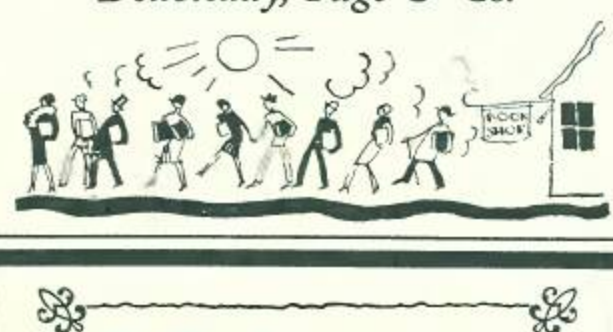

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have been well. He marries another woman, and *Anna* watches over the wife and child. When he returns to Poland *Anna* is tempted again, but after the usual prevarications, her repressions triumph, and she is left to her fate in her lonely ranch house. Mr. Granberry insists without flinching on purely physical hunger as the penalty for suppressed desires, leaving the psychological aspects of the case in the background. Presumably a lady does not have desires in Boston.

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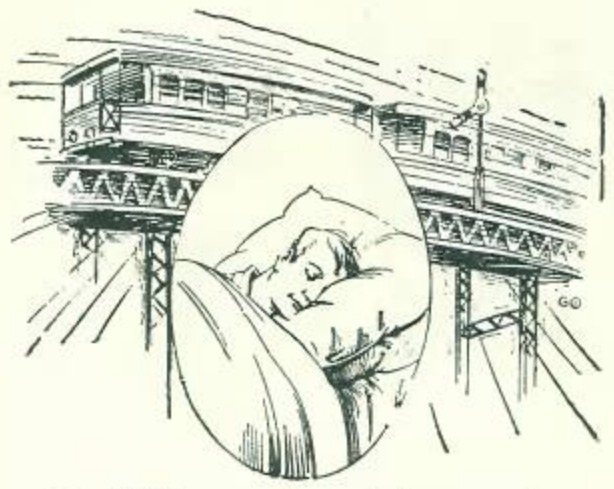

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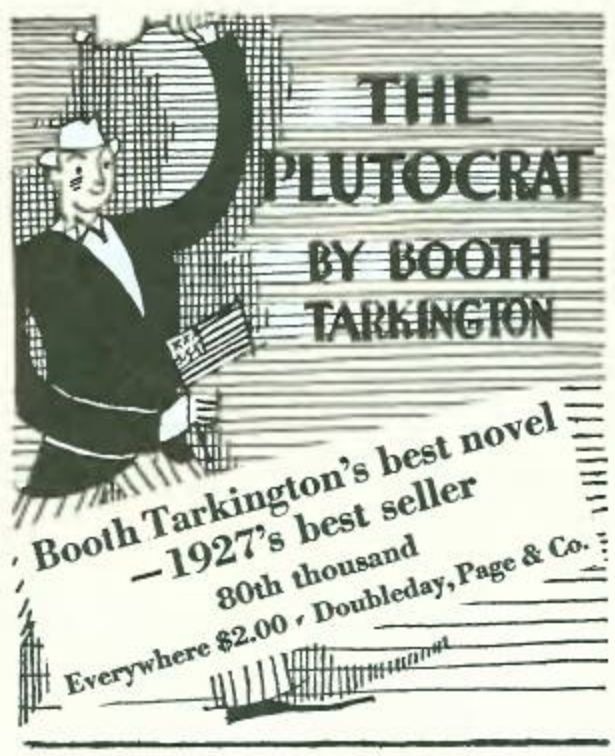

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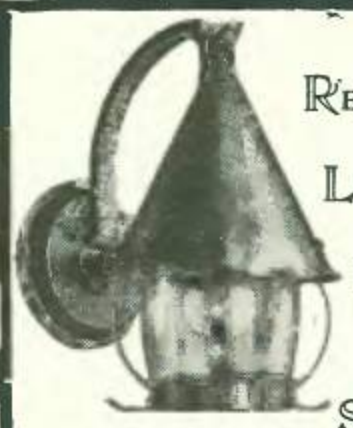
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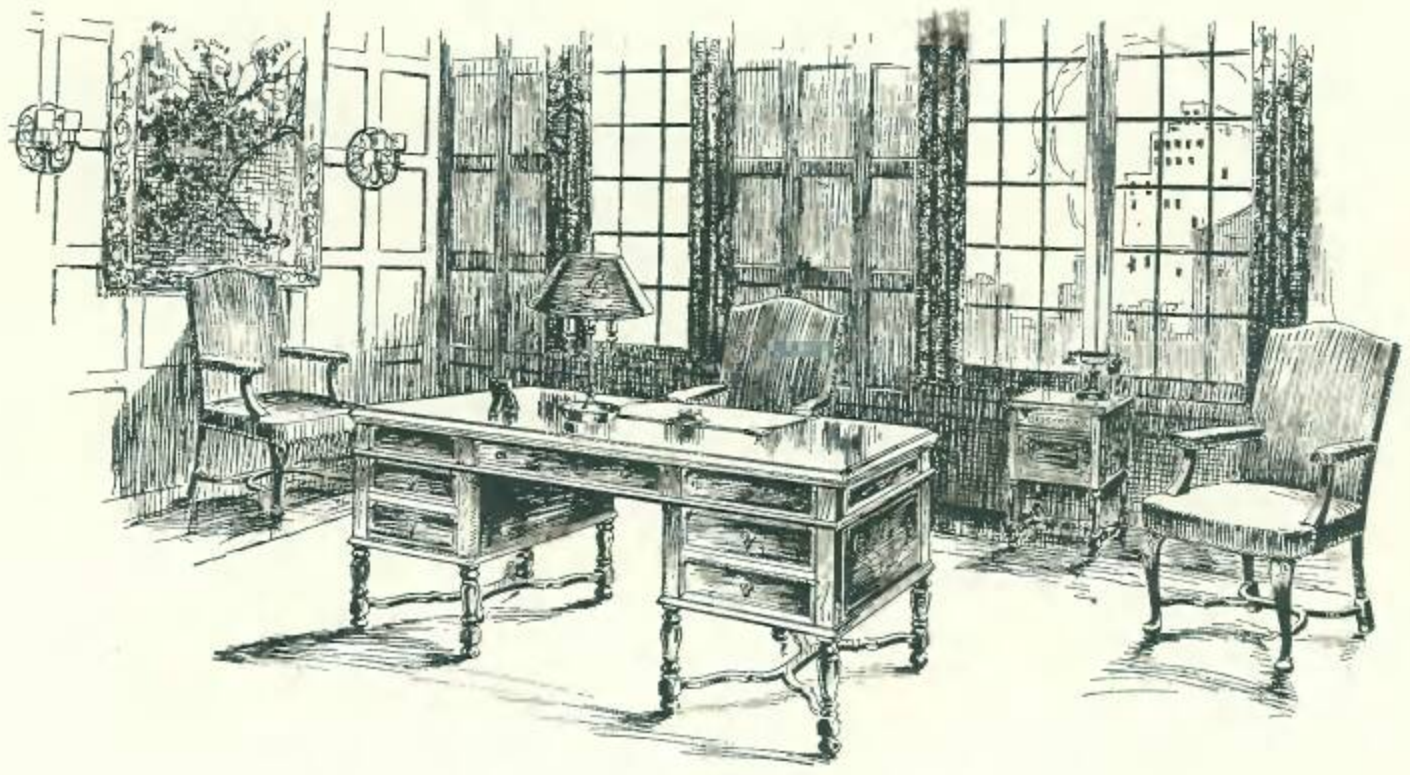

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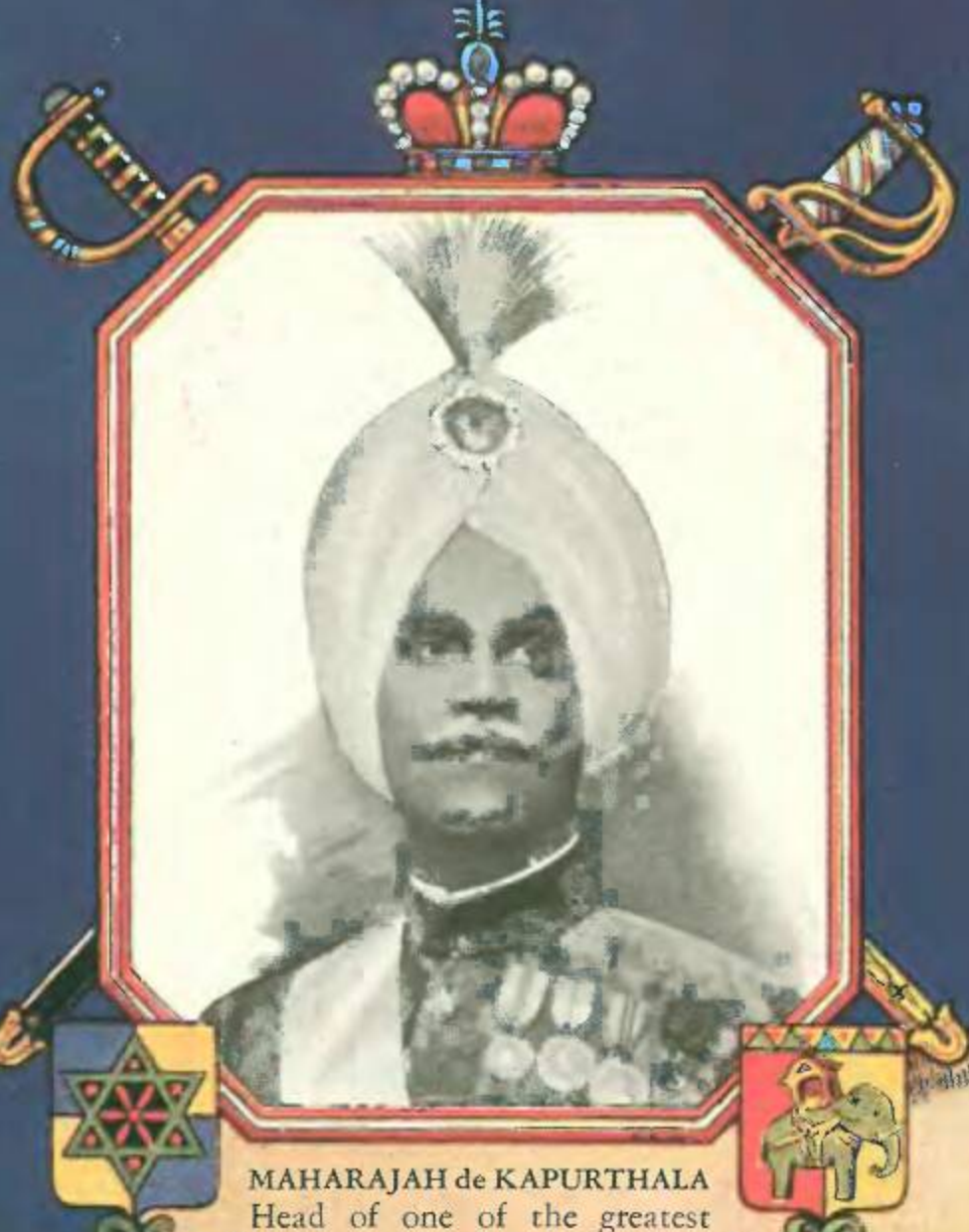

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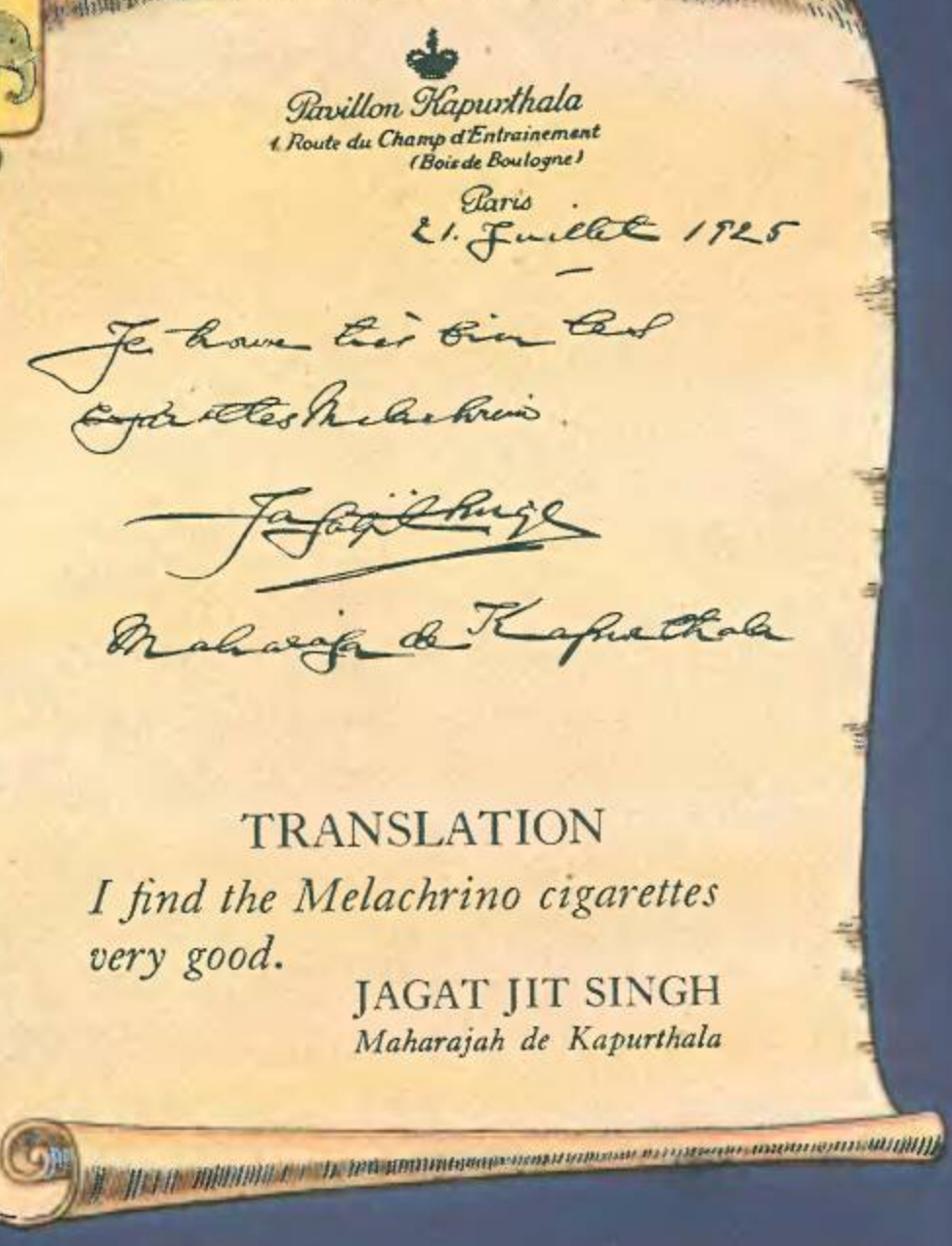

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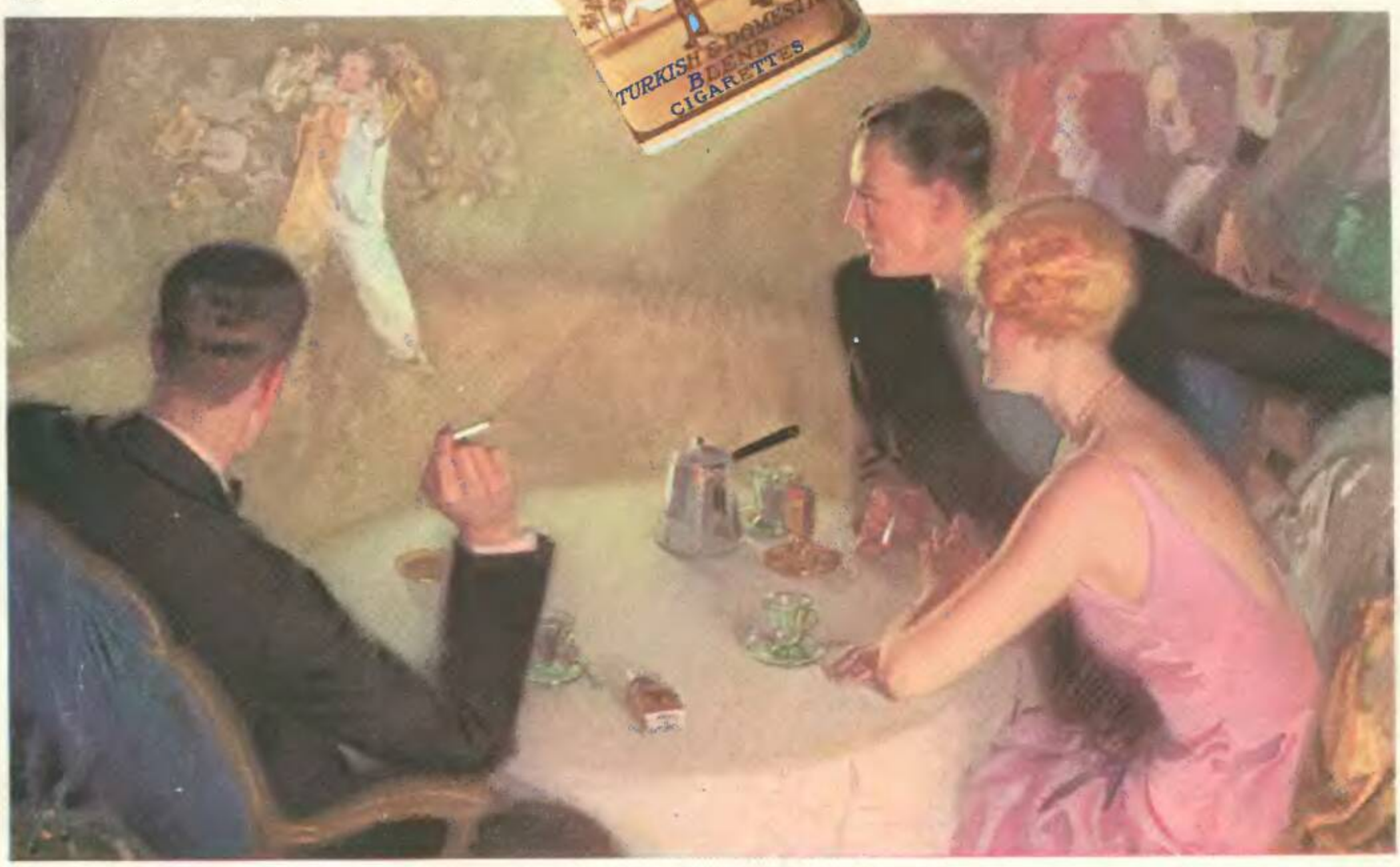

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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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