

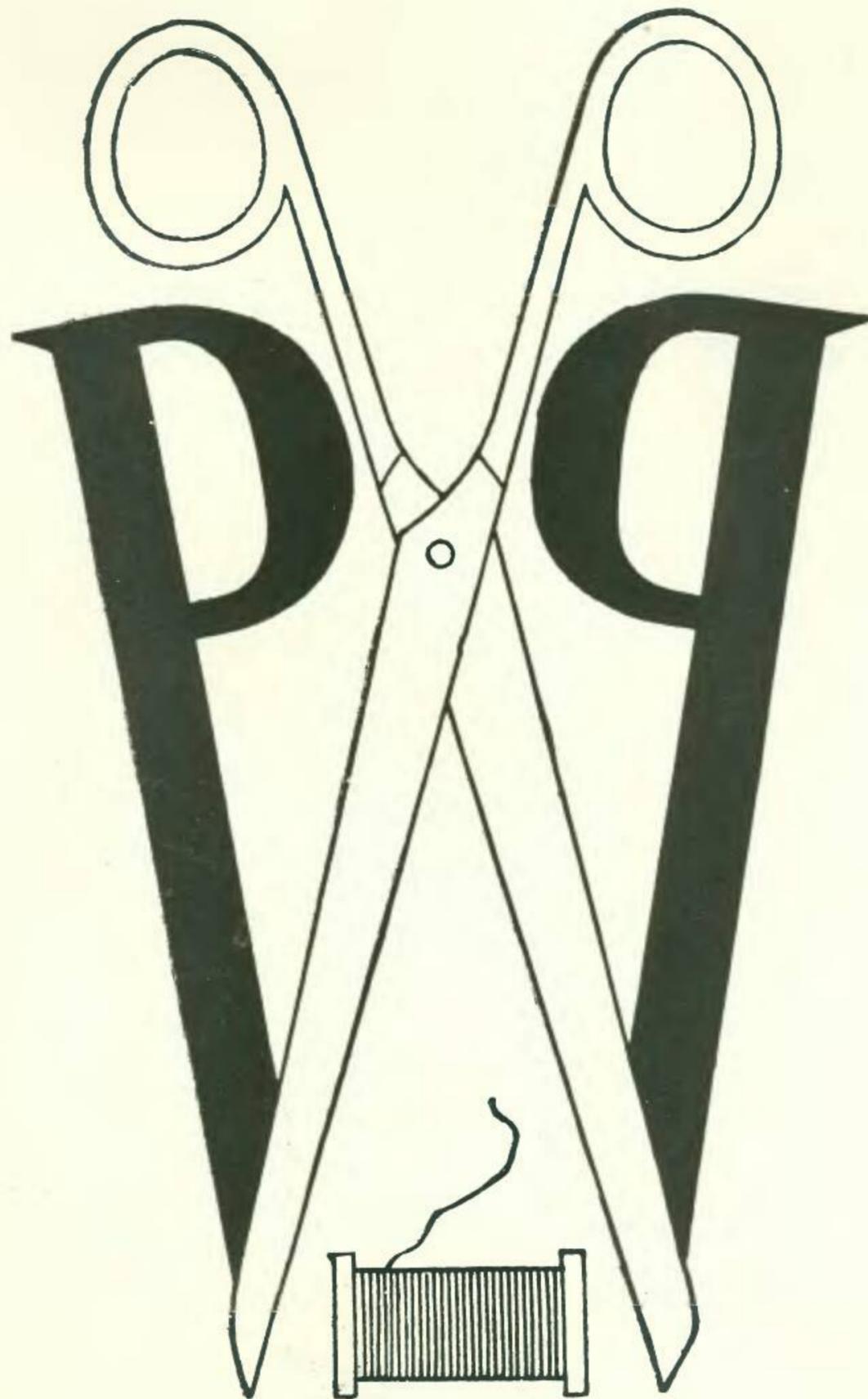
Jan. 9, 1926

THE

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NEW YORKER





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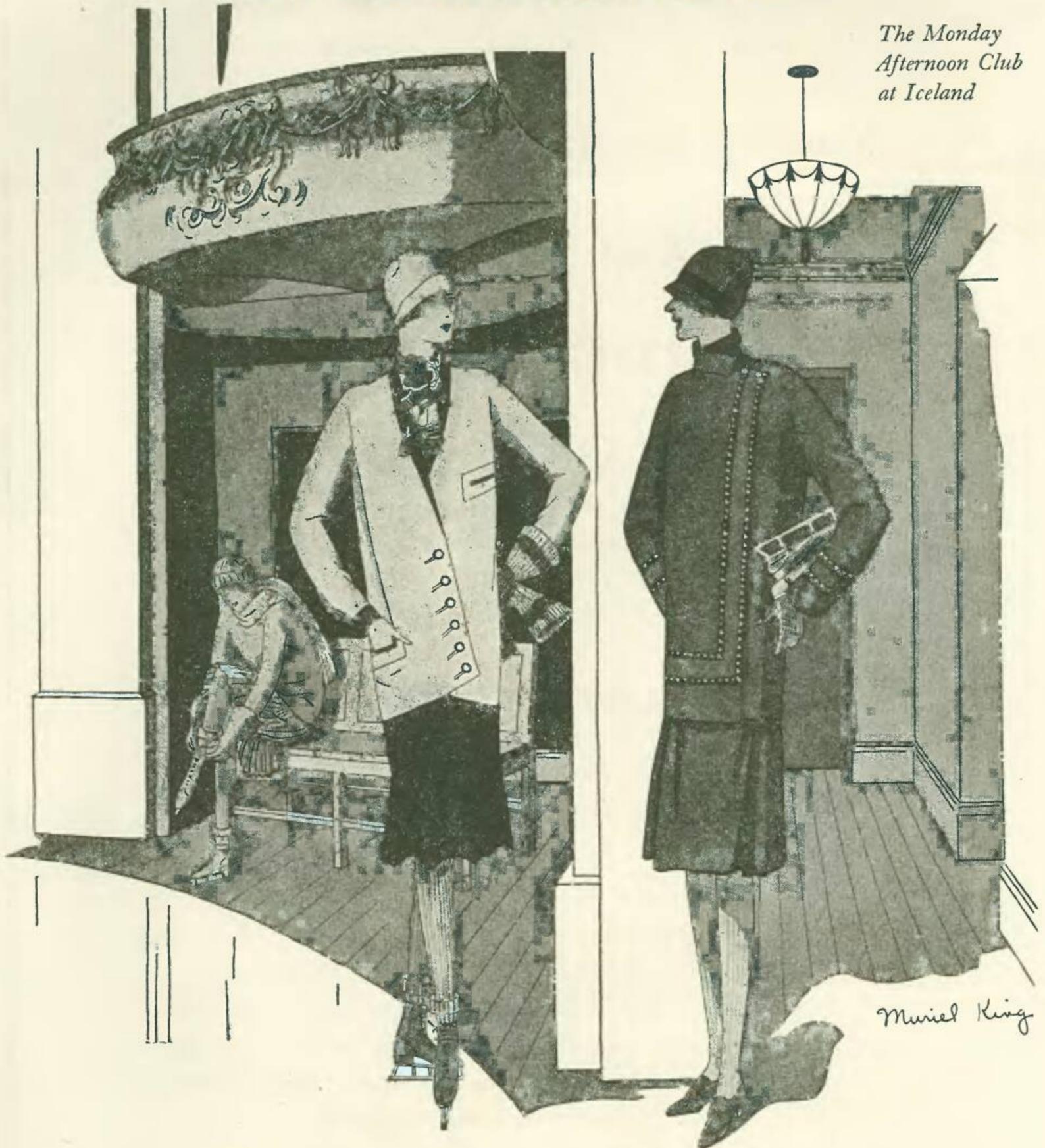
New York

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IN THE PICTURE: Replica of a Lelong suit in two colors of kasha with diagonally fastened coat, 75.00. Replica of a Poiret suit in soft-surface fabric trimmed with Russian braid, 75.00



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A COLLEGE girl who worked in a department store during the Christmas rush tells us that the high point of her experience came when Mrs. Kip Rhinelandr drifted in and bought a scrap basket made out of old bookbindings for \$115. Our friend's feeling was that it pays to be an honest woman with the law on your side.

IT is disappointing to note that judges on the bench continue trying to be funny. It seems to be a growing abuse. Schoolboys have to laugh when the headmaster makes a joke, and similarly the court room always has to chortle with the judge. Humor, however, is rarely the gift of the legal mind; and almost universally the joke from the bench is the joke of a bully.

A DINNER-DANCE is being given Saturday by The Woman Pays Club to encourage girls to pay their own way when taken to lunch by gentlemen. Nothing is said about what to do when taken out by men who are not gentlemen. Probably the Club takes it for granted that in the latter case the woman pays anyway and so deserves to get her lunch free.



WE think less than nothing of the Eskimo who recently received publicity by saying upon his arrival that the thing he noticed most was the cold. We were brought up to believe

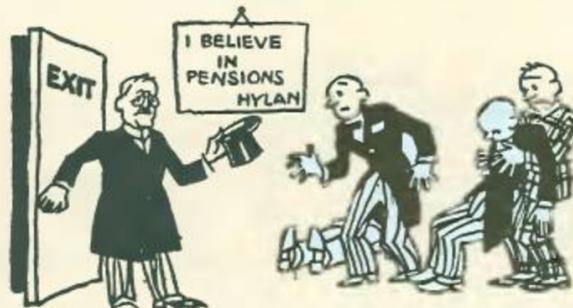
that the cold is more noticeable in the Arctic than here. The reports of sundry explorers have confirmed our opinion. We therefore conclude that the Eskimo was misquoted.

ALTHOUGH we are aware that one of the two trades taught in Sing Sing is the care of an automobile engine, and that so long as this is true



the taximan will always be under suspicion, we nevertheless have a good word for him. Three times during the Holidays, drivers suggested to us that we ought to get out and walk if we wanted to get to the theatre on time.

TWO things this year are going to astonish New Yorkers and bring home to them that nothing in this life



is really permanent. One has already happened. On the first day of January John F. Hylan actually ceased being Mayor. The other is that by next Fall the iron beams and things in Bryant Park will have been removed.

IT is only fair to Mr. Buckner, whom we admire tremendously, to say that at no time during the night of New Year's Eve did we see any

attempt being made to prevent us good citizens from buying and consuming all the liquor we needed.

LONGING FOR A GOOD HOT 16 L00



The Week

BISHOP MANNING says sport is pleasing to the Lord and British rum-running baronet loses \$1,250,000 through failure to land liquor here. Six hundred fifty-one law students are admitted to the bar and Pat Crowe, noted bandit who reformed, says he is broke now. Nicholas Murray Butler asks for better journalism and Billy Sunday is unable to keep a speaking engagement because of an infected tooth. Son-in-law contests E. W. Grove's will while latter is still alive and England abolishes the law of primogeniture. London is alarmed by its growing surplus of unmarried women and the Queen of Rumania worries over the Crown Prince's entanglements of the heart. General Butler asserts it is Mayor Kendrick's fault that Philadelphia is not dry and General Ludendorff, of Munich, comes out in favor of prohibition for Germany. Statement advanced that John Milton, poet, dealt in real estate and Authors' League plan for cooperative apartment house falls through because loans cannot be arranged. Michael Arlen denies that he will marry Pola Negri and travellers report that modernizing of Chinese has resulted in lowering their moral standards. Washington society women

deprecate present fashions in dress, also cigarette smoking, and Soviet chiefs decide that a world revolution is improbable.

THERE are a few rebels in the movies, most of them occupying inconsequential positions, so the source of the following screen tale is, obviously, one of the lower five and not of the upper ten.

Rin-Tin-Tin, one of the intelligent canine heroes of film dramas, was standing about the studio, waiting his director's needs; and in attendance upon the stellar dog, so the story goes, was a crowd of lesser lights of the species.

"What is that pack of dogs doing here?" inquired a visitor.

"Oh, they're Rin-Tin-Tin's 'yes men'," quoth one of the lower five.

Beginning of Wisdom

IT isn't often that the clergy of our suburban Methodist churches get a chance to see how the great big world works. Out in one of the Oranges, however, a new wail is going up about the wickedness of sin. It seems that the meek little dominie of this community ran out of gas one night while driving home in his Chevrolet after visiting a parishioner.

In great perturbation of spirit, he decided that the only thing to do was to signal a passing motor. The first vehicle was a five-ton truck, the second a smaller and faster truck; and neither would stop. Probably he was not insistent enough. So with the arrival of the third truck, he ran out boldly and held up his arm—and it stopped slowly, quite a distance down the road. He ran after it, and was about to make his trouble known, when the driver slipped an envelope into his hand, stepped on the gas, and hurried, on.

Dazed and disappointed, the minister took the envelope back to his car and opened it in the glare of his headlights. It contained fifty dollars.

Jazz

MR. PAUL WHITEMAN, assisting George Gershwin, Ferdie Grofe, Deems Taylor, and other with his estimable

orchestra, put New York into a bag last week and shuffled it together. The result was that the audiences in Carnegie Hall Tuesday and Friday took the cake for being representative, and will probably keep it for some time. Side by side sat a heavily coiffeured patron of Bagby's Musical Mornings, an obscure but intellectual member of the Beethoven group, the second violinist of a night club, playing hooky, a music teacher from Newark, a well known Metropolitan contralto, a jazz lover in a brown suit, with his girl friend, and the season's most popular undergraduate football hero, who was twice voted handsomest in his class.

Across the aisle from our seat was a young man in golf stockings with beautiful tassels and a youth with a flare for dressing up which would not prevent his following in his father's footsteps as a cloak and suit man. And next to him was a full dress suit, with accompanying girl in low neck and spangles. Beyond that was the unimportant and noncommittal costume of a musician; and then a man in an alpaca coat. On the stairs we saw Otto Kahn, Elinor Wylie, and the girl who takes the tickets in a moving picture theatre near Washington Square, all elbowing each other. Everybody pushed everybody else, Carnegie Hall being much too small. Also a lot of English were there, pushing like mad and indicating, as only they can do, their instinctive conclusion that anybody who gets in their way must be rather an inferior sort of person. We hope they got out of the building safely.

Altogether it was a wonderful proceeding, the keynote of which was struck when Whiteman came forward before one number and addressed his

enraptured audience in a tough and jazzy voice. We wondered what Lee Higginson and Carl Muck would have said—not that it matters.

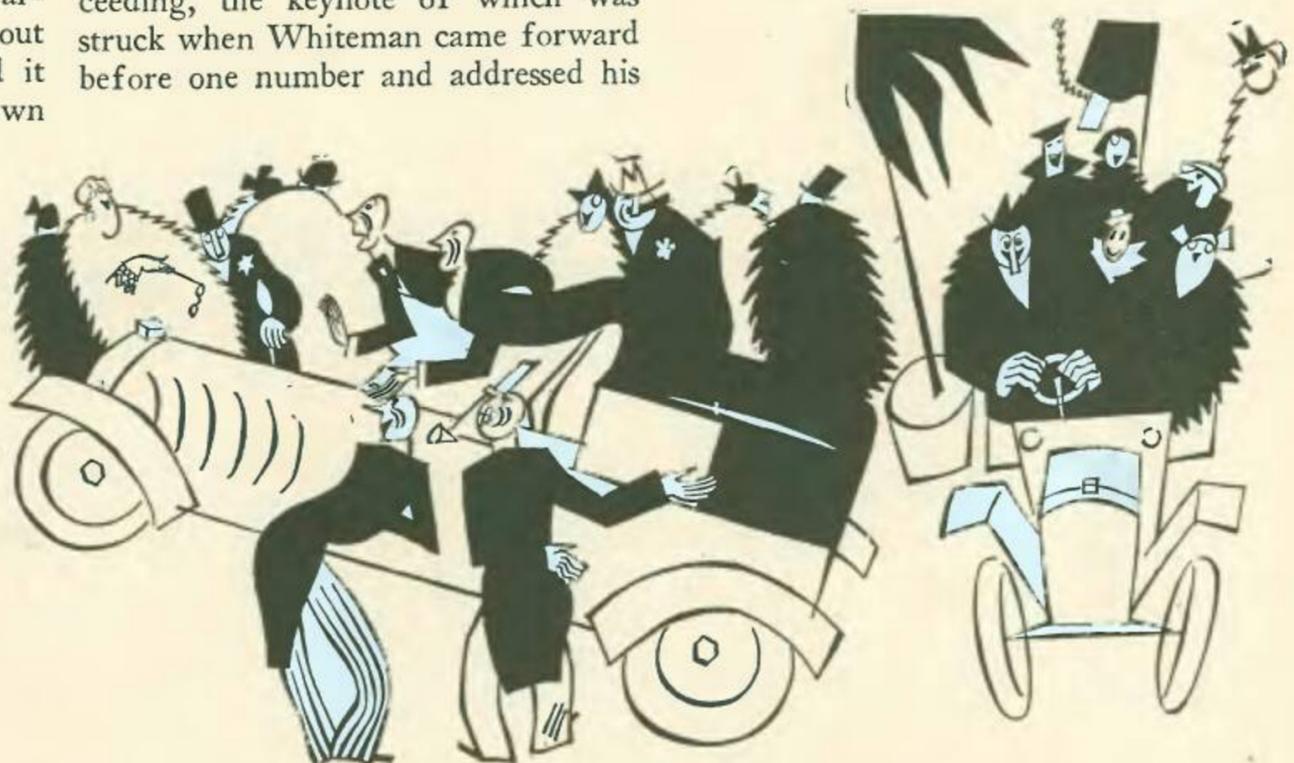
Ritual

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE always has possessed a real gift for setting the stage, whether professionally or socially, but her genius in this respect seems to have achieved its greatest triumph in what is to everyone else a commonplace and sometimes irritating rite; that is, in writing checks.

Miss de Wolfe's check book is bound in rich leather. It is placed on a rare Italian piece which, elevated as an altar, dominates her chapel of interior decorating. When it is necessary to write a check, Miss de Wolfe mounts the altar, draws on her slender hands a pair of gloves which match to the last shadow the shade of the leather binding of her check book, and, arrayed for the function, proceeds to pen the document to the order of whoever it may be.

Season

PLENTY of old timers are about bemoaning the days of the ballrooms that are gone, the dancing schools that are closed, and the dances that are forgotten, but my impression is that this season is as kindly to current debutantes as previous ones were to their mothers. I hear a good many of the old names mentioned as having been the thing last night. Sherry's, the Ritz, the Plaza of old vintage;



The Automobile Show

The Colony Club, Pierre's of passable antiquity; The Park Lane as both new and good. The Metropolitan series of dances still lives. All is not lost save honor, by any means. Dances are being given, dates are being made, hearts fluttering, jealousies being vented, much as of old.

There is always a preference felt for the different ballrooms. In the old days, the small ballroom of Sherry's was favored; good times were had in it. The larger ballroom was called more difficult. In the big room it was harder to make a party go. No one knew why. They were saying this year that for some reason the Ritz and Pierre's are the best places on earth, with the Park Lane close behind. The Colony Club is too respectable; Sherry's is best for teas and dinner dances; the Plaza is a bit nondescript. Why, no one knows. But the Ritz, I have been told by six different people who say they know, leads the field in power to inspire the stag to do his duty, and the debutante to reward him with a sweet, sweet smile.

Roguish to the last, we asked the same six people how the parties were at Webster Hall. Five said they had never heard of the place. The sixth said the same thing, but her expression changed.

With Compliments

IT'S a rare heart of gold that is willing to chip off a cubic inch or so and offer it to the enemy. Yet one such organ, it seems, reposes in the breast of Mr. Joseph Leblang, theatre

ticket magnet of Broadway. *Avis:*

It was Mr. Brock Pemberton who wrote the sketch of Mr. Leblang appearing in last week's issue of this journal. Also, as it falls out, it was Mr. Pemberton who bitterly fought the Leblang idea, when the latter was first getting started on its profitable course. When, lately, Mr. Pemberton was gathering material for his Profile, he called on his subject, who, however, misunderstood the purpose of the mission.

"Are you producing a play?" Mr. Leblang inquired of his late opponent. "Maybe you need money? Well, if you do, count on me for twenty, or fifty, or a hundred grand."

Skating

WE didn't skate, but we went and looked at it; and we observed that the Park Department—Mr. Galatin has been reappointed Commissioner—has blown itself to a new skating flag. Last week a fiery red ball on a virgin white ground flaunted over the arsenal at Sixty-third Street. It really isn't an arsenal and hasn't been since the Civil War. But it has been everything from a weather bureau to a stable.

It's worth knowing where that flag came from—the red and white for skating. In the year 1852 (and anybody in Annin's Flag Store will vouch for this) a Mr. Walker said there ought to be some sign put up when the ice was good in Central Park. There was no telephone; and, as this Walker truly said, there was no way of finding out about the ice, except by going and trying it. So he and some others approached the stage line which plied up

and down Broadway with the proposition that they hang a red ball on the stage when the skating was good. The stages agreed, and the ball was put up. But it was found that people didn't see it. "But they would see a flag," said Walker.

A week later there was a flag, the same flag that last week came out on top of the arsenal, and which in the past seventy-five years has come to mean throughout America that the ice will bear.

Pinafore

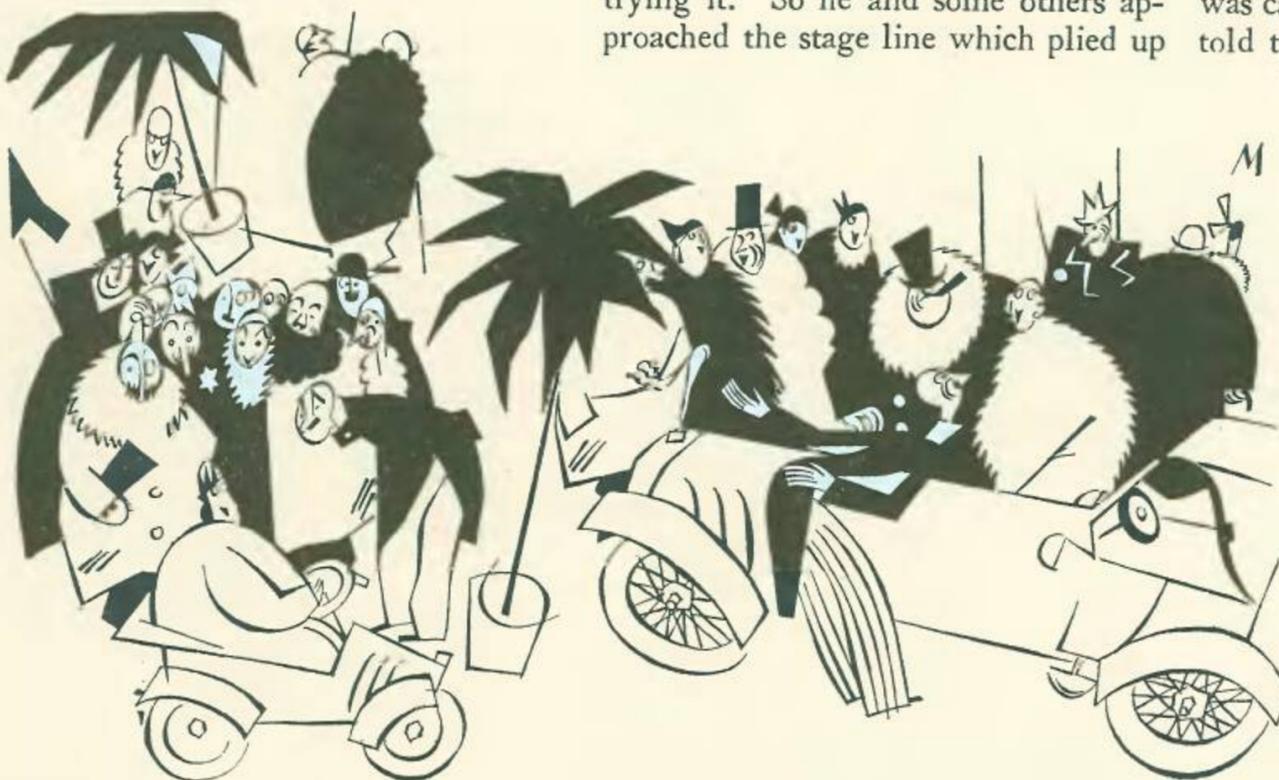
IT was a court of admirals of the United States Navy who exonerated everybody but Providence after inquiring into the loss of the *Shenandoah*. Which naturally calls to mind the story of one of our great naval leaders during the last war. The camouflage bureau had painted up the Battleship *Rochester*, in the approved French technique. But the admiral who inspected the ship before allowing it to leave the artists' hands was much disappointed.

"No good," he said. "Not in the least effective. And, besides, it will make our ships run into each other in harbor."

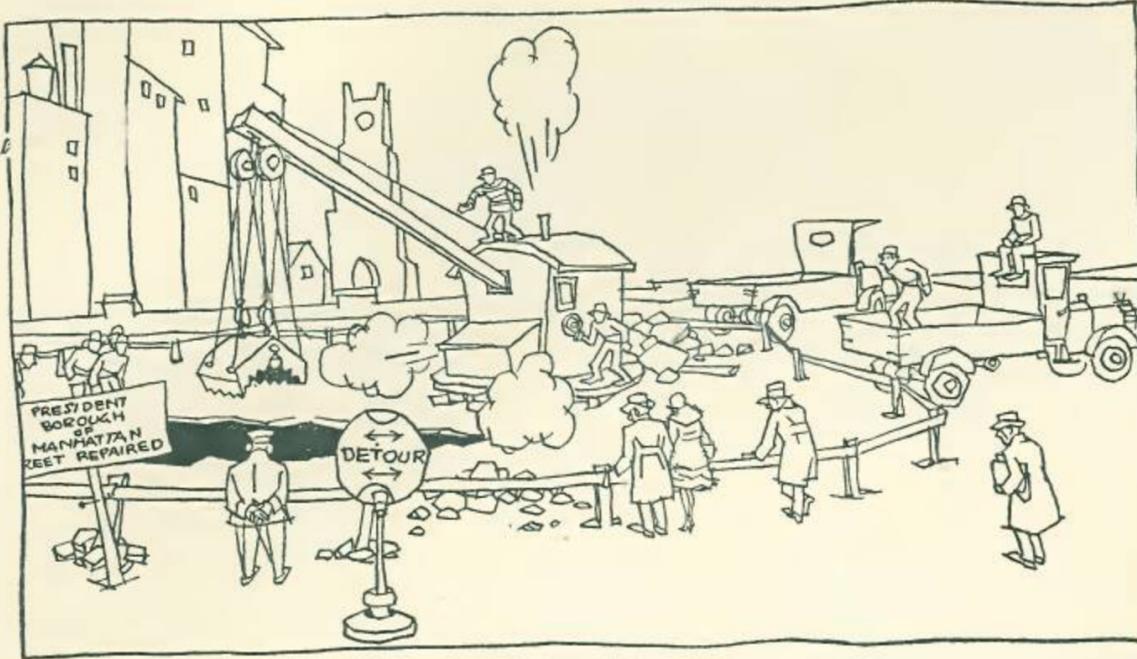
Paramount Building

THANKS to efficient publicity, many business men are talking about the wonderful thing that is going to happen to Broadway. The dear street is going to be refined. The movies are to do it—what else could? We have heard that Mrs. Valentino was called up by her publicity man and told that it would be worth thousands to her to go down to the boat on which her husband was sailing for Paris and a divorce and give his face—Mineralava or no Mineralava—a good slap. When she refused, she lost caste in movie circles. So much for that kind of refinement.

The Paramount people, however, have a different kind, and, they hope, more efficacious. No cheap one-horse Broadway people are to be allowed in their Wonderful New Building, now a hole in the ground at Forty-third Street. They say this right out. Famous Players will take seven floors or so



at Grand Central Palace



out of the thirty; the remaining will be rented if possible to customers who are rich enough to use an entire floor. There will not be any typical Broadway window displays downstairs or any garish signs on the roof; everything will be as subdued and refined as a movie man's idea of Park Avenue.

In the lobby will be stones from various parts of the world. One from the Acropolis, one from the Emperor of Japan, one from the Mexican Government, one from the spot where Captain Cook landed in Australia. They are to give an air of elegance to the place and will be built into the floor and walls. In the middle of it all will be a bust of Adolf Zukor by Mr. Davidson.

All this information, and much more, is being broadcast with a view to proving that Paramount is going to refine Broadway. But what is really happening is that Paramount is putting up a fine building at Forty-third Street with a theatre in it to seat 5,000 people. They expect to make money.

Richesse Oblige

ACCORDING to irate denizens of several thousand enormous apartment houses in the city, the doormen have pulled their usual trick. At this time of year, liquor, servant problem, school problem, and clothes for the South all have to give way as subjects of conversation to the subject of holiday tipping.

The lady on our right says: "I had fourteen to take care of . . . imagine . . . six elevator boys, two doormen, two superintendents, a fireman, a plumber, and two charmen." "Bah!" retorts the old gentleman, "I asked my superintendent how many I had and

he said eighteen, but . . ." "I had nineteen," cuts in our hostess politely. Her cousin, however, won with twenty-four.

Then follows the indignation meeting. For it appears that half the doormen, who as a class have even less conscience than plumbers, pocketed their share of the tips and left, presumed for Florida. New ones have taken their places and are saying meaningfully that it is hard work standing out in the cold.

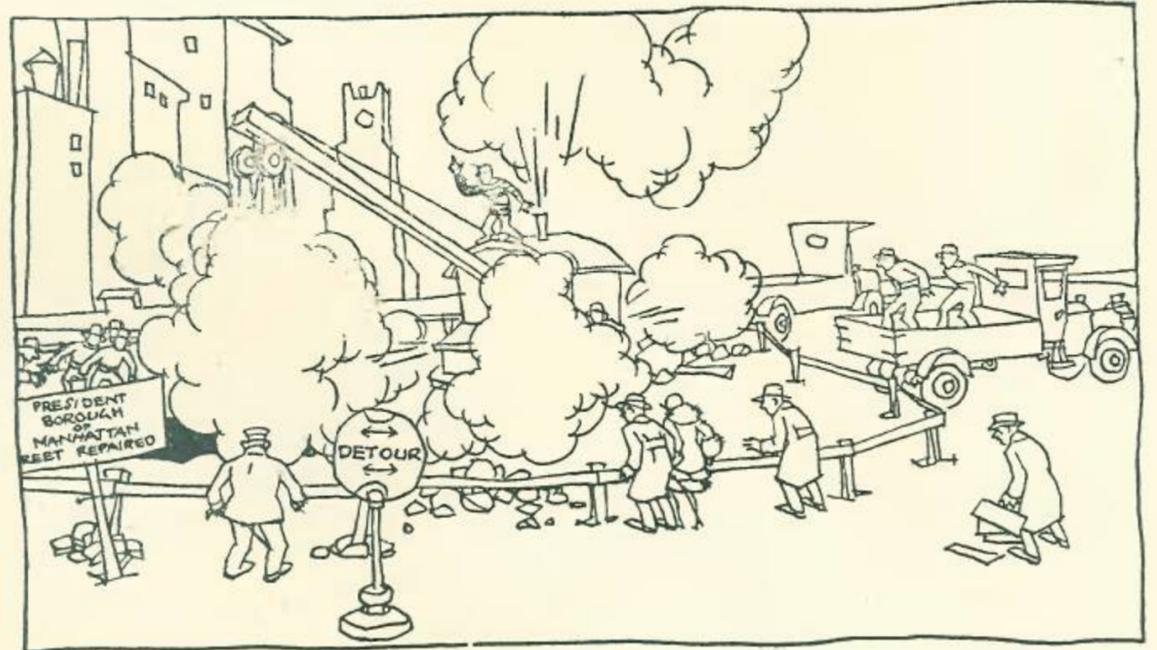
The Pound

FOR the sake of the birds," said a lady in the bus, "the cat must be kept down." It was one of those vehement conversations worth listening to. And everything was said in it but the truth, which is that something very energetic is being done to keep the cat down.

Good lady, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in cooperation with the Health Department, catches and destroys, at their pound in Avenue A and Twenty-

fourth Street, more than a quarter of a million cats a year—"for the sake of the birds." The Society's wagons are always prowling about picking up felines that look as if they would gladly exchange starvation for a bit of chloroform. In Summer, when the cats are out walking, the number of pickups rises to 1,000 a day, and in Winter when the days are crisp and the cellars are the place to live, it drops to as low as 250. But the Pound men are watching and waiting always.

The faithful dog, too, would kill the little sparrow if he knew how. More than 30,000 dogs are sent to Heaven every year and their earthly



remains removed by the Dead Animal Removal Company. Most of the dogs, however, are killed at the request of owners—only 3,000 are pickups.

The dog, in other words, is more moral than the cat. But the cat should worry.

IT'S a gloomy picture. But Madame Helene, with whom we accidentally discussed the matter, has a happier picture. In London, she says, there is a cat-meat man who makes the rounds of the residential sections, giving bits of liver and other nice things to happy cats. No vagrant cats meander in these well-to-do sections. The resident cats have charge accounts and pay monthly.

Riposte

VISITING English novelists serve at least one useful function. They retail to us the latest stories about Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who has made himself esteemed in America by refusing to visit it.

One of the late stories concerns Mr. Shaw's attending a tea in London, not

so very long ago, at which the redoubtable Mr. Samuel Goldwyn was also a guest.

The moving picture impresario arrived wearing—as one might expect—a steamer cap. He had landed a week before.

What better target might a George Bernard Shaw wish than a moving picture producer, in a steamer cap? The barbed arrows flew with the speed and thickness of dark clouds before a March wind. Yet, Mr. Goldwyn was unmoved. Arrows, in his young life, meant merely that “Robin Hood” had been a box office success; nothing more.

“You moving picture producers sicken me,” said Mr. Shaw, finally. “You are like a man who goes into a hat shop and, taking a hat from a shelf and surveying himself in a mirror, announces that the hat doesn’t suit him. Then he throws the hat on the floor, stamps on it, picks the battered, dirty thing up, places it on his head and announces triumphantly that he has just what he wants.”

“But, Mr. Shaw,” Mr. Goldwyn

in force between the two parties expressly prohibiting Sunday shows. The Managers say actors can take their Sunday in the middle of the week; the Actors say they don’t want to. A member of “The Green Hat” company says there are enough Sundays already—Jewish, Christian, and when Mr. Arlen is in the country, Armenian—without making another one.

What will come of it no one can say. The proprietor of a moving picture theatre which has been open on Sunday for years has set the town in a roar by saying, “My God! What will become of the movies? We’ve got too much competition to fight on weekdays as it is.” And both sides, we hear, are trying frantically to get their favorite clergymen to issue statements that Sabbath theatricals will either elevate or debase the soul wonderfully.

THERE is always some wondering where the movies go when they leave New York. A friend tells us that she has received a letter from a lady who comes down every day from

Harlem and makes breakfast for her, and who is now on a vacation. The letter comes from South Carolina. “Heve bin to the moovys and seen the Tent Commandments and Mary Pigfut,” it reads.

Pastimes

AMERICAN sub-debutantes are, even now, in the process of being prepared for their debuts by schools in various capitals of the Old World, including Madrid.

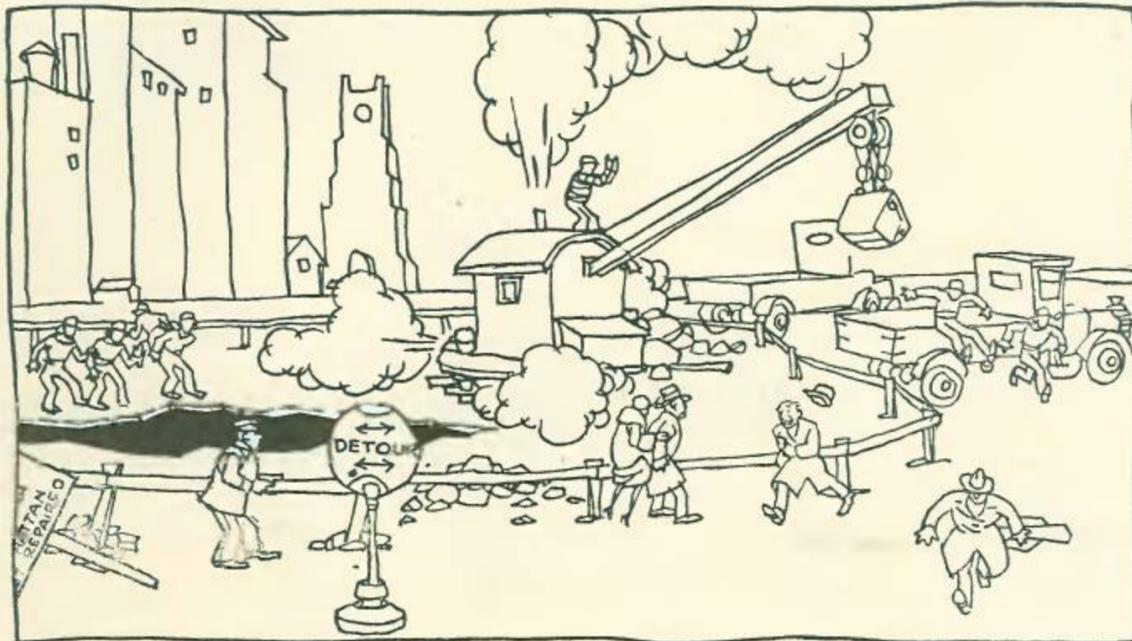
It is out of the latter center of color and chivalry that the story comes of a dozen girls who were permitted, as part of their final polishing, to attend a bull fight.

They sat themselves in a front row box and waited, in the best Plaza tea time manner, for the festivities to begin.

There seemed to be some delay; officials dashed about; there was much gesticulation and argument. What appeared to be a committee meeting held forth in the middle of the arena and finally despatched to the American girls’ box a most courteous messenger. With flourish and compliments and well wishes for the health of the young ladies, long life for their President and long life for the President’s wife and so on and so on, the messenger wished to know if the young ladies would mind—er—er—well, in short no one would pay any attention to the bulls, matador, picador, etc., until the young ladies—well, would the young ladies mind putting their coats over their legs.

The girls acceded and the Spanish then reluctantly went on with their own national pastime.

—THE NEW YORKERS

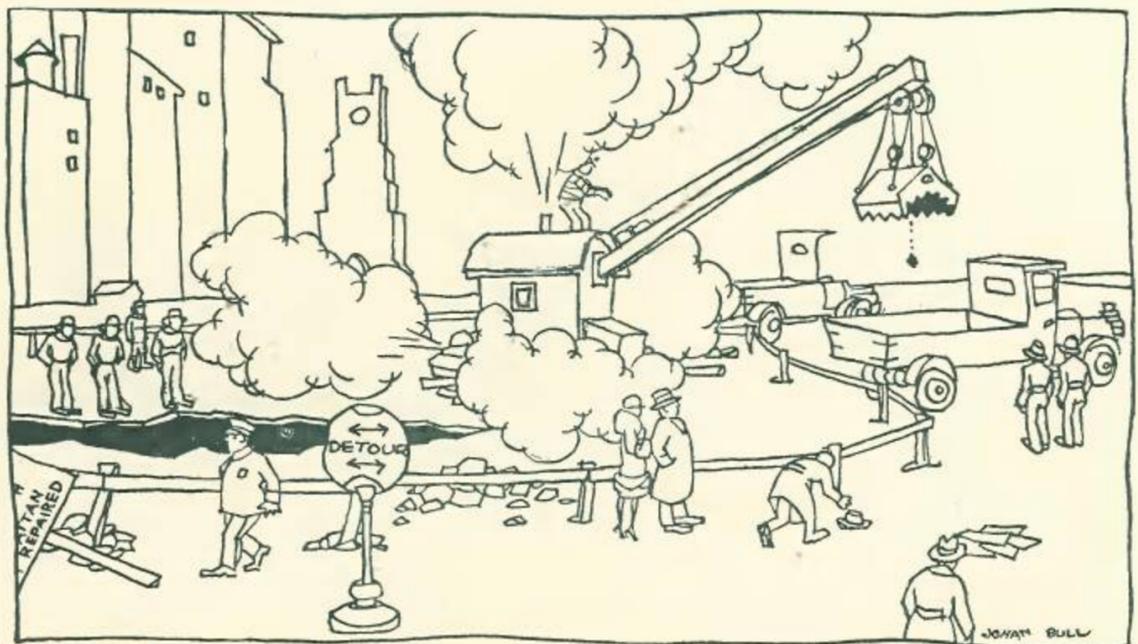


objected, innocently. “But, Mr. Shaw, I am not wearing a hat.”

Sunday Shows

ACCORDING to the late reports from those most vitally interested in whether or not we have theatre performances on Sunday, the fight is on with Victory touching first one and then the other with her wand—if she carries a wand. The Actors Equity, and all actors who think they work hard enough as it is, stand against any innovation; the Managers’ Producing Association wants a change.

The hitch is a ten year contract now



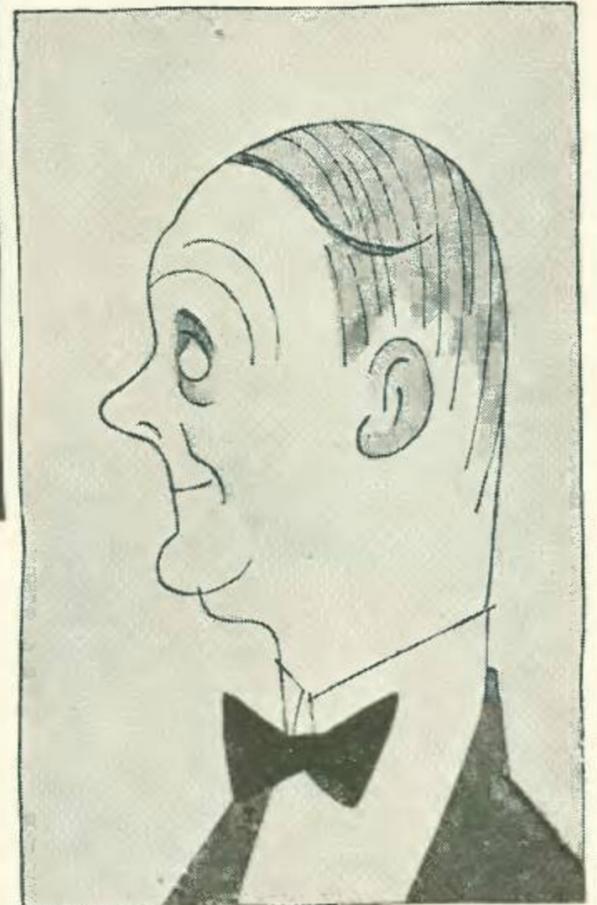
Heroes of the Week



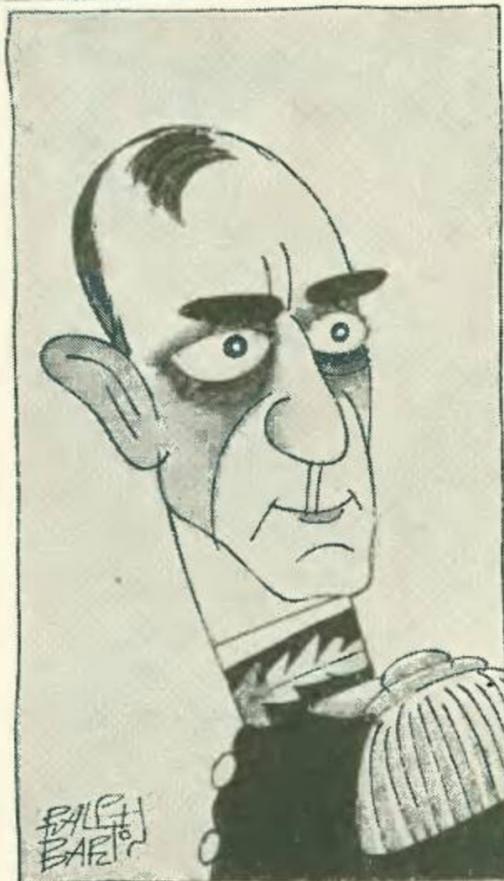
REMO BUFANO—Who is the creator and the master of the life-size marionettes which replaced the singers in "El Retablo de Maeso Pedro", given last week at the Town Hall under the auspices of the League of Composers. Signor Gatti-Casazza please note.



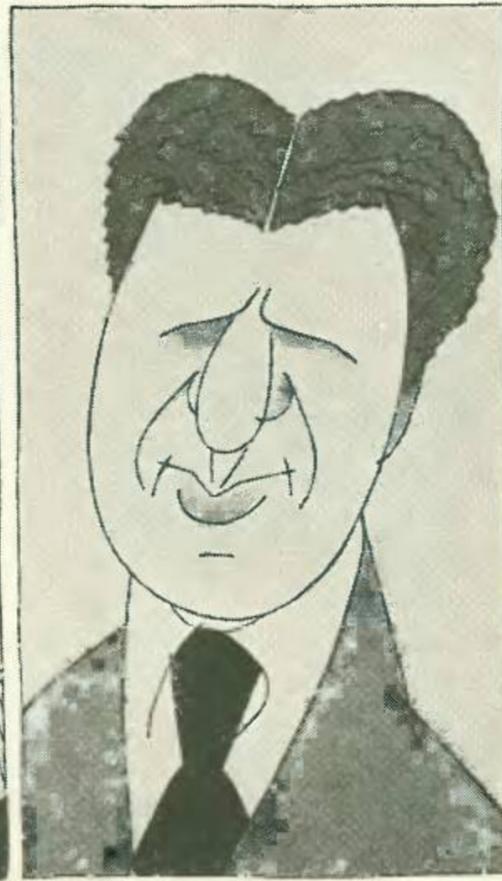
GEORGE V. McLAUGHLIN—Whose first statement as Police Commissioner set forth his resolution to close up the night clubs at three in the morning. This is the regulation new Police Commissioner's first statement, night clubs being infinitely less difficult to apprehend than the banditti.



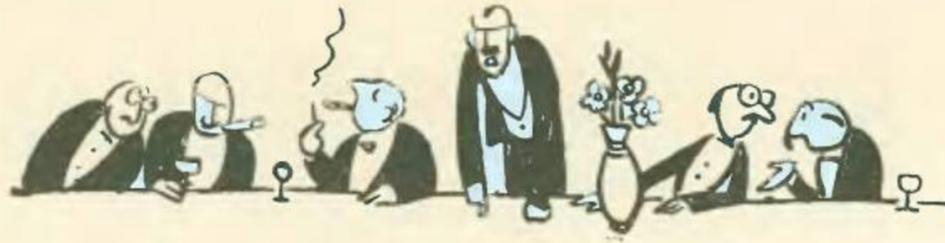
TEX RICKARD—Who has flooded and frozen the floor of his New Garden, reviving for New York the practically extinct game of hockey. A number of people have given up their Charleston lessons to cheer the elusive puck.



BRIGADIER GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER—Who has been told off to the Marines down Philadelphia way after a somewhat pop-eyed career as Director of Public Safety. America being rich in such characters, it is certain that his place will be taken in the news at once.



RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE—Who was asked to resign from the United Palestine Fund Appeal because he asserted that the teachings of Christ must be accepted by his flock. One greater than he was once asked to resign this life for the same reason.



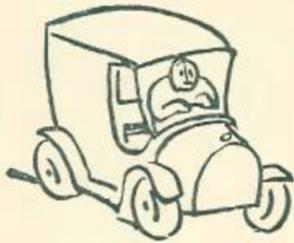
HOW D'YOU GET WHAT WAY?



THE traffic problem in New York is getting simpler and simpler. As the streets grow more congested every day, and the cars move slower,

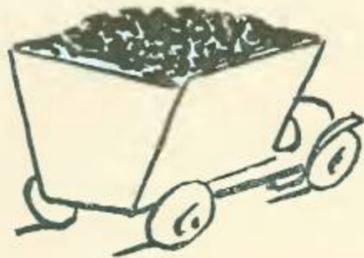
it becomes increasingly apparent that the time is not so far distant when they will stop moving altogether and stand still. Then we can fill in the chinks between them with cement, pave the hoods, and start life over again with a clean slate.

The credit for this easy solution to what appeared for a time to be a serious problem can be traced to a number of sources, all of which are members of the Traffic Commission.



As a result of an exhaustive investigation of street conditions in New York during the past twenty-five years, this Commission rendered a detailed report, in which it stated that the traffic problem was growing serious and strongly recommended that something be done. Acting upon this recommendation, a new Traffic Commission was instantly formed, which set to work at once on an exhaustive investigation of street conditions in New York during the next twenty-five years. These two reports will then be placed side by side, and the winner will probably be invited to the Pacific Coast, where it will compete with the Los Angeles Traffic report for the All-American report title, at present held by the Navy Investigation Board.

Awaiting this final solution to the whole problem, the police have instituted what is known today as the One-Way Street. According to this plan, the traffic in the even (or else odd) numbered streets moves steadily west, while the traffic in the odd (even?) numbered streets pro-



ceeds steadily east, the plan being that, with two lines of cars continuously advancing in either direction, one will fall with a splash into the East River and one into the Hudson, thus disposing of hundreds of cars nightly.

This One-Way plan is ideal for anyone on a west-bound street who has been spending the afternoon on Avenue A and wants to get home to Tenth Avenue. On the other hand, if he lives on Avenue A and has been spending the afternoon on Tenth Avenue, he proceeds home across the state of Jersey, thence as rapidly as possible through Ohio, Illinois and the Middle West, until he crosses the Rockies and reaches San Francisco, where he embarks on a steamer to the Orient, passes through Asia and Europe (stopping off at points of interest along the way) and finally sets sail from Cherbourg on the *Beren-garia*, arriving in New York Harbor on Christmas Day amid the cheering thousands who line the shore, tossing their hats in the air and strewing his path with roses, as he makes his way through the reporters to the side of his aged mother.

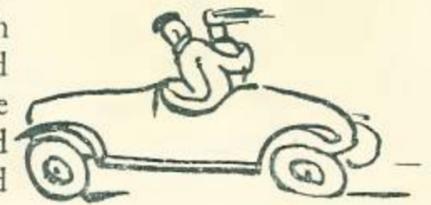
The problem of parking a car in the theatrical district was not solved so easily. In the old days, of course, people could leave their cars parked somewhere up around the Poe Cottage in Fordham and then walk to their theatre in Times Square with comparative ease. The recent growth of the city, however, has increased distances so much that it has rendered this plan impracticable. In an attempt to solve the difficulty, the Traffic Commission held a luncheon at the Astor with a number of automobile manufacturers; and after considerable thought and mutual consultation, in which various suggestions were viewed from all angles and each member voiced an opinion, it was finally

decided that they would all simply order the consommé and the roast prime ribs of beef, dish gravy, and split the check seven ways.

Conversation then drifted around to the question of where to park a car in the theatrical district; and a prominent manufacturer named Meebles sug-

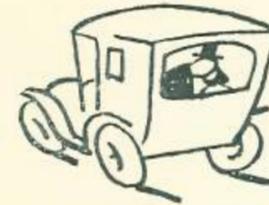


gested that it would be a good thing if someone would build cars with runways up the back, so that other cars could climb on top and park there. Murgatroyd, of the Murgatroyd Electrics, pointed out on the other hand that if the bottom car moved out first, it would be very difficult for anyone to climb up to the second car without a ladder; and the luncheon disbanded with laughter and considerable chaffing and Meebles paid the check.



At present the Commission is waiting for someone to invent a portable parking space; and so the question remains just about where it was.

Meantime the constant ebb and flow of New York's millions upon millions is being competently governed by strict police regula-



tions, depending on a number of conditions, such as Wall Street closing conditions, weather conditions along the mid-Atlantic seaboard, and the condition of your Aunt Kate. Consequently these regulations are usually left to the individual discretion of the policeman on the beat, who is shifted nightly to another beat, involving an entire new set of rules. It is the duty of every loyal citizen to familiarize himself thoroughly with these rules, in order to cooperate with the police and prevent congestion in the streets.

Let us say, purely by way of illustration, that a party desires to proceed by auto from the Claridge in Forty-fourth Street to a theatre in Forty-fifth Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue. (This is very unlikely, because a party from the Claridge would not be apt to take an auto in the first place.) One plan is as follows: Proceeding east in Forty-fourth Street, they discover that they cannot turn south in Sixth Avenue, scoring ten points for the police. Crossing Fifth Avenue, if at all, they turn south in Madison instead and return to Fifth Avenue, where they are delayed forty minutes until the lights change. Hurrying west in Forty-third Street, they find that no car can turn north into Broadway between sunset and St. Swithin's Day, and consequently they turn south to Forty-second

Street, where they are penalized fifteen yards for holding. In order to make up this time they proceed westward one block and manage to head north again in Eighth Avenue. This time they find they are in the center of a wedge seven cars wide, called the backfield, from which they are unable to extricate themselves until they have been carried to Fifty-second Street. At the end of the first half the score stands twenty to nine, or ten minutes late for the curtain already.

The cars advance from their respective corners again at the whistle, and a quick jab to Broadway is intercepted by the clever manoeuvre of the policeman on the corner, who feints with his left and sends them spinning north with a short right. Proceeding to Fifty-ninth Street, they rapidly round Columbus Circle and succeed

in shooting back into Broadway again, whereupon they head rapidly south toward the goal (K), ducking the interference and crumpling mud-guards right and left, until they are blocked at Forty-fifth Street by the policeman on the corner, who meets their attack with a neat double-header and shunts them one block south by one block east, bringing up in front of the Claridge where they started from. Time: one hour and forty-three minutes.

Another good plan is to walk.

—COREY FORD

THE GREEDY ASH-CAN

Here, greedy ash-can, here's the core
And rind of last year's pleasure;
But twelve long months must pass before
I throw you this year's treasure.

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

"Charleston Causes Collapse of Another Building."—Daily Newspaper.



IS there, I ask, esthetic beauty in Charleston dancing, exercised by May McCarthy, vulgo "Cutie", whose sinfulness is ill disguised?

Aye, when the jungle's swarthy minions belabor their bedevilled tools, their syncopated rhythm pinions the spirits of the dancing fools.

Instead of gaily undulating across the bloom-bespeckled lawn, emotionally illustrating the gay "Après-midi d'un Faun",



With painted lips and tinsel-covered, this damsel and the men, whose eggs enhance your breakfast, are discovered gesticulating with their legs.

Their bodies to the oboe's whining, distorted, awkward and grotesque, like soulless puppets are combining to form a reckless arabesque.

Yet ever is the reaper waiting to cut his crop, where lust is rife. Sin's temple crashed, abbreviating Miss May McCarthy's wicked life.

—HANS STENGEL

A REPORTER AT LARGE



Tiger, Tiger

POLITICS, generally speaking, is a pretty dull subject for the citizen who has acquired urbanity. In the first place, even the most pleasant people are likely to grow earnest when they talk about government—and earnestness is never very amusing. And in the second place, so far as our local situation is concerned, most of us have fallen into the belief that if the city could endure for eight years under Hylan with no serious result except some sort of subway problem, then we may simply let the government take care of itself, with a feeling of complete security concerning its power to annoy us.

Yet, after all, there are some ends of politics over which we might grow curious with the most engaging results. There is, for example, Tammany Hall. And Tammany Hall, upon examination, proves to be not only a diverting institution, but also quite romantic, vastly intelligent, and likely to have more to do with our intimate existence, during the next ten years, than anything short of the Anti-Saloon League itself. For Tammany is fashioning immense designs upon the circumstance which places it now, for the first time in four years and for the first time at all since it became regenerate, in control of New York City. Tammany is ambitious. And it is building its ambition upon a sound bottom indeed.

To consider Tammany, let us first observe the cast of characters. The principal roles are four: Alfred E. Smith, James J. Walker, George W. Olvany and James Foley. For each of these, the part is clearly defined. And so neatly balanced are their political virtues that they constitute, after a manner of speaking, a sort of synthetic personality which dominates this most effective of modern hierarchies with a brilliant power impossible for any single man, unless he be an overwhelming genius.

Smith is the King, the symbol for the throng, the hero who wears a crown with all that debonair assurance that the crowd demands of its kings. Also, he is the voice of Tammany, such times as the public is to be informed of Tammany's inner thoughts. Olvany, let us say, is prime minister: shrewd, and practical, and unerringly effective, who lubricates the affairs of his compact state that they may run with smoothness and precision. He is the strategist so long as campaigns follow familiar paths, and do not turn into new, uncharted fields. In the latter event, there is Foley. Foley is the intellectual, the mystic, the man of books and cloisters and meditations, the Richelieu of this regime. He is that mysterious person, the man born without vices who yet remains a good fellow. He does not drink, or smoke, or indulge in any of the petty concerns of life. And upon him fall all questions concerning ethics, and ideals and propriety. Olvany may decide that a certain procedure is practical, and expedient. But if Foley says it is improper or likely to lose respect for Tammany, it is promptly forgotten.

Walker has just assumed his new post as steward—or perhaps he should be called Quartermaster-General. Through his ministrations, Tammany exists and is able to preserve its unity. For he distributes the patronage, which is to the organization what taxes are to the state.

Under the guidance of Foley, Tammany has decided that a reasonable amount of honesty is the best policy. And therefore it has given over all those romantic practices which have given the Hall, times past, such a lurid name. No longer do the cops collect graft from saloons and stuss houses and bordellos and kings of the underworld. Tammany takes its revenue in much more sedate fashion: to wit, patronage.

Of course there are contributions from gentlemen favored with hand-

some contracts, from corporations seeking concessions, from rich men suddenly stung with the dream of political office. But the money that really runs Tammany comes in infinitesimal amounts from the hordes of men and women awarded jobs under Tammany's government. One per cent, say, of the money paid in salaries to government workers, is turned by them into the treasury of their organization. And it is a princely sum indeed.

To preserve the loyalty of such minions, to augment its benevolent control of their destinies and their votes, Tammany has its Policy, which is as old as Tammany itself. And this policy is to play tough big brother to every petty soul striving to pursue happiness through the difficulties of urban life. In every district of the city, Tammany has its leader on the job twenty-four hours a day, a leader who is a minor god to his devotees. And he gains his power, not through faith or blind worship, but through acts.

If Bridget Reilly's rent is due, and her only working child is sick, and days look dark and wretched, she knows where to turn. Her district leader, no less, will talk persuasively with her landlord so that he doffs his insistence. And he will produce a little roll of bills, to tide over the bad days. If Sarah Levy's oldest is walking on the bare ground for want of shoes, and Sarah herself must have chicken broth or die—then the shoes will miraculously appear and chickens will be produced, all by the district leader. And if Mike Jones has a daughter who has learned her typing and is ready for her first job, he need only remind the district leader that the city needs thousands of typists, and his girl is just one more.

Likewise, if Moe Jacobs gets in bad company, and the cops catch him prowling about a locked store late at night, Moe can't rest easy until his

district leader knows all about it. The district leader will not, to be sure, do anything so simple as telephone the judge to let Moe off. But he will see that Moe's poverty and youthful fright do not cause him to be overlooked in the administration of justice tempered with mercy.

And in return for such paternal benevolence, Tammany asks but two returns: first that earning members pay their dues promptly; and second that the proper thing be done on election day.

That is the essence of the organization: collection of funds from voters favored with its patronage, and a brotherly attitude toward the buffets encountered by those voters as they try to live.

And behind this, there is the shrewd politics, the crafty playing of a difficult game, and, of late, some very creditable ideals, which are leading the chosen sons on to greater power and greater glory.

They are rather miraculous politicians, these fellows. One example is enough: Tammany was the first Democratic organization to wonder why the negro vote should always be Republican. They set to work. And, working, they brought about a situation that all the segregation ordinances of Southern cities have failed to do: they accumulated the negro population of New York in one place. And in

Harlem, they let the negro do as he pleases. There, he is privileged to enjoy life as his own fancy leads him: to seek his own level of civilization without outside suggestions. He is given justice in the courts, given privileges that fan his dignity—and, of course, periodically notified as to the source of these handsome boons. So Tammany gets Harlem—six to one.

There is an anecdote, by the way: Hylan, during the late election, was high in the estimation of the Harlem leaders. He, they felt, put through the five-cent fare and the housing laws. And so, when Walker came to speak at Renaissance Hall, his audience was cool. But Tammany foresight had directed Joseph Johnston, a former Georgian and Tammany's white lieutenant for the Harlem sector, to have Harry Wills on the platform with Walker. And the speech went like this: Mr. Walker:

"What have I done for the negro? Nothing. (Dark silence.) When I put through the five-cent fare bill, I was doing it for humanity, not for the negro. When I put through the housing bill, I served humanity, not only the negro. When I made the boxing commission order Dempsey to fight Wills, I was not doing it because he was a negro, but a human being who deserved a chance."

Whereupon Mr. Johnston kicked Mr. Wills, and Mr. Wills, tears

streaming down his face, stuck out his huge paw for the grasp of the dapper little candidate. And the roof rocked at its eaves, and Harlem voted its preference for Walker over Hylan, five ballots to one.

THUS Tammany.

But I have darkly hinted that Tammany has dreams. And it will be because of these dreams that New York, during the next four years, probably will bask in the best administration given us for half a century. Tammany is putting its new honesty and its new ideals and its new self-respect on trial. And by recognition of these qualities, it hopes for a new, national dignity; it hopes to gain the confidence of America, a prestige and admiration for square dealing which will be of ponderable value when the next Democratic convention sits. Tammany wants very much to elect a president for us. And, whatever becomes of the ambition, we in New York shall reap the benefits of its manifestation.

It will be an administration devoted to performance rather than to economy, to open and forthright practice, and to a policy concerning personal liberties which will read: "do about as you please gentlemen, but don't get too boisterous about it—we're trying to make a reputation, you know."

—MORRIS MARKEY

OF ALL THINGS

THE Liberty Bell rang over the radio in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the birth of freedom. New York, which yields to none in patriotism, had 150 Federal agents to watch it rejoice.

State legislatures passed 13,000 new statutes in 1925. We ought to do better than that this year because we are older and we have more sins.

As far as we have gone the second quarter of the century looks amazingly like the first. The newspapers are still largely devoted to fur sales.

As we shiver to press, the coal parley is proceeding with the furious pace of a chess game and with all the breathless suspense of a wrestling match.

A strange silence has fallen over the affairs of Mellie Dunham. Is it possible

that the old gentleman has succumbed to an attack of rotomaine poison?

The advertisements speak highly of Hollywood in Florida. No doubt it will do very well for some people, but writers will still have to go to the other one to see their stories murdered.

Chili and Peru seem determined to disagree about Tacna-Arica, a desolate desert country with only a few thousand people. The only thing that will grow there is that hardy perennial, *casus belli*.

Mrs. Henderson's drive for ankle-length skirts was a splendid thing. True it has had no appreciable effect upon the scenery, but it started National Laugh Month with a bang.

Once more the French have refused to accept a program of drastic tax increases.

They are a brave and determined people. The government may economize, inflate or borrow, but a heavy tax bill "they shall not pass".

The two-passenger sidecar taxicab is said to be due in our busy midst most any time now. As we understand it, the driver sits on a motorcycle and has no change for a dollar.

Will the Princess Astrid of Sweden marry the Prince of Wales or Prince Henry? That depends upon whether Her Royal Highness takes the New York *Herald Tribune* or the *World*.

As we gaze fondly upon the names and faces of Mayor Walker's official family, we should not forget, in our pride and happiness, the nation which poured out its richest blood that the government of New York might live. Our gain is Ireland's loss.—HOWARD BRUBAKER

CONGRESS

I'M a Congressman and proud of it. I've only been at it a short while, but how I like it, especially the recess! You see, I've always been a sensitive soul, quite sure that the world was pointing its scornful fingers at me. Now I'm beginning to like abuse. Why? I suppose because I'm getting ten thousand to take it and there's absolutely nothing that can interfere with my taking the ten thousand. Since I've been getting the ten, I've a backbone where my inferiority complex used to be.

Strange as it may seem, now and then I think. If a Congressman thinks, what does he think of? I confess, at times, of the mediocrity of Daniel Webster; at times of the futility of Abe Lincoln. Then again he often thinks of lunch. And what's at Keith's tonight. However, mostly he thinks of his trade as a target and so he thinks of abuse. Let me pose as an expert on abuse. It's really no pose. I know abuse and her little blonde step-sister, denunciation.

Why does Congress get abused? Well, there's a theory that a man is crazy if he thinks or does something with his brain out loud. That's the trouble with Congress. Whatever it does with its alleged brains, it does out loud. It's the nature of the beast. So the Public considers Congress a little off. The President on the other hand does not have to think out loud. He does not have to think at all. What's the use of thinking when you get there? Besides, we give him a Cabinet to do his thinking, and even at that, when a White House decision is reached, nobody knows whence it sprung. Maybe the President thought it out; maybe the Cabinet in whole or in part; maybe the Secret Service; maybe Judge Gary or one of the other industrial bellwethers; maybe the Presidential chauffeur. The chances are 100 to 1 that the Fourth Deputy Assistant Executive Clerk found the idea tucked away in the appendix of the Congressional Record. Nothing has ever been said or written that has not been reproduced in the Record.

The Executive then is praised for decisiveness because the Public gets his decision and doesn't see how it is reached. The President is glorified because he is not seen at work. But how does Congress come to its de-



isions? It is thrown into a 435 ring circus, with 870 arms and 435 tongues. A bill is read. Most of the 870 arms and the 435 tongues begin to debate. The arms carry the tongues to wild declaration, and the folks in the gallery think they are visiting Elmira Reformatory. The Press Gallery sleeps over its cross-word puzzle, paying no heed to the earthquake below. Now and then when something particularly outlandish ascends through the clatter, the Press makes a note, and the Public shakes its head over its damn fool Congress.

So the trouble with Congress is that it is not under cover. Oddly enough after all the tongue, the arm, and the flag waving is over, Congress does something and the Country still survives. But since it functions like the Lamp Post Debating Society or the Cracker Barrel Forum, the Public sees the slips and hurls its pop bottles.

When are we Congressmen abused, or better, when are we not abused? Once a year we're not, when we adjourn. But when it rains in Roumania instead of in the Argentine, we're to blame. When we cut taxes, we're to blame because they had to be cut. When we make speeches we're to blame, and when we pass a bill raising our own salaries, and give out a Gargantuan lip-smacking, we're to blame. If a warship goes high and dry with a wet commander, it's our fault for not giving him four wheel brakes. If somebody steals the Oil Reserves, we're to blame for not get-

ting there first. It's always open season for firing at Congress.

Where does the abuse fly from? The heaviest artillery is fired from the editorial ambush. We don't mind that because voters don't read editorials. If there's one thing that can make Congress laugh, it's an editorial barrage. If anything could be worse than a political Congress, it would be a Congress of editors. Just think of editors going into debate—*sans* eraser, *sans* morgue, *sans* shears, *sans* the other fellow's editorial. Imagine George Harvey talking under the five minute rule. He couldn't make up his mind which Party he belonged to in five minutes! We take consolation. The country hates us but it ignores editors. Congress does muddle, but so does a Nation and so does the President; it is only Congress that can be seen in the unhappy process. Our muddling is an exhibition like the Circus Maximus which after all only reflects the doubts and confusions of our affectionate constituencies. We want to go back, so we try to think as our voters think. And do *they* think? Each Congressman is perfectly sure that his District and his alone can function mentally. I *know* mine can.

—HON. LORING M. BLACK,
Fifth Congressional District, New York

EN PASSANT

"The face the most fair to our vision allowed
Is the one we encounter and lose in the crowd."
—Owen Meredith

When I am driving home at night
From wheresoever I have been,
And draw up at the traffic light
Beside some lovely limousine,
I oftentimes exchange a glance
With a delightful dame or squire
En route from dinner, drama, dance
In glad and glorious attire.

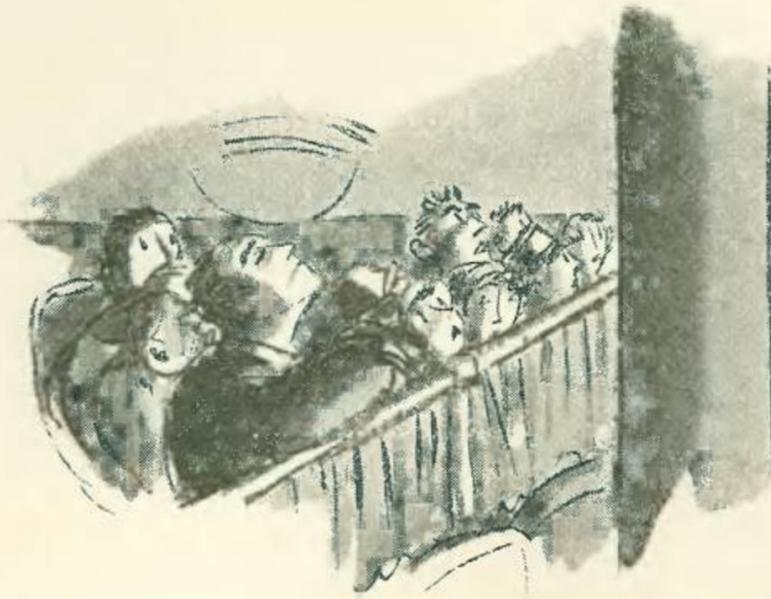
"How full the world is," I reflect,
"Of people I shall never know,
Who might have an immense effect
Upon the way my fortunes go!"
The odds are that the squire or dame
Of pleasant anonymity
Is having pretty much the same
Reaction in regard to me.

Of course, one cannot sit and stare
At perfect strangers in the street,
For citizens of *savoir faire*
Such etiquette is indiscreet;
So, if we're held up long enough,
With fine indifference I use
My lipstick or my powder-puff,
And gaze at St. Bartholomew's.

—BAIRD LEONARD

METROPOLITAN LIFE
AN EVENING AT THE OPERA

*The die-hard who still
does her head in a scarf.*



The agony group.



*A gentleman who can
take it or leave it alone.*



*Still coming—still
unconvinced.*



The crow's nest.



*Late arrivals . . . almost five
minutes after eight . . .
dear, dear.*



*Low return on a \$17 investment:
"Oh! I'm so surprised, Benny,
I'm almost enjoying myself!"*

M.E. Robinson

PROFILES

An Aristocrat

IT is easy to appraise a man who has lost the vision of himself, for his own detachment and sophistication aids in this, but Rachmaninoff has kept the symbol of himself, and it makes appraisal hard. Among the host of musicians who throw off the thrall of self and escape into lightness—and many of them do, holding the child of a lost former creativeness as a child on one's knee—the character of Rachmaninoff stands as a thing apart. Those who were with him in Moscow twenty-five years ago and who have the memory of a brooding, listless, forbidding genius, vow with a kind of abasement at their own solidifying maturity that Rachmaninoff has not changed.

Music and the arts for all their splendor of development are but a modern growth in Russia; you can antedate everyone, writers and composers back one hundred years and then you stop. Russia recognized Rachmaninoff at the start. There were drumbeats of adulation and to this pride the spirit of the country set a goal. Of genius, the expectation was genius, and as we all know, the Russians are a naïve people, hardly the pragmatists to confuse or bemuse the issues of artistic destiny.

But there is an impiety to the fame that has come to Rachmaninoff, and he alone, above all, knows it. A gargoyle irony has crept in of late years to a man who in his aspirations wished to build the tonal structure of cathedrals. His American success has been tumultuous, and yet in a sense abusive.

There is an odd story, typically American in its overtones, and mournful in its deeper connotations. It has all to do with the "C Sharp Minor Prelude"—the "Flatbush Prelude", so brevetted. About ten years ago, Alexander Siloti, a cousin of Rachmaninoff, brought it over. Rumor says he sold

it to a music publisher for the sum of twenty-five dollars. It made Rachmaninoff. It cut a swath for him across our national life, and when he came, the country had its arms open

mental accomplishment of music in the past has a way of casting distrustful shadows on new works. His best may not live. Rachmaninoff is now fifty-three and he has not composed to any great extent in the last five or six years. But there, with pernicious life, is the "C Sharp Minor" hotly in the caldron of popular classics.

The personality of Rachmaninoff has a unique place in the music world in that success has not mattered much to him or altered him. His classmates of the old days of the Moscow Conservatory, Jacob Altschuler and Josef Lhevinne, say he has not changed at all. He stands out singularly because what Wordsworth apostrophized as the "trailing clouds of glory" of youth have meant very much to him indeed, and he has never let them go.

He is austere, solitary, aristocratic, morosely sensitive and simple. That he has not ructioned or bargained with life is everywhere plain. They say that in his piano recitals he plays a little to the galleries, but if the criticism is true, the practice springs from a naïve sentimentality,

or perhaps a patrician condescension to speak more plainly within the understanding of his listeners. He could never be common or plebeian, but he can condescend. He showed his mettle as an aristocrat at Carnegie Hall last Spring when the children in the New York city-wide music contests played before a host of distinguished musicians as judges. There was a mood among the judges to take the matter as a frolic, but this attitude changed when Rachmaninoff with gentle imperiousness called for one little boy to repeat his piece, so that the judges might be more certain of their decision. He hides away in daily life, and you can hear in his playing, emotions that are elemental, simple, lyric and plaintive as only uncorrupted



Sergei Vassilievitch Rachmaninoff

for him. Wherever there is a piano, and they are as generously distributed as Bibles, the daughter of the house essays it. It is dramatic, easy to play, and as the million and one little girls boom it across the keyboard, an illusion of greatness becomes entwined with their fingers. It shames the price of piano lessons until such practicalities slink off abashed before the glory of art. A sonorous grandeur clamors through it. By and large Rachmaninoff is the composer of the "C Sharp Minor Prelude".

There is much other music, tone poems, church music, other preludes, not often played but very beautiful, the fruit of a fine ardor and gloom of a special creativeness. Yet about these the future is evasive. The monu-

mental accomplishment of music in the past has a way of casting distrustful shadows on new works. His best may not live. Rachmaninoff is now fifty-three and he has not composed to any great extent in the last five or six years. But there, with pernicious life, is the "C Sharp Minor" hotly in the caldron of popular classics.

vision can be. His monolithic body and convict's head bear a sombre sustaining dignity that is unmannered and elect.

Yet perhaps the pathos in a great career is that he is an aristocrat. The change of regimes in Russia has left him spiritually homeless. He has never liked the new order of things or become reconciled to it. It is as if his soil of nurture had become scarred and beggared. He has not caught on here to a depth where his genius is at peace. He is tremendously successful, broods much, and composes little, and in all it is a desolateness beyond his assuaging.

Not that even here he has not been true as an artist should not be true. When the Boston Symphony offered him the post of conductor before naming Monteux, he declined. He wanted to be free for his composing. His great success on the concert stage he has taken calmly and as a naturally predestined thing. It is true of the man that the social life of a musician has not even become a reality for him. He does not mix in musical doings. His own manager, C. J. Foley of Boston, knows so little about him as a man that the most imaginative reporter could not build two sticks of copy out of it. Rachmaninoff does not talk music, tendencies, critics, and life and philosophies, least of all. Yet he no doubt has come to many grave de-

isions; but they are not known.

In meditating on Rachmaninoff, the present writer, once of Chicago, recalls a short lecture Sherwood Anderson addressed to his fellow writers in the pages of the *Chicago Daily News*. He said, in effect, that if a creative writer takes to conscious exploitation, if he gabs, he will be lost. There has to be a tie, has there—to write in Mr. Anderson's style—with one's first mystic consciousness, with one's separate oneness.

If one or two or three years ago you were one who had the pleasant habit of taking long, fast-paced walks at dusk on Riverside Drive, you must have met Rachmaninoff. And if you are addicted to driving a car madly over the Westchester roads at night you very likely have passed him. This is all there is to his hobbies and diversions. He is still out seeking, alone and constant, among such moods, wherein for him, comes music.

The walks are put in the past tense, because in the past year, the Rachmaninoff home at 33 Riverside Drive has been sold. A story was connected with this that did not get into the papers. His elder daughter, Irene, married a Russian prince, and the family went to France and bought a farm, planning a new life on the old continent again.

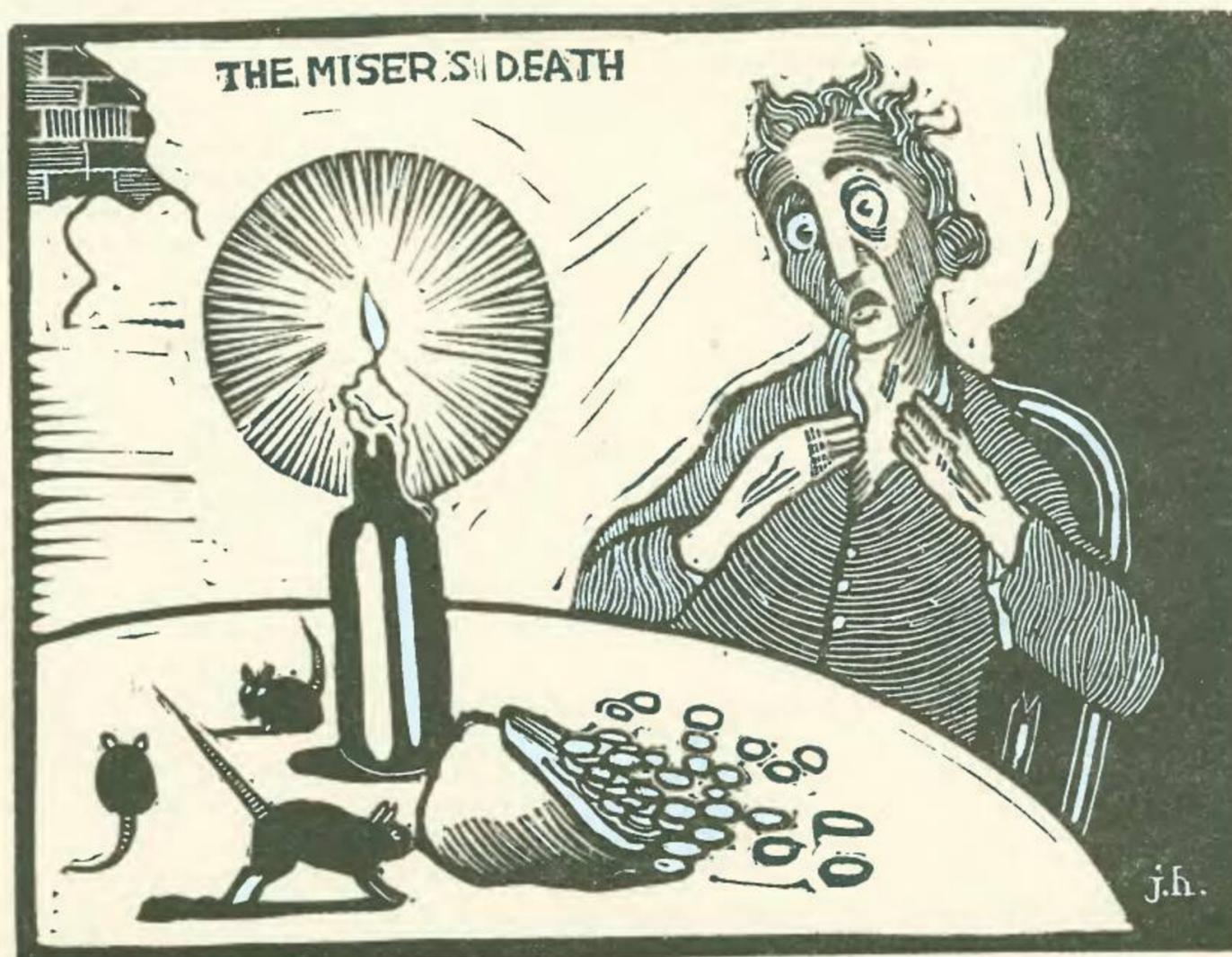
But the son-in-law died, and Rachmaninoff came back with his family

last month a grandfather.

The house of the Rachmaninoffs at Riverside Drive will long remain in the memory of those who have visited there. It was white without, and it had a shadowed quietude within. While waiting for the appearance of one of his daughters, who were always his emissaries, the caller became conscious of a suzerainty of order, of punctilious nobility, of a fair, natural elegance that lived into magnificence and to tender gloom as the sunlight eddied in and withdrew through the heavy plated windows. The house was not Russian in furnishings or atmosphere, but something else was there that Rachmaninoff wanted—it was in the old order in its tempo and mood. A blonde and child-like Russian servant girl beamed wanly as if suddenly roused, and then one waited and had the rare pleasure of seeing Tatania or Irene walk measuredly down the arched stairways, beautiful girls walking carelessly and elegantly.

If there had not been a revolution in Russia, Rachmaninoff would not have become expatriated. There is an omission in the paragraphs about him in "Who's Who"—it does not say that Rachmaninoff was born of the nobility. It is perhaps true that for some when an old stronghold is abandoned, the key becomes lost from both without and within.

—ESTHER CARPLES



UNCLE CALVIN'S NO-WASTE GAMES



There is a time for play as well as a time for work. But even in play it is possible to cultivate the art of well-doing. Games are useful to train the eye, the hand and the muscles, and bring the body more completely under the control of the mind. When this is done, instead of being a waste of time, play becomes a means of education. —President Coolidge's Christmas Message to the boys and girls of the nation.

AND now come, boys and girls, it's play-time! You have worked hard *enough* for one day, and Uncle Calvin is going to teach you some peachy games to clear the cob-webs out of those brains of yours. Play-time! Play-time!

But first of all we must remember that play in *itself*, is a waste of time. And who remembers what we learned yesterday about Wasted Time? The boy or girl who wastes time, or anything else, is just as naughty as the boy or girl who steals, for, after all, wasting *is* stealing, isn't it? And play, just for the sake of play, is stealing time which belongs rightfully to our parents, our teachers or our country. And we don't want to be known as *thieves*, do we?

So the games which Uncle Calvin is going to teach us are games which will do us good in one way or another. While we are playing them we shall, at the same time, be helping to make our eyes, our hands, and our minds more efficient. And, as we play, we must keep thinking: "Is this helping me? Or am I wasting time which I ought to be devoting to my lessons or my work or my country?"

The first game that we are going to play is called

EYE-SPY.

This is just lots and lots of fun—and good for your eyes, too. The boys line up on one side, and the girls on the other. Now Uncle Calvin will stand over here and write on the board a lot of little teeny-weeny figures, problems in percentage, and we will see which can read them off and

answer the problems the faster—the boys or the girls. Come now, boys, you don't want the girls to beat you do you? All right . . . ready, get set . . . go!

Now we are going to play a dandy game called



DRY, Tom, DRY

We must remember in playing this game not to get all hot and sweaty and too excited, for it is *really* a game to train our hands. Three girls come over here to the sink, and three boys stand in a line from the sink to the table. Now each boy gets a brand new wiper and each girl a little tub full of hot water and dirty dishes. Now the game is to see which girl and her boy-partner can wash and dry her dishes first. As each dish is cleaned it is handed to the boy with the towel and when he has dried it he places it on the table. You must be very careful in passing the dishes not to drop them. Here is where the excitement comes in. For if you drop and break a plate, Uncle Calvin will lick hell out of you. . . . Now, no giggling, Walter Pearson! You don't see Uncle Calvin giggling, do you? All ready? . . . Then—*play!*

And now for our final game we have a big surprise for you. The game is called

PRINTER'S-PIE

and what do you think? You are all actually going to take part in the government of this big country which we all love so well! We are going to play a game called "type-setting" and, when we have finished, we will find that we have not only had loads and loads of fun, but that we have saved the Government thousands and thousands of dollars. Now here is how the game is played:

Each child brings his little savings-

bank to Uncle Calvin and with what Uncle Calvin finds in there he will buy a box of type and a "galley" for each one. Then you stand in front of a high sort of desk and take a piece of paper which Uncle Calvin will give you. On this paper will be written something—different things—which your government wants to have printed. You will follow this very very carefully, and try and find the little pieces of type in the box to correspond with the letters in the "copy". When you find the right letter, place it in a little case which you hold in your hand until all the letters form the same words as those in your "copy". Now put these words and sentences in the "galley", or "holder" and pretty soon you will find that you have an exact duplicate *in type* of the



page which Uncle Calvin has given you. Isn't that exciting! An *exact* duplicate! This page of type will then be taken from you and plates made from it and then it will be *printed* and you will see your own work in the *Congressional Record* and all the little pamphlets that your congressman sends you. Just think! Your own work in print!

And, just because you have had all this fun, your government will have been able to cut down its printing appropriation to almost nothing and you will have trained your eyes and your hands and your minds which will please Uncle Calvin more than he can say.

And now that we have had our play, we must scamper back to work, for, as Uncle Calvin said in his cheery Christmas message, there is a time for play as well as a time for work, and, so long as you don't *waste* time when playing, you will be able to work all the better for your parents, your schools, and your country.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY



GEMS FROM "SUNNY"

The Last Word in Musical Shows at the New Amsterdam

Mary Hay and Clifton Webb stepping a measure in the magnificent entertainment which stars Marilyn Miller and serves Jack Donahue so well as an implement of hilarity.—R. B.

CRITIQUE

*The Theatre*

SOME weeks it just seems as if there is nothing at all to write about. (This would be on a rough average of about fifty-two weeks a year.) Other weeks, again, there is a very plethora, if that's the word, or over-supply, if it isn't, of material.

For instance, on the Monday night before Christmas there came to the Gaiety Theatre an English revue called "By the Way", and when the final curtain had fallen your correspondent was of a mind to write two entirely different articles about it. ("Your correspondent" is our New Year's gift to our readers and will to some extent be called upon to replace the "this department" which has so long disfigured these columns.) Your correspondent, then, thought it would be a good idea, with even the further advantage of being justified by the facts, to write one article on the superiority of English revues to American revues and a second article on the superiority of American revues to English revues. The idea, however, was dismissed, though with good references, as impractical, and a working solution to have a piece pointing out that for the English revue there is to be said this and for the American revue that was arrived at.

To start with a burst of patriotism. The English have everything to learn from the American theatre in the way of the general business of production. As these lines are written—12:45 p. m. Saturday, January 2—the success of "By the Way" is a matter of doubt, and yet with as much as an afternoon's attention from such a person as Florenz Ziegfeld, Hassard Short or George White, the new show would beyond a doubt be on Broadway's list of positive successes. It is exactly what these people could give the show—speed and pace and the illu-

sion of importance—that it lacks.

On the other hand, the show decidedly has meritorious qualities that the Messrs. Ziegfeld, Short and White, for instance, might well have ironed out during rehearsals. There are, to wit, quantities of adult intelligence and civilized humor to it that are not the inevitable handmaidens of Broadway's producers. The English directors of this revue have forgotten, perhaps fatally, that an audience is not unlikely to be bored by even the most civilized of entertainments, if it be presented fitfully and shabbily and half-heartedly. But they have also not paused to remember that somewhere in the house might be a collection of morons who should instantly be dubbed the average playgoer, for whose intelligence all plays should be geared.

"By the Way" is good, civilized entertainment and can safely be recommended to playgoers of patience. There is little in it that will bring the loud guffaw from the eager spectator, but there is much that will make him leer happily and contentedly to himself. In particular, there is a very comic idea in a sketch having to do with the presentation of a radio drama. Not much is done with the notion by the English players, but there is as yet

no law to prevent the playgoer from exercising his intelligence and polishing it up for himself.

The leading players are Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge. Mr. Hulbert is a sort of Jack Buchanan who looks like Woodrow Wilson and Miss Courtneidge is a deft and resourceful comedienne. With just a little assistance—in part from their associates, in part from the eager minds of the audience—these two players provide a nice, genteely pleasant evening.

AS a successor to "Lady, Be Good" at the Liberty—it has, at all events, the same producers, lyricist, authors and composer—there is now "Tip-Toes", of which there is a majority opinion here certifying excellence and a minority opinion there shouting, just a pretty good show. But at the ticket agencies there is a decided unanimity that the public demand far exceeds the supply, and so once again the voice of the critic becomes academic.

In this instance, the critic, who knows nothing about music but who knows what he likes, must insist despairingly that the new piece may have a large number of excellent and beguiling tunes, but that it also has a weak and unsatisfactory book. The enjoyment of the proceedings, then, will depend upon how far, for the individual playgoer, a collection of pleasing melodies will make up for a collection of uncomic lines and situations. Less than one-tenth of the way is how this department, or your correspondent, if you wish, feels about it.

The cast includes Queenie Smith, Andrew Tombs, Harry Watson, Jr., and Allen Kearns. Miss Smith is sweet, pert and expert in her dancing, acceptably dramatic, and just the least bit too coy. Mr. Tombs brings his familiar manner to even more familiar



matter, which includes a comedy dance to which he certainly has the squatter's right by this time. As for Mr. Watson, we wish we had been able to keep untarnished our memories, possibly faulty, of his invariable funniness. Here his best moments of the evening are spent in that good old telephone booth, which has its funny moments, but he really might try something else. Mr. Kearns is a routined musical comedy leading man, and does well what is assigned to him.

George Gershwin's score is tuneful and pretty throughout. Two or three of his contributions are what must be called insinuating, the English language being as poverty-stricken as it is, and they are all probably destined to become the dancers' delight during the sixmonth that lies ahead. And Sammy Lee has provided speedy and intricate chorus numbers, though they are not much different in nature from what he has caused to be seen in other shows.

Your department's correspondent has a confession to make and makes it proudly, chin up and eyes straight ahead. His chief interest in musical comedy lies in what is offered in the comedy division. To him "Tip-Toes" is decidedly under par in this respect. Others, however, who find the show one of the musical comedy treats of the year are assured that they will not suffer thereby in his esteem. As Arthur Brisbane has so often quoted his friend, the Shah of Persia, as saying, it's the difference of opinion that makes horse-racing. Perhaps Mr. Brisbane can get the Shah to allow his epigram to be applied to the theatre, too. Or to all of life for that matter.

A FURTHER Christmas present to New York theatre-goers was the new edition of "Earl Carroll's Vanities".

The new edition has about the same framework as the old, which includes the night-club effect and the audience dancing during intermissions, but chiefly it has Joe Cook. Mr. Cook comes to us highly endorsed and discovered and this department is a bit afraid to add its mite of approval to what has already been said in the highest quarters. However, it does venture the opinion that Cook's new "Mystery of the Shower Bath" is screamingly hilarious and that there are moments to it that comes close to causing hysteria in all but tough-minded patrons.

There is, too, among the newcomers to the "Vanities", Mr. Frank Tinney. Playgoers with maudlin hearts are earnestly advised not to remain in the theatre while Mr. Tinney is on stage. There can be little pleasure for them in the spectacle of a comedian of

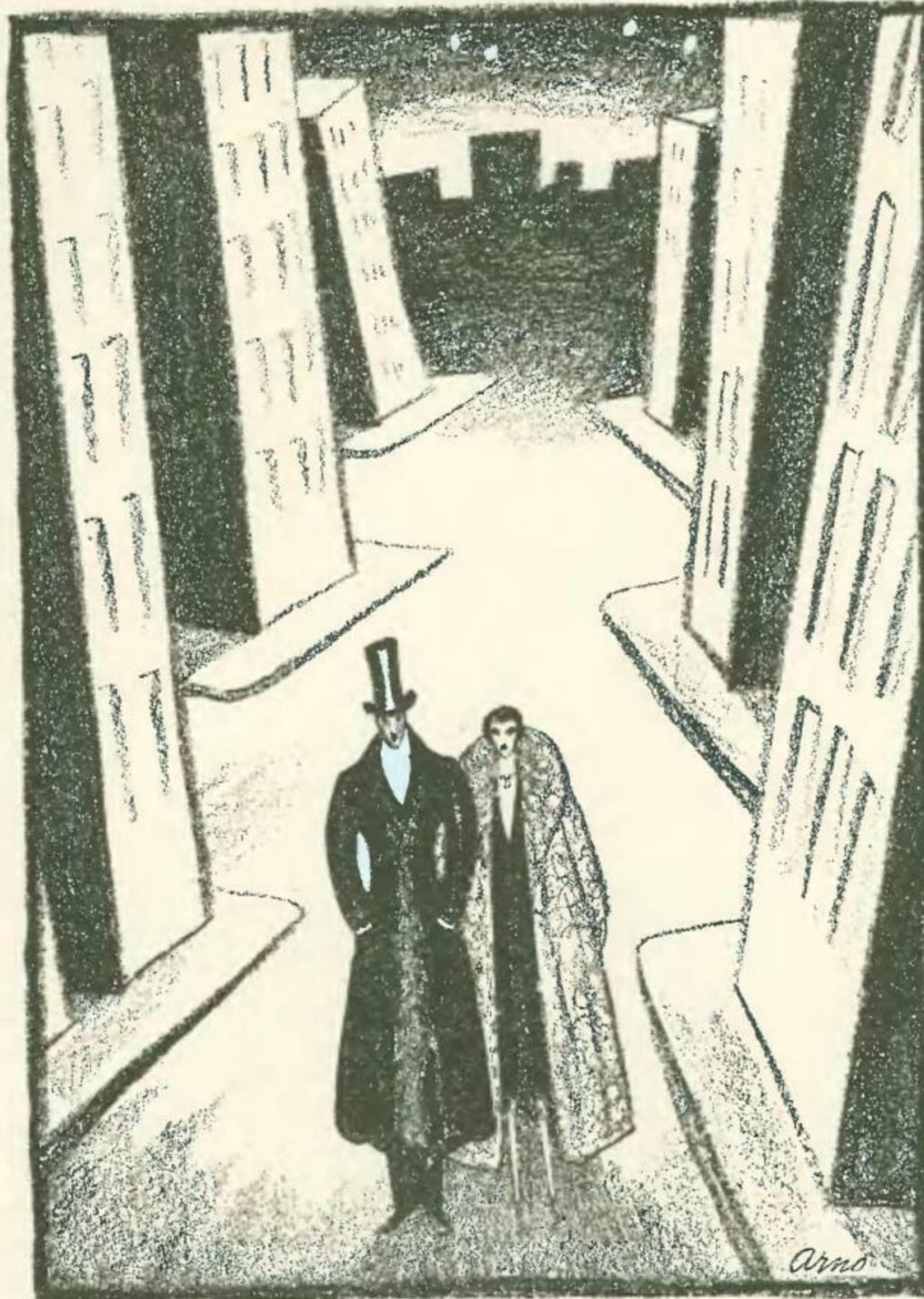
genius utterly routed and disorganized. If ever there was a whipped comedian trying forlornly to resummon the illusions of his greatness, it is this same Frank Tinney. He has been thoroughly and completely beaten by the great newspaper guardians of hearth and home . . . and his few references, in decidedly bad taste, to be sure, to his notorious difficulties, are more pathetic than obnoxious. A tear for the passing of a really great comedian. . . .

The show will appeal to those to whom it has appealed in the past. It has a large measure of novelty, unusually pretty young women, and a sort of inoffensive boisterousness.

ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN, who produced "Rose-Marie", has now brought forth "Song of the Flame", at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. It is a huge, beautiful, melodious, unfunny and generally dull entertainment.

If the book of "Tip-Toes" is unfunny—and one begs a moment's tolerance for this silly supposition in order to make a point—the book of "Song of the Flame" is dismal. There is not a genuinely comic moment to the three hours this show requires for its performance, and the absence of comedy is made into an ever-present defect by the strenuous efforts involved in the attempt to create the illusion of mirth.

Here, however, as in "Tip-Toes"—and we suspect to an even greater extent—there is a gorgeous evening to be had by those who are willing to tolerate the wide open spaces of dialogue as a price to be paid for lovely music, expertly sung. Tessa Kosta is the chief of the singers and has never been in better voice. And then there are male choruses and Russian choirs and just a little bit too much of everything a



"Everything's closed!"

"Uh-huh!"

"Ridiculous! I have a good mind to go home!"



LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN, at Warner's, wherein Irene Rich and several others behave like humans.

musical play needs, excepting only comedy. In pictorial beauty, for instance, "Song of the Flame" is certainly as handsome and resplendent as anything the musical producers of the town have yet supplied.

"Song of the Flame", then, is not for us. If Mr. Hammerstein wants to answer that he didn't produce it for us, he's probably right.—H. J. M.

Music

WHEN Paul Whiteman and his gaily clad instrumentalists toted their toots into Aeolian Hall two years ago for a jazzy afternoon, preciously labelled "An Experiment In American Music", there was a sequence of fox-trots, interspersed with a few specialties that were a little more than Keith and a little less than Kern, and that musical milestone, "A Rhapsody in Blue". Now Paul, bigger and better, whichever way you look at him, returns with no tentative sub-titles. Here he is, "himself", in formal full dress, with his "Greater Concert Orchestra", his cherubic features imprinted in the sedate house program of Carnegie Hall, and a list of music dignified by such honored names as John Alden Carpenter and Deems Taylor. And as if that were not ample, there is an opera, "135th Street", the libretto by B. G. De Sylva and the music by—how did you guess?—George Gershwin.

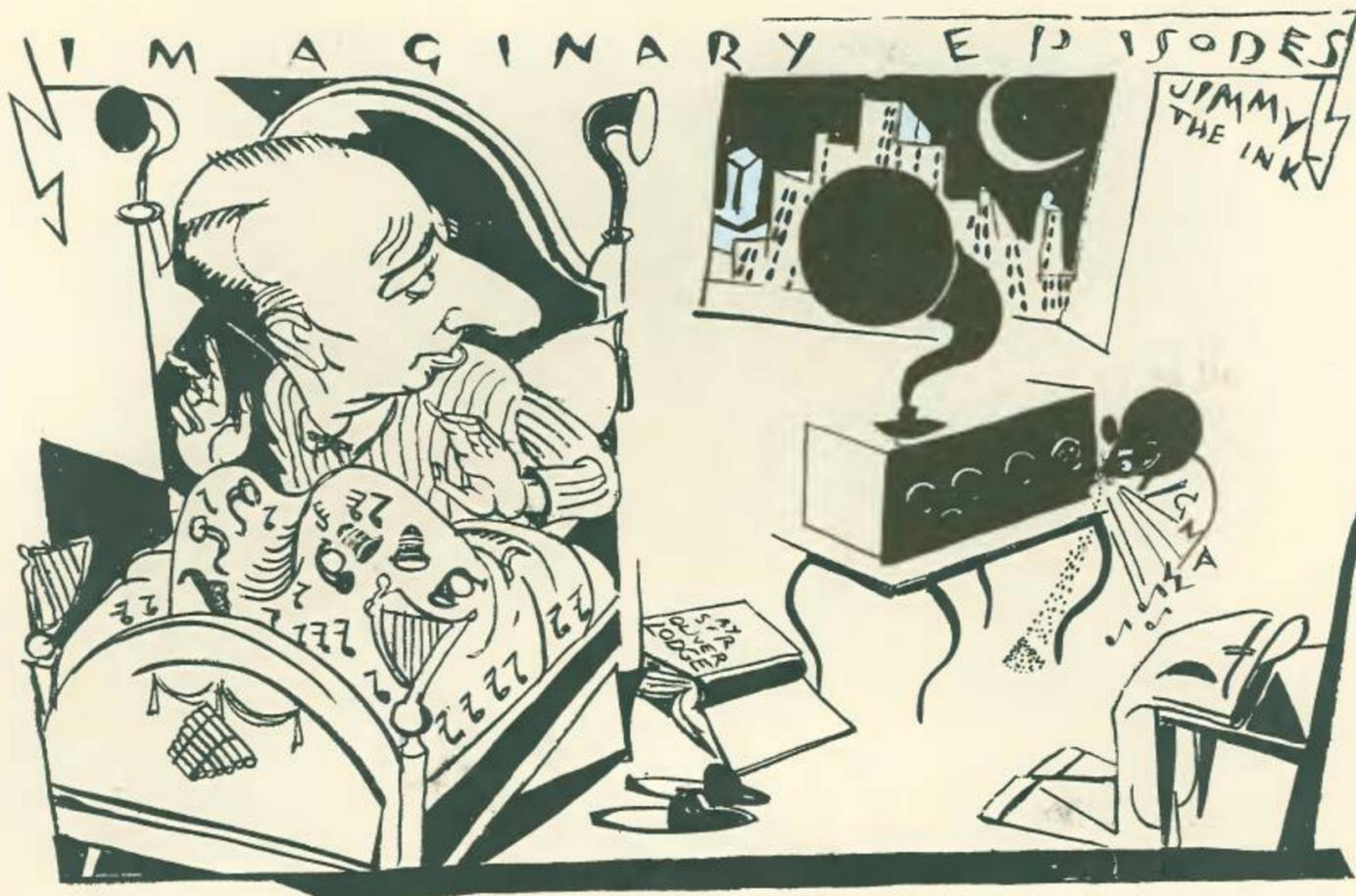
The orchestra always was first-rate and now it glitters. The annexation of Chester Hazlett, a "sweet" saxophonist who is both the Elman and the Heifetz of his instrument, seems to have mellowed the tone of the band, and the vagrant spotlight from the Carnegie Hall balcony hit a virtuoso with every wandering beam. The gifted Paul has abandoned his fiddle and conducts with the aplomb of a Stokowski or a Mengelberg, literally shaking music from his men, and he is beginning to approach Mr. Damrosch as a speaker.

For this member of the horrendous mob that made life unbearable for the Carnegie Hall attachés, the chief interest in the proceedings, apart from such divertissements as the duo-piano miracles of Harry Perrella and Raymond Turner and the soli of Mr. Hazlett (why do they always call these display pieces "Saxo Salve" or some such thing?), lay in Mr. Carpenter's rather snobbishly titled "A Little Bit of Jazz" and Mr. Taylor's "Circus Day". The Carpenter work was received with no more than cordiality by the folks out front, but it seems to us the first wholly successful attempt of a composer of "serious" standing to use the humors and devices of jazz in a thoroughly musical enterprise. It is a short episode, wistfully syncopated, with a mildly ironic undertone. The orchestration is so good that one might accredit it to

Ferdie Grofe, and perhaps it is his.

Ferdie Grofe, orchestrator de luxe to the Messrs. Taylor and Gershwin, put in a few strokes for himself with "Mississippi", a little suite scored with immense skill, but, with the exception of the third excerpt, "Mardi Gras", rather undistinguished. However, there was plenty of glory for Mr. Grofe in his instrumentation of "Circus Day". Here is Deems Taylor in one of his happiest moods—bravely melodious, slightly pensive, grotesquely descriptive and always charming. The Clown episode, with its atrocious duets suddenly transformed into "a surprisingly successful tango", is a masterpiece of its kind, but so is the whole suite.

The Gershwin opera, *aet.* 4, could not, under the circumstances, serve as a climax to the previous events of the night. There had been an all-night dress rehearsal with a small stage superimposed on the Carnegie Hall platform, but the acoustic upshot made a pantomime of the opera. As Carnegie Hall has no orchestra pit, the problem was solved by planting a few chairs and fixtures in front of the Whiteman boys and letting the singers function with the orchestra as a background. Illusion flew out of the wings, and the makeshift didn't add lustre to the naïve text. Some fine blues emanated from the band, but the business didn't come off. There were enough aces in the pack, but there



THE ENEMIES OF SILENCE.
MR ATWATER KENT HEARS A STRANGE NOISE

will have to be considerable reshuffling before "135th Street" can take many tricks.

CARNEGIE HALL also was the scene of an operatic attempt, without the aid of drapes or make-up, when Kurt Schindler led the Schola Cantorum through episodes from Moussorgsky's "Khovantchina" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko". "Khovantchina" probably is nothing for the Metropolitan, with its complicated, vaguely symbolical story of early Russian ward politics, but it is full of beautiful and effective music. "Sadko", if the parts presented by Mr. Schindler are at all representative, is a candidate for production downtown. It is shimmering, gorgeously scored music, and Mr. Schindler's performance was excellent. Of course, a great many people were horrified to find that the composer had stolen the "Song of India" from the popular tune-smiths, but there were many tunes equally fetching which have not yet reached Broadway. The soloists did well with the tricky melodies.—R. A. S.

Art

THE coming weeks will bring an orgy for all those who go in for art, seriously or otherwise. The Quinn collection at the Art Center, on for the month of January will be,

to us at least, the big event of the year. Nowhere else in this country is there such a collection of moderns to be seen. It is written of Quinn that he selected not from a personal taste or desire, but from a racial trait: that he bought pictures from artists who were fighting against accepted tradition. Anyway he did buy Van Gogh and we will see our first this week. Then at the other end of the earth is the stodgy memorial to Sargent at the Metropolitan for all those who love to bow and scrape. It is a creditable show of the "Social Register's" own painter; and if you have grey hair and weep when another New York restaurant is torn down you can do nothing but go up and admire. But if you are under that age you can stick out your tongue and say what you think. Somewhere between these two comes the annual show of the New Society of Artists, all this month at the Anderson Galleries where late the Paul Swan sang his song. As this is written we have seen none of the exhibits and our garbled accounts will follow next week. The New Society contains most of the middle of the road men and its show is always stylish and colorful and full of frock coats. And in this month, too, will come the Stieglitz show of Dove, the second of his series of Americans. The sage of Room 303 is waiting a few days until the waves of enthusiasm have rolled off the floor above him.

THINGS seen in the current week were the third exhibition of the New Art Circle at the J. B. Neuman print rooms and the brave showing of Alfred Maurer at Weyhe. Neumann has some of his favorites, Maurice Becker, Thomas H. Benton, Ernest Fiene, M. Soyer and Carl Sprinchorn. Then there is a room of monotypes and etchings by A. Walkowitz. Fine gentlemen, all of them, and we will not take up your time with a buckeye interpretation of any of them. Mr. Neumann, to our way of thinking, slipped a bit last month and had a muddy show of F. Blumberg, we believe the name is—a sad lady who hails from Palestine and wails and wails and wails. What we said of her consumed itself somehow in a sort of spontaneous combustion between here and the composing room. We, or you, never saw it again. This show is bright and snappy. We liked best Soyer who has a gay nude and gayer still life. The Sprinchorn flowers are always pleasing and M. Fiene's little street is still with us. We found the most progress in Becker. The last show of his we thought a bit cloudy as if the artist's soul had not come to rest. In these canvases intent and execution seem to have come to an amicable arrangement and the result is much happier. Neumann's place, by the way, is one of those havens where those who don't like Sargent can always find stuff to cheer the soul and light the eye.

WEYHE and his epic of Maurer is too well known to repeat. Here we have the last year's work of this great soul, some twenty pictures of flowers and woodland. He paints almost entirely with tempera on board and the picture is a gay and decorative splash. You don't know the story of Maurer? Well we didn't either until last week and you shall have an outline. How else can you get the certain fear and timidity that is in these lovely paintings. Maurer, the pride of the old set about twenty years ago while walking the road to the Academy, came upon a great light. Some say that the light shone from Matisse and some say that it was the modern in general. Anyway Maurer forgot all he had learned and started in to paint what he wanted. So he dropped out until Weyhe found him two years ago and gave him a show. At that exhibition many things sold; last year's show was not so profitable but this one seems destined to fall on a good buying public. Some sort of monument should be built to Alfred Maurer, in the neighborhood of the Grand Central say, and we will offer our week's full salary to start it.

THOSE nice boys who are trying to make a Village out of Lexington Avenue again ask us for notice. We will try to get in a word again. It is a nice airy gallery, 660 Lexington Avenue, above Fifty-fifth, with lots of light and air. A roster of the names sounds like the roll call of the Red army with its Cickowsky, Eilsheimius, Reznikoff, Shimizu and Vasslieff. The stuff is, you know, but you can't blame them for trying. Every week there is something different and doubtless much of it is good. We could never tell you. But Kellog should look into those names. It must be a Soviet plot.—M. P.

Books

SOME twenty years ago, as you may not recall, a girl was found drowned and with head and face battered in an Adirondack lake, and a youth named Chester Gillette was convicted and executed. The evidence was circumstantial, but plainly spelled premeditated murder; at the same time, whatever its merits, its emotional appeals were deadly. She was pretty, estimable, "pure" except for him, and pregnant by him; she was poor and he had rich connections; she had written him patient and piteous letters, and had

demanding marriage only as a last resort, unaware that he was on terms of engagement with a "wealthy society girl". Of course he was convicted before the entire country, not simply of murder, but of being a cold-blooded, double-dyed, preposterous stage villain.

That case, followed closely and sometimes minutely as to incidents, and pretty much paralleled as to circumstances, is the material of Theodore Dreiser's enormous new novel, "An American Tragedy", the story of his Gillette, Clyde Griffith, from boyhood in Kansas City as the son of a couple of street evangelists, to the chair in Auburn prison. Everyone mentally over twelve and not a virulent Pauline moralist will see what Dreiser's idea was, and how interesting it was: to work out the whole possible interior and background of the case, or one just like it, and try his Gillette with America and fate as co-defendants. Not remembering the real Gillette's previous history, we don't know if Griffith's is based on it or invented. At any rate, Griffith's is meant to show how early precept and humiliation, and then experience, acting on an ignorant, sensitive boy who is highly sexed, none too smart, and naturally soft, dispose him both to take his "chemic" need, not to experienced women but to a Grace Brown-Roberta Alden with a perceptible need of her own, and to be moonstruck by the "wealthy society girl", and paralyzed between them.

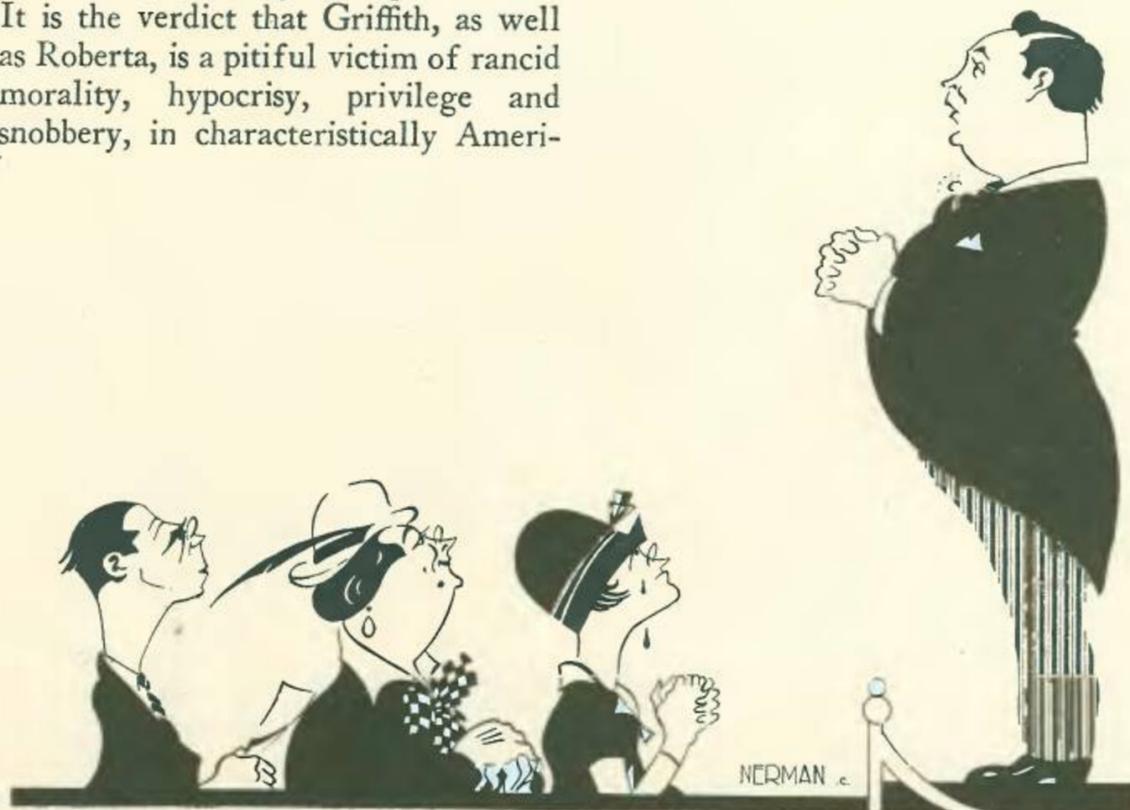
It isn't acquittal of murder that Dreiser asks of you, although he makes Griffith's physical guilt a passive one. It is the verdict that Griffith, as well as Roberta, is a pitiful victim of rancid morality, hypocrisy, privilege and snobbery, in characteristically Ameri-

can guises, and of the Dreiserian fate. Short of his planning of murder, you might give this verdict without a struggle, regardless of your detection of much heavy sentimentality in Dreiser's pity.

But what you want to know is whether to read "An American Tragedy". If you have read any of his novels, since "Sister Carrie", you will understand our saying: That he is as bad a workman as ever got his fiction taken seriously. That the principal reason why this book is so long is that, being a lumbering dinosaur, he needs Central Park to turn in. That some of his critics ought to dry up about his "sex obsession" and pitch into his persistent verdancies, his interminable documentations, his laboring of even obvious points and automatic effects, and his horrible style. That there are fully as many bumbles as successes in this opus—two of the former being the "society" part, soundly outlined but pathetically blithering, and the effort to serve up a mountain pond as a romantically sinister tarn; one of the latter being his prosaic Ballad of Auburn Gaol, with a knife-twist of irony at the end of it. And that however we liked his idea and were struck by his using a case we remembered, reading 400,000 words of him made life a weary thing.

—TOUCHSTONE

Goings On, THE NEW YORKER's selective list of the current week's events, will be found on page 36, the list of new books worth while on page 29.



John McCormack

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

IT looks as though the astute Mr. Tex Rickard has been guilty of carrying coals to Newcastle. Seeking an attraction to keep the crowds pouring into his five-million dollar Madison Square Garden, Mr. Rickard imported an expensive hockey team from Canada. The idea of going across the border for the unobtainable is a popular one and Canada seemed to be the natural place to go for hockey players.

It turns out that we have some corking American hockey players, even though they don't wear star-spangled jerseys. Five games of intercollegiate hockey were played at the Garden last week between American and Canadian schools. Two of them were won by the former, and it was by only the barest margin that Harvard failed to win a third from McGill in a struggle that required three extra ten-minute periods for a decision.

So far as we are concerned, the hockey season reached its climax with this game last Saturday night. Everybody was there. When Mr. Rickard wants to get the support of the right people, he gives the proceeds to charity. But this game was big enough to stand on its own merits.

If Mr. Rickard's professionals can play any faster or more exciting hockey than these two college teams put up, take our advice and consult your heart specialist before going to see them. It was all thrilling enough during the regular three periods; but when McGill shot two goals and tied the score, the scene in the Garden during the three extra periods took on the aspects of a six-day race during a jam.

YOU couldn't blame the Harvard cohorts for thinking that they had won the victory with the score 4-2 in their favor, twenty minutes still to play and their wingmen swooping about the McGill goal enough to keep Mr. Murphy, the scarlet uniformed goal tender sprawling on the ice most of the time. But a hockey game is never over until the last bell. A lot can happen in twenty minutes. It didn't take more than four minutes for Captain Abbott of McGill to get a goal after Cummings had been drawn out; and there were still nine minutes to go when the great St. Germain, driving from the left side, sent the pack puck smashing against Cummings's chest to bound into the net and tie the score at 4-4.

It was still tied at the end of the period and everybody was so excited that they forgot about their supper engagements and stayed until close to midnight to see the battle through. One



extra period was over and the score still was 4-4. A second one failed to bring a score. In vain they begged Zarakov and Coady to do something. But Zarakov and Coady found the McGill defense as impenetrable as Yale's on the football field.

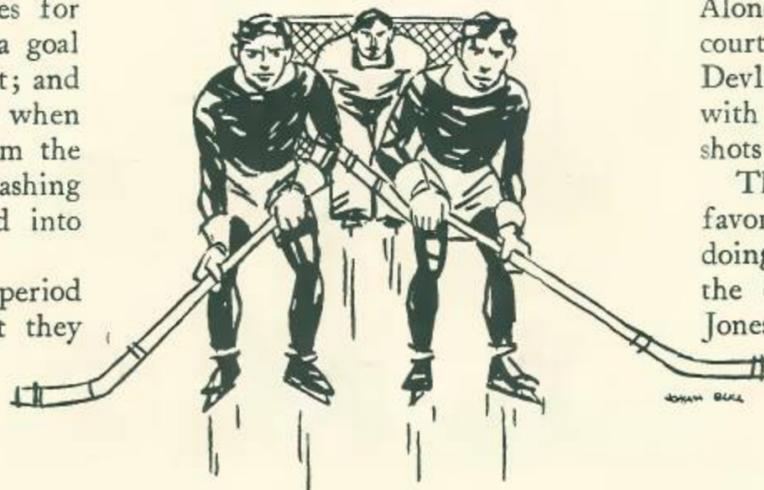
Again and again McGill had the puck in front of Harvard's goal and wasted its opportunities as the crowd screamed and the players' sticks and arms and legs entwined in a mad melée. Almost as many times Harvard attacked in front of McGill's goal and likewise failed. It was no use. There were only three minutes to play in the last extra period. The game would end in a tie.

In a flash the catastrophe came. The flash was O'Donnell's flaming mop of red hair. Darting in as the puck bounded off the boards, he shot from an angle of forty-five degrees. The disk hit Cummings's stick and dropped in. Harvard played like men gone mad, but McGill played safe, and that one shot of O'Donnell's gave the Canadians the victory three hours after the first face-off.

JUST about fifty years ago—perhaps one more, perhaps one less—an English country gentleman found his girth was expanding to uncomfortable proportions; whereupon he invented a game and called it after his county seat, Badminton. Last week the pick of the players from the thousand badminton clubs of the British Isles came to New York to show us what it is all about.

If you were at the 212th Coast Artillery

THEY SHALL NOT PASS -



Armory last week when Sir George Thomas and his teammates entertained, and if your memory goes back far enough you would have recalled those halcyon days of the '80s when Lieut. Cornelius Vanderbilt was the leader in the charming badminton parties to which our best New Yorkers looked forward each week. Yes, the game dates as far

back as that in this country.

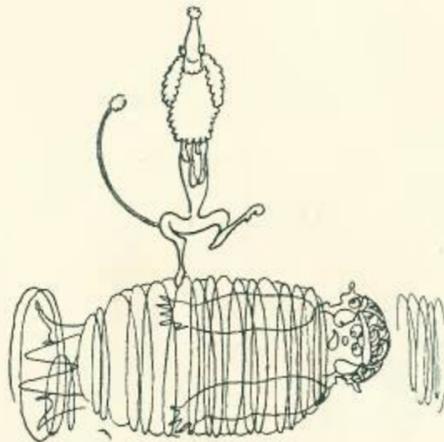
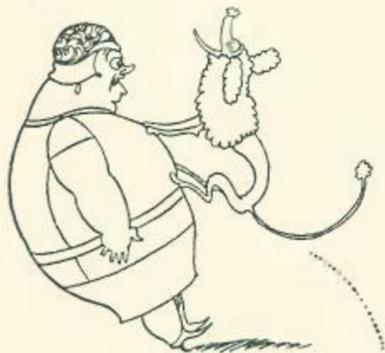
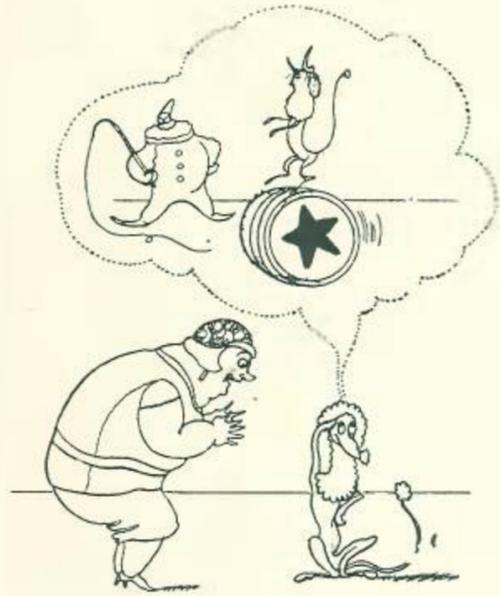
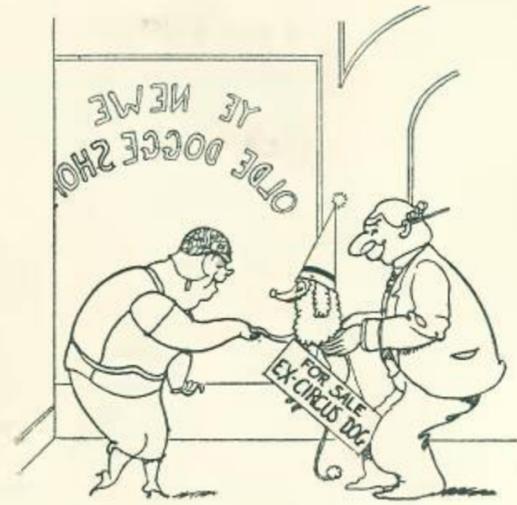
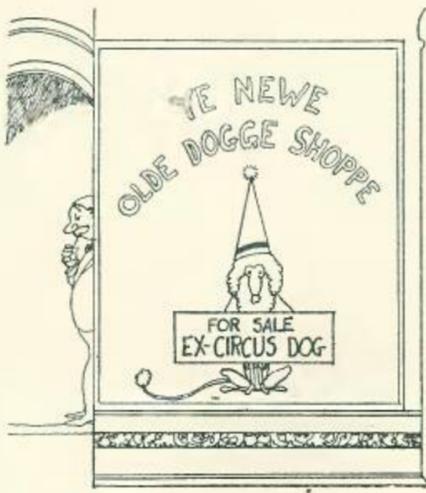
Not since those days of shrouded memory have so many luxuriously fitted cars rolled up to the Armory in Sixty-second Street as were seen there last week. In the '80s they came in their carriages to see the silk hats play; and if you think that the debutantes have all the fun today, you should have seen them in their element then. Try to imagine, if you can, the scene within the Armory's cloistered atmosphere—the tea-table with its hostesses, glittering wealth of silver prizes, and the players on the courts in cutaway coats, top hats and wing collars.

Yes, these were the habiliments in which, four on a side, they batted the birds around with gentle strokes of their delicate racquets; and after exhaustion had come upon them, they refreshed themselves with tea.

Such an event was the occasion of last week when the blazer-clad English internationalists showed us how the game is played by experts. They were an interesting lot of men—these bona fide amateurs who can afford to travel around the new world to play for the love of the game—from the giant Mr. Hawthorn, of the Crystal Palace Club, whose finesse at cross court play was of the slyest sort, to the good natured young Mr. Martin of the Logan Club, clad in Oxford bags of white duck with shirt sleeves flowing loose in the good old English fashion.

Mr. Devlin of the Crystal Palace Club and Mr. Jones of the Sutton Club played singles. Mr. Jones is the English doubles champion but Mr. Devlin is the singles champion and the reason was immediately apparent. Mr. Jones needed a partner. Alone, he could not plug the gaps in his court against the varying attack of Mr. Devlin, who drew him out of position with a mixture of deep smashes and trap shots and changes of direction.

The score was 2-0 in Mr. Devlin's favor. Mr. Jones evened it up, which was doing very well. But then Mr. Devlin, the champion, got going and left Mr. Jones far behind raking his court with fore and backhand shots that were gems of stroke execution and evening at 15-7, 15-7. —A. D.



THE DOG THAT MADE TOO GOOD

Gardner Reay



To shave easily is one thing.

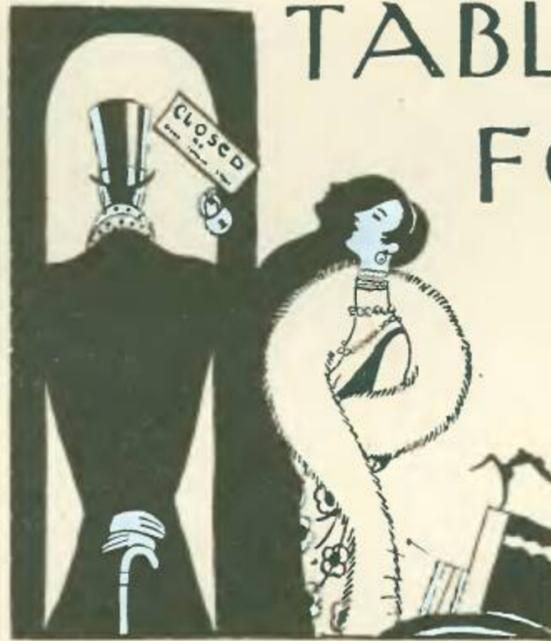
To enjoy shaving is quite another.

To shave easily, pleasantly, and feel refreshed after every shave is to use Fougere Royale.

HOUBIGANT PARIS

Fougere Royale

Fougere Royale Stick, 75c; Cream, 50c;
Talcum, \$1.00; Eau Vegetale, \$1.25;
Facial Soap, 50c.



TABLES FOR TWO

rice Lillie and Jack Buchanan, brought together more celebrated people than has been possible since Condé Nast, alone and single-handed (or, I should say, open-handed) last decided to give a party.

I AM told by experts that New Year's Eve in New York was the greatest, and, of course, the driest event since Manhattan Island was bought from the Indians with a quart or so of firewater in days gone by, but not having been in town on that somber evening, I cannot report how simply *screaming* Ted was, riding the two taxis tandem, or how funny the policeman looked when Alice was trying to teach him the Charlesburg (credit Harry Richman). And in the days immediately preceding and following the great occasion, almost everyone I knew was so busy saving up strength or so spent with fatigue that they were all but useless to me in my quest for excitement.

I AM able, however, to provide you with the following reports on the night club situation: The Club Caravan, at 135 West Third Street has developed into the nearest approach to the old Del Fey that has appeared; Frances Williams is now singing at Club Ciro (and I have spent so much time trailing that young woman about in her meanderings, from Ciro's to the Florida and back again, that I simply cannot guarantee that she will still be at Ciro's when this little piece sees the light of day) and the floor of the Lido shakes in the most terrifying way with just one Charleston couple. What would happen if the rest of the world indulged, staggers imagination. Further news is that Johnny Hudgins, the silent scream of the colored race, has returned to the Club Alabam and the first time I can find a party that does not expire at one o'clock I shall reenter the place with a more benevolent spirit than heretofore this season. The Charlot opening at the Rendezvous, with Gertrude Lawrence, Beat-

ONE of the social events of the week was a visit to the Club Richman. Its proprietor, Harry Richman, has for years enjoyed the distinction of being the one person, running a cabaret destined primarily for big lot-and-swamp men from Florida, who consistently attracts a sprinkling of society people. The Club is all decked out, these days, to look like the patio of a Spanish house (or maybe it's Moorish), with a balcony high above the floor and coy windows peering down upon the proceedings. And Mr. Richman (he really IS funny!) has the rare knack of breaking up any attempt at Broadway sentimentality, on the part of his entertainers, by a perfectly timed wise-crack to shatter the tension of tenors in spotlights. Emil Coleman's head, be it known, bobs as vigorously to the beat of his excellent dance music as ever. The disadvantages are the Charleston addicts, who, in one short hour, wrecked a new pair of silver slippers beyond hope of repair, and damaged an instep (it is doing quite nicely, thank you). Fortunately, my collegiate escort was very tall and danced with his left elbow well out, and with it, in the course of his gyrations, inflicted several severe blows to the heads of my assailants. So I felt better. And I had a dandy time.

THIS same collegiate (who happens to be my brother) does not consider that he is in New York unless there is a noise wherever he goes, so the following evening we stepped out to the Parody Restaurant, formerly the beloved property of Ted Lewis and now under the auspices of a rather lukewarm edition of Harry Richman, who, in his best master-of-ceremonies manner, ushered in a sufficient array of cuties, inadequately arrayed, to amuse the young during dinner (\$2.25). The place is dimly lighted, with a soulful blue above the dance

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The Water Tower

THIS ends New Leaf Week. To prevent damage, halos should be hung up until next year.

* * *

The water wagon has ceased to run extra cars and will revert to its usual schedule.

* * *

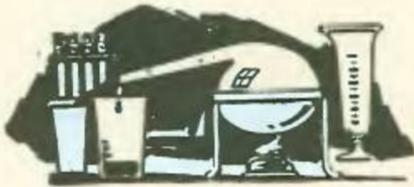
WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

Because when I asked for Aquazone in a smart restaurant the other day, the waiter didn't say "Plees?" but brought a bottle immediately, iced. In Chicago they thought it was a new traffic regulation.

A.K.F.

* * *

Personally, our enthusiasm for this fair city goes up and down. Just like a sales chart. Just exactly.



Our thanks are hereby tendered to the gross or so of friends who have rung us up to say, "Oo hoo, nize baby, drug up all the bobbling huxijun wutter."

* * *

After quaffing a long draught of the aforementioned water, Joe Laurie, the comedian to be featured in Wm. Anthony McGuire's forthcoming comedy, "A Great Little Guy" delivered himself of this wheeze concerning his boss' current show; "I note" he said, "That the Playhouse is the biggest theatre in the world. You can sit in the back row and see 12 Miles Out."

* * *

It's a small world. Wm. Anthony McGuire is himself an Aquazone proselyte. Says it helps keep him in good trim and accordingly boasts that his drama of the sea was actually written on water.

* * *

If you have ever tried to buy Aquazone and failed, please do not get discouraged. Hundreds of druggists, grocers and restaurateurs are sworn to get you, aided and abetted by

Advertisement

VANDERBILT 6434

floor, and pleasing murals depicting the scenic joys of Florida or Egypt or some place where they have palms around the walls. For people who want to dance and be amused during dinner by a cabaret, no matter what the calibre, a visit to the Parody would not be amiss. Afterwards, I dragged my aging bones homeward, while the young folks proceeded on their triumphal way to the Villa Venice, thence to the Owl, and after that to the Club Caravan, whence they returned, having seen New York and Life, given great joy to the multitudes of hat check girls, doormen, waiters, and night club owners all over the city, and caused them to think better of Harvard.

I AM in receipt of an indignant letter calling me to account for remarking, all in fun, that I am considering a life of Social Service. The writer seems to think that this implies that all Social Workers are prunes, which, knowing that the most ribald of my Vassar classmates are doing social work between parties, was the last thing in my mind. The high point of the letter was "I, thank God, am not innocent, but I pity and help those who are." And, if catching people up on phrases is to be the order of the day, what am I to think of *that*?

—LIPSTICK

THE CAPTAIN

DID you ever give a thought to the man in the natty blue uniform,—four gold stripes on sleeve, fancy gold braid on collar, beautiful white hat also trimmed with gold lacing,—standing in the pilot house on the bridge deck peering out of a small window intent on keeping in the course, the compass box in front of him so placed that his eyes need not wander off his line of duty to see the pointer?

And when a bit of a breeze comes up and the waves roll a little higher than usual, how he spreads his legs to brace himself, hands on hips, arms akimbo ready to catch himself before a sudden roll throws him to the port or starboard wall; and when a wind higher up comes along carrying with it the tang of the sea, how he squares his shoulders, tilts his head up and dilates his nostrils to get the salt full blown into his lungs.

And when looking out of his little window, he sees a great four stacker and watches its stern as it runs down the narrows, with what hopes and expectations killed, longings and flutterings of heart . . . the captain of a ferry boat.

—S. M. ABRAHAMS



for the gay ritual
of Vanity . . . the new

POWDER TABLE

Smartly hand decorated as it is, this is a sophisticated model beautifully designed for the ministry of beauty. The colors have a distinct allurements: in apple green with an interior of wild rose and decorations delicately harmonious, or other tasteful color treatments. With mirror and leaves folded, this charming table conceals its perfumes and powders and belies its hidden purpose.

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"TELL ME A BOOK TO READ"

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

NOVELS

THUNDER ON THE LEFT, by Christopher Morley (*Doubleday, Page*). The complexities of a marriage on the nerves of both parties, with the husband in love outside, developed as a fantastic warning to some children against growing up.

FRAULEIN ELSE, by Arthur Schnitzler (*Simon & Schuster*). Else, a hysteric, must let her father go to jail or let an old roué see her naked. A brilliant little object-lesson in how to be subtly psychological without writing James-Joyce-ese.

KRAKATIT, by Karel Capek (*Macmillan*). Striking fantasy about an inventor of an explosive that would master the world. He is finally converted, by God in person, to doing something useful.

NO MORE PARADES, by Ford Madox Ford (*A. & C. Boni*). Tietjens, of "Some Do Not . . .", further troubled by his wife at a base in France. The most conspicuously artistic novel, as to its writing, on this list.

MANHATTAN TRANSFER, by John Dos Passos (*Harper*). A kaleidoscopic spectacle of twenty years of a very real Manhattan, and an astonishing number and variety of its worthless human denizens.

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY, by Elmer Davis (*McBride*). A good, dryly humorous yarn, with a princess, some yeggs, and a liberal magazine.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY, by John Erskine (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Wise and sprightly conversations about love, marriage, the world and one thing and another, among moderns as members of the reunited Menelaus family.

GOD HEAD, by Leonard Cline (*Viking Press*). A fantastic tale of much power, with considerable poetry to it, and as many deeper meanings as you choose to look for.

FABER, by Jacob Wassermann (*Harcourt, Brace*). A post-armistice *Nora* dismays a homecoming *Helmer*—only, this *Nora's* case is not so simple as the original's, and this *Helmer* is a more interesting man than the original husband.

VERDI, by Franz Werfel (*Simon & Schuster*). We prefer this greatly to any of the recent biographical novels, although we like other things in it fully as well as the rather Third-Floor-Back-ish Verdi.

GENERAL

THE NEW NEGRO, edited by Alain Locke (*A. & C. Boni*). An interesting symposium and anthology. Of the poetry and fiction included, our choice is Countée Cullen's poems.

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON, by Claude G. Bowers (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Their rivalry, from its rise to Jefferson's election to the presidency. Dignified in tone, conservative in treatment, yet very much alive, and dramatic.

PLUCK AND LUCK, by R. C. Benchley (*Holt*), and **THREE ROUSING CHEERS FOR THE ROLLO BOYS**, by Corey Ford (*Doran*). Funny foolishness. "Three Rousing Cheers" runs the more to formula, but is good.

AARON BURR, by Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). Burr in two volumes. The writing is Minnegerode's, which is to say, sophisticated, irreverent, and excellent.

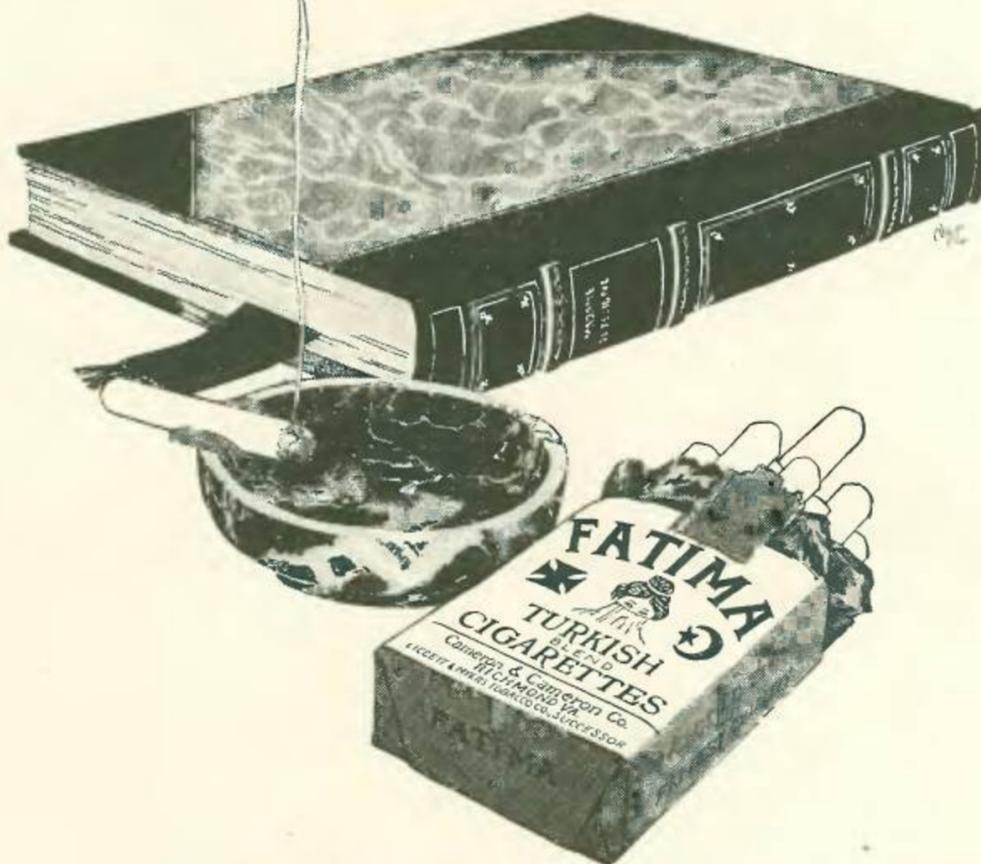
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE, Vol. III, by Burton Hendrick (*Doubleday, Page*). Gives Page's letters from London to Wilson, except the few that were included in the other volumes.

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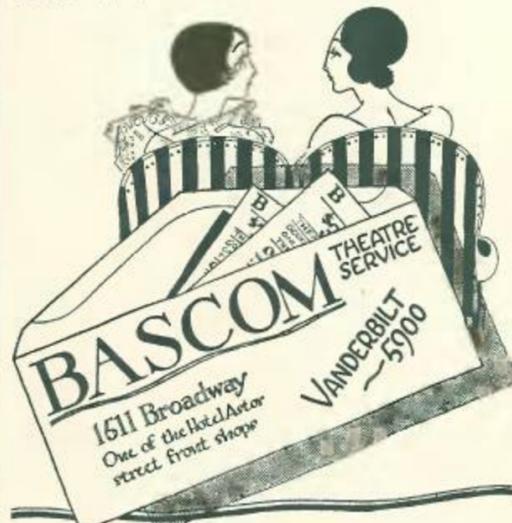
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WE wish to apologize to the numbers of excellent people—among them, we fear, many faithful and true readers of *The New Yorker*—whom we have been forced to turn from our doors during the holiday season owing to the impossibility of making last-minute accommodations.

On the other hand, we would like to express our appreciation to the multitude of delightful guests we have been privileged to entertain since our recent opening. Starting, as we did, with every confidence that, in a distinguished atmosphere, music such as Emil Coleman's, a skilful cuisine, and a preference for the person to the purse lay the elements of a successful tea, dinner and supper rendezvous, we now rest assured in the correctness of our belief.



THE CURRENT CINEMA

IT would seem that, having attained his first \$505,000,000, Mynheer Marcus Loew was hard put to know what to do with the odd \$5,000,000. Whereupon some bright literary office boy stepped forward and proffered the suggestion that since "Ben Hur", the mighty creation of our Gen. Lew Wallace, had not been done more than eight times during the past twenty years, and was resting peacefully and forgotten in its grave, why not do it again? Presto, chango and le voilà! Again we have "Ben-Hur", edition No. 1359m44, revived for \$5,000,000 cold cash. It opened at the George M. Cohan one night last week, before a rubbernecking movie audience, which showed taste enough, at one time, to applaud the Madonna. We recommend it to you at your own risk.

To this strictly partial observer, edition No. 1359m44, represents the expenditure of \$4,999,999.95 on massive effects and the remaining \$.05 on drama. It resembles a tiny boy with a huge head resting on his puny shoulders. For as a hippodromic spectacle it has hardly ever been equaled, containing all the elements going to make Amazing, Gargantuan, Stupendous and Mighty Biblical Pageantry. Which grandeur includes: (a) a Terrifically Impressionistic Galley manned by a thousand slaves; (b) a Thundersome sea battle between the Romans and ancient pirates; (c) a horribly effective Valley of the Lepers; (d) wondrous pictorial touches taken from the life of Christ; and of course, (e) ye good old chariot race, staged in a woolworthian, mammoth stadium, with every Los Angeles man, woman and child lying about as a super. Why, in scale, the thing almost resembles Opera.

As for the \$.05 worth of drama, the fault would seem to be our General Lew Wallace's. His piece of bric-à-brac romance is nothing more than a super Rover Boys story touched up with a Biblical background.

Ramon Novarro plays his best as *Ben Hur* and gives the part plenty of adolescence, if nothing else. Francis X. Bushman seemed well cast as *Messala*, his nose at least giving him that Roman Look which a program note asserted was sought after in casting for types. Summarily, after watching this Roman Jewish Holiday, should the estimable M. Loew ever again have \$5,000,000 to chuck away, why not call a conference and be a bit more careful as to just where to chuck it.

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WINTER TERM, JAN. 18TH

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BLUEBEARD'S "Seven Wives", this week at the Brooklyn Strand is well worth the subway excursion to see. A trim hokum tale of a stuttering Merton who has movie notoriety thrust upon him, it prods a stiff forefinger between the ribs of certain movie saints and movie fetiches. The satire deals unmercifully with a De Mille type of director "who, from mere human clay, molds great movie actors of genius"; a pair of movie magnates, who at least if they are not thoroughly real are sufficiently ignorant to suggest "reality"; a hokum press agent; and the lampooning of a hundred other details of the golden profession such as screening "Romeo and Juliet" under the cinema title of "Purple Passion". Mr. Ben Lyon does the part of *Don Juan Hartz*, *Great Sheik* (né John Hart) to perfection, while Dan Pennell is splendid as the director surrounded by yes-men.

AND thus by degrees to the chaff. La Glyn has another at the Capitol this week, known somewhat appetizingly as "Soul Mates". In the Glyn manner of philosophizing about the Grand Passion and its attendant mathematics, this instance recounts the trouble one of those pseudo-Englishmen of the screen has to capture nuptial rights to a shrewish wife. They finally get together. During the Love play, the innocent audience is treated to such charming persiflage (in the Glyn manner) as "How did you know my name was Velma Moreland?" "Oh, you'd be surprised." And, again, "I think you are a perfectly detestable cad." "Perfect, my dear? Why none of us are perfect." Well, we ask you?

GIVEN an Egyptian setting, one beautiful wife, a husband who neglects her, and a handsome dog of a fellow hanging about the place, and, as sure as sin is not ugly, you're bound to get something like "Infatuation". It is at the Broadway Strand this week. Before the wrangling is out in such a situation, the husband is either going to awaken to his lost time and advantage, or the handsome dog of a fellow is going to walk off with the beautiful dame. So it was in the beginning of the drama and so it will be henceforth forever and forever. Selah! For the result in this particular celluloid pi, we forgot to wait, having walked out after the first fifteen feet of film had been unravelled. However, we are sending our office boy back to the theatre to get the final decision. A green light from Times Square will signify that the husband has won out, while a white one will mean that he's lost. In either case it will all signify nothing.—T. S.

A former keeper of a "fence", that is a receiver of stolen goods, told me that about the only thing a burglar won't take is a rug.—*Magazine Article*

Then why all this talk about "hooked rugs"?



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An egg is a small matter, of course, but we mention it simply as one more example of the care exercised in the MAYFAIR cuisine.

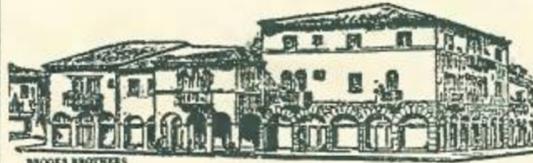
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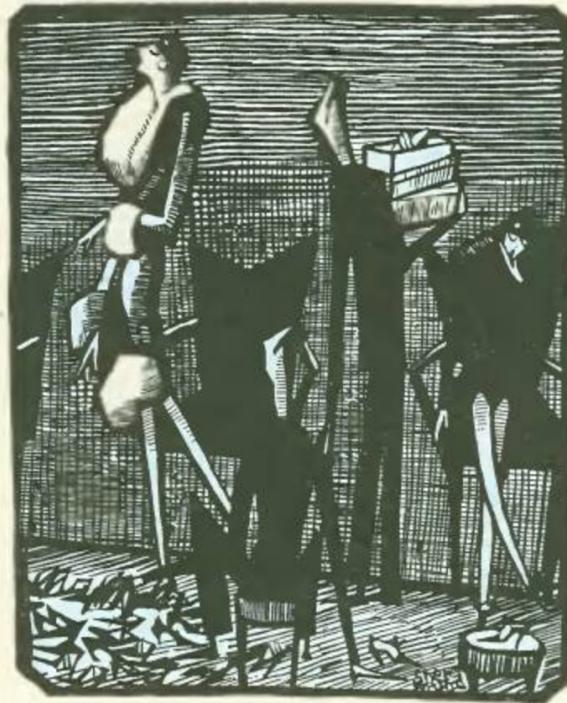
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE



ALL of those gentlemen who so avidly read this column every week might just as well turn over and have a nice long nap, because this little talk is going to be devoted exclusively and entirely to women's fashions for day time wear in the Spring. All of the shops in town are so occupied with end-of-the-season sales, beginning-of-the-season sales, January clearances, and hopeful mêlées around bargain counters, that there really seems to be nothing else to do. So, ladies, compose yourselves calmly to decide which of your last year's dresses you must immediately give away to the starving Armenians, and which frocks, by one manipulation or another, can be made to do for another season.

DURING the past few weeks I have been fortunate enough to be let in on a few secrets. In my moseying around I have had opened to me the portals that the world knows as fashion's doors. The future lay before me . . . the clothes in which my lady shall be seen during the coming Spring.

First, I saw short skirts . . . the fourteen inches above the ground that has been the smart length for some time. Secondly I noticed that waist lines were low excepting the occasional suggestion of the princess line, flaring slightly below the hips in a manner extremely flattering to the woman who has a tendency to be broad in that undesirable point. Fullness of skirt in

Aine Montaille

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Subscription, \$5 a year; Canada, \$5.50; foreign, \$6.

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Bryant 6622.

coats or dresses is still achieved by means of pleats or circular godets. In general, backs remain flat.

IN coats, the newest silhouette is the one that flares, ever so slightly, in an unbroken line from the shoulder to the hem-line. All of the coats made like this can, of course, be wrapped around the figure in the old familiar way, and I doubt very much that they will be allowed to hang as they should until women get thoroughly tired of the line that fits closely around the hips and to which they have become accustomed.

But by far the most prevalent line, which, mark my words, will be on every street corner as soon as we have had three balmy days in succession, is the cape coat. This, if indications at the manufacturers do not deceive me, will be simply all over the place. Most of the capes extended just to the waist line, and were managed by a simple circular movement near the shoulder, by a scalloped arrangement that covered the entire arm (the petals sometimes slit in sections, but no matter) or by a straight piece extending across the back and hanging in points at the sides. This cape effect, in coats of satin or crêpe, was also achieved by means of a double scarf crossing in the front and hanging down the back in a manner most flattering to the rather stout woman. These, of course, with sleeves, which the majority of the others do not boast. Occasionally, two long cape pieces swung from the shoulders in the back almost to the hem-line, but this will be rare.

A number of manufacturers had also imported Worth's capes—swathed and billowy affairs which a few large and mature women still fondly believe conceal superfluous flesh. These were usually of satin. Also a few short separate capes suitable for sports wear if you happen to like them.

Pleats appeared quite a great deal on coats of soft, light material, as well as on dresses. One Chéruit model of two pleated flounces gave the effect of a tiered skirt. Scarf ends were often finished with pleated pieces, and pleats used to accomplish fullness low in the skirt have already been spoken of.

Fur collars were few—the notched lapel, still omnipotent. Patou occasionally made the collar above the notch rather large and militaristic. Chanel simplified the plain neck-line to such an extent that one of her sport

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coats gave exactly the effect of a golf sweater at the throat.

The newest fabrics for tailored top-coats were either the very rough, pepper-and-salt tweed used by Vionnet (much more recent than the soft tweeds in tiny patterns or plain colors), hand-loomed homespuns in bright colors, or woolens ornamented with quarter-inch checks, usually in black and white. These I saw often combined with plain woolen. Kasha, especially black kasha, seemed to be very effective and very smart. For less tailored coats, the very lightweight woolens, satin (often combining the dull and shiny sides), and crêpes were to be much seen.

AS for dresses, the continued vogue of the two-piece frock must be straining all the ingenuity of the designers. For instance, they might have had a lovely time with the high, choker collars that were tried tentatively and worn even more dubiously last Summer. But they did not. The V-neck still persisted. The blouses, still long. The skirts, still short and straight. The variations consisted of things like scalloped treatments, tiny rhinestone buttons (metallic trimmings seem to have gone out, for which mercy I thank the bon Dieu), wide box pleats, applied bands of self material—inconspicuous, but still different—belts placed on a tailored blouse lower than they have ever been placed before, and Louise Boulanger's method of tying two strips of material, attached at the sides, in the front and getting a street version of the gypsy girdle in this manner.

Jenny, as usual, went in strongly for straight little navy blue dresses with pleated skirts and touches of red and white here and there. Also, for that springiest of all fabrics, white piqué—for vestees on dresses of black crêpe.

THE rumored return of taffeta seems yet very far distant. Kurzman was retailing two-piece dresses of black taffeta, but it does not seem likely that it will gain very much headway at present. The manufacturers, however, were showing a few straight box coats of taffeta in bright colors for Summer sports wear.

The most favored fabrics, it seemed to me, were crêpes and crêpes and crêpes. And more crêpes. Black chiffon was used to a great extent for the daytime, in humble obeisance to

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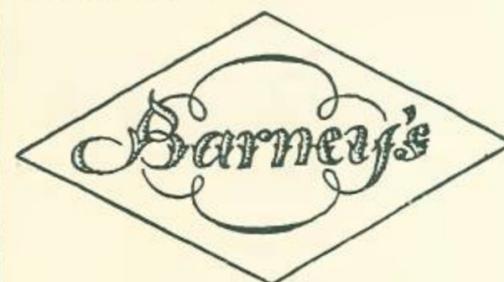
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85 W. 3d Street Spring 8191

the fair Parisienne, who is reported to be completely devoted to black, and black and white, for the street. The disadvantage of the use of chiffons and light crêpe Elizabeths for dresses is that it is creating a tendency to bagginess. The very loose blouses, the scarfs, the overskirts—all, despite their transparency, were a little too thickening to be becoming to anyone who is not built like the well-known lathe.

The coat dress was also very much in evidence, giving always the effect of a tailored coat of light-weight material with a dress, usually pleated underneath. The best of these, to my mind, were the very straight, belted frocks, with box pleats descending from a deep yoke back and front, or with applications of self material in odd geometric patterns to vary them. Of course, the ensemble suit was still with us, though the difficulty of getting an ensemble in which both the dress and the coat are completely pleasing has led more and more women to buying the two items separately, with a careful eye to color schemes. In the new ensembles that are scheduled for the Spring, the dresses are usually of crêpe, pleated in strategic places and very simply cut, and the coats of light reps, crêpe, or, best of all, of black or navy blue kasha. As usual, the lining of the coat matched the dress.

So there you are; Fate's mind is made up and the season holds no secret from you.—L. L.

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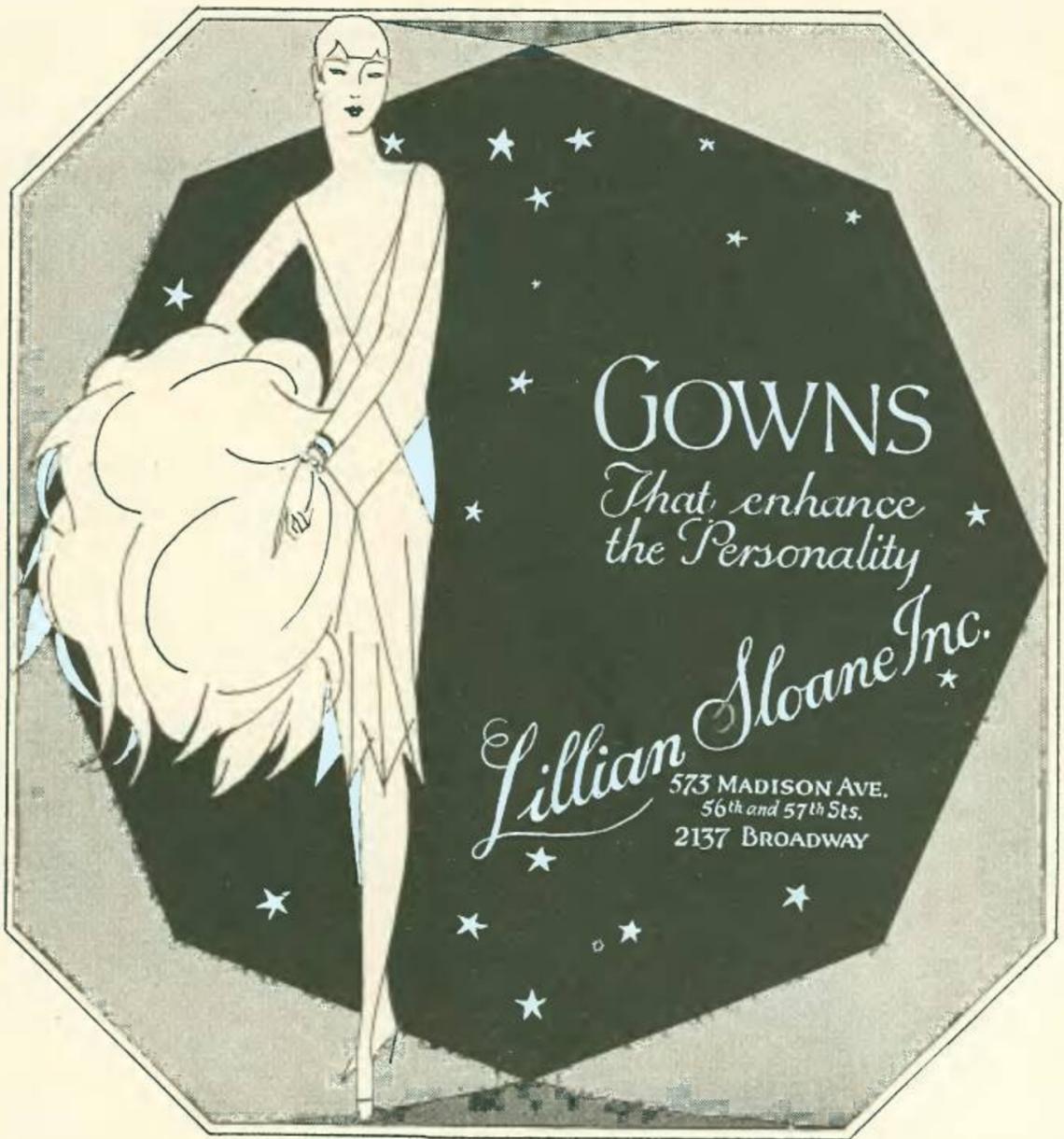
He sits with spongy dignity
And waits for great thoughts to arrive
And censures the malignity
That gave him jowls at thirty-five.

POLICEWOMAN

The badge is hidden on her breast;
Her face is homely and inane.
The gentleman who would molest
This lady could be scarcely sane.

LATE REVELER

He looks to each side; anger flits
Within his eyes and longs for gore.
He drank too much, and now he sits
Between two men who drank much more.
—MAXWELL BODENHEIM



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TIP TOES—Reviewed in this issue. LIBERTY, 42, W. of B'way.

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BILTMORE, Mad. and 43—Roger Wolfe Kahn's orchestra in the most spacious dancing room in town.

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THE BIG PARADE—Hot war and love as practiced by the A. E. F. on their recent trip to France. Written by Laurence Stallings. At the **ASTOR**.
BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES—Reviewed in this issue. At the **Bklyn STRAND**, Fri., Sat., Jan. 8, 9.
THE DARK ANGEL—Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in a delightful romance of post-war days. At **LOEW'S LEXINGTON**, Fri., Jan. 8. At the **PLAZA**, Thurs., Jan. 14.
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NEW YORK SYMPHONY, Goossens conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL**, Fri. Eve., Jan. 8. Thurs.

Aft., Jan. 14, Fri. Eve., Jan. 15. **MECCA TEMPLE**, Sun. Aft., Jan. 10.
BOSTON, Koussevitzky conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL**, Sat. Aft., Jan. 9.
FRIENDS OF MUSIC, Bodanzky conducting. **TOWN HALL**, Sun. Aft., Jan. 10.
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MINATURISTS—**MACBETH GALLERIES**, 15 E. 57. Twenty-fifth annual show of the American Society of Miniature Painters. Review later.
ANCIENT CHINESE ART—**ARDEN GALLERY**, 599 5 Ave. An excellent exhibition from the collection of Du Bois S. Morris.

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PROFESSIONAL-OTTAWA vs. NEW YORK, Mon., Jan. 11, 8:30 P.M.
CANADIANS vs. NEW YORK, Wed., Jan. 13, 8:30 P.M.
SKATING—Mad. Sq. Garden, 50 and 8 Ave. A contest of speed between Joe Moore and the World's Champion, Clas Thunberg, Thurs., Jan. 14, 8:30 P.M.

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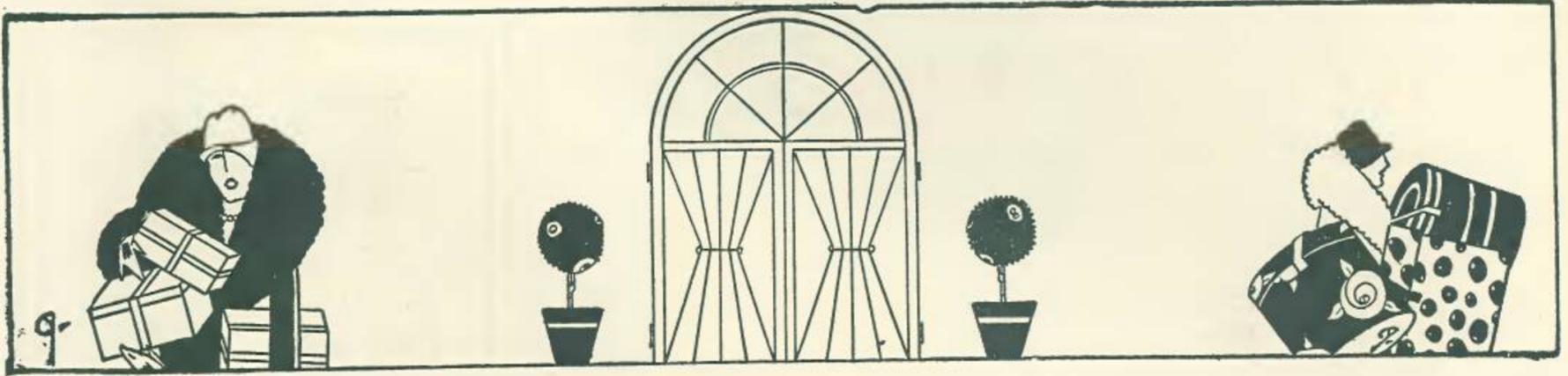
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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
THE OPERETTA TRIUMPH

Princess Flavia

MUSICAL VERSION OF The Prisoner of Zenda

Arthur Hopkins Presents

Laurette Taylor

In Philip Barry's New Comedy
"IN A GARDEN"

Plymouth, W. 45th St. Mats. Thurs. and Sat.

"A Hit."—Daily News.
William Anthony McGuire presents
12 MILES OUT
PLAYHOUSE 48th St. East of
8th Way. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Balcony and Gallery Seats at Box Office only.

"A Bully Play."—Times.
JAMES FORBES' Best Comedy!

'Young Blood'

with NORMAN TREVOR—HELEN HAYES—
FLORENCE ELDRIDGE—ERIC DRESSLER

RITZ 48th, West of Broadway MATS. Wed. & Sat.

New 7th Annual

GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES

Staged by HASSARD SHORT

Chanin's Thea., W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30.
46th St. Mts. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Charles Dillingham **GLOBE** B'y & 46 St. Evs. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
H. H. FRAZEE'S Round the World
Musical Sensation

No, No, Nanette

With

LOUISE GROODY and Star Cast

FULTON Theatre, West 46 St. Eves. 8:30
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

CHARLES DILLINGHAM Presents

Ina Claire "THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY"

By Fred'k Lonsdale. Staged by Winchell Smith,
with Roland Young and A. E. Matthews

BROADWAY'S FUNNIEST COMEDY

THE BUTTER AND THE EGG MAN

with GREGORY KELLY

LONGACRE West 48th St. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

ALL BALCONY SEATS AT BOX OFFICE

4th Year—ANNE NICHOLS'—4th Year

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

REPUBLIC

42d St., W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE 124 West 43 St.
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30.

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The VORTEX

Noel Coward's
Success

With Mr. COWARD and LILLIAN BRAITHWAITE in the leading roles.

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The Exquisite Musical Success with

HELEN FORD and CHARLES PURCELL

KNICKERBOCKER TH., B'y & 39th St. (Dir. A. L. Erlanger.) Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Morosco THEA., W. 45th St. Eves. 8:30.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30.

THE DRAMATIC SENSATION

CRAIG'S WIFE

By GEORGE KELLY.

With CHRYSTAL HERNE.

LYCEUM THEA., W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30.

IRENE BORDONI

in "NAUGHTY CINDERELLA"

AVERY HOPWOOD'S NEW SONG FARCE



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DINNER
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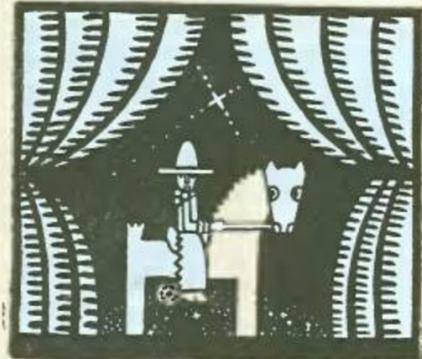
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Mark Hellinger Says Its Hot
And Others Say Other Things
More To Follow

Talkingly Yours

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“SOMEHOW or other Shakespeare’s heroines seem more feminine in modern garb and smoking cigarettes . . . And that, my dear, leads me to a bit of advice . . . Exercise the same care in choosing your cigarette that you do about everything else . . . Good taste can’t afford a single flaw . . . So I suggest Miltiades . . . It is all Turkish, which is the rarest tobacco . . . It is blended in the Egyptian manner by the master of the process . . . It is, in other words, distinctive . . . Nothing less becomes you . . .”

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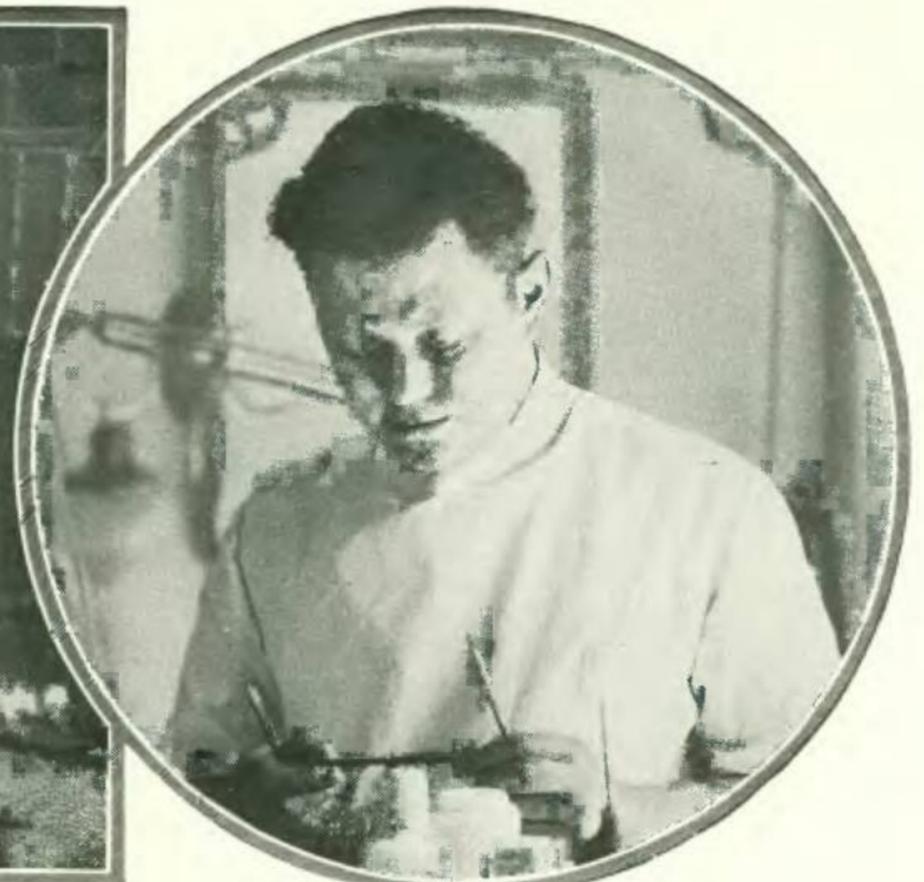
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MRS. B. WILSON, Toronto, Canada.



"As a practising dentist I should essentially feel fit for duty early in the morning as well as later in the day. I was laggy and fagged out upon arising. Could not concentrate on my work. Tried everything from psychology to pills, to no avail. I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. In two weeks I could say, 'Feeling fine and dandy.' My prescription is: 'Just one cake of Fleischmann's morning and night.'"

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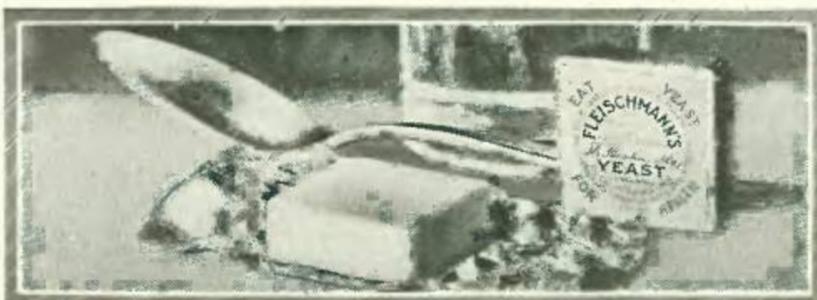
Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation, especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

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