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Mar. 13, 1926

THE

Price 15 cents

# NEW YORKER





## Are you a slave to a whisk-broom?

**M**OST of us know that dandruff is unsightly—not all of us realize what a very unhealthy condition dandruff indicates. To merely brush, brush, brush, is a sign of defeat.

There is one way to really remove dandruff. The simple Wildroot treatment has been famous for years among well-groomed people who object to dandruff—and refuse to be slaves to a whisk-broom.

A very interesting thing happens with the first few applications of Wildroot. The accumulated dandruff loosens up and is temporarily more apparent—but soon disappears under regular treatment. This shows how quickly Wildroot works.

Get some Wildroot Hair Tonic at your druggist's or barber's today. *And stop brushing dandruff!*

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It is incorrect to suppose that Wildroot grows hair. *Only a healthy scalp can grow hair.* Wildroot removes the very unhealthy condition of dandruff, and thus *prevents the loss of hair* that is sure to follow dandruff.

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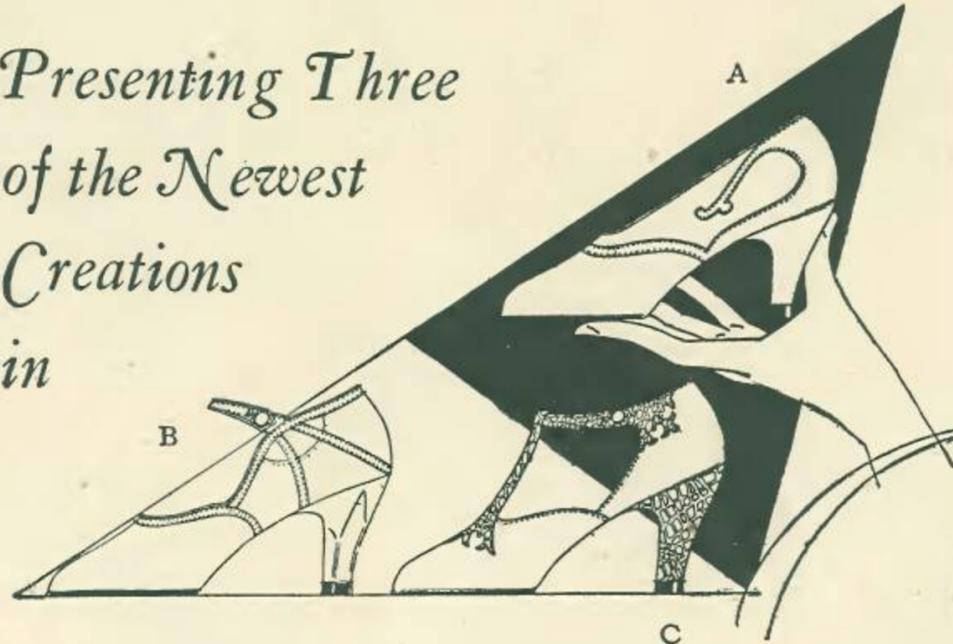
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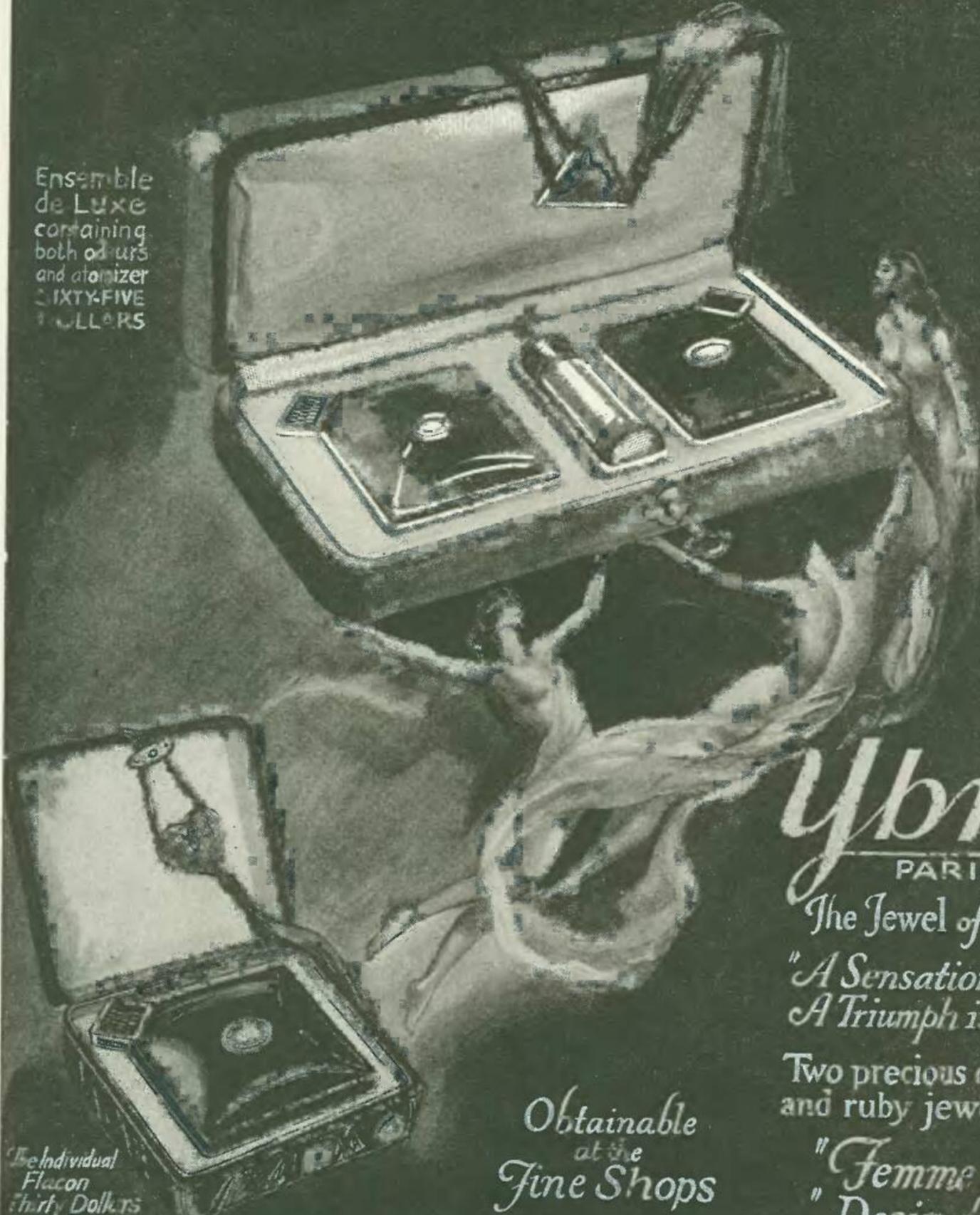
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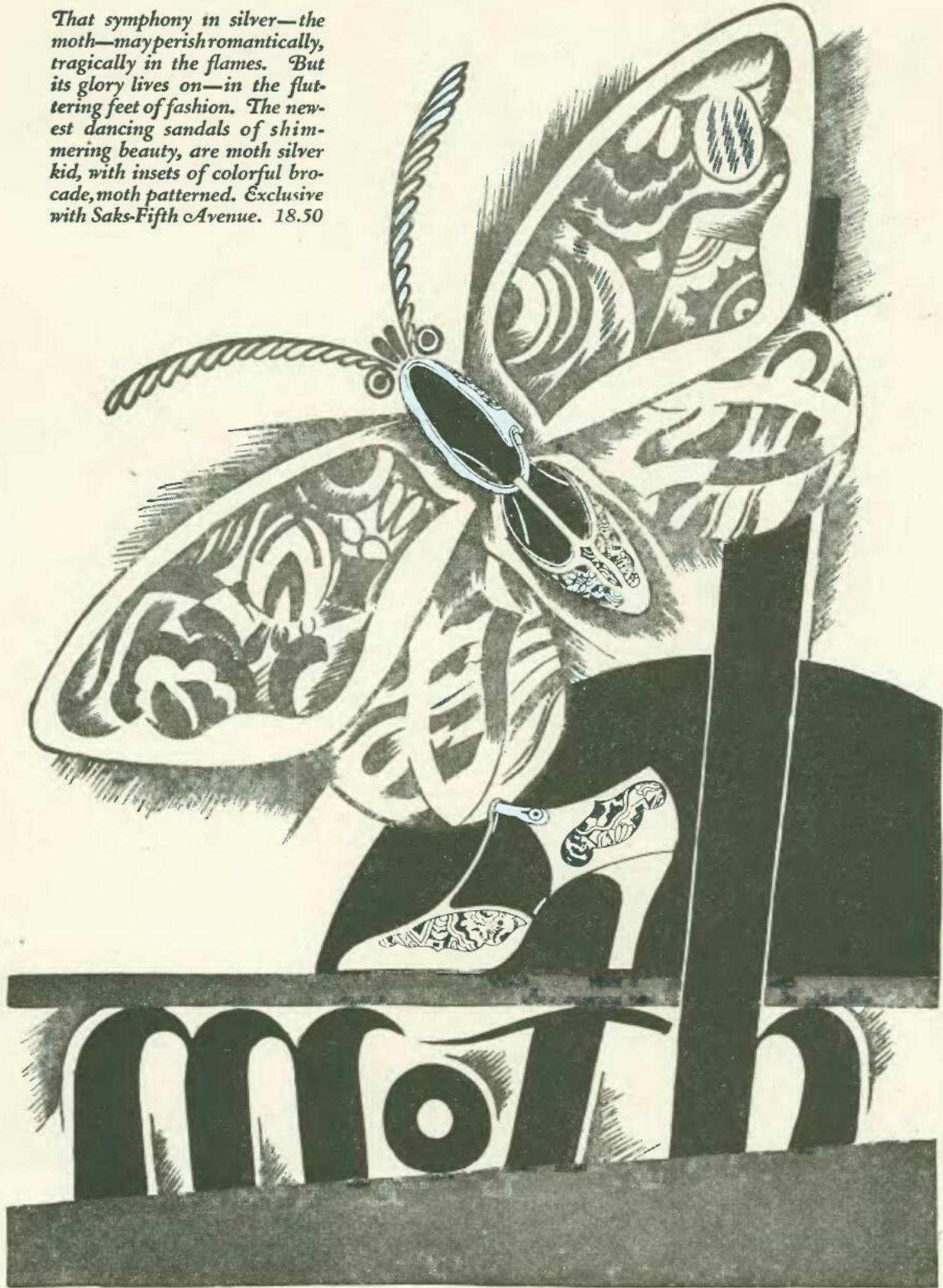
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# PACKARD



## THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS

(From Friday, March 12, to  
Friday, March 19, inclusive.)

### THE THEATRE

- THE SHANGHAI GESTURE**—Sex confusions, with a Chinese disorderly house for a background. MARTIN BECK, 45 W. of B'way.
- THE GREAT GATSBY**—An excellent dramatization of Fitzgerald's book made by Owen Davis. AMBASSADOR, 49, W. of B'way.
- THE JEST**—A revival of this Florentine thriller with Basil Sydney. PLYMOUTH, 45, W. of B'way.
- YOUNG WOODLEY**—The serious side of the love of "Seventeen". With Glenn Hunter. BELMONT, 48, E. of B'way.
- THE GREEN HAT**—Katharine Cornell as *Iris March* in Michael Arlen's sentimental impurity. BROADHURST, 44, W. of B'way.
- CRAIG'S WIFE**—A good portrayal of an unpleasant woman. With Chrystal Herne. MOROSCO, 45, W. of B'way.
- GREAT GOD BROWN**—A play with which Eugene O'Neill occasionally touches his loftiest. GARRICK, 35, E. of B'way.
- LULU BELLE**—Which deals with the rise of a negro easy lady. Well staged and with Lenore Ulric. BELASCO, 44, E. of B'way.
- THE EMPEROR JONES**—Charles S. Gilpin as the negro whose African soul returned. PROVINCETOWN, 133 Macdougall. Moves Mon., March 15 to 66 5 Ave.
- TWELVE MILES OUT**—Rum runners, hi-jackers, and a woman, shaken into a good melodrama. PLAYHOUSE, 48, E. of B'way.
- CYRANO DE BERGERAC**—Walter Hampden re-enacting this entertaining gentleman of Rostand's play. HAMPDEN'S, B'way and 62.
- THE WISDOM TOOTH**—A clerk dreams of the brave little boy he used to be. Very nice indeed. LITTLE, 44, W. of B'way.
- THE DYBBUK**—This splendid play of Jewish mysticism closes until Tues., March 23 when it will re-open Tues., Wed., and Thurs. of each week.
- IS ZAT SO?**—Prize fighters step into society. A very funny play in wondrous slang. CENTRAL, B'way and 47. Moves Mon., March 15 to Chanin's, 46, W. of B'way.
- THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN**—A lamb among the Broadway theatrical wolves. Another slang play. LONGACRE, 48, W. of B'way.
- THE JAZZ SINGER**—Of a Jewish mammy singer that doubled into a synagogue. Sunshine and tears. CORT, 48, E. of B'way.
- THE PATSY**—An innocuous comedy with Clairborne Foster as the heroine. BOOTH, 45, W. of B'way.
- THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY**—Titled English, their country houses, and the witty talk that is associated with them. Roland Young and Ina Claire. FULTON, 46, W. of B'way.
- CRADLE SNATCHERS**—Will offend the actively pure minded, but will highly amuse the others. MUSIC BOX, 45, W. of B'way.
- THE COCOANUTS**—Music by Irving Berlin and humor by the Marx Brothers. The last being better than average. LYRIC, 42, W. of B'way.
- DEAREST ENEMY**—A pleasant operetta of the Revolution and old New York. With Helen Ford. KNICKERBOCKER, B'way and 38.
- TIP-TOES**—A bevy of comedians, Queenie Smith, and Gershwin music making one of the best current musical comedies. LIBERTY, 42, W. of B'way.

- ARTISTS AND MODELS**—Phil Baker and the Hoffmann girls headlining a good revue. WINTER GARDEN, B'way and 50.
- SUNNY**—Marilyn Miller in her usual magnified musical comedy. Lavish and amusing. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42, W. of B'way.
- THE VAGABOND KING**—A rousing operetta from "If I Were King". With Dennis King. CASINO, B'way and 39.
- A NIGHT IN PARIS**—The tired business man's show *par excellence*. Girls and a lot of them. CASINO DE PARIS, atop the Century, Cent. Pk. W. and 62.
- NO, NO, NANETTE**—Louise Groody in a musical show that has spread over the world like measles. GLOBE, B'way and 46.
- BY THE WAY**—A good English revue that makes occasional appeal to the intelligence. GAIETY, B'way and 46.
- SONG OF THE FLAME**—Tessa Kosta in a pretty and tuneful operetta containing no humor. 44TH STREET, 44, W. of B'way.

### OPENINGS OF NOTE

- THE CHIEF THING**—A Guild production of a Russian comedy. GUILD, 52, W. of B'way. Mon., March 15.
- JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK**—A play by Sean O'Casey. MAYFAIR, 44, W. of B'way. Mon., March 15.
- THE GIRL FRIEND**—A new musical comedy by the writers of "Dearest Enemy". VANDERBILT, 48, E. of B'way. Tues., March 16.
- CHINESE MUSICAL FANTASY, BURMESE BALLET**—Opens for a week and then will alternate nightly with "The Dybbuk". NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE, 466 Grand St. Tues., March 16.
- (Dates of openings should be verified because of frequent late changes by managers.)

### AFTER THE THEATRE

- AMBASSADOR GRILL**, 51 and Park Ave.—The Larry Siry orchestra officiating in aristocratic surroundings.
- BILTMORE**, 43 and Mad.—The most spacious and airy dance floor in New York with the Roger Wolfe Kahn orchestra to give it purpose.
- CLUB LIDO**, 808 7 Ave.—Carl Hyson and Peggy Harris dancing for the elite nightly.
- CLUB MIRADOR**, 200 W. 51—The Fokine Ballet until Moss and Fontana return from Florida, Mon., March 15.
- CLUB MONTMARTRE**, 205 W. 50—Jack Hulbert's revue, "London Pierrots", opens with Flora Le Breton, Fri., March 12.
- VILLA VENICE**, 10 E. 60—An Emil Coleman orchestra to inspire aesthetic motion in refined people.
- WALDORF-ASTORIA**, 34 and 5 Ave.—Betty and Larry Starbuck peppering up an old aristocrat.
- BARNEY'S**, 85 W. 3—A meeting point of the stage, society, and people. Midnight revue.
- COUNTY FAIR**, 54 E. 9—The present Village haunt of the dancing flapper and her sheik.
- KATINKA**, 109 W. 49—Informal and jolly, with Russian entertainment proceeding at intervals.
- PARISIANA**, 63 Cent. Pk. W. (formerly Chez Fysher)—Intimate Parisian revue headed by Odette Myrtil and Lucienne Boyer. Yvonne George has returned to Paris.
- CLUB ANATOLE**, 145 W. 54—Broadway revue at intervals for snappy Broadway people.
- CLUB RICHMAN**, 157 W. 56—Harry Richman as the wise-cracking master of ceremonies to Broadway, with a dash of society.

# ABOUT TOWN



## CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

**TWIN OAKS**, 163 W. 46—Leni Stengel and Arthur West head an elaborate revue. Evening dress not required.

**CLUB CARAVAN**, 135 W. 3—Noisy and crowded, with a revue of half dressed young ladies to furnish the sex appeal.

**THE OWL**, 131 W. 45—A high class slumming place, with Harlem brought downtown through the antics of the waiters and hat check girls. Lively until morning.

### MOTION PICTURES

**BEN-HUR**—A massive production of this stage favorite, with a grand sea fight and a chariot race. **GEORGE M. COHAN**, B'way and 42.

**THE BIG PARADE**—A stirring picture of the war by Laurence Stallings. With John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. **ASTOR**, B'way and 45.

**FILM GUILD**—More Lubitsch film revivals. Week of March 14.—Sun., "Marriage Circle"; Mon. and Thurs. aft., "Three Women"; Thurs. eve., subscription premiere "Three Wax-Works"; Tues. and Fri., "Loves of Pharaoh" and Chaplin's "Pilgrim"; Wed. and Sat., "Rosita". **CAMEO**, 42, E. of B'way.

**HANDS UP**—Raymond Griffith in a very amusing Civil War comedy. **PERSHING**, 1524 Amsterdam Ave. Tues., March 16.

**THE CAVE MAN**—Matt Moore giving a splendid performance in this comedy. **LOEW'S NEW YORK**, Fri., March 19. (No Manhattan showing scheduled of "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter".)

### MUSIC

**RECITALS**—**GUIOMAR NOVAES**. **TOWN HALL**, Sat. Aft., Mar. 13. Most brilliant of women pianists.

**SHURA CHERKASSKY**. **AEOLIAN HALL**, Sat. Aft., Mar. 13. If you enjoy boy pianists this is the best.

**BENNO MOISEWITSCH**. **CARNEGIE HALL**, Sun. Aft., Mar. 14. Poetry at the keyboard.

**MARGUERITE D'ALVAREZ**. **TOWN HALL**, Sun. Aft., Mar. 14. Exotic art and a voice.

**BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION**. **TOWN HALL**, Mon. Eve., Mar. 15. The musical grab bag with no blanks.

**FRIEDA HEMPEL**. **CARNEGIE HALL**, Tues. Eve., Mar. 16. The Jenny Lind tradition, plus.

**EDWIN HUGHES**. **AEOLIAN HALL**, Tues. Eve., Mar. 16. An American pianist of parts, also a programme maker.

**SYLVIA LENT**. **CARNEGIE HALL**, Wed. Eve., Mar. 17. A singularly charming young violinist.

**CATHERINE WADE-SMITH**. **AEOLIAN HALL**, Wed. Eve., Mar. 17. The week's most interesting debut. She's a violinist.

**ALEXANDER KIPNIS**. **AEOLIAN HALL**, Thurs. Aft., Mar. 18. One reason why they like the opera in Chicago.

**HAROLD SAMUEL**. **TOWN HALL**, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 18. Hear him play piano if you haven't.

**PAUL KOCHANSKI**. **CARNEGIE HALL**, Fri. Eve., Mar. 19. Always an interesting violinist.

**ROOSEVELT RECITAL**—**HOTEL ROOSEVELT**, Mad. Ave. and 45. Tues. aft., March 16, at 3 p.m. Dusolina Giannini, soprano and Ignace Hilsberg, pianist.

**ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES**—**PHILHARMONIC**, Furtwaengler conducting. **CARNEGIE**

**HALL**, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 18; Fri. Aft., Mar. 19. **METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE**, Sun. Aft., Mar. 14.

**NEW YORK SYMPHONY**, Klemperer conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL**, Fri. Eve., Mar. 12. **MECCA TEMPLE**, Sun. Aft., Mar. 14.

**BOSTON SYMPHONY**, Koussevitzky conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL**, Sat. Aft., Mar. 13.

**LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS**, Smallens conducting. **TOWN HALL**, Sat. Eve., Mar. 13.

**RUSSIAN SYMPHONIC CHOIR**, **CARNEGIE HALL**, Wed. eve., March 17.

**SUNDAY SYMPHONIC SOCIETY**—**HAMPDEN'S**, B'way and 67. Sunday at noon. Good concerts for which no admission is charged.

"**THE WHITE SISTER**"—**NATION**, 14 and 6 Ave. Italian opera. Good fun.

**METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY**. Week of March 15.—Mon. aft., "Lucia", eve., "Andrea Chenier"; Wed. eve., "Petruska", "Gianni Schicchi", "Skyscrapers"; Thurs. eve., "Falstaff"; Fri. aft., "Goetterdaemmerung", eve., "La Vida Breve", "Le Rosignol"; Sat. aft., "Faust", eve., "La Cenna della Beffe".

### ART

**INDEPENDENTS**—**WALDORF-ASTORIA ROOF**, 5 Ave. and 34. Some thousands of things brushed up by the eager souls during the year.

**WHITNEY CLUB**—**ANDERSON GALLERIES**, Park and 59. Annual show of some of the best of the younger painters in the country.

**O'KEEFE**—**STIEGLITZ**, ROOM 303, **ANDERSON GALLERIES**, Park and 59. A marvelous show of a genius which it would be foolish to miss.

**DURER**—**KNOEDLER & Co.**, 14 E. 57. A fine collection of the master wood cutter.

**PACH**—**WEYHE**, 794 Lex. A showing of the work of Walter Pach over a decade.

### SPORTS

**ICE HOCKEY**—**MAD. SQ. GARDEN**, 50 and 8 Ave. **AMATEUR**—Boston A. A. vs. N. Y. A. C., and Knickerbocker vs. St. Nicks, Sun., Mar. 14, 8 p. m. **PROFESSIONAL**—New York vs. Montreal in final home game of the season, Wed., Mar. 17, 8:30 p. m.

**TRACK**—**MAD. SQ. GARDEN**, 50 and 8 Ave. Knights of Columbus indoor meet, featured by septathlon competition between Charles Hoff of Norway and Harold M. Osborne of the Illinois A. C., Tues., Mar. 16, 8 p. m.

**INDOOR POLO TOURNAMENT**—Squadron "A" Armory, Mad. Ave. and 94; 105 Field Artillery, Franklin Ave. and 166, beginning Tues. eve., March 16 and daily for about two weeks, 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Finals at Squadron "A".—The cream of the country's indoor polo team in the Nat'l Open, Intercollegiate, and Class tournaments.

(Owing to tentative schedule, date of opening and time of play should be verified.)

### OTHER EVENTS

**FLOWER SHOW**—**GRAND CENTRAL PALACE**, Lex. and 46. Mon., Mar. 15, to Sat., Mar. 20, from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. daily. The first touch of spring to reach New York.

**COLUMBIA VARSITY SHOW**—**WALDORF**, 5 Ave. and 34. Fri. Eve., Mar. 12, and Sat. Aft. and Eve., Mar. 13. Columbia University indulging in amateur theatricals.



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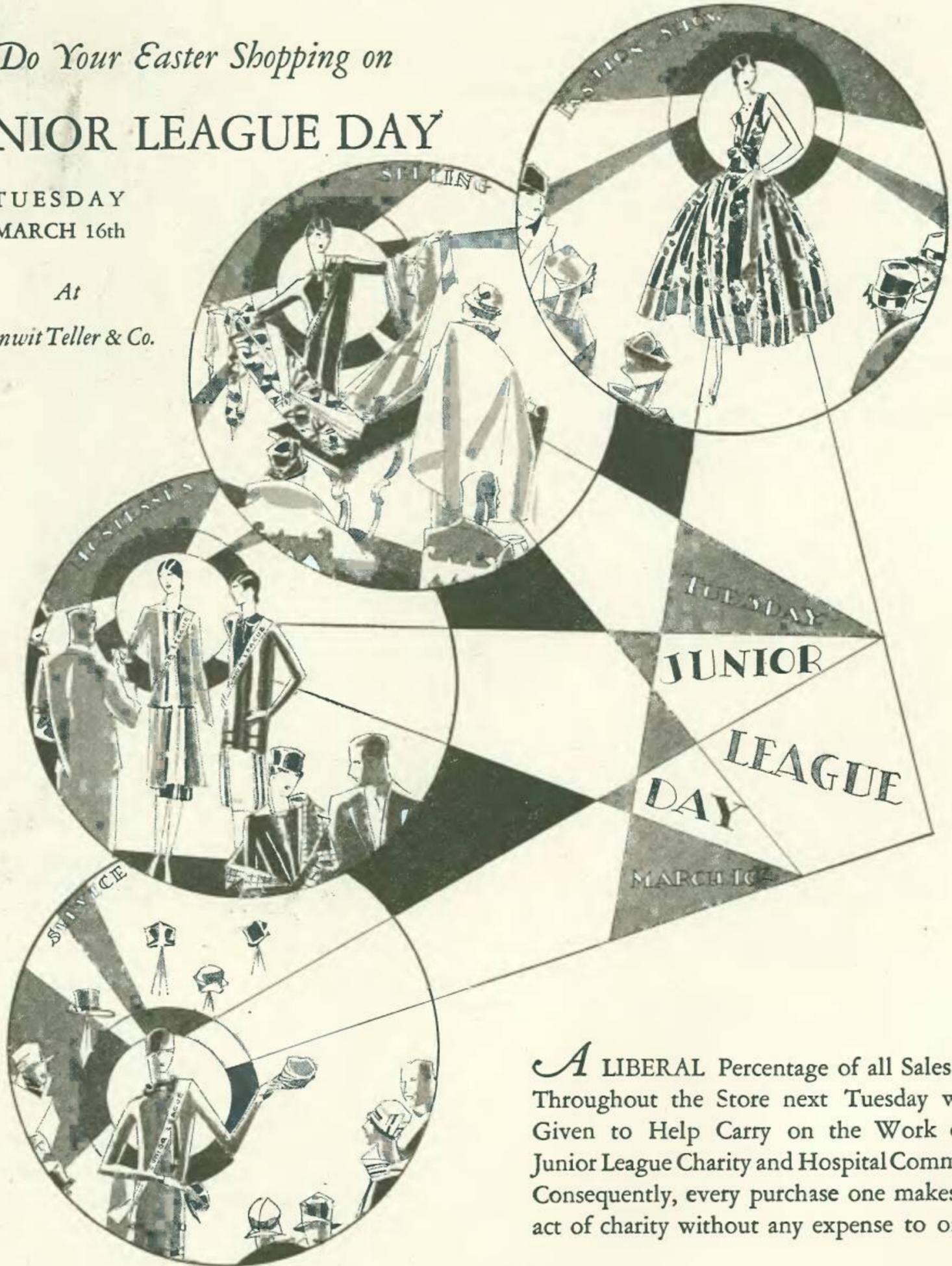
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# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## Notes and Comment

**A** PHENOMENON worth noting occurred near Washington Square about nine o'clock the other evening. It was a baseball game by the light of one street lamp. The players averaged fourteen years of age. After a moment of incredulousness, we realized that no ball was being used. It was all imaginary, and was being most elaborately carried out. As we watched, a runner tried to take two bases on an infield hit and was put out.

**N**O one knows exactly how old-fashioned is that Miss Wendell, sentimentalist extraordinary, who keeps a backyard worth a million dollars at Thirty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue for her dog's pleasure. But every once in a while the world gets an inkling. The other day the curtains of one of the windows were drawn, and lo! there sat an old-time seamstress in an old-time apron, sewing, we will wager, a petticoat.

### FAR REACHING EFFECT —



**R**ATHER disappointing was the recent row between the Tennis Officials and our talented champion as to whether or not he could play for charity in the Garden. Tilden, of course, gesticulated that he would play, come hell or highwater, but to those who followed the controversy it was evident that there would be no fellow-gesticulator to play with him. What disappointed us was that a man with so much stage experience didn't contrive to play solo.

**C**HAPMAN, in jail and condemned to death, has published a few poems in the *Times*. It gives one a queer feeling to realize that if, as some critics maintain, posterity estimates the value of a civilization according to the quality of its poetry, this Chapman fellow must be rated at least a hundred times as valuable as the well known poet, John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

**W**HAT will be the full consequences of the recent tumble of the Stock Market is still uncertain, but that they will be far-reaching and awful cannot be doubted. Already, we hear, instead of there being 1000



THE GREAT CREW RACE —

Rolls Royces on the Avenue at shopping time, there are only 999.

**T**HE criticism recently leveled at actors that they are so engrossed with themselves that they know nothing of the world they try to mimic is of dubious soundness. It happens that those actors whom we admire the most are the least like human beings and the most self-engrossed. We don't go to the theatre to see human beings. We go to see actors.

**T**HE proposal to reduce the bus fare to five cents throughout the city has its merits but it overlooks the right of a citizen to pay ten cents for a cleaner and better bus seat if he wants to. Why must we all pay five

cents if some of us would rather pay ten? It is lamentable that this prejudiced country is as far away from the first and second class system as ever.

## The Week

**E**IGHTY-FIVE New York University students win places on scholarship honor roll and Yale, Har-



vard and Princeton announce that tickets for Big Three football games will be raised to five dollars each. Resignation of Lieut. Wade, round-the-world aviator, accepted by War Department and London paper tells of American Navy's new anti-aircraft gun. Methodist Bishop prays for enlightenment of New Jersey's "wet" senators and two mineral water companies announce regular quarterly dividend. Maharajah of Indore abdicates under pressure after scandal over dancer's attempted abduction and Danish royalty says being king is a "dirty business." Colonel House's intimate papers tell of his relations with President Wilson and former War Secretary Baker heads commission to investigate crime. Women decide in vote that husbands are not neglected for children and Bishop Manning decries growth of divorce in society. Col. Roosevelt returns from hunting expedition, hinting that hat is in ring and Republicans are chagrined on dis-

covering how Governor Smith's powers are increased by report of Hughes State Government Commission. Mellon's offer to buy Third Liberty Loan Bonds causes advance in price and Representative Fish introduces bill to permit aliens who fought for United States in World War to enter country outside of immigration quotas.

### *Matter of Record*

THE recent return of General Pershing from his unsuccessful participation in the Tacna Arica negotiations has reminded at least one army officer of another time when the erstwhile C. O. of the A. E. F. signally failed as a mediator. Which was when the General was a mere brigadier, in command of the U. S. troops in the Philippines.

At that time a favorite form of recreation among the officers and families of the headquarters post was to engage in "Transport joy rides". Every week, an Army Transport made the rounds of the Islands and its schedule allowed its passengers to visit a different post for almost every meal during the entire seven days. Army chivalry made these uninvited visitors the guests of each mess.

Came suddenly an Inspector General from Washington, and in going over some accounts he stumbled upon an item showing that a certain lieutenant had a bill at the commissary larger than his month's pay. This meant but one thing to him—the officer was buying stores at commissary cut rates and reselling them to natives at higher prices. Brigadier-General Pershing was at once apprised of his subordinate's apparent dereliction.

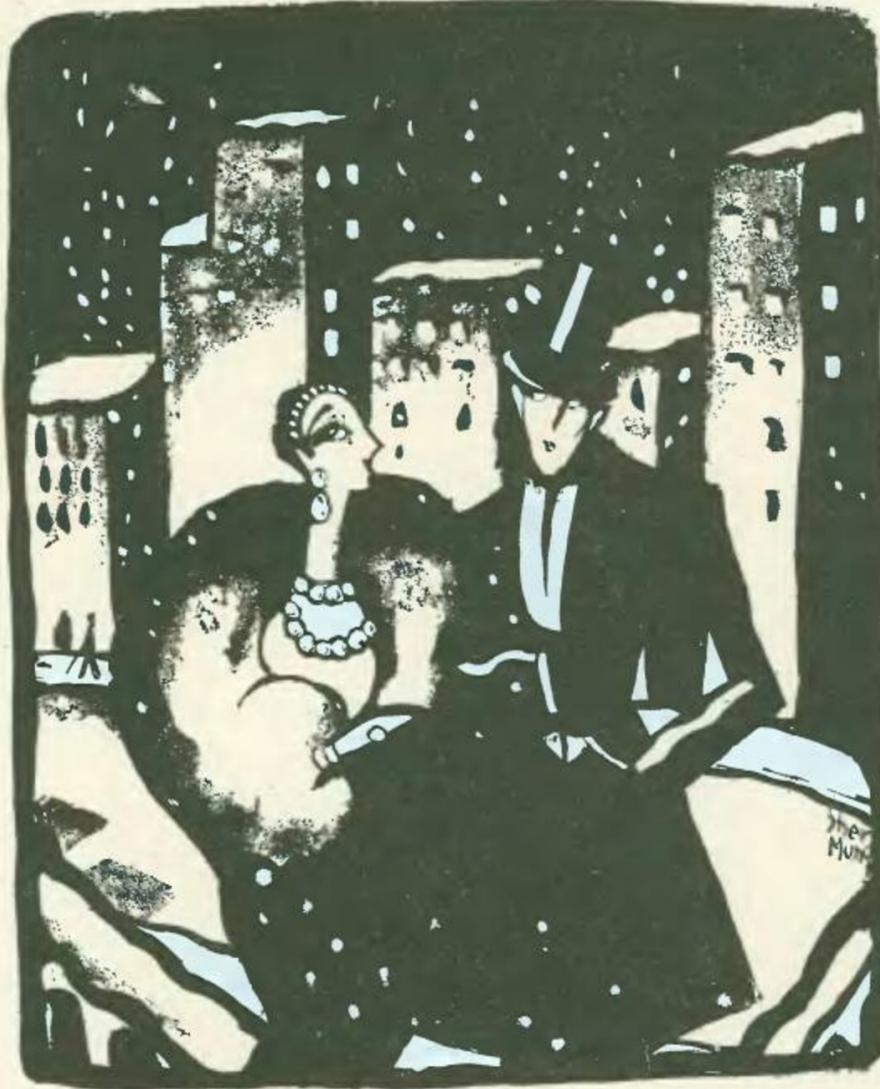
Immediately the General wrote to the offender, demanding instant explanation. Which was just what the offender was waiting for. Back came this answer: "The large commissary account in question has been caused by the necessity of purchasing food to feed the numerous uninvited guests, their families and friends who have been present at my mess in the past month.

"The names of these uninvited guests are subjoined herewith, together with number of free meals eaten by each. Those people with an 'X' after their names said 'Thank you.' The others said nothing."

At the head of the list was the name of Brigadier-General John J. Pershing. And there was no "X" after it. The investigation was dropped.

### *Higher Criticism*

HEREAFTER we cannot let pass unchallenged the statement which periodically crops up in New York that



the dramatic critic carries no weight and cannot effect the success of a play by roasting it. Most of the critics may be without influence for all we know but there is one among them who is not despised by the producer. This supercritic is one D. J. Keith. The intellectuals, the artistic, the common sense critics can rant unnoticed by producers—but D. J. Keith is important.

Mr. Keith's business is to represent the ticket brokers at out-of-town openings and to telegraph his employers his opinions. His advices from Buffalo, or Baltimore, or New Haven, or elsewhere will result next morning in the producer being the recipient of offers to buy out the first ten rows for

the first ten weeks, or possibly, as has happened more than once, the entire orchestra floor. Or it may mean that ominous silence from the brokers signifying anticipated failure in New York.

MR. KEITH has definite, if not highly esoteric, standards, by which he appraises a play. He inquires, with an accent that Grand Street appreciates most, whether it has plenty of hokum; how much kick it has; whether it is free from that expressionism which he terms, "Bulshivism," and if the last piece of the same kind was a hit. The last counts heavily with Mr. Keith.

There have been managers who tried to outwit him and prevent his knowing where a new play was being tried out, but contacts in all theatrical waysides keep him posted on coming events; so that he will pop up unexpectedly; and, however unwelcome his appearance, he is well greeted on arrival. For after all, his verdict may mean the difference between fifty thousand dollars advance sale, and virtually nothing at all.

And the support of the agencies—the advance sale—is extremely important to a none too soundly financed play during its critical first weeks.

Sometimes he makes mistakes, Mr. Keith admits; a few hits have been passed by. But, he adds,

he never picked a flop yet, which would seem to be the essence of practical criticism.

### *Shock*

THE dinner had been good; the bridge interesting; the conversation such as to impel reflections. And so, since the post-midnight air was mild enough, we walked along East Thirty-sixth Street, postponing as long as possible the inevitable surrender to some cruising taxicab. Presently, that sub-conscious which is alive with current press accounts of hold-ups, burglaries and sudden murders, directed attention to a group standing beneath a lamp post between Park and Madison—three men, burly and powerful,

lounging about. Surely an ominous sight for the lone citizen.

There was the inevitable hesitancy; and the inevitable decision to brave it out. We walked on towards that direful group. An acute imagination saw the knotted muscles beneath the heavy coats; a keen vision noticed significant bulges in places that could signify only flasks—or worse. These did not seem to be drinking men.

And then Mr. Morgan's impressive library loomed up. The husky men were standing in front of it. They were — relief of reliefs — guards. Winter or summer they are always there night and day, we have since learned.

WHY, inquired Mr. Wayne Wheeler, of the Anti-Saloon League Wheelers, should anyone drink intoxicating liquors? And one of the impartial journalists interviewing him observed, as a goad, that certain writers, artists and others of some fame, had found inspiration in the bottle.

They needn't drink for stimulus, Mr. Wheeler countered. They should live healthy lives and go in for some vigorous exercise, such as—Mr. Wheeler paused—such as bicycling; and then, apparently remembering that this was almost a lost art, Mr. Wheeler pedalled industriously with one foot.

### Crusade

OUR vigorous campaign against the anti-smoking rules which add so unnecessarily to the nervous disorders of young authors forced to make use of the Public Library is bearing its first fruit. Yesterday, for example, we came upon a garrulous group at the foot of the main staircase. They were discussing the crusade, no less, and preserving our incognito we lingered amongst them. All of them (four men and three young women) were quite militant—favoring of course this NEW YORKER suggestion that a smoking room be established. As if but mildly interested, we dropped the hint that perhaps a petition, properly circulated and signed, would arouse the directorate from its inertia. When we left them, they were actually draughting the paper. It is quite pleasant, we assure you, to



be a Moving Force Behind a Righteous Cause.

DUTY thus performed, we set out upon our customary and usually highly diverting stroll through the building. And it was upon the third floor that we came upon a scene which almost compensated us for our inability to enjoy a cheroot. We entered the music room. It is a tiny place, considerably smaller than you are now picturing it. Three walls accommodate shelves of great depth wherein repose the scores of divers operas, tone poems, symphonies and such.

At the single table were eight chairs, and in each chair sat an ancient man. Each of them had his huge folio from the shelves, reading away at the music for dear life. We watched one old man, saw his lips move faintly as he went from measure to measure, and saw his forefinger wagging its very tip in time. When finally he reached the end (you must believe us) he fell back from the page with a sigh and his two old hands came together rhythmically under his beard in almost noiseless applause. He nodded his head happily.

What imagination was doing in that room! In its perfect silence, we could almost hear the echo of phantom sounds, brightly imagined by its occupants: the persuasive wail of an oboe, the overpowering poignance of the horns, long, singing cries from the violins and the grotesque muttering of a bassoon.

Henceforth, we shall be more careful in the use of the word aesthetic.

AS an item of interest we learn that the eminent Mr. Aldous Huxley is now journeying America-ward, with his wife. When last heard from, he was in Benares, making pertinent comments on India, as he stopped there en route around the world. Presently he will continue his journey and appear over the horizon, on the West Coast. But not even he could tell just when he arrives in New York.

### Kit Kat

WE herewith make an earnest plea that organizers of artist balls not choose the stereotyped dance hall for their scenes of revelry, but pat-

ronize hotels instead. We refer, of course, to the late Kit Kat Ball. In these days of drought it is just as necessary to have private rooms to retire to at public balls as to have a suitcase when travelling. For carrying on one's person enough liquids to last twelve hours is decidedly uncomfortable.

At the Kit Kat the other evening discomfort was *en règle*, it being of course infeasible after two A. M. to abandon one's private wassail to the tender care of even a best friend. Hence all night long, and most of the morning, to the rollicking strains of African



jazz, Pierrot and Marie Antoinette, like caravans crossing the Sahara, were obliged to carry their fluids. Some firmly clutched their bottles of White Rock, and many a pretty costume carried its liquid secret. We even noted with interest that the amount of clothes worn nearly always varied in direct proportion to the quantity of cheer carried. Hindu dance girls, for instance, were prone to be far more sedate and sober than Queen Victorias.

Ingenuity in finding places of concealment was, in fact, a distinguishing feature of the ball; although it did shock our chivalry to see one gentle lady, whose gallant escort was figuratively "no more", obliged to sally forth alone into the icy night, clad only in a loin cloth, to fumble under the seat of her car parked across the street. And then there was the sweet young thing, all ruffles and tulle, to whom we introduced ourself, and when we put our arm around her for the dance found she stuck out in the queerest place. At first we were quite upset, fearing we had encountered the old-fashioned corset, but then we remembered they didn't stick out so far. It was merely a bottle.

Artists the other night could hardly be called numerous; but then whoever heard of artists at a Kit Kat ball? We did find Robert Henri and John Sloan, however, the latter dressed as an Indian. At least that is what we took him for, as there were beads about his neck, and so far as we know Indians are the only people simple enough to wear beads. Then too, there was Greenwich Village en masse, with its usual composition of models and bank clerks.

"It's absurd to accuse the Kit Kat balls of being commercial," explained

one of the committee to us. "Why, the little money we make goes to help art students; and, at that, is scarcely enough to buy clothes for the models."

We realize now just how little they make.

In conclusion we may state that the annual Kit Kat Ball has become an affair where one tips the check-room boy in advance, where it is preferable to "stag", and necessary to understand the East Side dialect. Nevertheless, we admit we enjoyed ourself.

### Banditti

**D**ESPITE sleepiness resulting from the Kit Kat Ball, we hied ourself the very same morning to a luncheon given by the Marshall Stillman Movement To Conquer Crime. Our invitation read: "Prominent members of the upper world will meet prominent members of the under world." We arrived at the Biltmore at one o'clock sharp—to be promptly disappointed by finding mostly prominent judges (upper world, of course). There was, however, some relief in the shape of four live, honest-to-goodness, congenial bandits—square jaws, scars on their cheeks, and everything just as you see in the movies.

The four sat together at one end of the table and made our hair stand every time they picked up their knives.

"Well," suddenly remarked the young lady on our right, "I was distinctly told there would be bandits at this lunch."

"Why, there they are," said we, pointing to the very evident group.

"Oh!" exclaimed our fair companion, "I thought that was the press."

Enlightened on this matter, however, she only fell into still more hopeless confusion a short while after. The luncheon over, upper and under world were pleasantly chatting. Mr. Benjamin Winter, prominent real estate man who recently negotiated sales of both the Vanderbilt and Astor homes and who is a leader in the Marshall Stillman movement, was standing with a friend right in the midst of the erstwhile bandits.

"I hear," remarked Mr. Winter's friend jocularly, "that you wrecked the Vanderbilt house."

Just then our charming luncheon partner approached with one of her friends.

"Yes," replied Mr. Winter, "and what's more I'm going to wreck the Astor house."

The young lady's eyes grew round. "Amelia!" she gasped, convulsively clutching her friend, "did you *hear* that man! I don't call him reformed."

### Gleanings

**N**EXT to lunching with bandits and judges, our favorite sport is talking with taxi drivers. This was true even in Paris, whence our proficiency in French profanity.

The other day in New York we met a most charming "15 cents the first quarter of a mile and 5 cents there-

after" taxi driver, who told us the following facts as gleaned from his professional career in the city:

There are two avenues in New York he hates to drive on, Park and West End. On West End, our connoisseur explained, the people are nouveau riche and demand the most painstaking services, such as opening the door for them and bowing, and they kick if taken fifteen feet off the direct route, preferring to endure all manner of bumps rather than pay for an extra block. Then to make life more agreeable, they indulge in "back seat driving".

On Park Avenue fares are equally particular about being taken out of their way and, while not demanding the services of the squeamish West Enders, are nevertheless just as parsimonious with tips. Ten cents, average; fifteen, liberal.

Washington Heights and the Bronx were our taxi driver's heaven.

"Here," he explained, "I sometimes get tips of 50c and \$1.00. Humanity is far more liberal in the latitude of the zoo."

### Echo

**W**ELL," commented the gentleman who has been speculating in Florida for nearly a year, "At last I own land in the sacred territory."

"But," we said, "we thought you had been buying and selling for months."

"I have," he replied, "but the game



THE SIX DAY BICYCLE RACE—

is played. The land I wasn't unable to unload a month ago I'll have to keep, and many will be the second, third and fourth payments I'll make just to hold on to something I can't sell."

Which was how we heard the news that the Florida boom has had a serious set back. The boom and its finale, on a small scale, was not unlike the recent stock market—except that in the end there were no powerful banking alliances to step in and save the situation.

The boom reached its peak early in the summer when small investors, herded up by industrious syndicate organizers, entered the field. Trading began with only five per cent of the first payment in cash. Immense properties could be handled with practically no actual cash. Prices went up sharply; lots, around Miami Beach, for instance, went from a price of \$6,000 to \$25,000 within six weeks.

At the height of the frenzy, the larger property owners decided to take action. Either to chastise the outsiders or to curb dangerous speculation, they suddenly cut prices, offering lots as low as one-third under the prevailing market. There was a pause (this was about August) and from that time on the reaction was as deadly as it was slow. Today, if it interests you to buy a Florida paper, you will find such advertisements as "Cash equities in lots offered for second hand automobile to get home with."

And while the lesser fry writhe, even some of the bigger developments,

which should, at this time, be chuckling over the fall of the innocents, are suffering, too. Their ads, which are indications, are sincere in offering lots for sale at auction "without reserve and regardless of cost" and the representatives of several of them wait upon New York bankers. The promoters of one \$26,000,000 project, we hear, wanted to borrow \$500,000 so much that they offered a \$300,000 bonus for the loan.

*Charlot*

MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN'S next picture is to be called "The Circus" and we are informed from two different and reliable sources that in it he walks the tight rope. It is the public's habit to whisper wisely of "doubles" when feats of daring in the movies are involved, even despite the fact that several male stars, notably William Farnum, have been seriously injured in "keeping faith with their public." Whatever may be the truth generally and, whether it is an accomplishment of his music hall days or one recently acquired, Chaplin does walk the tight rope and in the face of great difficulties, notably a supposedly escaped chimpanzee perched upon his shoulder.

*Raquel Again*

MR. Robert Underwood Johnson, besides being a poet, an erstwhile ambassador, a knight of numerous foreign orders, and a littéra-

teur in general, is a connoisseur in yet another line. "Raquel Meller," he declared recently, "is the one actress I know of today who can wink without being suggestive."

Which reminds us of another great personage who praised the little singer of "La Violetera". The Spanish songster (who makes her debut to New York on the twelfth of next month) sang privately for Sarah Bernhardt a short time before the great tragedienne's death, and the latter, they say, was moved to tears by the beauty and simplicity with which she interpreted her pieces. The following day came a large photograph from The Divine Sarah, whereon was written in her sprawling handwriting: "To my dear Little Raquel, who very soon will be just as big as I think I am. Sarah Bernhardt."

THE LIQUOR MARKET:—

Week's tests again report wines and gins of high quality; whiskies, best grade available (\$100 @ \$125) only 35% alcohol. Common impurities in whiskies: glycerine and artificial coloring matter.

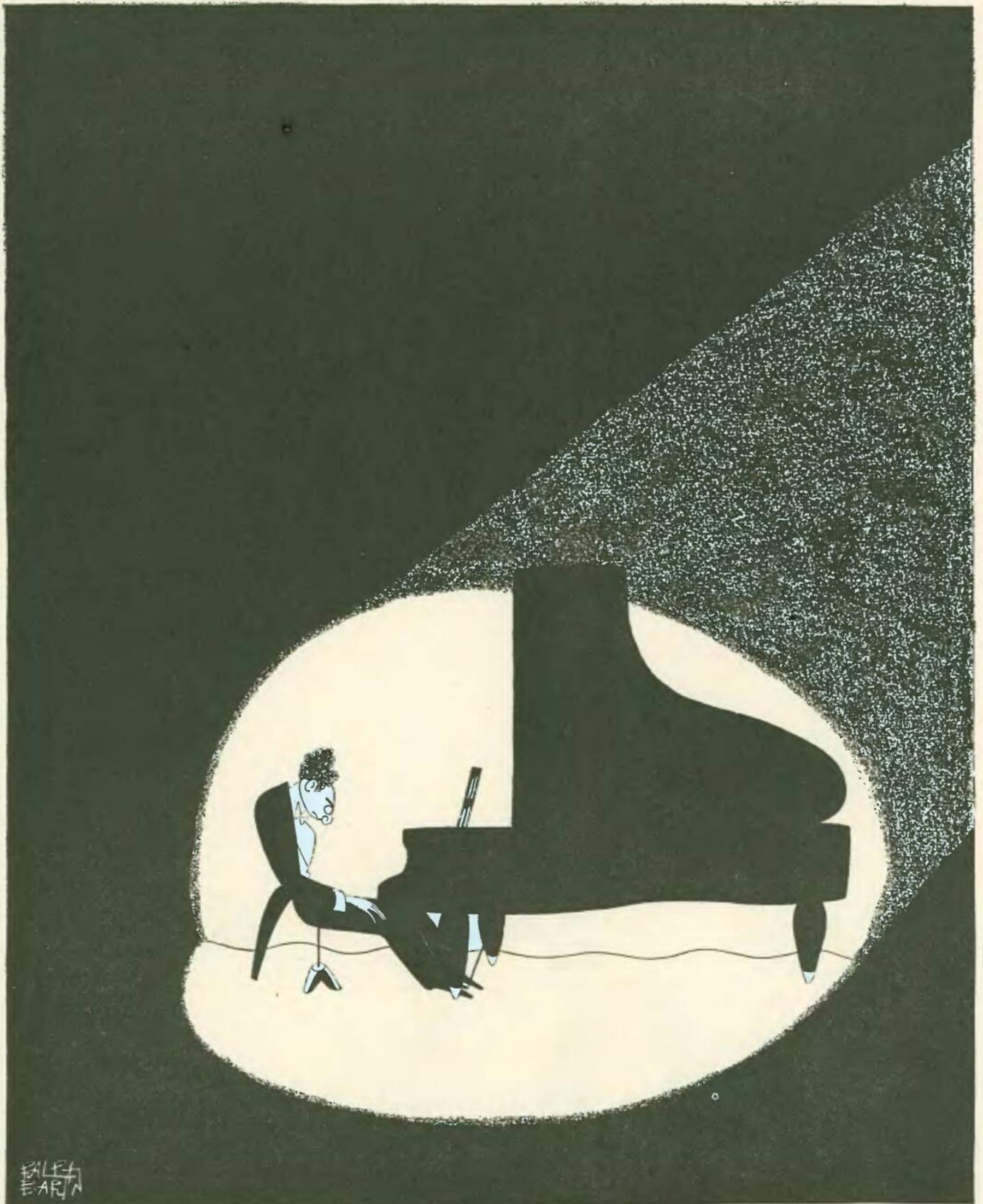
It is recommended to the consumer that all dealings with bootleggers be on a basis of no payment until after analysis. Reliable trade welcomes this arrangement, despite difficulty of obtaining any genuine whiskey, even over the side.

Standard rate among druggists for alcohol analysis \$5 per analysis, using quarter pint samples.

—THE NEW YORKERS



—RETURNS TO THE GARDEN



THE NEW JAZZ—WHICH IS JUST LIKE MUSIC

# THE COSTUME BALLS

A COMPOSITE REPORT OF THE SEASON



THE Beaux Arts Ball or the Fakirs or the Kit Kat—or whatever it was—took place last night in the grand ball-room of some building whose identity could not be ascertained this morning. It was a riot of color. There were also several other riots, which however were promptly quelled by the quelling squad from the West Forty-seventh Street station, comprising Sergeant Joe Hennessey, chief queller; Sergeant Dominic Bastabione, assistant chief queller, and sub-quellers Davidson, McGobb, O'Shaughnessy, Murtaugh, Gidge and Weebish.

The building will recover, it was said this afternoon at Bellevue.

Sergeant Hennessey came as Louis XIV. He wore a costume said to have cost \$6,500. Sergeant Bastabione came as Louis XIV, but Patrolmen McGobb, Murtaugh, Gidge, and

The pageant at this year's fete was "Washington Crossing the Delaware and Hudson" and the committee on decoration, comprising Frank Crowninshield, Charles Dana Gibson, Oakley T. Oakley, Frank Crowninshield, Alfred Meddie, Herbert Bayard Swope, Neysa McMein, Condé Nast, Frank Crowninshield, Terwilliger Hepstone, Charles Dana Gibson, Major General Summerall, Neysa McMein and Frank Crowninshield had transformed the spacious room into a veritable reproduction of the famous lawns in front of the Houses of Parliament. In the background, flanked by the American and French national anthems, stood the Houses of Parliament, which were portrayed by William H. (Big Bill) Edwards. Robert E. Sherwood took the part of the Washington Monument, which could be seen in the distance on a clear day. Mr. Edwards was costumed as Louis XIV and Mr. Sherwood was dressed as Louis XIV, King of France, Emperor of the Sahara and Le Grand Monarque.

dow shades which were pulled down. Mrs. May McWeedum Gansevoort, third wife of E. McW. McWeedum, also came as Louis XIV. *On dit* that the third Mrs. McWeedum heard at the last moment that her successor in the affections of that ever-popular bachelor, Mr. McWeedum was going as Louis XIV, and so decided, as a prank, to go as the same Louis XIV, only in a costume that would make the fourth Mrs. McWeedum feel like thirty cents. She wore a gown of simple plate glass, with blue velvet curtains and no shades. On seeing her rival, the other Mrs. McWeedum was exceedingly angry and caused quite a scene when she made the master of ceremonies mount the platform and announce that the Louis XIV represented by her was in no way connected with the Louis XIV represented by the other Mrs. McWeedum.



The Pageant at This Year's Fete Was Washington Crossing the Delaware and Hudson

Weebish, were costumed as Louis XIV. Condé Nast came as Louis XIV, and in striking contrast to Mr. Nast was Whitney Warren, who wore a magnificent costume of satin and jewels, as Louis XIV.

Society attended en masse. Mrs. Elleridge McW. McWeedum came as Louis XIV. She wore the customary powdered wig, bobbed after the fashion of the period, and a gown of genuine crystal trimmed with win-

style, represented the advance in modes of canal transportation from the time of 1817 when Mrs. Hawthorne opened the Erie Canal by breaking a bottle of champagne on Governor Dewitt Clinton's bow, to the Panama

Among the prettiest of the debutantes present was Mrs. Hawthorne, grandmother of the Duchess of Margate, she that was Cornelia Hawthorne-Hawthorne. The dowager Mrs. Hawthorne's costume was the sensation of the ball. She came as Mary Queen of Scots from the neck up. From the neck to the waist she was Madame de Maintenon. From the waist to the knees she was Paul Revere. One leg came as Ninon de l'Enclos, and the other leg was the Lost Dauphin. Her shoes, done in the modern Gothic

Canal, which she opened nearly a hundred years later by breaking the mate to the first bottle on President Roosevelt's bow.

Mrs. Hawthorne was awarded first prize, a safety razor and a pair of cuffs, by the committee on awards, which consisted of Whitney Warren, Condé Nast, Ambrose Glutz, Frank Crowninshield, Neysa McMein, Whitney Warren, Condé Nast, Neysa McMein and the late Dr. Elwood Speering, author of "Why Human Beings Behave Like Damn Fools".

Promptly at three o'clock there was a fanfare of trumpets and the usual scrap between a Yale or Princeton student and some other fellow was announced. This year's scrap was between a Yale sophomore named Joie and a maker of cloaks and suits who described himself as Isidore Wimberg. The fight this year was over a Follies girl named Yvonne. Isidore Wimberg protested that he had found Yvonne in a box. He said she had no collar, license tag or other fixture

which would enable him to identify her. He added that he had watched the papers for some announcement of a reward for returning her.

"Girls make wonderful pets about the house," he explained. "It's hard to teach them tricks, but they're very affectionate."

Joie, the Yale student, claimed that Yvonne had come with him and that he had left her beneath a chair in the box while he went out to pick a bunch of fresh fights for the vase in the parlor. Joie was costumed as Louis XIV, in black evening clothes, with a red sash around his waist. Wimberg had come in a raccoon coat as A Student at Yale.

During the fight, a Mr. Harold Virium, Princeton '27, departed with Yvonne. Mr. Virium, disdaining all pretense, just came as himself—democratic, plain old Harold Virium, Princeton '27.

At three-thirty a Miss Cixey of Dallas, here studying music, finished her second gulp of warm rye from a

hip pocket flask and was carried out, not protesting very much. She'll be all right in a few minutes.

Five minutes later, Tom Diddy, Harvard fullback and recently voted the handsomest man in his class, approached aristocratic Mrs. Mellinger van Imbringham, and putting his arm around her \$12,000,000 waist (which her father had imported brick by brick from Europe) drew her roughly to him.

One minute later Mrs. van Imbringham and Mr. Diddy were introduced formally by an old acquaintance and neither one of them had ever laid eyes on the other before.

The committee on Tom Diddy and Mrs. van Imbringham, to which much of the credit for the success of the affair should go, consisted of Samuel Untermyer, Max D. Steuer, Charles E. Hughes, Otto H. Kahn, the President of the New York Academy of Medicine, ex-officio, and Rear Admiral Charles Plunkett.

Rear Admiral Plunkett came as Louis XIV.—FRANK SULLIVAN

## OF ALL THINGS

WE gather from a recent serial story that the Wilsonian era was one continuous House party.

The Brockton judge has decided that Bimba was not blasphemous, as he admitted, but seditious, as he denied. His word seems to be worth, in round numbers, nothing whatever.

They have given D'Annunzio a mountain peak. This is quite all right with us and they have our permission to buy another nice cold Alp for Mussolini to sit on.

Twelve thousand carloads of hard coal are tied up in a traffic blockade in Jersey. If the railroads cannot move this fuel, they might, at least, get up an anthracite-seeing tour.

Babe Ruth has appeared for practice wearing the fashionable boyish silhouette. He is now scarcely as large as a Fifth Avenue bus. Landscape gardeners say that this is the greatest public improvement since Dempsey got a new nose.

This department has decided not to point a finger of scorn at the Chicago

crime wave. Our own town is possibly not quite spotless, and it would be just like some windy Westerner to say: "So's your old Manhattan."

The I.C.C. decides that the Nickel Plate merger would have been a good thing for transportation but bad for minority stockholders, so it is forbidden. We hope this disposes forever of the quaint old superstition that the chief function of a railroad is to haul things here and there.

Ma Ferguson says she will run for governor again to vindicate the family name some more. She does it for the husband and kiddies.

According to Mellon and Hoover business was not concerned with the wild wabbles of the stock market, for Wall Street does not reflect financial conditions. The victims will be glad to know that what ran over them was not a barometer but a vacuum cleaner.

An A. P. dispatch to the *Herald Tribune* says that Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst has been urged to run for parliament and that Lady Astor has

offered to give up her seat. The *Times* has much the same story only the heroine is Christobel Pankhurst, not her mother. If this is an open game, our guess is Sylvia.

The Prince of Wales has gone out riding again but we warn H.R.H. that his old act will get him no publicity in this quarter. If the Prince bites the dust, that is no longer news.

We are happy to hear that Passaic and Clifton, New Jersey, have put an end to the disgraceful police riots. The cops got so violent that it was almost impossible for decent, law-abiding textile workers to hold a strike.

Our state government is about to reform and lead a better life, the church and the theatre are going to cooperate to clean up the stage, Miss Liberty is not to wear a frivolous wrist watch, stocks are recovering from their slump and the Roosevelt brothers are back entirely uneaten by the ovis poli. This, until further notice, is the best of all possible worlds.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

# PROFILES

## SEVEN CENTURIES LATE

FIFTEEN years ago the trustees of St. John the Divine were wrestling with a problem almost as acute in its way as the correct interpretation of "a house of worship for all people". They wanted to scrap the original plans for a Romanesque cathedral, which the Nineties had evolved, in favor of plans for a traditional Gothic structure, but unfortunately they had just completed part of the eastern end, at enormous expense, under the original design. And the problem was to find an architect who would be able to join a Romanesque false start with a Gothic conclusion and make it look as though that were the way they had intended to do it from the drawing of the plans.

So they called in Ralph Adams Cram, who was accounted then, as now, the foremost Gothic expert of the country, and he took charge. That he should be willing to take over the work of another architect who had been building the Cathedral for twenty years, aroused much criticism at the time, and there has always been a pro and con Cram contingent in his profession. Since then, however, his has been the guiding hand in the huge, slow process of bringing a cathedral to birth.

As much as any bishop has been responsible for the Cathedral as an institution, Mr. Cram has been its author physically. The superb mediæval fabric of soaring arches and lacelike stone which is beginning to rise on Morningside Heights is practically his creation. And as so strange a thing takes shape in the middle of modern New York one wonders increasingly what manner of man this is who builds a Gothic cathedral in the Twentieth Century.

The answer seems to be that he is the same in essentials as the original builder of Gothic cathedrals several hundred years ago, but this is a statement that requires explanation. On the everyday plane he is merely a furious, little man, sixty-three years old but looking less, and possessed of an

uncontrollable energy of disposition. There is an entertaining contrast between the two pictures; the Cathedral, calm and tremendous; and Mr. Cram himself, hurtling about his office with his green smock floating on the breeze behind him, scattering clerks and like leaves before the blast. At the bottom, however, he is an antique spirit in the times when the sky



*Ralph Adams Cram*

is choked with massive buildings—if you can say "astray" of anyone given to such uniform violence of movement. For thirty-five years he has been building churches as though the Thirteenth Century were yesterday. In defiance of the general and justifiable assumption a few decades ago that Gothic was dead, he devoted his career to preaching the supreme beauty and excellence, not only of the architecture itself, but of everything that it stood for. And he has played no small part in bringing about the Gothic revival of today.

To his New England ancestors, if they know what he is doing, he must seem a very child of the devil, grafted onto their grim Puritan stock, because of his diligent campaign to accomplish the reunion of the church and art. Into the ears of Presbyterians,

Baptists and Unitarians he has dinned the beauties of ecclesiastical form and ceremony, as opposed to "the horrible old Puritan meeting house arrangement", until eventually the thing has begun to take, and nowadays the Unitarians et al. are frequently found demanding ecclesiastical trimmings on their own account.

At present Mr. Cram is among other things consulting architect for Washington Cathedral, and he is also supervisor of all building at Princeton and Bryn Mawr. His pre-eminence as a Gothic authority is freely admitted by critics, even those showing slight traces of human annoyance because Mr. Cram admits it so freely himself. And his position rests upon the fact that he is no mere imitator, erecting the dead bones of a perished art.

He builds a living Gothic, not copying the work of the mediæval period so much as continuing it. And he can do this, because he is a persistence, almost a reincarnation, of the same forces and beliefs which created the glories of Rheims and Amiens and Chartres.

He is an ardent churchman, for one thing, formerly of the Episcopal persuasion. But his actual allegiance is to an institution which exists nowhere on earth today—the Catholic church of the Middle Ages. A few backward turns of the wheel and you can picture him easily, an active, disputatious Benedictine abbot, somewhere in England or France, building churches and abbeys for tourists to stare at centuries later. But destiny slipped up seven hundred years or so, and here he is, very angry with the modern world for being modern, and assuaging himself as best he can when he goes abroad by taking refuge for a time in some of the Benedictine monasteries that are still to be found in Europe.

It is not, however, only religious institutions which attract him. He is fascinated by every surviving relic, everything which pertains to mediævalism, whether it is natural or, as in one case, supernatural. He was

enormously interested in the extraordinary affair at Glastonbury Abbey a few years ago, in which certain archaeologists were assisted in their excavations by directions, in automatic writing, purporting to come from the spirits of monks who used to be about the place. Mr. Cram was acquainted with the case, and threw in the weight of his prestige and experience to back the spirits.

He is not a mystic, although some of the foregoing may sound like it. Mysticism implies a refuge from uncertainty, or a reaction from too much certainty, and Mr. Cram is not troubled that way. He bristles with certainties. Chief of them is that the mediæval period was incomparably the finest flowering of Christian civilization to date, and that the world will eventually see the error of its present ways and turn back.

Architecture doesn't begin to get it all off his mind, and at frequent intervals he takes to print. He has a theory that history moves in cycles of five hundred years, and that the present cycle, which began in 1500 with the Renaissance, is drawing to a close. And just as the Renaissance went back to the classical epoch for its starting point, so the next era, he is convinced, will go back to mediævalism.

His intolerance, on paper, is epic, immense. He always refers to the Renaissance, disdainfully, in terms of an unmitigated disaster which overtook human culture and progress. And all the institutions of modern life, which he conceives sprang from it, he dismisses in the same way.

"A city of over 100,000 population is a menace," he pronounces. "A city of over a million is a crime."

The solution of everything is the One Church—and monasticism. Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. The discipline of the monastic orders saved the world once, and they will save it again. The mortification of the flesh and spirit, and especially celibacy, are just what the world needs right now. Thus Mr. Cram, as a victim of Benedictine repressions. As a practical citizen of the Twentieth Century, however, he has a wife and five children.

When it comes to present day religious affairs, he is an Anglo-Catholic of a particularly virulent order. His inclination is so very High that in comparison with a merely ordi-

nary High Church partisan like Bishop Manning, he is on an utterly different plane. In his opinion, any denomination which does not accept all the Seven Sacraments, from baptism to extreme unction, has departed from Christianity. In fact, he would have the Anglicans go back to the mother church, Pope and all. But he would "let the Presbyterians in too," he specifies, on this or any other scheme of redemption.

"Good people, Presbyterians," he muses tenderly. "I like to work for them. When it comes to"—another denomination which he mentioned by name, but we are not so undiplomatic—"I had one experience, and I made up my mind never again. Have to draw the line somewhere. But Presbyterians are good people." Among other things, it seems, this sect especially is becoming broadminded as regards ecclesiastical decoration. "When I build a church for Presbyterians, I say to them, 'I have designed this church so that when you see the light you can turn it into a Catholic building at a very few thousand dollars expense.'"

Incidentally, Mr. Cram is the son of a Unitarian minister.

It must be stated also that he is far from being a flawless character. He is arrogant, impatient, high-handed and egotistical. It is alleged by the fairly numerous body of citizens who do not love him unduly that his attitude in professional matters is "agree with me or get off the earth!" and a vivid color is lent to this charge by his recent fracas with the American artists whose feelings were injured because he had hired an English sculptor for some work on St. John the Divine.

His reply was that if any artist tried to dictate to him who should or should not be employed on the Cathedral, he would see to it that said artist

was barred from work there himself. He is really outrageous—or would be except for a faint, faint suggestion, which escapes his more acrimonious critics, that he knows it quite well all the time.

He is not, it is often observed, one of your coy celebrities who pretend they are loth to be interviewed. He is quite willing to talk, and he does talk, torrentially. But while he has, to put it mildly, no false modesty, you never have the feeling that he is seeking publicity; rather that talking is just one more outlet for the pressure within. He is so seething with ideas and convictions that he explodes into any convenient form of expression at the slightest provocation.

In the intervals of planning cathedrals, lecturing at universities and addressing meetings of the Catholic party, he turns out a varied and voluminous flow of literature. He writes fluently, sometimes brilliantly, his own version of philosophy, social theory, architecture, religion and the Great War. All these subjects inspire him to the same thing, and that is to scold civilization for its errors and preach his remedy. As even this is not enough, he has produced volumes of ghost stories, poems, blank verse, dramas on Arthurian subjects, and lurid stories of adventure under an assumed name—which are not nearly so bad as they ought to be.

Yet all these things together do not seem to relieve a prodigious restlessness of spirit; the restlessness of an energetic idealist set down in a world of which he cannot fail to disapprove. He would have disapproved almost as volubly in the Thirteenth Century as he does in the Twentieth, but he prefers to ignore that. His principal emotion, on being confronted with life as it is, is objection, and he objects frantically. He abhors the dead-levelling of democracy, and he criticizes the injustices of caste. He detests the Renaissance, while maintaining a stout though theoretical loyalty to the Catholic church, which is today more than anything else a creature of the Renaissance. He doesn't always know just what he is objecting to, but anyway, he objects.

And out of all this fulmination of protest and contradiction, all over the land his churches rise, serene, beautiful, sure.—HELENA SMITH



© 1924 by Helen Smith

## SWEETNESS AND LIGHT



At the door you are met by an ancient retainer—she of the neat black uniform and unfrivolous apron, her wrinkled Irish face exuding the welcome of the maternal spinster. “And how air ye today Mrs. —? It’s iligant weather we’re havin’,” in a rich brogue that is meant to comfort and warm with all its implication of deference and respectability. Next the trim secretary comes forward—smart, efficient, disgustingly healthy and pleasant-faced. “Yes, Mrs. —, the doctor is a trifle late today.

“There are three others ahead of you. And you are five minutes early, are you not?” You sink rather heavily into a luxurious chair. Wouldn’t you just give anything to see that secretary out of sorts for once or to hear the Irish maid say the day was vile? You know that you yourself are cross, that the weather is unspeakable, that the chair is too darned comfortable, that you wish to heaven you never were born.

THE waiting room is a careful study in interior decoration—black, yellow and white printed linen curtains with a good design of tropical birds and trees, chairs and sofas done in the same cheerful pattern, ferns, ivy at the windows, a fire-place with an open fire, a huge table covered with magazines, no pictures on the wall, no typical doctor’s office photographs of the “Coliseum” or Watts’s “Hope” reclining on the world. After all it does mean something to have a doctor of taste who has the sense to make his waiting room something more than a hole of horror. Your temper slightly improves until you pull yourself up with a jerk lest that infernally cheerful atmosphere should “get” you again. No, it takes determination but you *will* be cross, nobody *shall* stop you. The corners of your mouth droop.

However, there are the three ladies ahead of you to be inspected. Ah, here is real sport. Just what is their status? That one by the fire —

heavens—her infant should arrive any moment one would think. That nervous little thing twitching the magazine, you’re willing to bet she’s never been here before. And the elegant lady in the svelte back satin dress—she is flaunting her figure at the rest of you. Yes, of course, because she’s a human being again, for the ancient maid is inquiring in unctuous and rolling periods for the “darlin’ baby”. You’d better get a magazine—there is a large assortment under the big lamp—all the women’s magazines, “The Care and Feeding of Infants”, *Vanity Fair*, *Vogue*, *Life*—let us be frivolous while we may—and one concession to the intelligence, *The Literary Digest*—a careful choice, since the doctor distinctly deprecates thought at such periods.

Well, they are making progress, the new little lady has advanced to the doctor’s office, the svelte creature to an examination room, and to fill their places in the waiting line, two new arrivals, one a vision in sable who creates a stir. All the rest of you realize that here at last is one of the doctor’s famous patients of theatrical or Hollywood circles. You rack your brains—who *is* she—can she really be —? This is exciting, this is inside dope with a vengeance—can she really be going to have—? No one has the *least* idea of it and she playing on Broadway every night. You begin to plan just how many people you can regale with your gossip in the next twenty-four hours.

At last your turn. The secretary starts you on your way and a rosy cheeked, golden haired trained nurse in cap and uniform carries you along, with more cheeriness. She is Scotch—you wonder whether the doctor plans these various accents as a part of the careful setting of the whole. She is young, healthy, the perfect combination of friendly brightness and scientific efficiency. And she is tender, solicitous—there is just a note of commiseration in her voice to satisfy your self importance. After all you can’t be a gloom all day and there is some fun in being a patient, an object of interest and care. You positively begin to revel in the whole business— isn’t it the only time in your healthy existence that you’re allowed the luxury

of a specialist? You decide to make the best of it.

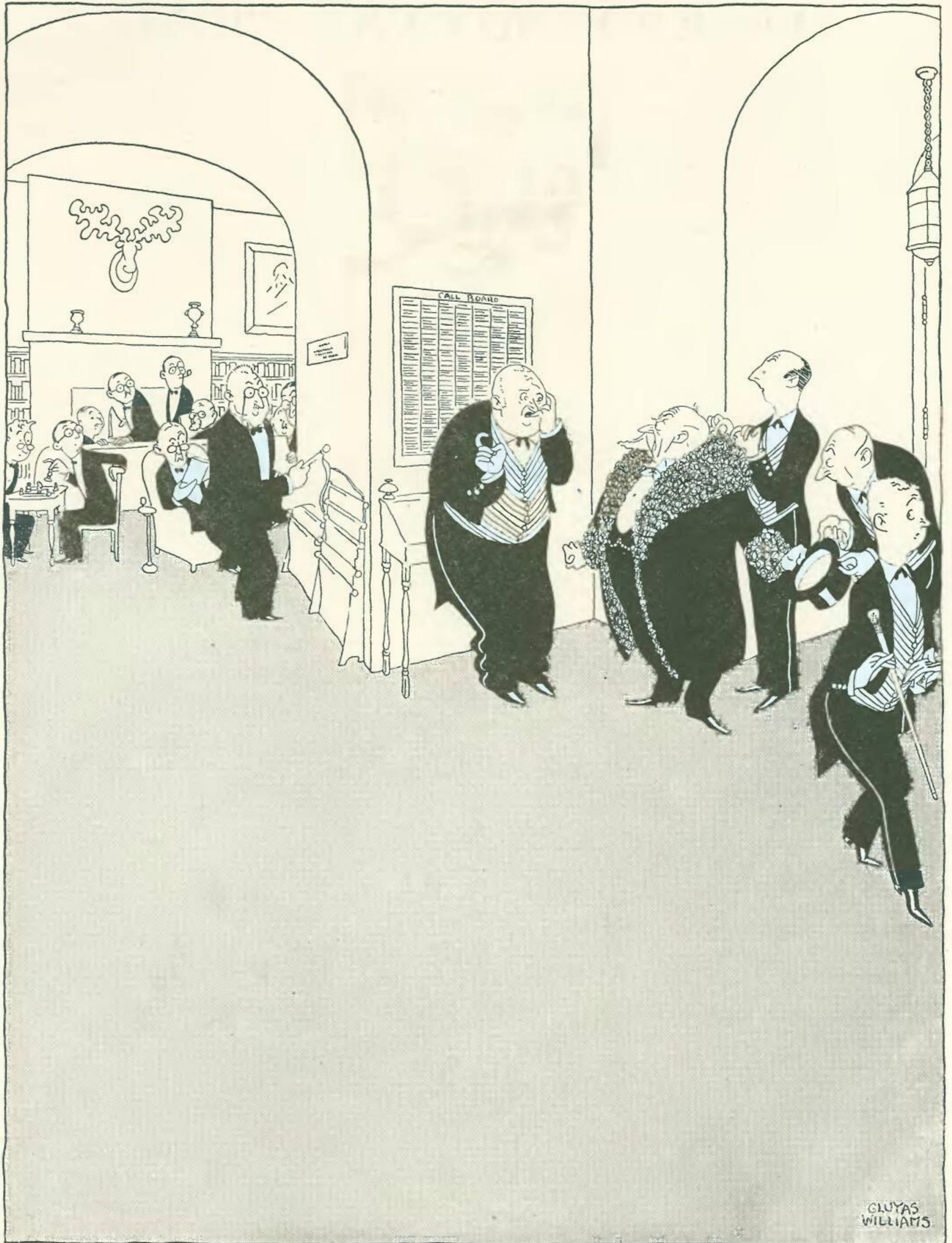
In the doctor’s office you find his assistant, young, handsome, well-groomed, who asks a few insignificant questions. At last he goes out to give place to the great man himself. What a spectacle!—rotund, prosperous, humorous, a twinkle in his eye, a flirtatious heartiness in his voice. This is the stuff! “And how is the new cook? Aha, I *knew* you’d get a good one if you went to my favorite agency. You know I find that an important part of my business—getting my patients good cooks—Now listen—I’ve been saving the *grandest* story for you. I knew you were just the person that would appreciate it,” etc., etc. Yes, you certainly must be a favorite patient—and after all perhaps you’re not in such a disgustingly unattractive frame of mind and body as you’d begun to think—Now if John could only treat you that way—But husbands never can—All too soon the golden moments of the great man’s presence speed away. Your allotted ten minutes are over—he’s said that everything is going just splendidly—come again in two weeks—off you go—a new appointment from the secretary, tender farewells from the nurse and maid. You actually smile as the door closes behind you—one more victim to the system of sweetness and light.—ANGELINA

•  
POET REDUCED TO THE  
CLICHÉ

If I say *copper*,  
That has been said:  
Many a lady,  
Beautiful, dead,—  
Shook out a torrent  
Of hair that was red.

If I say *sunlight*  
*Drenched in a pool*,  
That is the chatter  
Of any young fool,—  
Cynthia’s ringlets  
Were never so cool.

If I say *amber*,  
That is too cold,  
The color I’m meaning  
Has never been told:  
Cynthia’s tresses  
Are,—well, they are *gold!*  
—PATIENCE EDEN



GUYAS WILLIAMS

THE DOORMAN WHO FORGOT THE NAME OF THE OLDEST MEMBER

## THE HOUNDS OF SPRING

YOU can get what you want out of Florida, if you know where and how to get it. . . . Without context, that observation is doubtless as misleading as the gifted Miss Lipstick's observation that you get out of a night club whatever you put into it, a statement which she would have qualified if she had been used to paying the check. There are some hundreds of thousands of people, just now, who are wondering how they are going to meet the second payments on that Florida land which the agent assured them they could resell at an enormous profit long before the second payment was due. But they didn't know how and didn't know where, as those who did resell before the second payment will gladly tell them.

You can get what you want out of Florida, I repeat—but it is appalling what different and extraordinary things different people want out of Florida. Mr. Roulstone of the Parks and Playgrounds Association might profitably organize a branch Society to Prevent the Misuse of Florida. For when earth's last subdivision is subdivided and the youngest realtor has died, Florida will still have the sunshine and the Gulf Stream; and when the mention of resale at a profit brings the spontaneous laugh that is now provoked by mention of a prohibition agent's virtue, Florida will still have its steady customers—the hounds of spring, the citizens who make the belated discovery, along about groundhog day, that the northern winter is unendurable, and resolve to go south till they meet Persephone returning.

They can find her, if they will only go far enough; and their tragedy is that most of them stop too soon. They stop in Palm Beach, or in Miami; excellent towns, with numerous merits, but not the place for the hounds of spring, whose desire is not to dine with Mrs. Stotesbury or see Flo Ziegfeld's bathing suit, nor yet to enrich themselves by a ticket on the hazardous running horse or the still more unpredictable racing greyhound. If you want spring, you must come to the Keys.

Three days out of four, you will find spring in Palm Beach and Miami; but Palm Beach and Miami (says the



East Coast veteran of two years' standing) are not what they used to be. They are being ruined by the same thing that ruined the praiseworthy climate and admirable scenery of Southern California—by the influx of the human race. Palm Beach was served both well and badly by last year's fire which got rid of two big wooden hotels and a mass of wooden shops—well, because it was time those eyesores were removed; ill, because the fire merely cleared land for a building boom already too feverish.

ONLY two years ago, Palm Beach was almost as peaceful as, say, Pride's Crossing, Massachusetts; your wheel chair or your bicycle was safe anywhere in town, even on Main Street. Now hotels, apartment houses, new villas, flourish everywhere; traffic jams half the streets, the populace swarms, gilded and otherwise, and quiet is forgotten. Already, at least two ambitious developments further down the coast are planning to siphon society off from the bubbling cask of Palm Beach and bottle it up under new trade-marks—rival developments, which play Mrs. Horace Dodge against Mrs. Gurnee Munn, and trump the King of Greece with Gilda Gray, while the astute Mrs. Stotesbury lets herself be claimed by both.

There is, of course, a Palm Beach that neither weeps with delight when Mrs. Stotesbury gives it a smile, nor trembles with fear at Paris Singer's

frown, because it never has the chance. There are, in brief, the residents of the Royal Poinciana; concerning most of whom one may paraphrase the famous mot of Lady Muriel and observe that they shouldn't be allowed in Florida, it's much too good for them.

They sit around the lobby after dinner, en masse, the provincial noblesse of Grand Rapids and Kansas City, of Rochester and New Britain and East Liverpool; with glossy shirt fronts and smoldering Coronas, their women overdressed and underclad, displaying massive legs and acres of dinner rings; all centered, like the flower beds in a formal garden, around a piano of ivory paint and gilded scrollwork and Watteauesque designs, a piano which, said a young woman endowed with insight, looks like any of the guests.

Here, in effect, is the true Upper Crust; the Best People of the thousand cities that make up the real America, the continental United States to which New York, as much as London, is only a city on an island in the Atlantic. Here they are; they swim at the Casino and look at each other; they play golf and look at each other; after dinner they sit around the Poinciana lobby and look at each other until it is time to go up the street and buy roulette chips and look at each other some more. Let them look at each other, by all means; no constitutional amendment prohibits it. But one could wish that they and most of the other residents might be gently removed to some other spot where they could go on looking at each other, and restore Palm Beach to the ease and quiet which it could afford only two years ago.

WELL, it isn't far to Miami. If Palm Beach is America As It Has Been Made, Miami is America In The Making; the type of any boom town, San Francisco of the Fifties, Chicago after the fire, Mexia and Burkburnett; even (olav ha sholem) Shelby, Montana. There is more to it than a boom town, of course; yet you don't have to be a traveler from New Zealand to get some amusement out of studying the process by which these states have been made.

Miami, despite the slump of this

winter, is still swollen and inflated with money; easy money, some of which is going as easily as it came. To the visitor from New York (provided he leads a quiet and blameless life at home) Miami offers much the same diversion as New York offers to the visitor from Miami. Miami, like New York, is full of people everybody knows; but in New York they are scattered over the five boroughs, in Miami you meet them all on Flagler Street, or (if your acquaintance happens to be ubiquitous and heterogeneous) at the North Beach, where the well dressed man will wear diamond rings with his bathing suit, if he has them.

You can go to the races, and sit in a Spanish stucco grandstand, and watch the horses gallop around a track ringed with cocoanut palms. When the horse races are over you can dine at a roadhouse if you've prospered or, if you haven't, at a hot-dog stand named, in pious memory, the Sawdust Trail. After dinner you can walk across the road and watch the racing dogs chase a fictitious rabbit; and, when the dogs stop running, toward midnight you can walk across another road and see the finish of the jai-alai games; and the same pari-mutuel machine will let you register your judgment at all three divertissements.

THE fair Lipstick above referred to would be run ragged if she tried to cover Miami night life, for it spreads over fifty miles of country. You can get anything you want, from the relatively quiet opulence of the Embassy Club and the Lido down to the old-time Seventh Avenue roughneck merriment of Jimmie Hodges; as well as much that you don't want, such as ex-truck drivers who have made millions in real estate and want to spend them where the Best People (whoever they may be) are spending theirs.

In short, Miami offers an admirably reminiscent holiday to the New Yorker who has got out of the habit of New York; but one which is in Florida only by accident. Miami has spring but Miami has interludes (brief and infrequent, to be sure) which approach perilously near the frost line. And if you want rest, neither Palm Beach nor

Miami is the place for you to seek it.

To find rest, to find spring, you must come on to Key West; come on to the jumping-off place—but don't jump off. For if you jump off you will land in Havana, where, however springlike it may be, there will be the races and roulette and night clubs and everything else you have already battled through on the East Coast. Key West is the Promised Land for the hounds of spring; and they'd better enjoy it while they can, for presently it too is likely to be spoiled.

HERE the sun shines and the restless breeze is balmy; here there is nothing to do and no social compulsion to do it. Here, among other things, is a hotel, as good as you will find in Florida, where a room with all meals costs about as much as tea for two in Palm Beach or Miami Beach. Even in Key West you strike a cool day now and then, but a cool day here is ten or twenty degrees warmer than a cool day on the East Coast.

Key West knows neither the Argentine who spendeth by night nor the Portuguese that wasteth at noonday. They pause, and look, and pass on. So does almost everybody. Three nights a week the evening train comes in; at dinner and breakfast the Casa Marina is full; then, after breakfast, the money-bees swarm to the Havana boat. And for thirty-six hours the Casa Marina is empty of all but a dozen or two of the hounds of spring, while waitresses write letters home on their empty tables all through the dinner hour.

What does one do in Key West?

Let the news serve as enticement to the elect and warning to the general—one does nothing in Key West. One swims—exactly one, if you want to know how many; one—returning to the general and indefinite—plays golf if so inclined, or fishes on the opal sea under a tropic sun; but for the true hound of spring it is enough to lie shirtless on the sand, soaking in the ultra-violet rays, or lie motionless in a rocking chair on the porch, smoking a Key West cigar and waiting for sunset to turn up the Southern Cross, like a four-spot in a cut for deal. The Southern Cross never does turn up, for celestial mechanics have decreed that it is not for Key West to see, but, night after night, the natives will tell you that only a fog bank excludes it.

AFTER sunset a little music, a magazine, a stroll on the moonlit sands, and so to bed, with the ocean breeze blowing in the window. Here is none of the overdressed overanxiety of the Poinciana; the Casa Marina is in effect a country club, too quiet to be in favor with the earnest spenders and the serious drinkers and the younger set.

But, as always, the Golden Age is passing. A motor highway is building and it will annex the Keys to the Continent in more senses than one. When that road is opened then may the Key Wester say, the time of the singing of bird dogs is come, and the voice of the realtor is heard in our land. Then the Casa Marina will fill up, and the gay weather-worn wooden houses of Key West will give way to stucco imitations of the Alhambra in pink and green and blue. When that day comes the seeker for quiet will have to hire himself a diver's suit and go down in the deep (safe enough by that time, for the realty business will have absorbed all the sharks). But not even the crowds can kill the climate of the Keys. Here Persephone builds her winter home and here you can wait and go north with her.

For whatever crowds may come to the Keys there will, thank God, always be people who will want a house near Mrs. Stotesbury. Perhaps we spring hounds may some day be thankful that Florida can be all things to all men.

—ELMER DAVIS





### THE FINAL POT SHOT AT THE GREAT GATSBY

How Owen Davis makes Drama out of Scott Fitzgerald's romantic vulgarian, the great bootlegger and the near-great lover, at the Ambassador Theatre. Here depicted are James Rennie writhing in the noble agonies of his small catastrophe and Florence Eldridge whooping large whoops in an effort to get away without too much Long Island mud on her reputation.



*Still Waters of Washington  
and Still Stiller of Venice—  
Until the Utterly Utter of  
Nirvana.*

WITH the loving eyes of all the hotel keepers, the partially retired brewers and other American idealists upon it, Augustus Thomas's very wet propaganda play, "Still Waters", has come into Henry Miller's Theatre. Such as it is, it is a poor piece of propaganda. The dries may be proud of it. There are so many strange things the dries find to be proud of.

Subtlety was never a necessary virtue to propaganda plays. Neither "Damaged Goods" nor "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were subtle plays. They could not afford to be. They were products in their own lands, and they had to weep and roar and stamp the foot of righteousness without even noticing the worm of a sense of the ridiculous beneath their heels.

So, provided it starts some huge wave of reform on reform, the exceedingly silly time which Mr. Thomas's exposé gives you may be worth fuming about. Until then, look on it as a rather grizzly collection of tidbits about the scandalous conduct of Washington, District of Cognac. This is the sort of eye-winking prattle which constitutes conversation in your favorite speak-easy. Not much of it is fit for grown-ups and less of it for children.

The *Hon. Senator Clayborne*, representing the honest mint-julipers of the South, has declared himself anti-prohibition on the eve of his renomination. Whereupon the double-dyed dries do everything that you and I would think dirty to force his hand or force him out. Their handsomest move is to accuse his future son-in-law of violating the Mann Act. But they and everyone else are subjected by Mr. Thomas to the cleansing processes of

a gin bath, and justice rises dripping from the tub.

They act all this about as naïvely as it deserves—with the exception of young David Tearle as a singularly pleasant Britisher. They include Thurston Hall, Robert Cummings and the art calendar beauty, Mona Kingsley. Doubtless they can do nothing better with such a bibulous business.

Respectfully submitted to whatever gentlemen are interested in the effects of Mr. Thomas's play on public opinion and special legislation is the suggestion that they next revive "Ten Nights in a Barroom".

"SQUARE CROOKS", the new example of that ancient American—yo!—art, the "comedy drama", began simultaneously to divert itself at Daly's. It is a not so bad piece of routine writing by one James P. Judge, largely labored to start off with, but working up to harder and faster knocks as it goes along. You can have a fairly good time at it. That is, if you can still have fairly good times out of plays about honest lads who escape being framed by the detec-a-tives. It is local in its setting and in its effects. It has Russell Mack in it.

SEMI-PRECIOUS and sometimes plain paste stuff is in "The Masque of Venice", the more or less new comedy at the Mansfield. It is an English fantasy of life and love on the Grand Canal, involving two celebrated authors, royalty's ex-mistress, royalty itself in exile, a Maharajah and a chip of the old Casanovas. This fond collection of light and literary exhibitionists are industriously whimsical throughout the night, and, since the night happens to be that of a mid-summer fiesta, the bulbul and the cuckoo blend their notes to make what the author calls "an entertainment in three acts".

It is not quite clever enough. There are long exercises in gentle frenzy, abashed wistfulness, pretty writing. One or two gorgeous little drolleries do slip in, turn a handspring, and then, under the nice-mannered influence of all the Dresden china etiquette around them, snuggle up and hibernate. It all seems a bit like a gentleman trying to do the most intimate things in life without ever daring to relinquish his monocle.

It is acted with a cheerio amount of distraction by a cast which includes Arnold Daly, Selena Royle, Antoinette Perry, Kenneth MacKenna, Elizabeth Taylor and Osgood Perkins. Mr. Daly does some gleeful bouncing, and his wrist motions are no doubt the pride of the old school. Though the rest of his sayings and doings seem prodigiously stuffy.

Not to be taken seriously, I wish "The Masque of Venice" could be taken altogether gayly. It has a gleam, but only an inkling's.

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON'S "Processional" was a thrilling experiment which came off well and gave color and character to last season. Now, at the Greenwich Village, we have its illogical successor in the same author's "Nirvana", a loud local carnival of the obsolete religions and the new God-in-the-Electric-Belt who is destined to supplant the lot of them. As food for thought it is only thistles, and, of course, as a comedy (which is what Mr. Lawson intends it to be called) it is a nightmare of wrong results.

All the while I watched it I was miserably reminded of how one Charpentier, composer of "Louise", accepted very seriously the tidings that he was the destined interpreter of the youth of Paris, and brought forth that strange, lumpish sequel known as "Julien". Too many of his appreciators may have sinned in telling Mr.

Lawson too often that he has in him the restlessness, the irony, the stenographic poetry which alone can interpret the youth of America to the stage. Be it partly on their heads, this young imitation of Young Atavar come out of the Sunday School. As a still staunch admirer of "Processional", I may not cast either the first or the last stone.

Here it would be futility itself to try to tell what "Nirvana" is all about. The religions are in it—or, rather, much yelping at the religions. But likewise the poet, the scientist, the futile capitalist, lovers and lechers of all natural and unnatural sorts, roof-garden orgies and laboratory miracles. It is told in the frenzied, spattering mood of the previous Lawson plays, and now and then a sentence of lean, startling beauty does leap through the tangles. But the chief wonder of it is that episodes so lurid can amount, in the end, to such a dreary, fog-soaked parade.

George Abbott, called in at the last moment to shed light and discipline, has done what he can to direct "Nirvana". The cast is composed of some

generally good actors and actresses in the almost always wrong rôles. The best contribution, after all, is young Mordecai Gorelik's scenery.

—G. W. G.

#### A THOUGHT IN PREFACE

SAID the Dispenser of Fate to the three virgins:

"Would you, if you were compelled to the choice, forfeit your beauty or your virtue?"

The youngest and best-brought-up virgin answered:

"My beauty, for beauty is so fleeting and virtue is eternal."

(But she was unbeautiful.)

"And you?" queried the Dispenser of Fate.

"My virtue," answered the second and worst-brought-up virgin. "For beauty is so fleeting, and virtue, being eternal, may be practiced later."

(She was lovely to look upon and glad in her loveliness.)

"And you?"

The third and eldest virgin smiled and held her peace.

(She was neither beautiful nor un-

beautiful, but the meaning of life was in her still smile; in the secret thought of her eyes, and, that radiant, immeasurable, subversive something which men call charm.)

"But suppose nobody ever knew," whispered the Dispenser of Fate to the three.

The first virgin trembled.

The second virgin laughed.

The third virgin kept inviolate the secrecy of her eyes.

To the third virgin the Dispenser of Fate spoke a word:

"You win. Those who say nothing can get away with anything in this fleeting world."—WARNER FABIAN

#### THE CRIME WAVE OUT WEST

I WILL PAY \$50 reward to the first person who can furnish authentic information regarding person who soaped the violin bow of Bob Watson, contestant at old fiddlers' contest at Astor Theatre last Friday.—*Minnesota Paper*

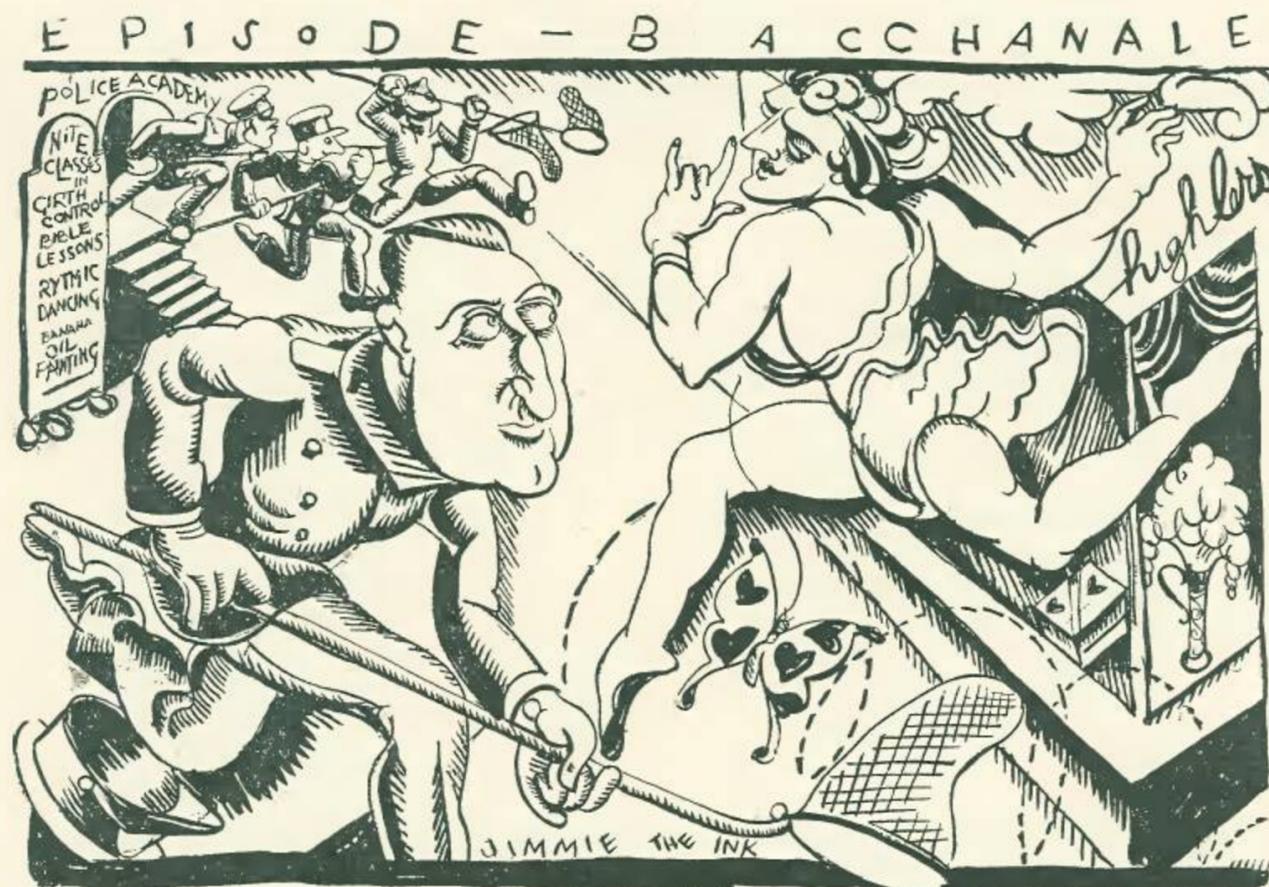
#### VERSATILITY IN FLORIDA

Two young men of college education desire work of any sort. Willing to do publicity work or submit to blood transfusions.—*Tampa Paper*



#### THE GRAND PASSION OF THE COALHOLE

Love, to the coalheaving Mr. Matt Moore, is no swooning obeisance to Aphrodite. It is the cracking of joints, the rending of sinews and the general smashing of heads. Naturally this is rather hard on Miss Marie Prevost, recipient of Mr. Moore's affections in *THE CAVE MAN*, a semi-lusty, semi-satirical movie. She survives, however. You know women.



MR GEORGE V MC LAUGHLIN STRUGGLING WITH  
THE CRIME WAVES ENCOUNTERS PAUL SWAN

## METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

IT TAKES ALL KINDS  
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

THERE are, for instance, the Typical First Nighters. They suggest a race of human beings not yet beheld on land or sea. During the overture the casual observer's wonder grows as to who on earth they are and whence on earth they came. Some of them look as if they might have been found under a board. Seated in expectant phalanxes they present a vaguely familiar front, like a painted curtain one observes frequently without identifying the detail. To many of them, missing an opening performance would mean loss of caste, unless a doctor's certificate could be produced to account for the defection. They would barter their birthrights for a seat in the sacred sections, but better a place behind a post in the eighteenth row than the admission of an absence of prestige with either McBride's or the management. The men, having taken the what the Well Dressed Man Will Wear columns seriously, are attired with a literal and vulgar correctness; their hair looks as if it were painted on their heads; they appraise the feminine portion of the audience with a fishy eye, and assume an artificial detachment in greeting members of their own sex; they stand outside in the lobby for no good purpose until after the curtain rises so that they may disturb everybody in their row when they seat themselves and show thereby a good-natured contempt for the proceedings on the stage.

The women go in heavily for liquid pomades; the more comely ones resemble those wax busts that coiffeurs put in their windows; they have thin black eyebrows and long gleaming fingernails, and no given one of them would any more leave home without her lipstick than a college undergraduate would go to a night club without a flask; during the entr'actes they throng the lounges, smoking cigarettes after the manner of *La Vie Parisienne* illustrations and commenting in their curious vernacular on the high lights of their world in a fashion which makes the good-wife-and-mother waiting her turn at the water-cooler take plenty of time to quench her thirst; diamond bracelets adorn their arms like service stripes, and many of them would seem to have been extremely gallant; their dramatic criticism is more from the angles of Freud and Madame Frances than from anything Freytag or poor old Aristotle ever had to say; they give an extraordinary impression of being "dressed up", so that you cannot help wondering what they look like when they have no place to go and what they do or say when they are at home. The holidays of Typical First Nighters are certainly sadder than the burial days of kings. I have never seen an army with banners, but the lobby of the New Amsterdam Theatre on the night the Follies opens ought to be terrible enough for anybody.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS  
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

—BAIRD LEONARD



## A REPORTER AT LARGE

### Scene: Wall Street

ON the second day of that curious episode which, doubtless, will be known to future generations as the Great Market Convulsion of 1926, I stood in the gallery at the Exchange and observed the affair as it proceeded. Plainly enough, something very impressive was happening. Crowds of men raced about the floor with that same seething, purposeless terror which one observes in bacteria which, glancing up through the brass tube of a microscope, discern a large and hellish human eye staring down upon them. The noise was constant but not monotonous: it had a thousand tones, blended into one stirring shout that boomed eternally against the high marble walls. You could never have told, without long experience in the noises and sights of the Exchange, whether those fellows on the floor were winning or losing. You would simply have known that something immensely important was going on, and that they were terribly excited about it.

A gong began striking for the last minute of the day. It bellowed and the figures on the floor scrambled more madly than ever, as if doom itself hung upon the bell's final stroke. At three o'clock, precisely, the gong was hushed. And the traders rushed for the door. Perhaps they were going home. Perhaps they were going to jump in the river. Perhaps they were hurrying off to officiate at a champagne party. They left several million scraps of paper lying about the floor, but I was assured none of them was important. It seemed inconceivable that so many slips of paper could go from hand to hand—slips representing nearly 4,000,000 shares of stock that day—without a few getting lost in the rubbish on the floor.

What I had seen, standing there between the hours of ten and three, was another of those Gargantuan shearings which Wall Street administers, when the fancy strikes it, to the dear little lambs of the world. The lambs—and a few jackals—went down to the tune

of something like a billion dollars in those five short hours. And the wolves of the Street sat back contented, if a bit worn out, to watch the lambs shiver a little while in the cold until they grew a new fleece and came back dutifully to have that shorn too.

The convulsion was both a simple and a very complex affair. A paradox whose meaning is: complex for those who did not understand, ironically simple for those who did. It was deliberately and neatly planned. It was deliberately and neatly checked, though by other hands. The analysis may be set down with the simple certainty of a problem in mathematics.

There is a fiction drifting up and down Main Street that Wall Street is a game of the Public *versus* the Insiders. That is hardly true. The real game is between the two factors, so to speak, that make up the Inside: the pool operators, clever and resourceful dealers in chosen groups of stocks, against the real giants of the business, men of genius, of illimitable financial backing and superb courage. These last, naturally, are few. The public enters into the calculation only so far as it provides the money with which the game is played. It loses always, because its ignorance and stupidity and cowardice in matters of gambling—which is speculation—make it fair game.

These things happened to precipitate the break:

Pools had been working on various groups of stocks over a long period, buying them in, inflating their prices by publicity, false tips, and all manner of tried devices, and selling them as the price soared and the public flocked to the party. But the pools reserved considerable portions of these securities, pushing them higher and higher, and intending, when the peak was reached, to unload. So the fatal Tuesday found them with quantities of holdings, all priced at the very top figure. Every one

of them was just about ready to let go.

Element No. 1 enters at this point: The public failed to show up at the party. The stage was all set for the suckers to rush in and take the high-priced stuff—but the public missed its cue. The reasons are obvious. The terrific period of jazz trading which has lured in everybody from bootblacks to bootleggers in the last thirty-two months had at last left the crowd breathless. The available public cash was all sunk into Wall Street's pretty paper, and the amateur speculators were ready, instead of buying more, to cash in on their paper profits. The pool men cried their fancy wares, and the crowd passed on unheeding.

Enter Element No. 2: The masters had been watching for this very moment, seeing it as the time when they might give a terrific thrashing to the pool managers—with the public caught in between. They had watched the jackals on parade, had seen them flaunt their banners a bit too highly, and were ready for the feast. Once or twice before, during the past six months, the big fellows had thought that the moment had arrived. They had started their play, tentatively—saw that the moment was not just ripe, and although taking considerable losses, had withdrawn to bide their time. The great Tuesday proved to be the day.

So, when the suckers declined to be tempted by Tuesday morning's prices,



"My Gawd it's cold, Chuck! Let's go to a church or a museum or something."



as they had so diligently been tempted month after month, the masters struck. The gong rang for trading, there was a moment's lull, and a flood of short orders swept out onto the floor. Jesse Livermore, let us say for example, offered for sale 10,000 shares of one of the pool crowd's choicest holdings.

To preserve their market, the pool operators had to buy. They were already in to the hilt, and at a prohibitive price, but they had to buy Mr. Livermore's offering or let it go begging, which in a few minutes would have the stock panting on the floor. So they bought—as long as they could. Soon enough, they couldn't buy any more. The short orders increased until they were a torrential tide. And when nobody could buy, the prices went down and down and down. And the stocks—a good many of them—were panting on the floor. Positively gasping.

The suckers—which in Wall Street's language always means the public—were wiped out almost before they knew the game was on. The pool men hung on a little while, until their banks began snapping at their heels. Then they gave in too. You observed the debacle that ensued.

Within two days, as you saw, the situation had been steadied. The banks did that. The little group of wizards who precipitated the crash had taken their profits and retired. And more than one pool manager, more than one brokerage house, was facing bank-

ruptcy. The banks, naturally, could not do much business if half their customers went bankrupt, or if the business of the entire country were frightened and subdued by a prolonged depression. So the banks came forward with cash to back the necessary buying orders which strengthened everything all along the line, and ultimately caused the rally.

But in that short space of time, worlds crashed about the shoulders of many poor fellows. Such a number had made neat little fortunes out of Wall Street since the sustained flight had been under way. They had bought in when it seemed incredible that the market could go higher. They had seen it go higher, and with jubilation and prodigal buying of limousines and summer homes, had decided that the high market was a permanent thing. The crash wiped out the limousines and the summer homes, and left thousands mortgaged to their banks.

Wall Street, in general, is a good loser, but in the brokerage offices, one could not help but grow sympathetic with the helpless, inexperienced boom-traders who had lost. There they stood: clerks, owners of insignificant shops, ancient maiden ladies—their dreams broken, their precious bank-books worthless, their brave plans for tomorrow's opulence gone all awry. Occasionally one was weeping. But most of the time they moved about uneasily, with dumb, puzzled faces,

waiting to be told what could be done about it. And always they were told, nothing. There was none of the usual knowing, half-excited, hopeful questioning of clerks. When they left at last, after confessing that they could not cover their margins and would have to be closed out, they went off with heavy feet, to stand a little way down the corridors and watch the others as they came out.

In one of the downtown clubs, a man fell dead as he watched the ticker. It was presumed that the jerking tape had told him of his ruin. Physicians inform me that always, in such a crisis, their duties increase enormously, and that this episode was not the melodramatic exception one might have thought it. It is quite the usual thing, they said, for unsuspected nerves to grow suddenly jumpy, and for heads to ache and digestion to go awry.

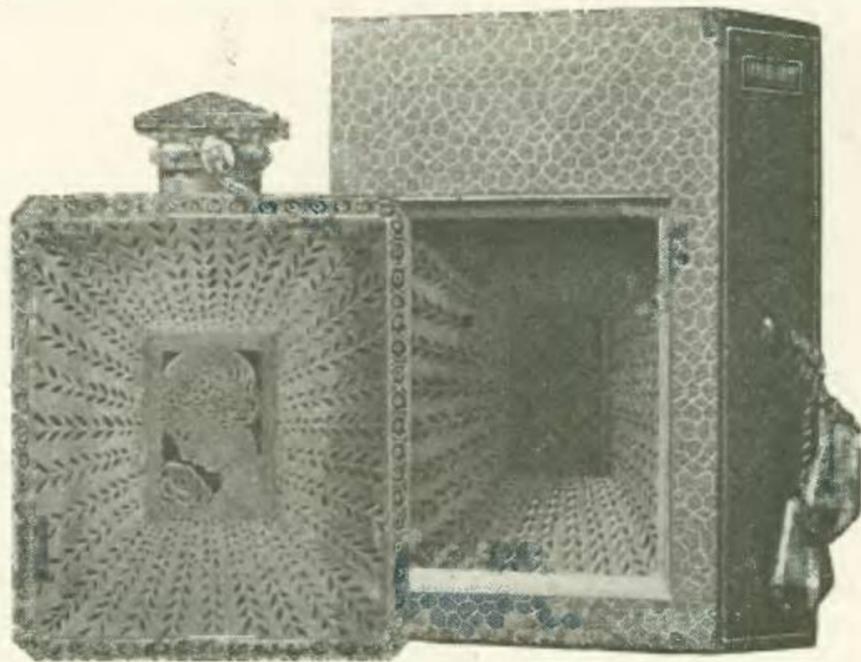
During those two days, many a stenographer pecked at her typewriter red-eyed and desolate. The faces of the very boys you passed in Wall and Broad and William Streets were long and gloomy. Reading your papers the Thursday night after, you saw with contentment that the market had survived the punishment, had rallied, and was strong again. But in the meantime, the innocents had taken their drubbing. They took it solid between the eyes, and they're still staggering from it.—MORRIS MARKEY.

#### DIED 1920

I walk about Trinity churchyard  
and I see many tombstones  
of beings who passed away  
years and years ago—  
"1720"—"1806"—"1753"—  
But here is one of demise  
recent and modern, "1920".  
One who lived and breathed  
not many days ago—  
who, like me, could have come  
out of a busy office  
at noon-hour—to  
stroll among the dead.

Now I wonder  
by what strange and queer whim-  
sey  
did this fellow elect  
to come here  
and live with these mossbacks  
of another age  
in Death?

—BEREL VLADIMIR BERMAN



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## ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

*Trifles to Greet Approaching Spring*

WHENEVER there is a showing of fashions like that at Lord & Taylor this past week, I invariably renew my time-worn battle with the Art Department, the gist of which is "Why won't you let me have an artist to draw sketches for my column?" This last showing of imported French models for the Little Salon was particularly smart and, as usual, should be seen and not described. But one may, at least, reveal the fact that there was fringe, particularly on evening dresses; a great deal of black combined with pink (one sports dress in this combination was especially good); and a happy letdown from the two-piece dress of the type we all know, and some of us love. Those that did appear were cleverly manipulated and very new.

High lights—a sleeveless, one-piece white tennis dress with a pleated skirt and an equally sleeveless wool jumper, horizontally striped, over it; an American beauty taffeta evening dress with huge paniers of self-material applied all around below the hipline; and an orange moire Paquin evening dress with two huge loops of the material caught up low on the left side in classical fashion.

The evening wraps were particularly interesting. Most of them inclined to the cape or shawl idea, made interesting by numberless disguises—draperies, shirrings, loops, and so on. The youthful puffed Pierrot collar predominated.

And, speaking of evening capes, Best is showing numbers of taffeta ones, lined or unlined, in every possible color to harmonize with sub-deb wardrobes.

BY this time, all of you who are up-to-date at all know that the very large, mannish handkerchief is the thing to wear with the daytime costume, and will be even more so with the advent of the spring tailleur. White linen ones with a black and white cutout monogram may, of course, be found at Mosse, at Kargère, or at men's haberdasheries. (This type would be the best, I think, if you in-

sist on wearing the man's tuxedo coat that everyone is threatening for spring.) You will also find, almost anywhere, very attractive linen handkerchiefs plaided in colors or adorned with a colored border.

I still maintain that linen is in much better taste than crêpe de Chine or—shudders here—chiffon, and that the straight lines of the plaids are better than figured patterns, but that may only be an eccentricity.

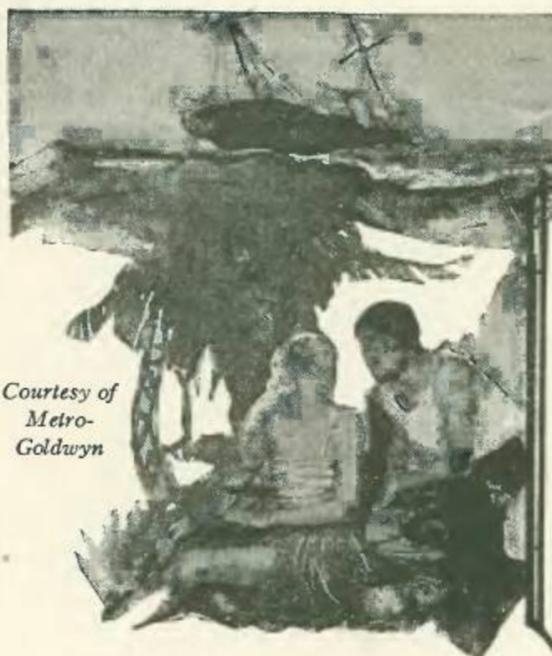
I am already tired to death of figured, short scarfs, however smart they may be. This is probably because all the bad taste that used to be evident exclusively in the selection of cretonnes or neckties for the lord and master seem to have been concentrated on their selection.

EPIDEMIC all over town of artificial violets, apple blossoms, primroses, and flowers that, outside of New York at least, bloom in the spring, tra la. Also a great many boutonnières, lacquered, or waxed to resemble mother-of-pearl for tailored lapels.

Also, unusually lovely organdie or feather flowers in every possible color are to be found at Saks-Fifth Avenue, whether your evening dress needs a new lease of life or not.

THOSE of you who find yourselves searching frantically for shoes to fit high insteps, round toes, and narrow heels—two of them aristocratic afflictions—will do well to hie you to the Vanity Boot Shop, at 11 West Fiftieth Street. Here, they emphasize the short vamp and the round toe without, in any instance I could discover, the stubby look that Broadway favors. You will find there opera pumps that do not cut you across your Castilian instep, and a wide choice of snakeskins, alligators, and lizards for the daytime. The familiar suède, satin, and patent leather are also present.

LEWIS AND CONGER is carrying a product, elaborately labelled "Allume-Feux Ecosais Perforés" to deal a final death blow to the wads of



Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn

Are you one of those who have "discovered" Conrad? If so, here is a chance to obtain a rare new edition of his works at a saving of \$140.75 over the famous autographed Sun Dial Edition.



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For example, Mencken says: "There is no one like him, no one remotely like him!" Galsworthy says: "His is the only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language to any extent." A score of other famous writers could be quoted to the same effect.

"He is a discovery"—Irvin Cobb

There is an interesting camaraderie among Conrad-lovers that is true of no other writer. His readers seem to experience a warm kinship of spirit with one another.

The bond that seems to unite them is the feeling of *having discovered something in literature different from anything they have ever read*. "He is a discovery!" Irvin Cobb aptly said. Gouverneur Morris expressed the same feeling when he wrote, "How I envy those who are reading him for the first time!"—and Hugh Walpole when he exclaimed, "Here, surely, if ever—is genius!"

### The Secret of Conrad

Without doubt, the overpowering appeal of these great novels springs chiefly from the romantic circumstances of Conrad's own life.

Brought up in Poland, an inland country,

THE new popular-priced Kent Edition of Conrad has just been announced. All other editions have now been practically sold out. Instead of selling for \$175.75 cash (the price of the famous autographed Sun Dial Edition), the price of the new Kent Edition is only \$35, and even this may be paid in convenient small amounts, if desired. It is, however, printed from the same style and face of type, it contains the same illuminating special preface written by Conrad to each book, and it includes twenty-six volumes instead of twenty-four—*Tales of Hearsay* and *Suspense* being added. Read below why it is advisable for you to subscribe at once for this new Kent Edition.

he had an unquenchable longing for the sea. So, as a lad he shipped as a cabin boy on a sailing vessel out of Marseilles, and for twenty years thereafter the open sea was his home. He did not speak a word of English until he was twenty. He did not write until he was almost forty.

Then, recalling the amazing experiences he had been through and the motley array of men and women he had met up and down the Seven Seas, he began to write, in English, his far-flung romances. He once modestly said of himself, "I am not a literary man." Yet, before his death he saw himself acclaimed universally as the foremost writer of his day.

### How to Enjoy Conrad Most

Conrad knew personally the men and women he wrote about—often outcasts, thieves, and wanderers in out-of-the-way places over the earth. He had heard their stories, often from their own lips. Some of his tales too—many of the finest—are largely autobiographical.

So, to enjoy him the most, one should read the fascinating prefaces to each book, which he especially wrote for the Sun Dial Edition. In them he not only gives his own estimate of each work, but tells how he came to write it, and who were the prototypes of the strange characters, who move through his pages. These prefaces are contained in the Kent Edition.

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This Kent Edition of Conrad—just issued—is the only twenty-six volume set of Conrad ever published.

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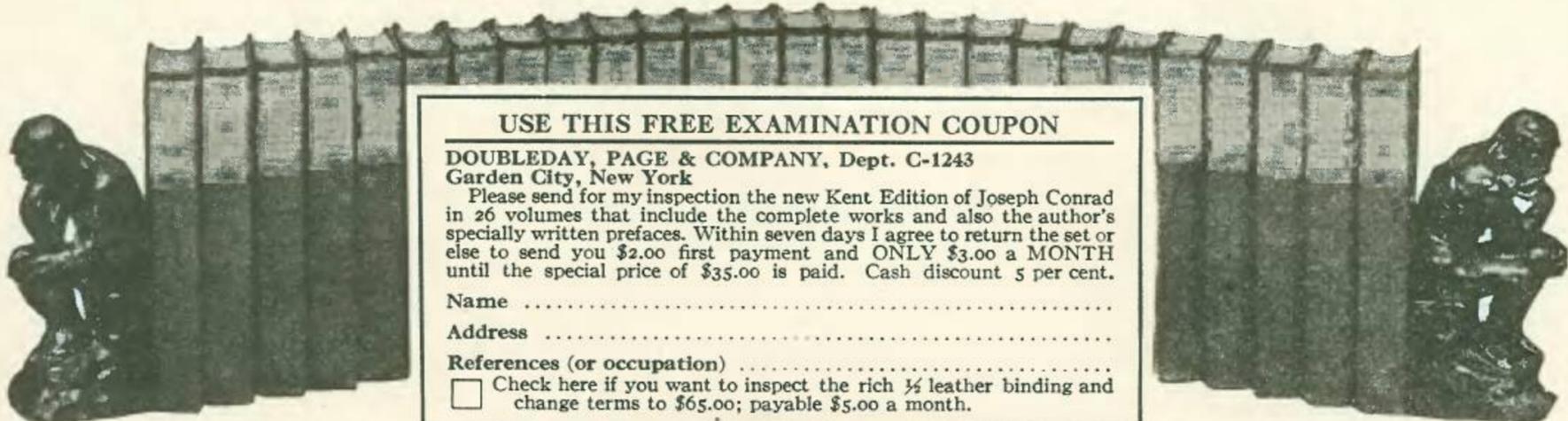
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newspaper and kindling and to the Cape Cod lighters (none of which ever seem to be filled) that are the invariable accompaniment of the first spring fires in country houses. These little articles, which look like dog biscuits with holes in the middle, are lighted with one match—only one, think of the economy!—in the center, placed under the logs, and behold, Mesdames et Messieurs, your fire!

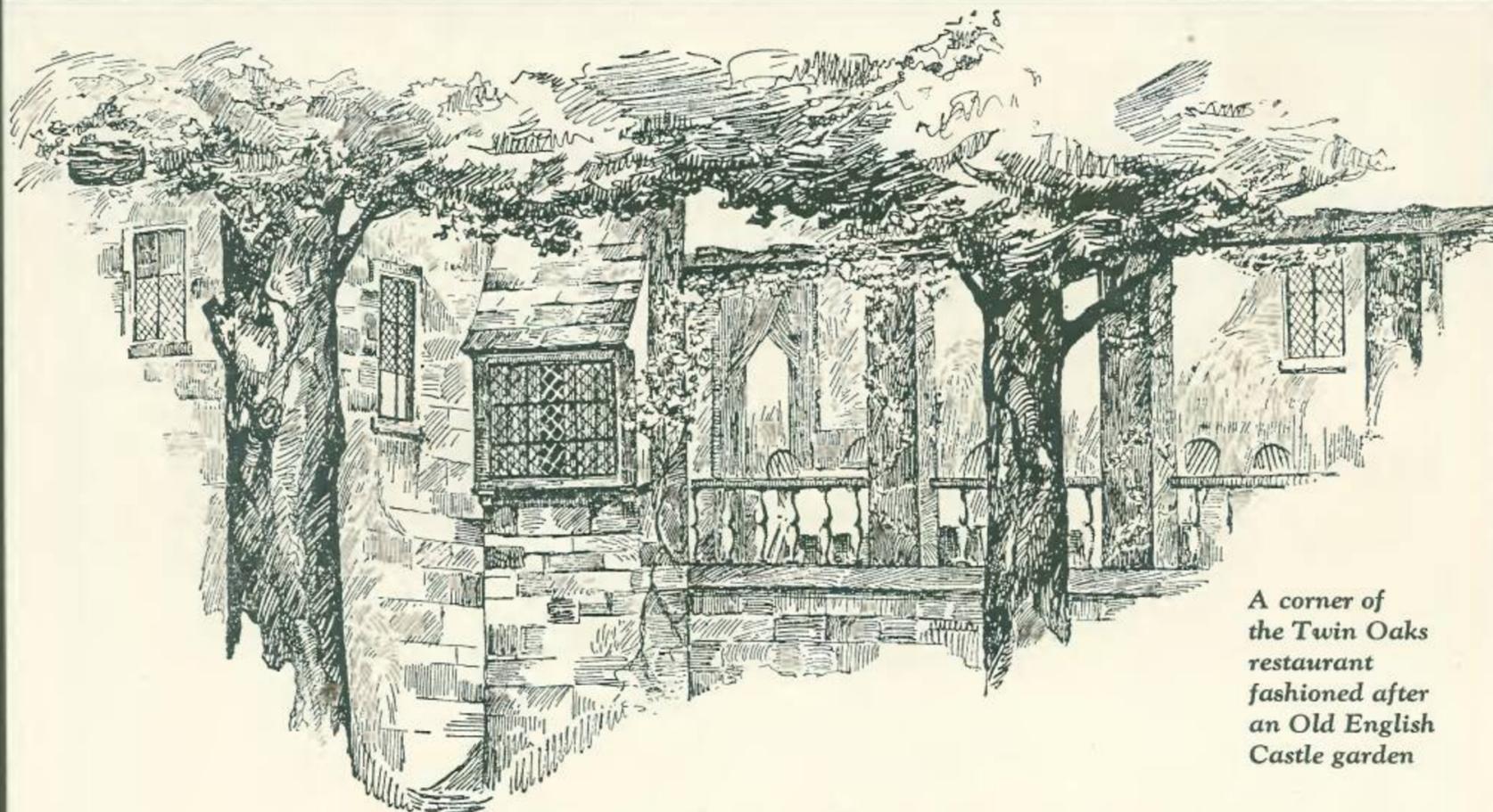
A SERIES of beauty products—new to me, but well known in Paris and to the smart New York woman who commutes thither—are the Produits Bertie, which are now on sale at Sterns, Wanamaker, Bonwit Teller, and Franklin Simon. These products are particularly noted for the fact that they contain no animal fats and therefore cannot possibly encourage the growth of hair on the face. All of them are good—the Crème Médiana, or foundation for powder, is a blessing as far as I am concerned, since it does not cake around the nostrils or give the face the sticky feeling that most foundation creams do. For this boon, many thanks.

Also, in these days when naturalness, however studied, is the rule, the Produits Bertie serve a useful purpose in combatting the temptation to overdo the use of makeup. For they leave the skin so soft and creamy that, in the daytime at least, rouge, unless very delicately applied, looks glaringly artificial.—L. L.

*As to Men*

A FEW, pre-seasonal, balmy days are sufficient for the shop-keepers; straightway they assume spring, and place on display the appurtenances thereto, let the equinox fall where it may. I counted at least six windows in which riding boots are being shown, although, indeed, the casual observer may well have mistaken the majority of them for flower-pots. Riding boots, your correspondent must insist, should appear to be of greater circumference at the ankles than at the tops, should be so tall as to hinder, seriously, the wearer's progress up a flight of steps, should take at least ten minutes each—plus hooks, powder and blasphemy—to get into. Any leather contraction less troublesome to put on is no riding boot at all.

AT Saks-Fifth Avenue, where they sell the imported and well-made McAfee boot, I was informed that



A corner of the Twin Oaks restaurant fashioned after an Old English Castle garden

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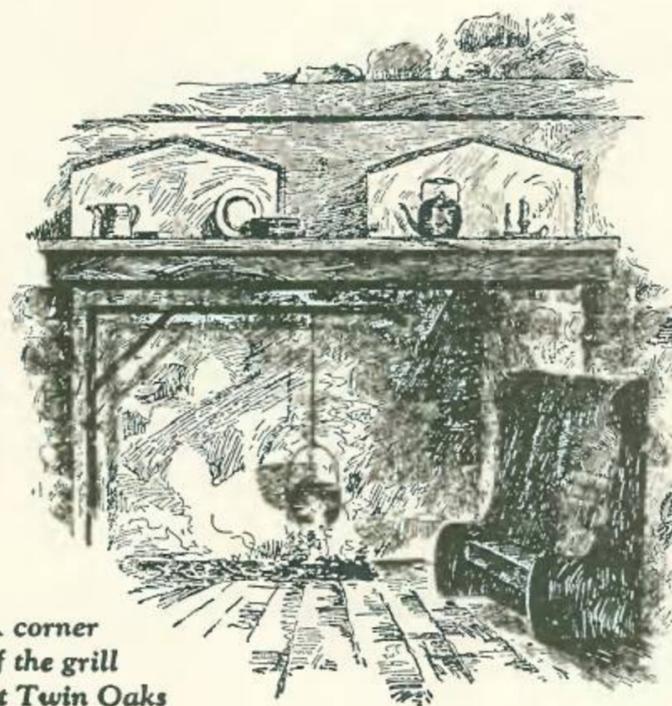
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NO COUVERT AT DINNER



A corner of the grill at Twin Oaks



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323 Worth Ave.

the British pipe-stem leg is not suited for American wearers. The hitherto incorruptible McAfee has designed for them a stock boot with an ample calf which—they tell me—meets the demands of their trade. My only reflection is that the possessors of such sturdy lower limbs might better have confined their sporting activities to roller-skating.

ONE of the best American boots I have seen is sold at the Nettleton shop in Madison Avenue above Forty-fifth Street. Copied from an English model, it is manufactured in Syracuse and costs only thirty-five dollars. While this department hesitates to recommend anything short of a custom boot for hard wear, the Nettleton model seems sturdy enough and should serve the purpose of the occasional rider.

TIPPED off by the amiable Joe Kerrigan, I visited the Irish Store at 780 Lexington Avenue to inspect their stock of imported serges, tweeds and homespuns. Here I found materials of cottage manufacture such as cannot be had in New York outside the shops of a scant half-dozen of the most expensive tailors. There are gay plaids, herring-bones and self-patterned tweeds, all smelling of peat-smoke, and surprisingly soft to the touch. A suit-length costs in the neighborhood of twenty-four dollars—a sound investment for the man who has been lucky enough to discover a trustworthy tailor.

THE Irish Store sells books, china and all sorts of merchandise from out the Celtic twilight. Its steamer and motor rugs are really extraordinary, thick, soft, of pleasant design, selling for between fourteen and twenty-five dollars each.

IMPINGING, ever so slightly, upon the premises of the Art Department, I mention the series of modern sporting-prints, by Cecil Aldin, on sale at the Ackerman Galleries at 50 East Fifty-seventh Street. The entire series of, I believe, six prints, depicting the Haddon Chase, is priced at only twenty-seven dollars. Cecil Aldin is also responsible for the small, hand-painted, equestrian figures mounted on wood, which make such amusing gifts for the polo player or hunting man.—BOWLER

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## MUSICAL EVENTS

*Why Not Try the Fourteenth Street Brand of Opera?*

WHO was it that enquired as to the present whereabouts of Eskimo pies? At any rate, they may be had during intermissions at the Nation Theatre in Fourteenth Street, where a grand opera cleft "The White Sister" is having an apparently prosperous run. You may also buy all manner of confections from courteous vendors while the curtain is down, and, if you're not inclined to invest in sweets, a gracious lady, got up like a white sister, will present you with penny postals on which you may write "Wish you were here" to your friends.

The Cav. Clemente Giglio is the composer of the new work, which has two virtues that should induce you to devote an evening to Fourteenth Street: a well-made libretto, constructed by Joseph Zapulla from the novel of F. Marion Crawford, and a general enthusiasm which covers many of the vices inevitable to opera presented at the modest admission charges prevailing downtown. The audiences come for no purpose other than that of having a good time; the singers bounce and bellow exuberantly; and the little orchestra rises after each act to applaud the performers on the stage. Not a few auditors bring with them babes and sucklings (this is literal, not literary); and when the youngest listeners furnish uncalled-for cadenzas, their elders hiss them down as if they were bad tenors.

Speaking of tenors, there are two of them, appearing at alternate performances. Signor Todini, who functioned at our visit, has an affable manner and plenty of loud, free top tones, and is considerably better than several tenors who appear in more renowned auditoriums.

There are three sopranos, one of



When it's a matter  
of good taste

Louis Sherry

New York

Paris

## The Water Tower

*Sing a song of springtime,  
Well, springtime more or less,  
Hope it doesn't snow before  
This issue goes to press.*

❖ ❖ ❖

The partaking upon the stage of supposedly spirituous liquors is rarely a very convincing affair. One usually imagines how an actor must come to dislike cold tea.

❖ ❖ ❖

And so it is well worth the price of admission to "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" just to see Donald Meek, as the landlady's bibulous little husband, take a dose of his own home made stuff. So potent is it, that it requires a mouthful of lump sugar taken simultaneously as a palliative. His ecstatic anguish would make even a temperance worker roll, as the saying goes, into the aisle.



Although cabaret tables fitted with little concealed troughs to hold one's silverware do not deceive anybody, they are a boon to the still self-conscious and an aid to more balanced dancing.

❖ ❖ ❖

### THAT CERTAIN PARTY

"Anyway," said Mr. Carroll, "it wasn't champagne, it was ginger ale," thereby dashing the hopes of more than one mineral water publicity man. And now, to keep abreast of the times, we suppose we shall have to quote AQUAZONE in case, carload and bathtub lots.

❖ ❖ ❖

### MORE MARITIME HEROES

The S.S. *Republic*, the only ship to leave this country on a dry cruise, is back from the Mediterranean.

❖ ❖ ❖

Almost every day now we hear of some quite experienced person discovering AQUAZONE for the first time and being surprised and even annoyed that such a marvelous mixer should have been previously overlooked.

❖ ❖ ❖

What are we to do? We always seem to be saying that it is obtainable from the best druggists, grocers, cabarets, clubs, and restaurants in New York and

Advertisement.

VANDERBILT 6434

whom, Miss Parisetti, has attracted no little attention from some wayfarers. Miss Parisetti was not on view when we attended, but her colleague did the title role with adequate routine if nothing more. The rest of the ensemble gets along amiably, and there even is a little ballet which is not taken too seriously. There are two conductors, of whom we heard Maestro Aversano, a talented young man who knows his score and keeps things moving.

The music is mostly in the early Mascagni manner with a few startling incursions into Viennese waltzes, and the scenery is on a par with the Metropolitan's setting for the mad scene in "Lucia". The eruption of Vesuvius at the end of the second act draws cheers, and the intermissions are of big league length. There is nothing important about "The White Sister", musically, but the fact that it has been able to achieve a run of several weeks (presumably it still is going) is a hopeful symptom. In such organizations we may find training camps for American singers who now have to barnstorm about Italy for experience.

### Popular Music

WHEN will Gilbert Seldes or one of his fellow explorers discover Walter Donaldson? There's no need for the canonization of this composer in high-priced magazines, for almost every music publisher in town is featuring one of his efforts. Among the recent Donaldson songs received here are "After I Say I'm Sorry", "I Wonder Where My Baby Is Tonight", "In the Middle of the Night", and "That Certain Party". All are pretty nearly "naturals", as they say down where the ukulele arrangements are made.

Donaldson is primarily a melodist, and almost every tune he knocks out is spontaneous. He invents no new rhythms and his harmonies are sketchy, but he has the trick of putting a punch in his airs. Perhaps the fact that he hasn't had much publicity may be charged to the lack of personality in his music, by which we mean that it's not easy to spot a Donaldson melody. But if you hear something catchy and well-made which doesn't seem to belong to Gershwin, Kern, Berlin or some other composer with a distinctive style, it's probably by Donaldson.



Swimming parties are the thing

Well known places where New Yorkers swim

—the Venetian Pool at Coral Gables; the Lido, Venice; the much lyricised Waikiki Beach; the Dune at Boca Raton; the coral strand of Hog Island in the Bahamas; Santa Barbara; Tahiti;—and The SHELTON.

THERE'S only one of these not affected by trade winds or the tides of travel. Only one that knows no summer or winter season. Only one that is right at home—the pool at *The SHELTON*, where both men and women may enjoy a swim every day in the year.

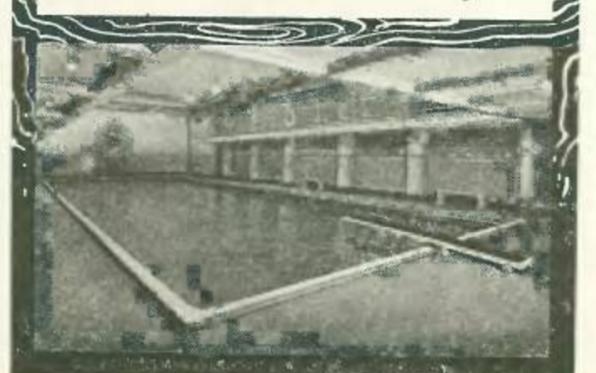
### The SHELTON

"A good place to live"

49TH ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

Mixed bathing after 11 A. M. Nights also

WATER TODAY 70°



COMEDY songs—this is a trade title, not necessarily a description—are coming in heavily for mid-winter traffic. The best of the batch sent to THE NEW YORKER are “Don’t Be A Fool—You Fool”, by the Messrs. Rose, Dixon and Conrad, which is amusing in spite of the number of old jokes versified into it, and “What! No Women?” evolved by at least four writers, which just misses being continuously laughable.

TO hand also are Vocal Gems—another trade title—from two productions not yet on view here: “Castles In the Air”, which is something of a riot in Chicago, and “Cherry Blossom”. Percy Wenrich’s score for “Castles” has one sure hit, “Lantern of Love”, and possibly a secondary hit in “I Would Like to Fondle You”. Bernard Hamblen’s music for “Cherry Blossom” is distinctly semi-classical—still another trade title—but after considerable trying it over on our piano, we haven’t been able to discover anything that sounds like a wow.—R. A. S.

#### WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

*Because* a bachelor may enjoy the tender, endearing phrases and words of adoration that fall so thrillingly from the lips of another man’s wife. His homecoming at night may be greeted with the glowing ardor of love’s own sweet song from the lips of a woman truly in love, and he may suffer the torment that comes when those same lips are parted in anger. He may know the ecstatic joy that comes only, when the quarrel is over, through the delirious sweetness of the “making-up” kiss.

He may know all this—merely by living on the courtyard of a modern apartment-house and keeping his window raised.—GEORGE ESHENFELDER

*Because*, when I asked a saleswoman in the book section of a department store “Have you any more of Tarkington’s ‘Women’ here?” she glared at me in the traditional manner and said “Sir!” and

*Because*, when I go to Columbia to hear a lecture on Browning, there are never more than fifty listeners; whereas a few nights ago Gilda Gray danced there, and four guards were needed to keep the mob out.

—B. E. NAYLOR

*To the lady who last night said:*

“I am certainly dead tired,  
and yet I’ve got to go out.”

MY Beauty Treatment has one peculiar power which is all its own. It not only makes a woman *look* refreshed and radiant, but it actually makes her *feel* refreshed all over.

As the young lady who writes for The New Yorker said in a recent issue:

*“The whole treatment takes perhaps half an hour, but the glow, the relaxation, and the optimistic sense of well-being through your whole body that follows it lasts for hours.”*

What is the secret? How is it that a woman can come into my studio at four o’clock utterly tired out and leave it at four-thirty with keen enthusiasm for the evening?

The answer is that the VV treatment restores fresh looks and fresh feeling in Nature’s own way, by stimulating the circulation. Not by putting a covering *over* the skin but by creating a healthful glow *underneath*, in the veins and arteries; by the magic of the VV Ointment, the soothing of the VV Oil, and the softening touch of the VV Skin Food.

I know that all this sounds too good to be true, but the proof of it is that a hundred of the best known women in New York have been depending on me for the last four years, using the treatment before each evening engagement. Through their personal comment and without a word of advertising or publicity, my clientele has grown.

I can just as easily serve five hundred women as one hundred, for after a client has one treatment in the studio she can readily apply the treatments herself at home. I particularly invite the visits of the critical, of those who have tried almost everything and still are not satisfied. And I am so sure of results that I will gladly refund the entire fee in any case where a client is not delighted.

May I have the pleasure of a visit from you on this basis? Will you drop me a card or telephone for a booklet? The telephone is Circle 4572, and I am only too glad to show the treatment and answer questions without the slightest obligation.

Sincerely,

*Vahdah Coats*

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*Not a trace of infection*

The dentist is equipped to detect the minutest indication of trouble in the mouth. He can prevent serious teeth decay and search out hidden poison pockets dangerous to the health. See him at least twice a year if for nothing more than to get a clean bill of health.

*Pyorrhea attacks  
4 out of 5*

Four out of five of your friends past forty, and many younger, succumb to the assault of grim pyorrhea. And carelessness alone is to blame.

Resolve today to remove pyorrhea's menace by brushing teeth and gums regularly night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums.

Forhan's keeps pyorrhea away or checks its course if used regularly and used in time. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which dentists use to fight pyorrhea.

It is a pleasant tasting dentifrice the entire family likes. It firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It cleanses the teeth thoroughly and gives them that sparkling whiteness which is such an asset to your smile.

Remember, four out of five is pyorrhea's count. Delay may mean no end of trouble and expense. Why not start today with Forhan's as a safeguard? At all druggists 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
Forhan Company, New York

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**FOR THE GUMS**

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE • IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



THE  
ART  
GALLERIES



*The Great Wall of Manhattan, or New York for Live New Yorkers.*

HUMAN nature being what it is, there should be some prohibitory status about this fair city—an admission tax of some sort that would call attention to the fact, now so casually accepted, that this is the greatest place on earth, and that it's all free. Restrict the citizenship to those who can look down any street and see more than mere sticks and stones, steel and structural things. Wall out those who look upon the place as merely the city containing the most gum vending machines. Wall them out or make them pay tribute so they might know of their daily heritage.

In nothing is the city so profligate as in art. Principles of economic gravitation have so drawn those who live with vision that nowhere else on this funny earth can so much abstract beauty be found. We were thinking about it yesterday, listening to Steiglitz talk about his Americans, in his little room blazing with the Georgia O'Keeffes. The amazing show has been so popular that its time has been extended another fortnight. But even with the thousand or two who have bent the knee, such a small per cent of the city's mass is aware of Georgia O'Keeffe. Here we have one of the few geniuses born of this generation which has played so much of its energy though shuffling feet and saxophones. Every now and then art turns a corner. We don't know the rhythm or tempo of the beat of time in this field. The last eruption of course was the famous armory show, a dozen years ago. O'Keeffe, more than any one else we have seen this year, thrusts forward the banner without removing it altogether from the sentimental eyes of the multitude. For after all you must have a following if you are to lead.

Psychiatrists have been sending their patients up to see O'Keeffe's canvases.

If we are to believe the evidence the hall of the Anderson Gallery is littered with mental crutches, eye bandages and slings for souls. They limp to the shrine of Saint Georgia and they fly away on the wings of the libido. Something for nothing: and, ah, if this city only knew how much, the reserves would have to be called out.

THOSE who don't read us, should this week, to learn that there is one of the best exhibitions of Albrecht Durer woodcuts ever gathered, now on view at Knoedlers. Their interest to us is mainly historical and the easily accepted knowledge that he was an artist of great strength. And, too, we once cut a Christmas card on wood, so we know Durer is good.

WE feel impelled to report on the International Stage exhibit. It may be a great show, but we doubt that you will ever find it out. With a couple of St. Bernards with brandy tied around their necks, some pemmican, gum drops, compass and Alpine staffs, you might come across something worth while. We have a suspicion that in the Russian sector there is some movement, but that too has been ingeniously camouflaged by the astute director.

The genius in charge of this exhibit evidently goes on the theory that anything organized is orthodox and old-fashioned, and that to be progressing one must follow a crooked line. The result is a woeful hodge-podge, brain-taxing scrambled mess of colorless, meaningless stuff. Surely nothing would be lost if the stuff were placed so you could see it.

BY the time the presses have run this off, two of the firework shows of the year will be to your view: The Independent at the Waldorf Astoria Roof and the Annual Whitney Studio Club at the Anderson Galleries. Last year, the latter affair we thought took the season's honors, while the former is gay and not wistful, and of such as sometimes gives birth to genius.

WEYHE usually ablaze with some new or accepted genius this week has a showing of the etchings of Walter Pach. They do not thrill us and we can only wonder if ours is the blame. But he needs no introduction and you can find him at Weyhe's.—M. P.



## FIFTH AVENUE

North Corner of 98th Street

*The Moderate Prices Now  
Prevailing Will Certainly  
Advance Next Year*

THE reasonable prices of land in this section led to rapid buying. Nearly all available plots have now been acquired. By next Fall we believe that all the apartments now available will be sold. Future developments must necessarily command higher prices.

It is now possible to secure 6, 8 and 9 room apartments at 1170 Fifth Avenue. They are at the present low prices. When you consider these facts in conjunction with the warm southern exposure and the attractive view over Central Park you will surely want to investigate. September occupancy.

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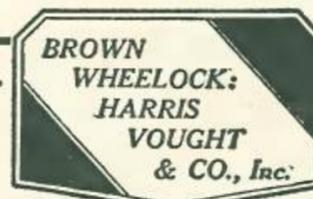
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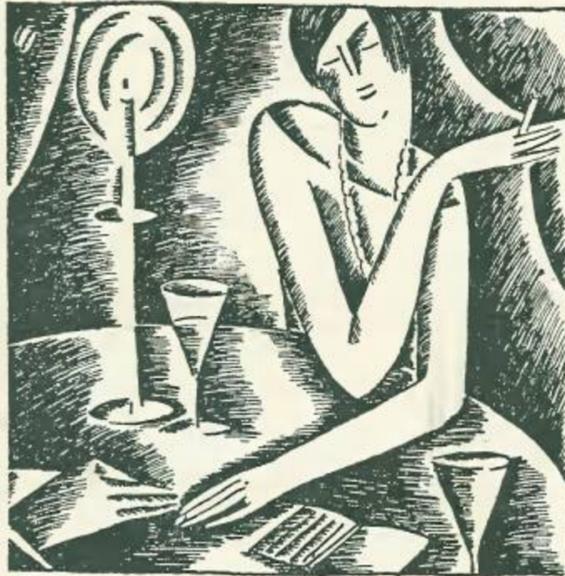


## LORDS and LADIES

IN their swaying coaches journeyed to the inns of old. The Tally-Ho has the environment and courteous service of vanished taverns and fare fit for a lord.

Luncheon, Tea and Dinner  
a la carte  
Sunday Tea and Dinner  
4.30 to 8.30  
Special Dinner, \$1.50

**The Tally-Ho**  
18 West 56th Street  
New York



## TABLES FOR TWO

*What to do Between the  
Demi-Tasse and the Open-  
ing of the First Night Club  
—Henry's and Parisiana.*

WITH many wails that they were tired of the theatre, bored with sipping too many cocktails too early in the evening, and fed up with bridge, poker, or crap games, a certain Society of Bright Young People has recently devised its own program for an ideal evening with a congenial party. The process begins at five o'clock, with the wine that cheers. At seven o'clock, when the rest of the world is climbing wearily into limousines or shrieking for taxicabs on corners, the party departs for the Shelton, and within the spacious pool disports itself until the amount of water swallowed exactly balances the amount of beverages consumed previously.

This usually occurs at about eight-fifteen. Then comes dinner, which we will flit over lightly since it is of practically no importance. After dinner, the party may return to the Shelton and make their quarters in the bowling alley until ejected. Or they may go down to see the Flea Circus in the side show near the New Amsterdam. Or they may buy standing room at a show and annoy the other standees.

WHICH may make a pleasant evening but my personal preference in entertainment between the demi-tasse and the opening of the first night club is the shooting gallery in Sixth Avenue, near Forty-fifth Street, the name of which appears to be

LUXURY  
COMFORT  
CONVENIENCE  
ECONOMY

2 Room suites with bath and pantry in Murray Hill's newest apartment hotel, furnished if desired. *Restaurant distingué.*

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OSCAR WINTRAB

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*Yes! and Judge,  
rate it as  
one of the  
six best!*



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## The Dinner's the Thing

A good dinner—a perfect evening!

A commonplace meal—and even the best show in town is but a feeble antidote.

Isn't it the truth?

And that's the best reason in the world for dining at Rutley's.

Food, the sort that makes the lights on Broadway seem to shine a little brighter.

Served as you would like to serve it in your own home.

**RUTLEY'S**  
BROADWAY at 40th ST.

"Come in and Shoot—Admission Free".

In this palatial place, the insertion of a penny in the slot will procure you disappointing views of "What the Burglar Saw" or "Tessie, How Could You!" There is also a photographer's, where the adventurous may get dressed up in sombreros and chaps and have their pictures taken leaning against one of those old-fashioned bars. There is a football game (one nickel, the half of a dime, the twentieth part of a dollar) in which the opponents work little levers and try to make their side of little tin men kick the ball into a goal. And there is the shooting itself, which I adore. Having—said she modestly—hit twelve ducks out of a possible fifteen, I now know why the police refused me that permit to protect me against burglars.

**HENRY'S**, at 69 West Thirty-sixth Street, is a New Adventure. In the first place, the cooking (which is Swedish, but both pronounceable and digestible) is simply magnificent, whether you order the two dollar dinner or select à la carte. In the center of the room, decorated with murals depicting lake scenes but otherwise simple and chaste in design, is an enormous table, laden with hors d'oeuvres and bearing the label "Help Yourself—But Don't Waste". And, much in the joyous manner of the Sunday buffet lunchers at the Piping Rock Club, you help yourself with never a critical waiter eye to regard your lavish enthusiasm.

The technical name for these delicacies, may I state, is Shörgåsbord, which may prove that the place really is Nordic after all. Though not a gourmet, I also recommend the Baum-Kuchen (Tree Cake) and everything—positively everything, that occurs in the culinary line between. We were served like lightning, and the people around us looked terribly nice. What more need anybody ask?

**YVONNE GEORGE**, having taken her triumphant way back to Paris, Odette Myrtil need no longer suffer by being placed last on the program at Parisiana. She is really a very nice girl, sings well, and plays the violin better, but, placed as she was the night I saw her—after Mlle. George, she did not show to advantage. Parisiana retains the ventriloquist with his dummy son.

Michel Dalmatoff, known to New

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WITH A NEW TWIST AND TURN  
THIS FAMOUS COUTURIER HAS  
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AIR •• MUCH LARGER LINKS • AND  
MUCH HEAVIER ••• IN STERLING  
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**John Murray Anderson  
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Offers a Special Course in Play  
 Writing conducted by Charlton  
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The only school of the theatre in New York offering such a course in conjunction with its other courses which comprise: Drama, Dancing, Musical Comedy, Scenic and Costume Designing, Fencing, Diction, Pantomime, Opera Comique, etc. The course will include both Lectures and Private Conferences. The following subjects will be considered:

Qualifications of a Playwright  
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 Kinds of Plays  
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Students of this course will be privileged to attend rehearsals conducted by the directors of the dramatic course, including Mr. JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, ROBERT MILTON, FREDERICK STANHOPE, DAVID BURTON AND JAMES LIGHT. The most promising work of the class will be produced by students of the school before the entire student body.

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**The Most Distinctive and Only  
 School of Its Kind in America**

York as the father of Katinka in the "Chauve-Souris", is the master of the whole ceremony, and very amusing he is, too.

As far as I can judge, Parisiana has the most Continental atmosphere in the city. (This, of course, only if you do not look at the tables around you.) In spite of this, the dance orchestra is inspiring and the five-dollar couvert graciously includes supper.

**D**EAR Miss Lipstick:  
 "As an ardent young man about town, one who prefers doing the Charleston to having it done to him and who has, to the best of his belief, been to every dive and divan recommended by you (I have even seen you at some of the places, so I know that you are not an old woman and "Tables for Two" is not written by a man) may I be given a third chair at your table for a paragraph or so?

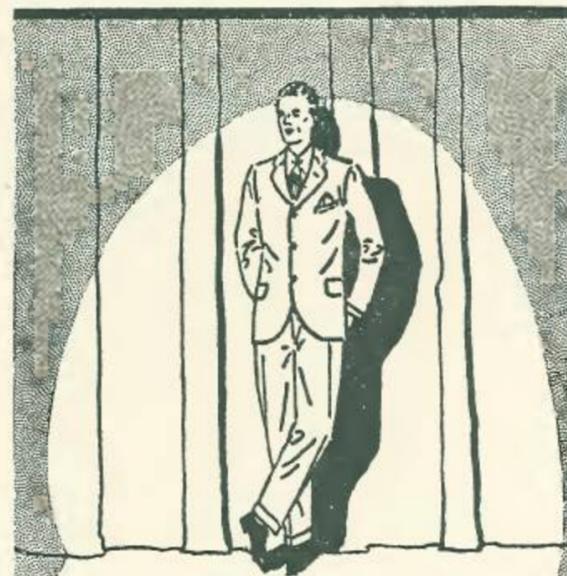
"The business of filling out income tax blanks has left me with a book-keeping complex ordinarily foreign to my nature. In consequence, I have prepared one or two statistics which may be of interest. For example, my overcoat cost me fifty-five dollars. During the past fall and winter, on a conservative estimate, I have checked it at lunch, dinner, and supper about ninety dollars worth of times. Similarly, I have paid my passage to Europe in taxi cabs without getting any nearer than Parisiana, Charlot's, and Katinka—which may, on second thought, be close enough.

"The food I have purchased, sometimes ten and twelve times before it was tardily and coolly served, would have probably spared Armenia its recent nationally advertised shortage. In passing, I do not mention liquor: there is a limit to my computing ability.

"One other thing, my dear Lipstick, there is in everything to be found in town a smack of familiarity. I am hoping that next week you will have a new repertoire for those of us who hang on your every hint.

"Very truly yours,  
 "P. G. W."

**R**ECOMMENDED for the Pulitzer award as the most practical man in New York—the gentleman who combines the professions of night club proprietor, bootlegger, and chiropractor. Honestly!—LIPSTICK



**C**LOTHES that always hold the spotlight of popularity. Conservative—distinctive.

\$32.50 to \$42.50

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 37 Union Square, New York  
 Between 16th & 17th Sts.

## Questions I am Asked

When should curtains be draped back?

What is the newest way of hanging them?

Should curtains hang to the floor?

What wall finish can I use in my breakfast room?

These are a few of the many questions asked me at my series of ten talks for private people only, which have been given in Colleges, Clubs and Private Houses all over the country. Among those who have heard and been interested in these talks are, Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick of Chicago, Mrs. Elon Hooker, of New York, Dr. MacCracken of Vassar College, and many others of note.

Applications for Lenten Classes to be held at my Studio are now being received.  
 Telephone Plaza 7648

*Edith Douglas Deane*  
 DECORATOR OF HOUSES  
 507 Madison Avenue  
 New York City

WE STAND CORRECTED

THE NEW YORKER:  
DEAR SIRs:

It displeases me to see my favorite weekly err in a matter of fact. You accuse the press department of the Metropolitan Opera Company of being guilty of promoting the news publicity which preceded the operatic debut of Marion Nevada Talley, of Kansas City, Mo. As to the press department in question, "C'est moi!" So you must concede me the right to defend "it".

What then is the truth? Simply this, that I had as much to do with the Talley preliminary publicity as the nickel plated spigot of your porcelain bathtub has to do with furnishing the water supply of New York—if as much! Not one word ever was sent out by the Metropolitan Opera press department regarding Miss Talley: her audition a few years ago, her progress meanwhile or her engagement by Mr. Gatti-Casazza last July, until Mr. Gatti announced the details of his programme for this season on his return from Europe last October, when the statement issued simply said:

"Mr. Gatti-Casazza also announces the engagement of the coloratura soprano Marion Talley of Kansas City who will appear during the second part of the season. As it is known Miss Talley is a very promising young artist, Mr. Gatti-Casazza thinks she is destined really to do honor to her native country."

Only this and nothing more. Kansas City, Missouri, did the rest.

Her future is in Miss Talley's own hands and, as I find her well stocked with good Middle-Western American horse sense, I personally have the greatest faith in her. All this talk about her being unwilling to take advice is a malicious falsehood. She is both getting and taking the best possible advice for her career—right within the four walls of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Very truly yours,  
WILLIAM J. GUARD

DRINKING SONG

Here's to Prohibition;  
Drink her down!  
Here's to Buckner's mission;  
Drink her down!  
Here's to those who voice suspicion  
That we're headed for perdition—  
But we can't shtop t' lisschen . . .  
Drinker down!



Use *Venetian Cleansing Cream*, *Ardena Skin Tonic*, *Special Astringent*, and *Orange Skin Food* each morning and night, following the method of an Elizabeth Arden Treatment, to supply every important need of your skin.

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42nd Street and 6th Avenue



"... And I saved enough in taxi fares last month to buy a friendly smile from a night club doorman."

"Haven't actually been walking, have you?"

"Oh, no, but dear old Ken whispered a priceless secret in my ear. No more afternoon tours about town for theatre tickets. Bascom's just above 44th, you know. . ."

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

## CLUBS IS TRUMPS

**N**OW that Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia are forming an Intercollegiate Bridge League we may as well resign ourselves to encountering something like the following when sports writers loose their stock of metaphors and similes upon the great indoor game:

**I**N a keenly-contested game replete with fierce bidding, hard settings and frequent substitutions the Harvard Bridge team defeated Yale yesterday 4218 to 3974 in the Card Room at Soldiers Field before a record crowd. Captain Gordon of the Elis won the deal, and Captain Cabot of Harvard chose the red cards. At the outset Carson, the diminutive Crimson finessing star, set the crowd in a furore by giving Gordon a resounding kiss on the cheek after the latter had dealt and taken the two, three, and four of hearts with his ace. It was a gesture of true Harvard gallantry and the crowd went wild.

But Yale, through brilliant signal work and superb discarding, amassed an early lead. Harvard was tricked again and again into bidding the wrong suit until Carson became so confused that he trumped his captain's king. It was a severe jolt to Cambridge men, and Carson was yanked from the game by Coach Foster. He received a great ovation from the stands, however, including a regular Harvard cheer:

Catch their queen and trump  
their jack!

Get *all* the aces in the pack!

Cross ruff!

And treat 'em tough!

Harvard! Harvard! Harvard!

Walker, the burly Crimson no-trump star took Carson's place. He demanded a new deal when his first hand failed to contain a single face card, but his claim was disallowed by referee Tilden who ruled that this was an intercollegiate contest, not a gentleman's game. Walker retaliated, however, by reeling off three consecutive games, the last one on two aces and a guarded ten, closing the Eli lead to 193 points.

In an effort to save the day Coach Work of Yale sent in Smith, the only left-hander in intercollegiate bridge. This characteristic combined with an uncanny knack of covering the card

he plays with the palm of his hand has worked havoc with past opponents, never quite certain whether he has played a king or a jack. Despite numerous Harvard protests Smith's clever play increased the Yale lead several hundred points, as the snappy Eli cheer barked through the air again and again:

Hearts, diamonds, clubs, and  
spades!

NO TRUMPS: Yale! Yale!  
YALE!

With less than five minutes to go, Foster sent in his final substitution, Weed. Weed is beyond a doubt the most brilliant cross-ruffer in undergraduate circles, and is virtually unstoppable once his opponents' trumps are taken out. A slight tendency to overbid is all that prevents him from being a unanimous All-America choice. On his first hand, by some remarkable dealing, he engineered a grand slam which would have put Harvard ahead had not referee Tilden detected a renege on the eleventh play.

The score was game all with time for one more hand. Smith of Yale bid no trumps. Cabot went two hearts, and Flannagan, substituting for Captain Gordon, made it two spades. All eyes were riveted on Weed. "Three clubs," he said calmly.

"Double!" shouted Smith.

"Redouble!" roared Weed.

Three clubs redoubled! Could he make it? Yale took four tricks before Weed got in by trumping a spade. In four plays he took the trumps out, capturing Flannagan's king by a daring finesse. Five to go, and not a trick to lose! Dummy's established hearts accounted for three, and Weed's king of diamonds took the fourth. Now was the crucial moment. What had the much-vaunted Harvard strategy board saved up for Yale? Was it equal to the occasion? It was, and the Crimson showed its trump card. It was the seven. Game, rubber, a hundred for fulfilling contract, and four honors divided! Harvard had won!

In a frenzy the Crimson rooters tore from the stands, hoisted Cabot and Weed on their shoulders, and, tearing up the cards from their moorings, bore them triumphantly away in

their pockets. But Yale was great in defeat as Harvard was in victory. Not a son of old Eli stirred from his seat. For an instant there was a death-like silence, and then the stirring strains of the great Yale Bridge Song thundered across the table:

Our hearts are strong and true.  
Our spades are potent too.  
We've got the minor suits.  
Our aces all are beaux.

*Chorus*

To dear old Eli we will sing  
As we win the deal and finesse  
the king.  
We'll set poor Harvard down  
three tricks.  
Then we'll bid no trumps up to  
five and six.  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
We'll cross ruff 'till they can't  
see,  
As we trump old Yale to VIC-  
TORY!

—PARKE CUMMINGS

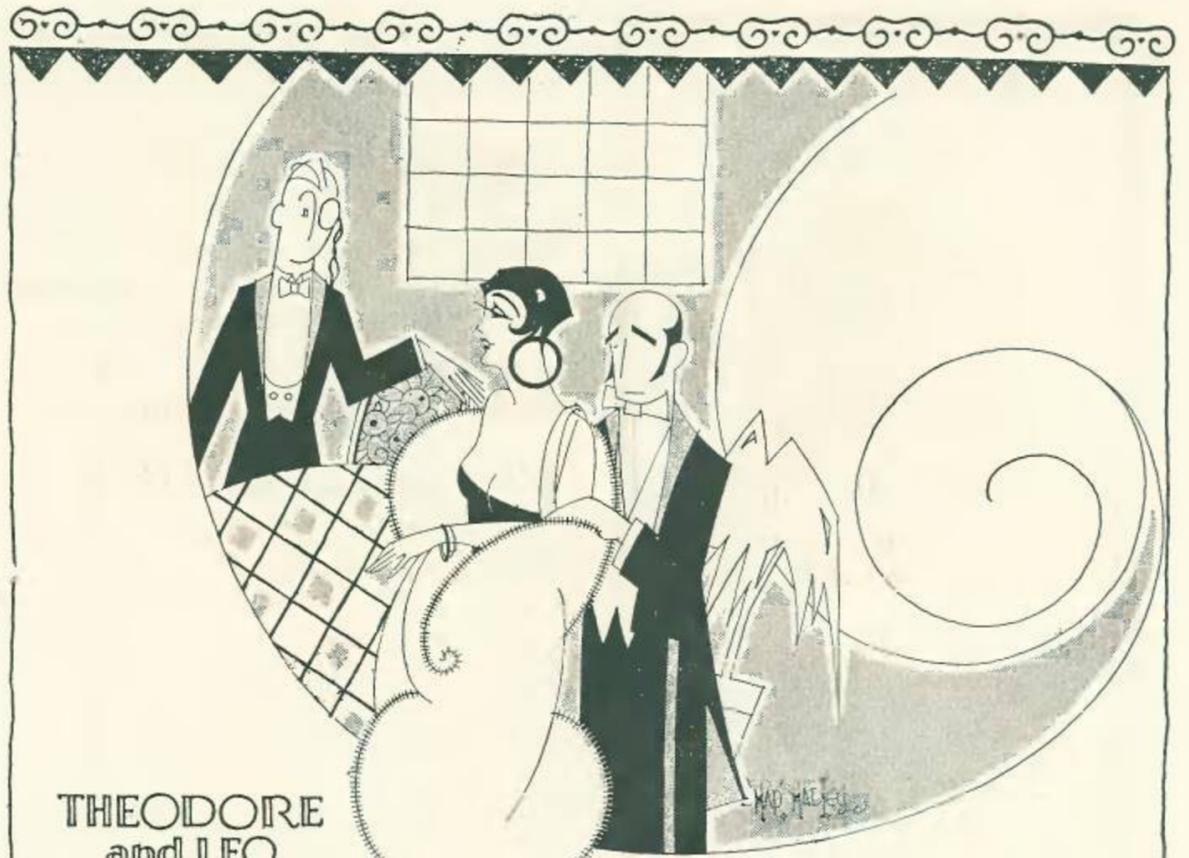
NATIVE

HE was strolling casually up the Avenue. He wore a top hat and the lines of his morning coat showed the unmistakable artistry of Bond Street. He passed in and out of traffic with an unconcerned calm and easy grace that gave him the appearance of having grown up with the thoroughfare. He seemed Van Bibber, Solera 1822, and Newport before it spoiled.

At a street crossing a rushing figure collided with him; a rather sorry object in a queer bowler hat and a square box topcoat that had, since 1900, been in and out of fashion as many times as Sir Roger de Coverley's celebrated garment. His boots were dirty and his umbrella green with age. The splendid gentleman murmured a polite apology. The other glared angrily and plunged on.

The magnificent one turned east and entered a great hostelry to resume his duties as *maitre d'hotel*.

The man with the umbrella was in a bad humor. He had quarrelled with his lawyers over the rents of his downtown business block, a part of his ancestral farm acquired in the time of Peter Stuyvesant. So he hurried into the Union Club where he sat in the window and decried the spirit of the times to all who would listen.



THEODORE  
and LEO  
of the L'Aiglon  
announce the opening, on  
Friday Evening  
March the Twelfth  
at 6<sup>30</sup> o'clock of  
New York's finest Restaurant

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On the veranda of the Century Theatre Building,  
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In Cafe de Paris the public will find the most beautiful restaurant the world over.. It is commodious, charmingly decorated and has every convenience for the comfort and enjoyment of its guests.... It combines the beauty of a fairy-land — amid the clouds, with a modern restaurant, an exquisite cuisine and polite attendants, which suggest an atmosphere of Parisian elegance.

*Ideal Ventilation . . . Delightful View of Central Park and Distant New York.*  
AFTER THE THEATRE AT 11:15.. SUPPER and SPECIAL PARISIAN ENTERTAINMENT  
*Under the direction of Rene Racover of "Le Pevroquet de Paris"*

For reservations, address or telephone Cafe de Paris,  
63<sup>rd</sup> Street and Central Park West (Columbus 4121)..  
Parties may arrange for accommodations in advance....

A wonderful orchestra,  
and the last word  
in dance floors..

EVERY NIGHT [INCLUDING SUNDAYS] 6:30 and 11:15

Gypsy Music  
Russian Singers  
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Russian Music by  
Scherban's Orchestra Broadcast thru  
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CRILLON

48<sup>th</sup>  
STREET

FOR  
LUNCHEON  
AND  
DINNER



# THE CURRENT CINEMA

*Plain and Fancy Hate*



**S**UNDAY, March the Seventh, turned out less blue than usual, after all. Only two movies, necessitating attendance, opened. These, "Miss Brewster's Millions" (Rivoli), and "The First Year" (Rialto), proved neither of great interest nor irritation.

The former, redacted from your old favorite, "Brewster's Millions" to suit the physical capacities of Miss Bebe Daniels, was a bumpy and fairly lame slapstickio-fantastico uproar. Its gags were good for about two half-hearted guffaws. Mons. André de Beranger played a usual amusing bit in it as the Hollywooden director-genius.

"The First Year", made us rather thankful we didn't see the play. Only Carolynne Snowden, playing *Hattie*, the lackadaisical colored maid, who washed better than she served, acted as if she knew enough to disregard the insipid material given her to work with.

**S**UCH being the conditions of the memorable March the Seventh, your indicter was amply able to get off a little side reflection on the Great Art of the Cinema. After tremendous rumination he decided, in all charitable mood, that he could dispense, quite nicely thank you, with having to look upon the following items profusely and incessantly seen in current productions. The list *verboten*:—

Scenes showing bare legs doing the Charleston. Pictures with a happy ending. Pictures with an unhappy ending. Movie symbolism: such as closeupping specks on ripe fruit, thus depicting sinfulness of villain. Movie symbolism: such as passing the camera upwards beginning at heroine's ankles, thus showing sinfulness of villain. Movie symbolism: such as showing broken doll on floor thus portraying what villain has just finished doing to heroine. Movie symbolism: such as showing evening shoe stepping on a fallen rose, thus showing what villain would like to do to heroine. Villains who resemble

headwaiters and lechers, and who wear small, dark mustaches.

Heroes who have flashing good teeth and roguish dark eyes. Heroes who look like floorwalkers. Mother-love pictures in which the mother ends up a you-know-what. Biblical pictures which show Deity delivering heaven-sent epigrams by hand. D. W. Griffith pictures rivalling Dr. John Roach Straton for golden words of decadent sanctimoniousness.

**N**EITHER does your indicter like slum comedy in which the fast-fading tomboy of a comedienne dresses up to the age of twelve (mentally and physically) and indulges in slapstick and heartbreaks. "Cinderella" stories in which the slavey comes into a million dollars and proceeds to spend it like a navy of drunks, proving, as a moral, that the recklessness of jazz leads but to marriage with the lead-headed hero. Leading ladies who try to look like ladies. Leading gentlemen who look like gents. Comedy of garlic, cheese and revolving doors.

Subtitles which read: "And they called her Angel Allie"; "In the backwash of Life's Muddy Stream, she who was Craig's Nell was now called Satan's Sister"; "Play that again, Miss, I'm just music hungry"; "If you look long enough, you'll get 'see-sick'"; "And springtime came to Dedham, Mass."; "Most men would walk a mile for a Camel, but any girl would walk nine miles for an ideal"; "You know, you remind me of Abraham Lincoln"; "If the fire reaches the powder mill the dam will go"; and "Madame, I dedicate this bull to you".

A smart comedy which doesn't have a fashion revue. Pathé News daredeviltry. Scenics wherein the glowing song of a nancy-like fluteplayer melts the heart of a cypress, which cypress-spirit turns out to be a buxom lass in flowing cheese cloth, who romps like a Morgan dancer on fire. Gloria Swanson. Closeups of kissing. Kissings.—T. S.

## FEMINISTS' CONFESSION

March is the month I chose to be  
The Clinging Vine on the Strong Oak  
Tree

I may sell my soul—but I win redemption

By helping my spouse to his tax exemption.

*The Greater*  
**RIVOLI**  
Broadway at 49th Str.

presents  
during the week of March 14th  
for the experienced theatre-goer  
**John Murray Anderson's**  
newest revue  
"Venus in  
Greenwich Village"  
with Fay Lanphier, in person  
and 10 Selected Artists' Models  
and  
Gloria Swanson in  
Paramount's Society Love Comedy  
"The Untamed Lady"

PUBLIC SERVICE  
COURTESY and Service—the kind  
you are accustomed to at your  
favorite club or restaurant—is rendered  
you at the Rivoli, by a highly  
trained personnel.

Of course, nobody ever buys a hat because of what others may think of him. But a man whose wise decision has been fastened on a Knox cannot be the least disturbed, when others, catching a glimpse of the KNOX\* label, judge him to be a judge of hats!

\*The Knox "Fifth Avenue" for spring is sensibly priced at eight dollars.

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THE HATTER

Fifth Avenue at 40th Street  
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JOHN W. RYAN, Inc., Penn. Ter.



*Have you heard this one?*

A man who got squeezer's cramp, trying to wring the last drop of juice out of a dozen oranges, has made a great discovery.

First he discovered that Seald Sweet Grapefruit juice is a delicious drink and a splendid ingredient, then he invented a way to extract that sparkling juice quickly, easily and thoroughly.

The Seald Sweet Extractor is the result. Clamp it on a table, give the crank a half dozen turns, and every drop of juice gushes into the waiting bowl.

Give your right wrist a rest by adding a Seald Sweet Extractor to your entertainment committee. It works with oranges as well as grapefruit. No modern home should be without one.

*And remember, there's 1/4 more juice in Seald Sweet fruit.*

The Seald Sweet Extractor gets all the luscious juice from each Seald Sweet orange or grapefruit. Its regular price is \$3.00—postage prepaid, \$3.25 West of the Rockies. We will send it to you for \$1.50 and 36 Seald Sweet wrappers.



*Check & mail the coupon*

The Florida Citrus Exchange  
Tampa, Fla.

My check here is for one Seald Sweet Juice Extractor. \$3.00—\$3.25

My check here is for one Seald Sweet Juice Extractor, \$1.50 and 36 Seald Sweet wrappers.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

## SPORTS OF THE WEEK

PASSING THE BATON



JOHAN BULL

AT THE INTERCOLLEGIATE

*A relay race decides an intercollegiate track championship—Mr. Hyde steals a leaf from William Tilden in winning the national squash title.*

THE baton, whether in the hand of a Toscanini or a relay runner, is an indispensable medium between connecting forces. A slip of the magic stick and the connection, whether physical or spiritual, is broken. It was by the slip of a baton that an intercollegiate indoor track and field championship was lost at the 102nd Engineers' Armory on the night of Saturday, the sixth.

Eddy Swinburne, running the third leg of the mile relay for Georgetown, tore down the stretch a few yards ahead of Kenneth Fuller of Cornell and Harold Higgins of Holy Cross. On the starting line, straining like dogs at the leash for the baton for the anchor leg, were James Burgess of Georgetown and Walter Mulvihill of Holy Cross, jostling each other for position. Swinburne crashed into Burgess, the baton was fumbled—and, before it could be recovered, the race and the championship title, which five points for first place in the relay would have given Georgetown, were lost. Georgetown's loss was Harvard's gain and the Crimson ran off with the meet.

THE surprise of the night was the victory of Henry Russell, of Cornell in the 70-yard dash. No one could see any chance for Mr. Russell, with Frank Hussey, of Boston College,

and Al Miller, of Harvard, in the race, but in spite of the fact that Mr. Hussey equalled the indoor record in the trial heats, Mr. Russell finished first in the final. We were too far away from the finish line to see by what margin.

It is unfortunate that the intercollegiate couldn't have been held in the Garden, even though the expense would have been greater. You get a clear picture of everything in Mr. Rickard's arena regardless of where you sit, which is more than we can say for any armory.

THE Saturday afternoon before the track meet we dropped in at the Yale Club at 3 P.M. to see Mr. Fillmore Hyde play Mr. Thomas Coward for the national amateur squash tennis championship. The match wasn't scheduled until 3:30 but we wanted to make sure that we got a front row seat. Thirty minutes early was half an hour too late. The gallery was so jammed when we got there that a sardine would have protested.

When Mr. Hyde plays Mr. Coward all other engagements are off, for us at least. Last year (need I remind you?) Mr. Hyde failed to reach the final round. Of course, the world tumbled about the ears of the experts and there were padlocks on the wallets of the Harvard Club denizens for two months. Their only consolation was the fact that Mr. Coward, of the Yale Club, also failed to reach the final.

If you have the acquaintance of Mr. Hyde or have seen the aesthetic looking

gentleman on the courts you will understand why he decided to limit his appearances this season and conserve



TRACK MEET /

his energies for the national championship instead of wearing himself out in the invitation events as he did last year. Squash tennis happens to be the fastest game indoors in the world and even such an artist with the racquet as Mr. Hyde feels the strain of the game.

So, right in the midst of the close finish of the metropolitan team championship, Mr. Hyde betook himself to Porto Rico and forgot all about squash tennis. As a result, when Mr. Hewitt Morgan had him within 2 points of the match in the fourth round of the championship, the knowing ones told each other that Mr. Hyde hadn't had enough practice. The next day Mr. Hyde met the hard-hitting Mr. Harold Mixsell, of the Princeton Club, and we heard all the wagers laid on the latter gentleman, which may or may not have influenced Mr. Hyde. At least, he gave one of the grandest exhibitions of squash these fading eyes have looked upon, and you should have heard the way the gentry who were betting against him went into ecstasies when he made those inimitable fade-aways of his.

With this victory Mr. Hyde was in the final and Mr. Coward joined him there by disposing of Mr. William Rand Jr., a club mate of Mr. Hyde, who happened to be the defending champion. Now proceed with the story.

Balancing ourself precariously on the edge of a bench overlooking the court, with a half dozen gentlemen less fortunately situated behind us, threatening to topple us over into the void below, we prepared for the epic.

The success of The Madison derives largely from its moderate size—not a huge caravansary with all the noisy attributes of a railway terminal, but rather, like a sublimated mansion, exquisitely appointed and capably conducted. Indeed, it has become the Town House solution for those who sensibly avoid the burdens of a private establishment.

## THE MADISON

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**ARTISTRY AND UTILITARIAN DECORATION**

In homes, in executive offices, in the larger spacings of public institutions-- Beauty, comfort and convenience are the fundamental virtues of decoration.

Upon your decorator depends the distinctive atmosphere of your home or office. The competent decorator is both scientifically practical and artistically creative.

We offer the services of an efficient personnel experienced in both decorative and architectural design.

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Decorator

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*Optimistically speaking*—There are those who are pessimistic about the art of dining in this fair city. (Not that we disagree with them on the whole. (But our optimism is based on the knowledge that there is at least one place where dining is not a lost art. (This optimism is shared by many *gourmets*—of international experience. And lest we try your gastronomical patience too long, we hasten to inform you that this one place is the Main Dining Salon of The Sulgrave.

## The Sulgrave

67th STREET and PARK AVENUE

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"East Meets West"~

**OMAR**  
Might Sing

And Lo! In this warm-glowing Inn  
A Gypsy sings...and here a Djinn  
Has mingled magic with the Vlands!  
Soft music croons and pleasure enters in...

Luncheon - Tea - Dinner  
No Couvert Charge

9 East 54th Street  
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**NOTICE!**

**The ANDERSON-MILTON SCHOOL of the THEATRE**  
ANNOUNCE

A series of ten subscription lectures, beginning March 19th, at the school building—

130 East 58th Street

March 19th—The Theatre of Yesterday and Tomorrow. Kenneth Macgowan  
March 26th—The Dance. Michio Itow  
April 2nd—Stage Struck. Don Marquis  
April 9th—The Dignity of the Dance. Troy Kinney  
April 16th—The Art of Silent Drama. Pilar Morin  
April 23rd—Costume Design. Helen Dryden.  
April 30th—Lecture by Dorothy Lee  
May 7th—Fifty Golden Florins, or How to Behave After Midnight. Christopher Morley  
May 14th—Lecture by "Roxy." S. L. Rothafel  
May 21st—The Playwright and the Actor. Hatcher Hughes

Tickets on Sale Now at the School  
Phone Plaza 4524.



### WHITE SCOTCH COLLIE

Two year old son of the White House Collie, Rob Roy. Hardy, healthy, big, brave, brainy, gentle, beautiful, pedigreed. Would be the most distinctive and distinguished dog in all New York appreciated by everyone who admires the most exclusive breeding. Remember, from the Home of the White House Collie. Wire for price. Island White Kennels. Dept. N.Y., Oshkosh, Wis. "The first draft for \$650.00 gets him."

But something was wrong. This couldn't be Mr. Hyde and Mr. Coward playing. They were acting like two nervous schoolboys rendering Ben-Hur on graduation day. Mr. Hyde wasn't himself at all. He managed to pull out the first game after it had been set, but in the second chapter he went up in the air completely and Mr. Coward ran out 15 points in five hands, finishing with a run of 8.

Reckless with the taste of blood, Mr. Coward set up a terrific din in the third game with his cannonading shots and Mr. Hyde continued to show symptoms of nervousness. When he made three errors in a row in returning service there were any number who were ready to sell their bets for what they would bring. Mr. Coward put over two vicious kill shots and the score was 2 games to 1 in his favor. When he made a run of 3 at the start of the fourth game some began to reach for their hats.

But it seems Mr. Hyde was only stealing a leaf from Mr. William Tilden. At this point the real struggle and the process of disillusioning Mr. Coward began. Nip and tuck, see and saw, the two players fought like tigers around and around the court, both always gravitating forwards front and center. Sometimes you saw the ball; sometimes you didn't. The wonder was that the players were able to see it as they picked it off the floor with miraculous half volleys and catapulted it back with attacking shots.

Mr. Coward's speed wasn't getting results any more. Mr. Hyde wasn't making any errors and he was nicking the corners and flirting with the tell-tale with shots that made you gasp as they smashed an inch above the margin line: one, and then another one and a third and a fourth, all in the same spot. Such racquet control as this wasn't human. Those fadeaways that died off the back wall and those soft balls that hugged the side walls and defied recovery! They were more than flesh and blood could withstand, and Mr. Coward was only human, even though he fought with the savagery of an enraged tiger.

The gentleman from the Yale Club had only enough left in reserve to gain a 3-0 lead in the final game and then Mr. Hyde smothered him with an exhibition of sharpshooting that held the gallery in awe as he scored 11 placements and 2 service aces in six hands, for the match.—A. D.

ARE YOU A NEW YORKER?

TEN EASY QUESTIONS THAT WILL HELP YOU TO KNOW. THE ANSWERS ARE ON PAGE 50.

1. Where, upon Manhattan, can live pigs be bought if desired?
2. What theatre, now otherwise named, has "Harrigan's Theatre" engraved above its façade?
3. Where can the cleanest air in New York be breathed without passing beyond the city's civilized limits?
4. What is the biggest electric sign on Broadway?
5. The Bloomingdale Insane Asylum once stood where? What stands in its place?
6. In what art gallery may one sit on hard wood benches, but not be allowed to fall asleep?
7. What was Washington Square before it assumed its present dignity in 1824?
8. What club has an underground entrance from a railroad station?
9. What was the last hotel to have an outdoor restaurant on Fifth Avenue?
10. Where in the city can horsemen be seen riding after dark with red lanterns in their hands?

VOCAL

THE bath tub reproduces certain notes and re-inforces them in such a way as to give pleasure to the singer. That is why so many persons sing in the bath." A London University don has just made that startling scientific discovery.

Bathroom baritones, tub tenors and sanitary sopranos will be pleased to learn that the best place in New York to sing, as reported by our own scientific research staff, is the tunnel that runs from under the main waiting room of the Pennsylvania Station to the Interborough subway. It is a tiled tube, half a cross-town block long, with the resonance of 500 average apartment bathrooms laid end to end or crosswise.

Our resonance research expert sings in it frequently at odd hours before dawn, and the effect of his otherwise bashful baritone would make a basso—yea, even Chaliapin—burst a lung with envy. Chaliapin, himself, singing a light aria—say, for instance,



You Can See He's  
In the Wrong Restaurant!

HOW like a man at the ticker is the man at the table! Which is all wrong, because worry before a meal is inimical to the benefits of eating it.

To eat with profit one must eat with pleasure, and to eat with pleasure worry must be banished from the menu.

You can order anything on the bill of fare at MAYFAIR HOUSE with absolute assurance that it will be palatable when it arrives.

*Edward H. Crandall*

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Mayfair House

610 Park Avenue, at 65th Street

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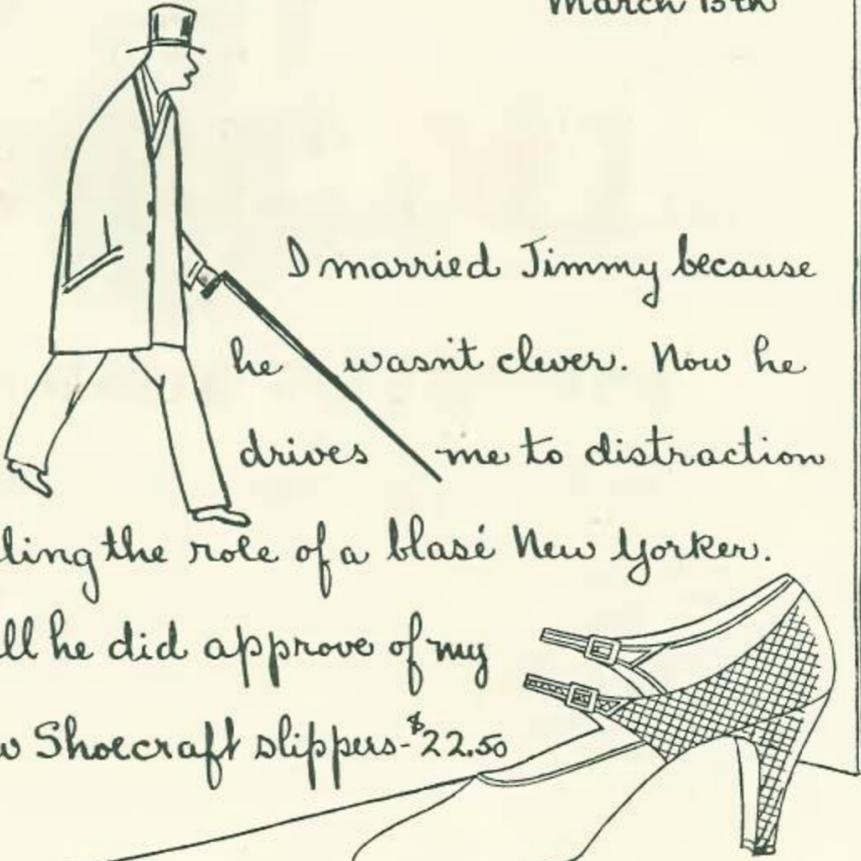
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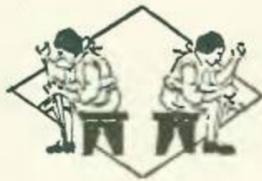
Name .....

Address .....

*Her Diary*  
March 13th



I married Jimmy because  
he wasn't clever. Now he  
drives me to distraction  
filling the role of a blasé New Yorker.  
Still he did approve of my  
new Shoecraft slippers—\$22.50

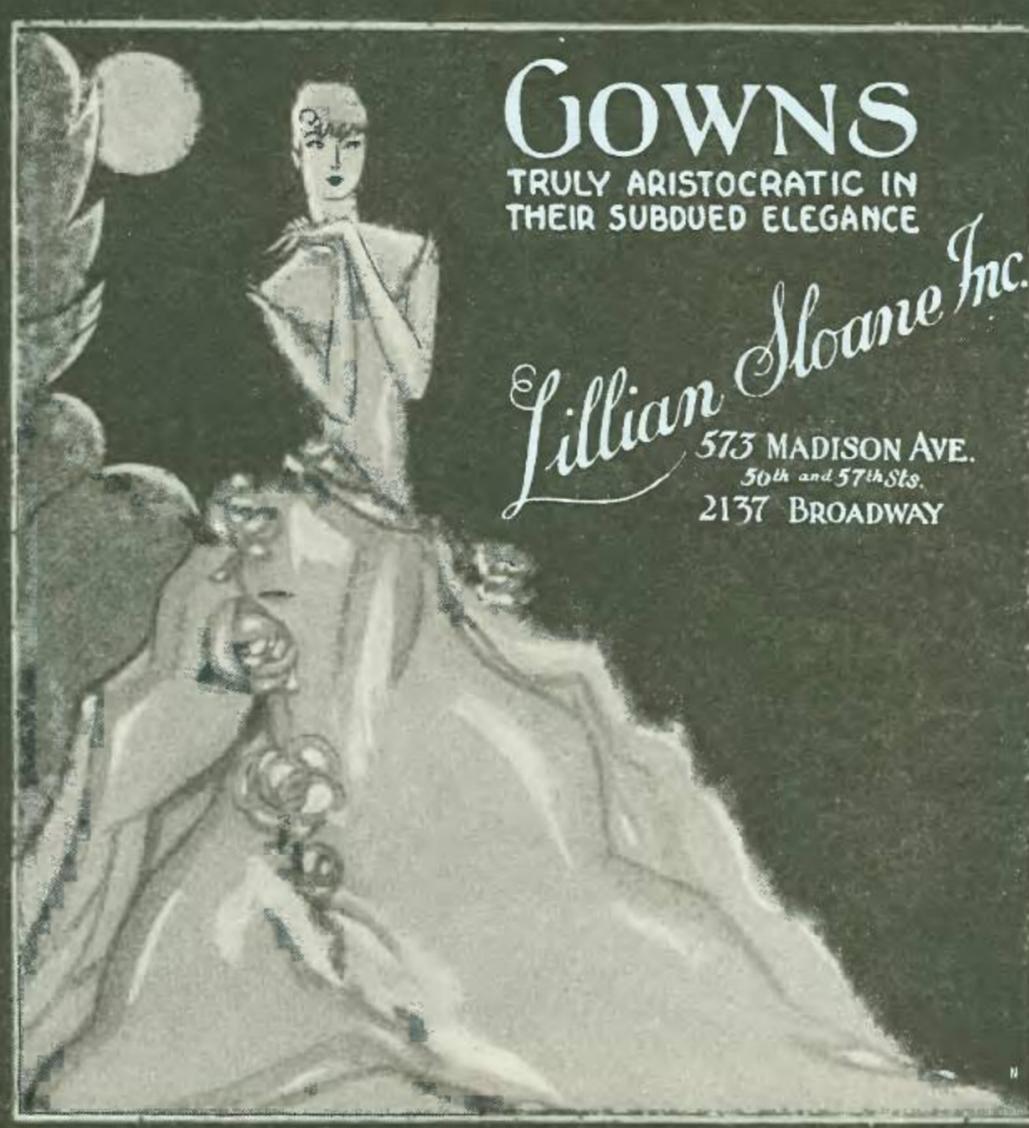


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FITTING THE NARROW HEEL... Sizes 1 to 10... AAAA to E



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TRULY ARISTOCRATIC IN  
THEIR SUBDUED ELEGANCE

*Lillian Sloane Inc.*  
573 MADISON AVE.  
50th and 57th Sts.  
2137 BROADWAY

"The Prisoner's Song"—might bring the Penn station crashing down.

At the western end, where the tunnel widens out, there is a marvelous echo. Yodel, and it yodels back at you like a trained Alp.

As a scientific experiment our research staff proposes to line up Walter Damrosch's massed glee clubs, 1200 voices, in that gigantic bathroom without plumbing to find out whether it couldn't jar the Long Island Railroad into giving better service.

The tunnel at the Grand Central Station between the shuttle terminal and the East Side subway foyer is not so good, doubtless because of its bends and the heavy coating of dirt on the floor. The passage alongside Gimbel Brothers, running east from the Pennsylvania subway stop, when empty of commuters and free of suburban static, is quite excellent, though its middle register is rather Talleyesque and it has a tendency to sharp.

—BURTON DAVIS

## ARE YOU A NEW YORKER?

THE CORRECT ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS PRINTED ON PAGE 49.

1.—Central Park Zoo. 2.—Garrick Theatre. 3.—Central Park Main Reservoir. 4.—Music Master—70x 124 feet, with 5821 lamps. 5.—One-Hundred and Sixteenth Street and Broadway. Part of Columbia University. 6.—The Gallery in the Public Library. 7.—Potters' field and a place of public executions. 8.—Yale Club. 9.—Savoy Hotel—Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue—now being torn down. 10.—Eleventh or "Death" Avenue—along the New York Central tracks.

## A WAITRESS

I watch you furtively,  
Filling the shabby little restaurant  
With the gaiety of your mood;

Doubts shrivel,  
And hopes inflate  
With sudden vigor  
As you draw near;

Beautiful little blonde,  
Bartering your rhythm  
For ordinary tips . . .

—LE BARON COOKE



## NEW BOOKS

*Stories by Scott Fitzgerald, Some Good, Others Please-Remit—Maurice Baring's Victorian Urbanity.*

OFF the spring book tide's first big surge, we skim for recommendation: "The Village in the Jungle", by Leonard Woolf (*Harcourt, Brace*), a quiet, leafy tragedy of native life in the heart of Ceylon. Silindu, the primitive hunter, and his tempting daughters, being social inferiors, are put upon until Silindu resorts to his gas-pipe gun, and ends in the white man's prison. Genuinely poignant, and real stuff; the author was there, in the government service. Anyone who likes jungle Kipling might, and anyone who also likes Sir Hugh Clifford undoubtedly would, enjoy it.

"All the Sad Young Men" (*Scribner's*), nine stories by Scott Fitzgerald, recommended on the strength of "The Rich Boy", which opens it, and two others, "Winter Dreams" and "The Adjuster". In maturity and general quality, if not in irony or brilliancy, "The Rich Boy" seems to us to come off the same piece with "The Great Gatsby". "Absolution" suggests Fitzgerald showing the Arty that he can write their sort of story when he chooses; it is about an ironic conjunction of the penitences and phantasies of a boy with cobalt eyes, and a troubled priest. Two or three frank, flaring potboilers fill out the volume. Even when potboiling he can make you read him.

"Spanish Bayonet", by Stephen Vincent Benét (*Doran*), is a fresh and exciting romantic yarn in which a young New Yorker, on the eve of the Revolution, finds himself in a fantastic nightmare on a Florida indigo plantation. Like Masefield's "Sard Harker", it is a successful experiment, by a colorist poet with the narrative gift, in writing the exotic adventure tale.

"CAT'S CRADLE" is a curiosity, and not simply in being, on the whole, an interminable Victorian

*Pig Iron is a big book*  
*John Macrae*

# PIG IRON

by

**CHARLES G. NORRIS**

MEET—

- SAMMY SMITH, farmer's boy on the outskirts of a Massachusetts village.
- SAM, stock-room boy in a downtown wholesale hardware store in New York.
- SAM SMITH drudging on in hardware, loving and seeing love fail for lack of cash.
- SAM SMITH, successful salesman, studying trade conditions and the middleman's risks.
- SAM O. SMITH, manufacturer and in the manufacturer's pool, speculating on a margin, escaping ruin by a hairbreadth.
- SAM O. SMITH, broker in pig iron, rapidly accumulating his millions.
- S. OSGOOD SMITH, white of head, sleek, well-groomed, member of prominent clubs—and what else?



*A Novel of Success  
and Disillusion*

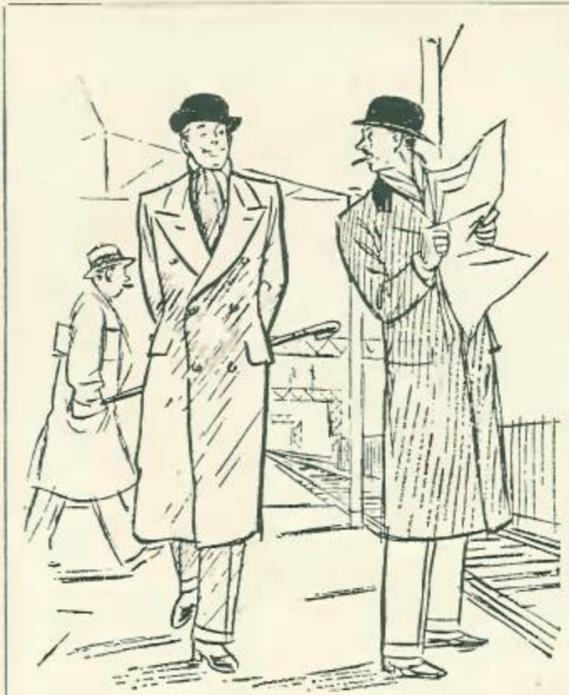
# PIG IRON

by

**CHARLES G. NORRIS**

\$2.00

Published by E. P. DUTTON & CO. New York City



*Frank:* Joe, by joining our coterie of early arrivals you make me believe in the "Age of Miracles".

*Joe:* Nay, no weaver of miracles am I, but simply a man who changed from an ordinary shaving cream to Latherite.

*Frank:* But surely you must miss the exhilaration of your former daily marathon for the 8:17?

*Joe:* No—I've exchanged that joy for a cool, speedy refreshing shave with Latherite.

Latherite will appeal especially to readers of *The New Yorker* because it is so refreshingly different. It contains lanolin, menthol, and bay rum in exactly the right combination to give a tingle without stinging, a massage without rubbing, a parting without pain!

*Latherite*  
LANOLINATED  
**SHAVING CREAM**  
*Used with brush and water, hot or cold.*

When the really sophisticated New Yorker wishes to "say it with flowers", he says it most eloquently by ordering his flowers at **TOTTY'S**.

*Totty's*

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novel out of date. Even in the age of such novels they would have wondered, we should think, that anyone could, as Maurice Baring does, write on and on and on, never nodding, never dragging, never losing his own interest—but on the other hand, never taking fire. And have wondered the more since his theme is the might and selfishness of love (with some tentative scrutiny of the effect thereon of his heroine's becoming a Catholic), his favorite motive is a clairvoyant jealousy, his material (which he has well in hand) is high life in Rome and in England from the '60s to 1900, his conception tragic and his story very much so, and dramatically episodic into the bargain.

You cannot call "Cat's Cradle" dull. Its historical manner is effective. There are times when you might be reading a very intimate biography of an unhappy beauty as real as the Empress Eugenie, and almost any given stretch is moderately interesting. But—250,000 words in this singularly even, emotional tenor, without one page aglow or intellectually intense! Making due allowance for the fact that with us a novel is for an evening or half of one, and Baring is addressing the reader with all time ahead of him, we should recommend it only to a typhoid convalescent.

WE can usually kill an hour with Arthur Train's fiction, provided it sticks to the law. Even while so doing, his long story, "The Blind Goddess", left the hour we assaulted with it pretty vigorous. "Stanley Johns' Wife", by Katherine Haviland Taylor, is a vivacious new version of the one about the babyish artist (an author, this time) and his wonderful, unappreciated helpmeet; it is best described as being ideal for Middle-Western helpmeets. And "Topper", by Thorne Smith, is best described as a lusty guffaw with ghosts in it.

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

NOVELS

THE VILLAGE IN THE JUNGLE, by Leonard Woolf (Harcourt, Brace). Noticed in this issue.

SPANISH BAYONET, by Stephen Vincent Benét (Doran). Noticed in this issue.

THE DIARY OF A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION IN THE YEAR 1764-1765, "by Cleone Knox", etc. (Appleton). The sophisticated girl of 160 years ago. Purports to be an authentic diary. Lively and amusing.

NOAH'S ARK, by Amabel Williams-Ellis (Doran). A modern young sculptor finds marriage and maternity less dismal than she expected.

THE DARK TOWER, by Francis Brett Young (Knopf). A triangular idyll patterned after "Pelleas et Melisanda", with considerable psychological discussion among several onlookers.

CLOUD CUCKOO LAND, by Naomi Mitchison (Harcourt, Brace). Present-day frankness, and Kiplingian methods of graphic reconstruction, effectively applied to a story of Athens and Sparta.

VERDI, by Franz Werfel (Simon & Schuster). Venice in the '80s, from the point of view of an illustrious veteran composer standing in the shadow of a greater one.

*And Perhaps You Have Not Yet Read—*

MANHATTAN TRANSFER, by John Dos Passos (Harper). THUNDER ON THE LEFT, by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page). THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY, by John Erskine (Bobbs-Merrill). GOD HEAD, by Leonard Cline (Viking Press). NO MORE PARADES, by Ford Madox Ford (A. & C. Boni). FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY, by Elmer Davis (McBride). FRAULEIN ELSE, by Arthur Schnitzler (Simon & Schuster). GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES, by Anita Loos (Boni & Liveright).

SHORT STORIES

ALL THE SAD YOUNG MEN, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner's). Noticed in this issue.

GENERAL

THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID, by Walter Noble Burns (Doubleday, Page). Life and times of an eminent New Mexican who died at 21 with a notch on his gun stock for every year of his age.

MICROBE HUNTERS, by Paul de Kruif (Harcourt, Brace). These stories of great bacteriologists are shot through with their author's enthusiasms, prejudices—and infectious and rousing humanity.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PRAIRIE YEARS, by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace). Two volumes, ending in 1860. Easily the best and most succulent book on that much of Lincoln's life. The preliminary, limited, de luxe edition is now at a handsome premium.

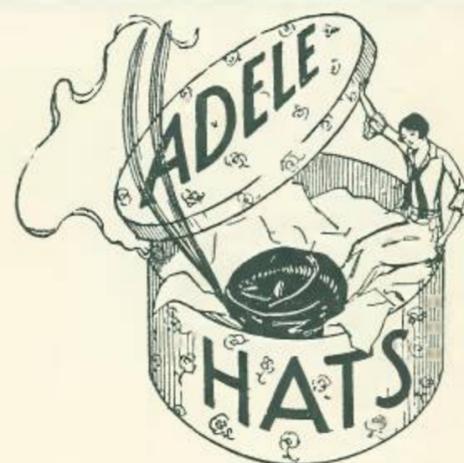
THE CONNING TOWER BOOK, edited by F. P. A. (Macy-Masius). Of interest to all Conning Tower fans and "contribs" since the Tower's name was "Always in Good Humor".

THE LAST FIFTY YEARS IN NEW YORK, by Henry Collins Brown (Valentine's Manual, Inc.). The new, and exceptionally attractive volume of "Valentine's Manual".

*And Perhaps You Have Not Yet Read—*

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON, by Claude G. Bowers (Houghton, Mifflin). EXCAVATIONS, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). LATER DAYS, by W. H. Davies (Doran). THE NEW NEGRO, edited by Alain Locke (A. & C. Boni). WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS, by George A. Dorsey (Harper).

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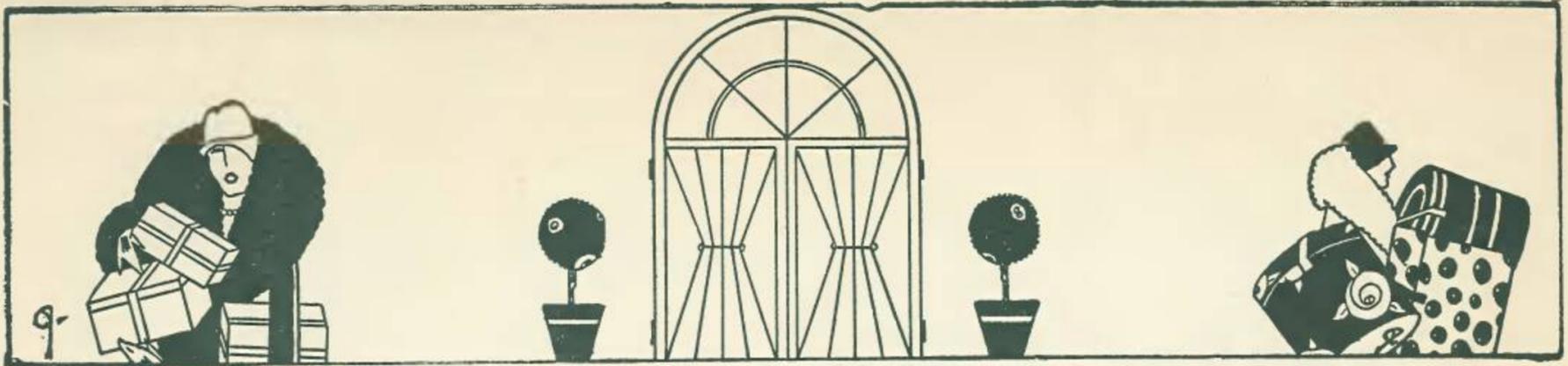
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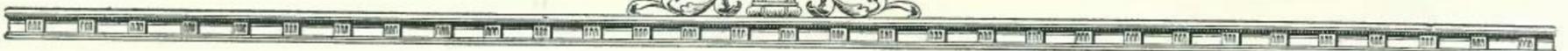
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