

Oct. 9, 1926

THE

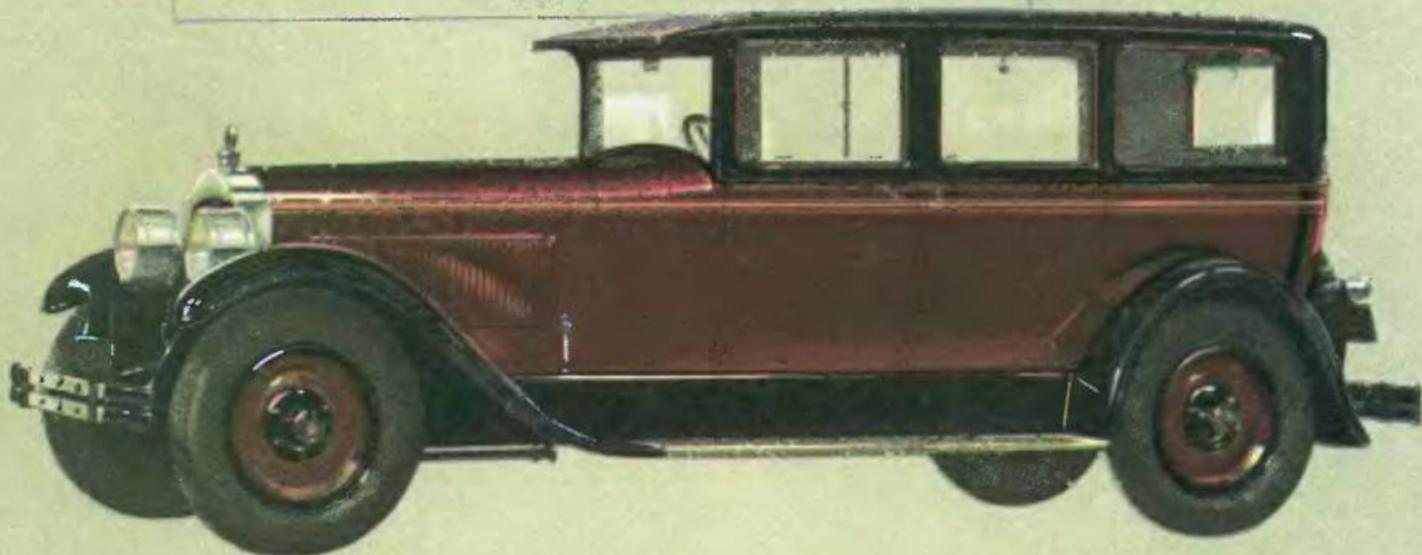
Price 15 cents

NEW YORKER





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



A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E

Grace It is not surprising that Packard cars have eleven times won international beauty contests abroad. For their slim, graceful, flowing lines are so universally admired and frankly imitated that they have set an enduring style in motor car design.

But the fleet grace of Packard lines is truly appropriate only to the car which created them. For grace is more than a thing of external appearance. Grace is beauty in motion.

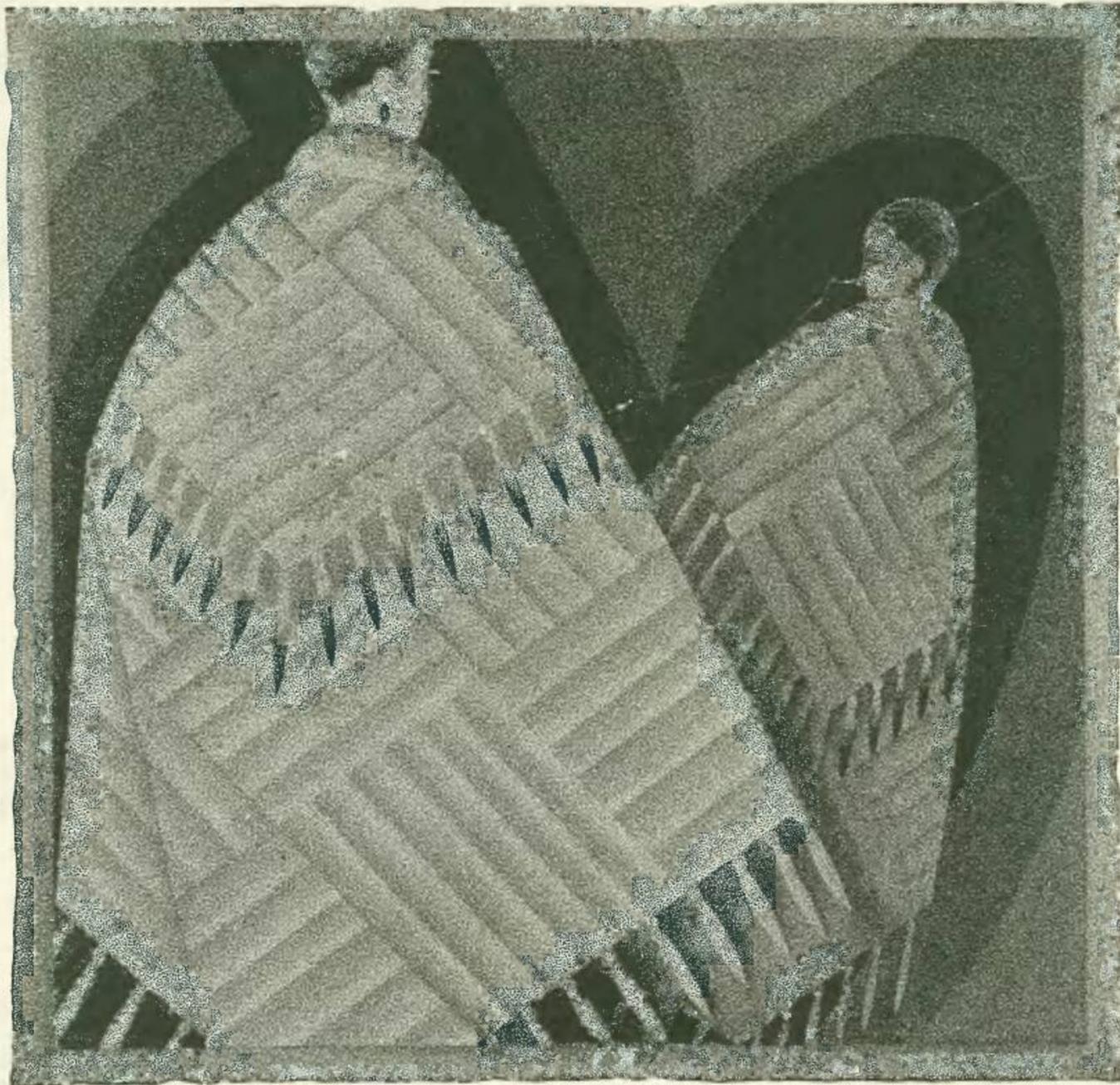
The grace of the Packard is symbolic of the car's supreme performance—its smooth, rapid acceleration—the ease with which it reaches and maintains unsurpassed speeds—the comfort of its luxuriously roomy interior.

The improved Packards, while retaining the traditional Packard lines, have an added refinement of beauty and a new range of performance which only those who drive them can fully appreciate.

P A C K A R D

B. ALTMAN & COMPANY

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



The
NEW CONTOURS
IN FURS

presented in
THE NEW FUR SALON
at Altman's

Your *personal* car — this stylish PIERCE-ARROW

Series 80

Custom-built Coaches

*Bodies by Pierce-Arrow
Six Color Options*

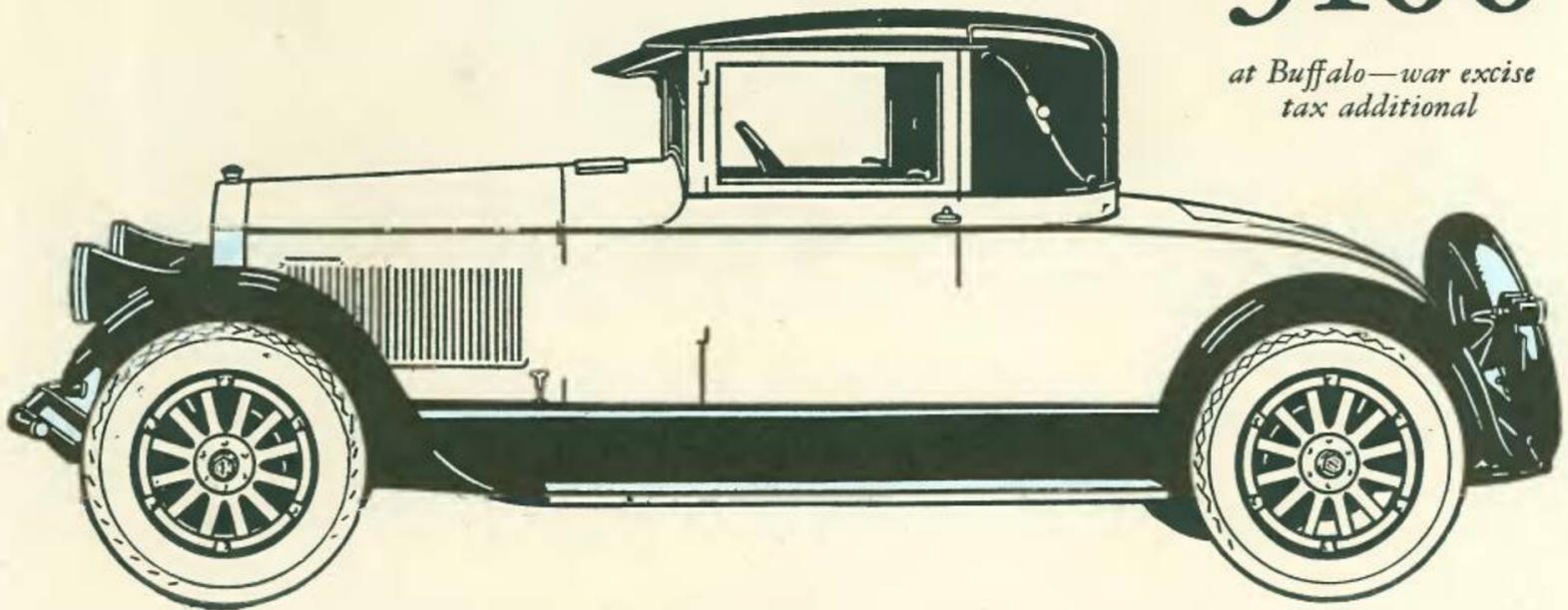
5-passenger, 2-door . . \$2995
5-passenger, 4-door . . 3250
7-passenger, 4-door . . 3350
7-passenger Limousine 3450

*Prices at Buffalo—war excise tax
additional—terms if desired*

Professional men and busy clubwomen require a fashionable, easily manageable personal car—and this new Pierce-Arrow coupe is it. A full 130-inch wheelbase for riding comfort—easily parked—turns in a short radius. Bodies come in a choice of six charming color combinations. Inside is soft broadcloth with option of special leather or mohair upholstery. Capacious rear deck can be equipped with a disappearing rumble seat at slight extra cost. The price, without rumble seat, is

\$3100

*at Buffalo—war excise
tax additional*



Standard SERIES 80 chassis delivers 14 to 17 miles per gallon. Tires average 15,000 to 18,000 miles. National Pierce-Arrow Flat Rate Service makes mechanical attention, rarely needed, inexpensive. Balloon tires, Houdaille shock absorbers and Pierce-Arrow four-wheel safety brakes are standard equipment. Arrange for demonstration.

PIERCE-ARROW SALES CORPORATION

(Factory Branch)

Successor to Harrolds Motor Car Co.

233 West 54th Street, New York - - - 236 West 59th Street, New York
LONG ISLAND CITY - - 2440 Grand Concourse, Bronx, NEW YORK - - 1119 Atlantic Ave., BROOKLYN



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WITH PARIS CHIC*

SAKS - FIFTH AVENUE

FORTY-NINTH to FIFTIETH STREET, NEW YORK
MILLINERY - THIRD FLOOR



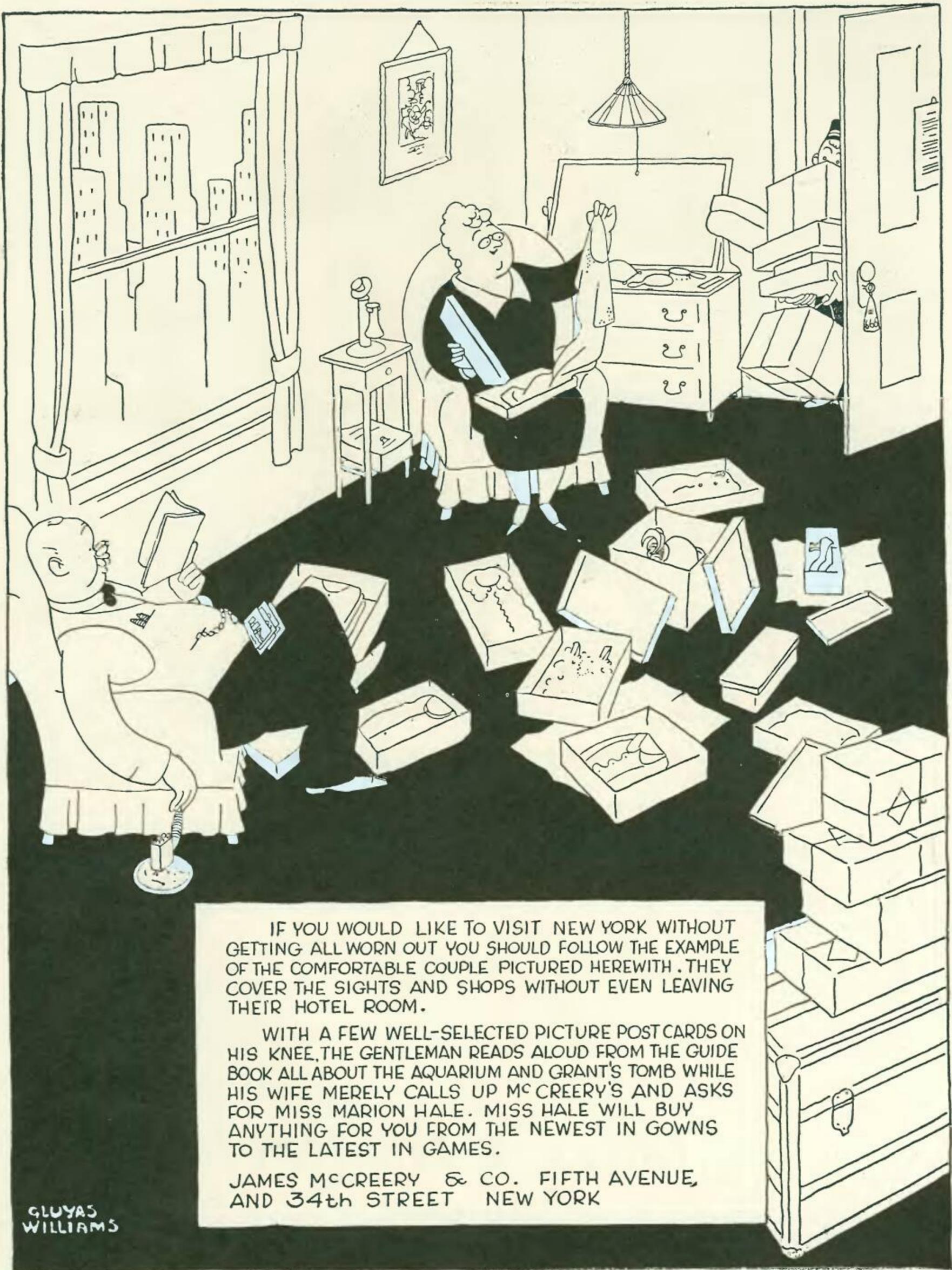
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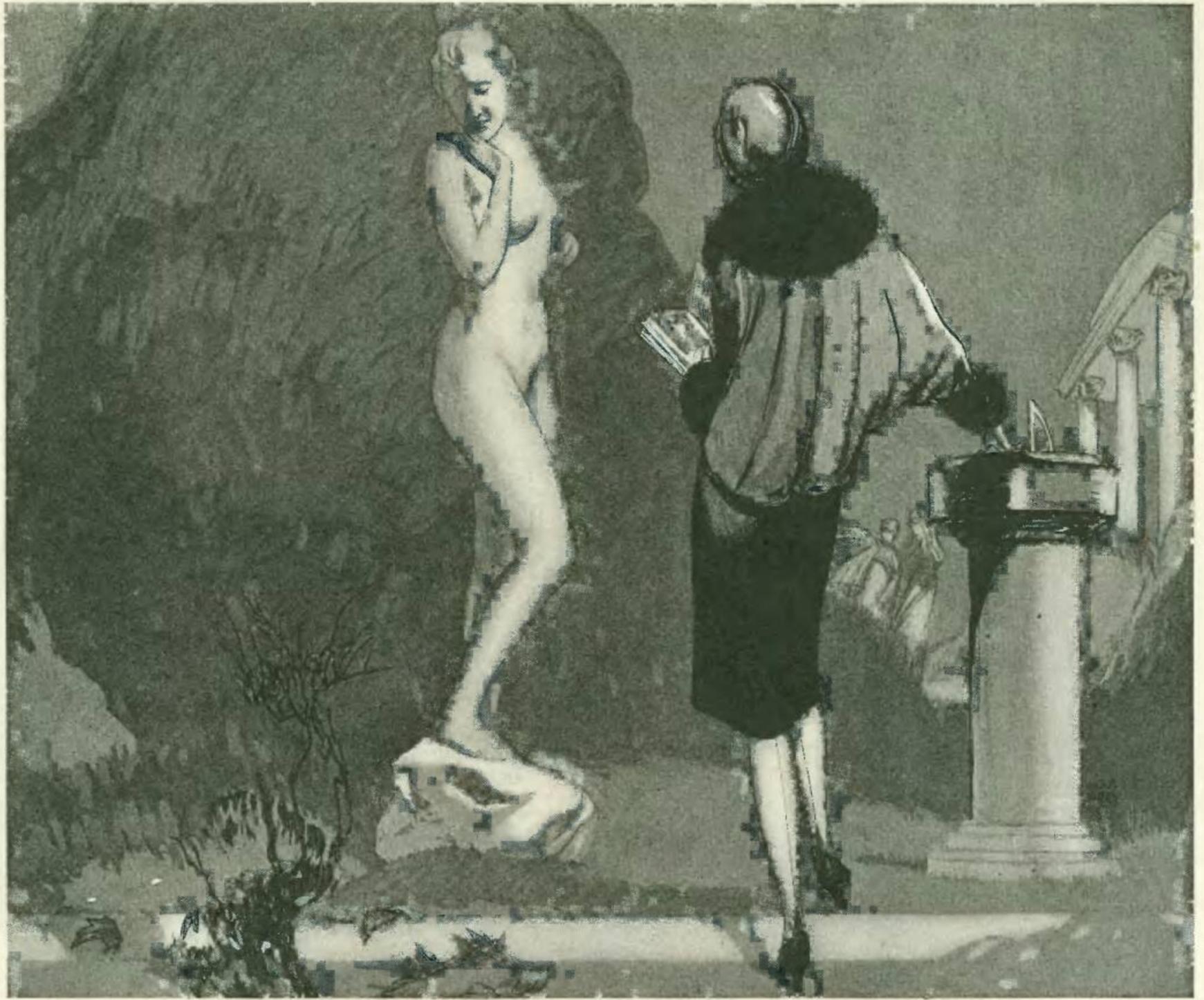


IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO VISIT NEW YORK WITHOUT GETTING ALL WORN OUT YOU SHOULD FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF THE COMFORTABLE COUPLE PICTURED HEREWITH . THEY COVER THE SIGHTS AND SHOPS WITHOUT EVEN LEAVING THEIR HOTEL ROOM.

WITH A FEW WELL-SELECTED PICTURE POST CARDS ON HIS KNEE, THE GENTLEMAN READS ALOUD FROM THE GUIDE BOOK ALL ABOUT THE AQUARIUM AND GRANT'S TOMB WHILE HIS WIFE MERELY CALLS UP M^C CREERY'S AND ASKS FOR MISS MARION HALE. MISS HALE WILL BUY ANYTHING FOR YOU FROM THE NEWEST IN GOWNS TO THE LATEST IN GAMES.

JAMES M^C CREERY & CO. FIFTH AVENUE,
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GLUYAS
WILLIAMS



Psyche's Ankles Wouldn't Pass Inspection TODAY

THE most mythological thing about Psyche was the fabled charm of her ankle lines. Psyche's beauty may have excited Venus to green-eyed flights of jealousy, but, when one considers her ankle-girth, she'd never cause the modern girl to miss a heart-beat—UNLESS Psyche wore "Onyx Pointex". For, Psyche's ankles were FAT! They would be as much out of place on a country club porch today as a bustle or a leg o' mutton sleeve.

That is, as remarked before—UNLESS she wore "Onyx Pointex".

For, "Pointex" is that little wonder-working slenderizer at the back of the heel that accentuates every graceful charm that Nature places in ankles. "Pointex" allows ankles to look their best—stockings to wear their best. You will find this little worker of ankle miracles ONLY in "Onyx".

Leading stores everywhere sell "Onyx" Hosiery and especially the "Pointex" styles listed below

"Onyx" Hosiery

"Pointex" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Doubled splicing of the heel and tripled reinforcing strands of silk in the seam, are new features that practically *double* the wear of "Onyx Pointex".

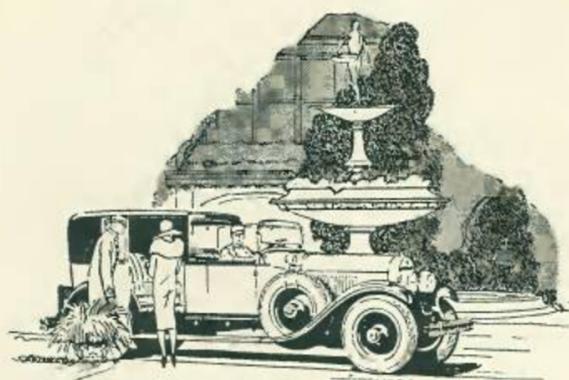
Silk, with Lisle Top
 Style 155, Medium weight \$1.65
 Style 255, Service weight } \$1.95
 Style 355, "Sheresilk" }

Pure Thread Silk
 Style 450, "Sheresilk", the
 finest web of silken strands \$2.50
 Style 350, Service weight \$2.75



© 1926 "Onyx" Hosiery Inc. Manufacturers New York

"Pointex" means perfection and "Pointex" is made only by "Onyx"



YOU ARE INVITED TO THE
**CADILLAC SILVER
 ANNIVERSARY SALON**

THE GREATEST EXHIBITION OF
 QUALITY AUTOMOBILES
 EVER SHOWN
 OCTOBER 9TH TO 16TH

50 Body Styles and Types in a Representative Showing of Cadillac's new Program of 500 Color and Upholstery Combinations. Standard Cadillac body types, and custom creations by Fisher and by Fleetwood.

The exhibition rivals an international automobile Salon in its presentation of body styles and types, and will far surpass any previous Salon in its variety and richness of color. The great new line of Cadillac cars, in 50 Body Styles

and Types and in 500 Color and Upholstery Combinations, means that every Cadillac is now an individualized car. Each Cadillac may now be, in color and upholstery, in type and style, in minute and precise accord with the individual tastes of the most discriminating. This Salon inaugurates an astounding advance in color, luxury, style and dis-

criminating individuality, and places the new line of Cadillac cars on an even higher plane of service and satisfaction.

**TWO GREAT
 DISPLAYS**

In New York, the unprecedented extent of the Cadillac Salon necessitates two large displays:

1881 Broadway at 62nd Street
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*With Special Displays at all
 Branches and Dealers*

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

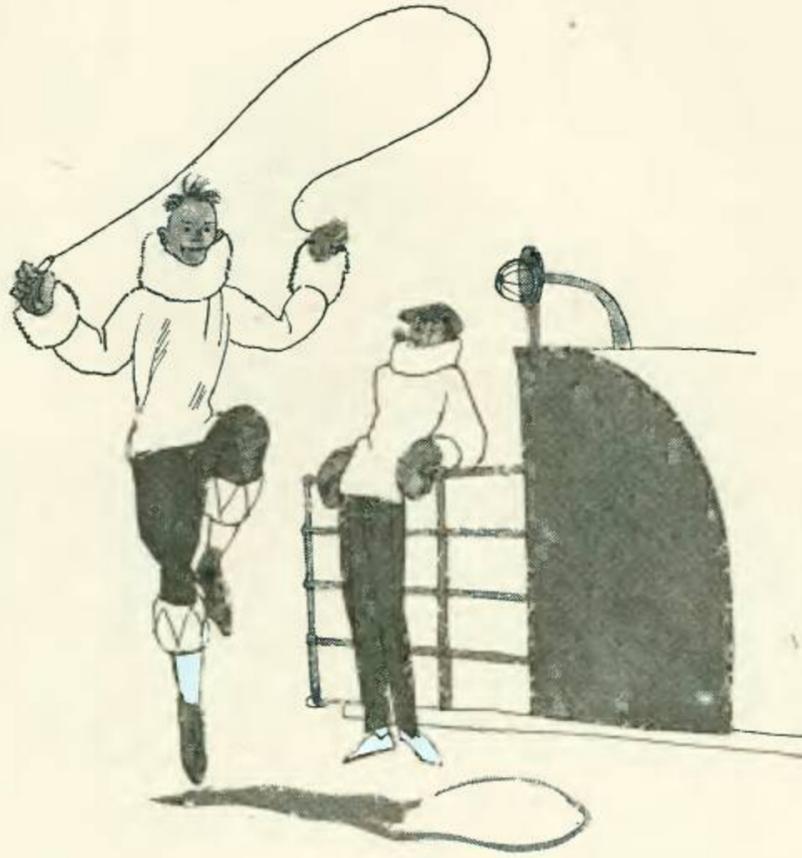
UPPERCU CADILLAC CORPORATION

INGLIS M. UPPERCU, *President*

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749 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn
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2431 Grand Concourse (188th St.) Bronx
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Skipping Across the Ocean!

“**W**HAT is it that the sad sea waves say?” No more is that the cry of ocean travelers . . . especially when they travel on a French Liner!

Music and laughter . . . play and clever chatter . . . dances and deck games . . . all make this a gala few days. So why go to a sanitarium if you are overworked? Or to the country . . . where your troubles darkly gather round you in such bucolic quiet?

You just need a change . . . for the better! Exercise, for instance . . . at the hands of the jolly gymnasium instructor on the PARIS or FRANCE. And what the salt air does to your appetite . . . Well! A famous chef will dispose of that.

A little time and no trouble . . . that's all it takes to go to Europe on a French Liner. At Havre you don't even have to transfer to a tender. Again it's easy . . . just down the gangplank to a boat train and Paris!

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, 19 State St., New York

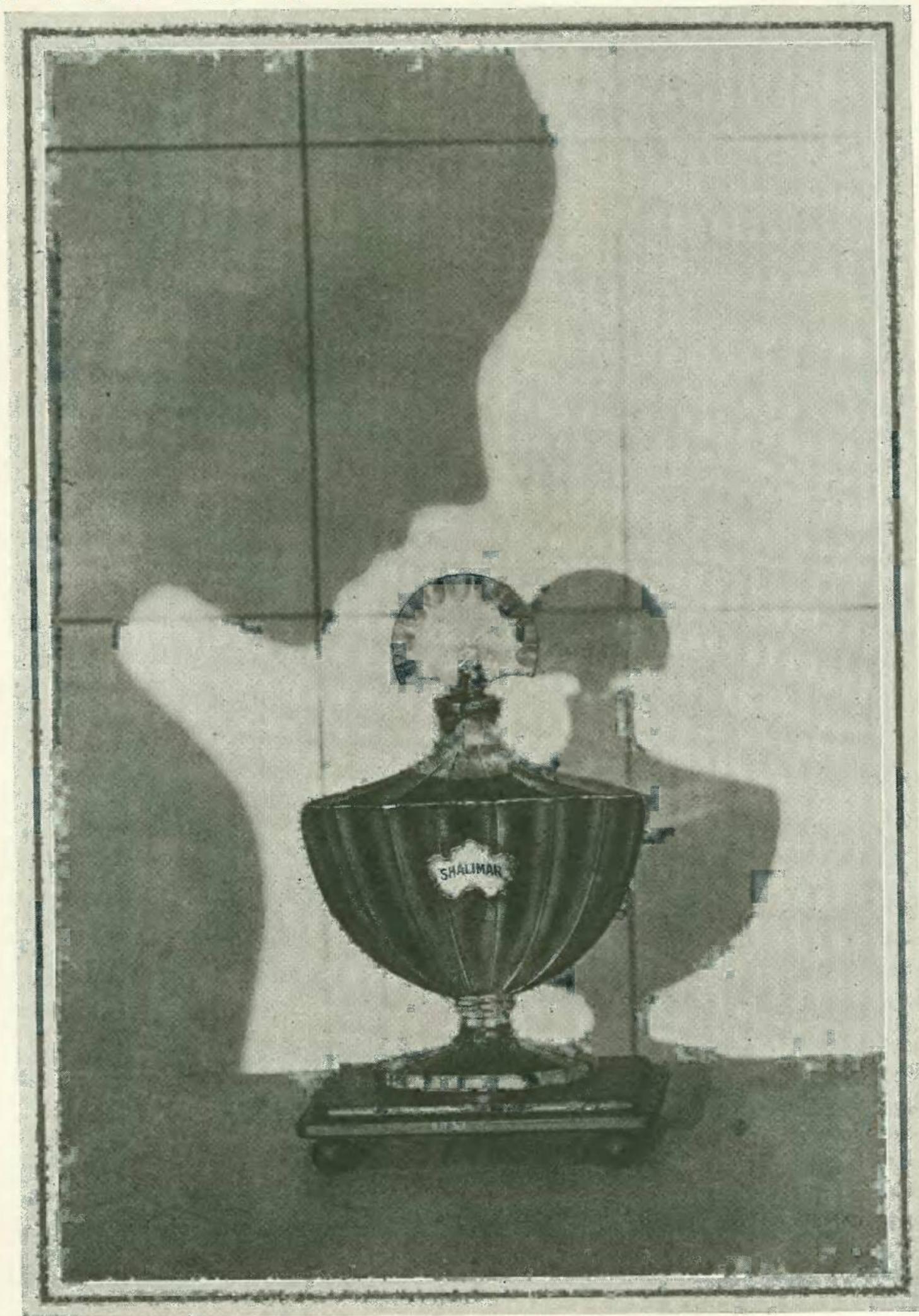
Offices and agencies in principal cities of Europe, Canada



and United States, or ask any travel or tourist agent

GUERLAIN'S PERFUMES

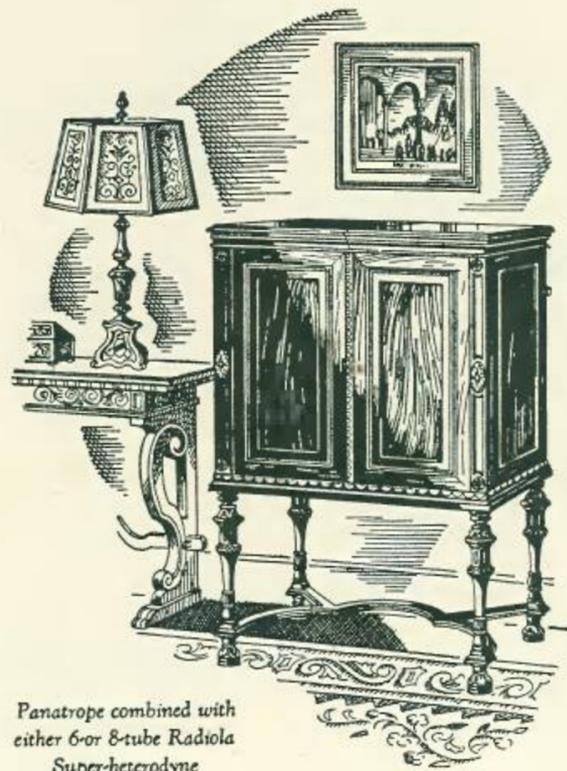
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Electricity's magic now brings you- Music and Radio

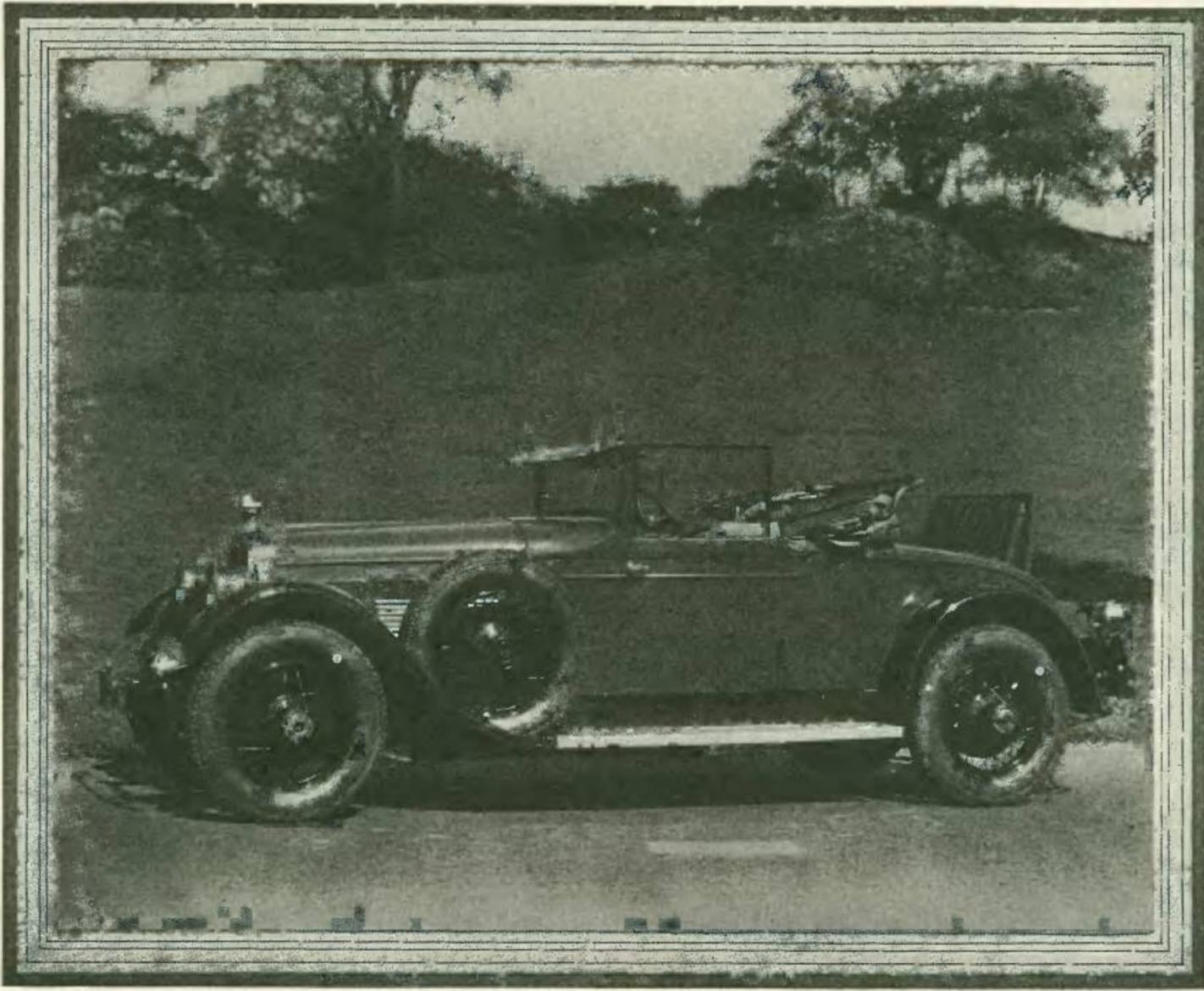


*Panatrope combined with
either 6-or 8-tube Radiola
Super-heterodyne*

THE BRUNSWICK PANATROPE is the joint achievement of Radio Corporation of America, General Electric Company, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company and The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company. When this new electric reproducing musical instrument was first demonstrated in New York City, critics and press pronounced it the most remarkable musical achievement of the age. The Panatrope brings you the music of the new electrical records, and radio, with a beauty and naturalness of tone surpassing anything in the history of sound reproduction. Hear the Panatrope at any Brunswick dealer's.

The BRUNSWICK PANATROPE *and* PANATROPE *and* RADIOLA

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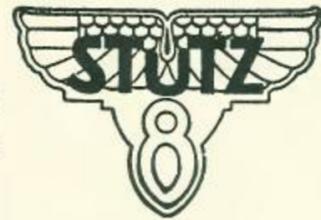
New **SAFETY STUTZ**

Spider

(English Type Convertible Coupe)

BY—LOCKE

THIS collapsible coupe is fast becoming the owner's personal car. For the motorist desiring to operate his own motor, in order to dispense with the chauffeur's service, this type predominates. Seating is for 5 places. Extra deep, soft, comfortable upholstery makes it a wonderful motor for short or long distance high speed touring.



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Incorporated

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Factory Branch

Phone Columbus 7070

The Packard Six

New Beauty, Comfort,
Power!

The improved Packard Six is one of the greatest achievements in the long history of Packard's engineering leadership.

For the improved Packard Six, retaining all the qualities which made it the model of the industry for six years, now has increased power which sets it apart as the greatest performing Six built, at any price.

This added power, which incidentally easily permits a speed of 75 miles per hour in even the largest closed models, gives a flashing acceleration and a hillclimbing ability surpassing even the greatest Packards of the past.

And with this supreme performance, the improved Packard Six brings a new refinement of beauty, an added range of color combinations and an increased comfort and ease of control.

Only by seeing it and driving it can you gain any real appreciation of the beauty, comfort and power of the Improved Six.

Despite these improvements this truly great car—built more finely than Packard has ever built before—has not been increased in price.

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PACKARD

Ask the Man Who Owns One



THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS

(From Friday, October 8, to
Friday, October 15, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

DRAMA

- BROADWAY**—Authentic gunmen, bootleggers and cabaret dancers in a tense and excellent play. **BROADHURST**, 44, W. of B'way.
- SANDALWOOD**—Pauline Lord giving a performance of a suburban patient Griselda which you can't afford to miss, though the play is mediocre. **GAIETY**, B'way at 46.
- THE DONOVAN AFFAIR**—Owen Davis probes Westchester dinner guests for murder clue most absorbingly. **FULTON**, 46, W. of B'way.
- THE GHOST TRAIN**—Shudders and chuckles in a haunted rural station. **ELTINGE**, 42, W. of B'way.
- NUMBER 7**—In a London fog the hero enters a sinister house to test the story of a corpse there. **HARRIS**, 42, W. of B'way.
- THE SHANGHAI GESTURE**—Romanticized sex tangle in a Chinese brothel. Money refunded if shocks prove inadequate. With Florence Reed. **46TH STREET**, 46, W. of B'way.
- LULU BELLE**—The career of a Harlem harlot from the gutter to the grave. With Lenore Ulric and Henry Hull. **BELASCO**, 44, E. of B'way.

COMEDY

- THE HOME TOWNERS**—A man from home, rebuked for his nosiness, makes an hilarious exhibition of himself. **HUDSON**, 44, E. of B'way.
- LOOSE ANKLES**—Two gigolos triumphantly redeem the tedium of a silly Gramercy Park romance. **BILTMORE**, 47, W. of B'way.
- FANNY**—Fannie Brice uses her sex appeal to foil some robbers on a ranch in Arizona. **LYCEUM**, 45, E. of B'way.
- TWO GIRLS WANTED**—A pleasant unpretentious story-play nicely acted. Gladys Unger is its Horatio Alger. **LITTLE**, 44, W. of B'way.
- SHE COULDN'T SAY NO**—The likable Florence Moore in a slapstick farce about a secretary in love with her employer. **BOOTH**, 45, W. of B'way.
- AT MRS. BEAM'S**—The placidity of a London boarding house disturbed by a thief and his mistress as guests. **GARRICK**, 35, E. of B'way.
- CRADLE SNATCHERS**—Bawdy, raucous and amusing. Don't go if you are easily offended. **MUSIC BOX**, 45, W. of B'way.
- WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS**—Helen Hayes filling Maude Adams' place very capably in Barrie's charming play. **BIJOU**, 45, W. of B'way.
- GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES**—A literal translation of the book to the stage with June Walker a superb Lorelei Lee. **TIMES SQUARE**, 42, W. of B'way.

A WOMAN DISPUTED—Ham war melodrama in which the heroine reluctantly submits to Lowell Sherman in order to save 100,000 lives. **FORREST**, 49, W. of B'way.

THE CAPTIVE—An intelligent, well written and well acted study of sex abnormality from the French of Edouard Bourdet. **EMPIRE**, B'way at 40.

THE SHELF—Frances Starr is charming in a good enough play about a woman who won't be passée. **MOROSCO**, 45, W. of B'way.

WITH MUSIC

- AMERICANA**—J. P. McEvoy takes a satiric view of the American scene. **BELMONT**, 48, E. of B'way.
- SUNNY**—Marilyn Miller in a mammoth musical mélange. Also present, Jack Donahue. Best of its kind. **NEW AMSTERDAM**, 42, W. of B'way.
- SCANDALS**—A lot of stars in a very good review. **APOLLO**, 42, W. of B'way.
- A NIGHT IN PARIS**—The Gertrude Hoffmann girls showing what Paris is supposed to be. **44TH STREET**, 44, W. of B'way.
- COUNTESS MARITZA**—Lovely music and George Hassell, but a book that hurts. **COSMOPOLITAN**, Columbus Circle.
- HONEYMOON LANE**—Takes Eddie Dowling and his girl from a pickle factory to a little white house with green blinds. Pleasant tunes. **KNICKERBOCKER**, B'way at 38.
- QUEEN HIGH**—An average musical comedy, with Luella Gear, which means it will entertain you more than it would otherwise. **AMBASSADOR**, 49, W. of B'way.
- THE VAGABOND KING**—A well acted and well staged operetta based on the life of François Villon. **CASINO**, B'way at 39.
- THE GIRL FRIEND**—A small and pleasant musical comedy. Music and lyrics by Rodgers and Hart. **VANDERBILT**, 48, E. of B'way.
- CASTLES-IN-THE-AIR**—Chicago's musical version of a Miss Cophetua and a Beggar Prince. More Chicagoan than royal. **SELWYN**, 42, W. of B'way.
- IOLANTHE**—A Gilbert and Sullivan revival that you should not miss. **PLYMOUTH**, 45, W. of B'way.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

- HER CARDBOARD LOVER**—A comedy from the French with Laurette Taylor and Leslie Howard. **HENRY MILLER'S**, 43, E. of B'way. Mon., Oct. 11.
- JUAREZ AND MAXIMILLIAN**—A play by Franz Werfel given by the Guild for its first offering of the season. **GUILD**, 52 W. of B'way. Mon., Oct. 11.
- AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY**—Theodore Dreiser's novel adapted by Patrick Kearney. **LONGACRE**, 48, W. of B'way. Mon., Oct. 11.
- RAIN**—Returning for two weeks with Jeanne Eagles. **CENTURY**, Cent. Pk. W. and 63. Mon., Oct. 11.



ABOUT TOWN

CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

CRISS CROSS—A musical comedy with Fred and Dorothy Stone. Music by Jerome Kern. **GLOBE**, B'way at 47. Tues., Oct. 12.

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

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

AMBASSADOR GRILL, 51 and Park Ave.—Aristocratic surroundings and the Larry Siry orchestra.

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3.—Village informality and uptown crowd and covert. Midnight revue.

CAFE DE PARIS, Cent. Pk. W. and 63.—Elaborate Shubert revue atop the Century.

CLUB ANATOLE, 145 W. 54.—Reviewed on page 64.

CLUB ALABAM, 216 W. 44.—Reviewed on page 64.

CLUB LIDO, 808 7 Ave.—The Yacht Club boys singing nightly to the smartest crowd to be seen after midnight at present.

CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51.—Maurice's temperament has postponed opening to October 12.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50.—Emil Coleman and Charlie Journal reviving a popular partnership. Entertainment not specified at time of going to press.

COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9.—Comedy orchestra, good dance floor, informal spirit, and low covert of the Village.

TEXAS GUINAN'S THREE HUNDRED CLUB, 151 W. 54.—Reviewed on page 64 of this issue by the indefatigable Lipstick.

VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60.—Opens October 9. Reviewed next week.

SMALL'S, 2294 7 Ave. and **CLUB BAMVILLE**, 65 W. 129th Street, are the aristocrats of Harlem night life. Go very late at night and late in the week.

MOTION PICTURES

BEAU GESTE—P. C. Wren's story faithfully filmed. With Ronald Colman and Noah Beery. **CRITERION**, B'way at 44.

THE SCARLET LETTER—An adequate adaptation of Hawthorne's story. Lillian Gish giving a splendid performance. **CENTRAL**, B'way at 47.

THE BIG PARADE—The War forming the background for a stirring picture. With John Gilbert and Renée Adorée. **ASTOR**, B'way at 45.

BEN-HUR—With the thrills of General Lew Wallace's story well high-lighted. **EMBASSY**, B'way at 47.

THE STRONG MAN—Harry Langdon giving some very funny moments to his latest comedy. **CAMEO**, 42, W. of B'way.

VITAPHONE—Interesting as a novelty but not as much else. Accompanied by John Barrymore in a poor movie. **WARNER'S**, B'way at 52.

ART

MODERNS PREFERRED — DANIELS, 600 Madison. Dickinson, Demuth, Kunioshi, Spencer, with some new examples.

NATIVE CONTEMPORARIES—NEW ART CIRCLE, 35 W. 57. A fine showing of some of the best young painters in this country.

MCBEY—FREDERICK KEPPEL & Co., 16 E. 57. Full showing of etchings and dry point, food for those who like this medium.

VLAMINCK—WEYHE GALLERIES, 794 Lexington Ave. Thirty water colors and as many lithos of a virile Frenchman; also two Weyhe favorites.

FRENCH MODERNS—BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway and Washington Ave. Superb showing of Cézanne, Picasso, Monet, Gauguin, lent by a private collector. Ends Oct. 12.

MUSIC

RECITALS

GEORGE LIEBLING—AEOLIAN HALL, Sun. eve., Oct. 10. One of the last of the Liszts and well worth your while.

MISCHA ELMAN QUARTET—AEOLIAN HALL, Tues. eve., Oct. 12. Mischa won't play solos this season but his chamber music ensemble compensates.

ERNEST HUTCHESON—CARNEGIE HALL, Wed. eve., Oct. 13. One of the finest of pianists.

RAOUL VIDAS—TOWN HALL, Fr. eve., Oct. 15. Return of a young fiddler who started out well a few years ago.

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC, Mengelberg conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL**, Thurs. eve., Oct. 14, Fri. aft., Oct. 15.

OPERA

SAN CARLO OPERA CO.—CENTURY THEATRE, Fri. eve., Oct. 8, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci." Sat. aft., Oct. 9, "Carmen." Sat. eve., Oct. 9, "Otello" (last performance by San Carlo this season).

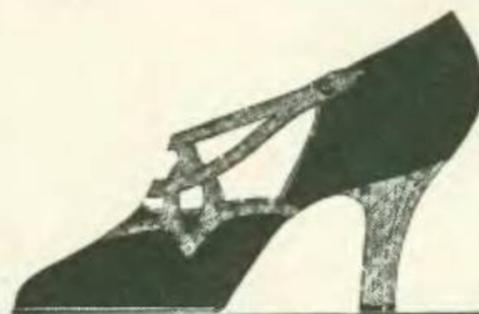
SPORTS

TURF—JAMAICA, L.I. Metropolitan Jockey Club Autumn Meeting. Daily at 2:30 p.m. Trains on Long Island R.R. Last day Thurs., Oct. 14.

YONKERS, N.Y. Empire City Racing Assn. Autumn Meeting starts Fri. Oct. 15. Daily at 2:30 p.m. Bus leaves for track from B'way at 40. Trains on New York Central R.R.

BASEBALL—WORLD SERIES AT YANKEE STADIUM. Game on Sat., Oct. 9, if necessary. See daily papers. N.Y. (Amer.) vs. St. Louis (Nat'l.). Game at 1:30 p.m.

FOOTBALL—AT BAKER FIELD, 218 St. and B'way. Columbia vs. Wesleyan at 2:30 p.m. on Sat., Oct. 9. Take B'way-7 Ave. subway to 215 St. station.



For Madame and
Mademoiselle

Julienne
238, RUE SAINT-MONORE, PARIS

SHOES

Shoes of exclusive
Paris smartness
that may be
bought at Juli-
enne's shop in
Paris and at
Franklin Simon's
shop in New York

MODEL 60 (illus-
trated)—A strap-
pump of black pat-
ent leather or beige
kidskin with un-
usual cut-out de-
sign, in tan lizard
calf-
skin. 18.50

OTHER JULIENNE
SHOES

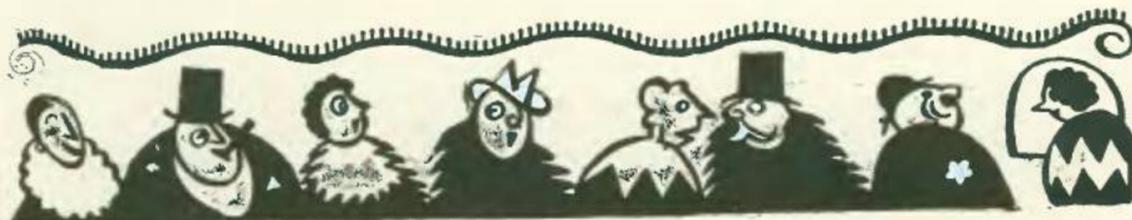
18.50 to 35.00

THE SLIPPER SHOP
Fourth Floor

Franklin Simon & Co.

A Store of Individual Shops
FIFTH AVE., 37th and 38th Sts., NEW YORK

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The CRUISES SUPREME 1927



Mediterranean

To the sunny Mediterranean—the Scenes of Ancient History and Old-World Romance. A winter voyage in spring-like weather, with snow-capped mountains, flowers, vineyards, golden shores and a calm blue sea enchanting your view.

The mind is relaxed and the heart rejuvenated on this

SUPREME MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

On the specially chartered White Star Liner

HOMERIC

"The Ship of Splendor"

The largest Steamer sailing to the Mediterranean

From New York January 22nd - Returning March 30th, 1927

A Luxurious Ship—A Cuisine and Service unexcelled—Cook's unflagging Courtesy, well ordered Management and unmatched Efficiency.

The itinerary covers: Madeira, Cadiz (Seville), Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis (La Goulette), Naples, Athens (Phaleron Bay), Chanak Kalesi, Constantinople, Haifa, Jerusalem, Cairo, Alexandria, Palermo, Naples, Monaco, Gibraltar, Southampton.

Many shore excursions. A long stay in Egypt, the Holy Land, etc. Stop-over privileges in Europe.

Around the World in a New Way

VIA the Southern hemisphere and unlike any previous World Voyage. A new idea in cultural Travel. Epochal in its Educational Value and Recreative Pleasure.

The South Sea Islands, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, the East Indies, Ceylon, South and East Africa and South America—truly a Major Voyage of surpassing interest.

on the famous Cunard Cruise Ship

FRANCONIA

Sailing from New York January 12th, from Los Angeles January 28th, 1927

Returning to New York June 2nd, 1927

THOS. COOK & SON

585 Fifth Avenue

NEW YORK

253 Broadway

Philadelphia

Boston

Chicago

St. Louis

San Francisco

Los Angeles

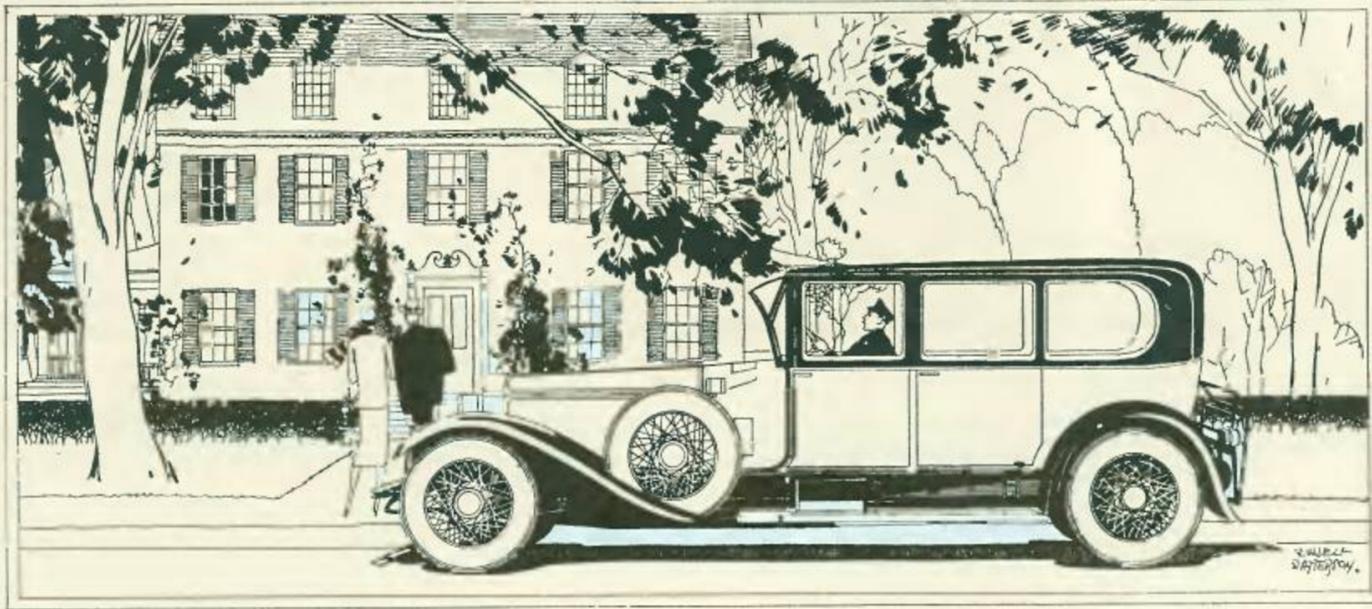
Toronto

Montreal

Vancouver

The sentiment of owning chassis 2612-E*

**Inspectors visit every Rolls-Royce chassis frequently during its entire life
This advertisement is based upon detailed records kept at the Springfield works*



THIS Rolls-Royce motor-car is owned by a gentlewoman of distinguished ancestry, who lives, and has always lived, in a New England town near Boston. The house in which she was born, elm-shaded and surrounded by ample lawns, was built before the Revolutionary War. A proud old place, it upholds the staunch traditions of its owner.

She bought her first Rolls-Royce thirteen years ago; and not without a feeling of regret that the old order was changing. Most of the old elms which she had known since childhood were being cut down. In her long lifetime she had seen the quiet town in which she lived become noisy and bustling with many modern devices—trolley cars, subways, apartment houses, automobiles.

Yet she came to accept one modern device, her Rolls-Royce motor-car. It took her to visit her nephews and nieces, her grandnephews and grandnieces; it took her calling; it took her for pleasant rides through the green New England country. The Rolls-Royce endeared itself to her through its quiet dignity, comfort and unfailing service. Indeed, so closely did she become accustomed to her motor-car that when

she returned from Europe in 1923 she bought her second Rolls-Royce.

When she came back to America, she was persuaded to have her 1913 Rolls-Royce overhauled at Springfield. It was explained that Rolls-Royce advised this practice to insure the same perfect service for the second 10 years of its life. "Yes," she agreed, "let my car be overhauled, by all means. But please leave it as it is. Do not put too many modern things on it. If you do you will take away its individuality." Such is the sentiment of owning chassis 2612-E.

Such sentiment is a thing apart from mechanical appreciation. Not concerned with cantilever springs, but with surpassing comfort. Nor with vibration dampeners and slipper flywheels, but with effortless transportation. Nor with brakes, linings, cooling areas, but with security. Nor with reasons for economy of operation, but with the fact that her cars are always ready to go.

We should be pleased to take you on a 100-mile trial trip over any roads, at any time. Rolls-Royce, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York. Branches in principal cities.

ROLLS-ROYCE

the
SMARTEST
AUTUMN
DAYTIME
bag

snakeskin

Imported snake-
skin bag with
hookless slide clasp
20.00

Chanel bag exactly re-
produced in suede or
velvet 12.50

Chanel

bishop's hat

"Bishop's Hat" bag
with four compartment
openings, fine suede
20.00

patou

Patou bag exactly re-
produced in suede or
crocodile 18.00

viannet

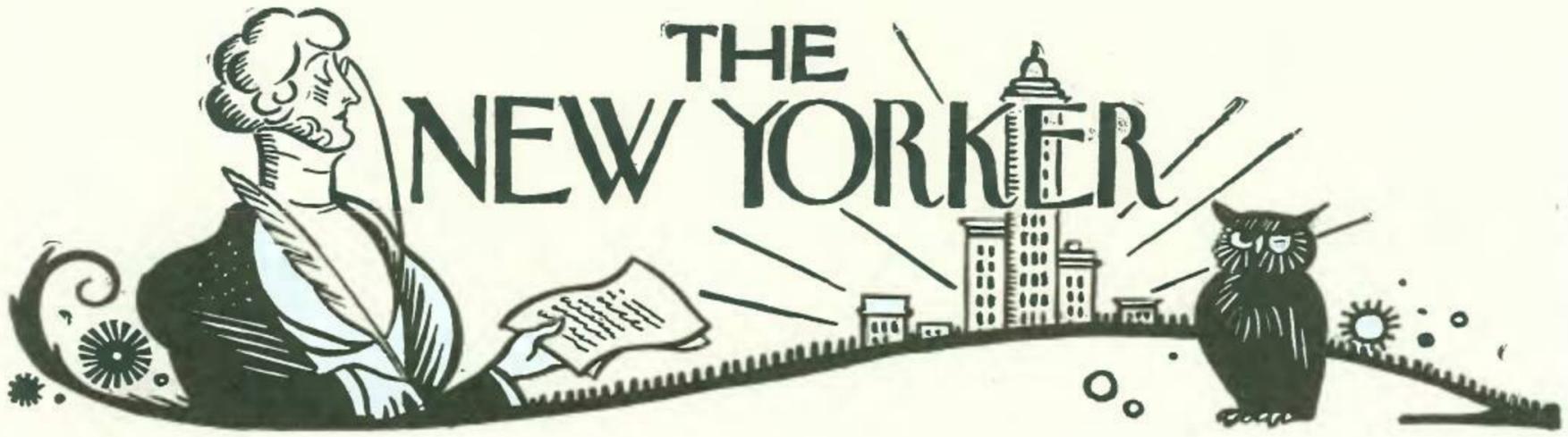
Vionette bag exactly re-
produced in velvet 12.50

the best of Paris
reproduced
by

BONWIT TELLER & CO.

The Specialty Shop of Originals
FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET, NEW YORK

VASSOS



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MANY cities have had their famous cats, but in this respect New York is sadly deficient. There once lived a cat in Venice to whom the Czar of all the Russias sent his visiting card and to whom a memorial was afterwards inscribed. Paris is renowned for her cat population in general. There is a feline, however, who sits on the southeast corner of Sixth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, near a flower store, that ought to be



famous. All New Yorkers who love a mighty cat should visit this creature's haunt and pay their respects.

ALTHOUGH Emory Buckner has not been able to give much time to the liquor question because of the alien property scandal, evidence that Prohibition is a howling success is still pouring in. The latest item comes from Washington itself. It seems the management of the capital's new big hotel, the Mayflower, is so sure that Prohibition is here to stay that it has equipped every bathroom with a corkscrew for the convenience of guests. The instruments are attached to the wall by chains.

BEARING out the theory of our successful authors that misfortune bravely borne is what arouses sympathy most easily, after six years of unpopularity good words were said for Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler, when he lost his fight. In his adversity

he has proved himself unique among prize fighters by refusing to advance an alibi for his defeat. We hope that



Tunney, in spite of his amazing knowledge of Shakespeare, the Bard of Avon, will do as well when his time comes.

ANOTHER intricacy in the traffic situation is disclosed. East Sixtieth Street is a westbound street until noon, eastbound from noon till seven P.M., and after that west again. Unfortunate motor owners there have to back and fill and reverse the direction of their standing cars three times a day or receive a ticket from the police. The person who pointed out this situation lives on the street. He says



he has solved the problem so far as he is concerned by giving up his business.

LOCAL residents returning from the exposition report that their finer sensibilities are bruised by the open flagrancy of Philadelphia. Not only do the police wear their guns outside but they call attention to them by white Sam Brown belts; and all the speak-easies, it would seem, are speak-as-loud-as-you-likes. Blind tigers often have no front doors at all except the old-fashioned swinging kind that al-

low the passer-by on the street to identify everyone who leans up against the bar. Surely there are fundamental decencies in these matters, which should not be violated in a town so lately honored by the presence of General Smedley D. Butler.

IN THE event that further proof is wanting that the world is not what it used to be, we call attention to a young girl who recently decided to go to work and who knew exactly what she wanted to do. Formerly



young girls simpered and said they didn't know. After a reasonable period of deliberation she announced flatly, "What I'd like to be is secretary to a man going round the world." That times have changed is proved by the fact that when we last heard of her she had got the job and was just about to sail on the *Aquitania*.

Bibliophile

SCARCELY a week passes without news that someone somewhere has paid the highest price ever paid for something, and last week was no exception. The press had it that Otto Vollbehr had bought a Gutenberg Bible for \$275,000—and so he had. What is more, Dr. Vollbehr, whose home is in Berlin and whose library totals 14,000 volumes, is now in New York with 3,000 of those books.

It came about this way. Dr. Vollbehr, who is a tremendous enthusiast, brought over a lot of his rare and



early religious books to show the Cardinals at the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago last summer. Then he ran into Col. Edwin Emerson, an old friend and a member of the National Arts Club, who persuaded him to hold an exhibit there. It is on now and will last until the middle of October. It includes one of the greatest existing collections of incunabula—cradle-books, so called because they were the first, printed between 1455 and 1500—and an equally fine collection of early Americana.

Mr. Vollbehr is an affable, bald-headed gentleman in his fifties. He is, or was, by profession a chemist. His first visit to this country was years ago when he had been sent on a trip around the world to complete his education. Landing in San Francisco he made the acquaintance of Mr. Sutro, most famous of the old gold millionaires, and in Sutro's library he acquired his first interest in book collecting.

Fifteen or sixteen years ago he was hurt in a railroad wreck, and it left him so nervous that the doctors insisted he take up something to occupy his mind. So his thoughts returned to Sutro's books, and since then collecting has been his main interest. With him it is an intimate and personal passion. He has hunted his books himself through all the old monasteries and castles of central Europe. He travels about a great deal. He and his wife run over from Berlin to southern California for a few months every winter. He explains that an added attraction there is the Huntington li-

brary, at Pasadena, in which he takes a personal interest, because it has many books which he used to own. "You know we Germans haf lost eferything," he says, "and to buy one book, I haf to sell others."

His favorite reading is "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and he is amused by our Prohibition and its workings. He is a merry soul, and he may be seen every day at the National Arts Club—this man who paid more for a book than any man ever paid before—personally in charge of his exhibit.

Black Bottom

A GENTLEMAN who feels that he knows everything about Broadway, was explaining to a group the origin of Black Bottom, the dance which replaced the old Charleston. Like the former favorite, the dance is from the South and was constructed to simulate the movements of a cow mired in black bottom river mud. The story brought forth no denials, but it was David H. Wallace who said skeptically:

"Well, the dance may have been named in honor of a cow, but it was the calves that made it popular."

Lords and Artists

GOSSIP in various studios about town to the effect that new decorations in the English House of Lords were to be done by an American artist, has caused considerable comment, and meantime Dean Cornwell, the man who has been given the commission, is

FASHIONS IN FIRST NIGHTERS

A BROADWAY REVUE
THE THEATRE GUILD
THE SUPER-MOVIE

quietly preparing, without turning the famous hair, for his two years' absence in England on the job. Just who will take Cornwell's place during this interval as the famous illustrator of yarns by Ibanez, Barrington, Cobb, Kyne, et al., in the popular story-magazines, is problematical.

The room in which the murals are to be painted has been left unadorned for many years, we understand, not because England lacked a sufficiently great artist, but because there was no event worthy of commemoration. The one painting now hanging in the room is of the Battle of Waterloo by a Scotchman, Daniel Maclise, and until the great war nothing happened, apparently, worthy of the attention of either lords or artists. Recently, however, Frank Brangwyn was commissioned to make the designs for the vacant panels, and these have at last been completed, representing the various British colonies. Of the ten panels in all, two of them will be a hundred feet long by thirty feet high, and the others twenty feet square. The

general design is that of a tapestry, made in accordance with the fifteenth-century Gothic architecture of the room.

The artists of London, anxiously awaiting Brangwyn's appointment of an assistant, which would obviously entail the execution of his designs, were dismayed to learn that the job had been given to our own Dean Cornwell. The fact that Brangwyn

the past ten years. He has a studio at 58 West Fifty-seventh Street, and lives on Sixty-seventh Street when he isn't at his country house in Mamaroneck.

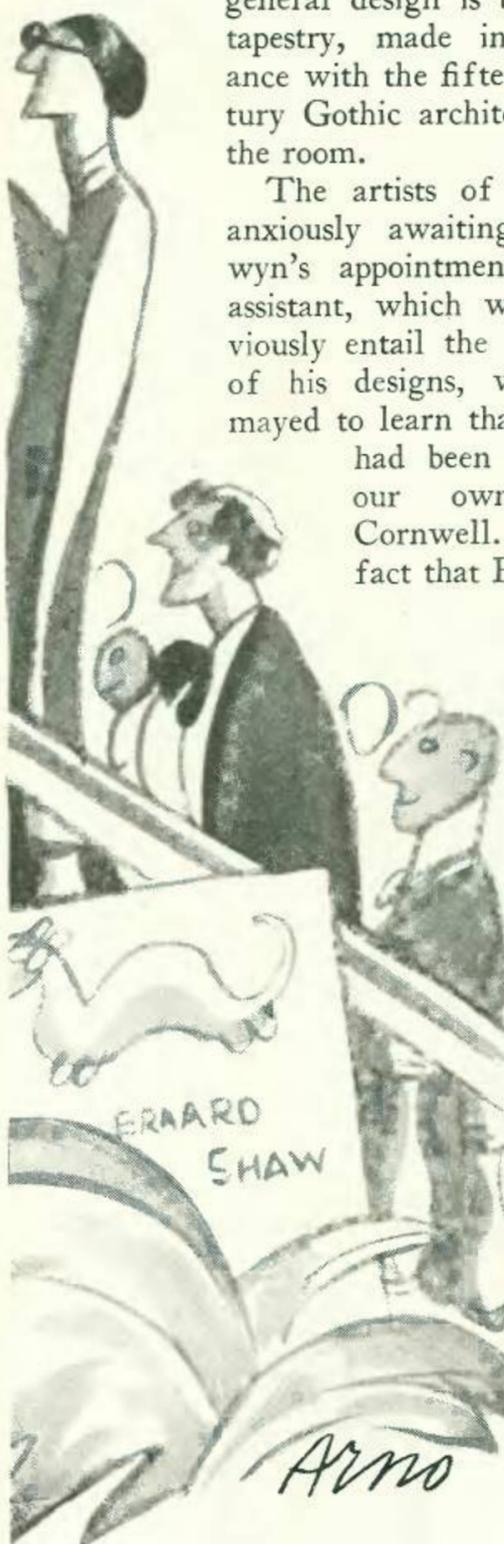
Independence

CURIOSLY enough, the only other paintings in the English Parliament buildings were supervised by an American, Edwin A. Abbey, who directed his students in the work. It was Abbey who, in 1911, was appointed to paint the "Coronation of King George." He refused it be-

the midst of a jam of motors, a horse-driven vehicle. She stopped stock-still and let out a scream: "Oooooo-h! I'm afraid of horses!" She had to be rescued by a timid man who hadn't dared attempt the crossing until the signals changed.

Philosophic

NO ONE seems to be more surprised at the astounding sale of 50,000 copies of "The Story of Philosophy" than Will Durant himself, the slim, bearded Canadian who wrote it. A publisher-about-town informs



is a Welshman, originally from Bruges, and is a bit indifferent to his English cousins, may possibly have had something to do with the choice, but probably not.

DEAN CORNWELL has worked for Brangwyn before, having returned from England only last spring after executing two additional panels of a mural in Skinner's Hall which Brangwyn had begun twenty years before. Incidentally, a clause has just been added to Brangwyn's will providing that, in the event of his death, Cornwell shall be allowed to complete all of his work. Cornwell is a big, blond, vigorous fellow with a determined jaw and, despite horn-rimmed spectacles, a rugged aspect. He is thirty-four years old. Born in Kentucky, he has lived most of his life in New York and he has exhibited his work here frequently during

cause of his previous experience with the "Coronation of King Edward," which he painted and which proved too great a strain. We gather that it was not the large number of portraits of lords and ladies required in the background which wore him down, but the distressing tendency of these lords and ladies to forget their appointments for sittings entirely. Even when they did remember to come, they often arrived at Abbey's studio anywhere from one to six hours late.

Modern Miss

A YOUNG lady to whom traffic rules meant nothing and who didn't see why she should wait for any foolish green light to flash, got half-way across Fifth Avenue safely between dashing automobiles—but stopped suddenly in the middle of the Avenue when she spied, near by, in

us that Durant always thought that his publishers were doing him a favor by printing his work, and so certain was he that there could be no important market for it that he returned his proofs with the request that his corrections be disregarded in case they should be too expensive to make. Never before had an author been so considerate of his publishers.

Durant, we are glad to inform an anxious public, is not without a romantic Lincolnian legend concerning his early educational struggles. It seems that though he was born in North Adams, Mass., he was some ten years old before he spoke any language but French. On his eleventh birthday, however, having been given eleven cents, and having heard of a certain English book called "David Copperfield," he is said to have trudged three miles to a bookstore in order to buy it. He discovered to his chagrin that

eleven cents was not sufficient to obtain the volume and was about to return the three weary miles (through the snow, we hope, since this would make the story still more romantic) when a certain rich butcher, hearing the touching story of his expedition, provided the necessary amount for the purchase and the young philosopher went home happily. Sixteen years later he began work on his own book, this season's best non-fiction seller.

The history of "The Story of Philosophy" contains the usual element of business romance. E. Haldeman-Julius, of Kansas, father of the five-cent classics, had agreed to publish the volume, but he was crowded with work. One day while in New York he asked Simon & Schuster if they would take it over. They did, as a favor, hoping they would break even on it. Now it has already had a bigger sale than Van Loon's "The Story of Mankind" and is going better than Wells' famous "Outline" did during its first season.

Scent

IT WAS not announced at C. C. Pyle's party for Suzanne Lenglen aboard the *France* the other night, but we hear that she is about to start a new fad. The report is that she will introduce a new perfume, named after her, which will be exclusively a sport perfume. She also brought over an evening perfume, and now the question is what is a sport perfume and how far back in an open-air stadium, if at all, can one recognize it?

Business Administration

IT WILL doubtless cheer those who have been frantically trying to have telephones installed in new apartments during the usual First of October rush, to hear of the Mayor's triumph. On Monday, September 27, His Honor put in an order for twenty-six telephones to be installed at his residence on St. Luke's Place. On Tuesday the 28th, surprisingly enough, the wires were up and the telephones installed and ready for service on Wednesday. They are all private wires, connected directly with Albany, Tammany Hall and twenty-four other strategic points.

We are told, by the way, that the Mayor, while inspecting a psychopathic ward in a hospital recently, was nonplussed when one of the patients

hailed him familiarly with a "Hello, Jimmy, I voted for you!"

Tunnel Progress

NOW that the Governors of New York and New Jersey have driven through the vehicular tunnel it develops that nothing more important to the citizen of New York than the completion of this tunnel is likely to happen in some time. If it really means the doing away with the ferry nuisance, it is as important as the doing away with Hylanism which took place some time ago.

As time goes on, more and more people are to be met who have been down into the tunnel and looked at it. They report variously. What it actually looks like is an extremely long, tiled bathroom with mud on the floor. There are a few work trucks in it at the moment, and their reverberating exhaust seems to augur little good for the eardrums when the place becomes full of hooting tourists; but they say that it won't be unbearably noisy. The fact that it will be full will ease the racket. And it is now cool and damp and most agreeable.

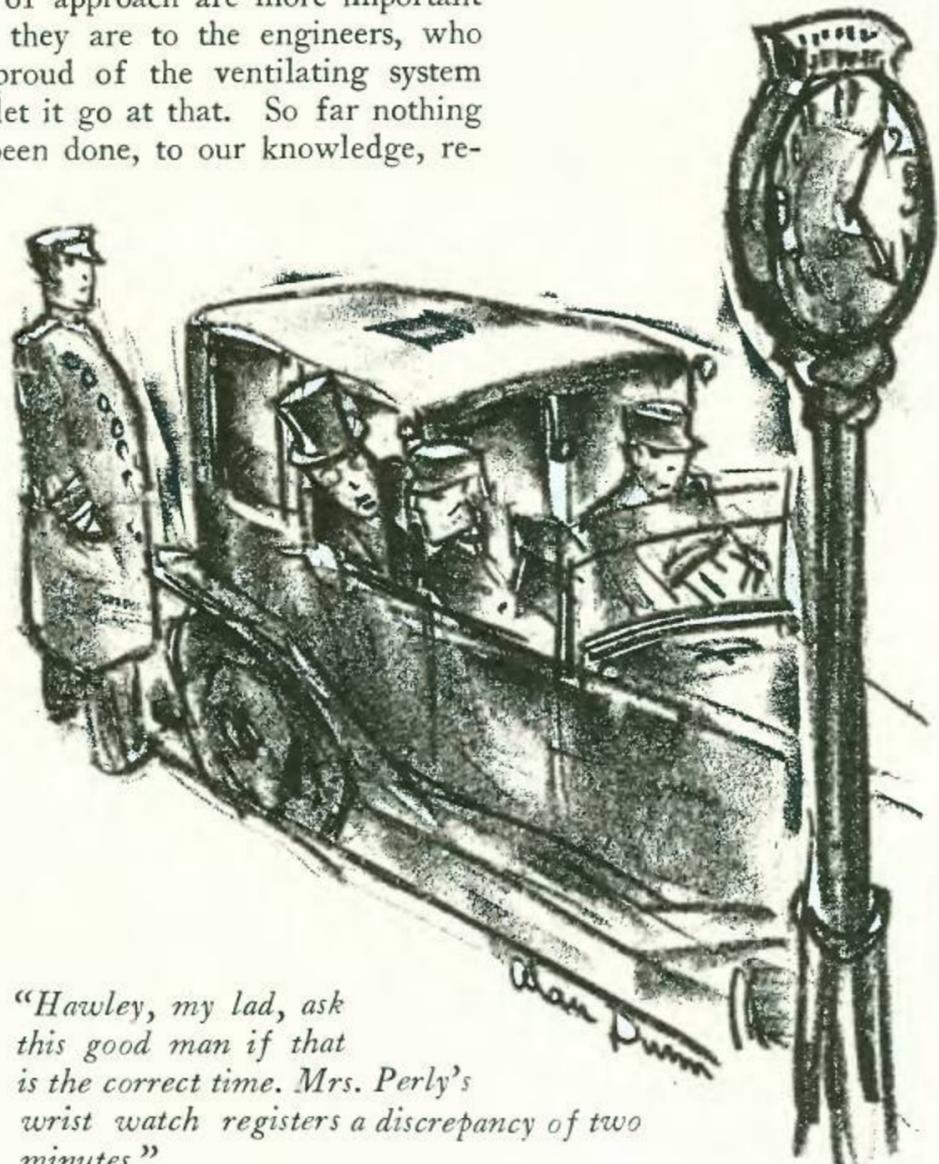
To beauty-conscious New York, the exit and entrance portals and the arrangement of open squares and avenues of approach are more important than they are to the engineers, who are proud of the ventilating system and let it go at that. So far nothing has been done, to our knowledge, re-

garding the architectural and sculptural aspects. A block or so of houses has been cleared away on Varick Street and the residents of Little Italy, below the present terminus of Sixth Avenue (erroneously called Greenwich Village by the newspapers) have been asked to move in order to permit the extension of the avenue as far south as Canal Street. But these are all engineering measures. Very sensibly, the authorities are going to open the tunnel first and beautify it afterward.

As to the beautifying, the only sentiment audible is a rather violent one against anything that looks like Civic Virtue, either as a symbol or as a statue. This is, at least, a healthy state of mind.

Color

NOW that Fifth Avenue is no longer a promenade, only a fashionable procession of shoppers, heavily diluted with shop girls, life insurance agents and Broadway overflow, we have been seeking elsewhere for a street which still retains the loafing stroll as its tempo. Broadway at certain hours approaches the desired effect in its own way, but doesn't quite



"Hawley, my lad, ask this good man if that is the correct time. Mrs. Perly's wrist watch registers a discrepancy of two minutes."

succeed. Seventh Avenue, on the other hand, between 127th and 134th streets, especially on the east side of this wide boulevard, is still the real thing in promenades.

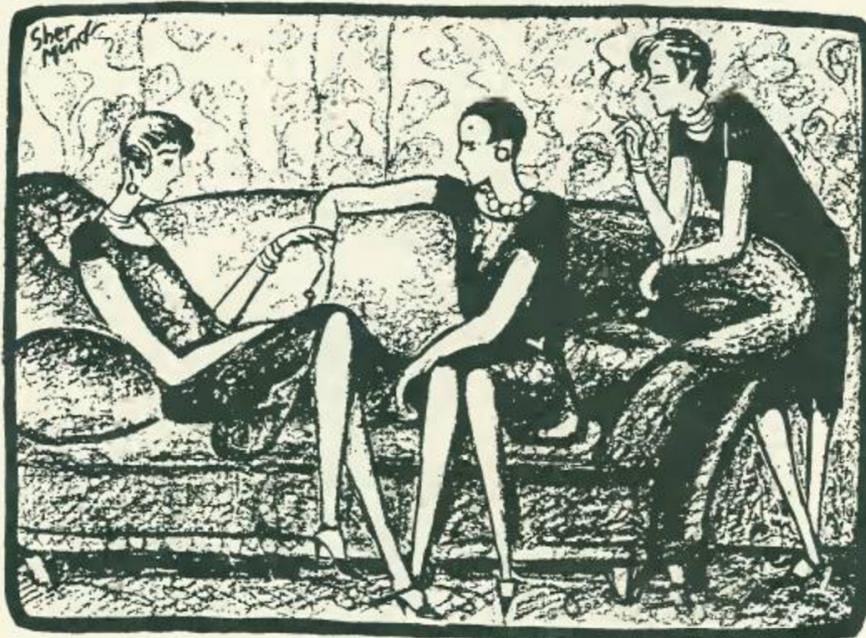
It is Harlem's Fifth Avenue, without Fifth Avenue's fevered pace. Here the élite of colored New York stroll almost any evening in a true Sunday-afternoon-in-the-park manner. Here the young men in evening clothes and jaunty derbies or in more sporting outfits of spats, colored shirts, trick canes, loiter on the corners or in front of theatres and laugh with wide-mouthed abandon at their heavy jokes. Here, past these young men, with sublime unconsciousness, dusky young school girls go arm in arm, sometimes four and five abreast. Here old women waddle along, leading their favorite hound or poodle; and a group of mam-mies exchanging gossip as though in a small-town back yard, mingle with flashy young flappers tawdry with lavender face powder.

PROSPEROUS old men with heavy gold watchchains slung ponderously over wide bellies stroll on this strange street and amiably circle flocks of pickaninnies playing marbles in the middle of the sidewalk. Limousines turn suddenly from the boulevard into side streets and disgorge flocks of smartly dressed negroes who disappear quietly into apartment houses or night clubs. And the usual group of colored taxi-drivers at corners may as likely as not be shooting craps on the curb without attracting the least attention.

All the while not a white face in sight. Maybe a high-yellow, a picaroon, a pale mulatto, but more often blacks and golden browns. Harlem takes its ease on one of the widest and most lovely avenues in the city and although it is but a half-hour from Times Square, it might be a stage set for Egypt in Modern Clothes.

The Limit

COCKTAIL invented by "Chips" Brighton, popular bartender at Harry's New York Bar, Paris, named



"And she doesn't do a thing but have a good time!"
 "T-t, t-t!"
 "Too bad!"

"The Three Mile Limit": One teaspoonful of grenadine, a dash of lemon juice, two-thirds brandy, one-third Bacardi rum. Shake well and strain.

The Legal Mind

PINNING another story on the innocent college professor may be taking advantage of a helpless class, but in this case there is no help for it; for the Professor tells it on himself.

He went into an antique shop in Italy and was rash enough to enthuse over a painting by an old master. "But of course," he said to the dealer, "I'm not one who can afford such things." And buying a small article he returned to his pension.

The next day the picture arrived. "Oh, yes," said the dealer, coldly when he went to protest, "You definitely bought this picture yesterday, and I'm afraid you'll have to pay for it. I intend to bring suit."

Wounded, confused, and despairing, the Professor went to an Italian friend of his—a lawyer. "Certainly I'll take the case," the lawyer said, after carefully examining the picture, "and you don't need to worry about the fee. By the way, was there anyone else in the shop when you were there?"

"No," said the Professor. "That's the trouble."

He had very little hope. And when at the trial the dealer produced two witnesses who swore they had heard the Professor order the picture sent to his pension, the last ray flickered and

went out. Then his own lawyer got up.

"Did you leave the shop before my client, here?" he asked the witnesses.

"Yes."

"Well," he said, producing three respectable-looking citizens, "I have three witnesses who were in the shop later and who saw my client pay for the picture."

In this way the Professor became the owner of an exceedingly valuable work of art. Then the lawyer called. "I won't bother you with a fee," he said affably. "I'll just take the picture." And putting it

in his cab, he departed.

The Professor is still confused.

Playing the Game

THE week-end produced a story from one of the public golf courses in the suburbs, over which suddenly broke a violent thunderstorm.

Golfers of both sexes rushed for shelter. The clubhouse porch was crowded. During the worst of it a large, bustling woman, wet to the skin, struggled up the hill to safety.

"My dear," she shrieked, "I don't mind the water—but do you know what happened? I never was so frightened in my life! The lightning came on so suddenly, and there I was with an iron club in my hand—but anyway, I had the presence of mind to hand it to the caddy."

Verdict

AL SMITH recently had his portrait done; and the following readily explains why he gave the work of art his official approval.

When the picture was finally finished the governor, who had refused to see it in its preliminary stages, inspected it, slowly turning a large cigar between his lips. "Well," he rumbled slowly, "from the right side I look like a Mulberry Street Italian, from the left like a Delancey Street Jew and from the front like an old-fashioned Tammany Irishman—it's what I call a darned good political picture."

—THE NEW YORKERS

"MR. PAWLING," said the hostess, "this is a great admirer of your books. Miss Waldron, Mr. Pawling. Miss Waldron, oh, she's a great admirer of yours."

She laughed heartily and highly, and melted away through the crowd, toward the depleted teatable. Her lips were scrolled in sunshine, but in her eyes was the look of the caged thing, the look of the tortured soul who is wondering what in hell has become of that fresh supply of toast.

"Want to sit down?" said the author. "Here's a couple of chairs. Might as well grab them."

"Ooh, let's!" said the great admirer. "Let's do!"

So they did.

"God, I'm tired," said the author. "Dead, I am. Terrible party, this is. Terrible people. Everybody here's terrible. Lot of lice."

"Oh, you must get so sick of parties!" said the great admirer. "You must be simply bored to death. I suppose people are after you every second with invitations."

"I never answer them," he said. "I won't even go to the telephone any more. But they get you, anyhow. Look at me now. Stuck."

"Oh, it must be simply terrible," she said. "I was thinking, when I was watching you, before. Everybody crowding around you every minute."

"What's a person going to do?" he said.

"No, but really," she said, "you can't blame them, you know. Naturally everybody wants to meet you. My heavens, I've been just simply dying to, ever since I read 'Some Ladies in Agony.' I just love every word of that book. I've read it over and over. But my heavens, I suppose so many people tell you how they love your books, it would simply bore you to death to hear me rave about them."

"Not at all," he said. "That's quite all right."

"Oh, I do," she said. "I love them. I've often thought 'I'd just love to sit down and write Freeman

OH HE'S CHARMING!



... women? Oh, my God, I've known a million . . ."

Pawling a little letter.' But I couldn't get up the nerve to. I was simply scared to death of you. Do you mind if I say something awfully personal? I had no idea you'd be so young!"

"That so?" he said.

"Why, I thought you'd have gray hair, at least," she said. "I thought anybody would have to be old, to know as much as you do."

"That so?" he said.

"My heavens," she said, "the things you know! Why, I thought nobody but me knew them. Do you mind if I ask you an awfully personal question? How on earth did you ever find out so much about women?"

"Oh, my God," he said, "I've known a million of them. All over the world."

"You don't have to tell me," she said. "I bet you have. I bet you've left broken hearts wherever you've gone. Haven't you?"

"Well," he said.

"It must be just simply awful for any woman you know," she said. "The way you see right through and through them. I'd better be terribly careful what I say. First thing I know, you'll be putting me in a book. Look, I'm going to ask you something awfully personal. Do you mind? Look, was *Cicely Celtic* in 'Various Knights and a Lady' drawn from real life?"

"She was," he said, "and she wasn't. Partly she was, and partly she wasn't."

"That's what I thought," she said. "She was rather an amusing little thing," he said, "the real *Cicely*. Girl named Nancy James—very good family. A lady. Possessive as the devil, though. She's dead, now. Shot herself."

"Ooh," she said. "Just like in the book!"

"Yes," he said. "I thought I might as well use it. After all the trouble she was. God, what a jealous little ape."

"Are you writing anything now?" she said.

"Oh, it's coming slowly," he said. "Coming slowly. It doesn't do to hurry it."

"I was in at the library yesterday," she said. "Isn't it funny, I was just asking them if you had anything new out, and they said no. They said no, you didn't. I always ask them what's good, and they sort of save out books for me. I got a lot. There's one of them by Sherwood Anderson. The Dark something, or something."

"Don't read it," he said. "It's a louse. Poor Anderson's all through."

"Oh, I'm awfully glad you told me," she said. "Now I won't have to waste my time over it. Then I got this Dreiser thing, only it's in two books, and it looks terribly long."

"Dreiser trying to write," he said. "That's one of the funniest things in the world. He can't write."

"Well, I'm glad to know that," she said. "I won't have to bother with it. Let's see—oh, I got this new Ring Lardner book. Short stories or something."

"Who?" he said.

"You know," she said. "He used to write funny things. You know, all those funny things. Everything spelled wrong, and everything."

"What's his name?" he said.

"Lardner," she said. "Ring Lardner. It's a funny name, isn't it?"

"It's a new one on me," he said.

"Well, I really just got it mostly for Daddy," she said. "He's crazy about baseball and things. I thought he'd probably be crazy about it. I

just can't seem to find any books I like, any more. My heavens, I wish you'd hurry up and finish your new one. I wish I had the nerve to ask you something awfully personal. I wonder if you'd mind. What's your new book like?"

"It's different," he said. "Entirely different. I have evolved a different form. The trouble with novelists is their form. It's their form, if you see what I mean. In this book, I have taken an entirely different form. It's evolved from the 'Satiricon' of Petronius."

"Ooh," she said. "Ooh. Exciting!"

"A good deal of the scene," he said, "is laid in Egypt. I think they're about ready for it."

"How gorgeous!" she said. "I simply love anything about Egypt. I'm just crazy to go there. Have you ever been?"

"No," he said. "I'm sick of traveling. It's the same thing everywhere. People giving parties. Terrible."

"Oh, I know," she said. "It must be awful. Look, I don't want you to think I'm being awfully personal,

but I was just thinking I'd simply love to have you come up to the house for tea some time. I wonder if you would."

"God, I'm through for the year," he said. "This is the last time they get me out."

"But just quietly," she said. "Just a few people that are crazy about your things, too. Or just nobody, if you like."

"For God's sake, when would I have any time?" he said.

"Well, just in case you ever do," she said, "it's in the telephone book. D. G. Waldron. Do you think you can remember that or shall I write it down?"

"Don't write it," he said. "I never carry women's addresses around with me. It's hot as hell in here. I'm going to duck. Well, good-bye."

"Oh, are you going?" she said. "Well, good-bye, then. I can't tell you how exciting it's been, meeting you and all. I hope to goodness I haven't bored you to death, raving about your books. But if you knew how I read them and read them! I simply can't wait to tell everybody

I've really met Freeman Pawling!"

"Not at all," he said.

"And any time you're not just terribly busy," she said, "it's in the telephone book. You know!"

"Well, good-bye," he said.

He was out the door in eight seconds flat, with no time out for farewells to his hostess.

The great admirer crossed the room to the tea-table, and clutched the hostess by her weary and flaccid hand.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "it was just simply too thrilling for anything. Oh, he's charming!"

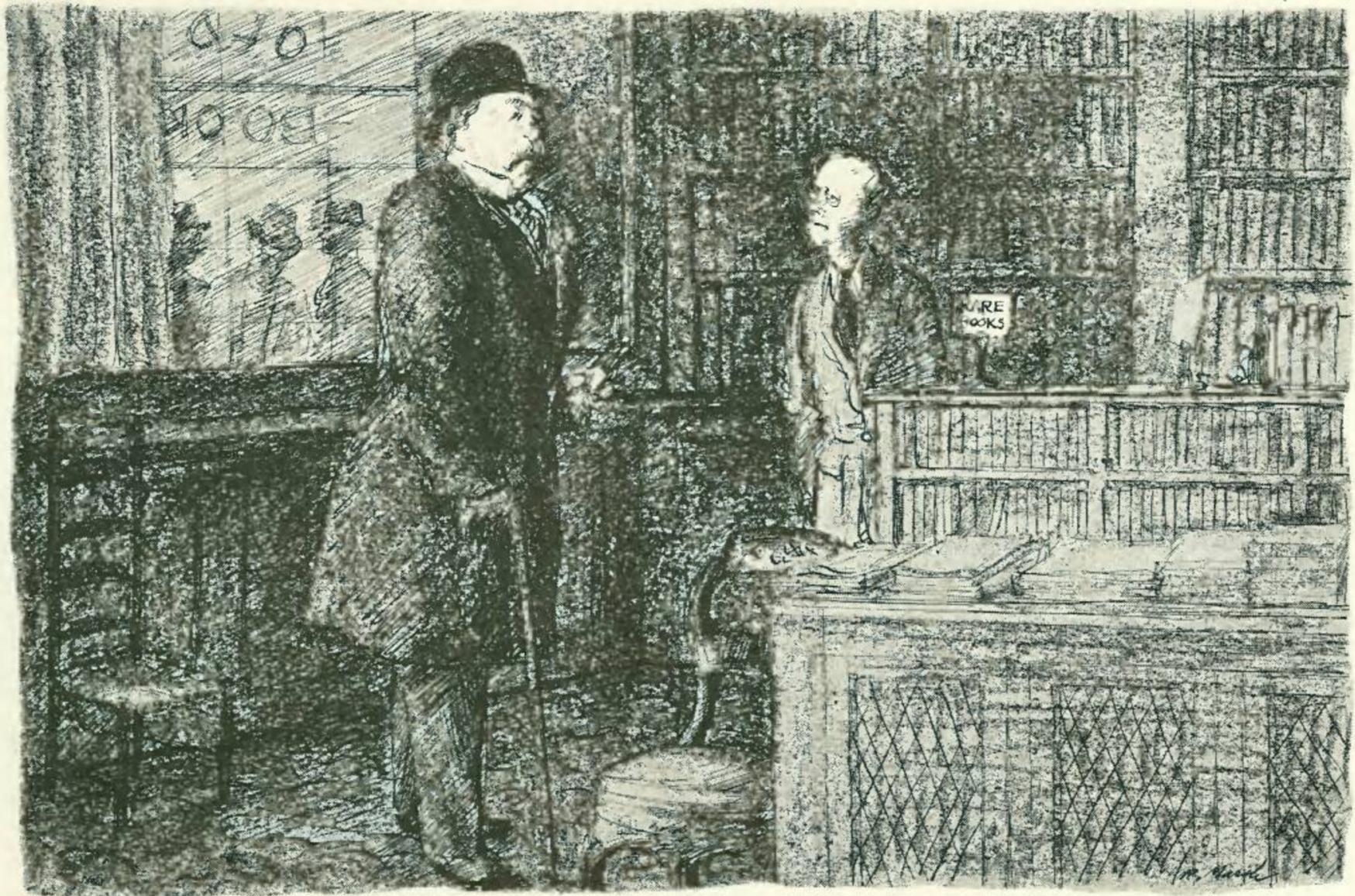
"Isn't he?" said the hostess. "I knew you'd think so, too."

—DOROTHY PARKER

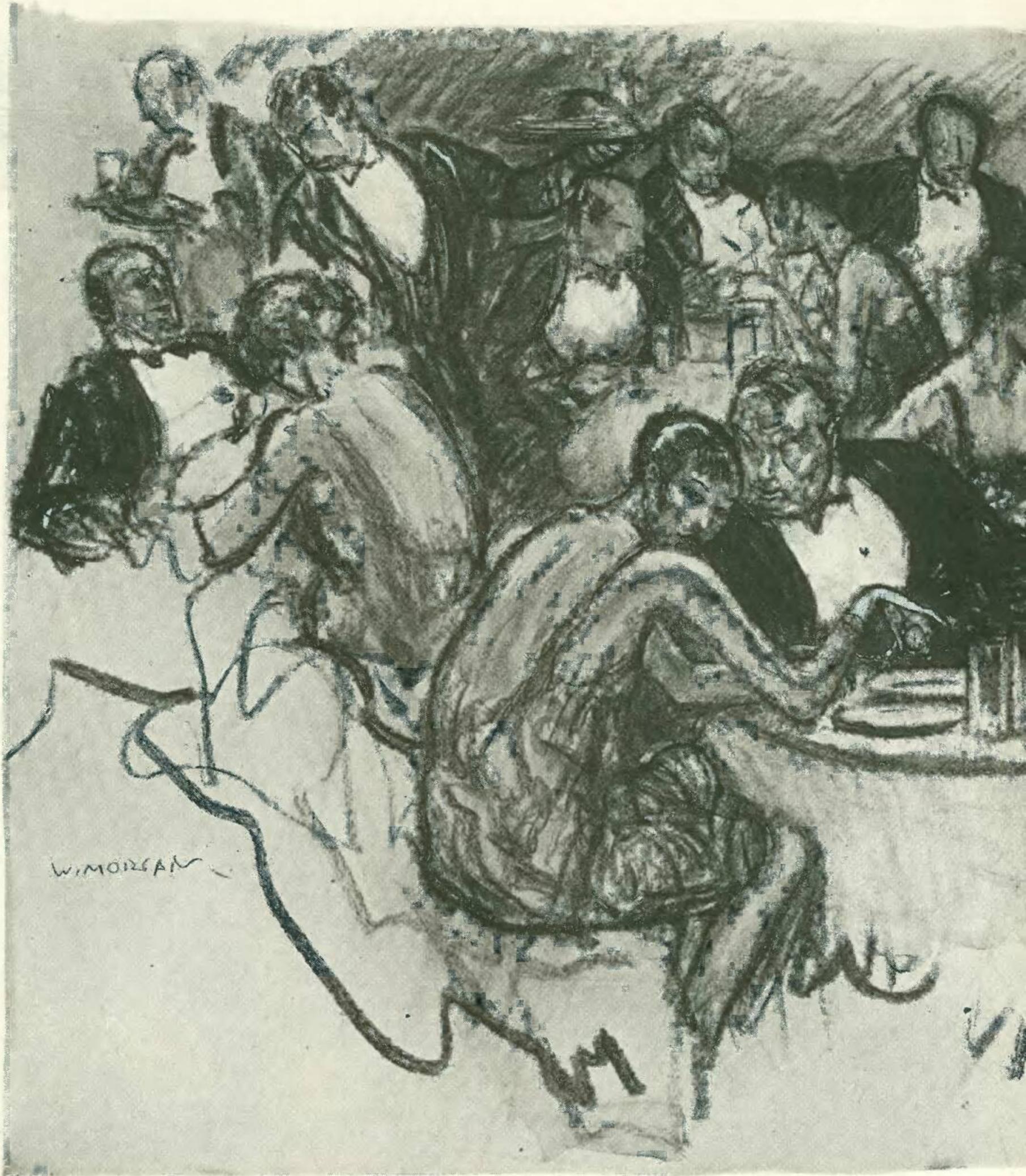
THE DEAR, DEAR PUBLIC

"Cherish your visions; cherish your ideals; cherish the music that stirs in your heart, the beauty that forms in your mind. Dream lofty dreams, and, as you dream, so shall you become."

"I will be very glad to tell you how to make sauerkraut, M. F., and I hope you will enjoy it this winter."—*Advice on hearth and home in New York paper.*



"Send up about two dozen books. You know, the sort of thing you need for a French room."



"Poor little girl—to think you"



never had anyone to protect you."

IT IS part of
the curious
conceit of

PROFILES

A CERTAIN PERSON

most men that
those who know Mrs.
Henry Moskowitz claim

her mind, and thereby her unique political success, for the male sex. "Practical," they call her, in the complimentary sense, as if that were a prerogative of males. And to her practicality they attribute her present untitled position as advisor to, chief propagandist of, and band wagon driver for Al Smith.

Even granting that practicality is restricted to males, on the ground that few women have had the opportunity to acquire the trait, and that Mrs. Moskowitz has shown a striking capacity for getting things done, her mind is no soil where may be flung out a flag marked "Man." Hers is a glowing belief that one day Al Smith will be President of the United States, and each day of work in her stuffy office, a few steps from the Grand Central station, is devoted to that purpose. Surely, that is not practical: a stout Jewish woman working herself close to a physical breakdown in the belief she can make a wet Roman Catholic President of a dry, Protestant country. And if she has spent years being practical in lesser ways to make substance of that dream, certainly the whole fabric takes on an aspect of idealism and impracticability on which no proud male would admit a lien.

IT IS a pleasant notion: Al Smith in the White House; one to roll on the tongue and taste, but not to swallow. You'll find no man in politics who'll mistake the flavor for nourishment and build the best part of his professional career upon it. Mrs. Moskowitz has and will continue to do so. And, on that day when Al Smith steps aside definitely as a Presidential candidate, the woman whose life has been consecrated to his victory will find in it no sting of defeat for herself.

"They're just not educated up to it," she'll say, as she has of Smith himself when he has overruled her. Nor will there be a note of resignation in her low, cool voice; already she will have turned to practical plans for making another dream come true.

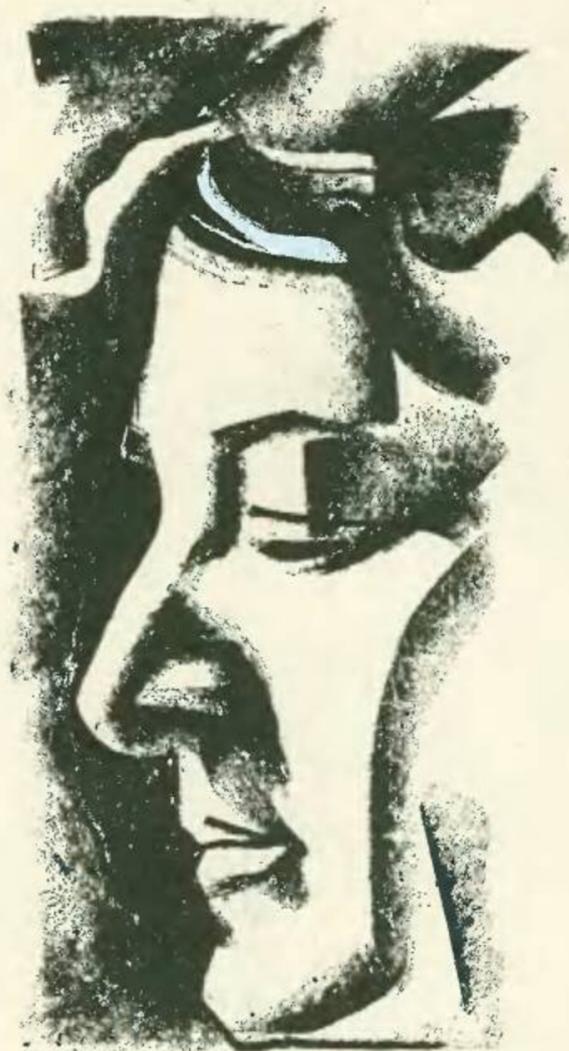
It is no more possible to write genuinely of Mrs. Moskowitz without dealing with her sex attitude, her race and the beauty of her features, than it

is to avoid mention of her admiration and work for Smith. They are all part of the impersonal, enigmatic, even mysterious portrait of herself she has created. The dark, astonishing beauty of her youth gave her the self-assurance some find irritating but which is her most striking attribute. Her race gave her the passion for social progress which brought her to Smith as the new saviour of Tolerance. And her conventional view of the part women should play in the world has given her the capacity to work for a man, asking no greater reward than that she shall have had a part in an important career.

Tammany hates her. With Van Namee, Gilchrist and Proskauer, she has become one of Smith's unofficial cabinet, that little group of friends upon whose intelligence he has come to depend more and more as his own figure has come out of the shadows of Tammany into the strong sunlight of national interest. Tammany has felt its "Al" slipping away in recent years and has blamed Proskauer and Mrs. Moskowitz the most because they have no Tammany tradition, and of course, because they are Jews. Tammany is right. Its "Al" has been slipping away and the middle-aged Jewish woman with the beautiful face is undoubtedly largely responsible. She has made Al respectable without making him discard his derby, his cigar, or his habit of talking out of the side of his mouth, just as Charlie Chaplin is now regarded as an artist, without having lost an atom of his vulgarity. And Al has come to think more about welfare legislation and such abstract matters of government, and less about "the boys at the Hall" than they quite like.

"Petticoat government," they whisper, with the hope it will get under the skin of the man who was once an Oliver Street roughneck with a scorn for girls, and that he will "give her the air"; as if, having grown into intellectual long pants over their objections, he would, or even could now, at their request, grow right back into mental diapers.

Most of all Tammany dislikes her because she has never accepted a public job from Smith. Public Service Commissioner at \$15,000 a year, or



Mrs. Henry Moskowitz

almost anything else within the gift of the Governor she might have been, so rumor goes. She has refused. If she had accepted, Tammany would have regarded her as an enemy but an understandable one. Having declined, she is incomprehensible and therefore hated as is no ordinary enemy; they have concluded she must be up to some gigantic dirty trick aimed at themselves.

Even many of her friends don't understand altogether why she works so hard for no adequate reward in money or kudos. Every day she goes to work as Director of Publicity for the Democratic State Committee, and almost every Friday night she catches the midnight for Albany to confer there with the Governor on many phases of his work. When she is not doing one or the other, she is engaged in research work for the Governor's speeches, representing him in labor disputes or on committees, or bringing to bear her somewhat peremptory manner, her reputation for playing fairly and her influential acquaintance, to prevent newspapers from publishing "unfortunate" stories about the Governor. But she is paid for her publicity job alone, and for that some \$4,000 a year.

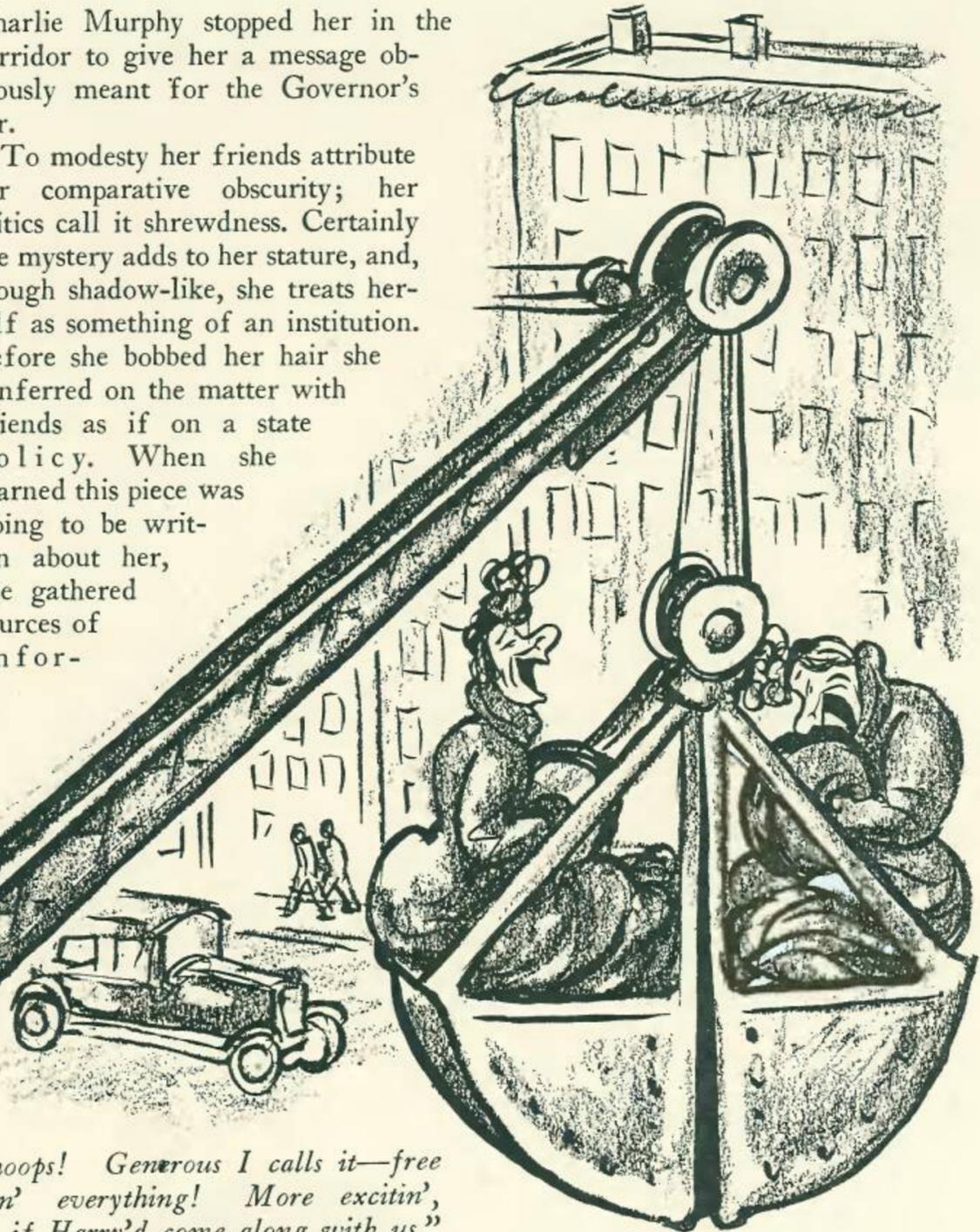
Her own explanation of her motive

is no great help. "It's the best way I can be of service," she says. It sounds like—but is only partly—hokum. The truth would appear to be that she is a woman of the Jewish tradition, whose career must be a part of and no greater than that of a man. It merely happens that she has unusual ability, does her work in an office, has made her career part of that of a man to whom she is not married and with whom she is not in love, and that she has bobbed hair.

For years she has kept herself in the background. With a deprecatory smile or gesture she has dismissed the suggestions of others that she has played a great part in Smith's success. She has seldom appeared with him in public. She has kept her name out of the papers with much the same zeal she has devoted to getting his into them. On frequent occasions she explains she does not write Smith's speeches; that none could do that and achieve his vivid vernacular and freshness of view; that she merely gathers the facts for some of them and makes suggestions for changes, as does Van Na-

Charlie Murphy stopped her in the corridor to give her a message obviously meant for the Governor's ear.

To modesty her friends attribute her comparative obscurity; her critics call it shrewdness. Certainly the mystery adds to her stature, and, though shadow-like, she treats herself as something of an institution. Before she bobbed her hair she conferred on the matter with friends as if on a state policy. When she learned this piece was going to be written about her, she gathered sources of infor-



"Whoops! Generous I calls it—free ride an' everything! More excitin', though, if Harry'd come along with us."

"Lordy! It wouldn't be safe with him here!"

"Lawsey, no! He was bad enough at Coney Island—Whoops!"

mee. She dresses with unconscious dowdiness.

Her miniature suitcase, filled with scraps of paper of every description, she carries with her serenely wherever she goes as if it were a purse. Her daily work—meeting with men and women on governmental committees, dictating Democratic propaganda for small up-state newspapers, conducting elaborate and guarded political negotiations over the telephone, or mapping out a new way for Al Smith to hold the public fancy—is done with a quiet assurance which makes men accept her as one of their own.

Even Tom Foley, with his Irish notions of what is seemly for a woman, accepted her as an inevitable phenomenon several years before his death. And she tells of the night at the Newspaper Women's Ball when

mation for the writer in the same objective manner that, in her publicity work, she would collect material for an article on Smith. If the result is critical of her she will show no perturbation but dismiss the matter with the comment: "I'm sorry he wasn't smarter than that."

Such a calm faith in herself, which a Democrat can achieve only in an individual and a Republican in his party, arouses less certain people to mild fury. There was the fluffy stenographer who worked for Mrs. Moskowitz years ago. Bright and full of amusing wise-cracks she was, and her moods were matters of dizzy extremes. The slow-moving, sure-footed woman in the inner room, with her even smile and unshaken temper, was too much for the girl, who quit in a flurry, saying later to an intimate:

"I hate the woman. If I'd stayed

any longer I'd have stuck a pin into her to make her scream. My God, she's immovable."

For the most part, however, she has managed to prevent even such trivial outbursts. She has played herself very close to her chest, her vibrant emotions locked behind such a steady control that her enemies have been given no handle to use against her and her friends little more than admiration to feed their affections upon. Defeat and frustration she admits not even to herself. She reveals herself so little to anyone that a dozen or more men and women to whom she has shown as little of herself as most disclose to acquaintances, boast: "I am her only confidant."

To illustrate the unshakable nature of her calm, there is told the occasion when her eldest boy, in whom she has a passionate interest, failed to

make a fraternity at Amherst. She saw in it only another of many instances of racial discrimination against her children, but she accepted it.

"I'm sorry for his sake," she said evenly, "but he might as well get used to it now. He's got to go on meeting it all his life."

When her present husband, Dr. Moskowitz, while walking in Washington Square one afternoon, reeled, his face suddenly gaunt and pasty-gray, her manner never changed, although she knew he was subject to heart attacks and this might well mark the end of him. She got him back to bed and made all the arrangements for his care, then went about her business without lifting her voice or losing her expression of quiet confidence.

It is related that she did lose her temper once, during a Smith campaign. The occasion is forgotten, but not the effect she created. Her eyes blazed and her great, slow-moving body seemed to tighten as if it were about to perform the miracle of abrupt action. But the guarded lips gave forth no more than a few quiet words, sharp-edged but passionless.

Only one person, so far as is known, ever cut through her reserve to the quick of her soul. That was after Charles H. Israels, a talented architect and a Sephardim—the aristocrat of Jews—found her, the daughter of a Harlem watchmaker of moderate means, as a professional settlement worker in the Educational Alliance, and married her. Even then her beauty gave her unusual poise. But in this period of her life she encountered in an older woman one who could hurt her and throw her off her stride. Few know what passed between them but it was bitter and frequent: the short, heavy-set girl, with her Madonna-like face, standing flushed and deeply angry before the other, hot words, like lava, pouring through her lips from burning, undiscovered places within.

Young Mrs. Israels might never have crossed the public gaze had she continued to sink herself in her husband's career, as at first. Instead she found work of her own. With the prestige of her married name, her social work of cleaning up the dance halls of the city carried her to the front pages of the newspapers. Her husband's career grew less active. He died. She supported her three children by her own efforts until, in 1914, she married Dr. Moskowitz.

It was inevitable she should continue to work after her second marriage. Her family needed the money and the career of Dr. Moskowitz, as had that of Mr. Israels, offered little room for her broad talents. It became certain she would one day find Smith, or someone like him, just as it is certain now that should Smith's career end, while she remains active, she will find another. Then, once more, she will go quietly to work, arranging all practical details, like steamship fares, train connections and airplane travel for a new pursuit of a rainbow.—OLIVER H. P. GARRETT

OF ALL THINGS

IT is reported that Tunney has turned down an offer of \$100,000 to go on the stage. Somebody must have thought Gene showed signs of histrionic ability.

The State party platforms consumed two closely printed pages in the local papers. According to our highly specialized industrial sys-



tem, these documents were read with great care by competent proofreaders. This left our minds free for the more pressing problems of democracy, Ruth and Hornsby.

If betting odds have any meaning since the Philadelphia affair, the two teams compare as follows. The Demmys look best in the governor's

box while the Gops have a slight edge in the senatorial field.

There seems to be no immediate danger that our citizens will have to exercise thirst control. Engineer Brush admits that there is enough water in the reservoir system to last until Christmas, and Enforcer Mills confesses that there are a million gallons of alcohol sloshing around town.

Moreover, California grapes are now rolling into the city at the rate of 250 carloads a day. They are getting to be such a drug on the market that alarmists fear it may be necessary to have some of them eaten.

The Republicans claim that the vital issue this fall is Coolidge and prosperity. The Democrats seem to think that the public mind is more inflamed about prohibition. After exhaustive research in the hinterland this department announces that the great question before the American people today is whether or not Henry Ford will put out a gear shift car.

H. G. Wells declares in the *Cosmopolitan* that universities of the Oxford, Cambridge, Yale and Harvard type should be abolished. This iconoclast seems to think that the impressionable years of youth should be spent in getting an education.

Just when France and Germany were at last getting nice and chummy, somebody began talking about who started the war and now relations are poor again. There can be no durable peace until all Europeans admit that the war was started by the United States.

Our revised ideal of a fine, permanent job with pleasant work and easy hours is that of the man who writes the rumors that the Czar of Russia is not dead after all.

Peace-lovers meeting in France endorse the idea of outlawing war. It's all very well to make it illegal, but how shall we deal with shootleggers?

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

OUT AT his Pocantico Hills estate, hard by Tarrytown, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has caused to be laid out, among other bounded fields of athletic combat, an outdoor lawn tennis court. Mr. Rockefeller's wealth is an object of my candid envy; I wish I had as much money as he possesses, but sight unseen I do not envy him his new tennis court. For my just and inhospitable conjecture, arrived at after many years of play upon the courts of other millionaires, is that Mr. Rockefeller's court is only a pretty fair one.

"A DAY IN THY COURTS"

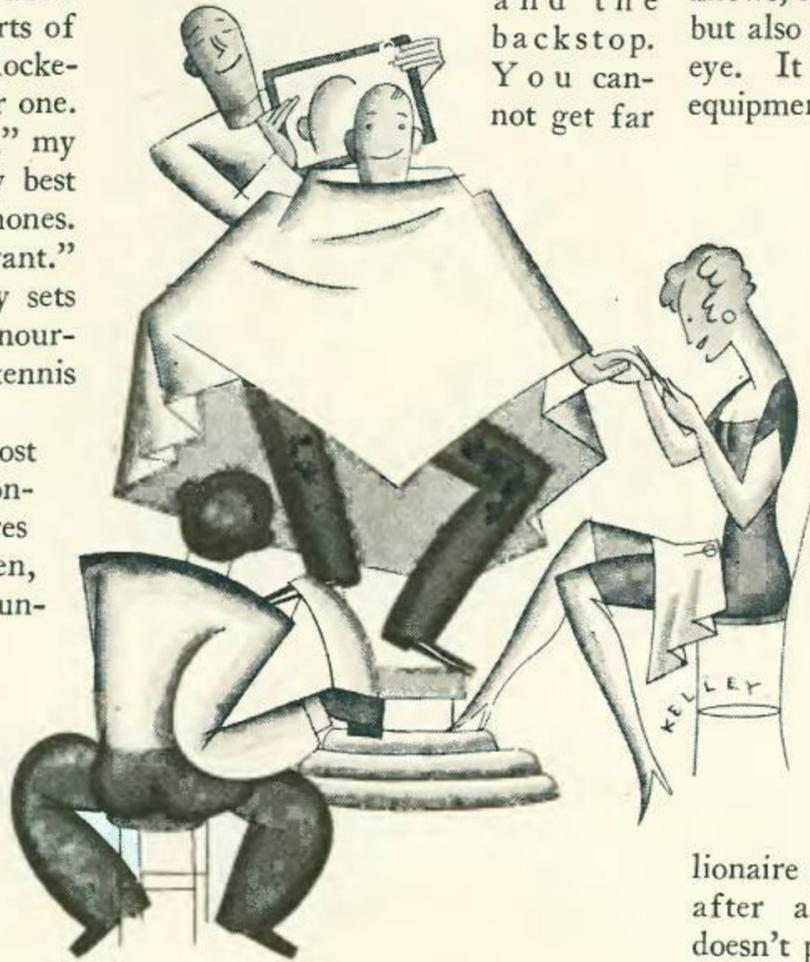
"Come out over the week-end," my millionaire friend—some of my best friends are pecunious—telephones. "There'll be all the tennis you want." And, while it is true that many sets have been played over that well-nourished period, it seldom was the tennis I wanted.

In the first place, it was almost always doubles. Your millionaires—at any rate, my millionaires—are kindly, hospitable gentlemen, who probably calculate with that unconscious efficiency that has made millionaires of them (and a pen-slave of me) that it is just as cheap for four players to use the court as for two. "Here is a court," they muse, "that is eating its silly head off five days a week; let it be used, when it is used. . . ." So doubles it is.

Now there are usually three players at a week-end gathering who are, as players go, fairly adroit, so the host, in nine instances out of ten, scours the contiguous countryside for somebody graciously termed a fourth player. This fourth player, regardless of sex, is always a person who is No Match for the Rest of You, Hasn't Held a Racquet for Three Years, Used to Have a Wonderful Serve, and Would Better Play with the Best Player because Really He's the Worst. He spoils the match, inevitably. He stands on or in front of the line to serve—two double faults each of his service games; he calls "Ready?" before each delivery; and, between points, sends the balls to the server as hard as he can, often when the server's back is turned. When one of these nct-in-play balls hits somebody on the back of the head, he says "Sorry." His—or more often her—shoes have little heels on them, which dent the court.

But it isn't of the players I was going for to sing.

I have played on the courts of many millionaires, and these are my complaints. None of these courts has sufficient run-back. Situated on an estate of many broad acres, there is seldom enough distance between the base-line and the backstop. You cannot get far



CAESAR

enough back to recover a lob, or to return a hard drive to your base-line. And the sidestops are usually too close to the side-lines to enable you to return a sharp cross-court shot. I account for this thus: "Build me a tennis court," says the millionaire to the court architect. The architect's estimate calls for sufficient space. But the millionaire's wife, sauntering about while the space for the court is being cleared, says, "Mercy! you're not going to cut down that tree, are you? It'll make it so sunny." And so the tree remains, and the court's leeways are too scant.

I like a tree, in its place, which is the forest. But your millionaire says, "Well, half the court will be shady, anyway." So there are usually a few lovely trees so near the backstop that, owing to the unequal light and the changing shadows, it is difficult to see the ball until it clears the net, when it is too late.

The millionaire spends a fortune on his gardeners and other men-about-the-place. But he generally has his court marked with tape or metal lines, over which the player is likely to trip, for one thing; for another, every ball that hits a line takes a bad bounce.

Only one of my millionaires has his net equipped with a center-strap, a contrivance which, as every player knows, not only holds the net in place, but also acts as a guide to the server's eye. It is as much a part of a court's equipment as a service-line; its cost is perhaps two dollars. But either the millionaire wants to save his two dollars or thinks it is unnecessary to have it adjusted.

As to the surfaces—I am speaking of the so-called hard courts only, though if I were a millionaire what a turf court I'd have!—they are good enough. But the *en-tous-cas* courts are not good enough, not for me at any rate. They are too soft for adequate bounces, especially after one foot-printy set. You can play on such a court, the millionaire proudly tells you, ten minutes after a hard rainstorm. But he doesn't play on it ten minutes, or ten days, after a rainstorm. . . . Besides, during a week-end rainstorm, the possible tennis players are engaged at bridge, which they continue until it is too dark to play anyway.

And how parsimonious the millionaire is about tennis balls! Not so parsimonious, perhaps, as thoughtless. He buys a supply of many dozens in March; in June they are moribund; in September they are dead. And he says, "These are all right. They've been played with only twice." I stop in somewhere on my way out now and bring half a dozen new balls.

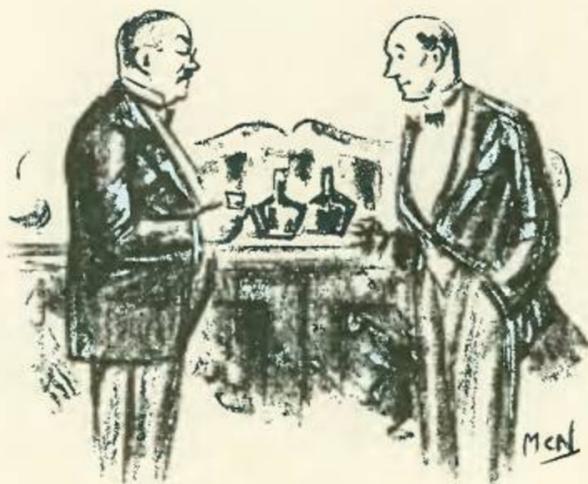
"Well," the millionaire says, "if you don't enjoy playing on my court, why do you do it? Why not play at some club or other, where the courts are well marked and rolled, adequately spaced, and manned by players who can make it interesting for you?" I do.

For, to paraphrase the Psalmist, "A day in thy courts, O Club, is better than a thousand in thine, O Dives!"

—NET STAR

A BOOTLEGGER'S STORY

III—METHODS



TOWARD the beginning of 1925, my business was so big that it nearly ran itself. My Wall Street office was full of clerks who knew their jobs, and never bothered me. And my street men—about ten of them, each with an automobile—knew their jobs too. So there wasn't much for me to do. All I did was furnish the capital, and deliver instructions, and make the prices on all the goods we sold. I didn't like this much. I never was a business man. Being a waiter at Sherry's got me in the habit of dealing with people, especially rich people, and I began to miss it. So I moved my desk out of the Wall Street office and set up a little personal office in Times Square. Just for my own amusement I wanted to build up a small, select trade, which I could attend to myself.

That wasn't hard. I knew plenty of rich and discriminating gentlemen and some of these had not lost their taste for good liquor. I got the address of one of them, and sent him a special present. It was a bottle of real Napoleon brandy—Bisquit Dubouché 1804. It cost me \$110, but I thought it would be worth it to give to my friend, Mr. B. Well, it was. I sent it up one afternoon and by dinner time he was calling me up, begging me to get him some more. "I will pay anything you ask for it," he said.

Pretty soon, I was doing a business of almost \$10,000 a year with this man alone. High-class goods, practically all of it genuine stuff. And it was a pleasure to me to spend a week smuggling in a bottle of fine brandy or fine Cointreau from somebody on a ship, or some acquaintance who was coming back from Europe.

Naturally, this Mr. B. began telling his friends about me. In order to hold his friendship, I used to send him something very special about once

a week. A case of genuine McCallum's Perfection, say, or a dozen bottles of McDonald and Muir's Highland Queen. He protested at first, saying he didn't want to be under obligations to me. But pretty soon he got to the point where he would hint at the brand he wanted. And naturally, taking so much liquor for nothing he felt it his duty to tell his friends about me. Mr. B. was the best "outside man" I ever had, and he never knew it!

Among his friends, I was not so particular about the stuff I delivered. In the first place, there aren't enough real goods to go around, and in the second place his friends couldn't tell the difference. Even Mr. B., who had a good palate, got royally fooled one night. He came to dinner at my apartment—I have been living on Park Avenue for two years—and after dinner I got out two bottles of Scotch Whisky. One of them was a genuine bottle of Greenlees & Co.'s Old Parr, many years in the wood. The other was some stuff my men had made for me in New Jersey not thirty days before, using a base of smuggled, genuine stuff.

I asked Mr. B. to taste a bit out of each bottle. And he couldn't tell the difference. The Old Parr was a little sweeter, a little thicker to the tongue. But the fake stuff was smooth, too. He thought it was very fine. Now, as a matter of fact, it was all right. It would not hurt anybody to drink it, for my men had made it carefully. They made it so well that I could sell it for \$90 a case, when it cost me about \$16 a case to produce.

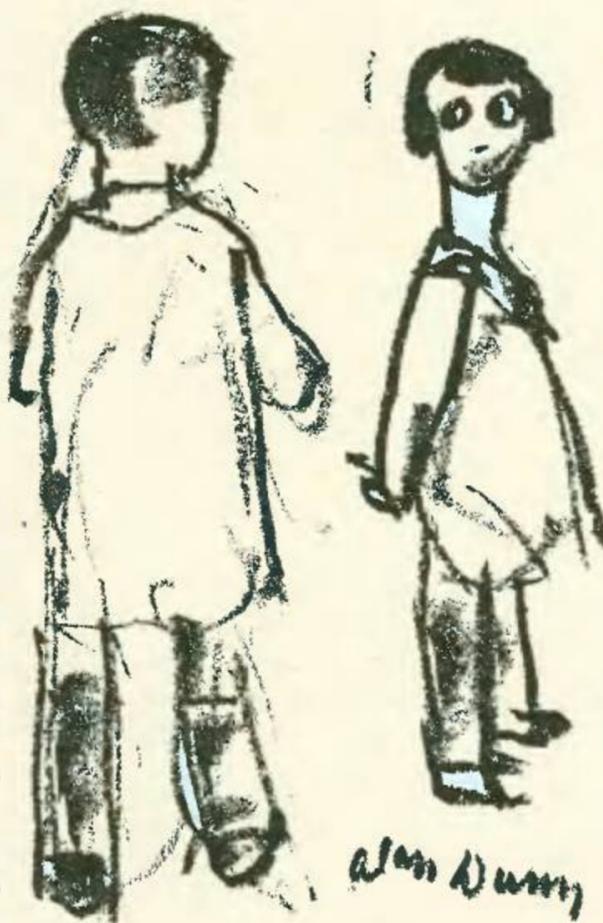
This was the stuff I gave Mr. B.'s friends. And it was funny to see them get particular over the various brands. One of them said my Green Stripe was better than my Highland Queen. Same stuff in different bottles. But I can tell a better one than that.

Nearly everybody needs gin, and everybody knows that the so-called Gordon's Gin is fake stuff. You can't get any real Gordon's in this country. But I struck upon the idea of a different package. I put out two packages, calling one of them a London Gin and the other a South American—that is, English manufacture in a South American package, export stuff. I sent a trial case of the London package to the president of a leading New York bank, but in about three days he sent it back. It wasn't real stuff, he said, and he couldn't drink it.

I went down to pay him a personal call, and explained that I thought he was in a hurry and the London stuff was all I had at the moment. If he was willing to wait a week, I told him, a South American ship would be in with a quantity of real London Gin, packed for Brazilian export. The price I gave him on this was much higher than the original sale, but I explained that the South American stuff was really a rare article and cost me a lot. The bank president was very eager, and said he would wait.

Well, in a week I sent him down a case of the South American stuff and took his check. He called me up that night to tell me how fine it was, and that he wanted some more, at any price. Of course, it was exactly the same gin that I had sent him in the London bottles. But he was having a great time fooling himself, the liquor would not hurt him, and he could afford to pay for it.

For this special trade of mine—



"Now, Winifred, don't be specious."

these ten or twelve friends of Mr. B. —I went to special pains to make my liquor look genuine. I bought my bottles from a firm in the Middle West, in lots of ten thousand, perfect imitations of real Scotch bottles. The liquor was made up from Scotch malt that was landed on the Jersey shore. I got hold of one hundred barrels and cut it into fifteen thousand cases of liquor, using the malt for a base, for flavor and so on, and filling out the body with government alcohol re-distilled and water.

I had all of this stuff bottled by hand, of course. Two good men can turn out fifty cases of bottled stuff a day. We used specially stamped corks, and inserted them carefully so they would pop when they were drawn. The metal caps were tested by hand to be sure that they were tight, and the loose ones fixed by twisting a cord rapidly around them, and then releasing it. The tissue wrappers were wound tightly around the bottles, and then the bottles were put in salt solu-

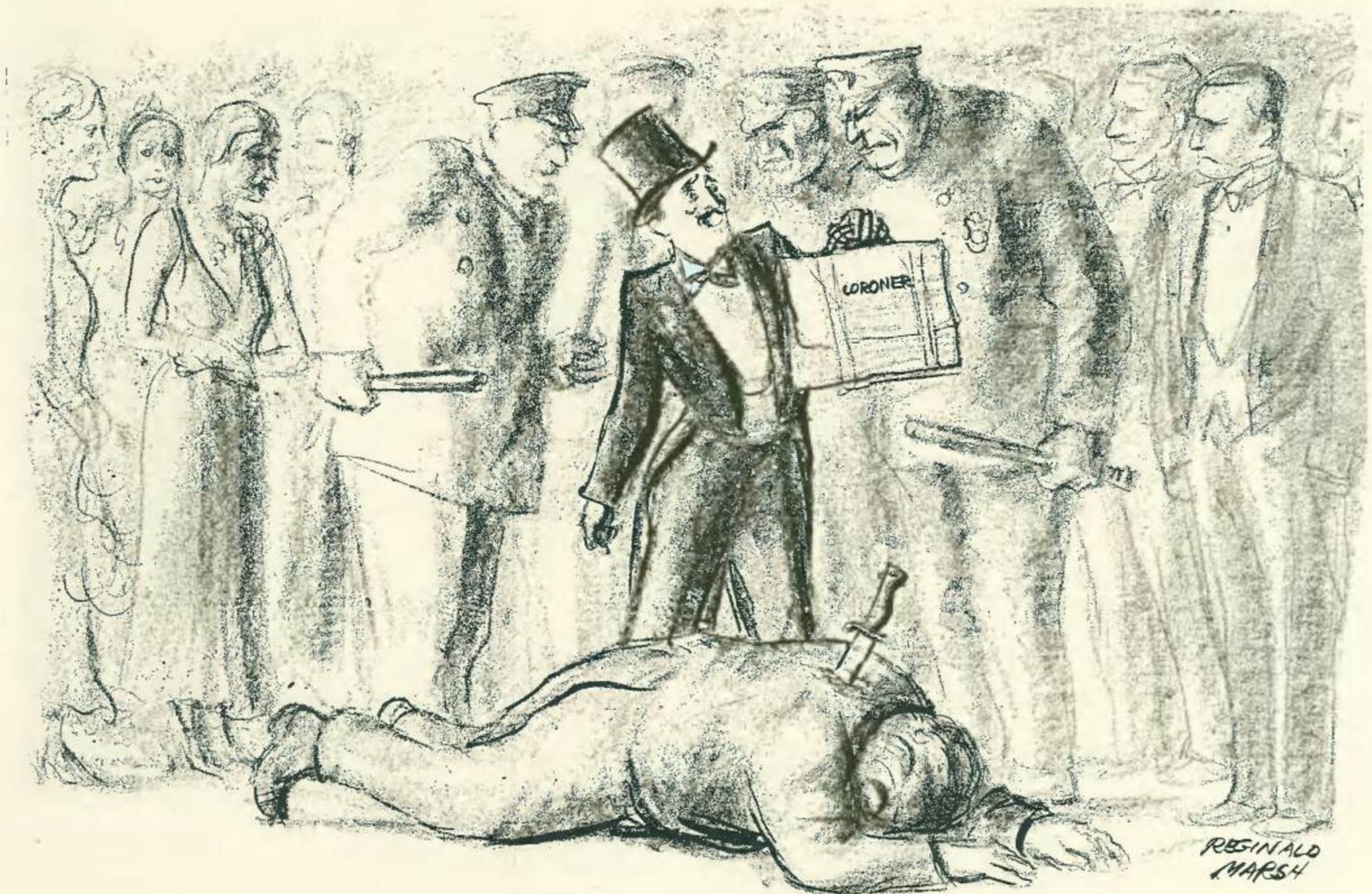
tion. After they were thoroughly soaked they were laid on a rack built above the furnace so that the paper tissue would stick to the bottle when the customer tried to unwrap it.

The labels came to me by mail from Germany, and were quite expensive, fifty cents for a set of twelve. They were printed in England, on English paper, and were exact duplications of the real thing. For all I know, they were done by the same printer who has the distillery contracts. At one time, I went so far as to import bottle straws, because I noticed that the English straw wrapping is made of smaller straws and is slightly darker in color than the local product. Of course, I didn't believe that any of my customers would notice this. But you see I was enjoying myself by making up the most perfect package I could.

When it was done, I assure you, you couldn't have told my product from the genuine article to save your life. I even went so far as to spread the white of an egg over the cork before

putting the metal cap on. This made it look as if the salt water had gotten in there. No, you could not have told the difference. And unless you were a real expert, just come from England, or from a stock of pre-war stuff, you could not have found any difference in the taste, either. On the whole, I was selling pretty pure and smooth liquor, even if it was fake.

I have made a lot of money. My wife handles all the cash, but I believe we have more than \$100,000 invested in safe securities right now. I have never been arrested, and none of my men have ever been arrested except one, and his case never came to trial. I turned it over to the president of the syndicate, the man I have been paying \$3,000 or \$4,000 a year to, for "the legal fund," and one day a lawyer called me to say the case was all over and never would be tried. I don't know how they worked it and I don't care. I've been paying that much a year just to keep from being worried by things like that. —JEAN



"YOU'D BE SURPRISED"

Mr. Raymond Griffith in his latest moving picture effort is confronted with the problem of who stuck the knife into the gentleman on the floor. After taking his way through an amusingly sub-title train of absurd incidents, he solves it.



THE UNCLE TOM'S CABIN OF OUR TIMES

Begins Its First Fifty Years as a Play at the Times Square Theatre

Lorelei Lee, brought miraculously to life by Miss June Walker in a blonde wig, looks over a little cracked ice from Cartier's in the Emerson-Loos stage version of Anita Loos' permanent best-seller, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."



"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES," that series of gay sketches from the lives of the camp followers of a triumphantly imperial America, has been brought to the Times Square Theatre with amazingly little change from the book. On the play Anita Loos collaborated with John Emerson. So little is the plot heightened for purposes of the theatre, so like the illustrations by Ralph Barton are the entire cast, so magnificently does June Walker realize the shrewd brainlessness of *Lorelei Lee* that, in admiration for the cleverness of the job, I failed to realize until some time after the performance that I'd been a little bored with the play itself. Seeing it is exactly like rereading the book, except that one can't turn the pages as fast as I like to do when rereading.

That I was not unique in my feeling was evidenced by the hungry way the audience set its teeth in the one new joke interpolated for the occasion, an excellent joke dealing with what the *Ladies' Home Journal* calls "expectant motherhood," a subject usually treated with such tiptoe reverence that to see it whacked on the back was very gratifying.

For the portion of the public which hasn't read "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" simply because it never reads books, I should say this was a painless way to get around the difficulty. For those who have read it and insist upon trying to catch again that first fine rapture the play will be as satisfactory a means as any imaginable, and for those of the latter class to whom repetition is the soul of wit, and they are legion, it will surpass the original.

From my praise I almost forgot to except Mr. Frank Morgan who, as the negative *Henry Spofford*, gives an annoyingly positive performance and distorts the pages on which he appears.

AT THE Empire Theatre there is being presented, unless it has been construed as an affront to Ameri-

PREFERENCES AND ECCENTRICITIES

can womanhood, a sensitive, well constructed, psychologically magnificent play. It is "The Captive," deftly adapted from the French of Edouard Bourdet by Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

"The Captive" is the story of a young French girl, congenitally Lesbian, in the unhappy throes of her first passion. For an act *Irène de Montcel* (*Helen Menken*) fights to reconcile it with the ordinary course of her carefully guarded life, then she struggles desperately to make herself conform to normal standards. In



the end one is led to believe that she has realized the impossibility of her attempt. Like "Young Woodley" it is a tragic story of youth trying to adjust itself, but unlike "Young Woodley" it is told with an unrelieved glumness which will probably save it much unintelligent condemnation by convincing the prurient that, at least, it treats an "unpleasant" subject with proper gravity. Personally I thought one burst of antiseptic laughter would

have done the whole cast good and might have restored to the audience a leavening sense of proportion.

New York is assembling to see "The Captive" with an idea that it is to witness a super special close-up of the Beast of the Apocalypse and I must admit that Helen Menken suggests something of the sort in her dead white make-up, writhing and twisting about the stage; either that or a recent and prolonged diet of green apples.

I thought that Basil Rathbone as the heroine's unsuccessful expedient gave the best performance in the play, though Arthur Wortner, an English actor, caused a furore on the opening night by his excellent work in a small but important rôle.

I resented two things in "The Captive" as theatricalisms; the implication that *Irène* is merely the captive of *Madame d'Aiguines* instead of being imprisoned in her own abnormality, and the hypothesis that the intimate circle of a worldly French diplomat would regard her idiosyncrasy as so unique and dumbfounding.

For all its virtues "The Captive" uses the abracadabra of an hitherto forbidden theme to create an atmosphere more stifling than that of life. Now that the field has been opened I should like to wager that in five years "The Captive" will sound as old-fashioned as "Mrs. Dane's Defence."

"A WOMAN DISPUTED," the play at the Forrest Theatre, by Denison Clift of the cinema fraternity, is what used to be known as a war play in the days before Stallings and Anderson hoisted themselves over the footlights spitting bloody curses. It is a bit of consistent theatricalism whose only attempt at modernity lies in a few timid and interpolated literalities which ring out hollowly, and it would make everyone more comfortable if they were changed back to the "curs" and "dogs" appropriate to such works.

"A Woman Disputed" abounds in



THE CYMBALS: *I do hope this year will be as fruitful as last season. Why, during Tschaikowsky's "Pathétique" alone I knitted the most gorgeous muffler imaginable.*

strong situations but fails to portray any real one. It concerns a young person named *Marie Ange* (Ann Harding), who hesitates to sacrifice her slightly fly-blown virtue to a German officer (Lowell Sherman) when it will merely save five lives beside her own, but who does so, bawling that it is a new crucifixion, when the ante is raised to one hundred thousand lives, and the success of "the cause."

The great moment of the play is when a hand grenade is thrown into the handsomest set Al Woods ever put up and it drops apart like a trick valentine. The realism of the effect far surpasses that of any of the psychology depicted.

In their ham parts Miss Harding and Mr. Sherman give as good performances as possible, and in the audience there is no dearth of women's tears.

"THE SHELF," a comedy by Dorance Davis, at the Morosco Theatre, is one of those plays which are built for stars of a certain magnitude to which an introduction indicating what a fascinating madcap the heroine is, and how she has shocked

the local bourgeoisie, is as essential as the opening chorus about Lady Hilda's garden party used to be to a certain vintage of British musical comedies.

For "The Shelf" Mr. Davis has hit upon a rather unfortunate off-stage mad-captiousness for his heroine. She has sold kisses with glasses of iced tea at a church bazar. It's simply terrifying how awful you think the play is going to be during those expository moments. Then Frances Starr appears and you know there has been some mistake. Whatever Frances Starr has done she has not sold kisses at a church bazar, in fact I think that she never attended the old bazar at all, though she politely pretends to the other characters that she has.

With her entrance the quaint and implausible village life of the introductory scenes stops, and after a few embarrassed minutes while it is shuffling off the stage the play gets down to business. While never very brilliant or important it is rather entertaining business. In it Miss Starr demonstrates once again her mute, ingrown, mental charm. She makes a decidedly credible person of *Mrs. Amaranth*, who, strangely unlike "The

Woman Disputed," infinitely prefers that her virtue be doubted rather than her charm.

At the Forty-ninth Street Theatre William Hodge is to be seen in "The Judge's Husband," by William Hodge. It may be the incorrigible rosininess of retrospect, but I think that "The Judge's Husband" is just a little worse than any of Mr. Hodge's former plays. The plot is more complicated and besides the heaviness of its wit it has a certain ill humor which such of the others as I have seen lacked.

William Hodge plays the same old slouch made peculiarly lovable by slightly tipsy diction. The whole charm of the opus may be summed up in a description of the final moment. Mr. Hodge's daughter and her fiancé are locked in an embrace of reconciliation. Mr. Hodge looks in the door, puts two fingers in his mouth and emits a loud cat-call.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

NOW THAT'S SETTLED

The Memphis Rotary Club won the World War, declared A. L. Parker at the weekly luncheon Tuesday.—*Tennessee paper.*



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A DAY or two ago an anemic youth in a fifteen-dollar suit walked out of a candy store down in Delancey Street and shuffled over to stand at the curb, bending his face disconsolately upon the concrete sidewalk. He had been there about ten minutes when a crowd of men drove up behind him in an automobile and killed him. They killed him rather thoroughly. Without bothering to stop the car, they poked three or four pistols through the curtains and emptied them in the general direction of the youth's back.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

OUR GANGS

No pedestrians were struck by the flying bullets, for the very simple reason that most of the pedestrians in that region knew enough to steer clear of the youth. He was, in the phrase which Delancey Street has gotten out of the penny thrillers, a marked man. Delancey Street has grown accustomed to making adjustments to provide against an emergency of this kind. To preserve life, one always listens to the chatter one hears in the candy stores and the cafés. And when one discovers that Abie Cohen is about to be bumped off, one simply crosses the street whenever Abie crawls out of his tenement flat for an airing.

But, at any rate, the youth lay there dead, in the midst of a great deal of splintered plate glass, and in a little while the newspapers announced that the gang wars of the East Side had claimed another victim. The body has hardly been removed to the morgue before the detectives are tramping up and down Delancey and Clinton and Rivington streets, shooting close glances into every face, whispering among themselves. It is hopeless to interrogate the tradesmen at the scene of the murder. All of them, one may be certain, were prodigiously occupied at the moment of the crime. What business is it of theirs to peer too closely at automobile license plates?

At the moment of this writing, nobody has been arrested for Abie's slaughter. It is unlikely that anybody will be arrested, or that any satisfactory motive for his death will be discovered. For the police themselves,

it is quite enough to know that Abie has been friendly, of late, with the members of the Little Augie gang—and to remember that not long ago the Augies brought about the death of the very leader of the Dropper gang, no less distinguished a person than The Kid Dropper himself. In the seclusion of their precinct station, the police say, "One more loafer gone. Who cares?" And the gang war moves along in its slow, careless way. Pretty soon, one of the Dropper boys will be flung

intervals to the despair of the cops. They simply got their cohorts together, armed every man with a ten-pound handful of pipe, and gathered for the tourney in some convenient street. The cops came in regiments when the neighbors screamed. There was a terrific mêlée; everybody swinging at everybody else's head, and everybody getting hurt at least a little bit, just for the honor of the thing.

These Irishmen did not care greatly about killing each other. The sound of a hearty smash against a flaming thatch was happiness enough. Pistols were expensive and money was scarce, and since politics was the chief reason for fighting at all, the actual death of one's enemy was not considered essential. Frequently they contented themselves with the use of their fists. As for their effect on society at large, the Irishmen were not particularly bad. Their crime was burglary, simple burglary, and they were not very good at it. In actual money, they did not cost the community very much. And in at least one respect they were praiseworthy. In the draft riots of the Civil War, two of the big gangs threw their lot with the police, and found vast delight in socking the heads of draft dodgers who showed inclination to resist when the police came after them.

Toward the beginning of the century, the Italian immigration began. The newcomers were a little poorer than the Irish, who had been here for a time, and consequently there was an economic push against the Irish occupation of the lower East Side. The Italians crowded into that region, drove the Irish out, and started up their own gangs.

By this time, the police force itself was becoming a large and important element of city life. And the Irishman, getting tired of his street fights and his dubiously successful burglary, joined up with the cops. In the police force, they actually paid you for fighting, and besides, that was a very natty uniform, what with its tall helmet and brass buttons. So the Irish began to take the side of law and order, and cast down their defi to the newly

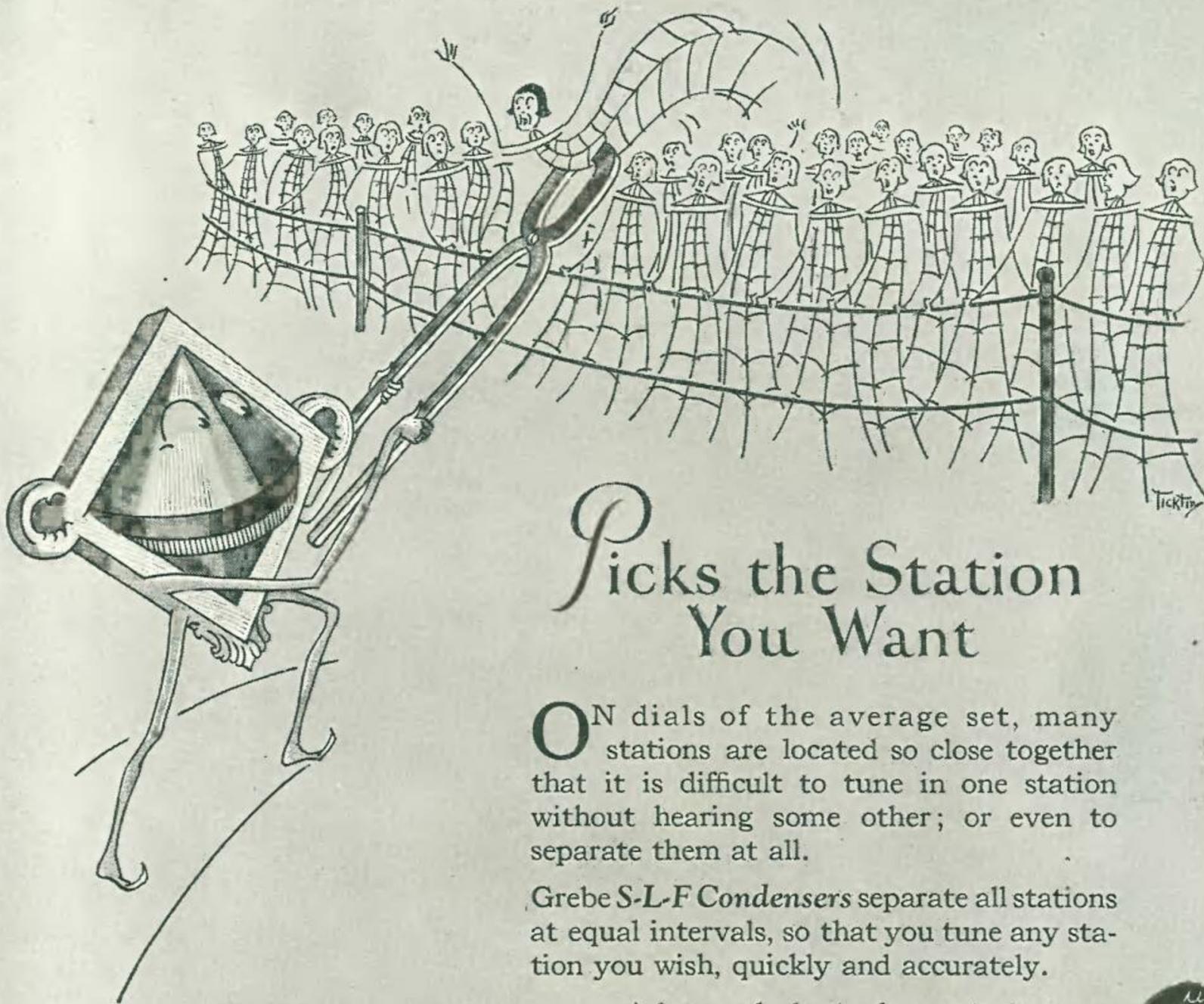


"Will I look like you some day, Grandma?"

"Yes, dear, if you're good."

down against the pavement with his body full of bullets and an automobile will go flying away down the street. The participants in this rather sanguine amusement have a name for it—Cowboy and Indian stuff, they say, with their faint, sneering smile.

THERE has been a curious evolution in the gang strife of our lower East Side. In the middle of the last century, that whole squalid region was occupied by Irish immigrants. They were the days of the Gas House Gang and the Rabbit's Foot Gang, and the weapon of their conflicts was a length of lead pipe. When two gangs had differences to settle, they could not restrain themselves to the slow, certain method of the vendetta, of reciprocal killings brought off at safe



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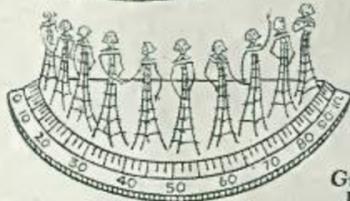
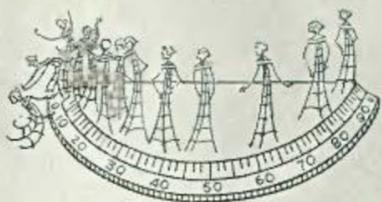
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after a somewhat tempestuous career following upon his graduation, took to the mineral water wagon. Being the picture of good health it is not so surprising that he has made more converts to AQUAZONE than any other known person. His best friend—

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forming East Side Italian gangs.

The Italian weapon was the stiletto. The street fights stopped. Obscure killings became more frequent. The paid assassin became a more important factor in metropolitan life. And there was a great deal of talk about the Black Hand. The Irish cops were wholly baffled.

However, the Italian domination did not last very long. They were hardly established in the East Side before the Jewish influx began, and since the Jews were even a little poorer than the Italians, they demanded the East Side and got it.

That first generation of Jews contained very few natural criminals or natural fighters. But in the second generation there were factors of environment, and poverty, and unsteady personal freedom which produced an immense criminal class. These factors are quite too much for any uncertain psychology. I am not sure how they worked to bring about the results—but the results themselves are plain enough.

Here were poor, violently ambitious Jewish boys coming along—with modern life as we know it just beginning to assert itself—and with nothing on which they could lay their hands to labor toward their ambitious goals. So they started their gangs. And their weapon was the automatic pistol.

THERE is one curious circumstance which hampers the police in their conflict with the Jewish gangsters. The Irish and the Italians concerned themselves rather wholeheartedly with women. Wherever there are women involved in a criminal population, the police have stool pigeons ready-made for them. But there have been few cases of Jewish women criminals, and few cases where girls were involved in the gang fights.

As a matter of truth, the very motive for these wars is not entirely clear. The police have explained the motives, but the explanation is not quite satisfactory. One may consider the Dropper gang as an example.

The leader of this crowd of young desperadoes was named Kaplan. When he was about eighteen, he gained his reputation by pouncing upon groups of crap-shooting youngsters, scattering them with his fists, and picking up the stakes. Thus he earned his sobriquet, The Kid Dropper, signifying that he made a practice of dropping kids.

The Dropper got his gang together after a while. They earned some money by hiring themselves out as strike-breakers. It is doubtful if they used their organization for the perpetration of planned robberies. All of the members of the crowd except The Dropper had jobs at least part of the time—taxi drivers, waiters in cheap restaurants, workers in fur and garment factories. They drifted along with their casual crimes and their strike-breaking—but their chief occupation was the war with the Little Augies. The latter gang was almost precisely similar in the type of its members and its occupations, except that its leader was a harder, keener sort of youth, called Little Augie. The chief job of the Augies was to fight the Droppers. In their whole system of living, they never once considered the police. Occasionally they made certain concessions to safety. They would deign to run after a shooting, of course. But the cops were not really a part of their scene. For several years they killed each other,



one at a time. Until finally Little Augie hit upon a daring notion. He decided to kill The Dropper himself.

The way this death was brought off is quite typical of the Jewish gang wars; their fixation of purpose, their contempt for the police, their detachment from any idea of net profits or specific commercial benefits of any sort. The Kid Dropper was arrested, and taken for arraignment in the Essex Market Court. The police were aware of the gang enmity and took precautions. Fifty police and detectives were ordered to the scene. The block in which the court stands was closed to all comers. And in a curious silence, The Dropper stood before the magistrate and heard his case stated.

An agreement was reached, there in the courtroom. Kaplan was tired of gang wars. He wanted to go West, to meet his brother. And the police assured the magistrate that they would take him from the courtroom directly to the train, put him aboard, and see that he never returned to New York.

With this much decided, Kaplan came downstairs. A taxicab was waiting at the curb, with a policeman in the seat, and forty-nine other policemen scattered up and down the sidewalk. Captain Cornelius Willemse, of the Clinton Street Station, walked at The Dropper's side as they entered the cab.

But before the driver could start off,



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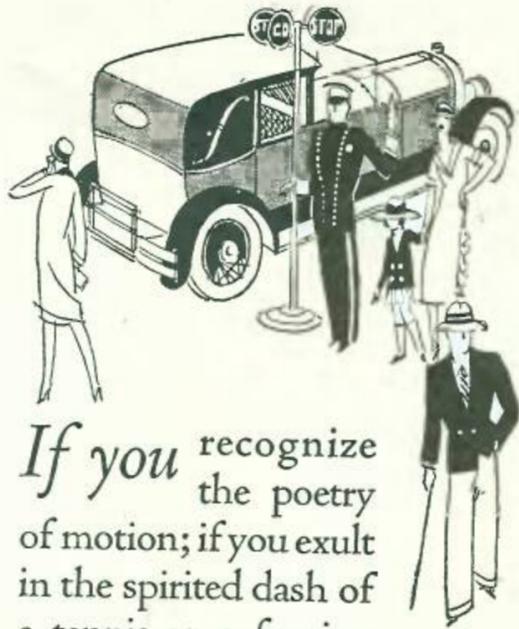
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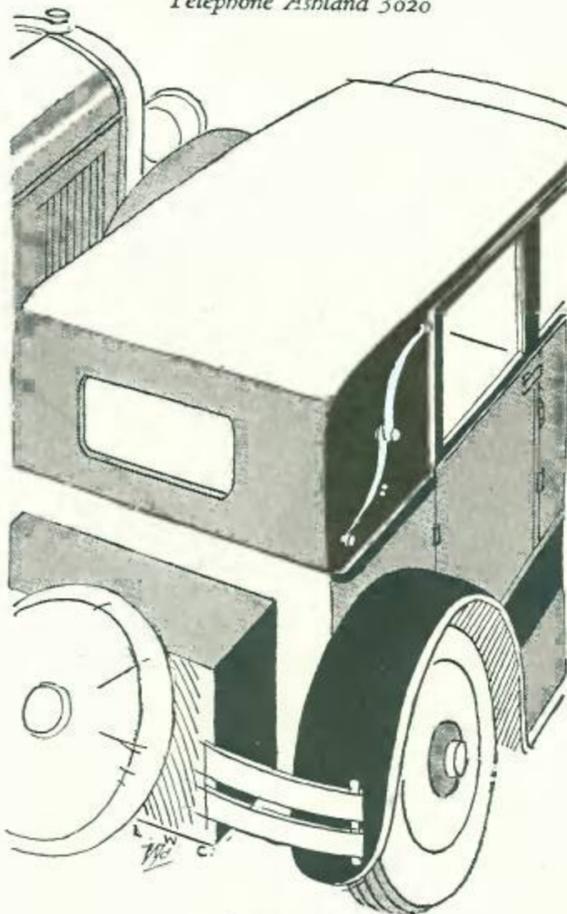
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a rat-faced youngster appeared from nowhere at all, pulled a revolver out of a folded newspaper, clambered up on the back of the cab and shot The Dropper twice through the head. One of his bullets went through the straw hat of Captain Willemse.

Of course, the boy was caught. His name, too, was Cohen. And he was a member of the Little Augies, what time he was not driver of a wagon for a wet-wash laundry. He had a perfectly simple explanation. The Dropper had threatened to kill him, and he was very much afraid. So he had decided to kill The Dropper first. They convicted him of second degree murder—and he will spend about fifteen years in Sing Sing.

I am quite aware that I have chosen a stale bit of news for repetition here. The Dropper case is rather old. But I have chosen it because, in a fashion, it is a complete incident. In its light, these gang killings in the East Side are revealed a little more clearly; that is to say, their essential lack of meaning grows plainer, and their essential absurdity. The boys kill each other because somebody else was killed not long ago and revenge is essential—or because a threat has gone about, and one wishes to live a bit longer.

In the East Side, there will be gang wars as long as two tenements stand occupied, because the East Side is poor, and its occupants hate poverty—and since they cannot do much to fight their poverty they spend their anger against each other. Yet, the wars of the East Side's present occupants seem to me curiously sullen, and even a little mysterious. Of course it was a little too much to hope that the criminals among the Irish and Italians left off their devious ways the moment they were pushed out of the East Side. There are still Irish and Italian crooks just as there are still German and English and plain American crooks. There are still gangs without a Jewish lad in their membership. But these latter gentlemen do not war among themselves for our amusement. I have gone to considerable length, here, in the attempt to explain them. But now that the explanation is done, I am not at all sure that it is true. They seethe in the East Side. Strolling in their streets, one grows uneasy.

Abie Cohen lies there on the sidewalk, with the upper half of his body quite heavy with bullets, quite dead. In his death there may, indeed, be some subtle meaning that escapes us.

—MORRIS MARKEY



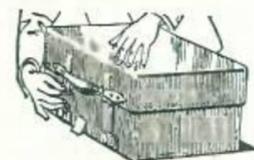
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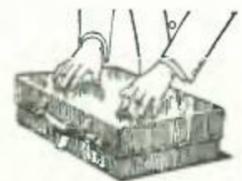


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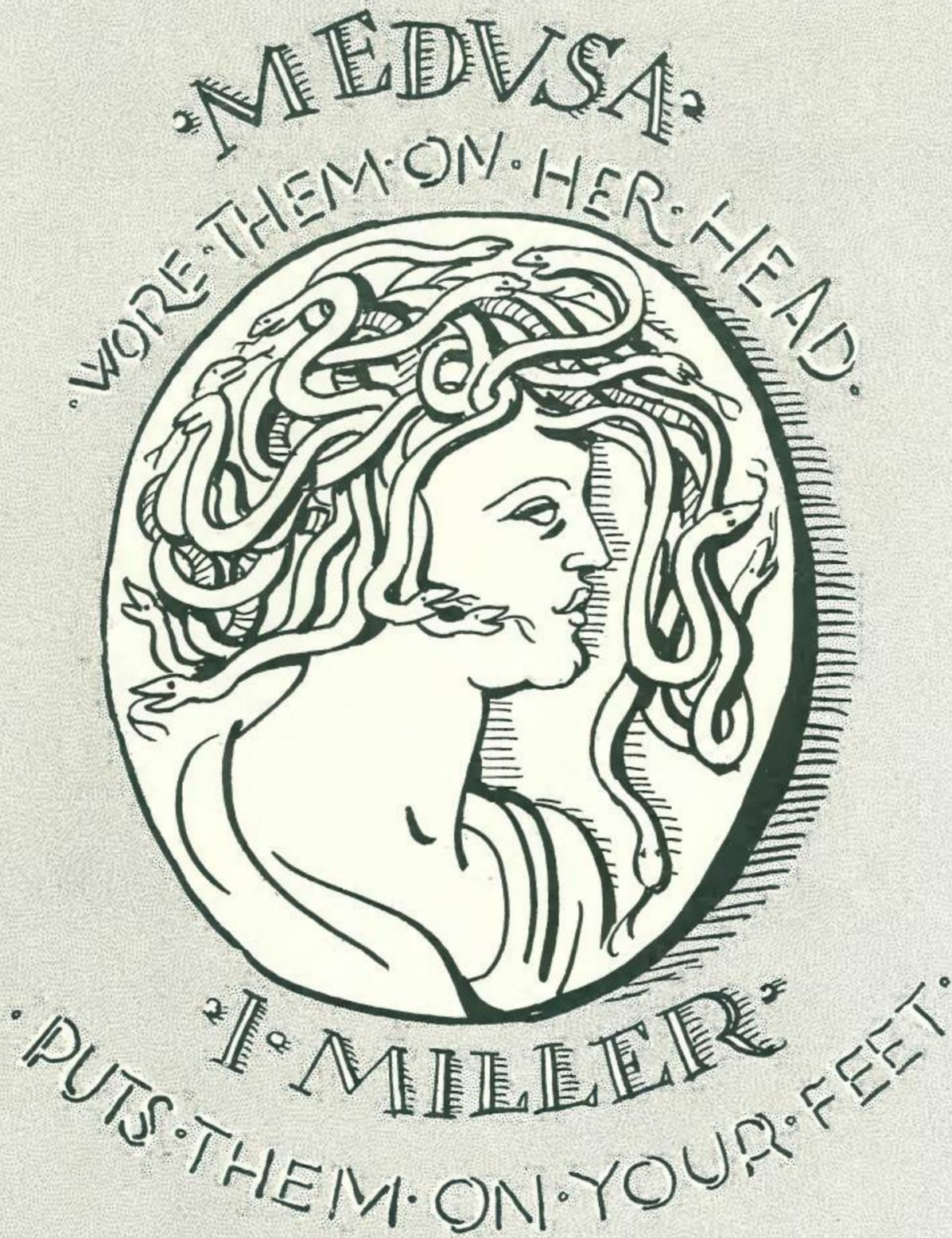
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SPORTS OF THE WEEK

The Army at Home on the Field

IT IS hard to realize, but it is a fact nevertheless, that a generation has grown up since October of 1918 to whom the names Fismes and Fismettes, Montfaucon and Dunsur-Meuse are names and nothing else. Nowhere does it come to you so abruptly, yes, and perhaps a little poignantly also, as at West Point, where those young, those very young cadets fall in, count off, squads right and fall out again before the eyes of adoring visitors on a Saturday when football is in the air. Yet the Army, let me hasten to add, is the Army still.

Those names so reeking with meaning to a lot of us may convey nothing to this year's football squad upon the Plains; there may be, there are, lieutenants and even captains today who saw no service during the war; but the Army is the Army still. And such is the everlasting unchangeableness of human nature that I suppose any mutation in the near or distant future is somewhat unlikely. Only a few hours' wandering with friends about the barracks and climbing up the road past those gray stone towers that dominate the Hudson was necessary to convince one of this fact. Generals are politicians still. Second lieutenants still laugh at colonels' jokes. The new Chief of Staff of the army is still

the General Summerall who delighted in France to order inspections in a cold rain and then keep regiments standing at attention for a half an hour — indeed he was up to his old tricks recently so I was told at the Point last week. And the unanimous desire to get out of the Army as soon as possible is just as strong today as it was in the A. E. F.

But I must not ramble on about the Army; this is an account of football on the Plains and there is plenty to tell you regarding the team, which you will in all probability see in action against Yale at New Haven on the thirtieth of the month or against Notre Dame at the Polo Grounds early in November.

It is probable in the distant future

that some historian of football will describe this year as the period when the Army alone of the football elevens

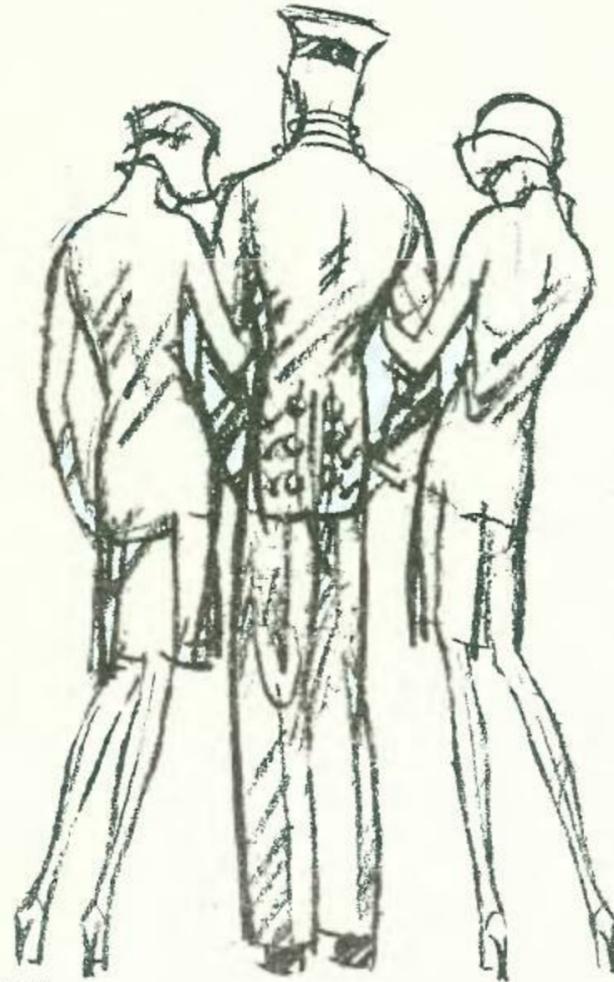
of the nation refused to adopt the huddle. And this game showed that a huddle of itself will not produce touchdowns against a better team. For the Army last Saturday was unquestionably the better eleven. And yet—they tell me that eight hundred copies of THE NEW YORKER are sold on the Plains each week, and the chance that some eagle-eyed cadet may glimpse these lines makes me unduly cautious.

The truth is, or the truth seemed to me at any rate, that the Army was ex-

tremely lucky not to end the contest with a tie score. All this despite the

fact that the final result was 21—0 in

FOOTBALL DAY AT WEST POINT

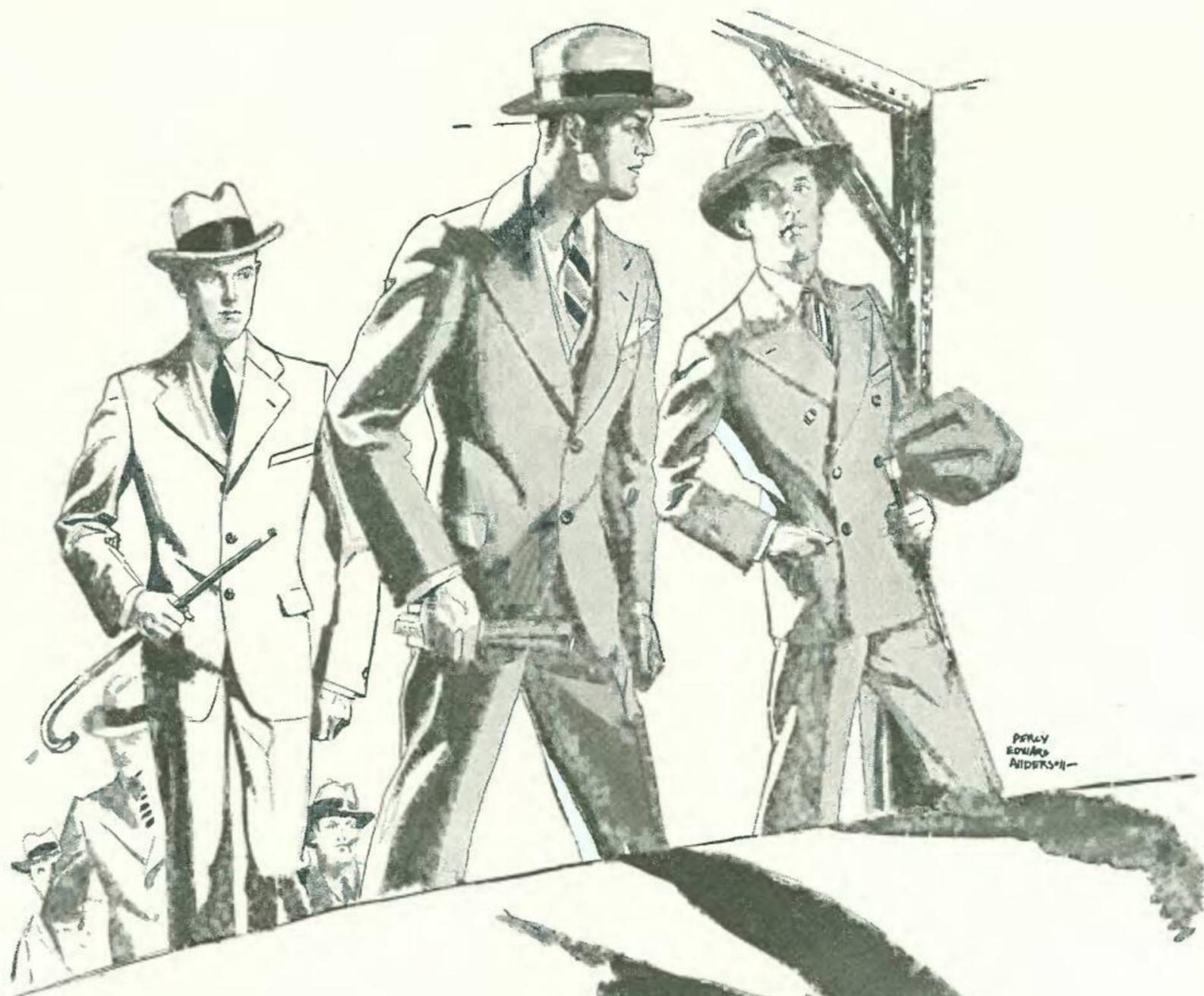


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The Men's Shop. Two of them, in fact—a floor given over to outdoor wear and accessories, at each of the Spalding Stores—Nassau Street, and Fifth Ave.

These shops are not conspicuous. That probably accounts for their being so unhurried and uncrowded. Good places to get waited on immediately, or browse around as long as you please, with nobody on your feet but yourself.

And the prices are so decent! The four-piece golf suits are sixty-five, for instance. (Three pieces, sixty—and a lot of the patterns are exactly right for business wear.) Shoes for golf or general country wear, ten dollars. This means something to the man who knows the materials and workmanship—and the "know-how"—which Spalding puts into things.

Spalding "know-how" counts for a lot. The men who design Spalding goods themselves play the games or go in for the recreations for which the clothes are made. The clerks speak your language. There isn't a ribbon counter or breath of perfume in the place.

Come in. Get acquainted, and find out what you can get here, besides golf suits, hose, shoes, caps, hats, neckwear, and raincoats. A Spalding Store is close to you sometime during each business day.

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

MEN'S SHOPS

518 FIFTH AVENUE
(at 43rd Street)

105 NASSAU STREET
(above Fulton Street)

their favor at the end of the last quarter.

In the first period, with that powerful backfield of Harding, Hewitt, Wilson and Trapnell functioning well and smoothly, there was nothing to it. A touchdown was scored in short order by the Army quartet; the Detroit huddle produced nothing but a series of penalties that went on until it seemed they might be forced back over their own goal line. But in the second quarter substitutions were made. At West Point they may do most things by the numbers; they do not substitute by the numbers. They substitute by teams. The whole first eleven was yanked out and a second eleven shoved in. Detroit, powerless against the first team, found suddenly that it could gain by dashes off tackle and short forward passes against this second team. But it couldn't gain quite enough to score, and the half ended with the count still 7-0 for the Army.

YET ANOTHER eleven, went in for West Point in the third quarter. Whether it was the third or the fourth eleven I cannot say; in effectiveness it did not equal its predecessors. Detroit, with a well concealed pass and a few stabs off tackle, ran this Army team pretty much all over the field, and only a penalty which put a Detroit man out and cost them half the distance to the goal saved the cadets from an imminent score. But toward the end of the third quarter the Westerners got functioning smoothly and once again began to threaten the Army goal.

Big holes in the line that let the Detroit backs through for substantial gains brought the ball well into Army territory as the last quarter started, with the first eleven warming up impatiently upon the side lines waiting for the word to go. A plunge by Connell brought the ball inside the twenty-yard line, a short pass to the side took it seven or eight yards further. Then the gray cadet cheering section rose up howling as their first eleven ran onto the field en masse, and Hewitt and Harding behind the line looked nervously around at the goal posts at their backs. But Detroit was tasting blood, nor were they to be held up in their march for a touchdown merely by the presence of that first eleven. Moreover that first eleven was cold. Thrown suddenly into the fray, they were taken off their feet for a moment by the savage plunges of Connell, Maloney and the other backs who were surely forging a path to the West Point goal. In five plays after the substitutions had been made Detroit had a first down on the Army's six-yard line with a touchdown to go.

Two plays brought the ball a couple of yards closer, and with the whole cadet cheering stands beseeching the Army to hold, a red-sweatered Detroit back slithered across the line with the ball in his hands. As he stumbled through he was pounced on by the West Point defense and hurled to the ground with such force that the ball fell from his arms and rolled into the embrace of Mr. Trapnell of the Army, who promptly fell upon it and saved his side from a score. The danger was over, the ball was brought out

FIRST AID



IN THE FALL



EVERY DUDE TAKES HIS GAL
TO THE GOL DERN

COUNTRY FAIR

54 • EAST • 94th

ALL SLICKED UP FOR SMART NEW YORKERS
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ONLY AMERICAN SUPPER-CLUB IN TOWN!

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Russian Sable

Most regal of all furs

—and as rare as it is beautiful, requiring the most careful selection to assemble a coat of such perfectly matched, dark blue skins as are used in this model by Jay-Thorpe. The soft clinging lines, which wrap about the figure with such dignity and grace, are a masterly achievement unusual of attainment.

Jay-Thorpe
INC.

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L.P. Hollander Co

FOR FEMININE FOLLOWERS OF SPORT

FOR the football games and other outdoor sports—we present an assortment of Fur Coats—Fur Trimmed Coats and Fur Lined Coats—warm, becoming and smart, and at very interesting prices.

552 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK

202 Boylston Street
BOSTON

to the twenty-yard line, the élan was gone from the visiting team; Hewitt and Wilson plunged down the field at will for another score with but little resistance in their way, yet had that back held the ball across the West Point goal a tie score would not have surprised me in the least.

The line, save for the ends, is almost the same line as last year and it is a very good line offensively and defensively. Harbold and Bretnell don't as yet measure up to Baxter and Born; but last year's Army ends were both unusually fine football players, and the season is young at present. The backfield—Harding at quarter; Hewitt, Wilson and Trapnell—is the same quartet that started most of the Army's big games last season. I should prefer to tackle the Merchants' Limited rather than Mr. Hewitt. His plunging on Saturday was truly reminiscent of his days in college, while Wilson and Trapnell can pass, run or kick as requested by the quarterback. And incidentally, just as we were leaving—don't walk in front of the General, please—Mr. Harding got loose for a splendidly conceived dash that carried him past the battered Detroit secondaries and across for the Army's third touchdown—a run of nearly fifty yards that must have given the Navy scouts plenty to digest during that long ride down the West Shore in the autumn twilight.

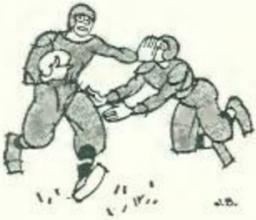
YES, THIS is a good Army team, a team with possibilities; and despite the overwhelming score run up last week at New Haven I don't think Yale will score twenty-eight points against this outfit from the Plains. It seemed to me that the substitute material was a good deal short of that first-string line and backfield, but walking down to the station with dusk falling over Bear Mountain and the valley of the Hudson, the Military Intelligence and Publicity Department of the Army informed me that I was mistaken in this conjecture. Possibly so. Time and the Yale eleven will tell; but whatever you do don't miss this year's clash at New Haven which will be as fine a game of football as the season of 1926 is likely to see.

And I must not forget to tell you about the young lady who, sitting just behind me, had escorted her favorite cadet to the game.

"I saw that Bo Jest, the other night," she said. "Yeah, it was swell—all about the American Legion and everything." —JOHN R. TUNIS

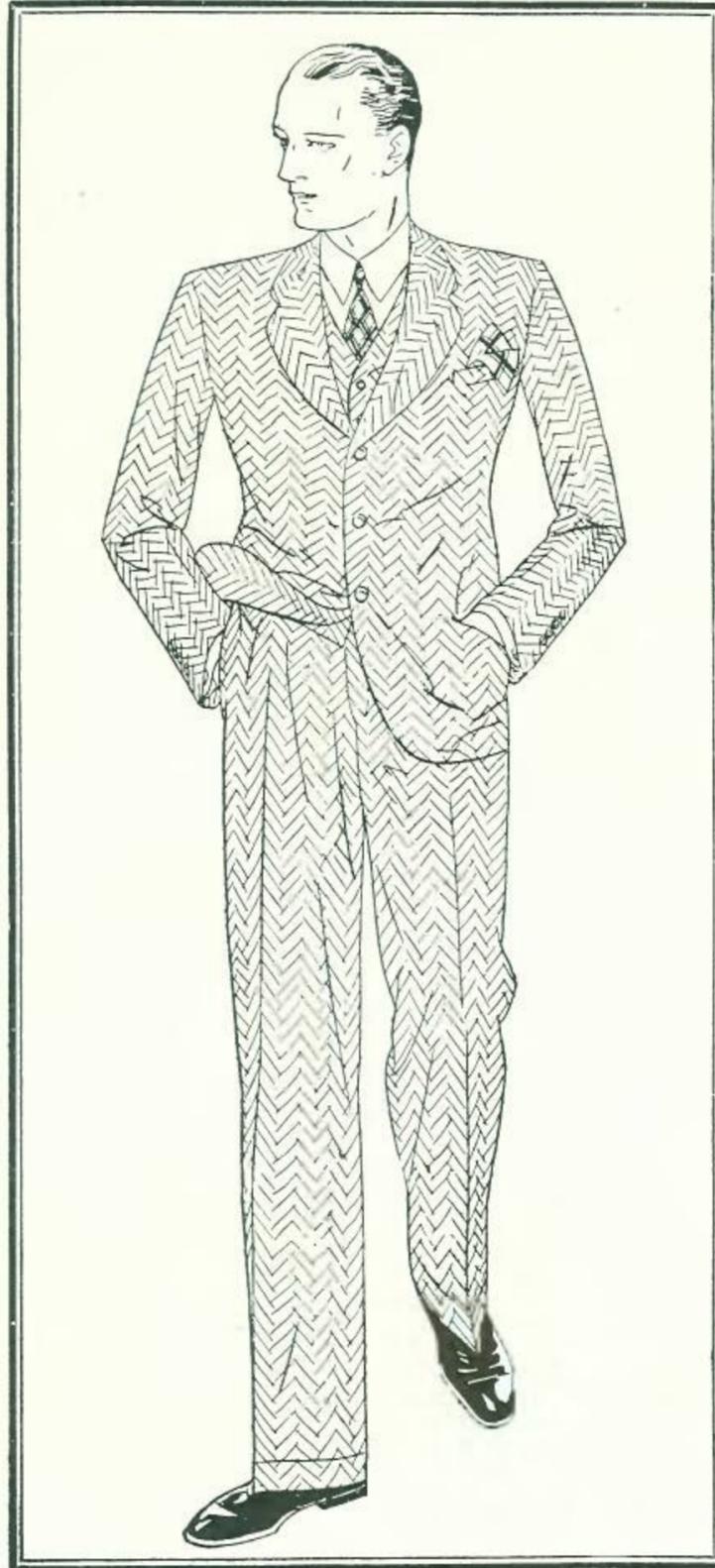
FOOTBALL

*Another Strong Tiger
Eleven in the Making*



PRINCETON, champion of the Big Three last year, opened the football season in Palmer Stadium last week-end with a promising display of well organized attack and defense against an Amherst eleven that was defensively remarkably strong, but not too formidable on attack. The final score of 14 to 7 was not particularly significant, because one felt from the start that the veteran Tiger backfield would come through in a pinch. It is not unusual to find the stars of the previous year getting some poor football out of their systems in an opening game, and this was no exception. Caulkins, one of the headiest quarterbacks the game has seen in many a year, was none too good in handling kicks, and his generalship was not up to his own high standard. Indeed, the Tigers found early in the game that their strongest plays came out of the huddle with the strong side of the line on the right. The result was that the Orange and Black field generals maneuvered all over the field to get room for plays off the strong side of the line. It was there that the best tackles were in action. They had a nice charge, Rosengarten and Meislahn, and the end worked neatly.

The Tigers have had little practice under the triangular agreement, and were of course in a very unpolished condition. Even Slagle failed to cover his own pass on the occasion that gave Amherst its touchdown, so that W. Parker, a really fine back for Amherst, was able to get away eighty yards for the score. I was a little surprised that the pass was not better covered, for Princeton has one of the best passing systems in the country. I do think that a tackle could get out there for coverage, since even the best of passers (and Slagle is one of the best), is apt to stand stock still at any time and watch the ball go, lost in admiration of the play. They all do it. There is not much doubt of the strength of the Tiger backfield this year, and the play inside tackle, while spasmodic, showed good design. The line wedges were in action from time to time, and the assignments were



E F F E C T I V E

TO ALL THAT IS MELLOW AND MANLY IN THE WEAVES OF OLD ENGLAND, FINCHLEY HAS BROUGHT THE PLAY OF HIS GENIUS AT DESIGN. FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE TRUE NEW YORKER THE RESULT IS INCOMPARABLE.

FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS
AND MORE
READY-TO-PUT-ON
TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

THE
FINCHLEY
Establishments

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-SIXTH STREET

one "to the ladies."

Possibly the lady at home has suggested a l-i-t-t-l-e less—well—impulsiveness when you buy your clothes?

Make up your mind as to fabric a little too readily—select a pattern with a shade too much conservatism?

How would it do to stop in today instead of waiting till you are ready-to-buy? Take twenty minutes to look things over, feel them, get a sort of a road-map of the place, and go away and mull it over till you are ready?

Might see a tie or some socks or something that you do want—but never mind, as far as we are concerned.

Because the service also is intended to be a good bit better at Best's.

BEST & CO., Fifth Avenue at 35th Street
The 35th Street Entrance Adjoins Express Elevator

well carried out. It must be remembered that Princeton is building a new line. Darby, Baldwin, Willauer, Keith, Rosengarten, with Weekes and Moeser on the flanks, make a most acceptable combination, and the substitutes were more than acceptable. I am a great believer in Al Wittmer as a line coach; he has done much of late. There is a punch inside the tackles that will eventually prepare the way for Princeton's excellent forward passing. That pressure had been badly needed for some time. Roper has been extremely clever in selecting from the play of other teams the points that could be best fitted into a rounded Princeton system. He took some of Ernest Graves' line methods, but not Graves' entire conception of football. He has learned a deal from Notre Dame and from Dartmouth. This is not to say that Roper himself has no originality, but that it is a true test of a head coach that he assembles the best football obtainable no matter where it is to be found. It is simply a case of selection these days. They all do it, but all do not admit it.

The general soundness of the Princeton play design both on attack and defense was impressive. It was still a little too warm to get all the necessary punch out of the jump into action from the huddle system. It will take time to speed that up, but the stuff is all there. The Tigers will have to speed up a great deal in order to meet the Navy on even terms next week, for the sailors have a full month at least of preparation behind them. There is the big flaw in the triangular agreement, when it becomes necessary to meet outside elevens which are not subscribers to such an arrangement.

One cheerful feature of the Amherst game was Slagle's good punting, as well as his runs made sliding off the tackle and cutting now in and now out—much as Tibbitt was wont to do in the old days. Slagle frees himself very quickly from the "pile" that his forwards have made on the strong side of the line, with the result that he slides away like a ghost. The final impression of the Tiger attack is that once it acquires the proper timing it will go like a deck of cards flung along the top of a table. It is at least so devised. It is Knute Rockne, I think, who has pointed out that even speed in the backfield is a great requisite on attack, and it is just that thing, I think, that Princeton's backfield has. The Tigers do, indeed, look good.

—RIGHT WING



We're Not Modest about our Modest Fee of Only Fifty Cents

WE'VE been shouting from the housetops for years and years that our theatre ticket service is only fifty cents, and never a penny more. And whenever you want good seats for any play in town, we have fifteen convenient branches all over town, and a telephone number you should not forget—Lackawanna 3900.

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THEATRE TICKETS

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Just a few steps from Broadway



Now
that

TEA "AT TEN"

is once more established among the
Upper East Side's smart colony,

The "Villa Venice"

*"10" EAST SIXTIETH STREET

will resume, by popular request, on

OCT. 9TH

its full schedule of activities for
the Fall and Winter Social Season:

LUNGA

FORMAL

{ DINNER
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DANCING

Music, Cuisine, Atmos-
phere, compatible with
its enviable clientele

Dancing Divertissements by
NORTHWAY & CHILDS

Service charge, supper, nightly: \$1.00
Service charge, supper, Sunday: \$2.00

THE ROMANCE OF
CHART-MAKING

NO FEATURE of Big Business is of such interest to the layman as the elaborate Chart System that forms so vital a link in modern office efficiency. Without these elaborate graphs, we may ask, where would Big Business be today? Probably about a million dollars ahead, and gaining rapidly.

Of all forms of modern efficiency, the Chart System is perhaps the most elaborate and the least understood. By means of a system of zigzag lines, similar to a fever-chart, an accurate record is kept from day to day of sales, distribution, and average mean temperature along the Atlantic seaboard, in case anyone should want it. There are a number of varieties of these *graphs* (although the phonograph is the only one that plays music) and their importance in modern industry cannot be exaggerated. Not here, anyway.

For example, a report arrives in the president's office of the Woonsocket (R.I.) Gasket Factory that the left wing is on fire, and thirty-eight thousand gaskets have already been burned to death. A hurried meeting is called of the entire staff, and a *graph-chart* prepared at once, showing the decrease in gaskets as opposed to an increase in gadgets, the comparative percentage of loss from fire in 1906, 1916 and 1926, the average age of all the men on the staff, and a long, diagonal line rising, falling suddenly, and staggering to its feet once more, waving a tattered ensign to demonstrate the percentage of gain in gaskets if the number which had just been destroyed by fire had been manufactured instead.

As the staff sets out to compute from this graphic picture the remaining number of gaskets, word is received that the fire has spread in the meantime to the right wing, and only quick action can save the entire building. The staff meets this emergency with characteristic efficiency; and the new chart is finished in the nick of time, just as the roof falls in.

The chart is saved.

The most popular form of Chart Marking is known as the Whortle System, and is accomplished on a standard grid, similar to the grid at New Haven, except that the goal posts are missing, probably in Princeton. A red-and-blue line, signifying post-war conditions in the Amalgamated Steel Game, starts at 0 in the lower left

Bertie's

ROYAL JADE
LIPSTICK

PAT. PDG.

THE LAST WORD IN
PERFECTION OF
PERQUISITES DE
BEAUTÉ.



\$ 2.00

95% Indelible. Has a dainty, lasting perfume. Gives a perfect, smooth finish to the lips. Made in fashion's smartest shades—Geranium—Fraise—Framboise

The Case—An exquisite piece of jewelry, in jade composition, guaranteed not to tarnish.

The Stick—Hand made in Paris by Mme. Bertie, and, like all Produits Bertie, of Superlative Excellence.

Bertie Royal Jade Lipstick	\$2.00
In velvet lined imported jewel gift box	3.00
Refills	.75

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HANAN SHOES

*The Preference Of Well Dressed Men
The World Wide*

THE SOVEREIGN
Designed expressly for our London Shop
Made of Black Calfskin
\$13.50



HANAN'S "RAVENBLACK"

The Smartest Shade In Autumn Shoes

FASHION ordains that black shoes are most correct for town wear this Fall. "Ravenblack" proves anew that to be earliest with the latest style is as much the habit and hallmark of Hanan Shoes as it is to quote fair price for fine quality.

*"Ravenblack" Is Expressly Designed By Hanan
"Ravenblack" Is Exclusively Presented By Hanan*

HANAN & SON

411 FIFTH AVENUE 516 FIFTH AVENUE 634 FIFTH AVENUE 718 FIFTH AVENUE
And Six Other New York Shops

corner and advances north to the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, where it is reviewed by the Mayor's Committee.

In the meantime a second line (Q) attempts to describe an ellipse, which it says is caused by the shadow of the moon passing over the face of the sun. There is a great laugh; and the line is then blindfolded, and proceeds in a westerly direction around the curve of Central Supply and Demand, until it meets with the red-and-blue line, now disguised in a checkered cap and false whiskers as a yellow-and-gray line, representing the Increase in White Slave Traffic, 1911-12. They are married.

The shaded portion represents the New York skyline at twilight; and the colored section is Harlem.

—COREY FORD

MANHATTAN
BY-PRODUCTS

Park Avenue

Pink babies in perambulators
Emerge from velvet elevators.

The Garlic Belt

On Bleecker Street the babies' noses
Aren't pampered by the scent of roses.

Society on Riverside Drive

Small babies blinking at the sun
While nurse maids get their chatting
done.

Infancy Under The "L"

On Second Avenue the babies
Howl as if they had the rabies.

110th Street

Here in evidence prolific
Is the go-cart soporific.

The Younger Set of Macdougall Street

On baby legs that trip and wobble
A thousand infants play and squabble.

Black Is Always Good

Harlem babies when they're tiny
Are ebon-hued and smooth and shiny.

Cosmopolitan Central Park

Here an infant league of nations
Carries on its operations.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

IN THE FINE-CAR FIELD THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS



The Beauty of the Hupmobile Eight

Beauty in an automobile is the result of the harmony of line and grace of contour which have their real source in intrinsically good design and sound structure.

Balance, harmony, rhythm are the distinguishing points of Hupmobile Eight because it is, first of all, a thoroughly fine car—beautifully designed and engineered. Thus it is also a beautiful car to drive.

The sweetness of its performance comes from a balanced mastery of details. Its capacity for sustained speed and comfort rivals the most luxurious limited trains.

Being a Hupmobile, with all that the name implies, of sterling ruggedness and quality, Hupmobile Eight literally becomes sweeter and smoother as

the miles pile up on the meter.

As time goes on and your mileage grows, you realize that you've gone 10,000, 15,000, 25,000 miles and more with none of the tinkering and adjusting that hitherto has always seemed unavoidable.

Fundamentally all these unusual performance characteristics; its gliding ease; its smooth, vibrationless pick-up; its perfect balance; the cradling ease of its travel; its economy—all these are attributes of beauty—the beauty of mechanical harmony.

The next Hupmobile Eight you see, watch it for a moment—notice the symmetry of its beauty—the poetry of its motion. Ride in the Hupmobile Eight, and you'll want it for what it alone can give you.

VAN ALSTYNE MOTOR CORPORATION

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THE DISTINGUISHED
HUPMOBILE
EIGHT

There's action and feel in a Fougère Royale shave

THE most a shaving cream can do is whip up a thick lather quickly, soften the beard thoroughly, and get shaving over with, smoothly, in a few minutes.

And that's just what Fougère Royale Shaving Cream does. It gives you action. It does what you want a good shaving cream to do, without irritating the most sensitive skin. Instead of a soapy, after-shaving odor, the clean, outdoors fragrance of the royal fern is left on your skin. Get Fougère Royale from your druggist, at 50¢, or send a dime for a tube with ten refreshing shaves in it.

Fougère Royale Shaving Cream

Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal

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



Houbigant, Inc.
539 W. 45th St., New York

THE PONIES

Better and Bigger Jumpers—Latin America Invades



WE have seen —with a sigh of relief—the last of steeple-chasing for this season, except for a day or two at the amateur meetings. Just about one good jumper a year is developed from the younger horses, and Mrs. George Sloan's Harbor Hill Cup winner, Flyman, seems to be the one for 1926.

ONE is so used to hearing about how much better the horses of years ago were than those carrying silks today that it was a revelation and a pleasure to hear Thomas Hitchcock say that steeple-chasers jump better than they did twenty years ago. He believes the sport between the flags is better than it was then, that horses are schooled better and as more men and women become interested more horses will be bought for jumping until some day soon we shall have steeple-chasing that is steeple-chasing and not processions. Mr. Hitchcock told me that William C. Whitney first became interested in racing through watching him school jumpers on his Long Island estate. Everyone knows Joseph E. Widener came into racing through steeple-chasing, while Payne Whitney's interest was aroused through his wife's Greentree Stable jumpers.

I do not believe that steeple-chasing ever has been popular with the crowd in the grandstand, who never have ridden a horse. As for a higher percentage of favorites winning jumping races—well, around the race tracks there is such a thing as educated money. However, it is the most sporting phase of racing, in which an owner must train well under the whip, for it takes a year to make a jumper. Then after that—added to all the ills to which a flat horse is heir—are the dangers of injury while schooling.

HITHERTO the clubhouse sections have been as exclusive as \$8.50, plus the war tax, could make them, but so many collectors of autographs have moved in from the lawn since the return from Saratoga that



"Always Sprightly and Understanding"

David Belasco

But Never More than
in This Number

Although single copies are 50 cents, we'll gladly send you this (October) and the following two numbers of Theatre Arts Monthly for one dollar. To new subscribers only!

In the contents—for example

A forecast of the season—the Geddes unused designs for The Sorrows of Satan — Footnotes on Acting by Stark Young — Ellen Terry as audience —the new Mexican artist, Matias Santoyo—Many other articles and delightful illustrations of the Theatre's past, present and future.

THEATRE ARTS MONTHLY

119 West 57th St., New York City

THEATRE ARTS MONTHLY
119 West 57th St., N. Y. C. A-3

I enclose one dollar. Please send me the next three issues of Theatre Arts Monthly.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Aqueduct and Jamaica on Saturdays have been like the Times Square subway station at 6.30 P. M. Competition may be the life of trade, but most of the books run 20 per cent or better.

NO TOOTING of horns welcomed the invasion of the President of the Panama Jockey Club and his two-horse stable, but Copiapo has shown that an Argentine bred horse can run over our tracks. Incidentally many of our riders could learn a lot from Manuel Aranda. He has the knack of getting a horse away running and then keeping him going to the winning post.

ARANDA is more fortunate than the young English jockey Boots Drunell brought over here last winter. He was a nice boy, too, but he never could get his mounts away from the post with the rest of the field. He used to go out mornings to watch the schooling at the barrier, but even then he could not seem to catch on.

"I was a good rider at home," he said, "and I did well on the Continent. I won a lot of races in Roumania—I used to ride for the starter there."

"Did you ever get left at the post in Roumania?"

"No, sir."

OSMAND probably will not meet Scapa Flow this year, though a match race would settle which was the two-year-old of 1926. On the book, Osmand would beat Scapa Flow, taking a line through Adios, for in the Futurity, Scapa Flow gave Adios three pounds and beat him a scant two lengths, while in the Eastern Shore Handicap last Wednesday Osmand gave Adios eighteen pounds and beat him a neck. The enmity between Sande and Fator, once pals and team mates, reached a high pitch in the Eastern Shore, for Earl gave Laverne everything he had—and Sande learned a few tricks riding at the half milers in the West years ago—as they rode boot to boot for the six furlongs.

THE HONORABLE GEORGE, my outside man, has packed up all his colored pens and pencils and his four split-second watches. "The racket's too tough, quite," is his valedictory. "I'm goin' to Biarritz and wear a Basque beret. There's no such thing as a winner."

—AUDAX MINOR



"It pays to buy
where you buy in safety"



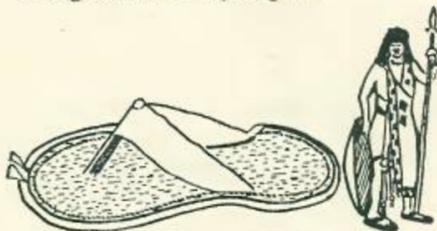
A. JAECKEL & CO.
Furriers Exclusively
Fifth Ave. Bet. 35-36 Sts., New York



What Do You Say?

*'Way down South—oh, it's farther
South than that—
Where the Congo, the Euphrates and
the Mississippi meet,
There's a dark-skinned lad a-waiting
(Though what for there is no stating)
With a nose-ring in his ear and
funny dewdads on his feet.*

*So jazz it up, Sammy!
My eyes grow wet and clammy
A-weeping for my mammy
Who was drunk the night she died.
And jazz it up, Jimmy,
For we will not do the shimmy,
But we'll ambulate that Flat-foot,
Yea bo! that Flat-foot
Senegambian Flat-foot glide.*

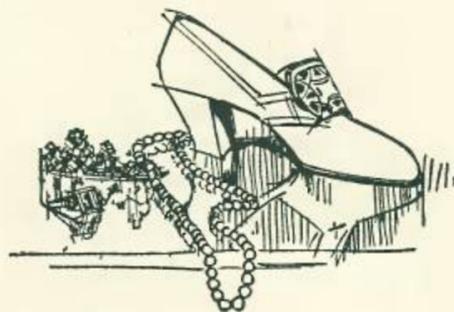


The dark-skinned lad's dewdad

This pathetic negro folk-song is expressive of the racial yearning for bigger and better shoes. That they like 'em big may be seen by inspection of the etcher's proof (in its thirty-fifth stage) presented above; for the mizzen-mast which you will observe just forward of the upper maintopgallantsail represents only the place where the Senegambian gets his toe-hold—or, to keep to the metaphor, where the fo'castle begins.

You naturally pity the artless Senegambonian for having to wear shoes like that. But what do you say to civilized people wearing shoes equally as flat-footed? Yes, we repeat, what do you say to them? Why, you simply direct them to J. Van Buren Brown in 590 Fifth Avenue, where they can get Arch Preserver Shoes, which really fit the soles and arch of the feet.

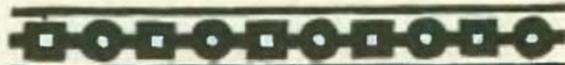
TO ELUCIDATE—
THE RAMESEA



An Aristocratic soft patent pump
for afternoon wear.



ARCH PRESERVER SHOES EXCLUSIVELY
JAEGER BUILDING—FOURTH FLOOR
Where the bus stops going South
590 FIFTH AVENUE, AT 48th STREET



IF AUTHORS TRAINED

"WHAT are you doing?" asked the Mrs., with that capitalized emphasis with which women so delightfully express displeasure.

I paid no attention to her whatever, but continued to chalk out a square, twenty feet each way, on the apartment floor. At each corner I set up a pole and connected the poles with lengths of stout rope. Then in one corner I placed a chair, a small table and on the table a typewriter. Finally, outside the apartment door, I hung a sign, thus:

"WEER TRAINING QUARTERS,
ADMISSION \$1."

I retired to my dressing quarters and waited, peeping out now and again from behind the curtain. When enough paid admissions had been taken in and the newspaper critics had arrived, I stepped into the ring.

I wore, it is worthy of note, a bright yellow dressing-gown etched with purple. This I threw off lightly to my seconds, revealing bright purple trunks etched with yellow. I bowed in acknowledgment of the applause, took a seat at the desk and, at the sound of the gong, typed away furiously on the typewriter, continuing this for three minutes.

While my seconds sponged my finger-tips between this round and the next, I could not but overhear certain remarks from the audience.

"G'wan, you big bum," one fan shouted—but I have reason to believe he was a Dreiser fan—"your own typewriter nearly got you on that last paragraph."

I ignored this, having made it the practice of a life-time to ignore remarks of fans who have paid their admissions. In the second round, however, I started slowly, but worked up my pace until I was able to make the last paragraph at very high speed indeed.

At the conclusion of the day's training I gave five minutes to the critics. Each of them was permitted to observe my well-developed wrist muscles, and to comment on my form in general. Before they left, I issued a statement in which I expressed confidence of winning within six chapters.

Next morning I read in the newspapers that my touch on the keys was not as light as it used to be, and this the critics took as an indication that I was slipping from my old-time form. They had apparently forgotten

All Our Old Customers Are Still Young Men!

THEY have been coming to us for years but they never change—only their wives and their mothers know how old they are—but they don't lie about their age, they simply belie it in their clothes—they pay attention to tailoring instead of Time—they don't think any more about their birth certificates than a dog does about his license!—and if they did they'd have to go elsewhere for their clothes, because the only thing we know about age is how to iron it out of the man it's overtaken!

We never live up to a
man's years

We specialize in living
them down!

SUITS AND TOPCOATS

\$45 \$50 \$65

REGARDLESS OF AGE

Brill Brothers

Broadway at 49th Street
7th Avenue at 35th Street
47 Cortlandt Street

that I was no mere writer of light verse, but was training for the Heavy-weight Greatest-American-Novel-Writing Championship of the World.

—WILLIAM WEER

ARE YOU A NEW YORKER?

TEN EASY QUESTIONS THAT WILL HELP YOU TO KNOW. THE ANSWERS ARE PRINTED ON PAGE 76.

1—Where is Fort Castle William? What is it?

2—What bank, still in existence, was chartered to furnish New York with drinking water?

3—Which New York high school is built around the original wooden building?

4—Where are the Li Hung Chang trees?

5—What street has four rows of car tracks?

6—Why is the Hudson River called the North River?

7—On the north side of Washington Arch are two statues; one is of George Washington. Whose is the other?

8—Where is there an official map of Greenwich Village out of doors?

9—Which New York hospital was founded before the Revolutionary War?

10—Where is the "Beefsteak Church"?

MEDITATION IN A SUBWAY

In a bright carriage Marie Antoinette Rode through the streets with her head tilted high.

Nobody touched her or jogged at her arm,

Dared brush against her while hurrying by.

She never rode home in a trolley at night

With plain good and true folk without etiquette,

And then at the scaffold they chopped off her head

But, ah! it was worth it, Marie Antoinette!

—DEARING WARD

There is an old saying, "mustaches for honor, but even a goat has a beard."—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

This should console Mr. Charles E. Hughes, who has been the goat for so long.



Luxury in her boudoir is the hallmark of the woman of fastidious and sophisticated taste. All that is elegant in bedroom appointments is to be found in the offerings of Carlin Comforts.

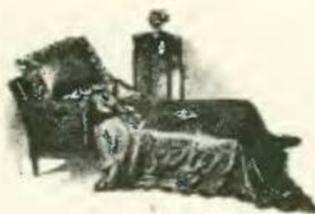
A host of lovely things contrived with infinite artistry from the most exquisite materials answers every need, from the daintiest of silken sheets to the last detail of bed or chaise longue. One finds, too, a variety of choice for useful gifts of enchanting charm.

Your personal visit to this shop will prove a delightful experience. You may also make your choice from an interesting brochure in color, describing and illustrating every item, which we will send upon request.

Comforters
Down Puffs
Blankets

Bed Spreads
Blanket Protectors
Chaise Longue Covers
Linen Sheets and Pillow Cases

Couch Throws
Traveling Sets
Bed Jackets



Carlin Comforts Inc
528 Madison Ave.
AT 54TH STREET



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THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York.

Please enter my subscription to THE NEW YORKER for—

1 Year—\$5.00 2 Years—\$7.00
(Canada, \$5.50; Foreign, \$6.00)

Name

Address

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect.



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE



WANAMAKER'S Coin de Paris, visited by me recently for the first time, proved to be a surprise in more ways than one. In the first place, I found that the atmosphere of a small specialty shop *could* be captured in a shop the size of Wanamaker's. In the second, I had thought that older women with strange figures formed the majority of those who had clothes made to order in this country. It now appears that the clientèle of the Coin de Paris consists principally of young women who have learned, in Paris, to abhor the ready-made. Models—all of them French importations—are shown them; they make their selection of the model and the fabric they wish, and the dress is made specially for them and for them alone. Hats are expertly cut on the head in the French manner. It is pleasant to go in there; Mme. Simone, who is in charge, is charming; and there is nothing of the rushed department store atmosphere to be found at all.

SEEN at Wanamaker's: a wrap-around wool coat for autumn wear, lined with antelope and—a boon to those who find it difficult to



FEMININE FASHIONS

keep this type of coat wrapped snugly about them all the time—a tailored vest of antelope further to protect them in the front from the inclement breezes that assail the motorist.

IT now appears that, willy nilly, I must acknowledge the presence of the Lanvin maline bow. This tasty evening concoction, introduced in the winter collection, is a twisted choker necklace with a maline frou-frou, about two feet in diameter, attached at the back of the neck. Every shop here has it. And they will try to tell you that it is suitable for sophisticated types. On a haughty Russian mannequin with a sleek hair cut in Paris, it looked ridiculous. To my mind, the Pierrot quality of the thing is suitable only for the vivacious young person. Altman, considering this fact, has made some with the maline bow only about six or eight inches across. Going like hot cakes.

THE Grande Maison de Blanc is, as you all know, noted for fine French lingerie and particularly for linens. Of the French lingerie here, I can only advise you to think hard of the most dainty and attractive type you can imagine and then go there and find it. For the linens, an interesting feature is the display of a complete trousseau, including everything necessary for somewhat luxurious housekeeping *à deux*, from bathmats to table runners of Italian lace. This costs \$1,500, monograms graciously thrown in.

Besides this, I saw some charming breakfast sets of delicately colored fine linen with designs of white linen applied by hand hemstitching. There are some livelier sets of damask combining white and a color. And tea cloths made of lace Normandy caps. In fact, all kinds of hand work imported from wherever they do it best.

Besides all the indulgence in linen and comfortables and trousseau necessities of all kinds, Grande Maison de Blanc has a ladies' sports department.

The most striking thing here is the emphasis on sports clothes of the elaborate onlooker type—which really aren't sports clothes at all and are much more frequently seen at the Ritz at lunch time than they are in the Yale Bowl. However, call them what you will, the materials are marvelous—metal cloth with a wool back, all-over metal designs on kasha, and so on. Velveteen and kasha in rich colors come in strongly in combination. For active sports, Grande Maison de Blanc is showing numbers of knitted dresses, from very fine jersey to the most intricate of patterns. These, say what you will, are the most appropriate and the most chic for real country wear.

ALTMAN is displaying a large assortment of the new Rodier fabric, particularly those with a metal treatment. This designer, having started something with his Kasha-color—kasha with small designs in metal thread in blobs all over it—is continuing his inspiration with a ven-



geance. You will find metal thread embroidery on kashas, velvets, and crêpes in any number of designs.

THIS AND THAT

Kurzman's — Wana-maker's—Wet Wares



L YING in wait for you as you totter into Abercrombie & Fitch from Madison Avenue is a counter that, for no especial reason except attempted wit, I shall call the Minor Vice Department. Hastily, I will add that it is dedicated to the accessories of graceful smoking and drinking. Those ladies who defy convention sufficiently to give gentlemen presents once in a while could do no better than consult the amiable salesforce there and learn how to squander five to one hundred dollars with discrimination.

Cocktail shakers, for instance. Your bachelor friend really should not struggle along another minute without one. You will find every type there, from a half-pint useless type to one optimistically holding a gallon. The latest kind is an intriguing, silver-plated affair shaped exactly like a pinch bottle—a new thing in contours for shakers. It holds a quart and pours like a bottle of whiskey.

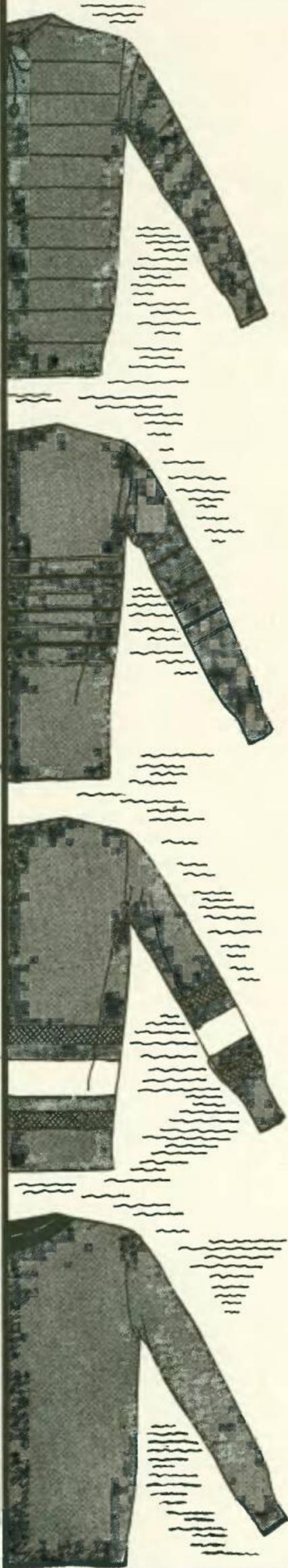
Also, an elegant small gift for a man that demands something practical—a dinky arrangement, taking up all of three inches of pocket space, combining a corkscrew, bottle opener, funnel, cork, and jigger. You all know how men love to play with a thing like this, particularly when every one of the articles really fulfills its function.

For sheer extravagance toward a man who has everything and needs to be amused for a while, you may purchase a very well made box containing solemn volumes of Dante, Shakespeare, and so on. When the right spring is pressed, the volumes pivot about to reveal—you'll never, never guess—a cocktail shaker, two flasks, and some silver cups.

There are also a particularly good assortment of English crystal tantalus sets, including decanters and bottles of all kinds. And Abercrombie is continuing its line of Bohemian pottery—notably a two-quart pinch bottle that plays pleasant tunes when lifted from the table. And there are

Fifth Avenue

Best & Co. at 35th Street



four new Glenconners
all in a row
the faster Best's order them
the faster they go.

These are made of Indian
Kashmir yarns in the nat-
ural color knitted on fine
stocking machines striped
in various ways and
in various colorings.

Exclusive
with
Best's

16.50





Souvenirs of the summer Sun *must go*

A coppery coat of tan—freckles—sallowiness—squint lines—are now decidedly "de trop!"

WHITE shoulders—delicate complexions—smooth, ivory-toned arms—one simply must have them to shine in the New Yorker's fall social swirl!

So the salon of Helena Rubinstein for *anti-summer* treatments.

Trained attendants deftly pat in the potent creams and lotions created by this internationally renowned beauty specialist.

Fine squint lines at the eyes are molded out of existence—the coarsened skin gradually resumes a pleasing fineness—tan and freckles after a few treatments are safely bleached away.

* * *

Drive up to the 57th Street salon for an individual diagnosis of your complexion and contour needs. This service is complimentary.

* * *

In the privacy of your own boudoir, you will delight in the youthifying effects of Helena Rubinstein's *Valaze Beautifying Skinfood*—which bleaches and refines the skin, clearing away all relics of summer exposure.

For a stubborn coat of tan and dark, obstinate freckles, you will need *Valaze Freckle Cream*.

Daily use around the eyes and over all lines, crows-feet, wrinkles and hollows of *Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream* (Anthosoros) brings "youth" to the countenance.

For an oily nose and shiny skin—we recommend *Valaze Liquidine*. It instantly absorbs the shine and gives you the entrancing mat-like complexion that you admire in others!

These—and other—Valaze Beauty Preparations are dispensed at the better stores by trained and competent advisers—or order direct from

Helena Rubinstein

46 West 57th Street, New York

PARIS
CHICAGO
DETROIT



PHILADELPHIA

LONDON
BOSTON
NEWARK

some really marvelous jugs and small barrels of Doulton ware.

Enough of law-breaking ideas!

For smokers, a silver cigarette box, the top inclining at an angle, modelled exactly like a cellar door and opening like one, and a dainty garbage can ash tray to go with it if you so desire. And—this really is tricky—a miniature radio box that, when the dial is turned, shoots a cigarette into your waiting hands to the tune of "Remember."

HAVING thus disposed of the problems of the dissipated older folk, we will now turn to the question of well brought-up children.

Wanamaker's is showing, with the complete approval of the Child Study Association of America, a series of nursery rooms—one for an infant, one for a little girl, one for boys between four and ten years of age, and one scientific playroom (lint and bandages being prominent in the presentation of the latter.) These are completely equipped and furnished and, I understand, have proved as popular and practical for the youthful owner as for the fond parent—a rare combination. Strangely enough, all the furniture, clothes, and accessories shown may be purchased, either all or in part, from Wanamaker's.

KURZMAN'S, for years a fixture at Thirty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, has finally joined the uptown migration and will open a new shop at 661 Fifth Avenue in the middle of October. Maurice Chalom, fresh from French triumphs in the decorating line, has arrived, bearing bronzes, marbles, old staircases, sections of chateau walls, hunks of old Italian marble, and everything else he could pry loose from the old country to make Kurzman's one of the most astounding, stupendous, marvelous, and utterly gorgeous Avenue shops.

There will be a whole floor for misses, who have hitherto been ignored by this shop. There will be gowns specially designed for the occasion by prominent French couturiers. Kurzman's own furriers are extending themselves to make fur more like fabric than ever before. (One broadtail affair has a rippling jabot of chinchilla down the front.)

In the meantime, before the opening, the Twenty-sixth Street shop is conducting business as usual. I, who seem to make a dive for handbags wherever I go, saw two there I have



Magnificent Cuisine at The Savoy

*Detroit's Newest
Hotel*

Not only convenient, comfortable and reasonable, but also remarkable for the excellence of the food it offers, the new Savoy, in Detroit, is destined to become famous throughout the United States and Canada.

In the main restaurant of the Savoy (known as the Bohemian Room) inviting club breakfasts and superb *table d'hôte* luncheons and dinners are served daily, with *à la carte* service also available at all hours. The 60-Chair Savoy Coffee Shop and the Food Shop afford supplementary services. Nightly dinner and supper dances are held in the Bohemian Room.

The Savoy contains 750 rooms with baths and is situated just six short blocks north of Grand Circus Park, on Woodward Ave., at Adelaide St. Outstanding features of the hotel are the 20 Chair Terminal Barber Shop and the 18-Booth Terminal Beauty Salon—the Walled-In Garden Court—the International Suites (each decorated in the national style of some foreign country)—the Emergency Hospital—the Florist's Shop—the Humidor—and the Gift Shop.

The advantages of the Savoy are many and varied, yet the rates are astonishingly low, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 per day, with suites and sample rooms from \$5.00 to \$12.00. Stop at the Savoy next time you are in Detroit and learn that *to be our guest once is to be our friend for always!*

A. B. RILEY,
Managing Director

SAVOY
Hotel
Detroit

not seen elsewhere—one type employing strips of dull wool fabrics so narrow that the final effect is that of rows and rows of string; the other, a tailored affair, the outside layer of which may be turned over to show the contrasting leather on the inside, thereby giving you two bags in one. Oh, so intricate. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

Pipes and Pins—Shirts and Sticks



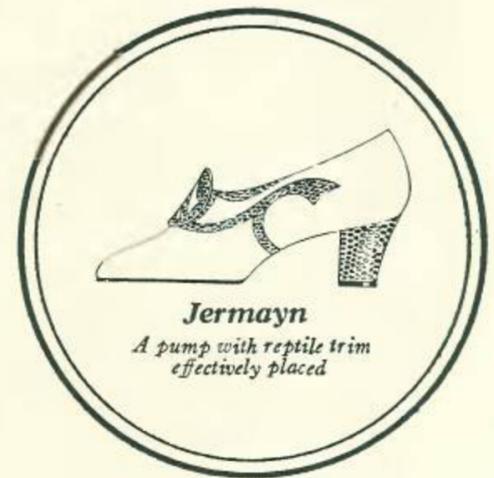
THE W a n a - maker London Shop has imported the latest thing in British pipes—the B. P. M., which, to those in the know, stands for “Best Pipe Made.” In this connection it is mildly entertaining to note that the modest manufacturers of this ambitiously dubbed briar are none other than Adolph Frankau & Co. of London, and that they are perhaps more widely known as purveyors of pipes than is the youngest member of their firm (Gilbert) as a purveyor of popular literature. At any rate, and notwithstanding the fact that I have never smoked one, the pipe seems to me well worth your inspection. It is, if not the best (and I make no claims, either pro or con), at least a very good one.

AFTER a dullish summer, during which virtually nothing that was at all novel swam into my ken, I find the shops fairly cluttered with new and interesting trifles. At Finchley’s, for instance, I saw gold collar pins of unusual design which, however blatant they may seem from my description, are not at all in bad taste. The first of these—a riding crop—may not impress you as being the product of a great original brain, yet the really extraordinary craftsmanship with which the design has been executed lifts it far above the commonplace. Then there is a tennis racquet, impinged upon the strings of which is a ball in the form of a small pearl—I warned you that it would sound awful—and a golf club employing the same idea. The pins are priced at \$12.50 and \$15.

Also at Finchley’s are shirt cases of black calf or brown pigskin which are designed to fit into the ordinary suitcase or kit-bag. They are made on



One’s years are revealed in one’s feet and Pedemodes are time-defying!



The Pedemode Shop
Feminine Footwear

570 Fifth Ave., near 46th St.

Cleveland

Chicago

Boston

Detroit



Wives and Top-coats

Wives sometimes complain that their husbands in selecting clothes seem to prefer comfort to style. In a D'Andrea top-coat they will find both combined in a single garment.

If you will slip on one of these top-coats, you will agree, we are sure, that they are an ideal combination of comfort and style.

Ready to Wear, \$75

D'Andrea Brothers Inc.

MEN'S TAILORS

587 Fifth Avenue at Forty-Seventh

Telephone—Murray Hill 5532



PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE—

We do not wish to be undemocratic in this best of all possible democracies, yet we would observe that a roster of The Sulgrave's guests would read like a goodly number of pages from the Blue Book. And our main reason for making this observation is so that you may draw the inference (which would be the correct one) that The Sulgrave is the kind of an apartment-hotel that offers the best in living to those who know living at its best. All of which means either nothing to you—or *everything*.

The Sulgrave

PARK AVENUE and 67th STREET

the accordion principle and will comfortably withstand assaults upon the virginity of six or eight shirts (which makes them well worth thirty-eight dollars to any incurable week-ender).

Our gentle friend, the cow, is certainly getting a run for her money in the leather goods line these days. At Finchley's, again I encountered a good looking snakewood stick the handle of which turned out to be rhino-hide, but this was nothing to the ostrich skin belt displayed brazenly at Saks Fifth Avenue. These items, while they may annoy our bovine sister to some small degree, are still sufficiently exotic not to become a cause for great worry. What was my dismay, then, to discover that the best looking suitcase in the Crouch & Fitzgerald shop had been tanned from the hide of her ancient, though not recently formidable enemy, the great American bison! This bag, by the way, is of a rich chocolate hue and is quite the last word. Price ninety-five dollars. Shed a tear for poor moo-moo.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH win the season's suspender sweepstakes. For the inconsiderable sum of five dollars and fifty cents one may purchase there, rich silken braces tastefully embellished with fox-hunting, steeplechasing or motoring scenes in gay and blithesome colors. Every man who ever bestrode a horse will want a pair of one or the other of the first mentioned. The latter, likewise, will find favor with ardent motorists, although I imagine that members of the Century Taxicab Association will continue to sport the more conservative, visible-below-the-waistcoat belt.

—BOWLER

IN AND ABOUT THE HOUSE



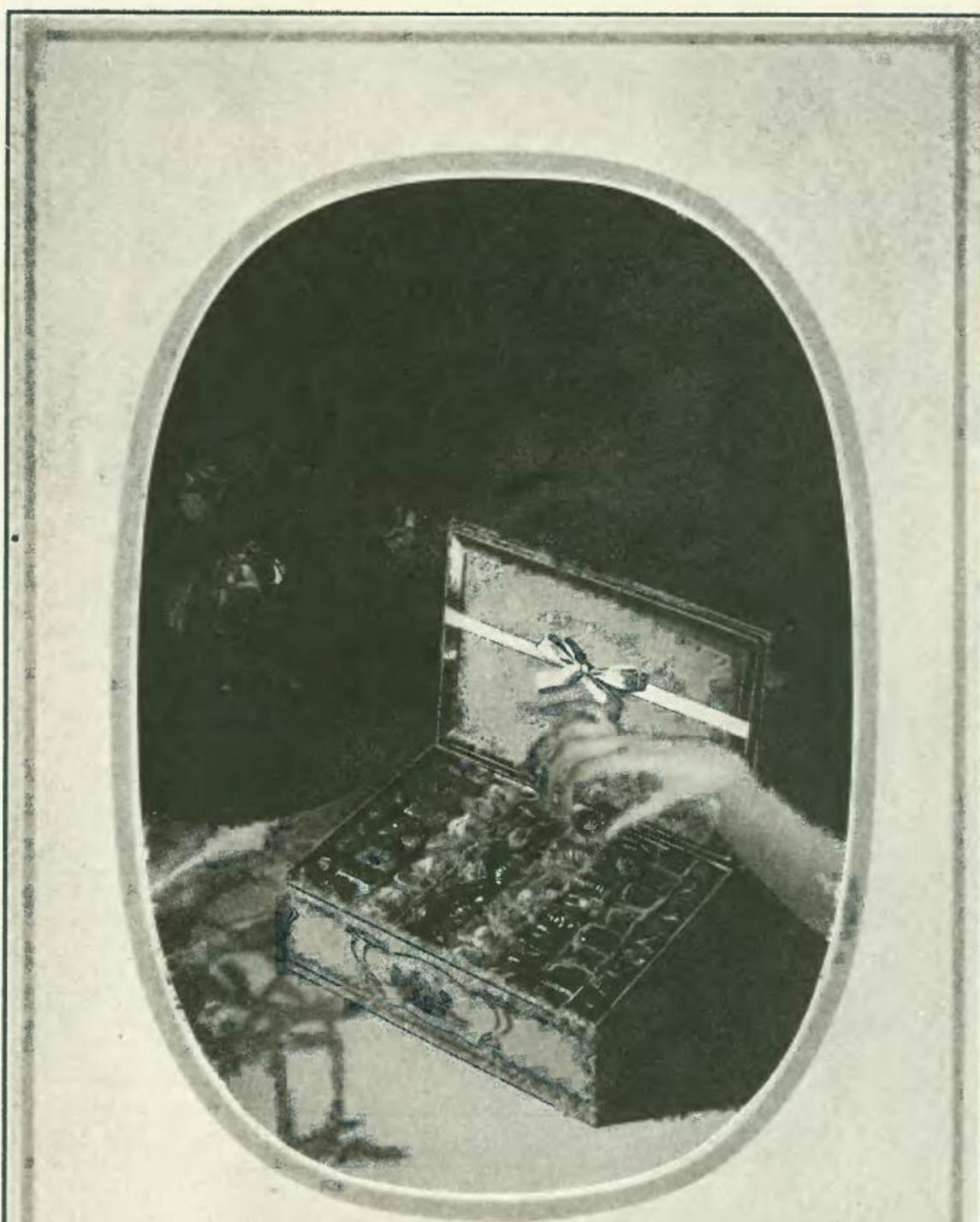
AGRAND Central Palace in New York!

What entrancing possibilities are evoked by these words, but, upon investigation, what stern realities are found. Once a year, while it harbors the Mechanical Engineering Show, it becomes an enchanted place indeed—but with the removal of bleeding turbines, armature spiders, steam glass traps and multi-whirl baffles, it resumes its aspect of rather humble, decentralized, conspicuously unpalatial corridors and ground glass doors.

If, however, guided by the "fierce legibility" of the black numbers inscribed on these doors, you pursue your investigation as far as Room 1106, you will find at least one room of imposing vastness and columned splendor in which the illusion of being in a palace is maintained. Here Frederick W. Jones 3rd and H. G. Erwin have installed themselves and with pontifical solemnity have issued an announcement to the decorating public of New York, informing them that they have opened a "drafting room and gallery" for "traditional interior architecture and decoration adapted to modern construction and design." And they mean it. With determined cunning they have discovered furniture and furnishings created by the obscure craftsmen of almost unknown, or at least, unpopular, periods as well as the traditional ones. Sofas, chaise-longues, and settees of distinguished severity, upon which ladies of supreme grace could successfully languish, bespeak the provincial Empire. A small round table, its black border enlivened by sunbursts and rosettes of brass, is of a restrained but useful solidity that belongs to the Jeffersonian era. Beaded mats, brilliantly colored wax flowers of defiant unnaturalness, mantelpiece-set vases of colored and gilded elaboration, survive that period of English History during which her great Queen, Victoria, postponed the beginning of that end which seems so near today, chairs and consoles painted in designs of black and white await reinstatement against the paneled and marbleized walls with which the architects of English Regency were wont to furnish them.

Do not overlook a stove made of iron, cast to a paper thinness, embellished with a design of leaves, scrolls and flowers executed with a Cellini technique, surmounted by an urn of melancholy dignity, and guarded by a demure young female molded into service with ingratiating sentiment. And it was made in Albany in the year 1841, by an inspired gentleman named A. L. Blanchard, for a mansion (it could be no less) on Staten Island! You can buy it for \$250.

A COLLECTION of twenty designs for ballet-costumes, sketched by the masterly hand of Gillot during the reign of Louis IV (possibly for one of the incomparable Versailles fêtes) is another treasure not to be ignored. From this background, Jones and Erwin have made excursions into



The remembrance that marks
the discriminating
New Yorker

Louis Sherry

New York

Paris

And at Selected Confectioners



Cunard S.S. "SCYTHIA"

5th Annual Cruise de Luxe

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EGYPT - HOLY LAND - NEAR EAST

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Jan. 26, 1927

Limited to 400 Guests

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Tunis, Palermo, Messina, Taormina,
Syracuse, Malta, Constantinople, Greece,
Venice, Naples, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England.

The Cruise of the magnificent 20,000-ton "Scythia" to the Mediterranean, under special charter, has become an annual classic. In every respect it is unsurpassed. Hot and cold running water in every cabin. Prearranged shore excursions at every port included in the rate. Finest hotels and the best of everything. Unusually long stay, at the height of the season, in Egypt and Palestine. Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S. S. "Aquitania," "Mauretania," "Berengaria," or any Cunard Line Steamer.

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Securing All
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A Hotel Residence of
Prestige and Address

14 East Sixtieth Street

REGENT 6000

Actualities vs. Adjectives

THOSE confused by flowery rhetoric and high-pressure salesmanship, and discouraged by the stereotyped monotony of the rooms in so many apartment hotels, find the actualities of 14 East Sixtieth Street a revelation. Original, individual, decidedly different, it is like a home where quality unites with utility and beauty. Its location; its securely established prestige; its faultless service; its architectural and decorative beauty; its spacious, high-ceilinged rooms—with bay windows; large outside bathrooms and fixtures—these are facts, easily verified upon inspection.

Pre-War Rental Range by the Year

One room and bath	\$1020 to \$2280
Two rooms and bath	\$1800 to \$4340
Three rooms and two baths	\$3900 to \$6300

We wish to stress that rentals include furnishings, linens, light and full hotel and restaurant room service. Rental includes everything. There can be no extra charge.

(Acceptable social and business references are essential)

the designing and manufacturing of furniture that is logical, interesting, and often beautiful, and that is perfectly reconciled to the proportions, scale, and materials used in the structure of contemporary building. These structural values are too often concealed beneath timorously adapted surfaces and unnecessarily borrowed details on the outside, and littered with obscuring compromises in the way of cornices, panels, tables and chairs inside. Therefore, their venture is a significant and laudable one, and should be gratefully welcomed by those who seek refreshment from the singularly inappropriate Spanish fever or the exaggeratedly loyal Early American craze. At least, it should tempt or encourage the architect of today to build what we could call a *New American House*. Perhaps I am too hopeful. In any case, Jones and Erwin are producing things that human beings need, and producing them with a form and style that is fresh, an inventiveness that is ingenious and workmanship that promises durability. Nor do they hesitate, in the carrying out of their designs, to employ those artists and sculptors who are best equipped to meet their needs: in other words, the so-called modern artists.

THEY have made a table. The top is of black glass, set in a circular frame of jade green wood, and is supported by fluted columns of corrugated, burnished tin that rise from a base of black and silver. This is \$250. Small armchairs, with carved fan backs in painted green and upholstered seats of black satin tacked into place with silver-headed nails, can be placed around this table, and cost under \$200. A full length three-fold mirror is framed in slim leaves of tin, and attached to the middle section is a glass shelf just the right size to hold a jade green box of powder, a brush and comb of the same shade on an ebony tray, and at just the right height to perform the rites these articles suggest. All this splendor for \$300.

Lamps of crystal gazing balls, chandeliers dripping with crystal and tin prisms, built like tiered steeples with hanging bells of light within, suspended by burnished tin ribbons and brass linked chains are here in great profusion and variety.

An enchanted room in a Twentieth Century Palace could be created with the aid of such decorative feats as these, but, alas! where are the King and Queen? —REPARD LEIRUM

INTERESTING FACTS

September 30, 1926

THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORKER,
MY DEAR SIR:

I suppose one of the Kipling fans among your subscribers caught you on that leading paragraph in last week's New Yorker—the one about Kipling still clinging to fame.

Fame's a pretty hard thing to measure but in an author's case the sale of his books might be taken as something of an indication. Last year 161,000 of Rudyard Kipling's books were sold in this country in the regular \$2.00 and \$2.50 editions. In England 170,000 of Mr. Kipling's books (the ones selling over 6/-) were taken.

Mr. Kipling's books have been selling at that rate in this country for over twenty years. How many of the cheaper editions were sold, or of the nine of the finest volumes of his work, which are not protected by copyright, no one knows. Nor do the publishers of some fairly popular authors know of any other author in England and America whose old books—and some of them have been on the market for forty years—sell to the tune of 331,000 copies a year in full priced editions.

Of course, fame may not be of such stuff. Perhaps it's the feeling you get when you go with *Kim* down the Grand Trunk highway of India—or—did you ever read Kipling's—oh, well, never mind. It is, as — said, another story.

Very truly yours,
DANIEL LONGWELL,
Doubleday, Page & Co.

P. S.—I suppose you know that the "Just So Stories" were first written for Nelson Doubleday when he was a boy. Afterwards they grew into a book.

D. L.

I'D LIKE TO SEE

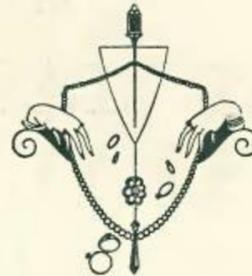
A man who never learned to smile
Glimpse an elevator dial,
Set his watch, and push along
In the homeward-surfing throng.

NEW YORKER SEIZED BY MEXICAN BANDITS

—Headline in *New York paper*.

We had no idea there was such a frantic demand for the magazine down there!

LITTLE MASTERPIECES



GEMS, mounted by
UDALL & BALLOU are
more than adornment.
They are works of art
in miniature, done in the
most precious materials
the planet yields

Udall & Ballou
Jewelers

FIFTH AVENUE
AT FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK

NEWPORT, R. I.

MIAMI BEACH, FLA.

Theodore Titzé

confidently invites the patronage of the sophisticate,—the epicurean,—the connoisseur,—the critic. Theodore knows the elements which combine to form a perfectly satisfying restaurant as exemplified in

THE MADISON RESTAURANT

Luncheon , , , *Dinner*

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*Furnished or unfurnished suites
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Announces the Opening

TUESDAY, OCTOBER TWELFTH

of the

CLUB MIRADOR

200 West 51st Street, at Seventh Avenue



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*Internationally Famous
Ballroom Dancers*

MAURICE and ELEANORA AMBROSE

(ELEANORA's American Début after a series of sensational successes on the European Riviera)



CANARO'S ARGENTINE TANGO ORCHESTRA

Direct from Club Florida, Paris



JOHNNY JOHNSON'S CLUB MIRADOR ORCHESTRA



Reservations—Circle 5106

THE opening of the Mirador—and this is positively the last time I shall mention it—has been postponed until the twelfth of October owing, or so sayeth the cagey management, to the temperamental goings-on of Maurice. Whether or not that coy artist can be persuaded not to disappoint the 7,000,000 members of his adoring public on that date remains to be seen. I am assured solemnly that the opening will take place, that M. Goetz can be relied on to be entertaining, and that the Canaros, a perfectly swell tango orchestra from the Florida, in Paris, is to alternate with Johnny Johnson's jazz.



ALSO—it so happens that the nearest thing to a tradition that night life in this city possesses is the partnership of Coleman and Charlie, the former to wield a wicked orchestra, the latter to act as general factotum. This intrepid pair, after alienation of Coleman's affections on the part of Harry Richman or somebody, is together again at the Montmartre, and it is high time to get sentimental and reminiscent. This, unfortunately, is not in my line.

TO MY mind, there ought to be more restaurant decoration along the lines of the Crillon Restaurant in 277 Park Avenue. (I do not mean the café, which is downstairs on Lexington Avenue, but the swell new one above it). You take the combination of white, clear bright red, and gold, distribute it around in cute little gadgets and nooks and pillars, and you have something very gay. And this city needs something very gay, except that Mr. Baumgarten might have picked a red that did not slaughter the Chanel shade that all the girls are wearing.

In respect to the food—New York is notoriously full of acceptable restaurants serving dishes that are good, digestible, expensive, and not very exciting. A few high peaks have always been furnished to connoisseurs by places like the old Crillon on Forty-eighth Street, where sauces, seasonings and patisseries were treated expertly and with all reverence. At present, the Crillon does not quite

FOR TWO



measure up to its own standard. It is way above average, but there is a flatness about the cuisine that, I trust, will disappear as soon as the management gets used to the increased size, the demands of the residents of 277 Park Avenue, and the strangeness of its surroundings.

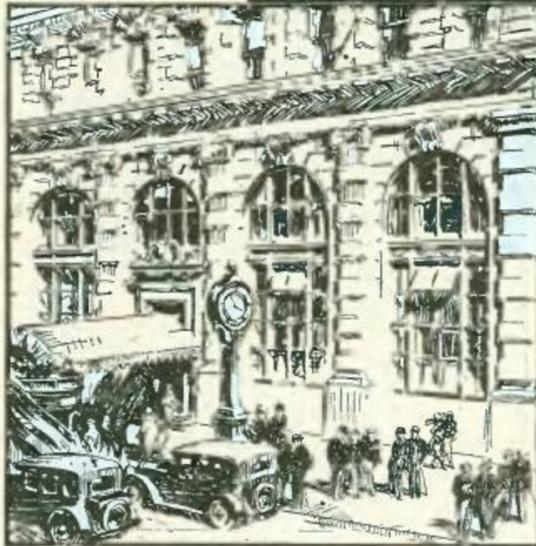
LAST week, with much screaming and shouting and blowing of saxophones, the Club Anatole, at 151 West Fifty-fourth Street, opened for the winter. The place was packed and jammed; the dance floor was a melée of sharp elbows and melting hips, and a large mirror down one side of the room reflected the jovial scene and made it double, which was less than no improvement. The revue, which goes on at intervals until very late, consisted of numbers of cuties, not one of whom had lost her appendix, clad in variations of the brassière. The sensation of the evening was the introduction of the page boy, Malcolm, who was a sweet darling and danced like a streak and shouldn't stay out so late at night until he is Mayor, and the dancing of the doorman. A snappy song entitled "Will You Love Me in December?" or something like that, was sung in honor of "our beloved Mayor," who was present. Unfortunately, his presence no longer lends a night club any prestige. In short, a place for those whose souls are of tinsel, whose dresses are of rhinestone, and who pay their \$5 couvert from the proceeds of eggs and butter.

MIND you, there is one woman who gets away with vulgarity. And that, of course, is Texas Guinan. Her place on Fifty-fourth Street remains the most unique example of Americana on the loose in town. She remains the most incredible personality.

The club is terrible. It is rowdy, it is vulgar, it is maudlin, it is terrifically vital. You realize this as soon as you have left, and tell all your friends not to go near the dump.

But, while there, George Arliss and Paul Berlenbach and a Duncan sister and the gay young society married

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couple and Tex Rickard are kin. And every other proprietor in New York tears his hair and wonders how she does it.

At any rate, the place, after two o'clock, is always jammed to the doors. There is a good deal of pounding on the table, cheers for a little girl only those at the ringside can see at all, throwing of felt balls, singing, repartee that seems very funny at the time, and impromptu speechmaking. Over it all presides Texas, who, besides carrying with her everywhere a quality that turns everything into a college reunion or a stag dinner, is both funny and effortless. Oh, it is a tough and terrible place, but everybody should go once in a lifetime. I think I will take Bruce Barton to see Miss Guinan some evening. Title of his next book: "The Girl Everybody Knows." —LIPSTICK

A FOOT IN EUROPE

Count again my check in saucers:
"Garçon, s'il vous plait, the score!"
When that liner slips its hawsers,
I won't be here any more.

Up and down hard lanes of travel—
One of thousands—I have trod;
Cobbled roads and paths of gravel—
Praise to Heaven, I was shod.

Rome may boast her crumbling arches;
My own fell while seeing hers.
Caesar led proud hosts on marches;
Sturdy ankles won his spurs.

Dim beneath the dome of Peter's,
Tourists trek on weary toes;
Art is long, but so are meters—
There and back—how far? Who knows?

Hours I stood while Mussolini
Roared to throats that roared reply,
Praying that a friendly genie
Take me off my feet to die.

Count again my check in saucers:
"Garçon, s'il vous plait, the score!"
When that liner slips its hawsers,
All my walking days are o'er.
—LISLE BELL

THE OPTIMIST

JOHNNY: What is an optimist, Pop?

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

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* * *



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—Fox trots with vocal chorus—played by The Clevelanders 3279

* * *

"I Don't Want Nobody But You" . . . "Brighten My Days"
—sung by Esther Walker, comedienne. 3226

* * *

Toronto Mendelssohn Choir of mixed voices, Dr. H. A. Fricker, conductor, sings "Men of Harlech" (old Welsh fighting song) . . . "Rosy Dawn" (a pastorale). 3247

* * *

Leopold Godowsky, pianist, plays "Marche Militaire"—Schubert-Taussig . . . "Polonaise in A Flat"—Chopin. 50078

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Musical Miracle of the Movies



FOR seven or eight years we have been listening with patience and even with enthusiasm to the reiterated proclamation that the cause of music rests in the hands of the cinemas. We have heard that the orchestras in the larger film mausoleums compare favorably with Mr. Stokowski's skillful ensemble, that only the finest compositions are aired in celluloid sanctuaries, and that the inevitable outcome of these wonders is to be a nation versed in the lore of Brahms. And that's not all. We have learned to take it for granted that a diet of screen music, well digested, induces the patient to abstain from low, ear-tickling airs and to express an undying preference for the later quartets of Beethoven, "Tristan und Isolde" and the Bach B-minor Mass.

It is all so cleverly done that the subject never realizes that he is being transformed from a musical moron to a Lawrence Gilman when he enters the refrigerated edifices of Broadway to view the monochromatic evolutions of Mlle. Negri, the Countess Swanson or some other recipe for overworking the box-office attendants. The customer deposits his pennies at the ticket-booth, is led to a cosy seat by a courteous courier, leans back luxuriously and the house orchestra slyly converts him to César Franck. When the performance is ended, the spectator shuffles out thoughtfully, resolved to buy for immediate study a score of "Pelleas et Melisande" and to be a better man.

AND how, you may inquire, do these wonders come to pass? What are they doing in the asylums of the silent drama that persuades song pluggers to walk a mile for a Mozart concerto. Without the usual plangent invitation from an agreeable press department, we entered one of the Broadway minarets with the rest of the cash consumers to discover what it was that was making America musical.



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We heard "Viennese Potpourri" beautifully played by an excellent orchestra. We heard an organ solo, magnificently done, with the audience joining in current choruses like so many cherubim. We heard a gentleman in silks play at least half of the notes in Liszt's horrible sundae on "Rigoletto," following this feat with an approximation of Leschetizky's left-handed version of the "Lucia" sextet.

There was applause from the future Stravinsky lovers in the parquet, and the pianist began trafficking in Chopin's C sharp minor fantasie-impromptu, shifting easily into "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," with orchestral assistance. Now we know where Chopin got his ideas! And as a finale to this exhibition came the octave passages from Kowalski's "Salut à Pesh."

Later, we heard the "Meditation" from "Thaïs" as a fiddle solo by a jewelled lady who strolled about the stage, the bass serenade from "Faust" (attributed on the program to a contemporary composer), and a series of similarly improving excerpts, all strung together to make a ballet which we couldn't understand, despite the two judges of the assizes who moseyed about the platform saying "Yonder beauty listeneth" and other illuminating trifles.

WE recall, of course, the interesting abbreviation of Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony played last season with eminent success by the Capitol Theatre Orchestra, and we remember, with somewhat mixed emotions, an attempt several years ago to reduce Strauss' "Heldenleben" to film "presentation" size in the same house.

Almost every movie institution has a competent band, and the result has been a wholesome increase in standards of performance. Moviegoers, who represent most of the population, have little patience with a theatre that does not present a competent ensemble. But they haven't yet discovered the difference between "The Prisoner's Song" and "Die Meistersinger," chiefly because so few film house managers are willing to take a chance on music that isn't of the tea-room afternoon musicale variety. Most of these managers' patrons know now that "Mare Nostrum" isn't a horse liniment. Why not let them discover that Beethoven isn't a cooking utensil?

—R. A. S.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Film Guild—A Word for Colleen Moore—and Milton Sills Is At It Again.



THE MOST interesting of the week's expositions was disclosed by the Film Guild at its last subscription performance.

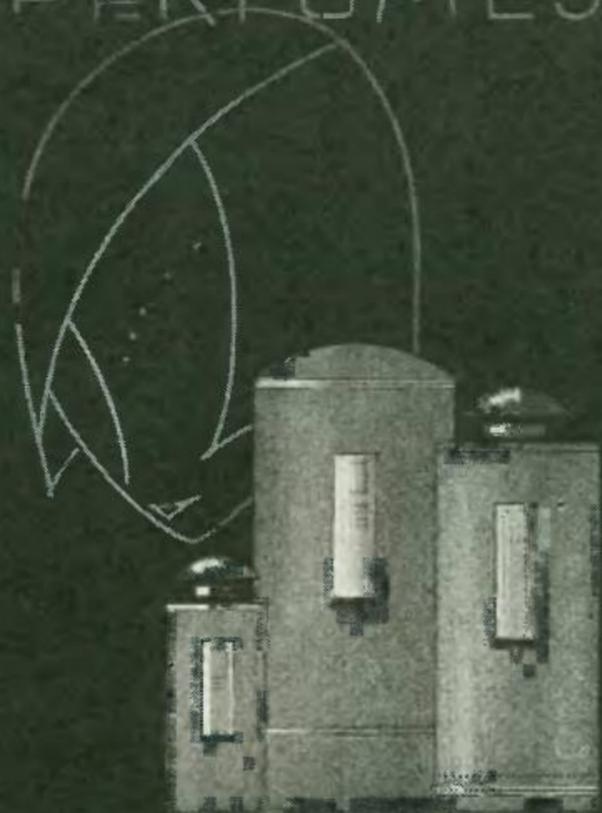
These evenings usually develop something worth your time, and you can safely attend them. The "Ballet Mécanique" was shown again. It is the germ of an idea that could well be subjected to better treatment. And that, also, should be accompanied by an orchestra less feeble than that which tinkles so insufficiently at the Cameo. There was a contribution from China entitled "The Legend of the Willow Pattern Plate" which was, perhaps unconsciously, delightful. The simplicity of the tale and the extremely elemental acting and directing by which it was transcribed gave it a refreshing naïveté. It is a trifle long, but that does small harm. Chinese movie queens, it is pleasant to report, have their charms. "The Treasure," a new German film, made its American bow. We should receive it gladly. Keep on the lookout for it. It deals with the not unoriginal theme of the effect of gold upon its recipients. The parts were taken by people who look like people and not like movie actors, a condition that can well make an impression upon the Hollywood eye. Hans Brauswetter was particularly capable as a young goldsmith.

These Film Guild affairs are supposed to draw audiences that can be accused of a reasonable average of intelligence. Whether that is true or not I cannot determine, but it is certain that they can talk louder, longer, and sillier during the showing of a picture than any other audience anywhere. I hereby plead that they restrain themselves.

FOR SOME reason I do not understand, "It Must Be Love" at the Rivoli failed to prove as dull as it should have. It is of love among the delicatessen and reveals no noteworthy points, dramatically or otherwise, but

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nevertheless it can be spoken of as having the amount of harmless innocuity necessary to fill in an idle moment of your day.

Colleen Moore is less the wholesome girl than usual, and as a result makes herself satisfactory. Other players come and go during the proceedings and none of them do the picture any harm.

NOT unexpectedly Milton Sills poses as the daring, strong, silent, two-fisted hero of "Paradise," a most blatant display of twiddle-dee-dee at the Strand. Mr. Cosmo Hamilton conceived this contribution to our folk lore. The story is absurd, the situations ridiculous, and the characters like nobody at all. If I went into details about "Paradise" you wouldn't believe me.

LAST week the Hippodrome housed "The Marriage Clause." There is no possible reason for your going to see it. It is of romance behind the footlights, and of the difficulties that seem to attend the path of real affection in that mimic world.

NOW PLAYING at the Hippodrome is "Gigolo," a screen drama from the pen of Edna Ferber. There is very nearly the minimum amount of sense to its unravelling. The story tells unconvincingly of how the first widow of a Wisconsin town marries a villainous Parisian, and how he takes her money and casts her aside. She dies in a very roomy garret. Her son is mutilated in the war, becomes a gigolo, and eventually marries that little girl back home.

Rod La Rocque is as expected until he does a Lon Chaney. From then his duties demand nothing but that he keep his face still and not disturb the make-up. Louise Dresser performs what must be some emotional acting, and Cyril Chadwick employs the accepted stare for a villain. —O. C.

CHARWOMAN

I dreamed I dwelt in marble halls
And waking, found it true—
For ain't I Sal, the cleaning gal
Who scrubs the damn things through?

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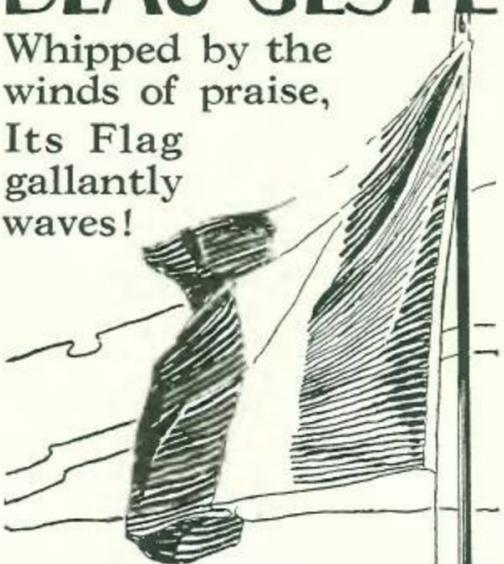
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 You must see me on the Rialto Theatre screen in Paramount's latest, "Kid Boots." **N O W !**
 The leading lady is Clara Bow. Hot dogs! And how she leads!
 World's greatest show for the money.
 Love and kisses.
Eddie Cantor
 P.S. By courtesy of Florenz Ziegfeld, I will also appear in person at the Rialto with George Olsen's Hotel Pennsylvania music. It's going to be dandy. E.C.

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POLO

Milburn scores a sentimental victory



DEVEREUX MILBURN and his combined Meadow Brook-Army four won a sentimental victory at Meadow Brook last week-end, taking possession of the Monty Waterbury Memorial Cup in a battle with Laddy Sanford's Hurricanes, a four that has been the real sensation of the season. I say it was a sentimental victory, because Milburn undoubtedly would dearly love to win the cup that has so many associations. It will be remembered, albeit perhaps not by the younger generation, that the man for whom the trophy was named was one of the original Big Four that included the two Waterburys, Harry Payne Whitney and Milburn. The nice feature about the play of the great American captain is the fact that he is constructive, that he has always the love of the game in his heart. It induced him to build up a four with two of the best Army players, Gerhardt and Rodes.

In the final chukkers one realized that his patient coaching and superb play had at last made a winner out of what had come to be known as the "Team that Almost Was." It took excellent polo, too, to beat the Hurricanes by the score of 11-8. It is true that Laddy Sanford had lost the services of Eric Pedley, who with Captain Roark, had a deal to do with turning back the Argentine invasion, but he had picked up to take his place the finest player in the college ranks, young Winston Guest of Yale.

There was a fair amount of missing, of course, for the field was rather cut up, and the late afternoon rain did not help it any. So fast is the pace these days that one miss of anything that looks really like a "sitter" is more than apt to turn quickly into a score for the other side. Roark and Guest of the Hurricanes really dominated the play in the first half, and it looked like another Hurricane triumph, but once the Meadow Brook-Army formation loosened up Milburn came through another season, gracious in the course of early defeats, and frankly happy in the final triumph.

—HERBERT REED

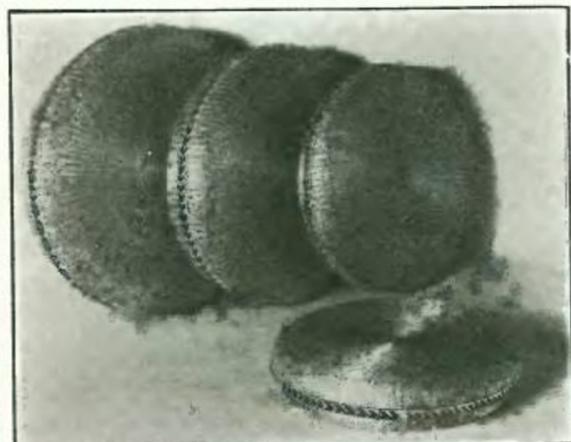
So many "bests" go into the hats that Knox makes that it's not at all surprising to find the best dressed men in America demanding the best of labels—Knox.*

* The new Knox "Fifth Avenue" for Autumn is styled for smartness, built for service and priced for sensible economy. Eight dollars.

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THE NEW JOURNALISM

COL. WILLIAM MALCOLM PHEARST, the great editor, swung from his desk to greet his young assistant.

"Have all arrangements been completed to have Mayor Walker cover the yacht races for us?"

The assistant nodded. "The contracts have all been signed."

"Good! And have Charles G. Dawes and Al Smith consented to report the World Series?"

"Both of them have wired us to rush the press tickets, Colonel."

Col. Phearst's eyes gleamed.

"And the big fight. Have we engaged Secretary Wilbur to do our account of the big fight?"

The assistant frowned uncomfortably, and shifted to the other foot.

"The *Evening Rush* beat us to Secretary Wilbur. But we have assigned Dr. John Roach Straton to the job."

The great editor beat his hands together in a clap of ecstasy.

"Genius! A stroke of genius, my boy!"

He continued to nod and smile for ten seconds, which is a remarkably long time for a busy editor to nod and smile.

"Then everything is taken care of but the Army-Navy game. Have we arranged with Admiral Sims and General Pershing to write it up for us?"

"Both have accepted retaining fees, Colonel. And it is more than likely that we can get Calvin Coolidge to do a column of sidelights on the game for us."

"Fine!" exclaimed the famous editor. "Fine! Then there is nothing to prevent my starting on my vacation at once."

The assistant hesitated for an instant.

"Before you go, Colonel, there are five gentlemen outside waiting to see you."

Col. Phearst whirled about.

"Who are they?"

"They say their names are Bruce Barton, Grantland Rice, Robert Edgren, Heywood Broun and Mark Sullivan."

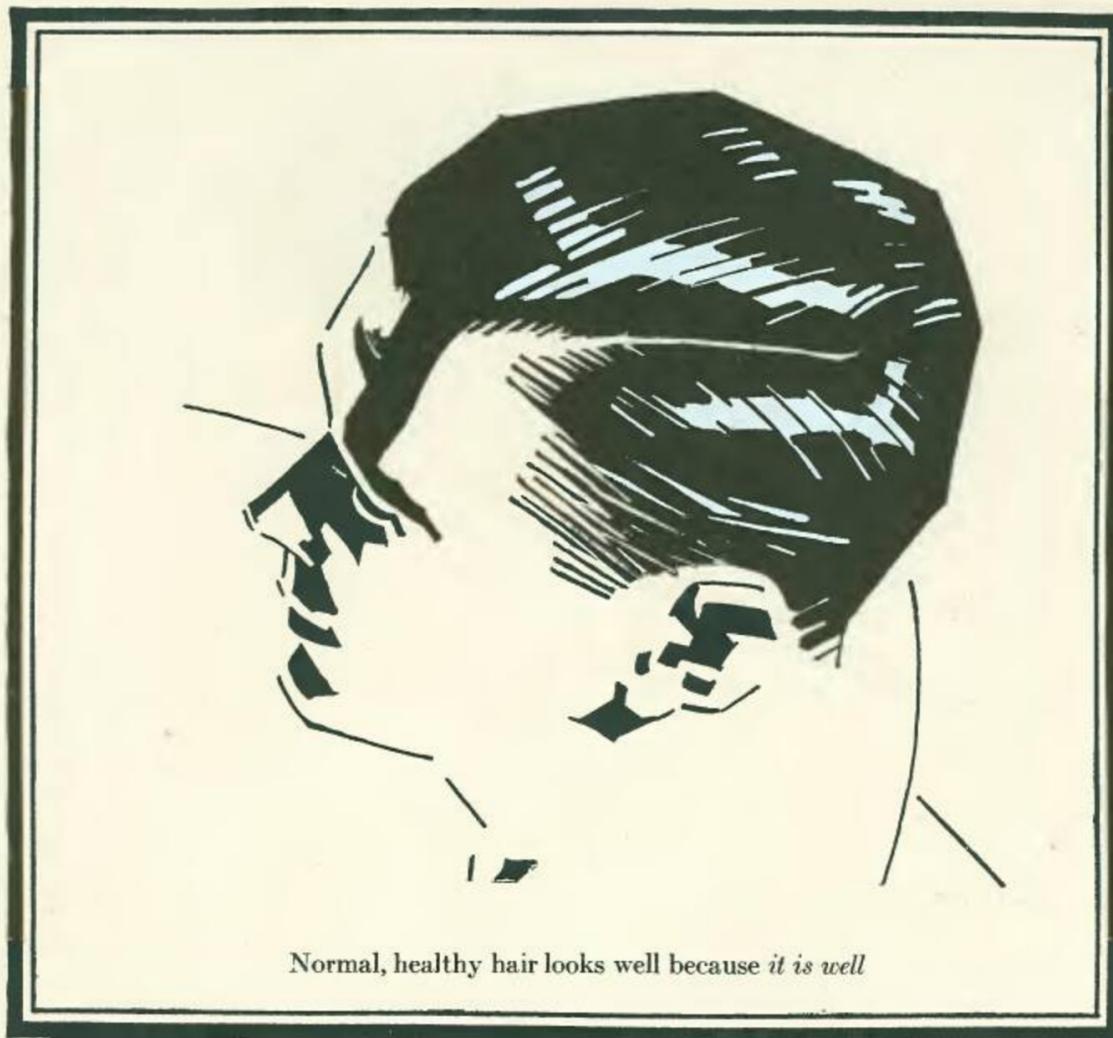
"Well, what do they want?"

"They say they are reporters, Colonel. They say they're hungry."

The great editor looked thoughtful and sympathetic.

"Hungry, eh? H'm. Take 'em down to the city editor; tell him to put 'em on the copy desk."

—WALTER MARQUISS



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Does *your* hair need help to make it vigorous?

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THE ART GALLERIES

*Color, Reversing Nature,
Comes Upon the Scene
Gradually*

HERE it is October and the dealers have left it to the Autumn woods. The two invitation affairs of this week are the etchings of McBey at Keppel's and the water colors of Vlaminck at the Weyhe Galleries. Exciting things we have run across here and there but the dealers have shushed us, saying that they will be unveiled later. We suspect a commercial instinct to await the art departments of the dailies.

However, there is at Keppel's a room full of etchings, quite nice etchings, no doubt. And again we shall have to report that most etchings that come our way are just so many things for the collectors. Except for those of the young and rampant moderns we get no thrill from the well-bred austerity of lines on copper plate. Etchings are tremendously difficult to do; they require a patience and a skill beyond most artists, and there are thousands who buy them. They, no doubt, derive endless pleasure from them, or admiration of their neighbors, or something that men live by. But we like to be stirred by beauty of design or brutality of content when the artist works in the graven line.

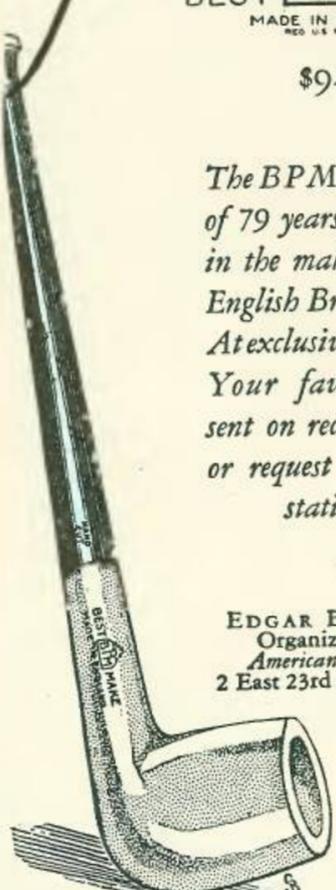
The McBey catalogue has a complete foreword by a friend. There are some fifty etchings and none we found that stood head above the others. But when McBey dashed off a few water colors the result was superb. In oils he was not so happy. The few water colors of Venice in the show give a lift to the exhibit that will redeem it for any chance laymen who find themselves mixed with the experts. And in passing, the window goes in for some aquatints of Mary Cassatt; experiments she made with Degas, very rare, and to us, very beautiful.

WEYHE brought back from Europe a shipload of things he saw in various studios. His method seems

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to have been the one followed by the housewife who is presented with her first charge account, for he has, apparently, had most everything available sent home. The first installment is a show devoted mainly to Vlaminc, water colors and etchings. We rave every year about Vlaminc in his brave sweep of oils. These are the first water colors we have seen from his studio. They are as like his oils as the medium will allow, and yet they have something missing. One or two have the punch of color but we prefer the heavier pigment. Perhaps it is the size that confuses us, the Vlaminc water colors being huge affairs and not the dainty squares we have been accustomed to. One or two of his drawings we thought thrilling. The show as a whole is worth the visit and we have a suspicion that the large water colors would grow in favor upon familiarity.

SANDWICHED in the main show are several notes that we can not pass by. Weyhe, the never-sleeping Maecenas, has poured some sort of magic liquid into the coffee of Vincent Canade, and the result is startling.

Canade, you may remember, was the minnesinger of Brooklyn, who looked out over the heads of his six bairns and the chimney pots of his neighbors and painted a dour portrait of reality as it is lived in that Borough. We have rowed at him from time to time and were just about to pat ourselves on the back for having led him to the light. But no, it seems that Canade has a studio now with an easel in lieu of the kitchen chair, a palette instead of the top of the gas stove. Something has come into his art. We recommend the elixir to any artist who has six children and paints at home.

The two last canvases are really very happy and gay. If Canade can stay in that studio for another month we predict a singing picture. In any event, we doubt if he will go back to the somber tones he floundered in so long. We feel like recommending Canade to any who bet on geniuses at long odds. There is a seriousness and intent in the artist that will bring him through to the land of the successful, we feel sure.

AND there is Emil Ganso, the erstwhile baker, raised by his own yeast, so to speak, to another rung of the ladder. His last two canvases are much better than anything he has



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an Autumn Day*

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yet done in oils and he is continually getting a firmer grip on his brush.

CAN any one tell us what causes a run on an artist? This week it was Rockwell Kent. Not that Kent has needed help from the buying public for these many years. But Weyhe reports a sudden spurt, one day almost selling out a whole edition of the mast-head wood-cut.

THE Brooklyn Museum tells us that they have arranged to have the fine exhibit of French moderns and the somewhat exhaustive collection of Davies continued until October 12. This is one of the few chances you will have of seeing Gauguin, Picasso, Derain, Cézanne and Renoir in such quantities. There are twenty-two of Cézanne alone, any one of which is well worth the trek to Brooklyn. And if you get the right subway, there is nothing to do but contemplate human nature until you get to the door. Please don't miss it. —M. P.

ARE YOU A NEW YORKER?

THE ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS PRINTED ON PAGE 55.

1—On Governor's Island, now a military jail. 2—The Bank of Manhattan. 3—Erasmus Hall High School, in Brooklyn. 4—Planted by the Chinese statesman as a tribute to General Grant, just north of Grant's tomb. 5—The Bowery from Fifth Street to Broome Street. 6—To distinguish it from the Delaware, which the Dutch called the South River. 7—Also George Washington's. 8—On the base of the flag pole in Washington Square. 9—The New York Hospital on West Sixteenth Street. 10—All Souls Unitarian Church, Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street; so-called on account of its red brick and white stone architecture.

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But will the housemaid kiss them?
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ELEVEN-FORTY

IT WAS the rear car of the New Rochelle post-theatre local, and she seemed very tired as I sat down beside her. She couldn't have been more than eighteen, and the side lock of her black hair swept down over the delicate tint of her cheek. Her mouth was a full magenta splash and her little knees made soft indentations against the heavy leather of the seat ahead.

She said nothing at all, when I broke a strict rule and asked if I might not share the seat with her. It only made her seem more tired than ever. She looked a little like what a very nice chorus girl is supposed to look like, though chorus girls of any kind are not ever supposed to look as tired as she was.

The train started, and its jerk slid her slim, listless arm down so that the back of her hand rested against my leg. It was then that I knew I loved her. I was positive I did, when I continued to feel the same way after the switches in the catacombs under Park Avenue wakened her sufficiently to replace her arm in its former, less exciting position.

At 125th Street she pulled her little blue hat over one side of her face, and leaned her head against the cool window. Halfway to Mount Vernon this wasn't so comfortable, and she lolled back on the seat, revealing to me the long black lashes which curled up like inverted breakers at the seaside. At Mount Vernon she still slept, and I was both afraid that it was her station and didn't know it, and that if it was she might discover it.

At Pelham her bright red pocket-book finally accomplished the floor. Hastily I picked it up, but she hadn't noticed, and when I deposited it with a few words on her lap she only grunted. My heart thumped violently, for I loved her and she was very tired. Could I, oh, could I, manage conversation?

I formed the words but couldn't start. I formed them again, but her being asleep was a terrific handicap. During the wait outside New Rochelle, while the freight train was safely removed from the track, I said them, the most awful words which have ever been uttered. I was certain the whole car, the whole train, the whole world heard them. They had to do with her fatigue, a taxicab, and wherever it was she lived.

She awoke and turned her eyes on me. They were deep violet, and there



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was knowledge of something in them, perhaps of the world. I hate to believe that this was so, but from what she said to me I had trouble getting away from the idea. You see she did speak to me. It was only one word and I am afraid that it was "Damn."

I was abashed. I was ashamed. But when she promptly went to sleep again I still loved her. The train started once more as if a very dirty scene in a sex drama had been gotten over with. She slept as it pulled into the station. The brakeman's raucous, "Laaast stop! Everrrybody out!" failed to wake her. I rose and waited for the last final, malicious shuffle of the train to make her cognizant that it didn't go any further. Still she slept. It was clearly my duty to shake her shoulder gently even at the possibility of arrest. But other passengers crowded up, and I was pushed along out of the train.

On the platform I saw her in the seat, still in the land of her innocent dreams. Surely the brakeman would wake her when they cleared the cars. But the brakeman was not about. The passengers drifted away and still she slept. It was terrible. Then somebody waved a lantern and with a bound the train was off. In the last glimpse I had of her, as I ran futilely after the train, she was still asleep. It was awful as the train disappeared into the blackness of the yards.

I hung about the tracks until a gruff voice with a flashlight asked me what the hell I was doing, and said I couldn't do it around there. Then I went home, a murderer. All that night I turned and tossed and wondered what hellish places trains go to after they have reached their destinations. —THEODORE PRATT

FARM NEWS

Mr. S—, who returned from New York last week, said that in his opinion the Broadway leg shows were more harmless than usual.—*Idaho paper.*

Thomas H— K—, of Princeton, Ky., a member of the 1924 General Assembly, presented a silver mounted gun used in the early 1850's by Miss Mary Hughes, of Caldwell County, Ky., a young huntress, who after her marriage to Dr. Joel A. King, of Nashville, became his mother.—*Kentucky paper.*

Thank Heaven the modern divorce laws have put an end to this sort of thing.

3 MINUTES

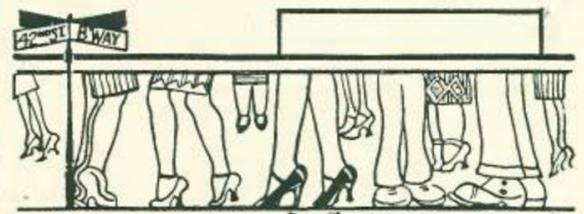
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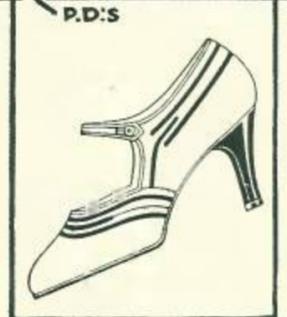
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PARIS LETTER

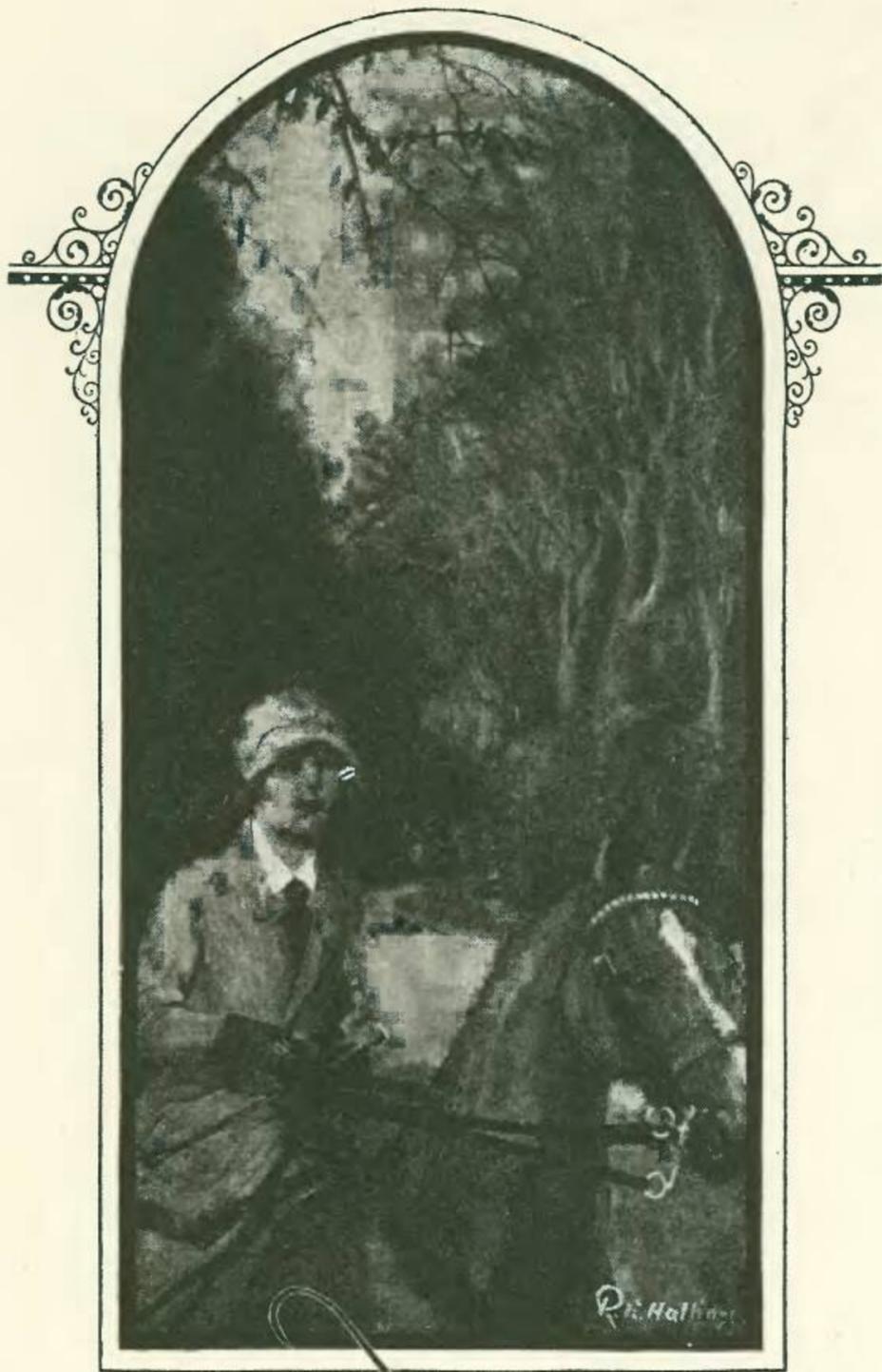
PARIS, SEPT. 25, 1926



A FORTNIGHT ago fashionable Parisians were reported evacuating Venice. They must be coming north by gondola, for so far none of them has appeared. The Prix Royal Oak has been run at the opening of Longchamps. This race marks the début of the autumn season. If they do their duty, pure Parisians are supposed to enter town on this day if only to get their guns and start for the country again the next morning to go hunting. Shooting boxes are being unlocked and young pheasants are learning that life is real and earnest. Baron James de Rothschild is giving a house-party in his country place. So is the Princess de la Tour-d'Auvergne. As far as that goes so is Mabel Gilman Corey, who, having bought Napoleon III's chateau, is going to use it. She is also going to make a cinema in it, starring herself, as soon as the guests go home. The report on wild game is discouraging. Owing to constantly increasing food prices, a dead hutch rabbit the size of a six-months' kitten costs sixty cents. And because of too much rain last spring and too much sunshine of late, one dead wild rabbit costs nine hunters about three hours of walking. Partridge will be especially scarce and dear.

HOWEVER, the unseasonable beautiful weather allows public monuments to do a booming business. The fountains have been playing to unprecedented crowds at Versailles. Recent arrangements with the autobus company permit hiring buses by the Sunday and for small sums. In consequence, polite picnics of bus-riding barbers and bakers (all who are not swimming the Channel) are seen as far out of town as Chevreuil, ex-sporting lodge of Boni de Castellane. Even charming Dampierre, little visited chateau, has picnicker camps before its handsome eighteenth century gates.

THOSE who failed to see Florence Mills at the expensive Ambassadeur can soon see her at cut rates at the Casino where, as André Levinson, of Comodia, exquisitely says, "this delicate creature, this rococo creole, this pure fawn reminiscent of the innocent *Paul and Virginia*," will be a



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winter star. But the wicked Josephine Baker, "prodigious being of simian suppleness, lubricious idol who drives males to despair, and whose carnal splendor verges upon the pathetic"—(here follows a brilliant synthesis of black dancers en bloc, which could appear only in our medical journals)—the wicked Josephine Baker will frisk only at the Folies Bergères. However, it is the lubricious Josephine who was chosen to dance at Papa Joffre's combination boxing - match - vaudeville-show-and-save-the-franc-fund-de-luxe just given at the Champs Elysées. Balcony seats charitably sold for 300 francs apiece. St. Granier, the Dolly Sisters, Yvonne George, the Commanders' Band, Harry Pilcer, the Fratellini, Kid Francis, middleweight champion of France, and several fly-and-welter-weight gods were advertised to appear. By midnight none of them, including Papa Joffre, had appeared, except the fighters. The audience had not appeared either. To empty seats the fighters bowed and before empty seats took bloody noses. The boxers were chic. We record with pleasure that M. Devos, middleweight champion of Europe, was the recipient, at the end of his battle, of a lovely basket of pink rosebuds.

It is understood that every seat in the house, even if unoccupied, was sold.

ON THE Rialto, fourteen first nights, revivals and *répétitions générales* have been held in one week. Based, so its authors say, on inspiration from Chaplin and Molière (though the result is pure Hungarian *Dybbuk*) Paul Vialar and André Le Bret, two new writers, have startled critics with a tragi-comedy skit they call "psychological vaudeville" at the Théâtre St. Michel. The 2,899th performance of "Tire au Flanc," which with "Abie's Irish Rose" and Fonck is still disputing the world's non-stop record, has just been celebrated at the Théâtre Déjazet. Mme. Rolle, *doyenne directrice* of the theatre, is seventy-six years old. It is possible she is only really fifty and that sitting through 3,000 nights of this fisty comedy has brought on premature old age.

Outside of Mme. Rolle, the autumn theatrical season is being controlled by the very young. Paul Haurigot, author of "Méditerranée," is only twenty-four. Others are of equally tender years with the exception of Brioux, who has fallen into his second



The sturdy Hindu wore no clothes
As all the world most surely knows,
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Away in some safe cold storage.
On mattresses, there was no frettin'
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So different from our frightful life
I wish I were a Hindu.

(From an old Latin Ms.)

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adolescence with a play called "La Famille Lavolette."

PICASSO has recently been in town attending some summer art shows in his Hispano-Suiza. (Is it possible business men despise art only because it doesn't pay?) The regular art season has not opened and, when it does, may break badly for the picture dealers. During a post-war reflex in which material commodities such as silver and steel suffered fluctuation, an ephemeral item like modern art has been given a cleverly stimulated value that made it, for those financiers on the inside, an excellent investment. There is a rumor that the peak has been definitely reached.

There has been one solid item of pleasure—a private one-man show, featuring the etchings of Philip Harris Giddens, an American. His *Mosque of St. Sophia* has been bought by M. Milles, the biggest *eau forte* collector in France. Mr. Giddens will show during the winter in New York. Go!

Also, Ernest Cognacq is sending his Eighteenth Century art collection to the Jonas Galleries of New York. The collection should go to Dunhill's, as the tobacco boxes are the best bet. Of the canvases only the moderns—early Sisley's and other rare first examples of the Batignolles School—are fine. La Grande Maison de Blanc was the first Parisian shop to institute a picture gallery. M. Cognacq is the second. He is the proprietor of La Samaritaine, whose advertisements in the *Herald* here read, "ladies high-class requisite and gent's outfits." We gather M. Cognacq has not included English among his arts.

THE following paragraph is for husbands only.

Most of the fashionable Parisian dressmakers are demanding prices this fall that are truly fantastic. All husbands know that last spring the franc fell from 33 to 50, where it stayed for fifteen minutes, rising to 35, where it is now. But that fifteen minutes has been taken by the couturier to be immortal.

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two reflections should be made. First, many American wives, when buying in a smart foreign shop, tend to estimate value by price. Thus, to them a hat at 2,000 francs is smarter than one at 400, even if it is the same hat. The exceptions to this rule are the Americans from forty-eight states who, having heard eight years ago that Europe was cheap, are still coming over for a free harvest. The President of the Harvesters Union created a riot the other day by tipping a taxi driver three *sous*, or less than four American mills.

Second, it is the French not the American women who "make" the styles. The French women, though poor, must be retained as clients. Thus, the difference between 20,000 and 10,000 francs for the same garment is what we call advertising and put on billboards. It is what the French dressmaker puts on the backs of his countrywomen and politely calls *réclame*. And patriotism.

For you celibate American business men there seems no way out except to marry a French wife. —GENET

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Because, when I was in a butcher shop the other day, a big blustering fellow elbowed his way to the counter and asked, in haughty manner, "I want a pound of dog meat, and I want it right away," only to have the clerk eye him calmly and fetch the meat without reply. While it was on the scale he asked, seemingly as an afterthought, "Shall I wrap it up, or will you eat it here?" —L. A. W.

Because, when a speeding taxicab crashed into a Sixth Avenue street car the other day, causing confusion and shrill outcries, a glorious *garçonne* calmly extricated herself from the wreckage of the cab and, nonchalantly powdering her slightly *retroussé* nose, turned to an astounded policeman and said cheerfully: "What's life without a thrill?" —EGON BRENT

Because, while riding through the "dark town" district in a taxi, one beautiful September evening, I saw a large, flaming sign outside a movie which read:

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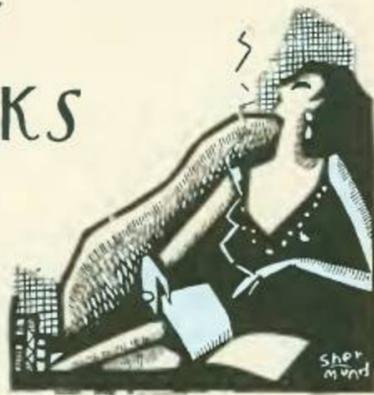
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NEW BOOKS



A Remarkable Novel for Readers Who Are Willing to Dig In—"Elizabeth" Makes Merry, and "The Doctor" Takes a Scathing Look at Oedipus—Who is "The Great American Ass"? And Why?—A Good Mystery Story

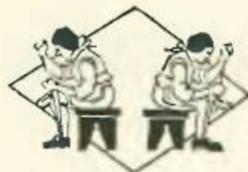
"THE TIME OF MAN" rises in the childhood of a Kentucky poor-white, *Ellen Chesser*. Largely as her consciousness, it streams well along into the wifehood she has yearned for, and the childbearing whose ravages she has seen so often, and heard broken women bewail. It reflects all her world, and it is as indifferent as a river-like novel should be to your preference for lazy canoeing of this description.

If you follow it, for some little distance you may have to pole and paddle. It is not hard to read, but requires close reading and more or less getting-the-hang-of; and perhaps, like this department, you have a foolish aversion to books about Southern hill folk. (Ours seems to be due to vague memories of John Fox, Jr's, bad romances, and of a kind of ladylike genre study beloved of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Anyway, at the very first "hit" for "it" in dialect, we'll sigh.)

The distance over which you must exert yourself may be more than fifty pages. They will take you into *Ellen's* adolescence. Even as you perspire, you will realize how able Elizabeth Madox Roberts is, how finely she imagines, how intensely she feels, what comprehensive knowledge she has of her Kentucky region and its people, and how beautifully and originally she does things. She has ways of her own with words. You will see how complete a recovery of her childhood she is using in detailing another child's dreams and sensibilities. You may think you could name the masters

Her Diary
October 9th

Autumn ... and the old town's really looking itself again! If I continue trotting up and down Fifth Avenue admiring it I must have those Shoecraft walking shoes of English tan lizard with heel and tongue of glintin' brown patent leather. \$18.50

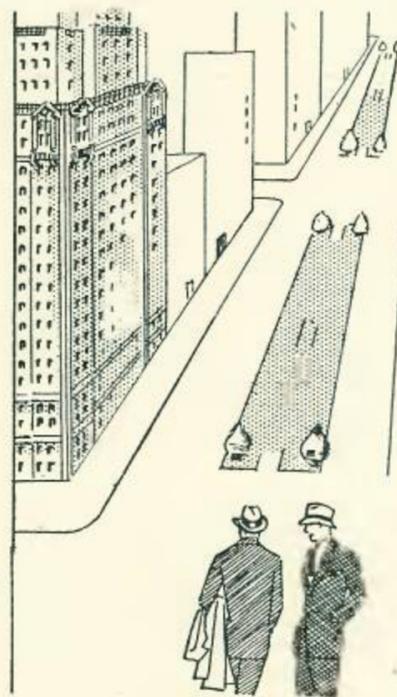


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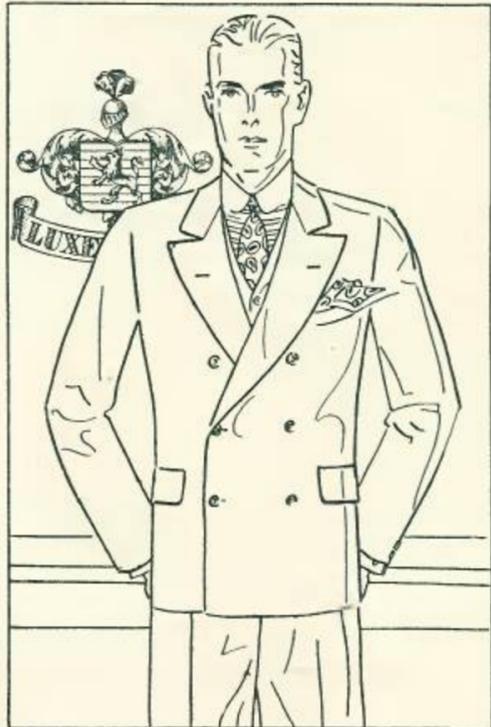
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from whom she learned how to do some of this, but you will acknowledge that she is a free and full-fledged graduate.

Judging from our experience you won't, however, be digging in any too willingly. But beyond that first stretch, the current of the novel should relieve you, and through *Ellen's* first love and her jilting, at least, you should have an absorbing voyage. And from there, we were glad to keep on, though we had an impression that, about there, *Ellen* had lost some crowning merit—"universality," at a guess—and become just a memorable figure of a particular hill woman.

It ought to be repeated that this river is for fairly good canoemen. If you must have a guide or an out-board motor, plan some other trip.

YOU might choose "Elizabeth's" latest, "Introduction to Sally." This also happens to take a few chapters to get you really started, but after it does, it is lively and seems certain to be liked. "Elizabeth," in high spirits, pokes fun at persons who idealize feminine loveliness, and sharper and quieter fun at the feminine angle of "the Oedipus"—which last, this department is convinced that "Elizabeth" has in mind by name.

She begins with a young *Sally*, so beautiful that traffic will stop, anywhere, but reared by a prissy and h-dropping father to feel it's a sad affliction. She marries her to the son of a Dear Mamma with all the suburban delicacies, a doting and jealous Mamma, a frigid widow. With that situation, she amuses herself, and will succeed in amusing most readers.

Sally, ravishing, dumb and docile, is much like *Nora* in "That Last Infirmary," except that "Elizabeth" makes her the story's engine, and that, beside the compassion that's coming to her, she gives her a certain over-plus which you wouldn't have caught the astute Charles Brackett giving. Apparently this is the first of a series of "Sally" books. Future developments in her life with 'er 'usband (or without him!) should be entertaining, and we have a dark hunch that that father of hers may not have been her real one; there were hints of a doubt in the matter, for future use.

LET no one send "The Doctor," Joseph Collins, "Sally" for review. The very idea of "the Oedipus" upsets him. One of his "Looks At Life And Love" is taken at Freud

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and Freud's doctrine, and he goes to some length to show that he has studied them deeply, and what he thinks of them. It simmers down to this: There is a good deal in the doctrine, or would be, assuming due modifications—but Freud is a mulish curmudgeon, his dream symbols are ridiculous, and "the Oedipus" is simply unspeakable. Possibly in Vienna, a physician sees a special run of invalids from whom abominations might be reasoned; at any rate, thank goodness, Freud is now "so far on the road to regeneration that he admits that there is no Oedipus-complex in the normal adult . . . It looks as if he were determined to dethrone 'Oedipus.'"

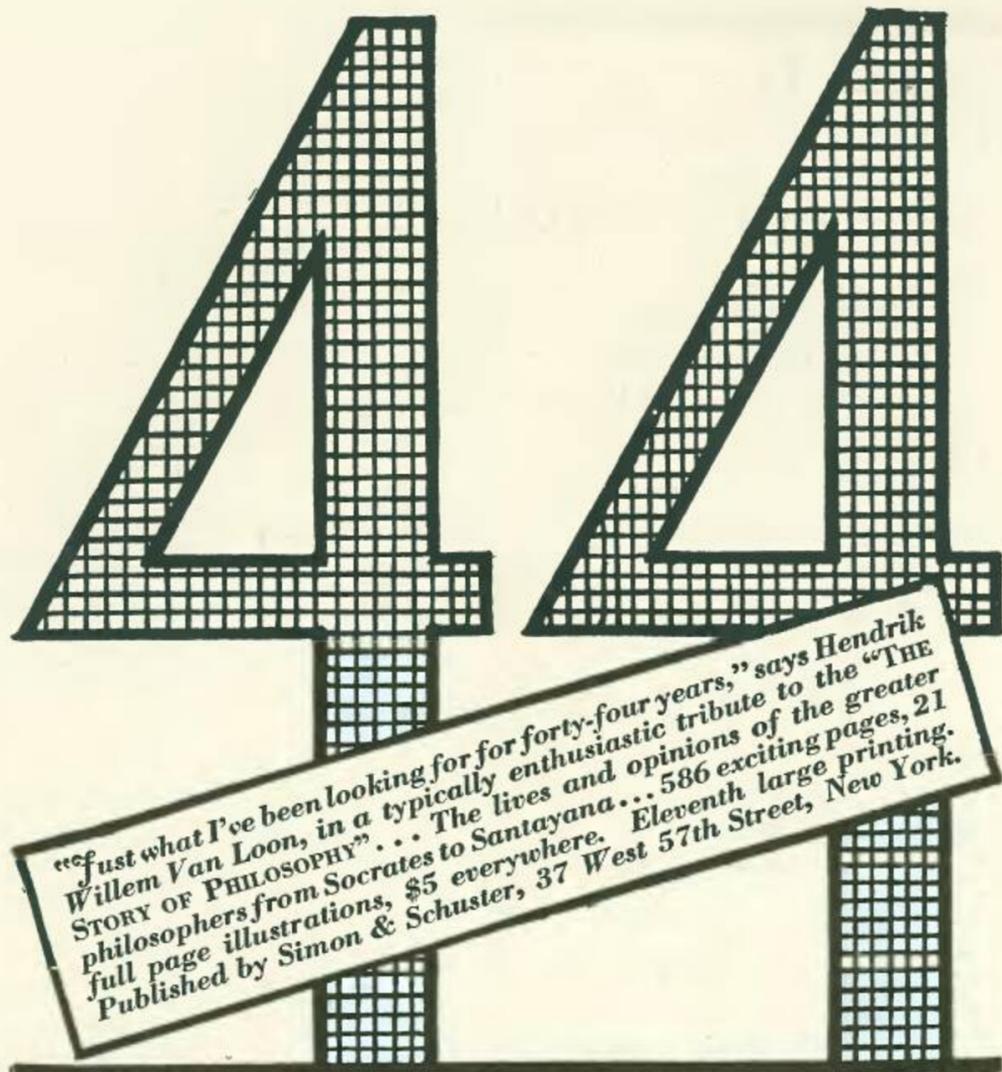
This is no place for an argument on medical psychology, and if it were, this department would have to shout for help. But we shall faintly murmur that Freud is as loyal to "Oedipus" as ever. Those who think not, have been misled by the title of one of his papers: The Going-Under (*Der Untergang*) of the Oedipus-complex. The "going-under" that is meant is merely the sublimation. Somebody seems to have glanced at that title and rushed to spread the news. It is surprising that "The Doctor" should not have read the paper.

"How any fervent Christian can accept the Freudian doctrine transcends," he says, "my understanding." "You're a thief, Sir!" said the *Vicar* to *Little Billee*, who had been talking Darwin. "You're trying to rob me of my Savior!" The *Vicar* was a ninny; "The Doctor" is a very long distance from being one; it is just that he can't stand "the Oedipus" and its sequel. Therein he is one of a multitude, as he himself declares.

The forepart of his book might be called What A Young Nation Ought To Know. Possibly because he regards us as a nation full of adult-infantilism, he doesn't feel free to tell us a great deal that is strikingly new. Still, this department finds him much more readable in this, his professional sphere, than it does about three times in five, when he comments on fiction.

He puts in a study of Bryan, expressive, chiefly, of contempt for him. The contempt is commendable, of course—but would you call it distinctive?

THERE is an anonymous autobiography entitled "The Great American Ass"; the real ass will be any reader who takes it seriously. The



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author purports to be a scion of a Puritan stock that went to Kansas. He thinks this is what is the matter with him. He thinks Henry Adams would have been just like him, had Adams's life been similar, and his reputable publisher labels the book "an 'Education of Henry Adams' that might have been."

It is the season's biggest gold brick, not excepting "William Clissold," which is defensible from the publisher's standpoint, H. G. Wells being H. G. Wells. The Ass is a cry-baby failure, all ego and noisy inferiority. He loves, as failures do, to blame somebody else, beginning with his heredity in general. (Heredity, as "The Doctor" notes with disapproval, has gone out.) We should be slow to believe him, in any selected statement, on his oath; we believe he exists, and has had, in the main, the life that he recounts, with a miserly sadist for a father, and the rest of it. He says he is dying of tuberculosis. We are not thick-rinded, but his manner in saying it leaves us quite unmoved. His book has some low-grade interest as a "document." That is all it has.

He is easy to identify, if he worked, as he says, on the pre-war *Evening Mail*, and knew its comic artist and its columnist; he calls them by fictitious names, transparently.

FOR a novel of the extremely common "autobiographical" debut type "A Brittle Heaven" is uncommonly interesting and well written. Which is no wonder; Babette Deutsch wrote it, and she is a genuine poet. . . . "The Mad Busman's" title story has a rather appealing, Dickensian quality. Stories as good as its others that we read can always be found in piles of magazines. . . . "Romantic—I Call It" is an eager emulation of "Gentlemen Prefer," with a *Mrs. Essye Shimmyall* as diarist. Noel Coward supplies it with a non-committal foreword. . . . "The Colfax Book-Plate" should brighten up the Detective Story Legion. The mystery, while elaborate, is all right, and the whole is well done for intelligent readers.

—TOUCHSTONE

IF I WERE QUEEN

I'd put a ban on "robes de style"
And make the pallid modern feel
That gowns "bouffants" cannot in-
sure

The charm and zest of Pompadour.
—K. S. A.

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TELL ME A BOOK TO READ

These Are a Few of the Recent
Ones Most Worth While

NOVELS

- INTRODUCTION TO SALLY, by "Elizabeth" (Doubleday, Page). Noticed on page 84.
- THE TIME OF MAN, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (Viking Press). Noticed on page 83.
- THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS, by Ellen Glasgow (Doubleday, Page). The somewhat piteous comedy of an elderly gentleman's heart, which hasn't aged with his strait-laced generation.
- CHEVRONS, by Leonard Mason (Doran). Artless in the extreme, yet its general doughboy-in-France stuff keeps you reading.
- THAT LAST INFIRMITY, by Charles Brackett (John Day). Lightly and amiably satirical: a snob makes a Frankenstein's monster of a blandandering Irish widow.
- HOT SATURDAY, by Harvey Fergusson (Knopf). Or, The Difficulty of Getting Married, in a New Mexican small community.
- THE GOLDEN DANCER, by Cyril Hume (Doran). An allegory, sometimes in overalls or a soda-jerker's jacket, of the quest of happiness. Delightful.
- SHOW BOAT, by Edna Ferber (Doubleday, Page). An agreeable story of three generations, with endless local color—Mississippi river, Chicago, and a bit of New York.
- NIGGER HEAVEN, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). His sympathies with the New Negroes, enlivened with striking Harlem types and scenes.
- MARTHA AND MARY, by J. Anker Larsen (Knopf). Sisters, a worker and a phantasm, from their childhoods to their graves. They and their stories are open to little improvement.
- THE SILVER SPOON, by John Galsworthy (Scribner's). Second sequel to "The Forsyte Saga."

And Don't Overlook—

- THE SILVER STALLION, by James Branch Cabell (McBride). ROUNDABOUT, by Nancy Hoyt (Knopf). THE HUNTER, by Ernest Glanville (Harcourt, Brace).

SHORT STORIES

- DEBITS AND CREDITS, by Rudyard Kipling (Doubleday, Page). Three, perhaps four, should rejoice all good Kiplingians.
- THE MUSIC FROM BEHIND THE MOON, by James Branch Cabell (John Day). This alone might have got Cabell recognized, and without John Sumner's help.
- SHORT TURNS, by Barry Benefield (Century). The old ways of writing 'em still yield results, when Benefield is the writer.
- THE CASUARINA TREE, by W. Somerset Maugham (Doran). All are good Maugham, and a number very good.

GENERAL

- MR. AND MRS. HADDOCK IN PARIS, FRANCE, by Donald Ogden Stewart (Harper). New-school fooling, with more than a little behind it.
- TODAY AND TOMORROW, by Henry Ford, with Samuel Crowther (Doubleday, Page). Interesting; full of light on Henry's five-day week.
- THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY, by Will Durant (Simon & Schuster). One of these "Stories" that nobody is likely to burlesque.
- NINON DE LANCLOS, by Emile Magne (Holt). A commendable life of a woman Great Lover whose name is all most of us know.
- EUGENE O'NEILL, by Barrett H. Clark (McBride). Everyone has wanted more facts about him. Here they are, well presented.
- ON THE TRAIL OF ANCIENT MAN, by Roy Chapman Andrews (Putnam). Andrews is the leader of the American Museum's successful fossil hunters in Central Asia.

And Don't Overlook—

- THE MAUVE DECADE, by Thomas Beer (Knopf).
- FIX BAYONETS, by John W. Thomason, Jr. (Scribner's).
- THE ARCTURUS ADVENTURE, by William Beebe (Putnam).



But you won't
have to pay a
nickel for it,
Mr. Markey!

MORRIS MARKEY, whose verbal gymnastics are not the least of the *New Yorker's* attractions, some time back devoted an entire article to the *Evening Post*.

Mr. Markey ventured a few hopes as to what the *Evening Post* might be like when it occupied its new plant. Among his more fervent pleas were:

"I shall pray, above all things, for uncompromising accuracy. . . . I expect the *Post* to keep itself pure from the influence of the comic strip and the daily true story, and to avoid the temptation to scream over trifles."

The new *Evening Post* is, we hope, a satisfying answer to Mr. Markey's prayers. And if your specifications for an afternoon paper coincide with his, we respectfully suggest that you sample a few issues.

Mr. Markey concluded: "In short, I expect a newspaper. And I shall not in the least mind paying a nickel for it."

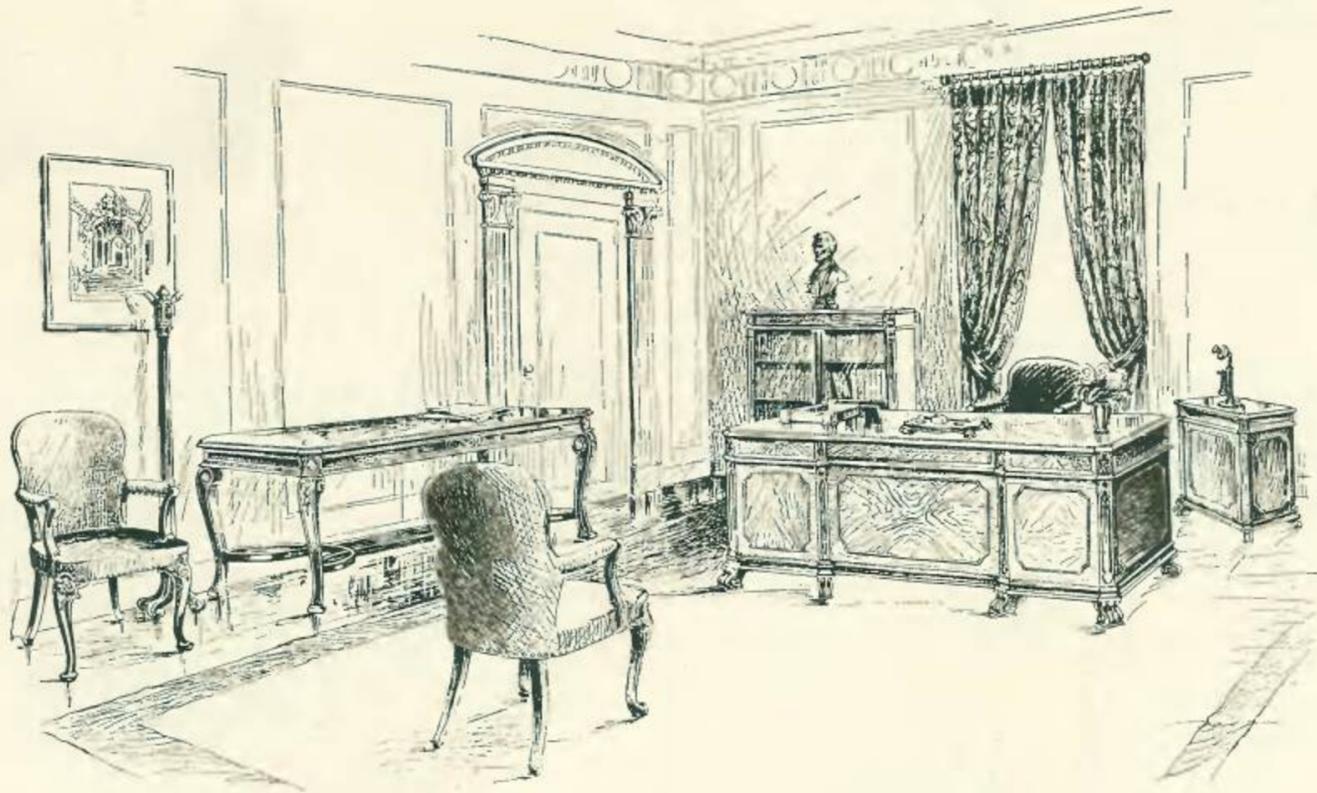
If the new *Evening Post* has fulfilled Mr. Markey's hopes editorially, it will not displease him financially, for its price is

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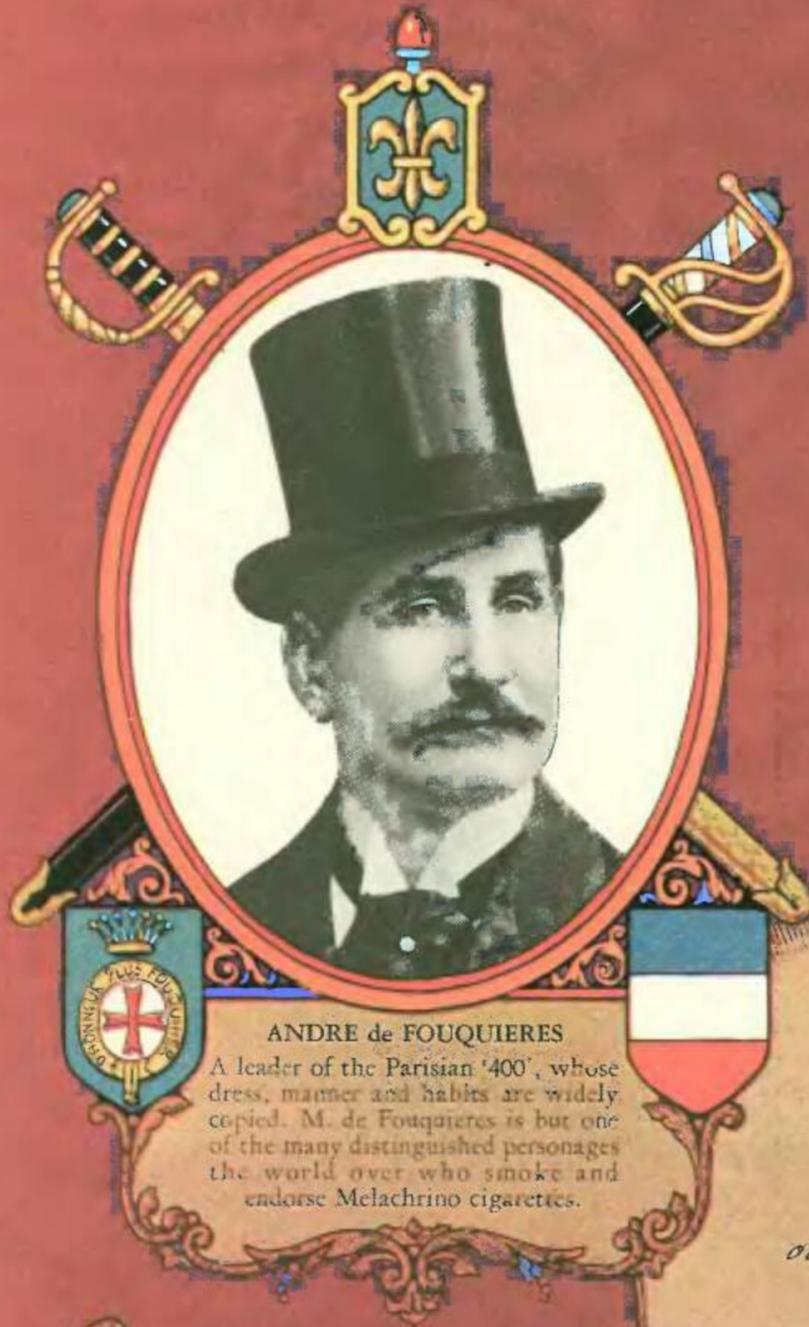
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"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"



ANDRE de FOUQUIERES

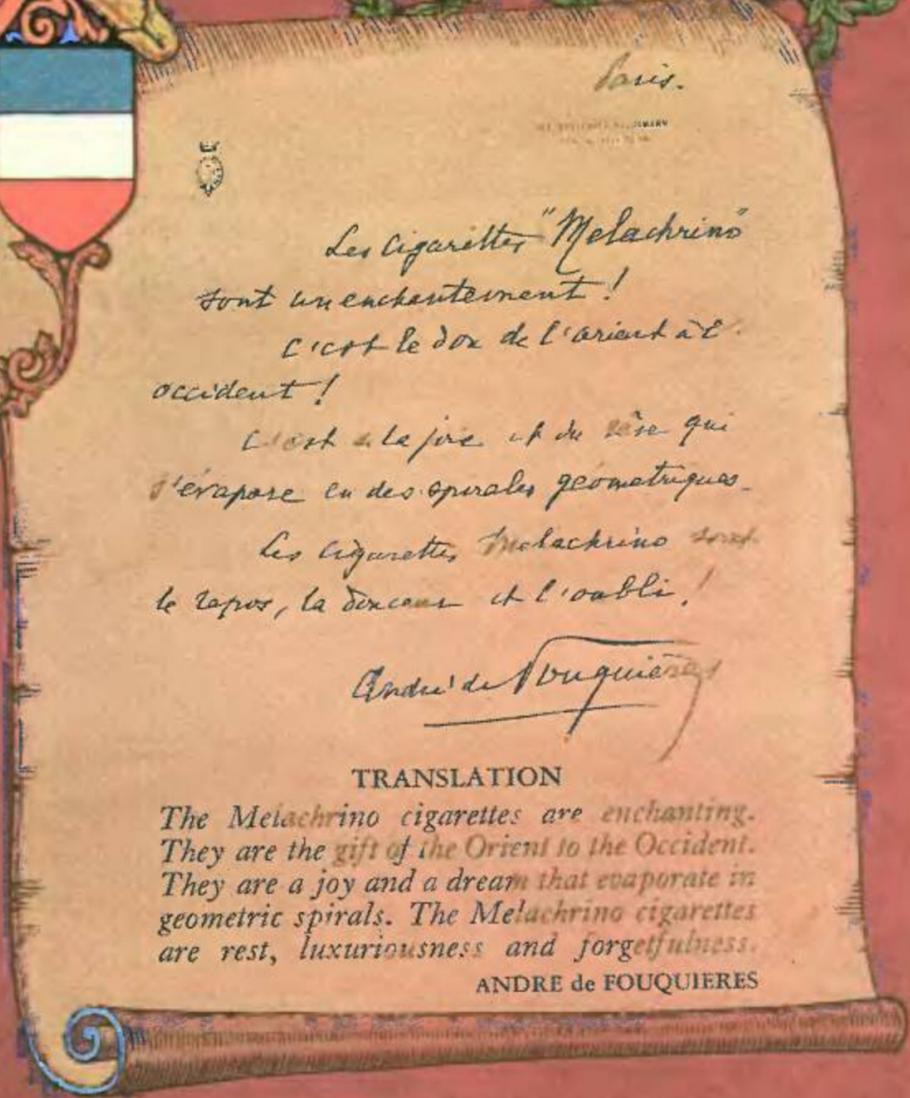
A leader of the Parisian '400', whose dress, manner and habits are widely copied. M. de Fouquieres is but one of the many distinguished personages the world over who smoke and endorse Melachrino cigarettes.

Melachrino cigarettes are made of the very finest Turkish. No tobacco in the world equals Turkish in delicacy of flavor, aromatic qualities, smoothness and richness.



Plain-Cork
 or
 Straw Tips

30¢ the packet of 20
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Paris.
 Les cigarettes "Melachrino"
 sont un enchantement!
 C'est le don de l'orient à l'
 occident!
 C'est la joie et le rêve qui
 s'évapore en des spirales géométriques.
 Les cigarettes Melachrino sont
 le repos, la douceur et l'oubli!

Andre de Fouquieres

TRANSLATION

The Melachrino cigarettes are enchanting. They are the gift of the Orient to the Occident. They are a joy and a dream that evaporate in geometric spirals. The Melachrino cigarettes are rest, luxuriousness and forgetfulness.

ANDRE de FOUQUIERES

"Ashes to Ashless" ... or why wives postpone divorce



*W*O, this is not a dissertation on the "Way of All Flesh," but a life-line thrown out to almost disrupted homes where old-fashioned ash-trays aid and abet a man in his careless smoking habits.

Smokador is the smartest thing in smoking equipment that New York or London offers today. It blends charmingly with the furnishings of any room. And it says *goodby* once for all to messy ash-trays, spilled ashes, scarred tables, and holes villainously burned into rugs.

*They spill not, neither do they smell
—and the Snuffer Clips snuff*

Cigarette and cigar stubs, pipe ashes, used matches are simply dropped through the hollow tube into an air-tight base—where they are out of sight and *smell*.

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And *no spilling*. If anyone accidentally knocks against Smokador, the "rock-a-by" base brings it immediately to an upright position. A single turn disconnects the base for cleaning.

You'll find Smokador in the blue-bookiest clubs—in ritzy hotels and theaters—in Park Avenue bachelor establishments—in thousands of homes where a man insists on comfort and the wife has revolted against open, spilly and offensive ash-trays.

Finished in six lovely colors

Smokador is made of durable metal—graceful in line, with a particularly attractive finish. Six colors for choice: dark bronze, mahogany, Chinese red, olive green, willow green and Roman gold.

At good dealers or mail the coupon

Any good dealer will take time off from his other duties to sell you a Smokador. Or you can write a check or money order for \$10.50 (\$11.00 west of the Mississippi) and tack it to the—elegantly filled out, of course—coupon below. Smokador will be delivered promptly to any home in the U. S. A., through the nearest dealer.

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Six Finishes

DARK BRONZE WILLOW GREEN OLIVE GREEN
CHINESE RED MAHOGANY ROMAN GOLD

*Ashes drop through to the base
—no odor. It can't tip over*

Smokador

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The Ashless Ashstand

Pat. d. Oct. 27, 1923, Dec. 1, 1925



The "rock-a-by" base keeps Smokador from being knocked over. Nothing can be spilled. Easy to clean.

Smokador Mfg. Co., Inc., 130 W. 42nd St., New York
Here is my \$10.50 (check, M. O.—\$11.00 west of the Mississippi). Please deliver one Smokador through nearest dealer.

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Street _____
City _____ State _____

Check color desired:
Dark Bronze Mahogany
Chinese Red Olive Green
Willow Green Roman Gold