

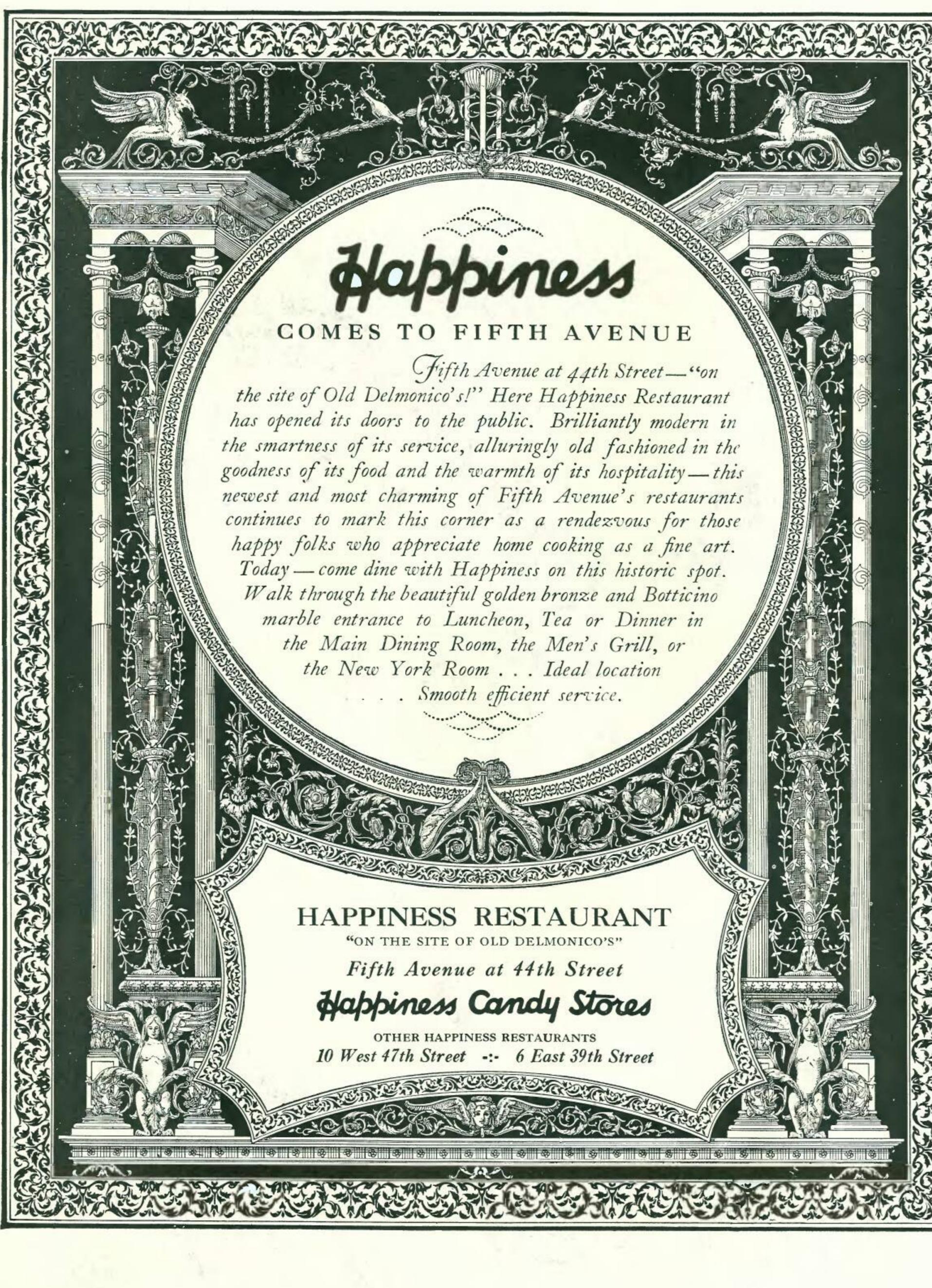
Mar. 19, 1927

THE

Price 15 cents

△ NEW YORKER





Happiness

COMES TO FIFTH AVENUE

Fifth Avenue at 44th Street—“on the site of Old Delmonico’s!” Here Happiness Restaurant has opened its doors to the public. Brilliantly modern in the smartness of its service, alluringly old fashioned in the goodness of its food and the warmth of its hospitality—this newest and most charming of Fifth Avenue’s restaurants continues to mark this corner as a rendezvous for those happy folks who appreciate home cooking as a fine art. Today—come dine with Happiness on this historic spot. Walk through the beautiful golden bronze and Botticino marble entrance to Luncheon, Tea or Dinner in the Main Dining Room, the Men’s Grill, or the New York Room . . . Ideal location . . . Smooth efficient service.

HAPPINESS RESTAURANT

“ON THE SITE OF OLD DELMONICO’S”

Fifth Avenue at 44th Street

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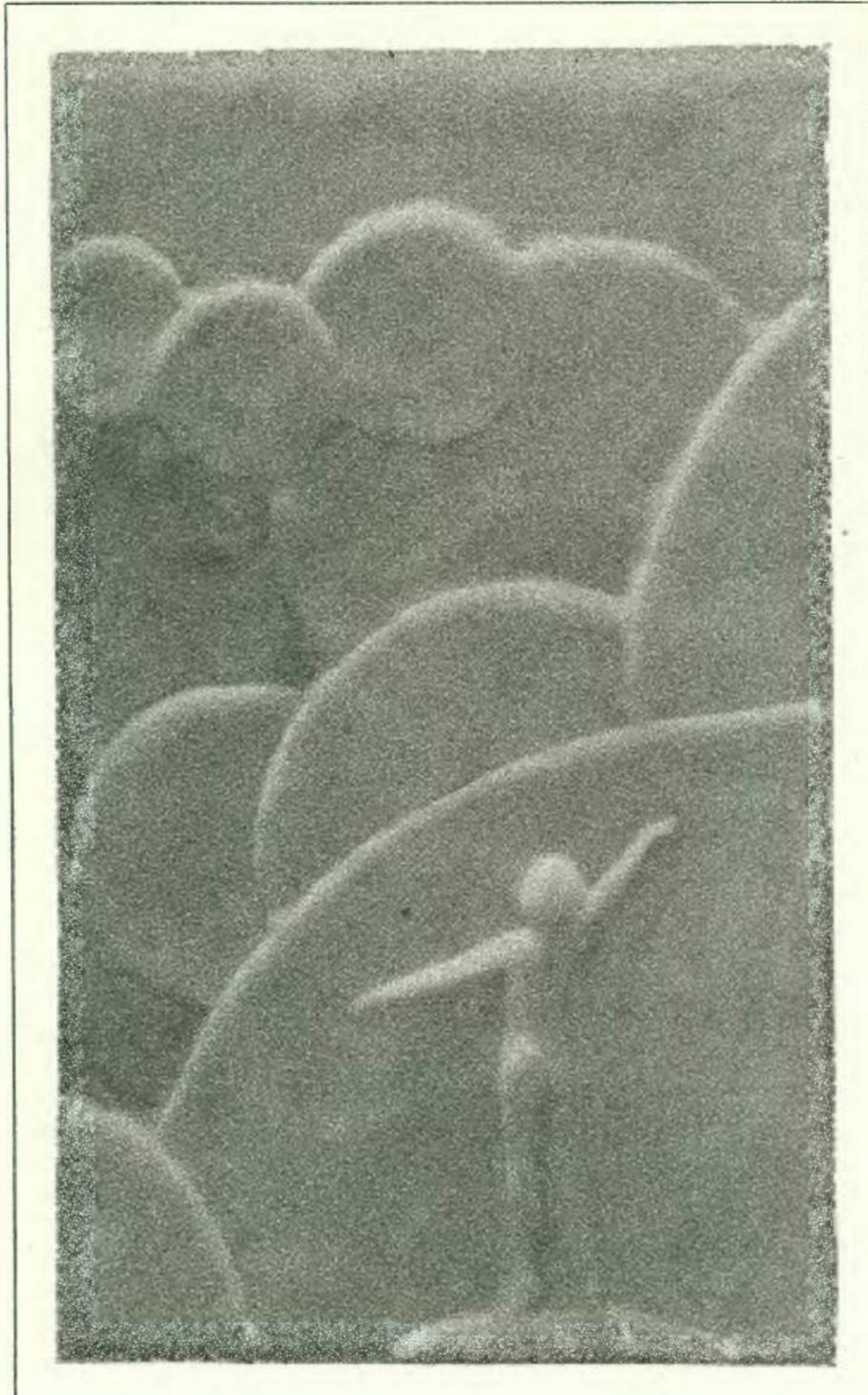
OTHER HAPPINESS RESTAURANTS

10 West 47th Street -- 6 East 39th Street

FIFTH AVENUE

B. Altman & Co.

NEW YORK



The Spirit of Silken Spring at Altman's

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ALTMAN SILKS
FIRST FLOOR

Silks as soft and filmy as cloud forms
shimmering under a Springtime sunset.
Colours as radiant and new as the colours
of Spring herself.



"Treasure"
Solid Silver



STERLING 925/1000 FINE

"Oh! Beau-ti-ful! Simply gorgeous!! A complete Tea Set?"
 "Yes, Mater! And you see, it matches my Mary II flatware
 . . . STERLING SILVER!!"
 "Well, it's just like your Uncle John . . . he's a genuine Lowell! It has
 always been so . . . Solid Silver through each generation. And for you,
 my dear—the best is none too good!"

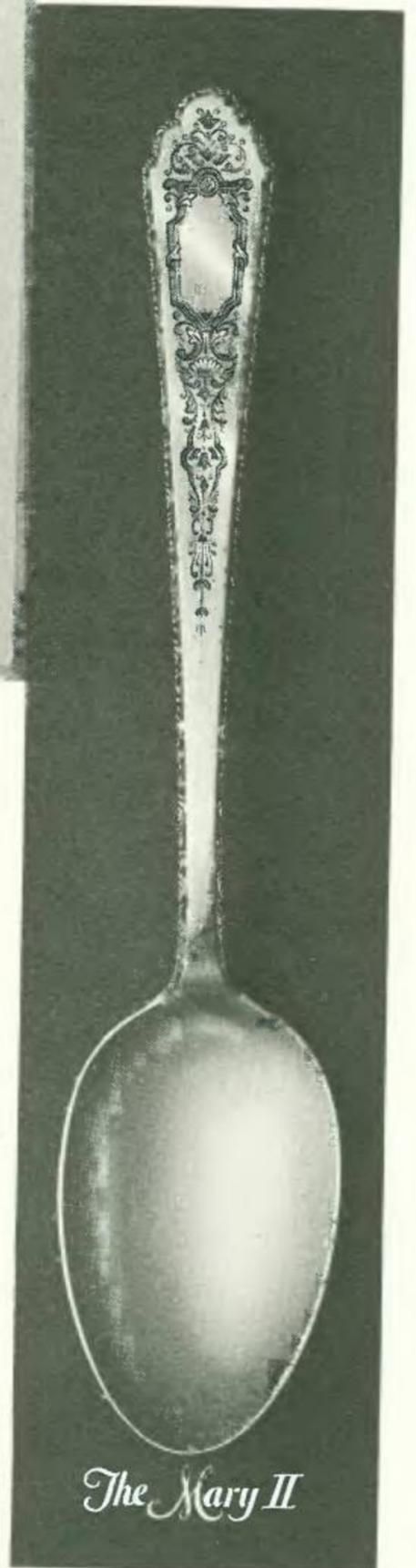
THOSE who want to pass on to future generations their love of the worthwhile things of life which express gentle breeding and family position, quite naturally turn to gifts of "Treasure" Solid Silver.

Sterling in quality, authentic in design, and lasting in beauty, "Treasure" Solid Silver will prove a hundred years from now a tangible sign of yourself to great-great-grandchildren, ever bespeaking discriminating taste and a knowledge of good design.

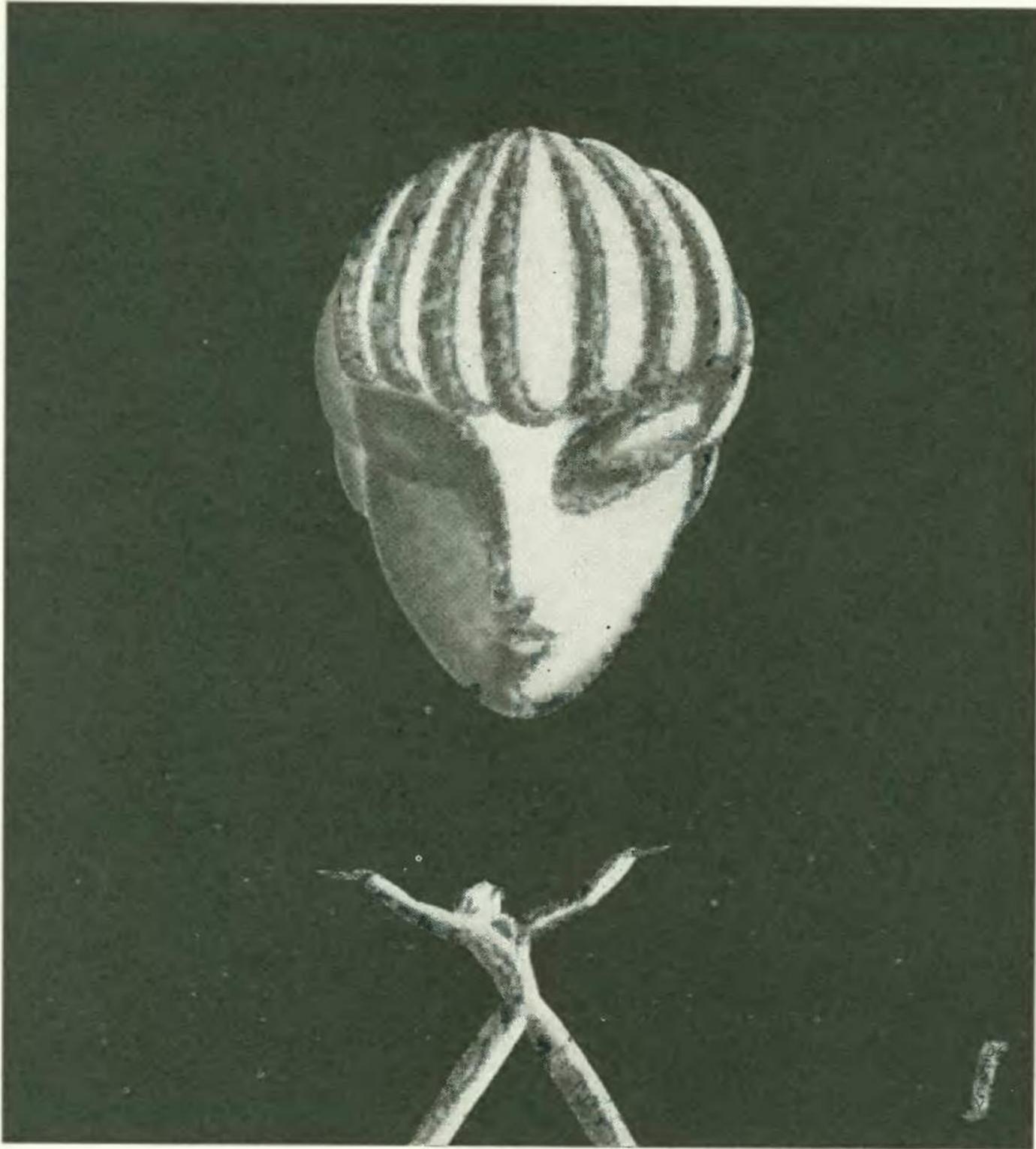
Smartly new and very exclusive is the Mary II pattern, here illustrated. Ask your own local jeweler to show you this lovely Silver—and write us direct for your copy of the booklet that describes "The Mary II"

It is Sterling
 —more can not be said

ROGERS, LUNT & BOWLEN COMPANY • Silversmiths
 Creators of Distinctive Tableware
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The Mary II



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THE ARRIVAL OF
MONSIEUR ANTOINE

Antoine of Paris . . . artist, sculptor and
the most famous hairdresser in the
world, has arrived with his
staff of expert assistants
at Saks-Fifth Avenue.

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FORTY-NINTH to FIFTIETH STREET, NEW YORK



toujours moi
"ALWAYS ME"

orchidée bleue
"BLUE ORCHID"

CORDAY, PARIS

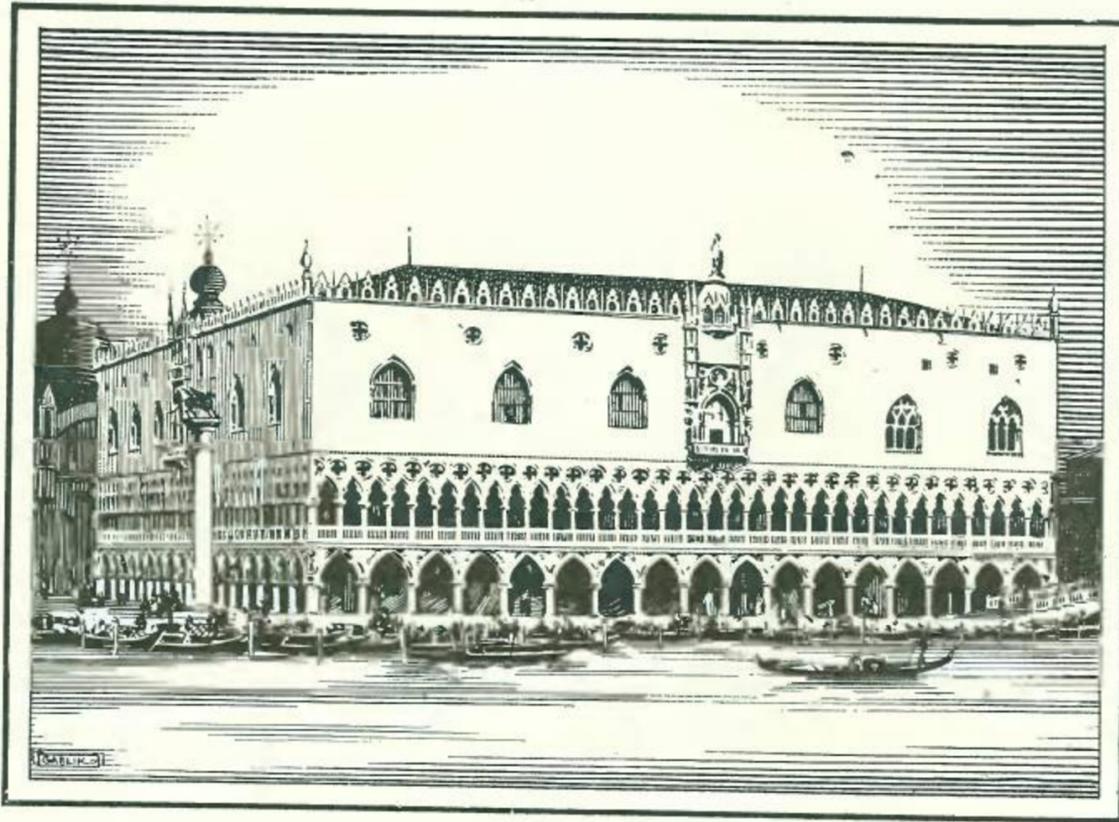
IMPORTED BY LIONEL, 320 FIFTH AVE, NEW YORK
CORDAY LIPSTICKS—SUPERLATIVE!



IN A WAY OF COURSE, IT WAS A LITTLE HARD ON THE FAMILY. THEY HAD SPENT THE WHOLE AFTERNOON CRACKING ICE, TUNING UP THE ELECTRIC FAN, AND MAKING ALL THE OTHER USUAL PREPARATIONS FOR MOTHER'S RETURN FROM A SHOPPING TRIP, AND THEN SHE DID ALL HER ERRANDS AT M'CREERY'S AND CAME BOUNCING IN AS FRESH AS A JUNE DAISY.

INDEED, SHOPPING AT M'CREERY'S WITH ITS QUIET ATMOSPHERE AND PROMPT AND POLITE SERVICE, IS VERY NEARLY AS GOOD AS A REST CURE. JAMES M'CREERY & CO. FIFTH AVENUE AND 34th STREET NEW YORK.

GUYAS WILLIAMS



PAST GLORY—MODERN PROGRESS

2 East 70th Street will be as fine an example of contemporary architecture as was the Doges Palace in 1442.

Exquisite in design, compact in arrangement and complete in appointments, it will afford a degree of comfort and convenience beyond the wildest dreams of the old Venetian rulers.

Like the palace, however, 2 East 70th Street will enjoy a location unsurpassed. At the very crest of Lenox Hill, sur-

rounded by the city's finest and newest private homes, overlooking the formal beauty of the Frick gardens and the natural beauty of Central Park, the prestige of the environment and the quality of the outlook cannot be excelled.

The character of appointments, the careful arrangement of rooms—the thought that has been put into their design, to permit full play in decoration—all are so far in advance as to place this building in a class apart.

Simplex Apartments of 10 Rooms
 Duplex and Triplex Apartments of 7 and 10 Rooms
 Loggias and roof terraces. Prices from \$60,000
 Maintenance 11% Autumn Occupancy

ANTHONY CAMPAGNA, *Builder*
 WALKER & GILLETTE, ROSARIO CANDELA, *Architects*
 MRS. GEORGE DRAPER
 President Architectural Clearing House, Inc., *Consultant*

2 East 70th
 Corner Fifth Avenue

Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc.
 Selling and Managing Agent
 15 East 49th Street Plaza 9200

The Doges Palace

The official residence of Venetian rulers, was first built in 814. It was destroyed and rebuilt five times. The present magnificent palace was begun in 1350 and completed nearly one hundred years later, in 1442.

It represented the most forward step in architecture and convenience. Everything that at the time was known and that would in the slightest degree add to comfort and convenience was included.

It still remains one of the most beautiful monuments to medieval architecture.



Reproductions of two new Paris costumes

retaining their French accent at prices which speak for American ingenuity

Patou's "Cocktail Hour"

Copied in new tweeds or covert cloth, and tailored to perfection. Original cost to land, \$356.00
Macy's careful replica, \$36.75
Sizes 14 to 42

MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway
New York

Talbot's "Natural Waistline"

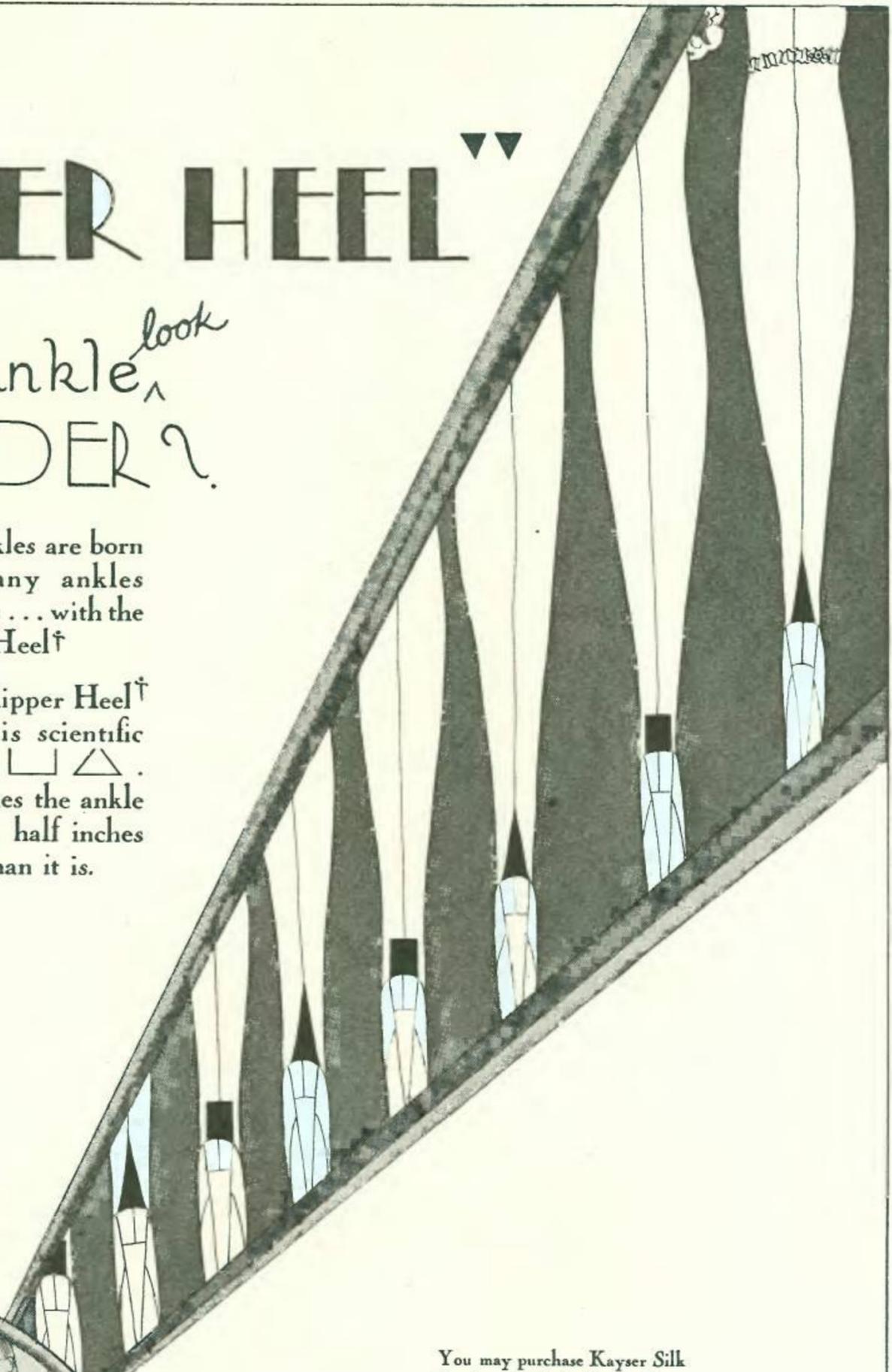
Copied in jersey or flat crepe with every detail of trimming. Original cost to land, \$234.00
Macy's replicas, \$29.75 & \$33.75
Sizes 14 to 20

“SLIPPER HEEL”

Does ^{look} your ankle ^{look} *SLENDER?*

Only a few ankles are born slim. But many ankles achieve slimness . . . with the Slipper Heel†

The Kayser Slipper Heel† is based on this scientific optical illusion $\square \triangle$. It actually makes the ankle look one and a half inches slenderer than it is.



You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the Better Shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library, where there is a permanent display of the latest Paris styles in hosiery, underwear and gloves.

Kayser

GLOVES • • UNDERWEAR • • HOSIERY



«The food on a Cunarder, Sir, is quite what one hopes to find in the best restaurants ashore

« Not only absolutely fresh, sir, it is the finest that can be procured. Our markets sound like an epicure's idea of geography.

« Perfectly cooked. Our chefs de cuisine all studied under the great Escoffier, and they see that the suggestions he recently made especially for Cunard cuisine are expertly carried out.

« We have been working on it for two years, sir, until now every detail of our cuisine is perfect.

« You may order your favorite Paris, London or New York dish on any of our ships and be delighted with it.

« Quite cosmopolitan, sir. Of course that is essential on a Cunarder in order to keep our service up to the standards of our passengers.

« By the way, have you seen the new suites on the AQUITANIA? They're really large, and beautifully furnished. Rather like charming rooms in country houses. In fact a few of the suites have Sun Rooms.

« The ultimate touch? The Cunard has always been just a little ahead, sir.

« You would be delighted with your trip. The best people do prefer traveling Cunard. They particularly like our service. English stewards; and they are deft you know.»

CUNARD LINE

AQUITANIA • BERENGARIA

MAURETANIA



25 BROADWAY • NEW YORK

1840 • EIGHTY • SEVEN • YEARS • OF • SERVICE • 1927



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 18, TO FRIDAY, MARCH 25, INCLUSIVE]

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY—Dreiser's strong story, not so good behind the footlights. LONGACRE, 48, W.

BROADWAY—Authentic behavior of bootleggers behind the glitter of the White Lights. BROADHURST, 44, W.

BROTHERS KARAMAZOV—What every Russian knows about madness and murder. GUILD, 52, W. Fri., Mar. 18, and Sat., Mar. 19; then off until Mar. 28, while—

PYGMALION—which is Shaw and the Guild, plays for the week of Mar. 21. Mat. Thurs. GUILD, 52, W.

CAPONSACCHI—Walter Hampden in a good dramatization of "The Ring and the Book." 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. HAMPDEN'S B'way at 63.

CHICAGO—Murder in Chicago overlaid with satire. With Francine Larrimore. 2:35 and 8:35 P.M. MUSIC BOX, 45, W.

CRIME—The Super-Crook, hokum and excitement. With James Rennie. ELTINGE, 42, W. Moves to TIMES SQUARE, 42, W., on Mar. 21.

LULU BELLE—A negro girl on the road to destruction. With Lenore Ulric. Mat. Thurs. BELASCO, 44, E. Closes Sat., Mar. 19.

MONEY FROM HOME—Frank Craven as the crook who was too smart for himself. FULTON, 46, W.

REPERTORY—Eva Le Gallienne and her company present: Fri., Mar. 18, "Cradle Song"; Sat., (mat.), "Inheritors" (2:15 P.M.), (eve.), "Master Builder"; Mon., "Cradle Song"; Tues., "John Gabriel Borkman"; Wed., (mat.), "Cradle Song," (eve.), "Inheritors" (8:15 P.M.); Thurs., (special mat.), "Cradle Song," (eve.), "Master Builder"; Fri., "Inheritors" (8:15 P.M.). We find "Cradle Song" the best. CIVIC REPERTORY, 6 Ave. at 14.

RIGHT YOU ARE IF YOU THINK YOU ARE—A Pirandello fable for Wed. and Fri. Mats. only. GUILD, 52, W.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN—The struggle with life of two of Saturday's children. BOOTH, 45, W.

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

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—The mad *Sangers*, now treading the boards. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. CORT, 48, E.

THE CONSTANT WIFE—Ethel Barry-

more as the modern wife holding her husband. MAXINE ELLIOTT, 39, E.

THE PLAY'S THE THING—Talk rescuing the engagement of a young lady. Mat. Thurs. HENRY MILLER'S, 43, E.

THE ROAD TO ROME—A believable and amusing recital of why Hannibal did not take Rome. With Jane Cowl. PLAYHOUSE, 48, E.

THE SILVER CORD—The Oedipus complex in modern clothes. JOHN GOLDEN, 58, E. Fri., Mar. 18, and Sat., Mar. 19, then off until Mar. 28, while—

NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER—plays through the week of Mar. 21. Bootleggers vs. New Englanders. Mat. Thurs. JOHN GOLDEN, 58, E.

TOMMY—An amusing sugar-coated comedy that won't disturb the censors. GAIETY, B'way at 46.

WITH MUSIC

BYE BYE BONNIE—Prohibition and prison set to music. COSMOPOLITAN, Columbus Circle.

COUNTESS MARITZA—An old plot, good music and staging. 44TH STREET, 44, W.

CRISS CROSS—Fred and Dorothy Stone and a lot of good clean fun. GLOBE, B'way at 47.

ELSIE JANIS—Appearing for the week of Mar. 21. Performances start at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M., but the star rarely comes on before 3 and 9 P.M. PALACE, B'way at 47.

HONEYMOON LANE—Love in a pickle factory. With Eddie Dowling. KNICKERBOCKER, B'way at 38.

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

PEGGY-ANN—An original—oh, yes it is!—musical comedy. With Helen Ford. VANDERBILT, 48, E.

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

RIO RITA—Mr. Ziegfeld's latest, largest and most beautiful musical comedy. ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54.

SCANDALS—An excellent revue. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. APOLLO, 42, W.

THE DESERT SONG—Excellent music and singing in about the worst plot yet exposed. CASINO, B'way at 39.

THE NIGHTINGALE—Eleanor Painter making a most charming *Jenny Lind*. Mat. Thurs. JOLSON'S, 7 Ave. at 59.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE—Gilbert and Sullivan receiving more than adequate treatment. Mat. Sat. only. PLYMOUTH, 45, W. Last week.

Not played Thurs., when—

IOLANTHE—an even better revival—takes the stage. Thurs. Mat. and Eve. Last performances. PLYMOUTH, 45, W.

THE RAMBLERS—Marie Saxon and her dancing, and Clark and McCullough. LYRIC, 42, W.

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

YOURS TRULY—Leon Errol and his trick knee and Marion Harris and her voice. SHUBERT, 44, W.

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

OPENINGS OF NOTE

HER CARDBOARD LOVER—A play with Jeanne Eagels and Leslie Howard. LYCEUM, 45, W. Mon., Mar. 21.

LUCKY—A musical comedy tuned by Jerome Kern. With Mary Eaton and Paul Whiteman. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42, W. Mon., Mar. 21. (Dates of openings should be verified owing to frequent late changes by managers.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51.—Sabin and St. Clare dancing here now.**

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3.—Padlocking may be postponed until April 19.**

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52.—Frances Williams, a grand blues singer entertaining the smart world.***

CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51.—The dear old Yacht Club Boys are here.***

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50.—Miller and Farrell and Delaune and Revel amusing a civilized crowd.***

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56.—Harry Richman still wise-cracking.**

GEORGE OLSEN'S CLUB, 159 W. 19.—One of the gayest and most amusing clubs in town.**

PARODY CLUB, B'way and 48.—Clayton, Durante, and Jackson as amusing as ever.*

LE FERROQUET DE PARIS, 146 W. 57.—Sold down the river to Vincent Lopez. Fate uncertain.

ROSS FENTON CLUB, B'way at 50.—Brooke Johns and banjo at the helm of a collegiate Broadway club.**

PAUL WHITEMAN'S, B'way at 48.—Tawdry and crowded but the best music in the world.**

VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60.—Inexpensive, and fine for quiet dancing.***

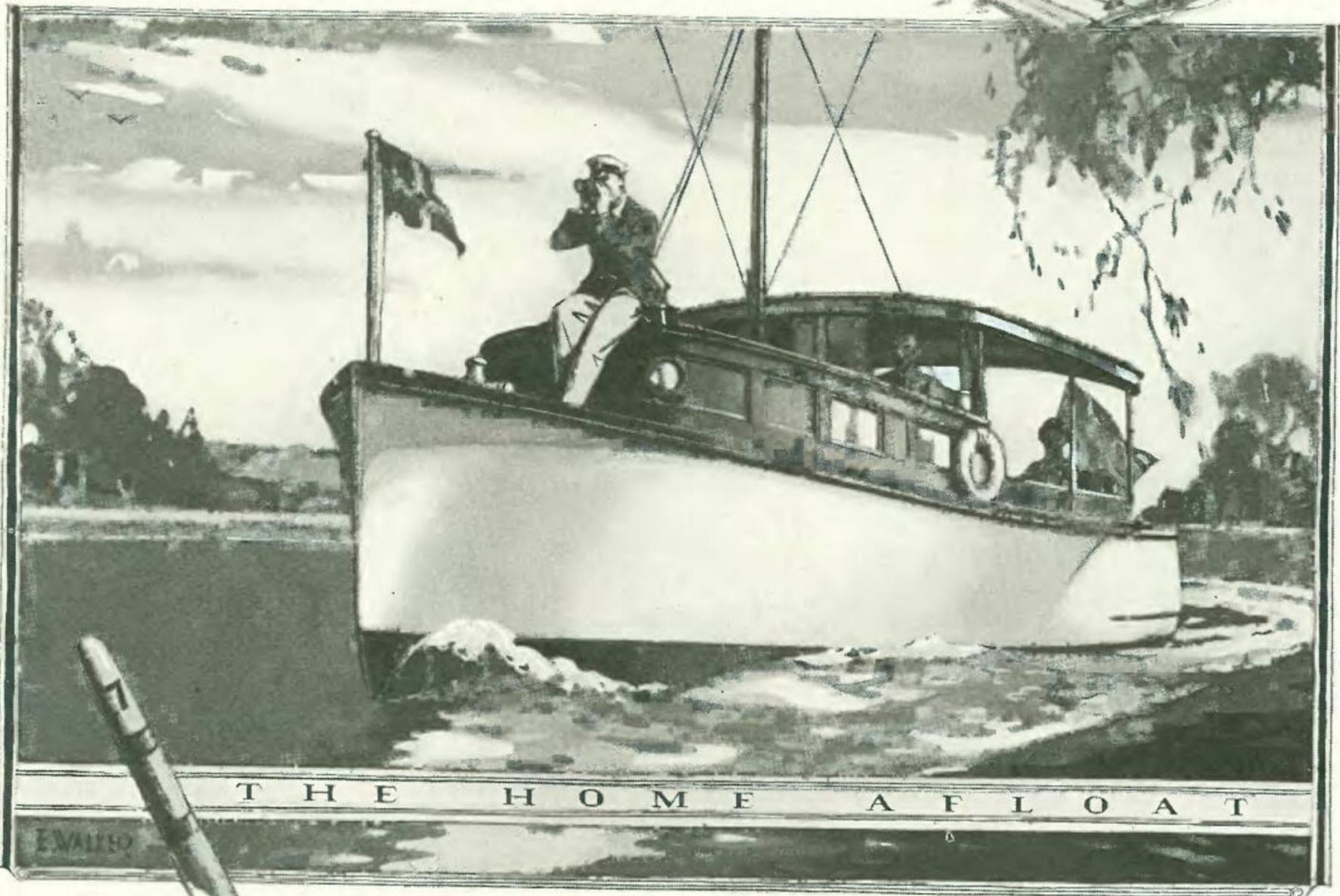
CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

*In every man's heart
still lurks the spirit of adventure*

THERE is nothing to equal the thrill that comes from slipping through blue-green waters in a graceful, seaworthy cruiser. Try it some time and see.

Think of standing on breeze-swept decks with nothing ahead but adventure and free sea lanes! Think of being free to go where you please and to do as you please . . . far away from the dusty, crowded places on shore!

You'll find health and happiness aboard and . . . an indescribable feeling of contentment—for you drop all cares as you lift the anchor. Elco Cruisers are built for extended coastwise trips. Write for Elco Pamphlet N.Y. and start planning now for never-to-be-forgotten days on summer seas.



Elco

STANDARDIZED CRUISERS

Built since 1892

PERHAPS you have never tried motor cruising, because you have thought it beyond your means. If so, you may be surprised to learn that the cost of operating an Elco Cruisette, with living accommodations for a family of four to six, is less than the cost of operating a high-grade motor car.

Distributors at Tampa, Miami, Los Angeles

THE ELCO WORKS
Address—Port Elco—247 Park Avenue, New York City
Sales Office and Permanent Motor Boat Exhibit

Plant and Yacht Basin
Bayonne, N. J.

The Finest Packard Ever Built, Priced Lower than any Packard Ever Sold

Seven years ago the Packard Six was announced as America's first fine small car. Its price was then nearly \$5,000!

Since then tens of thousands of motorists in every part of the world have bought the Packard Six. The car has been improved and refined until today *we know* it is just what the public wants.

And yet with the price reduction of March 1st the Packard Six today costs *less than half* what it cost in 1920!

The demand has enabled the Packard factory to offer the finest Six in its 27 year history at a price *lower than any Packard was ever priced before!*

Our experience of two years ago when the Packard Six was last reduced in price and when buyers frequently waited months for deliveries, leads us to believe that there will be a shortage of Packard Six cars this spring.

The Packard Six 5-Passenger Sedan is now but \$2,431 delivered to your door.

Prompt action will assure early delivery.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO.
of NEW YORK
Packard Building

Broadway at 61st Street
1037 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn

Dealers

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

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

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

PACKARD

Ask the Man Who Owns One



GOINGS ON.

[FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 18, TO—

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

ART

GREENWICH VILLAGE DISTRICT—For informal Village spirit and low covert, the COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9, is worth trying.*

HARLEM—SMALL'S, 7 Ave. at 134, and CLUB BRAMVILLE, 65 W. 129, are the high spots. Better not to dress.

RUSSIAN ATMOSPHERE—KAVKAZ, B'way at 53, best exponent of impromptu Russian entertainment.*

*NEEDN'T DRESS.

**BETTER DRESS.

***MUST DRESS.

MOTION PICTURES

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

BEAU GESTE—Why the *Geste* boys left home, making a good movie. CRITERION, B'way at 44.

METROPOLIS—The latest German film—heavy, but extraordinary and one that you should see. RIALTO, B'way at 42.

OLD IRONSIDES—A silly plot and beautiful pictures to hold it up. RIVOLI, B'way at 49.

STARK LOVE—Life in the Southern mountains faithfully portrayed by natives. Well worth seeing. CAMEO, 42, E.

THE BETTER 'OLE—Syd Chaplin plays *Old Bill* divertingly. And the Vitaphone. Feature starts at 3:30 and 9:30 P.M., weekdays, and 4 P.M., Sun. COLONY, B'way at 52.

THE BIG PARADE—The war and its excitement. With John Gilbert and Renée Adorée. ASTOR, B'way at 45.

THE GENERAL—Buster Keaton in a comedy of the Civil War. Mar. 19. PLAZA, Madison at 59.

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

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

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

BLONDE OR BRUNETTE, PARADISE FOR TWO, THE GENERAL, THE SCARLET LETTER, BLIND ALLEYS, and LET IT RAIN.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

THE EPIC OF MT. EVEREST—Pictures of the unsuccessful and tragic endeavor to scale the peak. FIFTH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5 Ave. at 12. Opens Mon., Mar. 21.

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

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

AMERICAN—The Nat'l Arts Club invites outsiders to show. NAT'L ARTS CLUB, 15 Gramercy Park.

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

ANNUAL ACADEMY—In which the dignified unbend. Beginning Mar. 23. Open Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M. FINE ARTS BLDG., 215 W. 57.

BEAL—One of the popular Academicians. KRAUSHAAR, 5 Ave. at 53. Closes Mar. 24.

BENSON—Etchings in the accepted manner. KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57.

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

COMIC RELIEF—Twelve sculptors submit their idea of the Pioneer Woman. REINHARDT, 5 Ave. at 56. Closes Mar. 26.

DUNSMORE—Paintings of American History. Open 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. daily. FRAUNCES' TAVERN, Broad and Pearl.

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

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

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

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

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

MAN RAY—Returning from five years in Paris with a few oils and many photographs. DANIEL GALLERIES, Madison at 57.

MAX WEBER—Modern paintings. NEW ART CIRCLE, 35 W. 57.

MIXED BREW—Some good French and lesser Americans, mainly from the Quinn Collection. VALENTINE DUDENSING, 43 E. 57. Closes Mar. 26.

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

ROCKWELL KENT—New stuff from Ireland. WEYHE, Lexington at 62.

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

MUSIC

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

ABOUT TOWN

—FRIDAY, MARCH 25, INCLUSIVE]

RECITALS

FRITZ KREISLER—You have your tickets, we hope. **CARNEGIE HALL**, Sat. Aft., Mar. 19.

ENGLISH SINGERS—If you've missed them, go now. Go anyhow. **TOWN HALL**, Sat. Aft., Mar. 19.

BERYL RUBINSTEIN—Gifted young pianist from Cleveland. **AEOLIAN HALL**, Mon. Eve., Mar. 21.

MUSIC WEEK GOLD MEDAL WINNERS' CONCERT—The best of the young idea. **CARNEGIE HALL**, Wed. Eve., Mar. 23.

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC—Schelling conducting final Children's Concerts: **AEOLIAN HALL**, Sat. Morn., Mar. 19, at 11; Sat. Aft., Mar. 19, at 3. **Furtwaengler** conducting: **CARNEGIE HALL**, Fri. Aft., Mar. 18 at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Mar. 19; Sun. Aft., Mar. 20; Thurs. Eve., Mar. 24; Fri. Aft., Mar. 25, at 2:30.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY—Busch conducting: **CARNEGIE HALL**, Fri. Eve., Mar. 18.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Mannes conducting: **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Sat. Eve., Mar. 19, at 8.

LITTLE SYMPHONY—Barrère conducting: **HENRY MILLER THEATRE**, 43, E. of B'way. Sun. Eve., Mar. 20.

NEW YORK CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY—**PLAZA**, Sun. Eve., Mar. 20, at 9.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA Co.—Fri. Aft., Mar. 18, at 1:30, "Götterdämmerung"; Fri. Eve., Mar. 18, at 8, "Mignon"; Sat. Aft., Mar. 19, at 2, "Butterfly" and "La Giara" (première of Casella Ballet); Sat. Eve., Mar. 19, at 8, "Aïda"; Sun. Eve., Mar. 20, at 8:30, Concert; Tues. Eve., Mar. 22, at 8, "Faust"; Wed. Aft., Mar. 23, at 2, "King's Henchman"; Fri. Aft., Mar. 25, at 1:30, "Tristan and Isolde." Others to be announced.

SPORTS

BOXING—**CALLAHAN vs. DE VODI**—Junior Welterweight Champ., Fri., Mar. 18, and—**PAULINO vs. HEENEY**—Heavyweights. More preparation for the next Tunney bout. Wed., Mar. 23. Both programs begin at 8:15 P.M. **MAD. SQ. GARDEN**.

HOCKEY—**PROFESSIONAL**—Rangers vs. Americans, Sun., Mar. 20; Americans vs. Toronto, Mon., Mar. 21; Rangers vs. Pittsburgh, Tues., Mar. 22; Americans vs. Canadiens, Thurs., Mar. 24; Rangers vs. Chicago, Fri., Mar. 25. All games at 8:30 P.M. **MAD. SQ. GARDEN**.

INDOOR POLO—Nat'l Champ. matches on Sat., Mar. 19, and Wed., Mar. 23. 8:30 P.M. **SQUADRON A ARMORY**, Park at 94.

INDOOR TENNIS—**BOROTRA AND BRUGNON**—French stars in a team match. Fri., Mar. 18, at 3:30 P.M., Sat., Mar. 19, and Sun., Mar. 20, at 2 P.M. **HEIGHTS CASINO**, 75 Montague, Bklyn. Take BMT subway and get off at Borough Hall.

NAT'L INDOOR CHAMP.—Begins Sat., Mar. 19, 11 A.M. Mon., Mar. 21, daily through Fri., Mar. 25, 1 P.M. **7TH REG. ARMORY**, Park at 66.

SQUASH—**OPEN CHAMP.**—Sat., Mar. 19; Mon., Mar. 21; Tues., Mar. 22. All games at 5 P.M. **HOTEL SHELTON**, Lexington at 53.

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

ON THE AIR

GOLDMAN BAND—The summer favorites in an hour of band music. **WEAF**, Fri. Eve., Mar. 18, at 8.

BOXING—**PAULINO vs. HEENEY**—Heavyweights. **WMSG**, Wed. Eve., Mar. 23, 8:15.

EASTON, CHAMLEE AND ROSEN—In a Brunswick Hour. **WJZ**, Fri. Eve., Mar. 18, at 9.

BEETHOVEN HOUR—Lecture Recital by Walter Damrosch and the Musical Art Quartet. **WEAF**, Sat. Eve., Mar. 19, at 9.

PHILHARMONIC—Schelling conducting the last Children's Concert. **WJZ** Sat. Morn., Mar. 19, at 11; **Furtwaengler** conducting: **WJZ**, Sat. Eve., Mar. 19, at 8:25.

JERITZA, D'ALVAREZ AND WERRENATH—A famous Metropolitan soprano and two celebrated concert singers. **WJZ**, Fri. Eve., Mar. 25, at 8:30.

OTHER EVENTS

FLOWER SHOW—The first breath of Spring. Mon., Mar. 21, at 2 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 26. Thereafter open 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. **GRAND CENTRAL PALACE**, Lexington at 47.

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF N. Y.—The Gracie Mansion as it looked a hundred years ago. Opens Tues., Mar. 22. 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. weekdays and 2 to 5 P.M. Sun. E. End Ave. at 88.

INNES AUCTION—A chance for you to purchase some of these paintings new to the market. On exhibition Mar. 19 through 23. Opens Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. Sale Thurs., Mar. 24, at 8:15 P.M. **AMERICAN ART GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57.

ILLUSTRATORS' CARNIVAL—The Society of American Illustrators' costume ball. Fri., Mar. 18. **HOTEL ROOSEVELT**.

OYSTER SHOW—Still life in the raw. (Pearls are not on the house.) Opens Mon., Mar. 21, for four days. **HOTEL McALPIN**, B'way at 34.

Franklin Simon & Co.

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



The Talk of
Rotten Row

GLEN URQUHART COAT
WITH JODHPORES

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Mimi
(REGISTERED)

Fashions for the Youthful



Exclusive!

MIMI fashions give Paris to America typifying the never failing perfection of choice of the Parisienne *who knows* at prices so moderate their *Parisianism* is within reach of every young woman! And MIMI who first appreciated the charm of BOWS now with a step towards the new indulges in the youthful femininity of PLEATS from the dainty little pleats of the evening to the tailored box pleats of the *tailleur*. Also, in quality and workmanship MIMI fashions are unsurpassed! They are EXCLUSIVE with The John Wanamaker Store.

MIMI for tea time delights in a new version of the two-piece in heavy silk crepe whose new long jumper has a pleated ruffle, of course. The belt all Paris is wearing and the ribbon ends at the modishly squared neckline of grosgrain ribbon allow for the two-toned mode. In French blue, navy blue, beige, green or gray. The Price is \$39.50.

MIMI for a morning promenade wears a double-breasted twill *tailleur* whose perfection of cut and making says custom-made to all who don't know 'tis a Mimi. And Mimi introduces the box pleated skirt to the *tailleur*. In Navy blue and black. The Price is \$59.50.

MIMI for evening revels in the most graceful of all dancing skirts two tiers finely and fully pleated attached under wide scallops with narrow tie at the side to assure the snugly fitted waistline so typical of Paris this season. Heavy crepe Roma over crepe de chine. In French blue, yellow, coral, mauve, apple green, red, white or black. The Price is \$39.50.

MIMI for her nine-to-six o'clock frock chooses heavy silk crepe and her bows become Parisianized by being simulated in stitching. Could any box pleats be more gracious! French blue, navy blue, beige, rose beige, gray and black. The Price is \$39.50.



The MIMI Hat is significant in the Mode from every angle. The back covers the modern bob in the newest way of Paris. The wider side movement reverts to the more youthfully feminine. Two contrasting tones of grosgrain ribbon bind the brim and form the narrow band which fastens with a buckle. In French blue, navy blue, beige, rose beige, gray or black. The Price: in felt, \$12.50; balibuntl, \$16.50.

JOHN WANAMAKER

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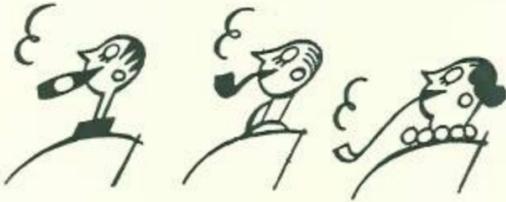
FRENCH FLOWERS—Main Floor



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TO THAT arch fiend, Nicotine, the Lenten period is only a time for new and deeper seduction. We became a helpless partner to his



crime only yesterday when our lady—who had given up cigarettes for the holy recess—became so fretful in her deprivation that we were compelled to buy her a tin of little cigars to assuage the fierce craving in her heart. And there, quite publicly, she sat, with her little puffings, in the Pennsylvania grill—to all appearances a poetess or something equally bad, to us merely a darling lady who had purified her soul.

SYMPATHETICALLY vibrant with any one, young or old, whose aim is to express America, we are quite willing to listen to the three boys who are busy bringing music up to date. These are Mr. Copland, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Antheil—he of the electric buzzers and auto sirens. Furthermore, anxious to determine (as



we have been for a long time) just what America is, we poked around until we found the birthplaces of these three young men—the spots from which they must have first drawn their

lavender and American emotions. We report the birthplaces, therefore, without comment, as being respectively Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Trenton, N. J.

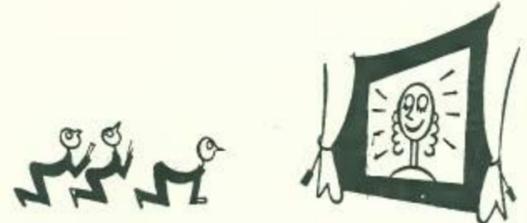
RIPE for a package of safety pins, we began our progress one day last week to the notion counter of a large department store, only to be stopped dead by a huge crowd of people. After a moment's pushing we turned in sorrow, for we knew that only one phenomenon could cause so great a congestion. "Is there by any chance an author autographing his books at the center of that crowd of people?" we asked a saleslady. "There is, sir," she replied. Wherewith, still void of pins, we left the store, brooding darkly on the loss of dignity among authors.



THE WAKING mortal, it is our sharp observation, has to be doing something every minute; and in this day of literacy what he does is read. Look about you. You yourself are reading this very instant. With hardly a moment's surcease, mortal man absorbs printed words—circular letters, electric signs, names in a telephone book, modern novels, invitations to banquets, newspapers, car cards, and histories of philosophy. This is all wrong! We knew exactly how wrong it was last week when we saw one of the six-day bike racers, heaving and bloody from a series of jams, dismount, climb into his bunk, and without a moment's hesitation open the

evening paper. Poor chap, he had to read to find out what he was doing!

TEMPLE of many stockholders, the new Roxy Theatre—bigger than almost anything—lured us into



its pale dusty cavities the day before they fell open to the public. Through tall windows, mellow afternoon light filled the rotunda; from hidden places in the walls organ notes growled tentatively; down tumbled aisles honest workmen pushed wheelbarrows; and in faraway niches, white plasterers put new whiteness on the white brows of goddesses. Standing there, haloed in the soft light, we were entertained by the happy thought that these great new cinema castles are not, in themselves, unbeautiful—it is the audience that spoils them. It should be excluded—a conclusion of which we were even more convinced after the opening night.

Plaintive

ALADY we know hailed a cab on one of the darkest of recent nights and was comfortably seated within before she noticed that the driver was one of the most villainous looking persons she had ever seen.

Naturally she grew frightened when, in Central Park, she realized that he was driving about in a circle. Certain that he had been only awaiting the proper moment for a brutal robbery, she was speechless when he



stopped, got out and opened the door. There was that moment when everything goes black. Then he spoke.

"Lady," he said, "I'm lost."

Roxy

THE coming into his own of an ex-cash boy stirred the town to just the proper depths for the Roxy opening, and the Cathedral of the Movies, we observed, was dedicated with a very flattering traffic jam. Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street has never been so well lighted.

It was good to discover that the theatre is quite a beautiful thing in spots; it goes in for awfulness with far greater dignity than its closest rival, the little Paramount. The seats were comfortable—more so than any others in town that we can think of.

Tickets were \$11, and for this consideration the buyer received (according to our private tabulation) the following boons: allegory, patriotism, symphony, clairvoyance, grand opera, terpsichore and Mayor Walker. The whole show was typically Rothafelian—or so we are told by those who have followed his career—from the very start when a gentleman who looked like a monk said, in an awful voice: "Let there be light!" and by gum there *was* light.

Practically everything that happened was unexpected, including, probably, the somewhat dim applause which finally cropped up here and there at the conclusion of the motion picture. It was distinctly an evening of surprises, and there was just a trace of boyish prankishness in the way Roxy played now-you-see-it-and-now-you - don't with his hundred-piece

orchestra and his wandering organ.

The audience was a little like an opera crowd and a little like a church congregation. It was so deeply impressed and humbled by the ushers— young men of far greater beauty and politeness than any other clique in the city—that it lowered its conversation unintentionally, and the rendition of the Roxology was fraught with a fine devotional spirit in consequence. It is impossible to describe the ushers—you have to go there and be pampered by them to know what it is to be really sweet.

After the ballet, the letters from President Coolidge and others, the



Vitaphone, and several other diversissements, a moving picture was shown featuring the wife of the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, and it was not a very good picture. There was a better one, for example, at the Cameo that night for 75 cents.

THE great Roxy, unquestionably a showman of the first water, lays his success to three things: the little woman, the United States Marines, and the radio. For many years he was a restless soul, leaving this job and that in various parts of the country, and seeing the world with the leathernecks. Then he went to a mining town in Pennsylvania, where he got his wife, his nickname, and the first touch of the movies. The name came from a small boy who one day hollered, "Slide, Roxy!" when Mr. Rothafel was running out a two-base hit on the local ball team. It has since proved a great asset.

His first movies were the tin-pan variety, shown in the rear of a saloon. After a period in Minneapolis, getting bigger, politer, and better, he came to New York and began to introduce art and politeness into movies here. He has ever been

the leader in this. From the moment he said, "Hello, everybody!" he was made on the air.

Roxy is forty-two, fat and short, and has sentiment. One admirable trait is his great sincerity of purpose. The erection of this handsome old-gold and plush cathedral was done with a magnificent gesture and with a very intimate feeling for his dear public—to him, they say, a very real emotion.

MIXTURES REPORTED St. Patrick's Day Special—Fill tall glass 1/3 full of gin, add juice of 1 lime, dash of Angostura bitters, 2 lumps of sugar, crushed ice and fill up with club soda.

Jones

TRAVELLING incognito isn't the exclusive privilege of European royalty. Not long ago one of our spies was lounging about the lobby of a hotel in Camden, S. C., when a long-distance call came reserving a suite for Mr. Clarence Jones of New York. And the same spy was present two days later when the visitor arrived.



"You have accommodations reserved for Mr. Clarence Jones?" the visitor inquired.

The clerk nodded and pushed forward the register. Mr. Jones took the pen and wrote: "J. P. Morgan, valet and chauffeur."

Musée

WHEN the Revolution ended (quite some time ago) and New York settled down to what little peace it has known since, Mr. Archibald Gracie, a merchant whose

red and white flag was known on every sea, levelled off the remains of a fort at Eighty-eighth Street and the East River and built himself a spacious mansion with fine porches on which he could sit and watch the churning waters of Hell Gate. The house is about to be officially opened, or rather reopened, as the Museum of the City of New York, its fine old rooms restored to something of the glory they knew when Washington Irving and Josiah Quincy were frequent visitors there.

The project is a departure from the conventional museum. It will have not a single object in a glass case. Instead it has been the pleasure of Mr. Hardinge Scholle, its director, to do nothing more than give the venerable mansion something of its old standing. It was impossible, of course, to restore each room as it had been originally, but restoration has been the motif of the arrangement. One room has been done in the manner of the early nineteenth century, when the house had its beginnings. Here are Sheratons and Duncan Phyfes. Another is representative of the Victorian fifties and still another is Empire period.

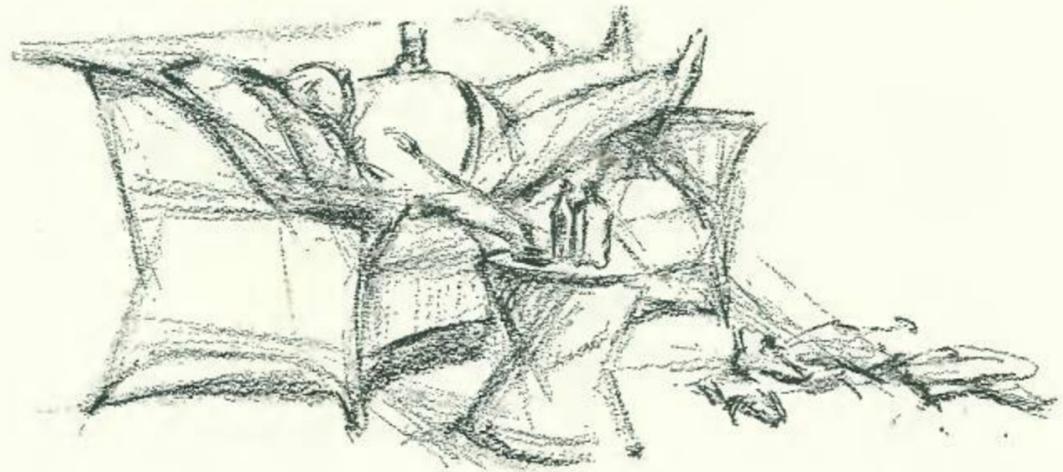
The only suggestion of a museum touch is in one of the upper rooms which is devoted to a collection repre-

suddenly rediscovering what the first owner knew when he built it. The neighborhood has fallen heir to a popularity which may rival that of Sutton Place and other riverside settlements. There is, in addition to the river, Carl Schurz Park, in which the Gracie mansion stands, and the fact that there are no commercial wharfs.

Several years ago the Duchesse de Richelieu purchased a house at the corner of Eighty-sixth Street and East End Avenue and spent in improving it a sum which, we are told, exceeded \$100,000. Michael Strange writes her verses in a home near there, while Tom Powers, the actor, owns three houses in Henderson Place and lives

footed employer was headed, to let people know Mr. Weston was coming, and to arrange for lodging, meals, shaves, etc. One day Mr. Weston hiked into Albuquerque, N. M., and, being invited to make a speech from the steps of the principal hotel, began by publicly firing Mr. Mullins because he had been smoking cigarettes. The great pedestrian devoted the next thirty minutes to telling the whole town of the evils of tobacco.

THAT, as we said, was long years ago. Mr. Weston is now a weary old man without money, and the gentleman who supplied us with the foregoing information, himself a witness



in one of them. This thoroughfare, if it may be called that, is a blind alley shooting northward off Eighty-sixth and lined with small red-brick houses such as one finds in London. Four years ago they say these sold for \$6,000 and now bring \$45,000. The spurt in value is representative of the district.

The boom has bewildered the older residents of Yorkville, long the German center of the city, who aren't quite sure what it is all about, but welcome the sudden confirmation of their good judgment in the selection of homesites.

Story

IF OUR information is correct, there is a story behind the story of the gift by Anne Nichols of a sum of money to Edward Payson Weston, the walker. It appears that the press representative for Miss Nichols, one Edward Mullins, was once—long years before his career blossomed into the velvet task of keeping "Abie's Irish Rose" on its feet—advance agent for Mr. Weston.

It was his duty to proceed boldly into territory toward which his strong-

to the Albuquerque incident, advances the plausible theory that Mr. Mullin's heart has melted and that he suggested to Miss Nichols that she make the gift. At any rate our informant likes to think this is what happened.

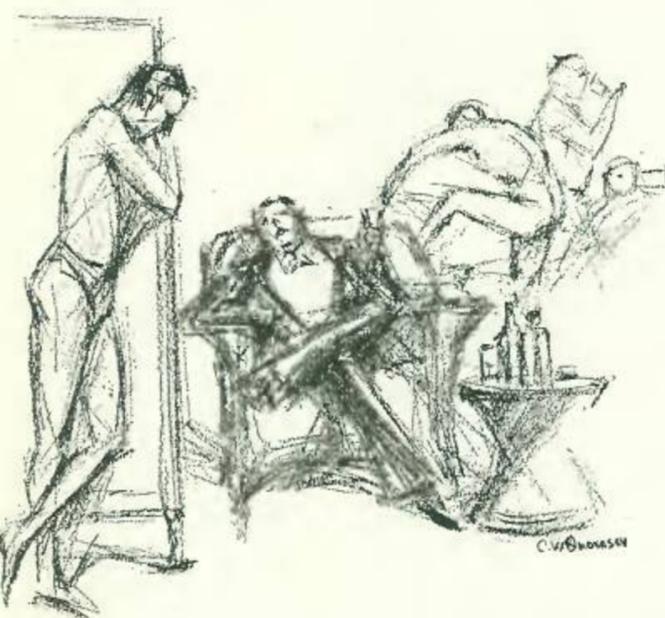
Capa

WE WERE under the silly impression that international chess players had other occupations also, until we met José Raul Capablanca, world's champion, and learned that out of the game he makes about \$25,000 a year. This is the latest case of the well paid athlete.

Capa, as he is affectionately called in chessland, does nothing else but play chess and write about it. It is true that Dr. Alexander Alekhine, another chess marvel, has a law practice in Paris on the side; and that Dr. Milan Vidmar, also a competitor in the tournament, teaches electrical sciences in the University of Ljubljana when he isn't fianchettoeing on the king's side of the board. But most chess fiends give their lives over wholly to the game.

At the age of five, Capa showed prodigious tendencies; he discovered

THE CLUB LOCKER ROOM
MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO



sentative of the New York theatre and its history. Its first exhibition has to do with Shakespeare as New York has known him from aisle seats.

INCIDENTALLY a visit to the Gracie mansion indicates that after a lapse of a century New York is

his father making a foolish move on a chess board. From that moment he was a lost young man. Science has a name for brilliant little fellows like these—they are called "idiosavants" if they are bad enough. As a matter of record, however, Capa is much less brow-wrinkled than the other five masters in the tournament. He is a rather serene looking man, except for his bloodshot eyes, and wears collegiate clothes with an air. His hair is wavy and apparently in no danger of falling out, and all things considered he is quite handsome—a good Spanish type. He is a native of Havana.

AS an undergraduate of Columbia University, Capa was quite normal, played baseball, tennis, and then chess. And now he differs from most chess giants in that he frequently takes long walks, dabbles in real estate, goes to shows and plays a good game of tennis. Some say he doesn't even own a chess set; and it is a fact that he played one of his winning tournaments after not looking at a board for a year and a half. His little son, aged four, is forbidden to play chess (Capa won't say why) and at the luxurious Capablanca household in Havana this rule is rigidly enforced.

At the imminent risk of getting in wrong with Charles Schwab, Col. Beverley Dunne, Moriz Rosenthal, Mischa Elman, Ignace Paderewski, and Fritz Kreisler (all of whom play chess), we must report that some of the other chess masters in the tournament show, now and again, signs of being mentally overbalanced. One of them, for example, has not learned yet how to turn the heat on and off in his hotel room, although he has been shown.

The real inside truth about chess seems to be that the players like to be thought crazy, because that connotes an artistic temperament and gets interest. Possibly it helps sell the fifty-dollar season tickets. The hopeful side of the situation is that, in the opinion of Capablanca, chess will soon cease to be a game, because it already nears the point where every possible combination and its counter-attack are known.

Trapped

A LADY and gentleman of our acquaintance recently found themselves cruelly separated at a theatre because, leaving the purchase of tickets to the last-minute box-office

rush, they were able to obtain only single seats, on opposite sides of the aisle.

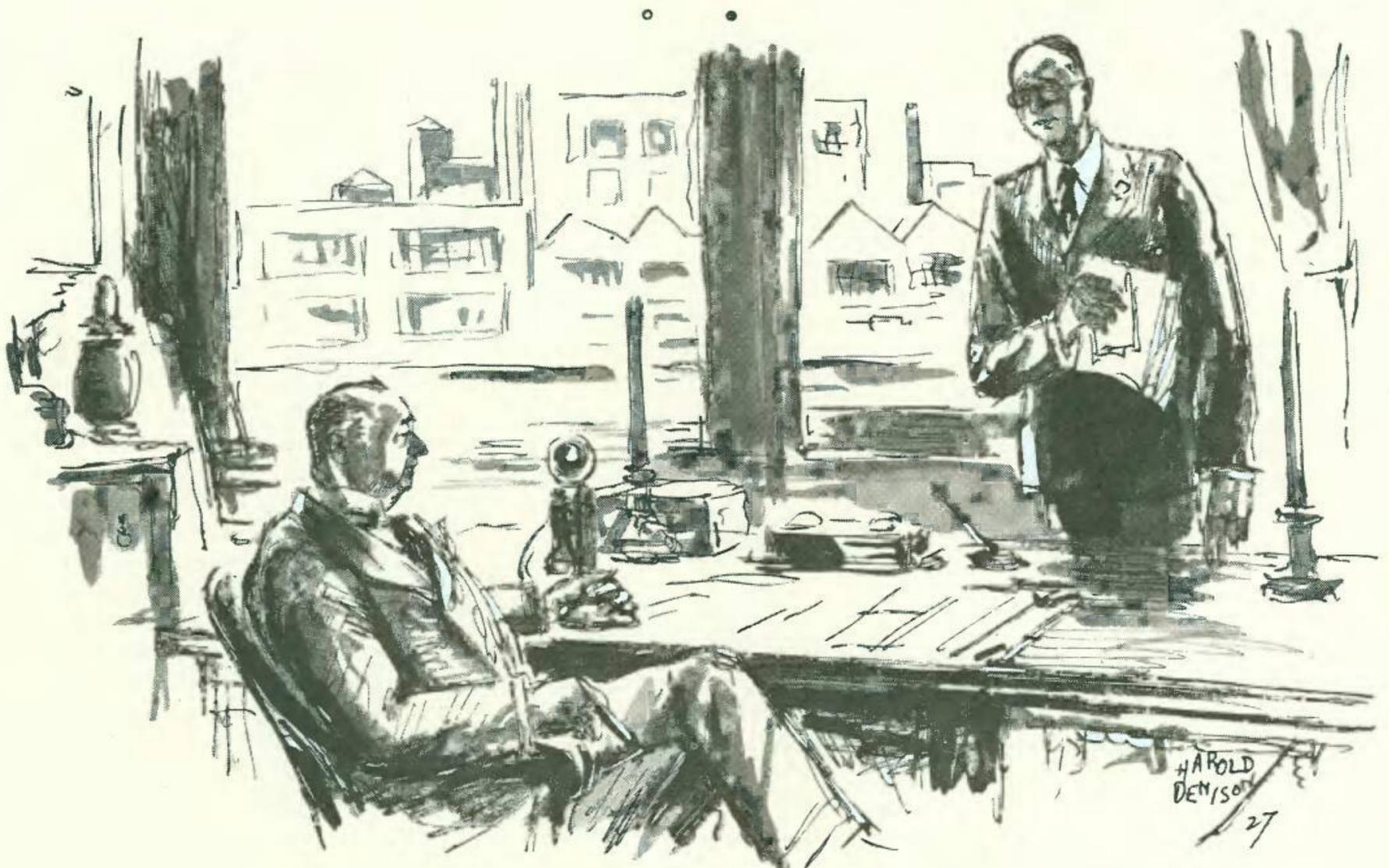
The lady noticed that a lone man occupied the seat beside her and thought to remedy the situation.

"Are you alone?" she asked, turning her pleasantest smile upon him. She received in return a terrified glance.

"No," he whispered furtively, "the whole damn family's sitting right behind me."

Art

ART, we are reliably informed, has been sharing in the Coolidge prosperity this season. The camps of both the Moderns and the Conservatives, if they may be so called, report an unprecedented interest in exhibited canvases, with increased purchases as a result. A Marin water color, we are told, recently sold for \$6,000, a new high mark; Georgia O'Keeffe sold seven pictures in one week at prices ranging from \$1,000 to \$6,000, and a special sale of drawings at the Whitney Studio Club recently brought more than \$1,000. Demuth, Dickinson, Kuniyoshi and Bouche have made sales at good prices. An art



"'No' on the first; 'no' on the second; 'yes' on the third. Is there anything else? Call from my wife? 'No' on that."



ASK ME ANOTHER!

dealer tells us that there is a widening circle of picture buyers and that he no longer depends on sales to Mid-Western museums and a few collectors. As for the old order, it is said that eighty per cent of the classic pictures moved from their hangings in Europe this year have been bought by Americans.

Predatory

AS PERNICIOUS a piece of chicanery as was ever perpetrated is the inspired work of one H. W. Miller, who gave up his seat on the Stock Exchange recently, and since then has been devoting his time to calling upon friends during office hours, seemingly for no particular

reason. He shows up unannounced, relaxes in a chair, talks half an hour about curiously dull subjects, makes it clear that he is in no hurry, and finally makes a vague exit without giving any reason for having dropped in. This has left his friends weak, irritable, and bewildered.

It now turns out that the merry stock merchant, finding himself relieved of work, deliberately armed himself with a sheaf of inanities, stale jokes, and platitudes, and set forth to avenge himself heartily for all the time he had been unnecessarily interrupted during business for the past ten years.

"I am going to do this for two weeks," he said when cornered, "and then I'm going to the country."

THIS, in our judgment, has something of the fine deliberateness of the bored ex-aviator who bought a Ford when the war was over, installed an airplane engine and a very loud horn, took aboard some ballast, and went abroad in the land insultingly showing his dust to every Lincoln and Stutz from here to Yosemite. That is the actual case, although we don't know the man's name. We do know that he occupied himself pleasantly that way for more than a year, hiding down lanes and waiting for his prey.

Career

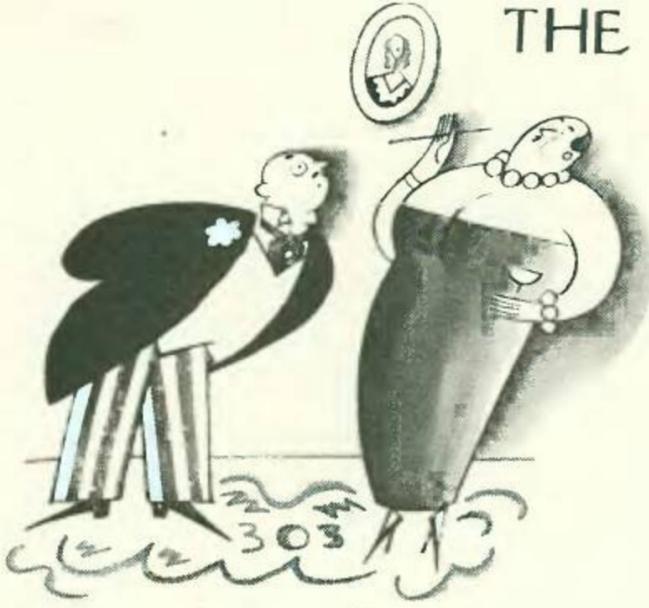
THE LITERARY career of Natalie Sedgwick Colby, whose novel, "The Green Forest," has won no little attention from the critics, is, it develops, something of an afterthought on her part. Mrs. Colby was undecided about her writing when her first novel was submitted for publication. She is the wife of Bainbridge Colby, former Secretary of State under President Wilson and later Mr. Wilson's law partner, and she is the mother of Mrs. Cameron Rogers, and the Misses Katherine and Frances Colby. It was when these ladies had "abandoned" her to pursue lives of their own that she found her household duties no longer exacting and decided she would write.

Five years ago she began with essays and poems. Later she wrote some short stories. Two years ago she submitted a novel to Harcourt Brace, her present publishers. She was told that it had considerable power but that it was written in the stilted style of the late nineties. She tore up the manuscript and started all over again. The result was "The Green Forest," the entire action of which takes place on an ocean liner within a period of seven days. Now she has completed a second novel, called "The Black Stream," for fall publication. Its whole story takes place within twenty-four hours.

EVER ON THE TRAIL of unscrupulous bootleggers, we report that their latest game is to clip the guest lists from the newspaper society columns and telephone all the persons thereon. "I supplied the liquor for Mrs. So-and-so's party last night and thought you might be interested in placing an order," is their sales talk.

—THE NEW YORKERS

THE INTELLECTUAL PRESSURE



ADRIAN COS (you pronounce the last name with that faint fuzziness which Bert Savoy used to give to "you muzzt come over") was one of the unsatisfied American business men. He aspired. He had earned his million and was pretty sick of Success. He had married a good simple woman and he was tired of good simple women. Above all he wanted, once before he died, to hear intelligent, courteous, witty conversation.

All he had heard was talk of bonds and babies, of baseball and maladies; the world of his acquaintance had no interest in broad general ideas, the people he knew were selfish and small-minded. He turned his back on artificial silk, although not on the income it afforded him, and roamed the town.

"Don't you think," he asked the second dowager, "that the corruption of the stage, in any era, is a forerunner of social disintegration? Just before the French Revolution, for example. . . ."

"You said something," answered the distinguished lady. "Last night the boy friend tries to get tickets for 'The Unnamed Sin,' and do we get them?"

"Not a chance! What the street gyps weren't holding out, the bums from Tenafly bought up for their local frills. It's more than human flesh can bear. And the prices! Take my word for it, there'll be a break—and it wouldn't surprise me if the market showed it."

[Society, thought Adrian, is perhaps too weary of formality. I must go to those who have interesting thoughts and express them in an interesting way. So he went to the literary people. Not exactly to them,

but he managed to get a table with his back to theirs.]

"Oh, were you at Luke's party the other night?" he heard the novelist ask. "Anatole France was there and H. G. Wells and Gaston Proust. . . ." (Adrian wasn't sure he got the names right.) "And we all sat around on the floor and Paul Giloe came in and sang spirituals and we all sat on the floor and sang spirituals. It was too grand."

"I wasn't there," answered the woman who was with the novelist. "I think Luke's parties are getting pretty terrible. He'll ask anybody with money, and his gin is foul. Not to mention the fact that he thinks cocktails are legally served at a temperature of eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit."

[The turn of the last phrase gave Adrian a little hope. The beginning had sounded rather like his own wife's familiar complaint about people not "setting a good table," but the end made him feel he was approaching irony, which he considered the height of sophistication.]

"Luke says that since your play flopped, you're a sour sister," came across the table to Adrian's white hope.

"He's a cockeyed liar and a dirty snob," said she. Adrian rose abruptly, and left without finishing his lunch, but the waiter was relieved to find that he had left behind enough money to pay for it.

[It is easy, Adrian assumed, to be light and courteous and intelligent in the course of everyday affairs—so easy that these people do not bother about it. It is only in a crisis that intellect and breeding really come out. It was in his second year of wandering that he found the crisis he was looking for when he happened to drop in at the house of a new friend, and found a tribal quarrel in progress between the man and his wife. "Just what I had hoped for," he said to himself, as they made no pretense of stopping because of his entrance; and he waited for the satiric epigram and the brave retort.]

"The trouble with you," said the wife of his friend, "is that you've got

such a slinking inferiority complex you try to belittle everybody else."

"Belittle! If you read a little Adler instead of wasting all your time on that Freudulent necromancer of yours, you'd know that if I had an 'inf' I'd be overestimating people rather than. . . ."

"Rather than shouting so loud no one can even get a conditioned reflex to your voice."

"You've outgrown the definition of modesty yourself, don't you think?" asked the husband.

"Modesty," screamed the lady in



a piercing tone. And much to Adrian's surprise, since he thought the conversation was utterly charming, she flung her cocktail into her husband's face, burst into tears, and left the room.

[Obviously, reflected Adrian, I was in error. The conversation, although involved in terms I do not know, must have had a somewhat personal, and unpleasant, significance. But why this scene? I must consult a scientist. The world of science, he knew, was familiar with abstractions. And he believed that mathematicians and astronomers and the like lived in a rarefied atmosphere, without the intrusion of private ambitions, prejudice, and mean motives. It was a gratification to Adrian, therefore, to be able to listen to the words of a really famous scientist.]

"Of course, one faker more or less in science doesn't matter," said the great anthropologist. "But what makes Murray" (Adrian recognized the name of a rival) "so dangerous is that he is the most plausible faker in the world. All these stunt expeditions to 'the Birthplace of Mankind' and the seven-dollar illustrated books among

the best sellers—it lowers the dignity of science and it makes it so hard for a really good man to get his work done.

“Canaday, for example, my assistant, has developed an amazing theory, but no one will print it. Of course, everybody knows Murray doesn’t write his own stuff—his secretary does it. I know because she was with me for a time—that’s how she learned enough to correct Murray’s inaccuracies. He’ll probably have to marry the girl. . . .”

BAFFLED and tired, Adrian dropped into a restaurant for a sandwich. He sat in a cubbyhole and although the people next to him were hidden, he could hear them clearly.

“You must be losing your mind,” said one, with a friendly chuckle. “If the sun’s rays are coming toward us at 200,000 miles a second, how would it keep on being warm for years after the sun was destroyed. Why, it cools off the minute a cloud gets between you and the sun.”

“Oh, that’s simple. It’s cooler even under an awning—you’re just putting something between yourself and the heat. The heat’s coming all the time and there’s enough of it on the way to keep the earth warm a long time after the sun’s all frozen over.”

“Then why isn’t it hot in winter?”

For more than a minute Adrian listened for the answer. It came rather sadly.

“There must be a reason. I know I’m right, so far. I tell you what I’ll do. Meet me here tomorrow night and I’ll bet you ten dollars I can explain it to you.”

“Never mind the ten. Just see that you find out.”

ADRIAN strained to get a glimpse of the men as they went out, but they were nearer the door than he, and all he caught

was one profile, excessively prominent in nose and chin.

He was sure he had not seen the man before, but he was sure he would know him again. And he wanted to, for in him he had found the true scientific spirit, simple and selfless, that could express itself in intelligent, honest conversation, with courtesy as well.

He was still thinking about the man while he rode home in his taxi, when his eye fell on the photograph identification card in front of him.

The quest of years was over; facing him were the features he was sure he would recognize anywhere.

—GILBERT SELDES

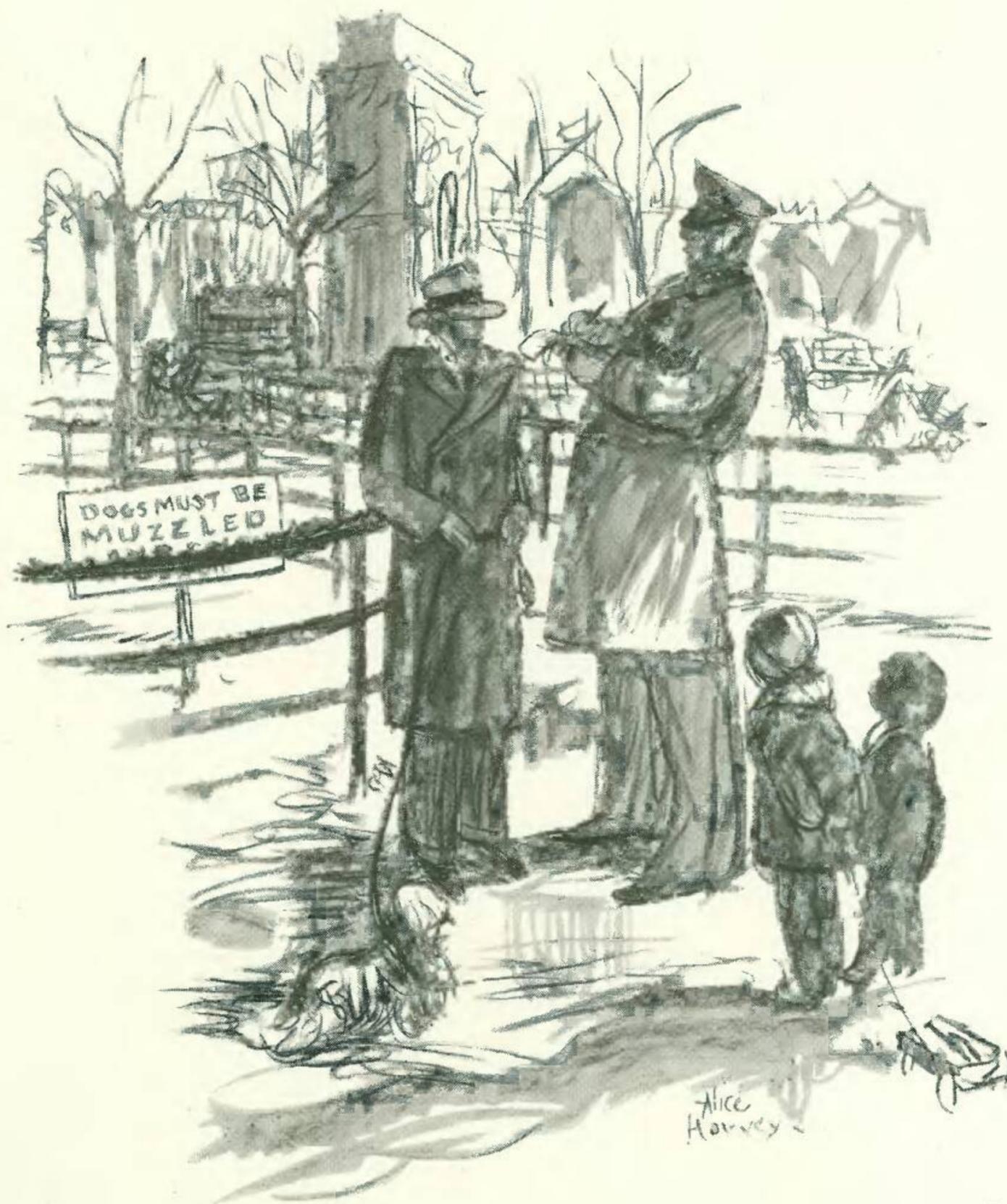
WORDS

Words are not a proper thing
For a lad to play with;
Thoughts are best upon the wing,
Not to spend the day with.

Thoughts are moths that go at
night,
Flying at a taper;
Never hold them to the light
Pinned upon a paper!

Words but catch the moment’s tint,
Though their meaning rock you;
Never one shall fly to print
Will not live to mock you.

—E. B. W.



“... at nine o’clock tomorrow morning.”

PROFILES

PORTRAIT IN BLACK PAINT, WITH
A VERY SPARING USE OF
WHITE WASH

"SHE gives herself"; a poetic thought;
She gives you comfort sturdy as a reed;
She gives you fifty things you might have bought,
And half a hundred that you'll never need;
She gives you friendship, but it's such a bother
You'd fancy influenza from another.

She'd give the shirt from off her back, except that
She doesn't wear a shirt, and most men do;
And often and most bitterly she's wept that
A starving tramp can't eat a silver shoe,
Or some poor beggar, slightly alcoholic,
Enjoy with Donne a metaphysical frolic.

She gives away her darling secret hope
At dinner tables between eight and nine,
And she would give Saint Peter's to the Pope,
And coals to men of Newcastle-on-Tyne,
She would arrange a match for Solomon
Or give Casanova an adoptive son.

She does not give advice; that I admit;
Here's her sole virtue, and I'll count it double,
Forgiving her some crime because of it,
But she gives tiresome and endless trouble.
If you need rest, she'll straight contrive a racket;
If gaiety, she'll fetch a padded jacket.

And she gives love of the least useful kind
At which advanced civilization mocks;
Half, a platonic passion of the mind,
And half, a mad desire to mend the socks;
She's always wishing to turn back the page
And live with children in a golden age.

She gives a false impression that she's pretty
Because she has a soft, deceptive skin
Saved from her childhood; yet it seems a pity
That she should be as vain of this as sin;
Her mind might bloom, she might reform the world
In those lost hours while her hair is curled.

She gives a vague impression that she's lazy,
But when she writes she grows intense and thorough;
Gone quietly and ecstatically crazy
Among the sea-blue hills of Peterboro;
She'll work within her cool, conventual flat
As self-sufficient as a Persian cat.

And she can live on aspirin and Scotch
Or British ginger beer and bread and butter,
And like them both, and neither very much;
And in her infancy she possessed a stutter
Which gives a strong impression that she's shy
When heard today, and this is verity.

But when she clothes herself in gold and silver
In the evening, she gives herself away;
Having remained a high, laborious delver
For all the hours of a sunny day,



Elinor Wylie

At night she gives you rather the idea
Of mad Ophelia tutored by Medea.

She gives you nothing worth consideration;
The effervescence of enthusiasm
Is trivial stuff; she'll give you adoration
If you belong to her peculiar schism;
As, that a certain English man of letters
Need never call the Trinity his betters.

Sometimes she gives her heart; sometimes instead
Her tongue's sharp side. Her will is quick to soften.
She has no strength of purpose in her head
And she gives up entirely too often;
Her manners mingle in disastrous ways
"The Lower Depths" and the Court of Louis Seize.

Doubtless, she gives her enemies the creeps
And all her friends a vast amount of worry;
She's given oblivion only when she sleeps;
She says she loves the grave; but she'd be sorry
To die, while it is vanity to live;
"She gives herself"; what has she left to give?

She'd give her eyes—but both her eyes are blind—
And her right hand—but both her hands are weak—
To be "Careless to win, unskilled to find,
And quick—and quick—to lose what all men seek."
But whether this has truly been her story
She'll never know, this side of purgatory. —E. W.

I WAS A WALL-FLOWER AT A PARTY OF MORONS!

FOR AN hour the conversation had flowed on about and around me—but never including me! It was always like that—they never included me.

Then, when Magnolia had begun again to throw contemptuous glances in my direction, a question was fired at me—directly at me!

It was August Gulp who thus favored me—August Gulp, glib of tongue, ready of wit, always able to slip a neat quotation from a Mutt and Jeff comic strip into the conversation—August Gulp, who aspired also to Magnolia's hand and heart.

There was a malicious twinkle in his eye as he turned to me, and I fancied I saw glints of amusement in the faces of the others.

"Well, Osgood," he said, thinking to embarrass me, "what do you think of Andy Gump?"

All eyes were on me. I hesitated—and August's smile broadened. Everybody smiled then—everybody except me. Then, with great ceremony, I cleared my throat.

"Andy Gump," I replied calmly, "is the creation of Sidney Smith, of Chicago, who gets \$150,000,000 a year and was presented with a large automobile by somebody recently."

August's face fell—and the others suddenly sat up and began to take notice. All eyes were upon me.

"Andy Gump," I continued calmly, "is very funny. You can't exactly place your finger on what it is, but there's something about him—it's so human—that's what it is, it's so human—it gets you."

I PAUSED. All eyes were upon me. August dampened his lips nervously and addressed me again.

"What," he said then, "about 'Abie's Irish Rose'?"

I hesitated again. All eyes were upon me. Then, with a quick glance at Magnolia, I spoke.

"'Abie's Irish Rose' has certainly made a sucker out of all those critics that said it wasn't a good show and wouldn't be successful," I replied calmly. "Any show that lasts as long as it has and makes as much money has got something—you can't place your finger on what it is, but there's something about it—it's so human, that's what it is—it gets you."

I stopped and there was an excited flurry of eager chatter as they realized what I was saying. To my left I overheard a man whisper behind his hand: "What a brainy fellow Mr. Osgood Mople is, to be sure! Already this evening he has mentioned Andy Gump and 'Abie's Irish Rose.' I had no idea he was educated like that!" But August, his face pale, his eyes feverish, raised his hand.

"Just a second," he said.

Then to me: "What about Eddie Guest?"

There was silence as I paused. All eyes were upon me. I felt that this, now, was my final test. I took a deep breath.

"Edgar Guest," I said then, "is awfully human. He never has bud-died up with the critics and that's why he's criticized. But he's made enough money to buy and sell most of these critics twenty times over. You can't

exactly put your finger on it but there's something about his poetry—he's so human—that's what it is, he's so human—he gets you."

THE effect on my friends was tremendous. The smiles had disappeared. Then, in order to heighten the effect, I volunteered another remark.

"Any time they bring a play over here from Russia or Bulgaria or any of those foreign places," I said, "the critics make a great fuss over it, and if the same play was written by an American they would simply say it has no Art."

Then the storm broke! Only August was silent—slumped in his chair. From all other sides everybody started firing excited questions at me.

"Osgood Mople! We always thought you were an intellectual!" "How on earth did you do it, Os-



MUSIC CRITIC: "How now! Why isn't she with the 'Met'?"
ANOTHER: "Psh-sh! She can't make the weight."

good!" "Why, Osgood, you've always led us to believe you read only marvelous books and went to great plays and cared only for high-class things!" "Who was your teacher?"

I raised my hand laughingly.

"Well, folks," I said, also laughingly, "the truth is, I've never had a teacher. Nor do I have to read Andy Gump or Eddie Guest or go to see 'Abie's Irish Rose,'" I added quizzically.

"Quit your kiddin'!" laughed Morton Wunsch, admiringly. "You can't fool us! You've been boning up on the *Daily Mirror*—you old faker, you."

"NO," I repeated, now soberly. "I speak the truth. Has anybody here ever heard of the Johnson Institute of Leveling Influences?"

"Certainly!" exclaimed Magnus Flitts. "You don't mean to tell us that you have matriculated at old Johnson!"

"Exactly!" I said calmly, and yet laughingly, as I noted their astonishment. "Old Johnson is for men like me—who are too busy reading E. E. Cummings and Marcel Proust and Arthur Machen and Ronald Firbank and H. D. and going to shows by John Dos Passos and John Howard Lawson and Georg Kaiser and sniffing pretty little flowers ever to have time to go down to the brass tacks of life."

"Well!" exclaimed Magnus.

"Yes," I said, "good old Fra Elbertus Johnson collected two scrapbooks. One is for youse guys—and after reading it you may mention Edgar Allan Poe, Rudyard Kipling, and Charles Dickens all in one and the same sentence, and without swooning from embarrassment. The other was prepared for men like me—and old Fra Johnson spent a lifetime gathering for it the supremely unimportant opinions of all ages and countries. He realized," I concluded simply, "that men like me, say, would occasionally have to be thrown into the company of people who could not appreciate James Joyce."

AN HOUR later, in the taxicab bound to Magnolia's home, she touched my arm gently.

"I never realized!" she whispered. "I never guessed, Osgood. I was so proud of you—so proud! At last I could understand what and the hell you were talking about. . . . I love you, Osgood!"

And to think I had been afraid, had hesitated to come that evening—to risk myself among all those unimportant and uncivilized people!

—NUNNALLY JOHNSON

THE OTHER WORD

THIS, and I presume you are interested, is the story of a young maiden who, when addressed by any one, on any subject, would invariably



"Sure, I remember you. You were my instructor in Personal Magnetism."

ably reply—"What?" Her friends found her rather dull. Young gentlemen who become so unstable as to be attracted by the modicum of beauty that she possessed, and who hoped honorably to arouse her emotions, left her abode more often than not wondering why they had come rather than with a desire to return again. The difficulty under which she labored, I insist on your understanding, lay not

with her ears, but with her head. She was, and I indict more directly, dumb—very dumb.

IT should not be at all difficult for you to comprehend that this condition was a constant source of displeasure and pain to her father, and that he endeavored by every means known to science and witchcraft to remedy his daughter's defect. A middle-aged man who was known as a scientist and who spent the greater part of his days pouring strange-looking fluids from one vial to another until they exploded and knocked him down, came and looked at her for three-quarters of an hour, but she refused to speak to him. Even the old lady who scurries up and down the new Eighth Avenue subway excavation with her arms folded behind her back failed to elicit any responsive deviation from the girl.

Finally in desperation her father settled a huge dowry upon her and advertised that any one who could persuade her by any means whatsoever to speak one other word than "What?" could have her in marriage.

"There are," the announcement read, "obvious advantages to be gained." The salesman who sells firefighting apparatus to the owners of fireproof buildings came, argued, and left without result.

A great brute with a club came and tried to beat her into saying "Ouch," but all she did was frown. Things looked hopeless until the advent of a youth who said, "It is plain that the matter is not being approached in a manner logical or thoughtful. There is one remark to which she is bound to reply, unless her sex weighs on her no more heavily than the sin of polygamy upon the conscience of the Sultan."

He addressed the daughter.

"Loreena, you are charming."

"Why?" she asked.

And her father wept with joy and prepared to fulfill his obligations.

But the youth said, "Thanks a lot, but I don't want her. I just did it to please a friend."

And he returned to wherever he came from. —OLIVER CLAXTON



THE UPPER CRUST

"I simply can't decide what to give up for Lent."

SONGS NOT ENCUMBERED BY RETICENCE

THREE-VOLUME NOVEL

The sun's gone him, and
The moon's turned black;
For I loved him, and
He didn't love back.

HEALED

Oh, when I threw my heart away
The year was at its fall.
I saw my dear, the other day,
Beside a flowering wall.
And this was all I had to say:
"I thought that he was tall!"

SUPERFLUOUS ADVICE

Should they whisper false of you,
Never trouble to deny;
Should the words they speak be true,
Weep and storm and swear they lie.
—DOROTHY PARKER

OF ALL THINGS

THE WESTERN world is conferring its choicest blessings upon China—communism, altruism, commercialism and militarism. At the hour of going to press it looks as if the best we would get out of it is rheumatism.

According to the political dopesters, the President's decision to go to the Middle West for his vacation is proof of his intention to run again.

The plausible assumption is that nobody would spend the heated term in those ulterior regions without an ulterior motive.

It is hoped that Mr. Coolidge's



"Y'know, Jawn, the older I get, the more and more do I miss a college education."

summer will clear up the situation in several doubtful states, the most doubtful of all being his state of mind.

The New York Telephone Company reports a record high revenue. Those wishing to believe that the company will not ask for a further increase in rates are entitled to do so

doughboy, after making a careful study of the strange biological form called a lieutenant, decided that he'd rather be than see one.

The cables say that the majority of Parisian women are hesitating to adopt the bifurcated garment decreed by the style makers. Standing with reluctant feet, one might perhaps say,

under our constitutional guarantee of freedom of belief.

In his decision against "The Captive" Justice Mahoney rules that literary and artistic values are nothing for a conscientious court to worry about. Sufficient unto the play, his honor says, is the evil thereof.

Major Seagrave's "Mystery Z" racer uses a gallon of gas every forty seconds and its tires have a life expectancy of four minutes. When an American wants to throw away money as fast as that, he runs for the Senate.

Thousands of New Yorkers paid their respects to the ashes of Ruthenberg, the communist leader. Has anybody here seen Kellogg?

The liberal leader in Nicaragua has refused an offer of \$200,000 to quit—but these spring holdouts are getting to be rather a bore.

Former soldiers, the war department says, now constitute one-fifth of the cadets at West Point. The

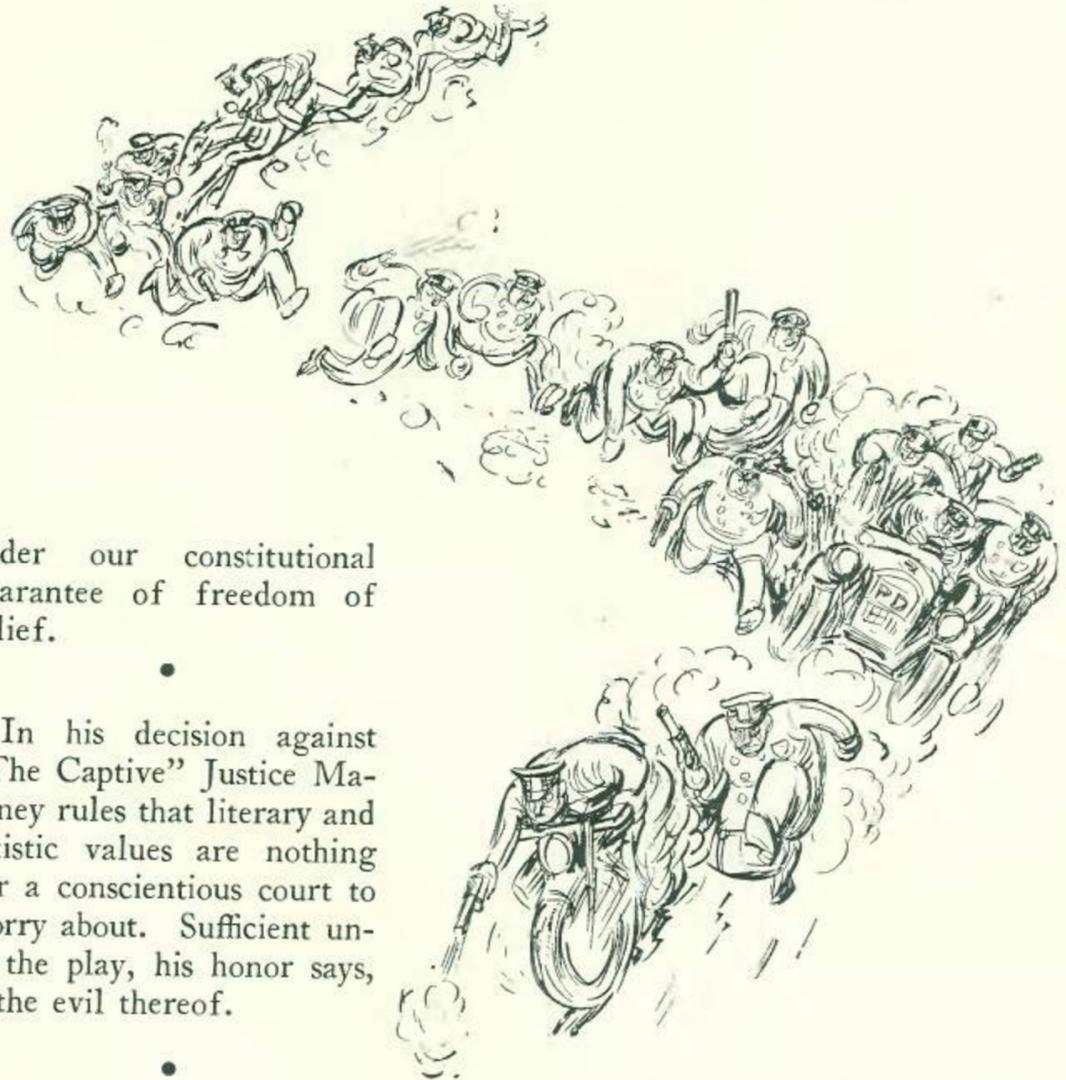
where the skirt and trousers meet.

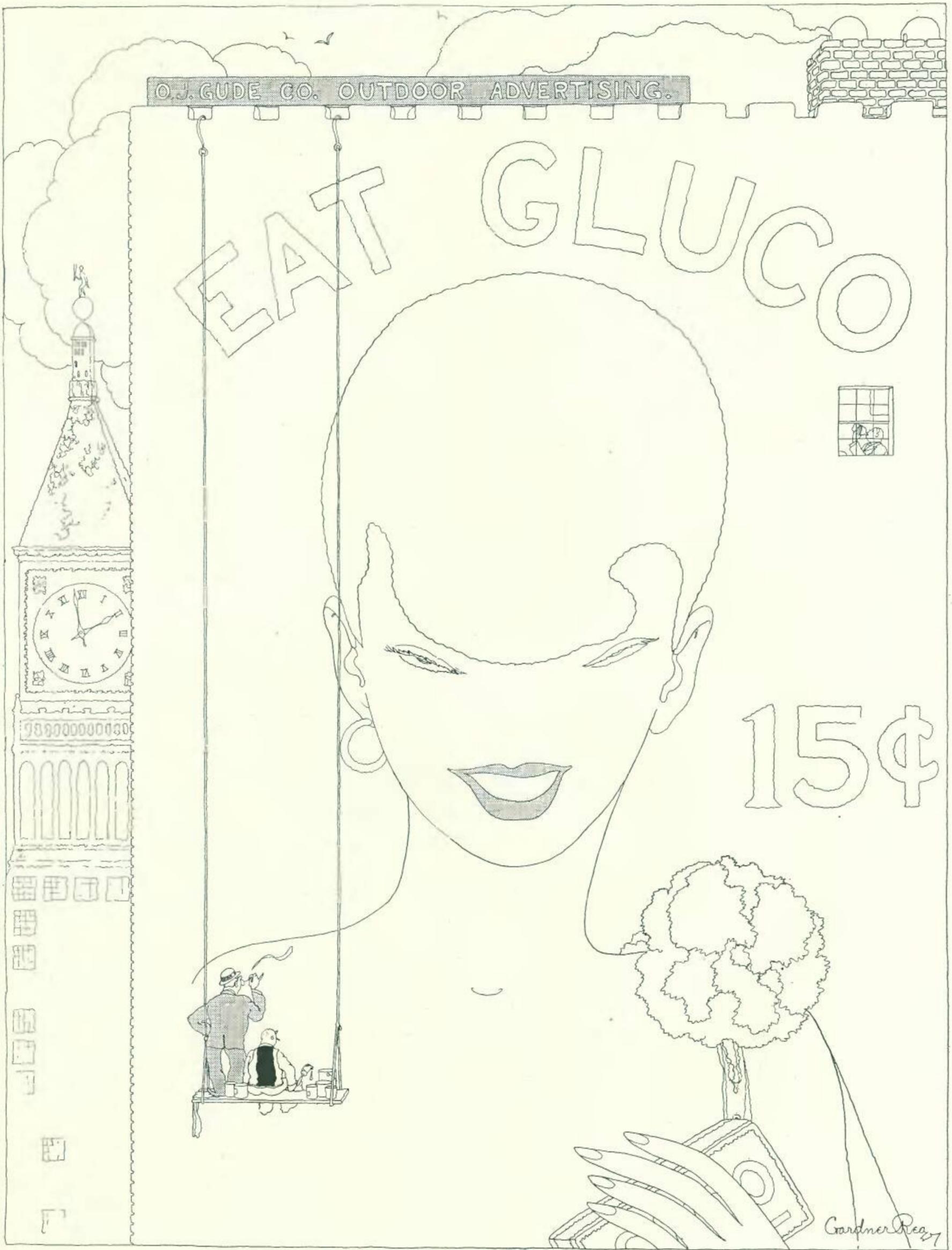
Meanwhile the Vatican has ordered an economic and moral boycott against immodesty in dress. It seems rather unfortunate that the bright lexicon of youth contains no such word as "girlcott."

At the moment of writing, United States Attorney Emory R. Buckner is retiring. We take pardonable pride in the thought that we are the first who ever called him that.

If we understand the Supreme Court's decision, people can be fined for "contempt of the Senate." Carried to its logical conclusion, this would provide an entirely new way to support the government.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER





CRITICAL FRIEND: "I dunno, Bill, it just ain't got the right amount o' je-ne-sais-quoi. If it was me, I'd take another coupla foot off that lower lip."

AN EVENING ON ICE

WITH the coming of the thaw, a melancholy fell upon me, for the ice went out from the Park, and I was fat with no skating. The evenings grew somber, with warm noises and the drip from the eaves. When I could endure it no longer I packed skates under arm and went where people told me to go—for they said plainly there was a public skating rink in Madison Square Garden.

NOW in many of my waking hours I am full of sad dreams and dim excursions, so that I go about with no thought for what I am doing with myself.

Thus gently dreaming, I approached Madison Square Garden. Seeing an entrance, I went in. Seeing a ticket window, I purchased a ticket. Seeing a ticket-taker, I handed him what I had bought. Seeing a throng of people, I went along with them.

And seeing an opening before me, I strode giddily on, my skates under my arm, into the very heart of a large exposition called "Own Your Own Home."

"Friend," said a voice, "don't go round picking up your clothes out of your neighbor's yard: simply hoist your wash to the ceiling on a Butler Clothes Dryer." I looked, and there, directly in front of me, was a clothes dryer being hoisted up on a little pulley by the man. It worked, I thought, very well.

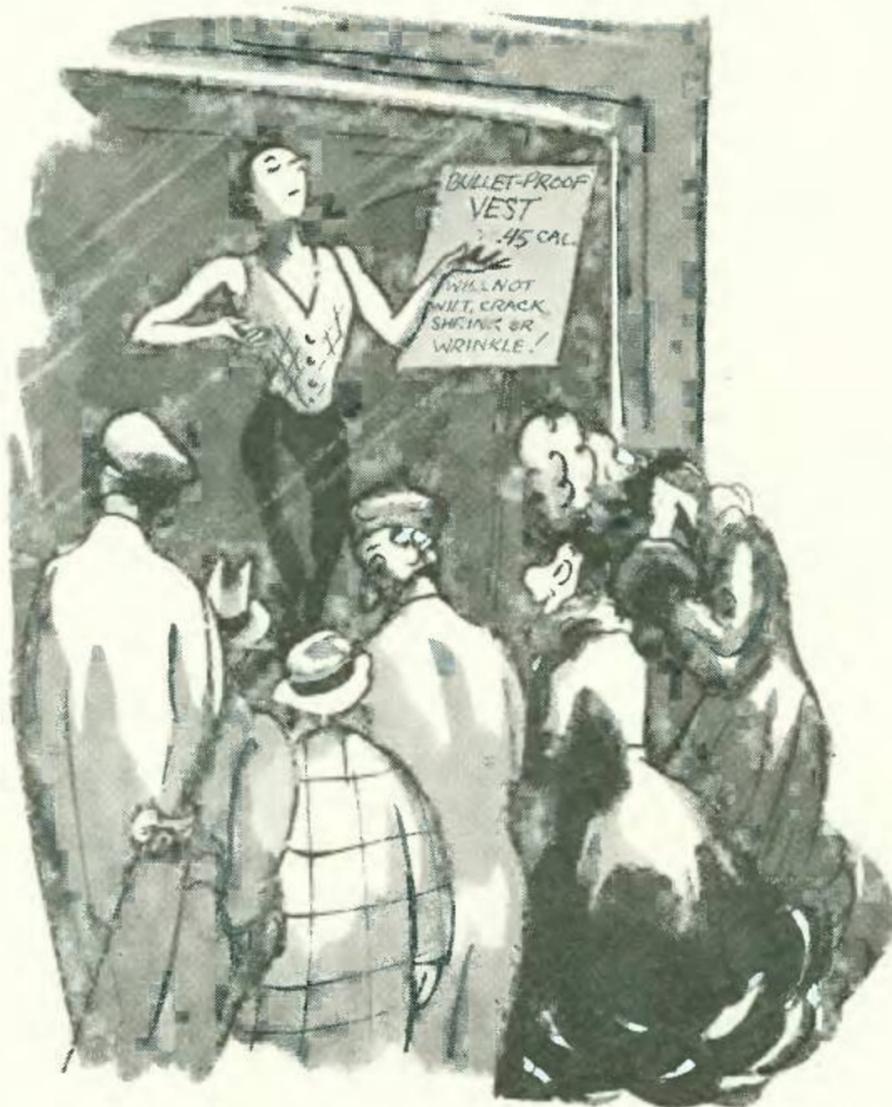
"It works very well," I said, in a small voice. Then I moved away quickly and sought to tuck my skates out of sight.

ALL around me, I noticed, were people interested in homes. There were little heart-shaped signs which said: Home—the Heart of the Nation. A young man sauntered past, a girl on his arm. Then another couple. I

looked around: as far as I could see along the crowded aisles were couples: boy and girl together, man and wife, two and two. It was a very pretty sight.

I, too, had often thought I would like to have a home.

"This is buckwheat coal," said a



"Rather fancy figure for a man, ain't 'e?"
 "Whoops!—wonder 'ow Mr. Ziegfeld 'appened t' miss 'im!"

man. I walked on. The sound of a 'cello came sweetly through the hum of voices, and I began to feel strangely moved by the sight of so many devices contributing to household peace. Still gently dreaming, I walked dimly among vacuum cleaners, underground garbage receivers, built-in bookcases, bathroom utility cabinets, oak flooring, electric refrigerators, formal gardens, and little knives for slicing slaw. I wanted to be happy. Every man wants to be happy. And here, in this place, every man but me had a girl on his arm.

A pair of ice skates for me; a girl for other men. People were noticing me, wondering.

How long I wandered through the

bright aisles I can not now recall to mind.

And what compelled me to halt finally before a booth where a girl was demonstrating magic silver polish, I shall never know.

She was dipping tarnished spoons into a pan of water, from which they were shortly to emerge shiny.

AS I stood there, watching her hands, the purposeless character of my life was strong upon me; my years hung heavy round my head; my mawkishness, my irresponsible way of living bore me down, and I saw that all my futilities, all my willingness to go alone in the world, making small progress, had led at last to the woebegone spectacle of a dismal man, standing, ice-skates under his arm, in front of a silver polish booth!

Tears came flooding forth, and with them the desire to change my life and give it the richness it deserved.

THE little crowd had dispersed; the silver polish girl was quite alone among her utensils. She, alone; I, alone.

I approached the booth. "Do you skate?"

I asked softly. —E. B. W.

IT'S A FIB

If you are a little girl,
 I will dress you neatly.
 I will teach you first of all
 How to say "yes" sweetly.

If you are a little boy,
 I will dress you neatly.
 I will teach you first of all
 How to say "no" sweetly.

Do not listen when they say
 That your silly mother
 Never to her dying day
 Knew one from the other.

—ELSPETH

A MUTINOUS SISYPHUS

THE CAPTAIN of the Elevator Men was talking to his First Lieutenant. Their official titles are Starter and Assistant Starter. The latter, to be known as Al from now on, was in a disconsolate mood. He felt he wasn't getting anywhere. He said as much.

"Man! Think what you are saying! I'm glad I was the only one who heard you," reprimanded the shocked old Starter. "We must keep discipline in the service! I like you, lad! Don't make it necessary for me to take steps against you. We all have our down moments, but for the sake of the Service we all love, don't let yourself go again."

"Aw, you shut up!" said Al defiantly. "And as for the Service, it's rotten! Everybody tells me so."

THE blow was almost too much for the gray old man. He blanched and staggered and only with an heroic effort pulled himself together.

"You've been drinking," he accused.

"No, I haven't. I've been *thinking*," Al declared. "Listen! My father ran the first elevator in New York that worked by lever instead of a rope. He used to talk for hours about the glory of the service. Uncle Albert, who piloted the first car to reach the top of the Woolworth Building, and was later decorated by Bing & Bing for successfully fitting into one of their uniforms, talked of nothing else. Brought up in such a home, I had my illusions. But I've lost them. I tell you, I'm sick of the service. The Navy! Now, there's a *good* service. See the world, and everything. Why, I haven't even seen the twenty-eighth floor of this building because I only have charge of the local cars!"

"STOP!" shouted the old Starter. "Can't you see the glory of your work? Think of the thrills! Why, only yesterday to keep my hand in I was running Number Seven—good old Number Seven, how she does answer

to the throttle! Well, we got stuck between Nine and Ten. There we hung, four lovely maidens, and myself. Think of it, four fragile lives looking to me for aid!"

"Nothing but stenographers," Al added sarcastically. "You knew perfectly well nothing could happen. Why, there isn't a real thrill in the service I tell you. Why, we might's well be policemen. The only exciting thing that's happened on this post in the past two weeks was the other day when I found mysterious grease spots on the number under the sixth floor. And yesterday that fat man, who never remembers to shout his floor till you've passed it, called Three before we started instead of Eight, where he always gets off. He must be in love again."

"Man! Now you're talking!" The Starter

became enthusiastic. "Didn't the architect from Twelve carry a cane the other day for the first time since he planned a building with a Thirteenth Floor in it and was ostracized from the Skyscraper Society?"

"Yes, that was a thrill," admitted Al. "And you know that little red-headed office boy in 1157? Well, he put on long pants the other day and I didn't know him till he started to light a cigarette in the car!"

"NOW! You see? Don't you feel better already? There's always the enforcing of the 'No Smoking' sign. Doesn't your blood just tingle to snap out a curt 'Cancha Read!'"

"Yes," admitted Al. "All you say is true. I guess I'm not myself today."

"Then think what you said a few minutes ago. I shan't report you this time. You're a veteran and they're scarce now, with all this building going on. But don't talk again the way you just did. Remember, you were the first lad of sixteen to chauffeur a plunger car. You ran a high speed Gurney before safety gates were invented. You know your A. B. Sees, you're considered a master with the Otis and you shall be my Aide de Camp if I take over that new 110-story building. There's a future in this business."

"THANK you, sir," whispered Al, "I will." And he walked slowly to Number Four, where he saluted and relieved the Assistant Assistant Starter, and waited for orders. His Commander shouted, "Reee-eye-itt Fo-ah!" and the gates clicked. The car whizzed giddily past one floor after another at which someone wanted to get off and came to a halt at Seven where no one wished to alight. Al was his old self again. A passenger asked where he might find the Consolidated Paper Cup and Sewing Machine Bobbin Co., Inc.

"D'ya think I kin rememmer evvy one in this buildin'? There's a bullutin dow'stairs! Cancha read!?"

—CARROLL CARROLL

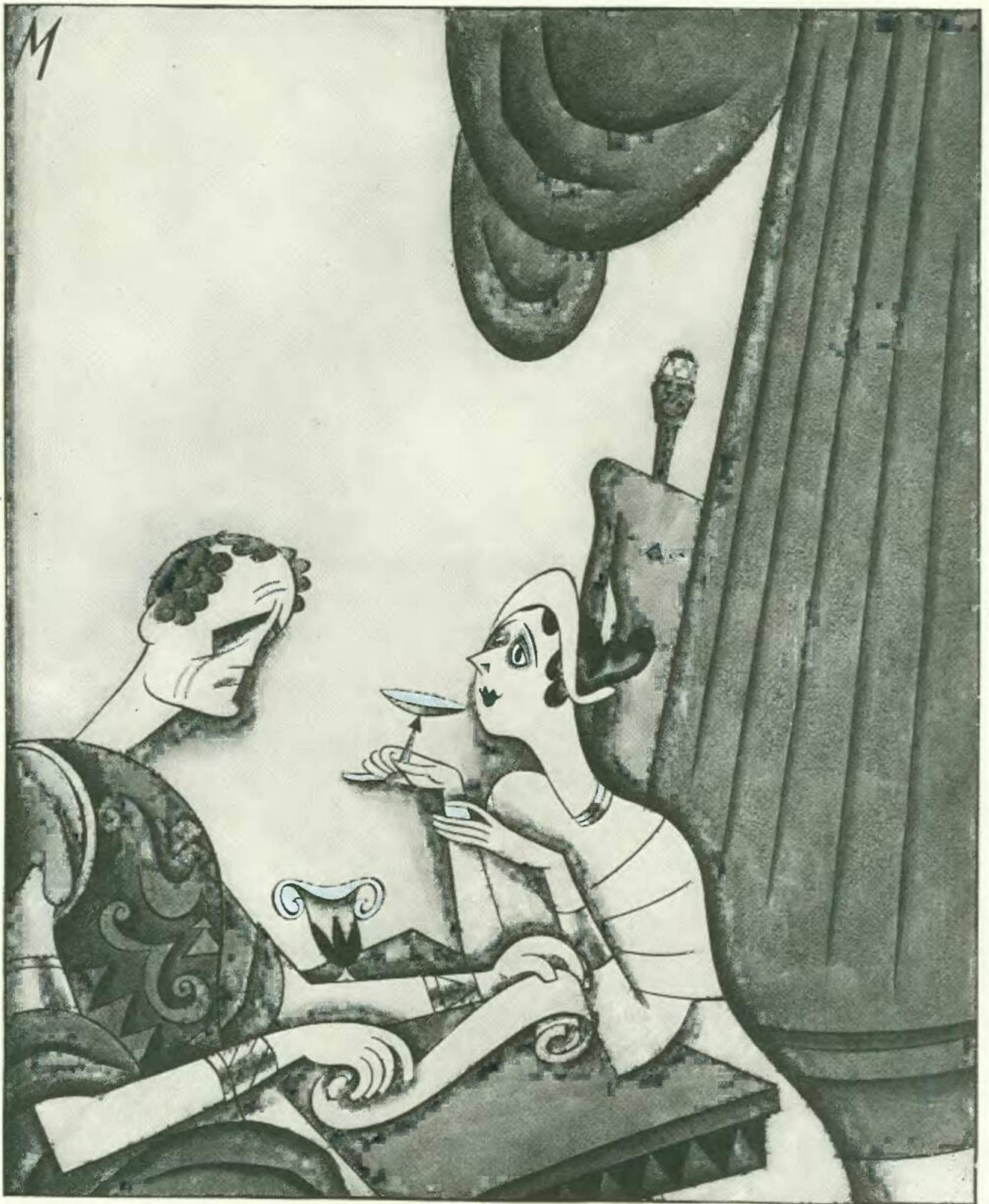
FOR SALE—Canaries and probable thunder showers, cooler men in trousers for centuries.—*Daily Sapulpa (Okla.) Times.*

Just another one of those novelty shops.



"'Ere!! What's the idear? Can't a girl see a bit o' life without you stickin' yer oar in?"

"G'wan! Is that a place for a lady? Dintcha see 'e wuz just about t' disrobe in front o' yer eyes? Lordy, ye're incorrigible, practically!"



DETOUR

Philip Merivale as Hannibal, in "The Road to Rome," at the Playhouse, meets a charming Roman matron, played by Jane Cowl. On the theory of Ladies First, she has rushed out to meet the barbarian, who, what with this and what with that, never gets to Rome at all. Mr. Robert Sherwood, the author of the play, apparently appreciates that it is not modern ladies only, who have made strong men dally on the path of duty.



"**T**HOU DESPERATE PILOT," by Zoe Akins, at the Morosco Theatre, is a play of high life in a French Casino, very very high life of the British brand, with which are contrasted two tawdry and pathetic American women. The high life is phoney, but amusing in its preposterous romanticism; the Americans are far more accurately set forth.

They are a mother and the illegitimate daughter who has been brought up as her niece. The mother is the mistress of *Louis Brant*, a cigar-chewing politician; the girl, *Zelda*, is a beautiful, vulgar, sweet creature with no guidance for her conduct but her own ideas of what people will talk about, what everybody does.

Entirely captivated with her physical loveliness, *Lord Eric Hamilton*, one of those Englishmen who rarely do anything which isn't quite cricket but occasionally go most awfully off the deep end, neglects his wife (who, I gathered, had written the book of cricket rules) to pursue *Zelda*, and finally asks for a divorce so that he may marry her.

In the meantime, *Louis Brant*, her mother's lover, has proposed to *Zelda* and been accepted. Believing that a girl married to a rich man can do anything in France and not be criticized, and construing her engagement as the equivalent of a marriage, *Zelda* proceeds to give herself to *Lord Eric* that same evening.

When *Eric* learns of her engagement he is already aglow with the virtue of satiation and shows his revulsion towards her action by advising her to go away somewhere alone and—find out about cricket, I guess.

Desperately *Zelda* flings into the gaming room to see if she can't make enough, on *Brant's* credit, for at least a brief independence from *Mr. Brant*. She emerges, having lost, to learn that *Brant* has died, and while the British family enjoy a thoroughbred

FUDGE AND LENTILS FOR LENT

reunion she goes to an offstage cliff (at which the cast have been peeking all three acts with premonitory speeches about the suicides which take place there) and chooses the course of the *Desperate Pilot*.

Miriam Hopkins, who earlier in the season provided the luminous *Sondra* for "An American Tragedy," makes the girl *Zelda* true, bewitching, and pitiful. Helen Ware is the mother who hears—with jealousy and misery and yet with a sense that it's a good thing to keep his money in the family—her lover propose to her daughter. She provides some excellent moments, particularly the malicious and poignant: "Well, at least, I'm glad you didn't jump at his offer!" with which she tries to solace herself for the scene she has been through.

The English people are stuffed shirts and camisoles, tricked out to look as much like products of the Pinero laundry as possible, and the whole opus suggests adolescence, hysteria and tears dribbling into a great big box of chocolates. Nevertheless, to repeat myself, it's rather fun and Miriam Hopkins pays interest on observation.

SUSAN GLASPELL'S "Inheritors," the latest presentation of the Civic Repertory Theatre, is a somewhat chaotic play, but in its defence be it said that it deals with essentially chaotic subject matter.

Its first act shows *Silas Morton*, a Middle-Western farmer, the uneducated son of pioneer parents; he has been awakened intellectually through his contact with an Hungarian political refugee and he decides to give *The Hill*, his best piece of land, for the site of a college which shall bring the light to future generations.

The act is greatly marred by a con-

stant effort to underline the mute, soil-born poetry of *Silas Morton*, an attempt disastrous in that *Silas* seems often both garrulous and self-conscious. This is due in part to the present performance of the rôle, but also to Miss Glaspell's trick of preceding a poetic speech with such expressions as "I sometimes think" or "It came to me one starry night."

The second act takes place forty years later. That old satirist, Time, has been at work. Morton College is trying to get an endowment from the State. An inspecting Senator suspects radicalism there. Some Hindu refugees and a conscientious objector still in prison provide *casi belli* for 100 per cent cant Americanism and the ideals *Silas Morton* represented. For those ideals the granddaughter of *Silas Morton* eventually goes to jail.

While her tribulations as set down were neither timely nor very convincing (see "Chicago" for the perils of a beautiful young girl at the hands of a Mid-West jury) there is much truth in the play, much authentic beauty, and an interesting factual background.

Josephine Hutchinson plays *Madeleine Morton* in a way to enlist more sympathy for her than the creator of a young woman so victimized by her messianic delusion had any right to expect.

POSSIBLY with an eye to the Lenten trade, "The Heaven Tappers," by George Scarborough and Annette Westbay, opened at the Forrest Theatre. It is the most objectionable effort to realize on the cash value of theatricalized religion which the season has produced—no mean statement, since it includes "Praying Curve"—and I trust the play will prove as unprofitable as it is stale and flat.

After a rather interesting opening

scene in the cell of a State prison "The Heaven Tappers" proceeds to use every hokum trick possible to a plot about a band of crooks posing as godly people to extract money from the ingenuous. In an endeavor to be funny beyond words, the crooks in it are made to invent a fake religious sect whose members wear flowing, white draperies and indulge in long outbursts of hog-Latin, while their victims are the moneyed moonshiners of the Kentucky mountains.

As things are proceeding nicely *Red*, the female crook, played by Margaret Lawrence, falls in love with the leader of the moonshiners, converts him, herself becomes converted and in a last scene, enlivened by the recurrent death agonies of her confederates, is forgiven her "woman sins" by her beloved on his reflection that, after all, *he* isn't spotless, as it has been his practice to blind and torture revenue officers.

"The Heaven Tappers" is appalling.

ANOTHER play dealing with religion but from an acutely different angle is "Earth," by Em Jo Basshe, at the Fifty-second Street Theatre.

"Earth" is a somewhat incoherent study of negro religious hysteria of both the Voodoo and Christian varieties.

Deborah, a colored woman, has lost her son and is rebellious against God. Instead of being visited by Bildad the Shuhite *et al.*, she receives the attentions of her pastor and his flock, a group swaying pendulum-wise between the pulse of spirituals and the rhythms of tom-toms.

They come to her house and go up to a mountain with a cross set upon it, and sing some good songs, and finally after *Deborah* has passed through a period of exultation (due to the fact that a cow has come to her door) and is about to backslide into blasphemy (because the cow is sucked into the quicksands) they kill her.

Inez Clough plays *Deborah* power-

fully and with a voice like white velvet. Any interest "Earth" possesses is lost in its fearful monotony. I dozed several times.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

AN AFTERNOON OF HARD RIDING AND BAD SPILLS

Enterprising though his play was, Dr. Alkehine, as was subsequently apparent, erred in trying to rush Capablanca off his feet. The Cuban remained cool and collected throughout the fierce ordeal. When the danger was safely past and, by means of a well-timed counter stroke, the champion turned the tables, Dr. Alekhine found he had no firm lines upon which to fall back.—*From a chess report in local paper.*

In his last will and testament, the late R. M. Saeltzer names his wife, three sons and one daughter as heirs to his estate.—*Chico (Cal.) Enterprise.*

Little ones, we trust.



"STARK LOVE" AT THE CAMEO

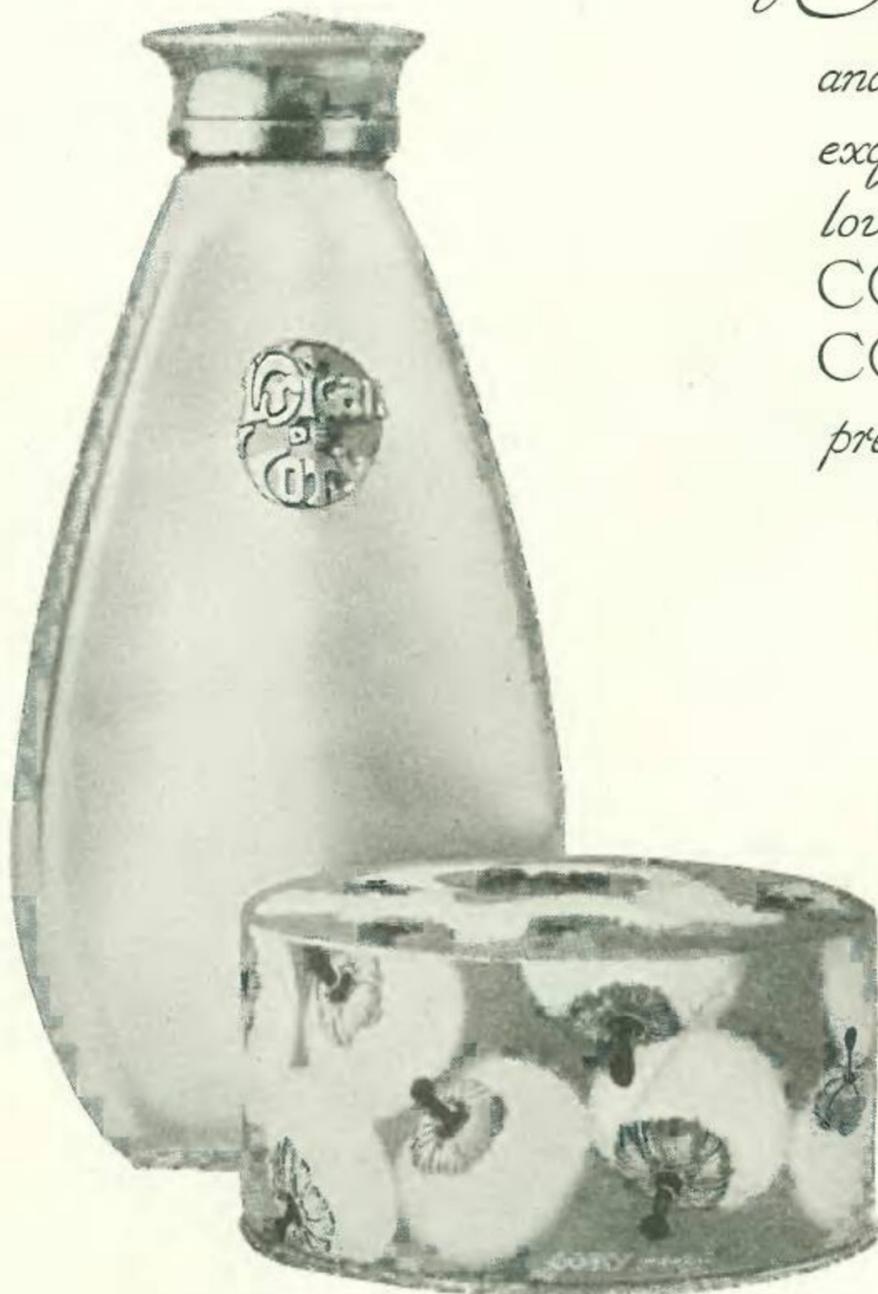
Ye kaint imagine how stark love kin be till ye see these folks that live in the mountains. Thes is the way a father treats his son when both of 'em hanker for the same woman—all did simply and good by hill folk that hadn't never seen a camery till the Paramount feller come along.



LES POUDRES COTY

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Beauty and fragrance for the face — smoothness and perfume for the body. This exquisite ideal of complete loveliness is realized with COTY Face Powders and COTY Talc. Both so supremely fine — both so deeply scented with the irresistible COTY odeurs



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

A TRAIN

THERE is a theory among certain of our philosophers which, carefully applied, will take some of the pain from our contemplation of this Babbitt civilization. The theory, in brief, is that all men, of all races and all generations, are possessed of certain constant faculties: that in certain ages these faculties turn themselves toward the construction of an ennobling culture: art, letters, music, manners, and that in other generations these same dynamic energies are wielded among practical crafts, designed to apply to the material business of living. It sounds simple enough to be true. And it gives a meaning to this present day which otherwise might be lacking.

If it be true, then our Babbitts are geniuses, no less. For as the painters of the Renaissance created a beauty which has never been matched, so our Babbitts have done things to the mechanical business of living which have never been matched. They are the most practical people who have ever lived on the face of the globe. Whether their pragmatism makes them miserable is a subject for a more learned metaphysician than I—but the fact remains that they have scaled the pinnacles of the practical. If I wanted to buy a desk, for example, I should buy a Babbitt desk. It would not be so mellow or so beautiful as some old secretary out of antiquity. But it would be a model of convenience and of comfort, and one can bend over the thing all day, so neatly is it fashioned, without giving up to his weariness. I had rather read by the diffused radiance of a patent Babbitt electric lamp than by a dozen graceful Athenian bowl-lamps. I had rather wear a pair of comfortable Babbitt shoes than all the buskins ever fashioned out of deer's hide in a more archaic time.

But if this elaboration of the practical is to be called indeed an art, if it does in fact result from those same dynamic energies which produced in olden days great murals and great songs, then we are forced to search for a masterpiece: for one great manifestation in which all of the Babbitt talents find their happiest expression. The search need not take us far afield. I give you, as the greatest practical achievement of our maligned mechanical age, the Twentieth Century Limited—that marvel of things on

wheels which plies between New York and Chicago.

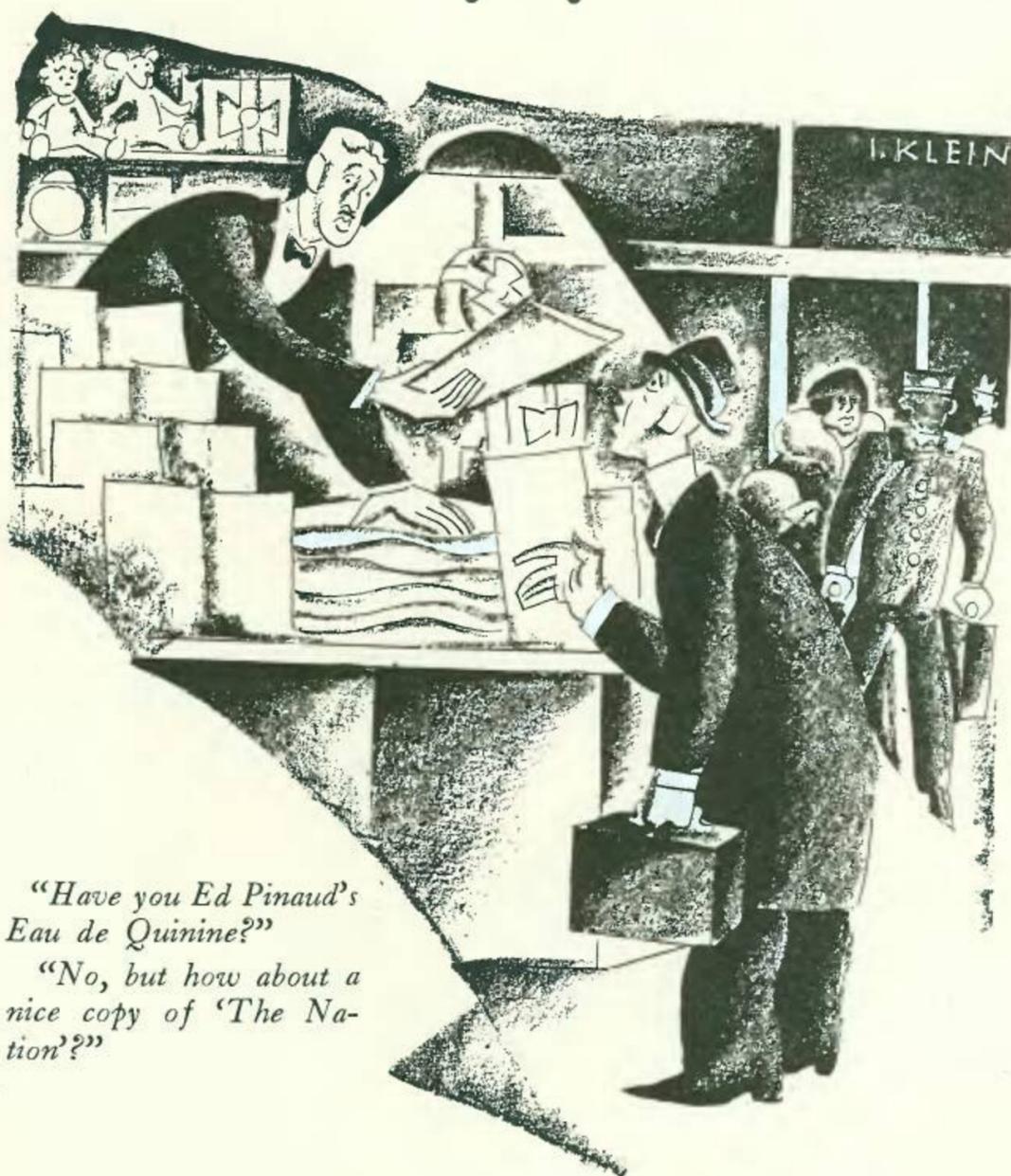
Travel, the means of travel, have always been romantic things. In the old days they used to get worked up over the stage coaches, trumpeting their giddy way around the corners of highways, rumbling behind their lively steeds. They have made poems about ships. But somehow the ecstatic ones have overlooked trains, and when all is said a great train—a train for example like the Twentieth Century—is just as romantic as any of the rest of them. Its speed alone would give it that quality. Throbbing along at seventy-five miles an hour, it is ten times more comfortable than the most sedately jogging stage coach. And the fore-castle of a sailing craft is probably the most uncomfortable place in the world when the ship has the wind in its teeth.

And even the sailing ship, even indeed a fine running horse in motion, has nothing of the overwhelming power and rhythm that one may per-

ceive, from a safe vantage point, when a great express train thunders past.

CONSIDER, for a moment, the sheer weight of this Twentieth Century Limited as it courses along the thin steel rails at its terrific speed: Its steam engine weighs 464,200 pounds—a creature that is eighty feet long, fifteen feet high, generating 2,000 horsepower. A club car weighs 170,000 pounds. A dining car weighs 168,000 pounds. And an ordinary sleeping car weighs 160,000 pounds. Enough of these cars to make a train, attached to the locomotive, compose a total weight of approximately 1,500,000 pounds. Such a mountainous weight is hardly conceivable to our ordinary imaginations; it seems monstrous, unwieldy, dangerous. And yet it moves with all the grace and all the ease and even the speed of a thin, cut-down motor car.

If one is traveling well on the Twentieth Century, he has a compartment: a private cabinet that insulates him from the din of squalling infants or the necessity to look at travelling



"Have you Ed Pinaud's
Eau de Quinine?"

"No, but how about a
nice copy of 'The Na-
tion'?"

"I had almost despaired of being my old self again"

"A physician showed me the simple Way to Health"

"MY OLD ENERGY, once the envy of my friends, was gone. I dragged myself from house to office—irritable, inefficient. I made my associates and my family as miserable as I was. I knew what the trouble was—constipation was literally clogging my system. I was taking a cathartic almost daily.

"Today I am a new man . . . My own physician showed me the way by his recommendation. I ate my way to health with Fleischmann's Yeast!

"Constipation—at the root of all the trouble—has vanished completely. Years have rolled off my shoulders. I see my work in a new light. I give full credit where it is due—to the great corrective food—Fleischmann's Yeast."

UNLIKE medicines, Fleischmann's Yeast is a living plant—a fresh, corrective food, grown in an extract of malt and grain. Yeast keeps the whole system clean and active. It purifies the digestive tract, preventing the absorption of dangerous toxins by the body. It strengthens the sluggish muscles of elimination, gradually overcoming constipation.

A clean, active system is a healthy system! Start today to make Fleischmann's Yeast a part of your regular diet, to restore your digestion to normal, to clear your skin—look as healthy and happy as you feel! All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Y-41, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.



ABOVE

"MY BROTHER-IN-LAW was visiting me. He was eating Yeast for indigestion and made me try it. I was so bothered with indigestion and heartburn that I couldn't sleep. It actually stopped my breath. I started eating Yeast with every meal. Right away I noticed that it relieved the gas. Soon the whole condition seemed to be relieved. I no longer have any indigestion pains. I am now perfectly well and holding down a secretarial position with the sales director of one of the big land developments here."

MRS. MILDRED M. WILLIAMS,
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.



LEFT

"DURING THE YEARS I spent searching ships for opium, hunting down swindlers and ferreting out the secrets of automobile thieves in my criminological research, I paid little attention to my health.

"When I was engaged to write a book, revealing underworld secrets and giving a dictionary of criminal slang, I had still less time to give to thoughts of health.

"After my book, 'Keys to Crookdom,' was published, I found myself suffering from a general run down condition brought on by intestinal trouble. I was also suffering from gas pressure due to this indigestion. I began using Fleischmann's Yeast. In a month all my trouble had disappeared. I owe a big debt of gratitude to Fleischmann's Yeast."

GEORGE C. HENDERSON, Oakland, Calif.

This Easy, Natural Way to feel yourself again

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today.



MME. MARGUERITA SYLVA, prima donna mezzo-soprano. "World's Greatest Carmen." MME. SYLVA is shown in her costume as "Carmen," the operatic role she has sung before thousands upon thousands of people in the leading opera houses both in Europe and America. Mme. Sylva writes: "I wish to state that I have taken your yeast every day for several years. I am absolutely convinced that I solely owe my clear skin and complexion as well as my perfectly regulated constitution to Fleischmann's Yeast." MARGUERITA SYLVA, New York City.

The Water Tower

This column has done about everything but review the movies. So having left this function till last, we are determined to do it right. Specifically, we will review a play that has not been even finished yet. "Broadway Nights," which Mr. Robert Kane is producing, is a great film.



We made a trip to the Cosmopolitan studios and saw it in process of manufacture (pardon any non-technical terms). In the first place we were glad to discover that there is no deceit practiced. One of the scenes is a musical comedy stage. And way up there at 467th Street and some frightfully vulgar Avenue, darned if they haven't built a real stage!

* * *

That isn't all. When the heroine, Lois Wilson, leads the chorus men in a song and dance, does she have a double do her stuff? She does not. She leads the song and dance—and how!

* * *

And in the cabaret scenes waiters bring on New York's own mixer, Aquazone. But this is not surprising, since Aquazone has been popular at the Cosmopolitan studios for some time.

* * *

So when "Broadway Nights" appears on Broadway you theatre managers may put out on your list of critics' comments: "A scintillating, bubbling comedy supercharged with oxygen."

THE WATER TOWER

* * *

From the nether provinces we are honored with frequent demands for Aquazone, people who wish to share New York's secret of feeling O. K. on the morning after, regardless of the size of the previous evening. By nether provinces we mean, for example, Detroit, Tulsa, Richmond, Washington, yes, and even the mighty Chi. For the benefit of such dear distant readers our address is 342 Madison Avenue—and when we say "dear readers" it is no literary pose. The dearest reader known is one that sends in an order.

* * *

Dear readers in N. Y. and vicinity are hereby again notified of the fact that Aquazone is supercharged with oxygen for good health reasons, and that it is on sale all over town and

VANDERBILT 6434

Advertisement

honeymooners. He sits back on comfortable cushions, with an attendant at instant call, and watches the landscape flow past. If his fancy dictates a stroll, a change of setting, he can move into the club car. He may even have himself barbered, or he may take a bath. There is a stenographer who will write down his messages free. There is a maid for women passengers.

THERE are customarily three sections of the Twentieth Century, though in crowded seasons there are more: three complete trains, and for each of these trains there is an electric engine and three steam engines. On each section there are thirty-two employees, although the train conductor, baggageman and brakeman are

changed three times, and the engineer and fireman eight times between New York and Chicago. There is, at any time, on each section: an engineer, a fireman, a train conductor, a baggageman, two brakemen, one maid, a barber, a stenographer, a steward, four cooks, a Pullman conductor, seven waiters and ten porters.

Between Harmon, where the electric locomotive is changed for steam, and Chicago, 960 miles away, thirty-eight tons of coal are burned on each section.

It might be interesting, since in this day all works of art are celebrated according to their value in dollars, to consider the monetary value of this train. Here is the fixed cost of one section:

Electric locomotive . . .	\$110,000
Three steam engines . . .	184,500
Mail car	24,000
Club car	50,000
Two dining cars	101,000
Observation car	50,000
Nine sleeping cars	450,000
	<hr/>
	\$969,500

But of course we must remember that three such trains are running ten minutes apart, and that three more are moving eastward at the same time. Therefore, it becomes apparent that with six full train-sections in operation at one time, the total value of the Twentieth Century as it moves

along the rails is \$5,817,000. And that is quite a sum of money to represent even a work of art. It would take several Titians and a Tintoretto or two to make up that amount.

Once the Twentieth Century made the journey of 960 miles between Chicago and New York in eighteen hours. But, having gradually cut the running time to that figure, the perfect safety record of the train was broken



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several times. There were two or three serious wrecks, and it was decided to slow the schedule down two hours. The trip is now accomplished in twenty hours. But that, after all, is about fast enough—until the Babbitts develop their airplanes and provide us with still swifter travel.

We can remember that only a hundred years ago the same journey required a couple of months.

RIDING on the Twentieth Century is a comfortable, pleasant experience. To the excessively romantic, it might even be a thrilling experience, for the first time, anyway. There it is, a great steel worm, writhing its way across a continent, more comfortable and more swift than the trains of Europe, more comfortable and more swift than any mode of travel which man has ever contrived.

Let us allow the Babbitts their accomplishments. Let us confess that there is surely the presence of a great ingenuity, a great perseverance, a great talent for mechanics in the making of this masterpiece, even if there is no genius. Since it is an age of trains, of mechanical devices, of speed and of ostentatious comfort—then the most that we can ask of these fellows is that they give us the best.

They have done well, and even if they have not used their energies toward the making of rich and ennobling works of beauty, they have displayed the truth that the elemental energies are not diminished, that they burn with the same eternal fire. And when those energies are weary of making the finest trains on earth, they may even turn to the making of the greatest art on earth.

—MORRIS MARKEY



It makes you feel so exquisite, so deliciously, gaily, invincible



Instantly, enthusiastically welcomed

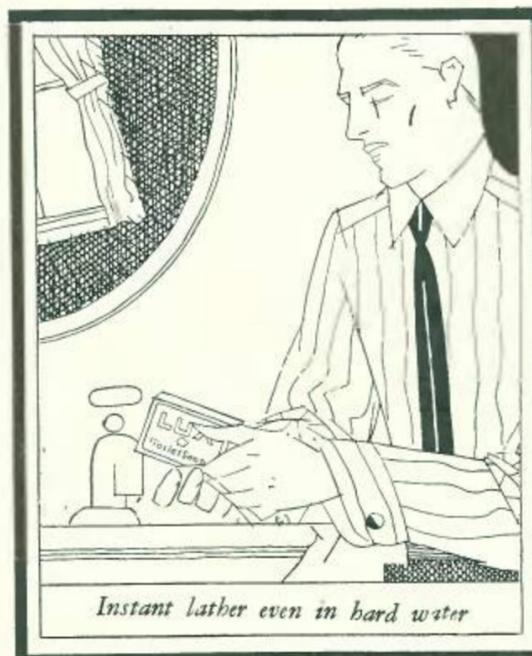
*Yesterday.. 50¢ for a French toilet soap
Today.. the same luxury
for just 10¢*

Made by the method France developed—for the gift of a SMOOTH SKIN

YOU adored the way French soaps made you feel—satin-smooth, charming, luxurious. But oh! how costly they were!

“We just can’t pay so much all the time,” you told us. “Do, do make a soap as delicious as French soap but not nearly so costly.” And we did! We made Lux Toilet Soap. White, delicious!

Made it just as you asked—“as exquisite as French soap.” Made it by the



Instant lather even in hard water

very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps. For wise France knew that her matchless powders and perfumes lose half their magic unless the skin itself is *smooth*, exquisite.

Your delighted fingers recognize this satin-smooth, firm, fine-textured cake as true *savon de toilette*. How good it is to feel again that caressing, gentle lather, magic, delicious, you so adored in French soaps. Ah, it tends your skin the true French way. And, somehow you do feel lovelier, more gracious, afterwards.

France with her passion for perfection, America with her genius for achievement—for Lux Toilet Soap is just 10¢ wherever soap is sold. Parisian luxury without extravagance! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX TOILET SOAP.. 10¢

after
he has
bought
a brace of seats, a
first-nighter can't
afford to have his
mind on his feet. He
need not if he will
but stop into one of
the 12 Walk-Over
men's shops where
New Yorkers are
getting personal fit
in Walk-Overs at
\$8.50, \$10 and \$12
the pair.

INTIMATE PHOTOGRAPHY

"GOOD morning," said the affable stranger at the door. "Could I interest you in some crayon enlargements, expertly made from photographs of members of your family?"

The woman of the house gasped.

"Crayon enlargements!" she echoed.

"Why, I haven't seen any of you chaps since I was a little girl! No, I should say we didn't want any crayon enlargements. Our old parlor used to be full of 'em, all of 'em in gilt frames, and all of 'em terrible. Don't tell me that old hokum has come in again!"

The affable stranger smiled tolerantly.

"Madam," said he, "you misunderstand me. I refer to crayon enlargements of X-ray photographs, not of cabinet-size portraits. This is not 1890; this is 1927. I am here to fill a growing demand. In practically every family these days the X-ray is assisting the doctor and the dentist to save a precious life. But how small are the printed results. Pictorially, how disappointing. *We* make them suitable for framing, a handsome and intimate view of a loved one."

"My dear man—"

"For example, consider the baby, the household pet. He swallows a cent. Hardly one that doesn't. What more lasting memento of the occasion than a crayon enlargement, 16 by 22, of the X-ray photograph which located it? Let me show you some—"

"My good man, there is nobody in this house who is younger than fifty-four."

"Precisely; a most interesting age from the standpoint of the X-ray. A wide variety of subjects to choose from.

"Teeth, heart action, lungs, a misplaced bone or ligament — a perfect golden age. Remember, we ask no money down. Simply let me have your latest X-ray photograph or film and one of our skilled artists will make you a handsome enlargement strictly on approval. If you like it, you merely agree to buy a rich gold frame at a greatly reduced price."

—A. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

"And I feel that nowhere in the world, nowadays, is life as poignant, stimulating, creative, and worth while as in America."

Mr. Kahn sailed yesterday afternoon on the Leviathan.—*New York Times*.



BRENTANO'S SPRING BOOKS

I'LL HAVE A FINE FUNERAL

By Pierre La Maziere

"A worldly novel—the cream of the jest—in the best tradition of French fiction." (\$2.00)

—*N. Y. Times*

HEART IN A HURRICANE

By Charles G. Shaw

Drawings by Ralph Barton

A novel splashed with social color, and replete with smart small talk of our "best-people." (\$2.00)

BLACK SHIPS

By R. S. Thomas

Wanderlust, suspense, man in conflict with himself and life, these are the elements of this fine novel that every reader of Conrad will enjoy (\$2.00)

THE DIARY OF ELBRIDGE GERRY, Jr.

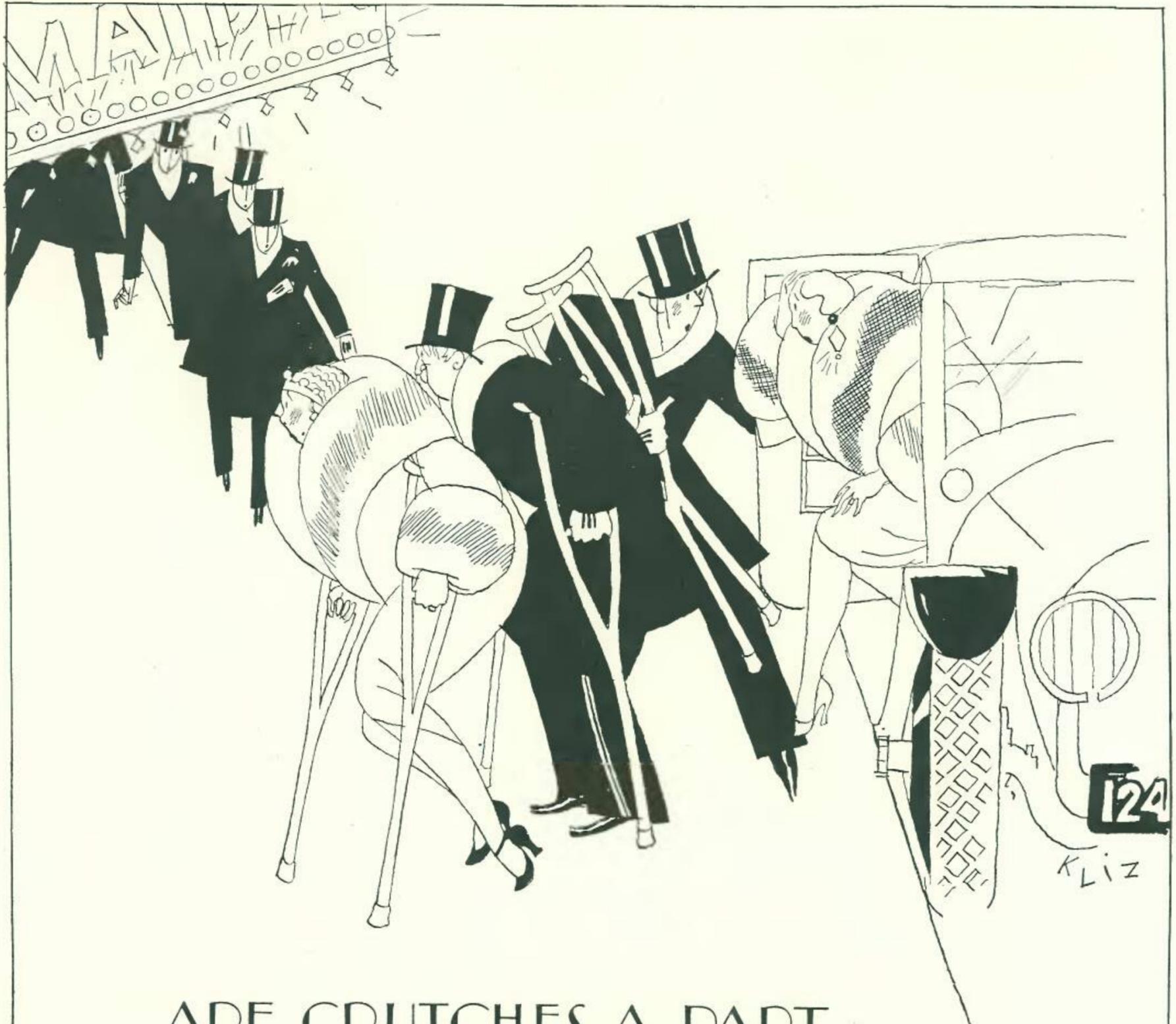
A fascinating miniature of 1813, that reveals the society that beamed on Dolly Madison. Illustrated. (\$2.50)

WRITE FOR OUR NEW
SPRING CATALOGUE

BRENTANO'S

Publishers New York

BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S



ARE CRUTCHES A PART OF YOUR CAR'S EQUIPMENT?

Of course, if one *has* been so remiss as to have subjected his guests to the rigors of un-Stabilated motoring, an adequate equipment of crutches, splints and liniments is the very least amends one can offer.

But the considerate host will never allow himself to be placed in this embarrassing position. His Stabilated car commends him to all but those adventurous spirits who revel in pitching and tossing and esteem bumps and bruises as badges of honor.

Nor is Stabilation pure altruism. In protecting his guests, one naturally protects himself and his car as well. Even to us spendthrift New Yorkers, lowered repair bills have their charms.

If the manufacturer has carelessly overlooked Stabilating your car at the factory, take the smoothest route to the nearest Stabilator dealer. He will do the job in a few hours, at small expense. Drive home by any route you please, avoiding only open subway excavations.

WATSON STABILATORS



IF YOU LIKE ORIGINALS

THERE are certain fastidious persons who derive aesthetic satisfaction from the possession of originals, in paintings, antiques, jewels and gowns. They are among those, of both sexes, who delight in using the *original* Farina gegenüber Eau de Cologne.

If you think all Eau de Cologne the same, and that any brand will do, listen to the story of this entrancing toilet preparation, originated in 1709 for the exclusive use of royalty. Its aristocratic formula kept secret by one family is even yet a secret formula—exclusive, elusive, delightful—manufactured *only* by the lineal descendants of its creator, Johann Maria Farina.

Farina gegenüber Eau de Cologne is a requisite for the man in business or social life who prefers to feel well-groomed. It creates a refreshing, stimulating after-shave feeling, banishing tobacco and other odors. Women of subtlety and refinement also enjoy the air of cool immaculate detachment it gives.

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

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GEO. BORGFELDT & CO.
New York

Obtainable at
your druggist,
specialty or de-
partment store.



JOHANN MARIA FARINA
GEGENÜBER DEM JÜLICHS PLATZ
Eau de COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER

THE GREAT GOLDFISH PROBLEM

ALL my life I've longed not to have a goldfish.

It was in my earliest youth that circumstances turned me against the race. An aunt of mine attended the auction sale of the late Stanford White's effects. She went in the pure interests of science, but swayed by the seething emotions of the scene, bid on and got a goldfish bowl, complete with fish. There were two of them, Bitter and Sweet. They lived for ten years, and at every weekly visit during that period my brother and I were forced to stand beside the bowl as an object lesson to see how congenial they were. "Your little cousins," my aunt called them. . . .

TIME passed and nothing nearer to a fish than caviar sullied my home. Then two months ago—a cloud. Someone sent me one of those modish hollow glass elephants with an opening in the top, which are designed for nothing in the world but goldfish.

Mine the fault, I suppose. I *did* want to see how a fish would look in an elephant, whether one could turn around and whether one could negotiate the head and trunk, also hollow as life itself. But it was the gods, dialing the events of the day, who directed my path by Bloomingdale's fish and pet store on Fifty-ninth Street, and pushed me in.

"A nice gentleman fish," I requested.

"The better fishes is on the main floor, m'd'm," said the salesgirl, peering out from under her bob. "Nothing here but ten-and-fifteen-cent fish."

Splendid economy! "Fine," said I, edging over to the big tank, "a ten-cent one." She dipped her scoop. "That one," I directed, pointing to a little chap who didn't look too strong.

"M'd'm," said she coldly, "we're not allowed to scoop much for ten-cent fish. The better—"

"Oh, anything." I was embarrassed in front of all those fish.

SHE caught a stalwart fellow, running to paunch. "You'll want food," she said, "and pebbles." And I hadn't the heart to tell the little woman who was devoting her life to fish that this boy was not destined to sport long on pebbles or snap up much food.

I took him home in a rich warm taxi, and his container spilled water on

the zealous sales- clerk



. . . . a well-to-do Long Island customer, whom we shall call Charge Account 675, entered a famous New York department store, which we shall not call anything.

The dapper salesfellow struck up so amiable a conversation with Mrs. Charge Account 675 that he learned most of her family secrets and some of her personal afflictions. Among the latter was the fact that she was overpowered by insomnia. "Oh, as for that," responded the clerk, whose presence of mind far outweighed his prudence, "I will supply you with Lady Pepperell bed-linen, and you need never have another involuntary waking moment." Impressed by his words and his wing collar, the customer bought a goodly supply of Lady Pepperells.

Waiting till the sale had been consummated, the general manager rushed in to upbraid the clerk for his imprudent selling talk. "Oh, as for that," said the clerk (as he always did), "I realize I was over-enthusiastic. But I never feel guilty, no matter how I sell Lady Pepperells, because they are so obviously a lady's bed-linen for a lady's bed, and" (here he shrugged) "the lady was so obviously a lady."

This does not indicate that Lady Pepperells cure insomnia, but rather strenuously proves that they are highly satisfactory. As who dares deny?

Lady
PEPPERELL

sheets & pillow cases

The Beautiful DUCHESS de GRAMONT

*on keeping a lovely skin
• Nature's gift to Youth*



BEAUTY brilliant as crystal, shadowy as a fugitive moonbeam; the bearing of a woman unconsciously proud of her distinguished lineage—this is Maria Ruspoli, Duchesse de Gramont, acknowledged leader of Parisian society.

She moves in that exclusive circle which hunts and golfs in the *parcs* of the French *chateaux*, dines and dances in the gracious houses on the Champs Elysées in Paris. But last year she visited America where she was queen of the season at Palm Beach.

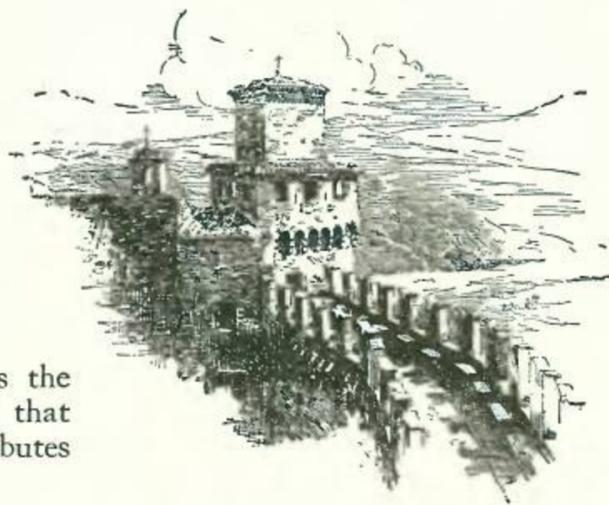
The Duchesse de Gramont senses the importance of the thousand details that make up the perfect whole, that contributes to charm, to *cachet*, to distinction!

THE creams she chooses for her skin like "the waxen whiteness of some tropic flower"—does she select them, with meticulous care? In her own words, let her tell you!

"A lovely skin and good colour are Nature's gift to youth but their possession must not be taken for granted. Rather they are to be protected and preserved by daily care. Pond's Two Creams afford an exquisite means of giving precisely the care a woman's skin requires today."

Thus another beautiful woman of the social world offers praise to the Two famous Creams made by Pond's! Compounded with scientific skill from precious ingredients, they should be used each day as follows:

Pond's Cold Cream affords a thorough cleansing. It should be used every night before retiring and during the day whenever the skin feels dusty and tired. Its fine oils penetrate the pores, bring-



The DUCHESS de GRAMONT

leader of Parisian society, is the widow of the late Antoine Alfred Agénor, Eleventh Duc de Gramont, of an important French family. Before her marriage the Duchesse was Maria Ruspoli, of the family of the Princes Ruspoli.

To left, an ancient Italian Castle belonging to the Duchesse, its towers and battlements overlooking Lake Maggiore.

ing to the surface all dust and powder. If the skin is dry, more Cream applied after the nightly cleansing, and left on until morning, will restore suppleness.

Pond's Vanishing Cream affords an exquisitely soft finish; holds your powder long and so evenly; and keeps winds, dust and soot from chapping, and clogging your pores. It should be applied lightly after every Cold Cream cleansing except the bedtime one.

Free Offer: Mail coupon for free sample tubes of Pond's Two Creams and instructions for using.



These are the TWO CREAMS distinguished women have chosen.

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118 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

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Not a Single Queen

NOT a duchess or a countess—has augustly permitted ("for the sake of a friend") the use of her photographic endorsement of Allen-A Hosiery.

Harrowing indeed! Yet—
What Price Royalty?

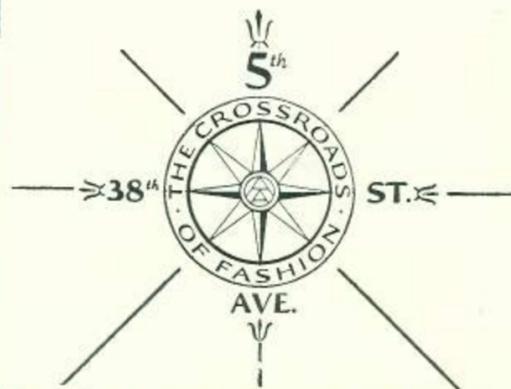
Each year, millions of American women, throughout this broad land, buy and wear Allen-A stockings. One of the largest plants in the country works at top speed to meet the demand—which has increased every year of the last half-century.

Telling evidence of Allen-A popularity and superiority! Now—for your greater convenience—this long-wear, smartly styled hosiery is to have a home of its own.

At 5th Avenue and 38th Street—the *Crossroads of Fashion*—you will find the new Allen-A shop, ready to serve you.

Hosiery in every possible shade, of different weights, at amazingly moderate prices—

And a skilled, intelligent sales force to aid your selection of the *correct* hosiery for every occasion.



THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, INC.

5TH AVENUE AT 38TH ST
NEW YORK

the lining of my best coat. I couldn't believe it: here was I with a fish, I who all my life had had one straight purpose—had things just gone blank?—well, there was no use dwelling on it. An hour later and Jonah and I had had our first good look at each other. I thought, as he stared out at me through the elephant's flank, that I had never seen a more disagreeable expression on man or fish. His eyes protruded and he had a chronic sneer. Evidently he was as little attracted to me, for he shuddered slightly, turned his back and swam to the farthest navigable point in the elephant's trunk.

By that time the pangs of curiosity were satisfied and the question of how to get him out of my life rose before me.

IT WAS like being married to that fish. No one would accept him as a gift, and a certain cowardly regard for public opinion kept me from putting him under the hot water faucet. Also he became too prominent. "What a dee-ar little fish," said visitors as Jonah fawned up against the side of his elephant. "But don't you know he'll die if you don't get him a companion?" Not I—but not Jonah, either.

"If the Grim Reaper steps in and takes Jonah," I thought, "they can't blame me," so I fed him four times as much food as the box allowed. He ate it, napped, and was back to sneer. I put him in the sun; I put him in the dark.

I put him on the radiator, and by the open window. I had hopes the narrow limits of the elephant would sicken him, only to discover that the cook was taking him out for a run in the bathtub every day.

STOP a moment—all right, go on. I knew no one would know. I must take The Step, drastic as it is. It is not to be death for Jonah, but torture.

Some night soon I will mingle with the throngs at the Paramount Theatre. As I pass the fountain by the imperial stairway I will bend admiringly (the one unrestricted movement you are allowed at the Paramount) and slip Jonah in.

I will be revenged on him and his tribe. All his life he will have to look at that lobby.

Only one thought shatters the peace this idea has brought me—HE MAY LIKE IT.

—KATHERINE SPROEHNLE



Make your lips lovelier!

YOU'LL discover this remarkable thing when you try Tangee. . .

You run the little stick of orange magic firmly over your lips. For a second or two nothing happens. Then, gradually, your lips begin to glow—not with the orange color of the lipstick—but blush-rose, Nature's own youthful bloom. . .

Once more you rub the lipstick over your lips. . . The color deepens—becomes richer—astonishingly lovely!

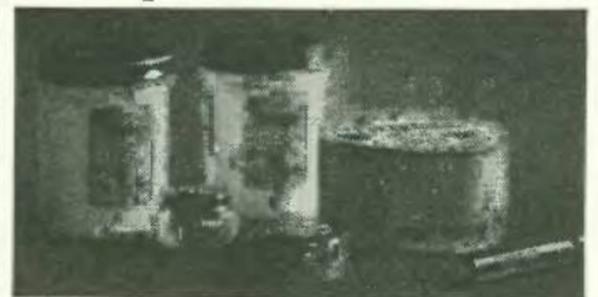
And yet there'll be no trace of grease or pigment. No unnatural coating. Nothing except a lovely bloom, so beautiful and yet so natural that it seems a part of your lips. . . And, indeed, it is a part of your lips, for it is as permanent as the day is long.

Naturally, women who have tried Tangee prefer it to the old-fashioned kind of lipstick—for Tangee is the only lipstick in the world that changes color as it is put on, to give you Nature's own lovely glow. . . Ask for it today, and be sure to see the name Tangee on the box and on the chic little gunmetal case! Price one dollar. Sold everywhere.

Other modern aids to loveliness

Tangee Crème Rouge \$1, and Rouge Compact 75c, the same color magic for the cheeks; Tangee DAY Cream and Tangee NIGHT Cream, to improve and protect the complexion, \$1 each; and Tangee Face Powder in the five shades of Nature \$1. Prices 25c higher in Canada.

TANGEE



Dept. 164

The George W. Luft Co.,
417 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me your generous trial "Tangee Beauty Set" by return mail, including Lipstick, Crème Rouge, DAY Cream, NIGHT Cream and Face Powder. I enclose 20c to cover cost of mailing.

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Co-operative
Apartment*

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I want to own the home in which I live, and enjoy the pride of ownership.

I like stability and permanence. I don't want to feel that I may have to move at the end of a lease.

My wife thought that she and the children were entitled to the background, standing and prestige that is possible only when one owns his home.

I tired of the cost and responsibility of maintaining a private house.

So many of my friends in whom I have confidence told me that a cooperative apartment was the sensible thing from a business standpoint. Bankers, lawyers, architects, real estate men and business men all seem to agree on this.

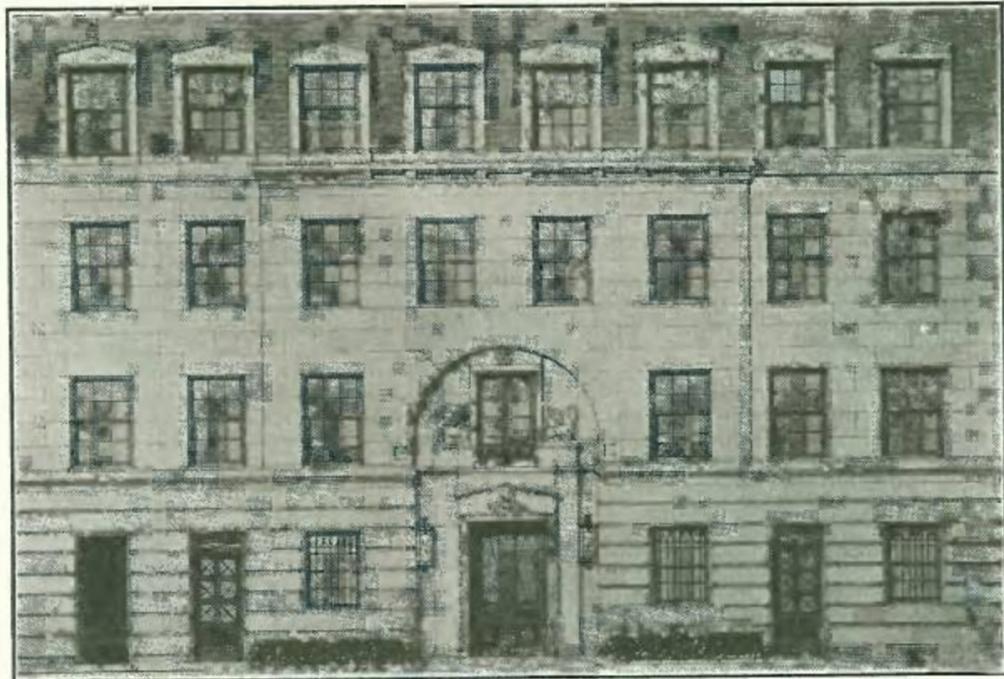
I can gratify my personal tastes in the arrangement and design of my apartment. I couldn't afford to do this in any but a permanent home.

I found that owning my apartment would cost me from 20% to 40% less than rent.

I am told that there is no safer investment or any equally safe one that will return so high a yield.

Only in a cooperative building can I be assured of the kind of neighbors I want.

These are the reasons some of our clients have given us for buying their cooperative apartments.



Co-operative Apartments of 5 and 7 Rooms Now Available

Cooperative apartment homes of this size are rare
in a location such as

36 East 72nd Street

Between Park and Madison Avenues

CONDITIONS made it possible to build these inexpensive 5- and 7-room suites in a building of larger apartments—as large as 12 rooms. Consequently the smaller units enjoy a location, a type of building and service, and an environment ordinarily obtainable only through ownership of large and expensive apartments.

Practically all the large apartments have already been purchased by a distinguished group of people, so that the success of the building and the character of its occupants are assured.

The 5- and 7-room apartments are featured by living rooms as

large as 26 x 16.6, with wood-burning fireplaces; bedrooms as large as 18 x 16.3, with many spacious closets and an excellent floor plan. The 7-room suites have protected southern light, while the 5-room units enjoy an outlook on quiet and broad 72nd Street.

In point of cost, these apartments represent an exceptional opportunity. The maintenance ranges from \$140 per month for the 5-room apartments and from \$185 per month for the 7-room. Including interest on the purchase price, the annual cost will be at least 20% less than rental for similar apartments.

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May we send you complete information regarding them?

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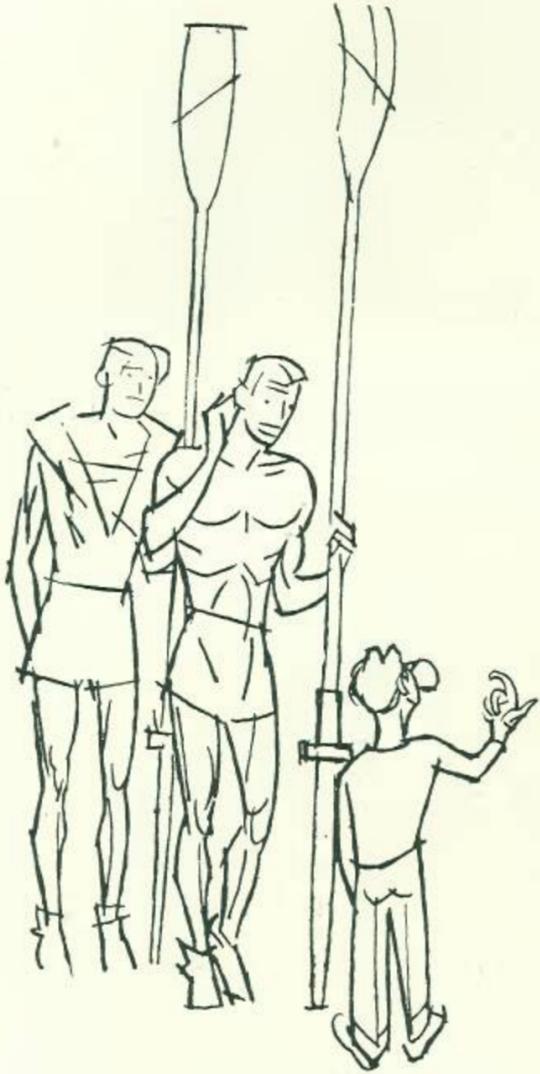
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SPORTS OF THE WEEK

THANKS to an early spring, the college crews are already on the water, and the racing season in rowing is just around the corner. This year the Eastern eights won't be so badly handicapped as they usually are



when the big events swing around, for they won't be suffering from that shortage of mileage which has so often proved a fatal defect against the stalwarts from Washington, who spend part of their Christmas holidays rowing on the lake. There is still quite an edge, to be sure, but the Eastern coaches have been able to knock nearly three weeks off it, and in the case of Cornell (with the aid of dynamite on the Inlet), a full month.

HAPPILY, too, the weather has been so mild that the oarsmen aren't burdened with the usual superfluous clothing of early spring rowing, which has always been a problem for the rigger. When it is considered that a difference of a quarter of an inch in the height of the swivel above the water may make fifty per cent difference in the oarsman's form, it is easy to see what effect this bundling up in the past has had. This year the sweep swingers are down to their shirts and trunks in action, and they begin to look more

An Afternoon With the Columbia Crews

like real racing, rather than mere rowing, crews.

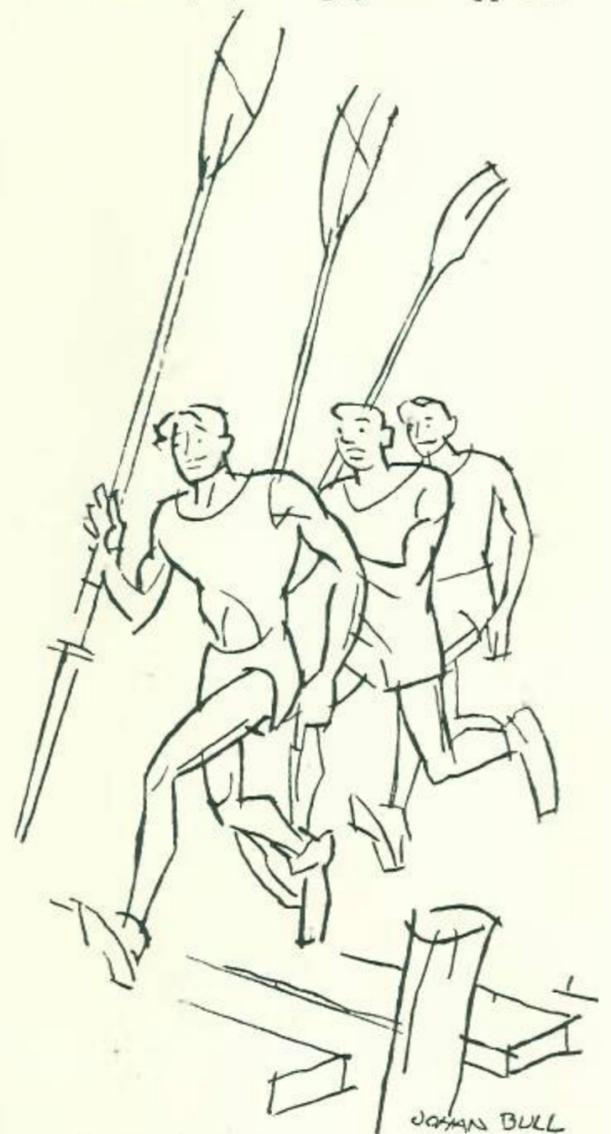
Harvard is perhaps farther behind than any of the others, and is still working in the *Leviathan*, the twenty-oared double barge, but Yale has moved to the Housatonic, a sure sign of the beginning of real racing preparation.

COLUMBIA, more interesting than ever this season in view of the work the Glendons are doing, has had the most auspicious start in years, and has even been able to get in some work on the usually turbulent Hudson.

With Mr. Johan Bull, the artist, who hailed the opportunity for a close-up study of rowing anatomy, I spent a pleasant afternoon in young Dick Glendon's coaching launch last Saturday following the Columbia crews. The weather made it possible to go out to the Hudson, where the Freshmen were first put through their paces, and then the two Varsities, while Glendon père looked after the 150-pound combinations. These same quiet Glendons, by the way, have gone a long way toward solving the problem of a local race-course. While others were talking about it, they have explored the reaches of the waters off Pelham Bay, an Eastchester race-course on which it is possible to put in three miles straightaway, not more than a hundred yards off a walled roadway superbly suited to the spectator. The Lions will build a boathouse there, and will go ahead with their rowing and racing without waiting for complete equipment. This move is quite in line with the general effectiveness of these two men, who say little and do a lot.

After watching the work of their eights the other day, absorbing the general fighting spirit of the oarsmen, one wondered how so much sheer scrap could be instilled into a big squad of athletes by men who so seldom open their heads. The answer isn't far to seek. R. J. Glendon, Jr., head coach, and his father are primarily racing coaches. Obviously a "race boat," as a shell is called, is a craft to race in. So many coaches put in all their preliminary work on rowing, on smooth-out form, that when it comes time to

race, the punch is lacking. The Glendons put the punch in first and keep it there. They believe in racing, racing, racing, be the form good or bad. The result of that policy has been the development of a fine, fighting Freshman crew (a year ago) that approxi-

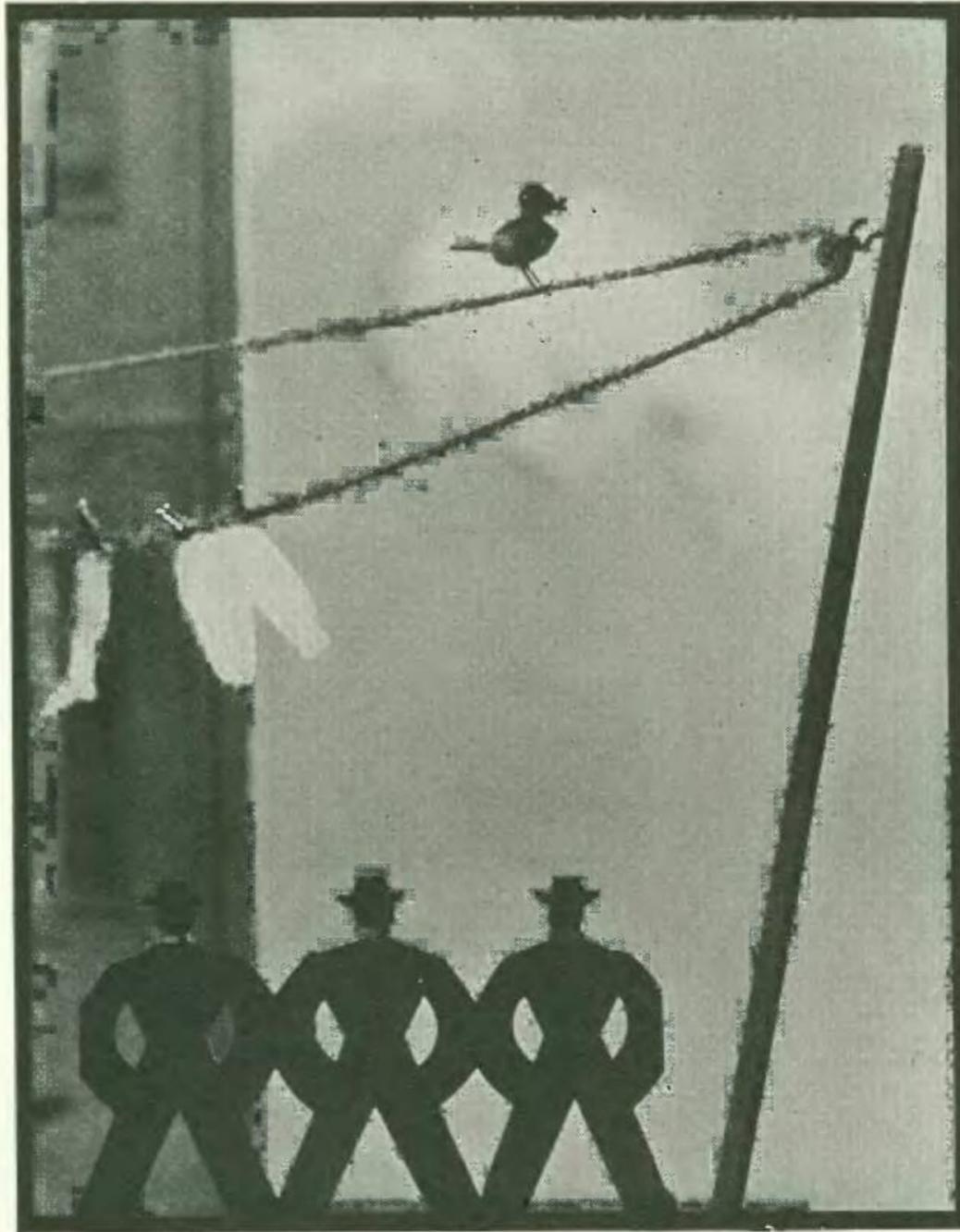


mated the Glendon style in form but got home in front no matter what the form. On the Housatonic last year this eight beat Pennsylvania and Yale, even after catching three crabs. Had it been primarily a rowing crew it would have gone to pieces.

THIS year, this eight, now rowing as the Varsity, is out there with the same fine frenzy of racing spirit, and in addition is good to look upon in point of form. And there is another promising Freshman crew coming along. In fact, the outlook is so good that it is prosperity which is now worrying the graduate followers of the crews, rather than the adversity which used to throw an atmosphere of gloom over the boathouse.

Many coaches have had their troubles with Sophomore eights that have been turned into Varsities, the Sophomore swelled head having been at the bottom of the trouble, and Columbia is led by Lambart, a Sophomore cap-

ADVENTURES OF THE FABRIC GROUP No. 8



Anton Bruehl

❧❧❧ "Spring has come. Just listen to that nightingale!"
 ❧❧❧ "I saw a crocus in Thorley's this morning." ❧❧❧ "Doesn't
 it make you feel like doing something extraordinary, some-
 thing romantic?" ❧❧❧ "Tell you what—let's go round and
 look at the new Spring Fabric Groups!"

And they're worth looking at. \$35, \$40 and \$45, two-button, three-button and
 double-breasted models, cut "in the New York manner." At **Weber and Heilbroner**
 clothing stores only — in Spring pastels and deeper shades of grey and brown.

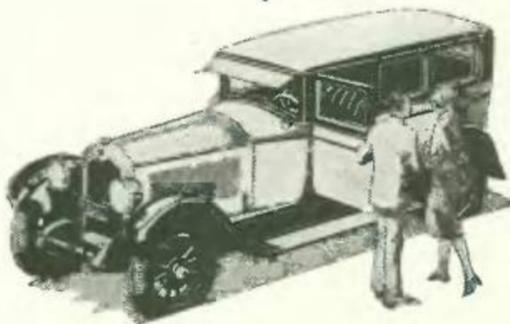


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Accept our invitation to drive one of the 1927 Buicks.

It is the only way to get a clear idea of the contrast between Buick's vibrationless performance, and the performance of the average car.

We want you to know what it is like to travel with the Buick Valve-in-Head engine, vitally improved and refined, as your motive power.



You will discover extraordinary quietness and smoothness at every point on the speedometer.

You will find yourself starting—stopping—steering—parking with less effort than you have ever experienced in any motor car.

You will quickly realize that you have never driven anything like it—realize why Buick has lead the industry in sales for nine consecutive years.

A telephone call will bring any one of the new models to your door.

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tain and stroke. However, apprehension has yet to hit this observer. I find some indefinable quality about this present run of Columbia oarsmen that gives me a deal of confidence in their sound good sense.

THE eight appeared in all sorts of captured rowing shirts, from New Haven to California. Behind Lambart, at stroke, were Davenport, No. 7; Piercy, No. 6; Lightbowne, No. 5; MacBain, No. 4; Donaldson, No. 3; Dannemann, No. 2, and Walker, Bow. Berman held the rudder ropes. Averaging around 177, the eight was smooth and powerful at the paddle, and well together, if sometimes scrambling a bit at the racing stroke. There was unmistakable length in the water, a cat-like recovery, and consequent run on the ship. The racing start, at 37, was excellent, Davenport supporting Lambart nicely by getting the starboard side into quick action.

He looked as if he wanted to pull the boat single-handed. The crew rowed a mile well up in the thirties, finishing at about 35. I was greatly impressed with the power and form of Lightbowne in the waist of the shell. Here is a finished oarsman, as good as I have seen in any of the colleges the last few seasons, a man whose rowing at any beat approaches the condition of music.

Looking at him one understands that sweep rowing can be an art. Six feet four, weighing 184 pounds, he is as fine a specimen as anything that ever came out of the Northwest, where they pride themselves on just that type.

After a time the crew will be boated in a new shell specially ordered from Molloy, of Philadelphia, who has built many a ship for the Glendons. Duraluminum, now under experiment at Annapolis, may be the shell material of the future, but for the present, Dick Glendon is satisfied with the old reliable cedar.

THE Varsity eight being what it is, a fine racing eight and now in very fair command of the Glendon stroke, the greatest need is probably the further development of the second Varsity.

Outside of the added mileage, the Varsity will hardly be a great deal better than it is right now, but the other boatload shows room for vast improvement. Should it come along as I think it will after the seatings are



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A ten-minute frolic before breakfast in the largest indoor swimming pool in New York is one of the privileges that will make living at Park Central delightfully different.

Furnished Apartments Ready for Inspection Now Leasing for May Occupancy

1, 2 & 3 Rooms. Bath with every chamber, circulating ice water; foyer, numerous closets, radio outlets, serving pantry equipped with sink, cupboard and electric refrigeration. Furnished or unfurnished. Supervised maid and hotel service included in the lease.

Beautifully illustrated booklet with floor plans sent upon request.

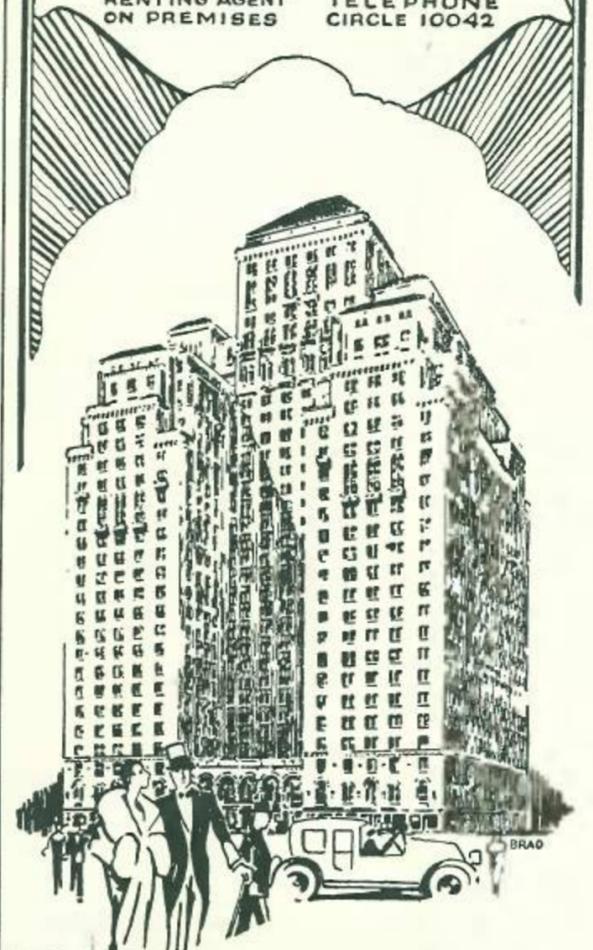
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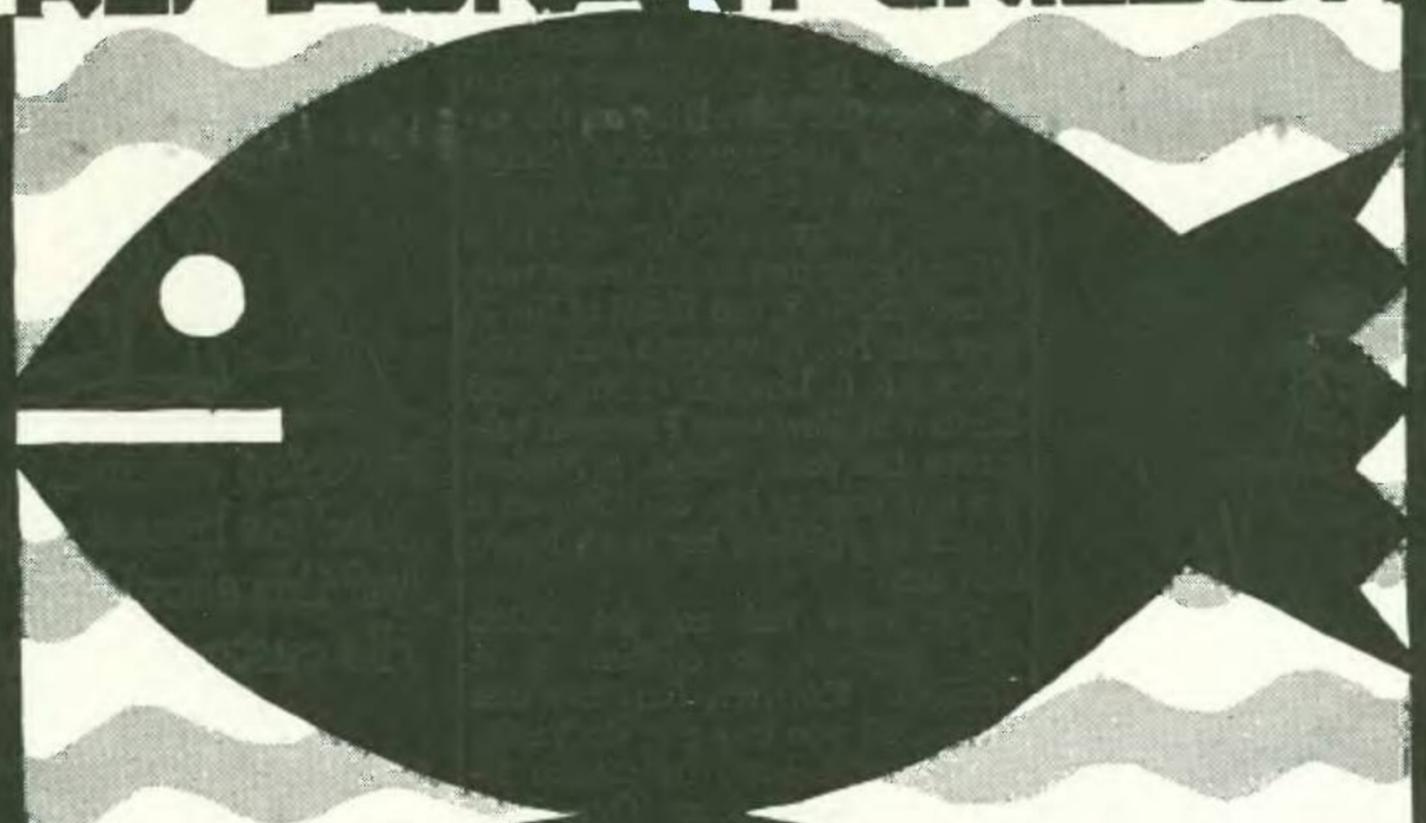
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HOW TO BE WELL-DRESSED —UNDRESSED



A LOT of misguided men who look smart enough on the Avenue cut mighty sorry figures in the locker-room, because they haven't learned that underwear can be comfortable, cool and *stylish*, all at the same time.

To retain your dignity and to keep that well-dressed look on all occasions step into Reis Jimshirts* and Jimpants*. It's the underwear now being worn by active men.

Generous in the size of arm-holes and comfortable, Reis Jimshirts are knit in the latest pull-over style.

And Jimpants, cut like track pants, are snug at the waist and smartly flaring over the hips. They won't climb with the thermometer or cling when it's sticky hot.

Your particular taste is satisfied in Reis Jimshirts and Jimpants. Plain whites for the conservatives and colored patterns for those who prefer them. Priced from 75c per garment—\$1.50 a suit, and up.

Change to

REIS

*Trade Mark Reg.

U.S. Pat. Off.

settled, then the Varsity will have the hot competition it needs to keep it tuned up to racing pitch.

The second Varsity, at present no match for the first, although weighing somewhat above 180 on the average, had undergone some changes when I saw it Saturday. Kerrigan, a veteran Varsity man, was at stroke. Other Varsity men of last season were French at No. 5, and Jacobi at No. 3. Reynolds, No. 7, was out a year; Ericson at No. 6, Douglass at No. 4, and Gardner at Bow were Freshmen substitutes last year. Serge, a Russian, is a new man, at No. 2. The boat is steered by Phillippi, last year's Freshman cox.

The crew had not yet shaken itself together, so criticism is in abeyance. However, there are men in the shell who may give the Varsity oarsmen some lively competition before the season is over. There is always a chance for one of those big men who develop slowly and come along fast on the eve of the big race.

THE first Freshmen were distinctly pleasing. They are fast catching onto the Glendon method, having nothing to forget, for every man in the boat is new this year to rowing. The eight was made up, from the bow, of Duboff, Amer, Katz, Walker, Sanford, Murphy, Norbert, Blesse and Johnson, cox.

This is a husky combination, already quite well together, reaching well out for the stroke, and keeping the blades covered. There is absolutely no washing out. No. 6's bent back is not pretty, but is that way because of the heavy muscling. No. 3 is another oar with a powerful back, this time straight. At the racing stroke, which was maintained for a mile, the faults showed up, of course, but there was apparent nothing incurable. There are big men in the shell and plenty of stored-up power.

KEEP your eye on these Columbianans. They know what they are doing, and they are doing it with determination and zest. The Glendons have taught their men to look upon rowing not as the sacrifice one hears so much about, but as opportunity, and the oarsmen plainly reflect that attitude.

America will have to be represented at Amsterdam next year by an eight. It would be a pleasant thing for both the born and adopted New Yorkers to find themselves represented



"His eyes should flash
And his breast protrude
And this should be
His customary Attitude"

(PINAFORE)

FOR a yachtsman rules the sea. There is neither a policeman to alter his course nor a dusty road to spoil his day.

He steps aboard his craft just as he'd seat himself in the sixth row center—then the curtain rises and the play is on. Like any Metropolitan audience, he sees only results—the producing is left to the crew (and he's willin').

It's not difficult to get started. You can buy a boat—all equipped—ready to "shove off." Or charter one for a week-end, a week, or all summer. It's like buying those two in the sixth row center—if you'll telephone us, we'll handle all details. The cost is low.

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"YACHTS AVAILABLE"
—a booklet

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at the next Olympics by a crew stroked and led by a New York boy.

—HERBERT REED

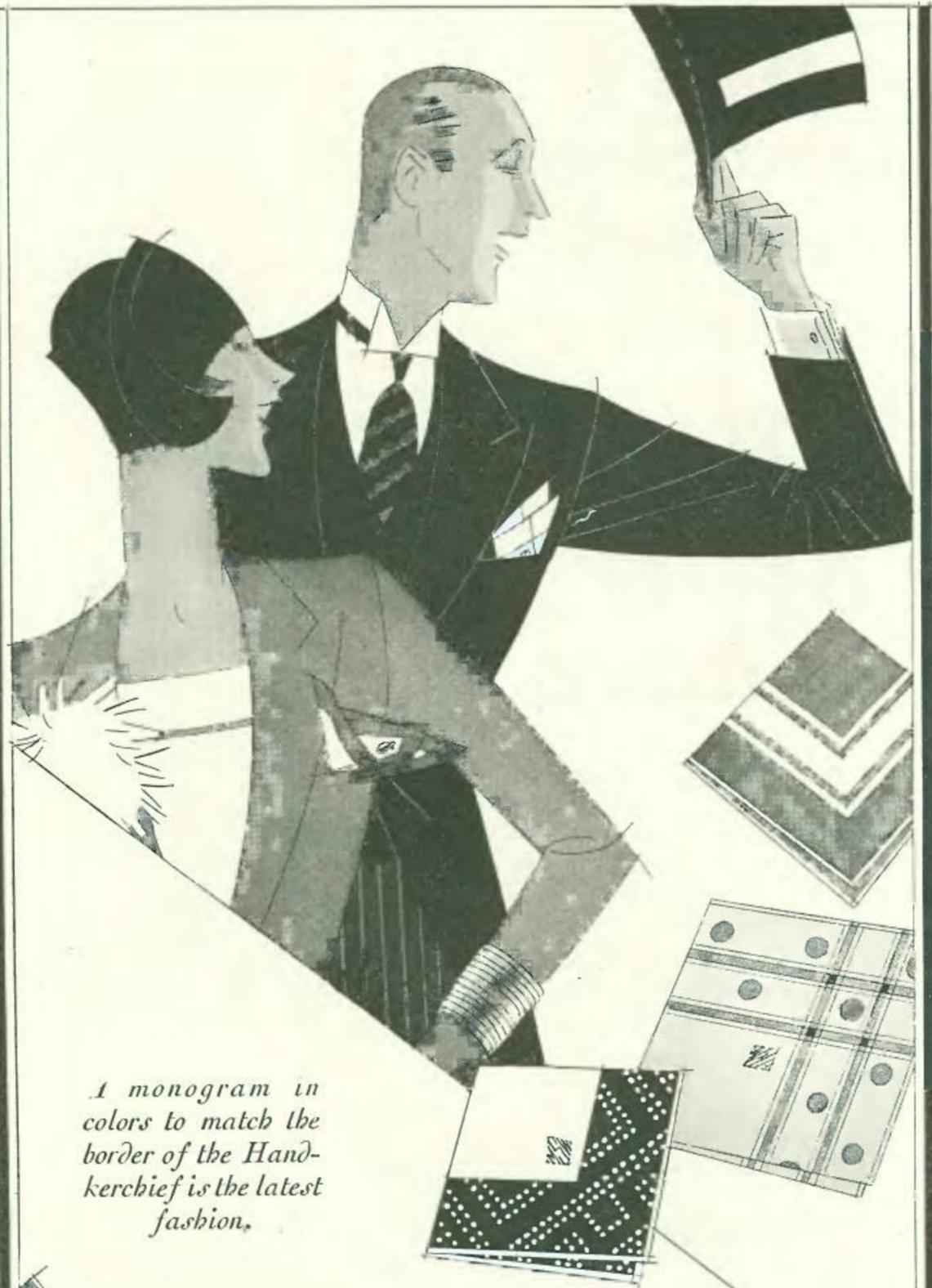
INDOOR POLO

New York Athletic Club Team Wins Last of Eliminations



RIDING their own mounts in splendid fashion and displaying the best stickwork they had shown all season, the New York Athletic Club trio disposed of the strongest Class A team that Squadron A could muster in the Park Avenue arena last Saturday, with the result that the Winged Foot outfit will represent Manhattan in the National Indoor Polo Championships beginning in the armory Saturday evening, March 19. As the outcome seems likely that the two famous "Jerrys" of the indoor game, "Jerry" Dempsey of New York, and "Jerry" Smith of Brooklyn, will sooner or later go up in harness against each other; and that should be a meeting worthy of a Froissart chronicle.

SINCE Hanley dropped out of the game the Winged Foot trio has been reorganized. Harrison, who has been playing back on a lesser class team, and whose handicap has just been raised to 5 by the Association, has been moved up to No. 1, where he plays a roving offense beautifully suited to the long feeding shots that come from the mallets of Albright at No. 2, and Gerald Dempsey at back. As a result of persistent crowding by the heavyweight Dempsey, who plied his mallet all about him like a mace of tournament times, Capt. George Matthews, the brilliant No. 1 of the Squadron, was unable to get under way with the fury he has shown in other recent matches. The burden of the Squadron attack fell upon Fritz Vietor at No. 2, and he turned in an excellent game, well supported by Bancroft at back; but pace, stickwork and combination play were with the men from Central Park South, and they were pressing from start to finish. Allowing three goals by handicap, the Winged Footers made up two of them in the first chukker, and thereafter there was no doubt of



A monogram in colors to match the border of the Handkerchief is the latest fashion.

E A S T E R

Monograms done in the impeccable McCutcheon manner will add the last word of smartness to your Easter Handkerchiefs—whether you send them to your friends as Easter remembrances or keep them to decorate your own pockets.

Orders for monogramming can be accepted until April 1.

McCutcheon's

5th Avenue
Dept. No. 75



49th Street
New York

When a
Good Shave
is hard
to find ~ ~

“The
Better
Shave”

WHEN YOU have shaved “twice over” and the stubble still persists—and your face smarts and burns after drying, you need Fougère Royale—“The Better Shave.”

Fougère Royale (Royal Fern) Shaving Cream absorbs brushful of water and makes a copious, fine-textured, beard-softening lather that conquers the wiriest beard. Never irritates the tenderest face because it is thoroughly neutralized.

Ask your druggist today for Fougère Royale Shaving Cream and be sure of “The Better Shave” tomorrow.

Fougère Royale AFTER-SHAVING Lotion is soothing, healing and cooling after a close shave. Restores moisture to the skin, evaporates quickly and is not sticky. It's a new product but most druggists already have it—75c.

Fougère Royale
Shaving Cream

Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal

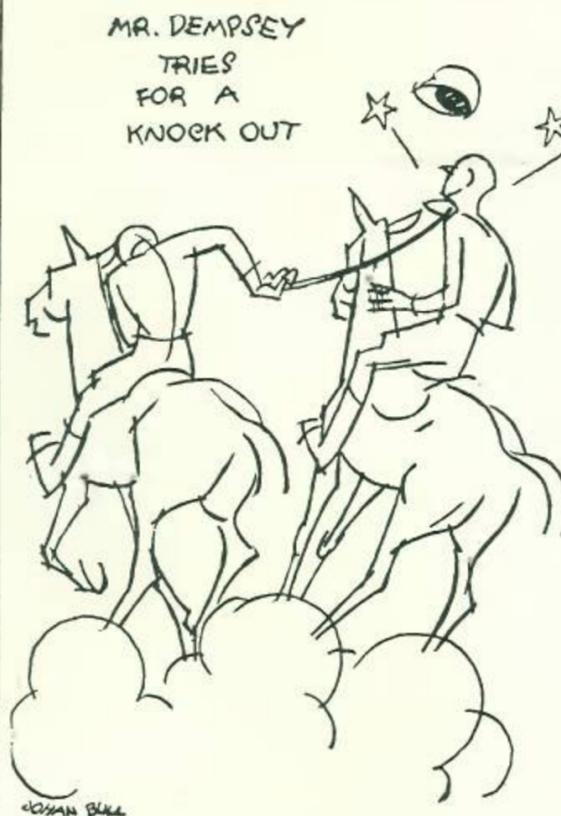
Shaving Cream, 50c;
After-Shaving
Lotion, 75c;
Shaving Stick, 75c;
Talcum, \$1.00;
Eau Vegetale, \$1.25;
Facial Soap, 50c.



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

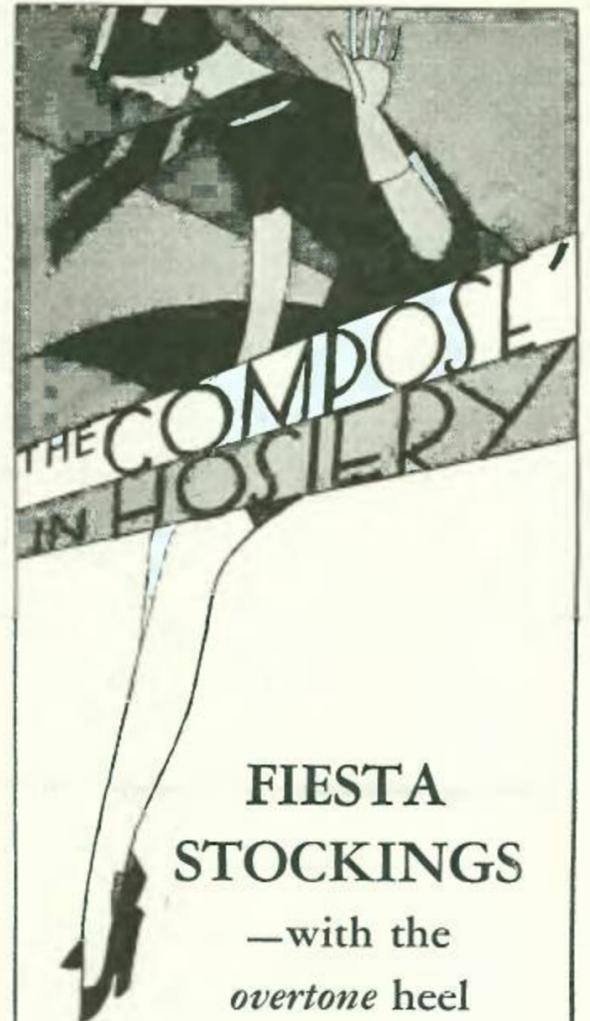
the outcome, the final score being 11½—7.

I HAVE seen Gerald Dempsey put on bursts of very fine polo out-of-doors, but I never suspected that he would adapt himself so readily (even to the finesse of the wall angles) to the indoor arena. It was he instead of the customary No. 2 who was the pivot of both attack and defense, for the athletic club men had an elastic formation that gave their play remarkable flexibility. Time and again Harrison anticipated the long back-



handlers of Dempsey, and while Albright, who is usually something of a scorer, attended to most of the riding off, Harrison rode to position in front of the Squadron goal. The Winged Foot men hit not only accurately, but far and hard. With all Harrison's work, scoring eight times to Dempsey's four, the new forward now and again found time to tangle up with Bancroft, the Squadron back, and ease him out of the play. Only spasmodically were Matthews and Viotor able to put on those rallies for which the local cavalymen have been famous. On one occasion Matthews scored in two shots from the mêlée on the throw-in at the middle of the arena, but this was only a flash, for the towering Dempsey soon had him covered again.

A taste of the general “Jerrying” to come was afforded in the opening period, when Harrison cut loose for scores from long backhand feed-ups from Dempsey and Albright. Viotor was up on the experienced Camouflage, the famous “paint pony” of the



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Squadron, but all that he and the crafty mount could do was to crash into the formation from time to time. The New Yorkers were too shifty. Incidentally it is a tribute to their horsemanship, and perhaps also to the refereeing of Arch Kinney, that they suffered comparatively little setback for fouling. Remarkable, considering the pace at which they were going. It was a fast, clean match all the way, and the Winged Foot team is perhaps justified in thinking that it has a chance for the title.

THERE were two other elimination matches in the lesser classes, but these turned out to be rather one-sided, although there was plenty of action. The Squadron's Class C team, made up of Graham, Brady and Koerner, disposed of Shaw, Timmerman and Maitland, ex-Squadron players, by 5½—2 in a match in which Brady was easily the star. Timmerman played a good game, but showed a tendency toward fouling. In Class D, a Squadron trio made up of Tate, Young and Warner beat the 105th Field Artillery (Cutler, McCann and Thorpe) by 9—4. The artillerymen were aggressive enough and fought hard all the way, but seemed to be a little outmounted and were not quite as sure in their stick handling.

IN THIS Saturday's opening of the championship tournament there will be two red-hot matches when New York and Brooklyn meet in Class B, and the N.Y.A.C. with its "Jerry" Dempsey meets the West Point officers led by Charlie Gerhardt, army internationalist and a member of Devereux Milburn's team last season. This should be a game of games, for in addition to the presence of two real stars, both teams are playing gorgeous combination work at present.

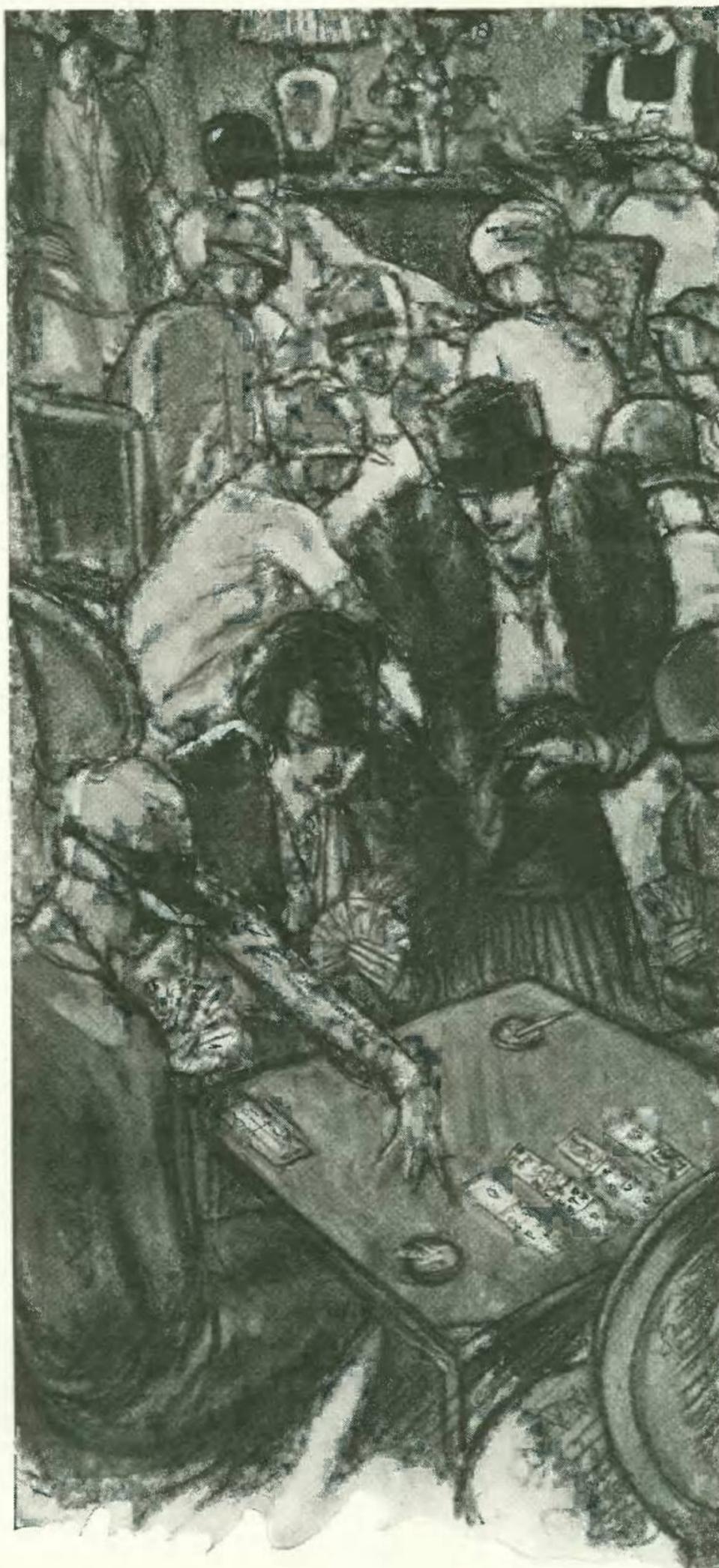
—RIGHT WING

COURT GAMES

"Hamlet" Without Hyde
—Story of a Stocking



THERE were two things to make the national amateur squash tennis championship, played last week at the Harvard Club, stand out conspicuously among the seventeen tournaments



... you've been there. A close, crowded room . . . fever heat . . . nerves taut with the strain of the game. Nature has one sure reaction to this setting. Moisture, ugly stains under the arms. Unpleasantness, offending sensibilities. Only of course you have outwitted Nature . . . have played safe against these emergencies. Twice a week you, like millions of others, use your Odorono—a physician's formula for checking excessive perspiration. That's what gives you your assurance—which soap and water can never give—of constant after-the-bath freshness, of *continuous* daintiness.

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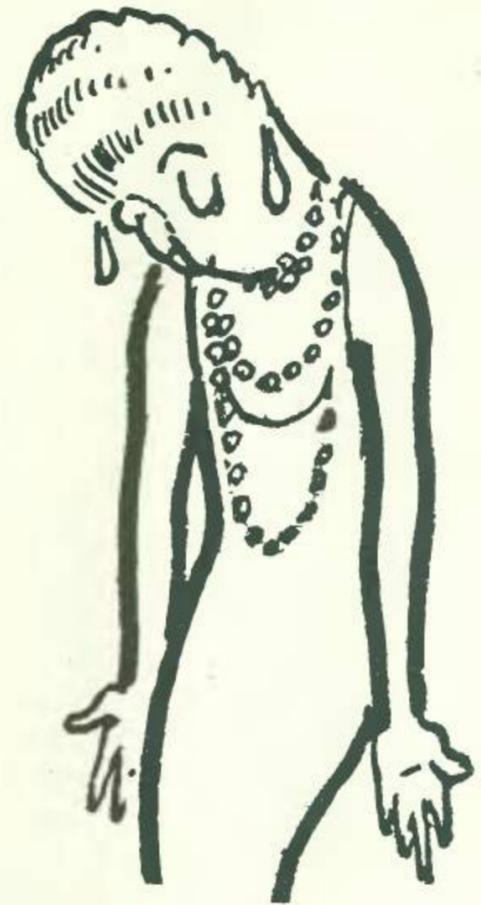
which have been held since 1911. One was that Fillmore Hyde didn't defend his title; the other was the fact that for the first time in the history of the championship, the Western title-holder was entered, to lend a meaning to the word "national."

A national squash championship without Hyde in it is something of a misnomer, even with the West represented. The tournament didn't seem natural. Imagine a national lawn tennis championship with Tilden out of the picture and you get the proper perspective, the right sentimental slant. There is only one Fillmore Hyde, and he has no prophet or substitute, though Tom Coward, in his way, has been crowding him close. No one else plays squash tennis as the Ichabod Crane of the Harvard Club plays it, and that calls for no chorus of "Thank God," except from those titular aspirants who have found him an insurmountable obstacle in their path for lo, these many Indian springs.

I don't know what the story is behind the appearance in the tournament of George L. Stocking, the Western champion. There may not have been one, but my guess is that there was. Knowing the situation in local squash circles as I unblushingly admit I do, (Editor's note—Give this young fellow a hand!) I suspect that the gentlemen who are fighting the good fight to keep squash rackets in its place, (which means second to squash tennis) got Mr. Cooney and Mr. Cross of Yale to move the mountain to Mahomet, after finding it impossible for years to bring the champion of the West here.

ONLY a few days ago I was talking to a professional whose name is a byword in the world of racket games and who was one of the founders, if that is the term, of squash tennis. He shook his head disconsolately. The future of squash tennis, he declared, was dubious in the extreme. Squash rackets is relegating it to innocuous desuetude, as Mr. Volstead did the corner pub.

Now I don't see it that way. There isn't any question that squash rackets is an up and coming game, and upping and coming fast. But, while I am color blind, I still can't see squash tennis being smothered in its infancy. Not while there are a thousand or more young gentlemen breaking away from business to play the game when they should (keep it secret, though)



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be in conference. Not while there are five hundred players in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Denver and Omaha, with others in Portland, Oregon, Seattle and other points West who are giving business the same run-around, to run after a ball.

And yet I do know that the growth of squash rackets, thanks in part to the invasion of the British team, has worried the squash tennis executives considerably, and if you have seen any one strain at a gnat you have some idea of how these gentlemen have been racking their brains to keep the rival game in its said place. Hence the appearance of the Western champion on the scene. (Maybe I'm all wet, but I rather think I'm warm.)

YOU might expect from all this ratiocinating that Mr. Stocking was a player to get excited about, else why all this fulminating in a vacuum. Well, he is. He led Mr. Mixsell of Princeton at 14—12 in the first game of their match and at 13—10 in the second, and the fact that he lost both games doesn't say that he isn't a good player. Remember that Mr. Mixsell ranks just below Mr. Hyde and Mr. Coward, and he defeated Otis Guernsey of Yale, who is also a first-tenner, by the comfortable margin of 15—11, 15—5.

After the match, Mr. Stocking confided that he had made reservations for Omaha before he met Mr. Mixsell. Let me venture the prediction that if he comes East a couple of seasons more he can pretty nearly reserve a place for the cup. Considering the fact that he has had so little chance to improve his game in the West, his performance against the Princeton gentleman was a revelation. And if you don't believe that playing against players better than yourself improves your game, ask M. Lacoste of Paris, the holder of the American lawn tennis title.

M. LACOSTE came over to these not so United States in 1923 and if he was a first ten player that year then Vincent Richards, to quote himself, was the world's greatest tenor. The following year M. Lacoste began to look like a tennis player, defeating both Gerald Patterson and Pat O'Hara Wood of Australia in the Davis Cup matches, and he explained that the improvement in his game was the result of his experience in playing against high-class performers in America. That did him more good,

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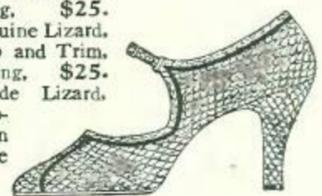
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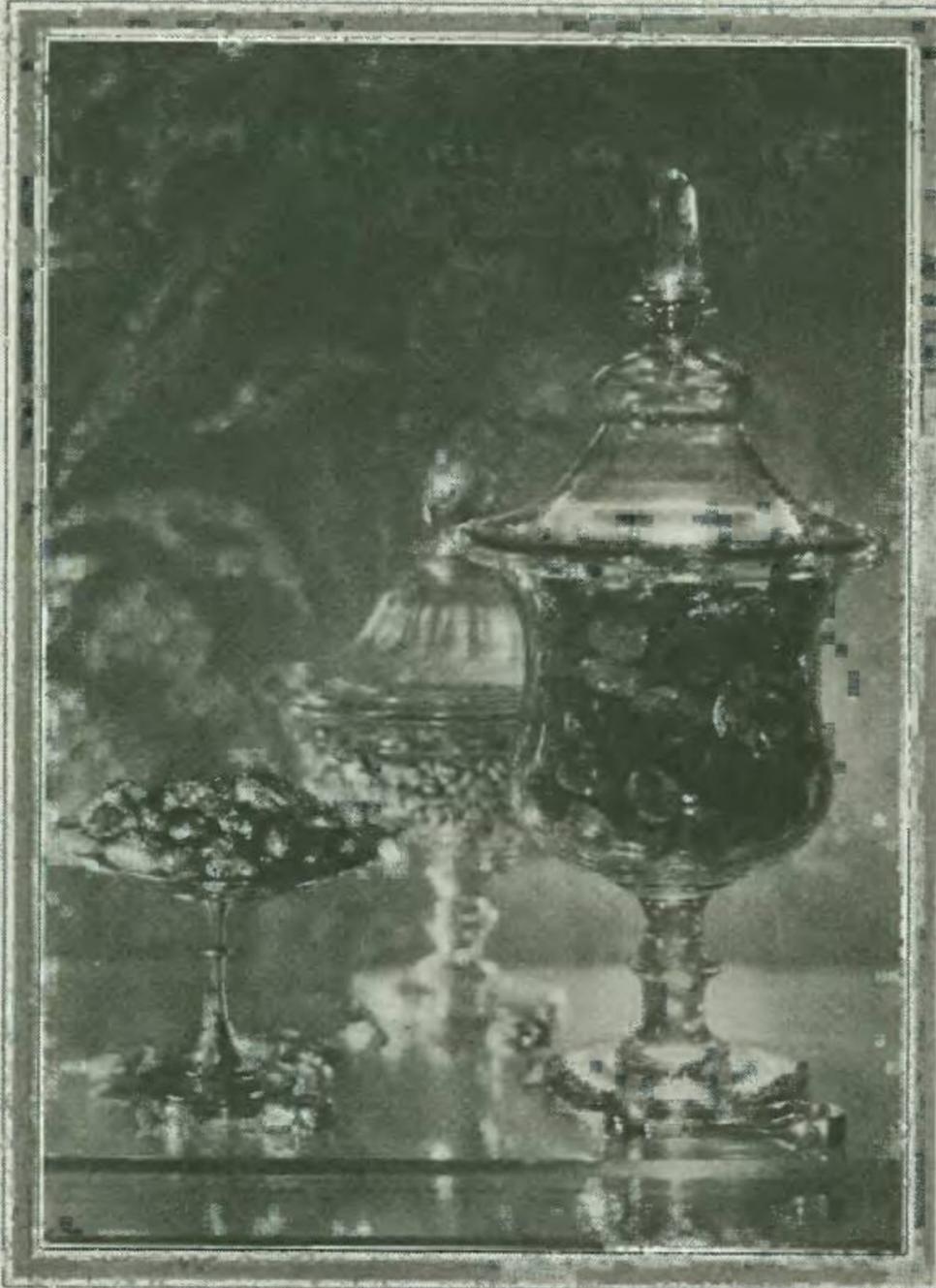


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he said, than all the tennis he had played in the then decadent Europe.

MAIS revenons à nos moutons. Mr. Stocking belongs to the Coward school of sock. He ruins the ball every time he hits it. A stitch in time saves nine, and the gentleman from Omaha is always on time. He attends strictly to his knitting, or to his muttons, as they say in Omaha. He is so fast that you fear he won't be able to catch up with himself. His court sense is infallible and you can play the ball zig-zag around the corners until you are dizzy without flustering him in the least. He always knows where to look for the ball and unless you "balloon" it over his head—which could be higher—he will get it back, and get it back with a whacking hot return. Mr. Mixsell said after the match that he had never seen a man make such gets.

The criticism to be made of Mr. Stocking's game is that he plays so hard and fast that he doesn't allow himself time to think out his shots. He plays by instinct—the killer instinct—and while that will increase with more high-class experience, he would also benefit a lot if he could watch a player like Hyde, who might be an academician platonizing in Athenian groves in so far as he lets the fury of an opponent's attack disturb the serenity of his mind.

AS FOR Mr. Cross, keep an eye on him also, next season. The tournament lost half its interest for me when the Yale behemoth passed out of the play in the second round. Imagine him leading Mr. Rushmore of Harvard, ninth in the ranking, at 13—7 in the third game and then at 4—1 in the game of 5 and losing the match. Mr. Cross shouldn't do things like that to his friends.

—ALLISON DANZIG

HOCKEY

Time Out for the Bike Race—Good News from Canada



FOR hockey followers the past week has been "quiet," though the Garden has rocked to the hoarse-voiced roars of multitudes engaged in cheering on the Six-Day Bike boys. The teams

contesting for playoff rights in the hockey championship have continued their struggle in other cities, but the best news, perhaps, of the week to hockey fans has been the recovery of Wilfrid ("Shorty") Green, whose injury on the ice some three weeks ago narrowly escaped proving fatal.

AT the time this accident took place it was accorded very little attention by the crowd; in fact the spectacle of the fiery right-winger sliding face-down from the blue line to the end-boards with an opponent astride his back provoked more laughter than concern on the part of the majority of the spectators. We who were aware of Green's hockey history, however, awaited anxiously the outcome of the affair, and were vastly relieved when he arose, apparently unhurt, and continued to play. A little later he evinced such distress that he was relieved, and slipped unobtrusively away to the dressing-room, whence, as it transpired, he was taken to the hospital. Later in the evening we were shocked to hear that he was not expected to live.

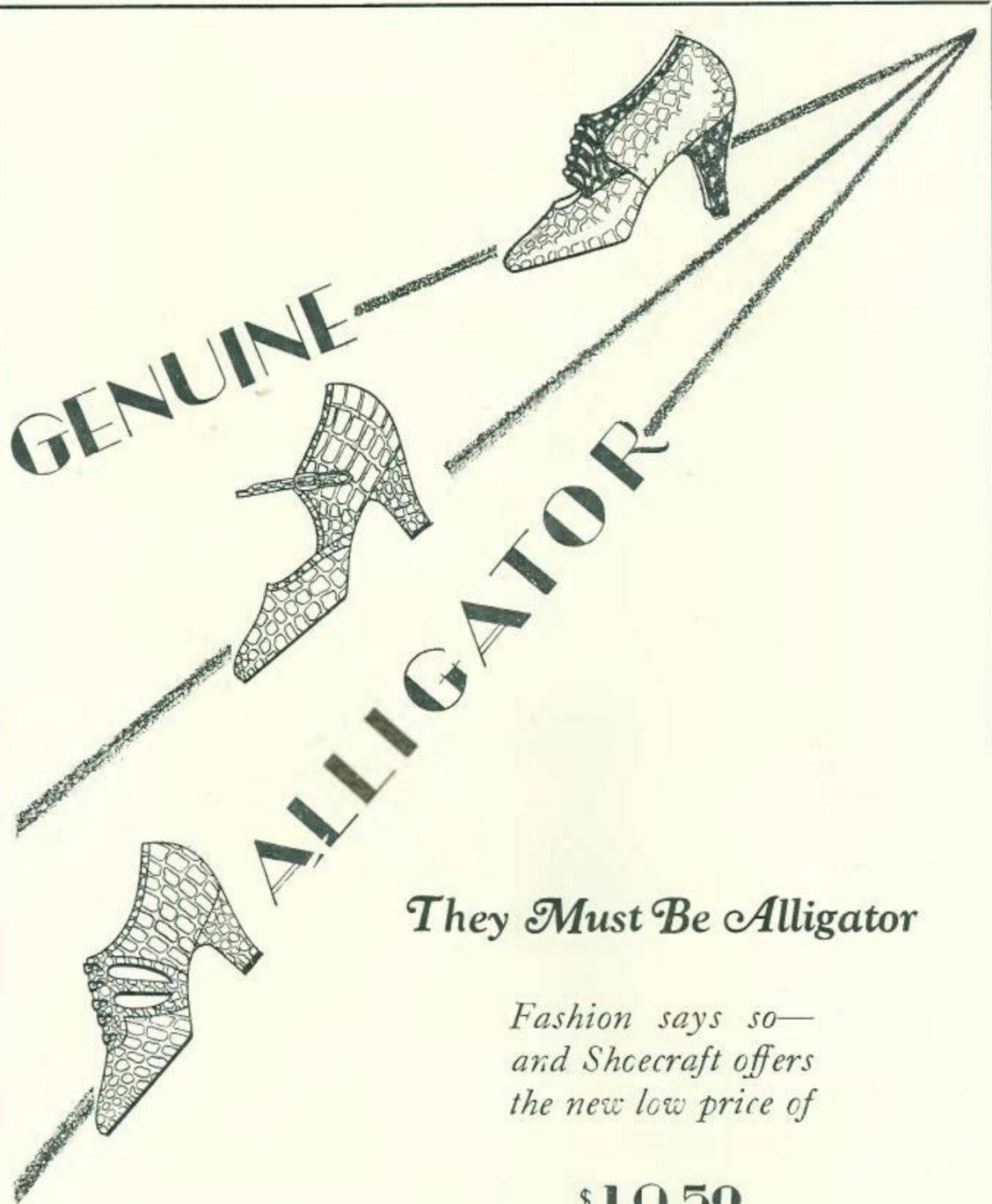
BACK IN his amateur days, Green, then captain of his hometown team, was "sandwiched" by the defense men of another team and emerged from the encounter with a dangerous internal injury. Since then this plucky lad has played hockey under conditions that amounted almost to a death sentence, resisting all efforts of his friends to persuade him to quit the game. He weighs only 135 pounds, but some blunder was made at the assembling plant and he was turned out with the courage of a giant.

Green's constant peril has, all along, been well known to his teammates and in this connection I saw an interesting incident earlier in the season during a game on the local ice. Wilfrid was down at the bottom of a "dog fight" after colliding with the enemy defense, and one of the foemen raised his warclub over the prone bantam in a distinctly menacing manner.

Seeing this, Connacher, the huge American defense star, rushed into the fray with upraised stick to ward off the threatened blow. The referee banished both Conny and the belligerent visitor for fighting, but there were those of us in the audience who saw merit in Conny's act. There is more in a hockey match than meets the casual eye. —R. K. ARTHUR

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MUSICAL EVENTS

*Restrained Rhapsody on
"Mignon"—Plus Sixteen
at the Capitol—Sawing a
Tone in Quarters,
Eighths and Sixteenths*



"MIGNON," the most recent Metropolitan revival, may be identified as the opera in which the basso is mad and the coloratura soprano remains *compos mentis* throughout. The fable of the libretto is so simple-minded that it is involved. It seems that one *Lothario* (Mr. Whitehill) has had a daughter stolen by gypsies, the loss accounting for his queer humors, which, so far as we could discover, were demonstrated principally by his penchant for plucking incontinently at a misses'-sized harp. In his wanderings he chances on *Mignon* (Miss Bori), who is the chattel of the gypsy *Jarno* (Mr. Ananian).

Non-recognition is mutual, but when *Mignon* is about to be beaten up for declining to dance between eggs (and why not, with the price of the things these days?) *Lothario* protects her. Her release is accomplished by *Wilhelm Meister* (Mr. Gigli), described for some recondite reason as "a student," and *Philine* (Miss Talley), an actress addicted to cadenzas.

From this point on, the narrative becomes amorphous. The tenor can't decide whether he prefers a lyric or a coloratura soprano, and the bass sets fire to a theatre as a favor to the lyric. In the third act, the tenor selects the lyric, the father suddenly turns wise and knows his own daughter, and the three of them sing "C'est là que je voulais vivre," which seems to be the song hit of the opera.

"Mignon" is a contemporary of "Faust" and of "Tristan und Isolde," although one would not suspect that the composer ever had heard of Wagner, unless there is some significance in a resemblance between the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth measures of the overture and the opening passage of the "Tristan" *Vorspiel*. Ambrose Thomas' work is a typical French opera of the sixties. It is tuneful, sentimental and frequently sprightly,



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"Crazy words—crazy tune"—the Six Jumping Jacks 3434

"Pretty lips"—fox trots

"When I first met Mary"—The Clevelanders 3440

"Here or there"—vocal duets

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and it offers passable display opportunities for some of the principals. Incidentally, the Messrs. Carré and Barbier, who hammered the plot out of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," also went to Goethe for the libretto of Gounod's "Faust." In "Mignon," however, the Bolton and Wodehouse of the Opéra Comique did not equal their earlier achievement.

FRENCH opera is not one of the Metropolitan's happiest adventures and the production of "Mignon" is not a candidate for hosannas. Miss Bori, one of the finest artists in the company, does not seem comfortable in the title rôle. The lyric soprano version which she sings (the part was written originally for a mezzo) makes unfair demands on her lower register, and Miss Bori is rather too intelligent an actress to make the somewhat dumb little heroine convincing. Mr. Gigli also has a rôle which does not fit without alterations, although some of his singing is magnificent in its phrasing and its restraint. His aria, "Elle ne croyait pas," might, however, be more effective if it were sung a bit more deliberately. Following the custom of the Paris Opéra, the tenor's first-act romanza has been omitted; it might be better to drop some of the chatter in the second act and restore to Mr. Gigli a song in which he could win a handsome ovation.

THE young lady from Kansas City may not please the purists, but her *Philine* is capital, except for the unshapely legato runs in her florid passages. Miss Talley looks swell (LIPSTICK will please let us have the adjective this week) and manages to be coquettish without being idiotic. Her singing of the notorious Polonaise is competent, if not startling, and it might sound better if there were less clamor in the orchestra. Mr. Whitehill does his best by the hopeless *Lothario* and Mr. Bada has no trouble with the secondary tenor antics of *Laerte*.

Frederic, hanger-on to *Philine*, is allotted to Miss Dalossy, who does a good, perky job of it. This part, however, should be sung by a tenor, as it was at the Paris première, rather than by a woman. The tradition that there must be a young lady in tights in every French opera was so well established sixty years ago that Thomas revised the rôle to suit a comedy contralto, but the episodes involving *Frederic* would seem less superfluous if *Frederic* were embodied by some such comedic genius as Mr. Meader.



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Miss Dalossy ought to have a crack at a few noticeable soprano rôles and not be compelled to sing contralto affairs like *Siebel* and *Frederic*.

The scenery was below par and the performance generally tended to the sluggish. The revival, of course, has historic interest, but it isn't anything for a big Evening.

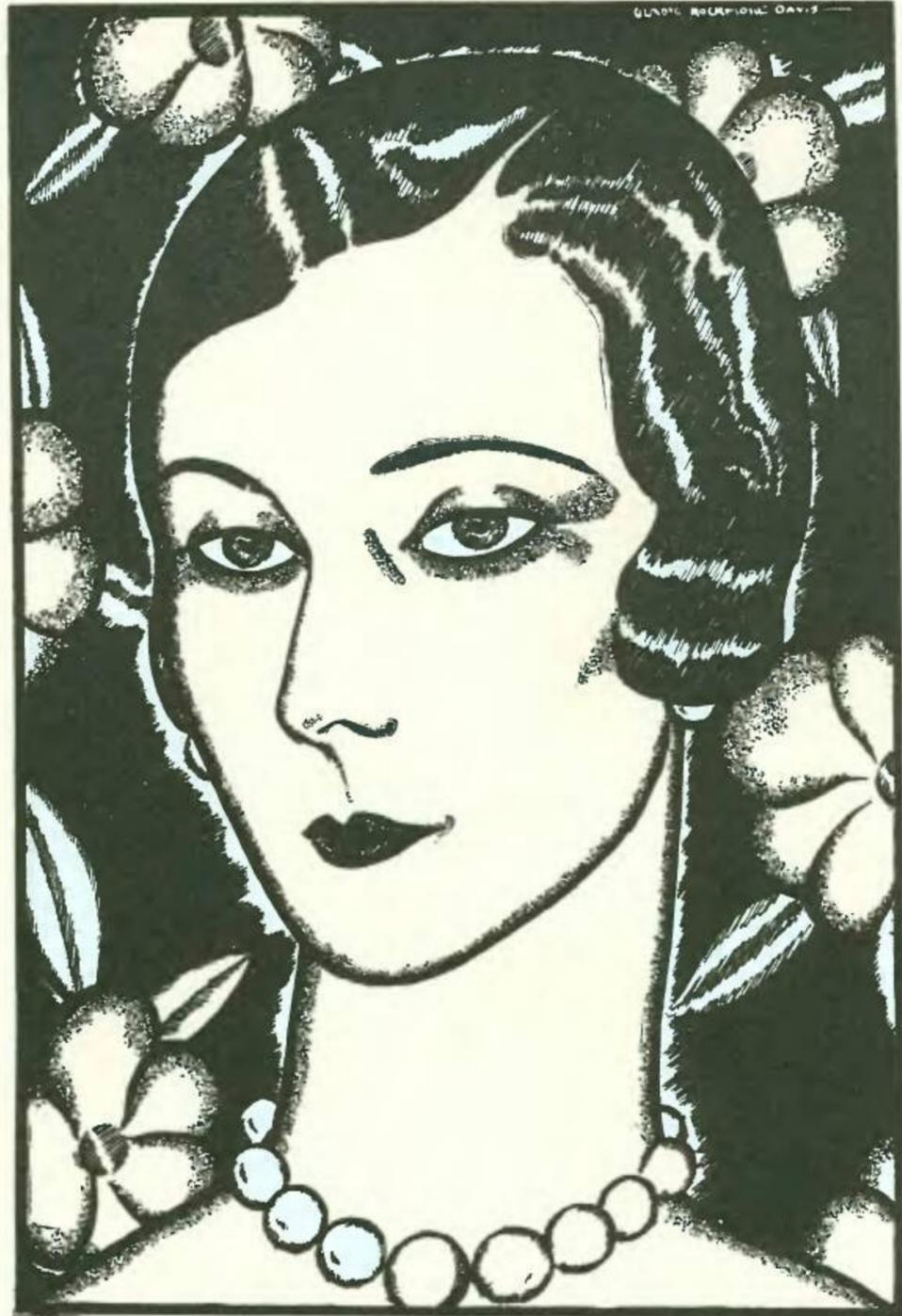
OVER at the Capitol Theatre, they have added sixteen men to the orchestra, and Mr. Mendoza's forces now rival in numbers any ensemble in the country. We heard the enlarged band play a concentrated edition of Tschaiikowsky's Fourth Symphony and we are pleased to report that the orchestra is excellent and that Mr. Mendoza conducts commandingly.

We are not so certain, however, that the condensation of three movements of a symphony into a quarter of an hour is the best method of introducing what the movies call "classics" to a casual audience. The Capitol arrangement is skillfully mortised and tenoned, but the total effect, to a listener unfamiliar with the symphony, must be lamentably short-winded. It would be better to play only the last movement of the Tschaiikowsky Fourth without excisions. It is quite as striking as the capsule, more instructive, and easier to follow.

THERE was nothing earth or even Carnegie Hall shaking in Julian Carrillo's "Concertino for Violin, Viola, 'Cello, French Horn, Harp, Octavina, and Guitar, Based on Quarter, Eighth and Sixteenth-Tones, with Accompaniment of Symphony Orchestra" (that's a title, children), which Mr. Stokowski brought to us. Senor Carrillo's "Sonata casi Fantasia," composed for a similar group of solo instruments but without orchestral assistance, was played last year at one of the League concerts; the Concertino left about the same after-taste, except that the conventional accompaniment made the fractional intervals sound even more anemic.

Mr. Stokowski explained the "System of the Thirteenth Sound" with his customary grace and conducted fervently with his left hand, but the experiment served merely to prove that fractional tones existed and that they could be played. The Concertino is laboratory music and provides a test-tube for tonal trials. Fractional efforts will be interesting when we have a composer who employs them for an artistic end rather than as objects for demonstration and study.

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Newport

Palm Beach

by von Webern, an early work which was not so incoherent as his latest productions, but that is about as much as we can pin on it. —R. A. S.

POPULAR MUSIC

Mr. Donaldson's Percentage—A Series of Sad Songs — And Two Rhapsodies



"FOUR out of five," writes a merry press-agent, "are Donaldson." The fifth song in the bundle, apparently the ditty that escaped being Donaldson, is "Honolulu Moon," an attractive little waltz with lyric No. 746, which is the one about the drowsy blue lagoon.

As for the Donaldson excerpts, three out of four are excellent. "Sam, The Old Accordion Man," is a delicate blues; "He's The Last Word," celebrates liltily one of the multitude of popular-song amorists; and "At Sundown" is smooth stuff with a dewyack undercurrent. "If You See Sally," however, dips too deeply into the glucose pail and it ought to be a big hit.

Here are some others for homework:

WEeping Willow. If you don't know what the "melodic line" is, look at this song. It has a long, melancholy one, which fits the neatly made text.

LONELY EYES. Yes; they're mostly pathetic right now. This arioso might be just the thing for the love-lorn. It's good for dancing, at any rate.

WISTFUL AND BLUE. Also a cry-baby, but a good one.

So WILL I. Still in the plaintive mode. Somehow these madrigals induce activity on the dance floor.

IDOLIZING. Ecstatic.

MINE. More ecstatic. An obvious hit (this goes both ways). —POP

A birthday surprise party was given Mrs. Frank C. Furlong last evening at her home. Mrs. Furlong is confined to her bed because of a slight illness, but this did not interfere with the party. —*Poughkeepsie Eagle-News.*

Joy, unlike Mrs. Furlong, was unconfined.

AN OPEN LETTER

TO THE

NEW YORKER

Dear Sir or Madam:

Beside being a New Yorker, are you an American? The following questions will test your status. (See bottom of column.)

1. What book is completely and thoroughly demoralizing the lives of thousands of people? (See bottom of column.)

2. What craze is fast becoming a menace to the peace and quiet of homes? (See bottom of column.)

3. What has caused the question mark to replace the eagle as our national bird? (See bottom of column.)

4. With what three words does your wife, your sister, your husband, your brother, your son, in fact anybody related or unrelated, greet you these days? (See bottom of column.)

5. What book is now selling in its second hundred thousand and is the outstanding success of this and many seasons? (See bottom of column.)

6. What is the great American indoor (and outdoor) sport? (See bottom of column.)

7. What is at the bottom of this column?

Yours faithfully,

THE VIKING PRESS

ASK ME ANOTHER!
The Question Book
Compiled by Justin Spafford
and Lucien Esty. With a
Preface by Robert Benchley.
\$1.60.

THE BOYS WILL BE BOYS
AT THE GRAND CENTRAL PALACE

"I HAVE IT," said Ned, one rainy day. "Let's go to the Grand Central Palace."

"What's the big idea?" Arthur grumbled.

"Bully," came from John, always ready for a lark.

"It's sure to be educational," ruminated David, the practical one. "What's there this week?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Arthur, sulkily, "they're all alike."

So they all scrambled into the Lexington Avenue subway and were carefully tucked in by the guard—four bright and shining noses showing gaily above their mufflers. When they got to the Grand Central Palace they were in the best of spirits, all except Arthur, who had stood up all the way because an old lady had hit him with her umbrella and made him give her his seat.

"Just look at the exhibits," said Ned with wonder in his eyes, as soon as they had got inside.

"There aren't so many," said Arthur.

"Yes, just look at the exhibits, aren't they beautiful?" said John.

"We must ask a lot of questions and learn as much as we can," said David.

THEY walked down a long aisle and twenty-five men handed them pamphlets. Then they turned and walked down another aisle and fifty more men and three girls handed them pamphlets. Then they walked down the third aisle and a hundred men and seven girls handed them pamphlets. Also they met another visitor who deftly slid his own supply of pamphlets onto Arthur's pile. Then they met another visitor who was ambling along, like a Greek maiden, strewing his pamphlets on all sides as if they were roses for a conqueror to tread. This was too much for David, who was always as neat as a pin, so he picked them all up, one at a time, and by that time he had 25,002.

NONE of them spoke, except that once Ned asked a question and the man in charge of the booth fled behind his show-cases and came forth with a special packet tied with ribbons containing 3,906 pamphlets.

They plowed on, determined at any cost to pull through. More than once they had been lost in just such a fash-



Furs for Spring

A showing of scarfs in fine examples of the favored furs, featuring the new two-skin effects in the flattering Foxes

*"It pays to buy where you
buy in safety"*

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



Thanks to



ZIP

Hair-free Limbs

IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

SHEER HOSE have been made possible thru the use of ZIP. You can make your limbs ivory-like, beautiful to behold, without a shadow thru the silken sheen, by using ZIP to *destroy* every trace of hair—with the roots.

Like magic—ZIP makes your skin adorable. Arms, underarms, *face*, limbs, back of neck. Use it once, and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories. Money-back guarantee.

Quick as a Wink

you can free yourself of superfluous hair. And remember, you are not merely removing surface hair—you actually lift out the roots with the hairs, gently and painlessly, and in this way *destroy the growth*. The process seems almost miraculous, but my eighteen years of success in giving treatments with ZIP and the thousands of women who are now using it prove that ZIP is the scientifically correct way to destroy the growth.

Beware of imitations — often mere wax preparations—which act like a shave, strengthening the growth by breaking the hair at the surface. ZIP destroys the growth by lifting out the roots.

When you are on the Avenue, draw up at 46th Street. There you will find my private entrance just a few feet in. I shall be glad to give you a demonstration without charge.

Madame Berthé
Specialist

562 Fifth Ave, New York
(Ent. on 46th St.)

Madame Berthé, Specialist Dept. 173
562 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send "Beauty's Greatest Secret," and samples: Massage Cream, AB-SCENT Deodorant, and Face Powder, for which I enclose 10c.

Name

Address

City and State

CREATIONS JORDERO NEW YORK

ion in the north woods, miles from a printing press. Once, indeed, they had carried pamphlets to a tribe of starving Indians whose public library had burned down way up at Jungatonga Lake as a result of the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. They had won the boy scout medal for artistic printing that year as all our readers know who followed "The Boys-willbe Boys in New South Wales."

ARTHUR grumbled, but after they had walked down the last aisle and had got safely past exhibit ZZ, they started up the north stairs to the mezzanine floor to begin on exhibit AAA. This was the test. If they could only make the last flight without dropping their 7,598,631.68 pamphlets, the fight would be won and they would get the Belasco Cup and the Pulitzer Prize.

On they stumbled, staggering under their superhuman load. Just above the second landing, John dropped the radio program announcement of the third day of the exposition, staggered and almost fell; but David came to the rescue with a quick dip and caught the fluttering paper, and John made a last spurt up the final flight.

Once at the top they leaned against the railing exhausted, and ten men dashed up with armloads of accessory, appurtenance, appliance and adjunct pamphlets so that the situation called for instant action.

"I have it," said Ned with enthusiasm.

"What's the big idea?" grumbled Arthur.

"Bully," came from John, always ready for a lark.

"It's sure to be educational," ruminated David, the practical one.

SO they heaved all of the 999,032,568,007 pamphlets over the railing into the grand concourse. The entire lower floor was flooded instantly.

David stripped quickly without a moment's hesitation, covered his slim young body with grease and, amid the cheers of hundreds of onlookers, leaped over the railing in a swan dive prettier than any ever seen in the Shelton Pool, parting the pamphlets as neatly as he always parted his hair.

The paper mass quivered, slow bubbles rose to the surface, and everybody held his breath. But up David came like a cork, gay as anything, splashing in the pamphlets like a child in its bath.

In fast succession John, Ned and



Mon Cheri
BACCARAT CRYSTAL

A Perfume
satisfying both
Mood and Mode
is

Mon Cheri
created by
GABILLA
Paris

With its sparkling fragrance, it symbolizes enthusiasm and untiring energy.

Thus if ever a perfume contributed to one's peace of mind, Mon Cheri does so a thousand fold.

- 1 litre bottle. . . . \$125.00
- ½ litre bottle. . . . 75.00
- 2-oz. deluxe bottle 12.50
- 1-oz. deluxe bottle 6.00

gabilla

29, Avenue Marigny
59, Faub'g St. Honoré

Paris

Other favorite Gabilla odors

- Fleur du Jour*
- Musardises*
- Zantho*
- Moda*



Arthur followed. Ned was in the lead in a trice and John brought up the rear.

Arthur yelled instructions to the doorman, who was terrified into immediate action and handed them each telegrams from their mothers which read, "I know you'll win." The doors were swung wide and before you could say Jack Robinson (they used the crawl stroke, of course) they were swimming down the main stream of traffic on Lexington Avenue and the crowds lining the street burst into a roar of enthusiastic applause.

IF you would like to know what happened to the Boyswillbe Boys after that you must read "The Boyswillbe Boys About Town," our next series, which tells how they had a Sixth Avenue street car remodelled as a submarine express and rescued an innocent prohibition officer who got by mistake into Davy Jones' locker—a famous speakeasy under the Hudson Tube.

—SPUD JOHNSON

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

A critic turned and said to me,
 "Take the gull by Brancusi;
 At the moment when it sprang
 From a bird to boomerang
 Then he grasped it—look and see."
 A boomerang it seemed to me.
 "Take the lady, this I beg,
 With a head that's like an egg;
 Note the vast simplicity."
 A simple ovum 'twas to me.
 Turned we to another show,
 Paintings hanging row on row.
 "Look at that," my mentor said,
 "There's something cosmic in that
 head.
 How he seized without pretension
 Something of the fourth dimension!"
 There before me, fat and limp,
 Hung a nude shaped like a blimp;
 The victim of some fell disease,
 With fearful swellings of the knees.
 Like baker's dough were arms and
 hips,
 A face not made for launching
 ships,
 I took one look and fled the room
 As one flees from a moldy tomb.
 I fled the flood of awful gab
 And hailed a passing taxicab.
 I went away, but even yet
 I'm having trouble to forget.
 At night I wake with sudden
 start,
 Dreaming a world of modern art.

—ROLLIN KIRBY



*How a cup of delicious coffee
 opened her eyes
 to a needless sacrifice!*

FOR more than a year she had denied herself coffee . . . banned by her doctor when sleeplessness and nervousness brought her to the verge of a breakdown.

He had told her that it was the drug, caffeine, in coffee that was undermining her health, and there could be no compromise—she must give it up.

But what a sacrifice it was! Nothing could take the place of coffee. No substitute could satisfy her craving for the soul-satisfying taste of coffee; for coffee's bracing goodness.

Then one fortunate day, at a smart luncheon, she heard of Sanka Coffee, a wonderful new coffee from which the caffeine has been extracted. Her hostess served it and urged her to try it. She drank it expectantly and found it as delicious and satisfying as any she had ever tasted. Now she drinks all the coffee she wants—Sanka Coffee—at any hour of the day or night—with no distressing or harmful after-effects.

Treated by a special process, Sanka Coffee is freed of 97 per cent of the health-destroying drug, caffeine, and rendered perfectly safe for anyone to drink. Hundreds of physicians recommend Sanka to those who cannot drink ordinary coffee because of its effect on their sleep, nerves or digestion. Yet Sanka is as delicious as any coffee you ever drank—a choice blend of the highest-quality coffees.

Make this test yourself!

We want you to make a simple test. Send in the coupon with ten cents to cover mailing costs and you will receive two small cans of coffee marked "A" and "B." One will contain Sanka Coffee; the other, the same blend with none of the caffeine removed. Try them both. See if you can tell the difference. A week later, we'll write you and tell you which is which. You can buy Sanka Coffee at your grocer's or delicatessen store.

Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and Priscilla Proving Plant

Nervous?



DRINK SANKA COFFEE

Sanka Coffee Corporation, Dept. YR-12
 301 Madison Ave., New York City

Gentlemen: Find enclosed ten cents for which you are to send me two cans—one containing Sanka Coffee, the other containing the same kind of coffee with none of the caffeine removed.

Name.....
 Street.....
 City.....State.....



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

where, every day at 10:15 and at 2:30, their own models are on parade. Since every one of them is designed in their workrooms, you will find no duplication here. The clothes are more elaborate and "dressy" than the French things, and hence are suitable only for large incomes and large wardrobes, and limousines if possible.

THERE are lingerie touches, for instance, on afternoon things—lace jabots, crisp organdie cuffs, usually following out the black and white ensemble idea. For there are many versions of the ensemble, including a black crêpe or rep coat, either jacket or full length, a simple black skirt, and a white blouse of satin or crêpe.

As a variation of the double scarf of silver fox, smarter than ever but not particularly new, Stein & Blaine show double scarfs, combining black and white skins or two shades of gray or beige.

FOR EVENING, numbers of dresses of net, embroidered or beaded, over gleaming satin or lamé slips. These are slightly theatrical, but afford a feminine compromise between the severe straight line thing and the flamboyant *robe de style*. This shop has also had great success with evening dresses having a removable jacket of

lace or chiffon to match. In fact, it has noticed a great demand among its clients for the dinner-theatre dress of lace and chiffon with long sleeves.

THOSE paralyzed by the elegancies of what is listed in the phone book as the "De Luxe Branch" of Cammeyer's may take heart and consolation from the fact that a new shop has now opened at Forty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, with a price range of \$15 to \$22.

In the collection that has been assembled for the gala opening there is a predominance of kid for the daytime. These shoes are usually of the conventional one-strap sandal type, in beige, brown, gray, and a recent development called, with feeling, "Water Lily," just a shade or two lighter than parchment. There are a few of dark blue kid, too, although these are regarded with a slightly dubious eye by the conservative proprietors. Some of the kid is printed in patterns that resemble reptile leathers without looking like cheap imitations. Patent leather, ye olde tyme spring favorite, is also present, occasionally piped discreetly with white leather. For evening, there has been a distinct trend away from the familiar silver and gold kid in favor of brocades, worked out in a thousand ways. Nothing, as you see, very startling, but very wearable. Cammeyer is also introducing its own

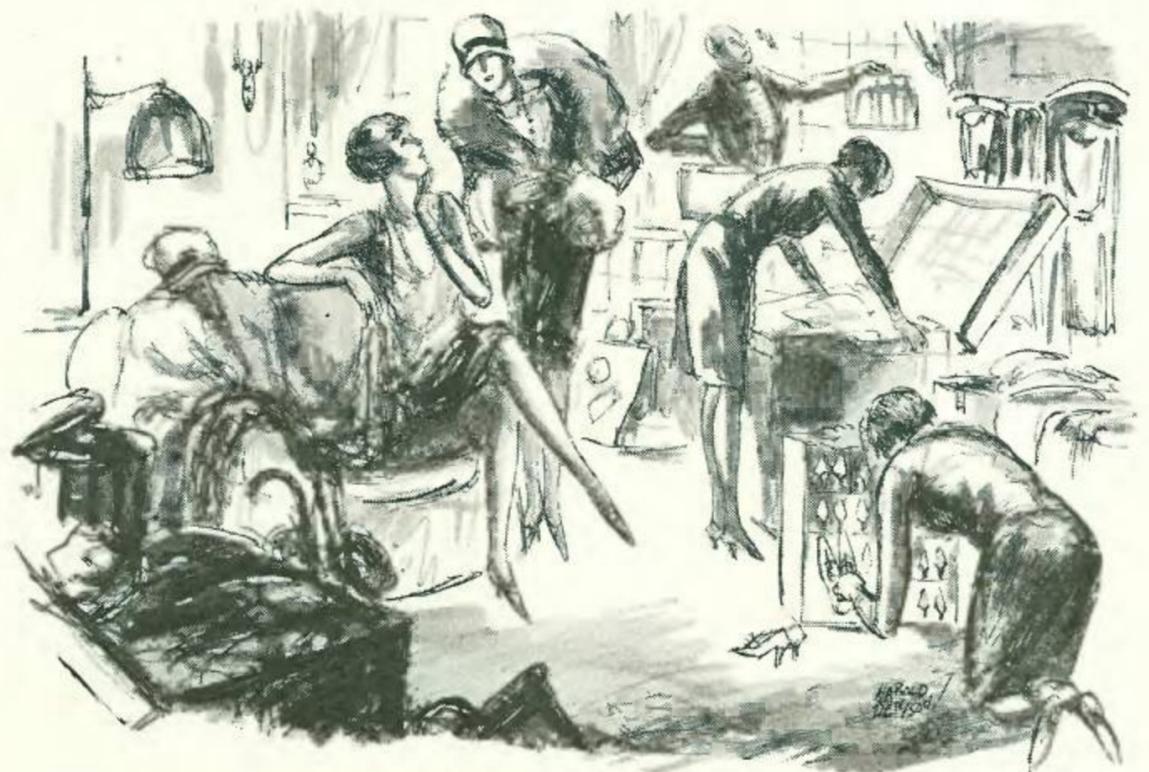
THOUGH the whirling maze of spring openings all over town has left me in a state closely approximating the gaga, my visit to The Tailored Woman does stand out—first, because it is one of the few places that do not pronounce Molyneux "Mollyknow"; second, because the selection of French clothes there is in exceptionally good taste.

You will find Chanel's little dark blue wool suit, double-breasted, with deep, vertical shirrings over the pockets to give it a waistline; Régny's offering, in the same line, her new note being provided by nickel buttons and a slightly longer jacket than we are used to; Chanel's simple, tucked coat of rough tweed, and Lanvin's ominous prophecy of the shirtwaist, shown in a tweed skirt, fitted like an Englishman's trousers around the waist and worn with a jersey blouse that slim young things are supposed to tuck inside for golf. These stand out among the tailored things. And Chanel, Goupy, and Patou's white piqué blouses for wear with two-piece suits—a distinctly new and smart note and, to my mind, far more comfortable and becoming than the sweaters everybody talks about.

Another new note is the presentation of an ensemble, consisting of a dress and a short jacket of silk printed in small patterns. Molyneux has the most successful version, with a jacket that is absolutely Norfolk. This type of costume is invaluable for the summer wardrobe of a woman of limited means, for it is equally suitable for warm days in town, train journeys to Southampton, or tea on the country-club porch.

For evening, there are versions of the low-backed black chiffon rag that every busy woman lives in for evening, created by Champcommunal this time; Chanel's marvelous two-piece, belted affair of écru lace that has swept the town, and so on ad infinitum.

FOR a direct contrast to the extreme simplicity of this collection, my next stop was at Stein & Blaine,



"As you can see, my dear, I'm hardly taking a rag with me."



A MILE ____ ?

You'd walk many miles for what this camel offers

He has contributed his hair for the best looking topcoats of the year
Soft silky camel hair—in deep browns, tans, blues and in many smart patterns. Silk lined

Hart Schaffner & Marx make them; in easy draping, swagger styles

—but you won't have to walk more than a block or two; a Wallach store is near by

Sixty-five dollars

WALLACH BROTHERS

Broadway corner 29th
Broadway below Chambers

Fifth Ave opposite the Library
12 East 42nd Street
Downtown store at 53 Broadway

41st at 7th Avenue
246-248 West 125

North, East, South and West
Pedemodes travel on youthful feet.



Pedemode
Feminine Footwear
New York 570 Fifth Ave.

Detroit

Boston

Chicago



never did a
permanent wave
look so natural!

so natural, so lovely, so contributive of new beauty to your hair and your general appearance. So adorably rippled that you can scarcely refrain from touching it every now and then to remind yourself that it's there. Ah, it's the supreme achievement of Jean's establishment—this perfect permanent wave—and the pride of the Continental coiffeurs who administer it.

Come in and be permanently waved now—that you may look your loveliest for the holiday festivities.

G. JEAN

30 west 58th street
plaza 4082

version of the high-arch, roundish-toe, narrow-heel last—which IS news.

EVEN the galloping ten days that elapse between going to press and the appearance of these words of wisdom are too long, it seems, for these forest-fire fashions. The most striking example of this is the way the Premet gold jewelry swept the town. This consists, you must know, of twisted gold or silver ropes for necklaces or bracelets, or of bracelets having twelve snaky, golden bands around the wrist, attached to a clasp, with a necklace to match. Originally designed as an aristocratic touch for an all-black dress—and very effective, too—it is now appearing all over Fourteenth Street. It seems only yesterday that I first saw it in Jay-Thorpe; by the time you read this, you can probably shop at Woolworth's for them. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

*For Boys and Bobs—A
New Fag*



MOTHERS who have discovered that the smartest clothes for their small boys are English shorts, worn with plain jerseys—and, needless to say, without shirts—and who have been in despair of getting them without sending to England, should go to the Christopher Robin Shop, at 21 West Fifty-first Street. This shop is devoted to clothes for children from three to twelve years of age and, thank goodness, there isn't a single sailor suit or frilly dress in the whole place. The shorts, which are made in America, patterned after the English ones—and it is my opinion that no others fit properly—come in navy blue, heather brown and white. They are made in wool jersey or flannel and are washable. The jerseys to match have either a Tilden neck-line, which is straight across, or the turtle neck with three buttons on one shoulder. Three-quarter socks, which can be adjusted to any length because they have no seam on the cuff, come in colors to match the suits. For little girls the dresses are very simple, made of gay prints and plain or handkerchief linen, with bloomers to match. The good taste which Mrs. Ingham, the owner of this shop, showed when she inaugurated

this type of clothes for children at Best's, is manifest in her new venture.

PEGGY SAGE, who considers manicuring and the care of the hands an art, has her salon at 50 East Fifty-seventh Street. She uses here all her own preparations, which are excellent, particularly the Rose Petal tint in four shades, and an enamel of the same name. Her manicure is noted for its lasting qualities, and, in addition, the tint and enamel are put on separately during the process, which effectively prevents the nails from turning brown as though they had been treated to a shoe shine. A good touch is the application of Rose Petal lotion on your hands after the manicure is completed. Miss Sage also makes a nicotine remover, various preparations for the cuticle, and a perfume and powder of her own. Business men are seen here later in the afternoon, and although the shop closes at six, the girls will go out after that time if you must be manicured while you are dressing for dinner.

Michael, who was originally at Saks-Fifth Avenue, is present to take care of your hair, and has a very tender and expert solicitude for bobbed heads. He also sponsors a good brilliantine, to substitute for the hot oil you are supposed to apply the night before a shampoo.

A NEW arrival in the confines of this office are some little strangers, entitled "Spud," which turn out to be nothing more nor less than mentholated cigarettes. These are ideal for savage smokers who will not give up their cigarettes though bronchitis is imminent, for, while the taste of menthol is not prominent, they leave your nose and throat noticeably cooler. Wives are implored not to force them on sneezing husbands against their will, if said husbands are of the type which prefers its vices unadulterated. —K. J.

AS TO MEN

Marriage Merry-Making
—A Few Notes



EVIDENCE of the far-flung influence of this mine of information is implicit in the following communication, postmarked Champaign, Illinois:

"A very close friend of mine is having

the
sun ray
motif

is seen a great deal this Spring—and nowhere is it used to smarter effect than on this black satin coat after Paquin with its appliques of the dull side of the satin. The Kolinsky collar is also very smart.

Sizes 14 to 20.
175.00

Best & Co.
5th Ave. at 35th St.
New York

ALTMANAC

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



The Gypsy Felt

... the snap brim at its best—carefully careless. A sporting hat. A loafing hat. A jaunty hat. A gypsy hat! Coloured for Spring \$8.00

The Greenwich Green

A headpiece for the country too, with a brim that takes any angle you give it. Green is on the up and up. This shade is dark olive, with your permission . . . \$8.00



Certes, the spat isn't worn by many; Quite all right if you haven't any, And lack the undoubtable smartness that's

The portion of gentlemen wearing spats \$4.50

Conceit

Rather silly, isn't it? In the evening the wind blows chill, yet we put on the sheerest hose and dancing shoes to weather the cold. Black patent leather spats are for evening wear. If you're dining or dancing, leave them with your coat and stick, \$6.00

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Fifth Avenue, New York

an afternoon wedding in Chicago, and this store which I happen to be president of, has been picked to outfit the wedding party. We have outfitted a great many evening weddings but very few afternoon ones, so I will appreciate your advising me what you consider proper, to the smallest detail. If there is any charge for this I will be only too glad to remit you a check to cover same."

We hasten to assure our correspondent that there is no charge for our services—save to THE NEW YORKER—and that, indeed, we are in his debt for having given us a cue for a column. Our one hope is that the darned thing will appear in time to save his "very close friend" the ignominy of appearing at the church in brown boots or an oxford shirt. We make it a hard and fast rule never to answer letters.

HAT: Black silk topper. Under no circumstances a bowler.

COAT: A morning coat, or cutaway, fastening with one or two buttons (the single button is more usual). Braid-bound lapels are optional. The tails should be on the long side. The short oxford gray or black "Foreign Office" coat is also proper and is quite smart if exceedingly well cut.

TROUSERS: Striped cashmere in rather a bold pattern, cut full and tapering slightly. With the Foreign Office coat, checked trousers are the ultimate gasp. The pattern, of course, must be diminutive.

WAISTCOAT: Same material as the coat, or of gray or taupe cashmere. If the latter, it must be double-breasted with sweeping lapels. This waistcoat is cut almost straight across the front (on a very slight downward curve) and is fastened with a double row of buttons—six in all—diverging from the bottom. It requires unexceptionable tailoring and is not recommended for peculiarly built men. I saw a very good one the other day, made by Bernard Weatherill, 557 Fifth Avenue. A word of caution: It is virtually impossible to buy good morning clothes ready made.

SHIRT: Stiff bosomed white piqué cut like an evening shirt but with a short bosom. One stud hole is sufficient. White linen shirts with horizontal, colored stripes about three-eighths of an inch apart are also considered proper.

COLLAR: Winged.

TIE: For the groom, an Ascot. For the groomsmen, shepherd's plaid or checked batwings. A four-in-hand

We're snobs,
too!



Like you, we prefer the most expensive of everything. Fortunately for us, we're big enough to buy it—leathers, workmanship, style and everything.

Fortunately for you, we are big enough to give it all to you in John Wards. At \$7 to \$11!

A matter of pride with us—this matter of price to you.

John Ward
Men's Shoes

INCORPORATED—REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

42nd Street

between Madison and Fifth Avenues

Broadway, just below 38th

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

may be worn but is not particularly smart.

SOCKS: Black silk.

SHOES: Black calf oxfords or black boots with cloth tops. The latter are fashionable but should be custom made.

SPATS: Are going out. (Although, for summer weddings, white linen spats are good.)

HANDKERCHIEF: White linen.

GLOVES: Gray silk, gray suede or white doeskin.

OVERCOAT: Black or oxford gray Chesterfield, single breasted, fly front.

STICK: Straight, full bark malacca.

And that, I trust (although I do not wish to seem pedantic), is the last detail. Of course, slight variations are permissible—if you are quite certain of what you are doing—but formal dress changes very little from year to year, and it is better to be on the safe side.

IF you can wear brown and are looking for a smart topcoat, Tripler's has imported some wows from England. They are made up of a brown and white material known as shark's-tooth, which is about the best looking stuff I've seen for some time. Double-breasted, peaked lapels, broad shoulders, \$100. They are so well cut that the domestic imitations, of which I have written before, suffer terribly by comparison.

MY steady readers—all three of them—will remember that my eulogy of the Schick Repeating Razor was tempered somewhat by a complaint to the effect that it was difficult to obtain a close shave with one. A slight modification in the design of the latest Schicks has eliminated this difficulty, making the razor just about perfect. The blade guard, which, originally, was welded to the razor-proper, is now all of a piece with the shaving head. This eliminates any possibility of movement and assures a constant adjustment. This new blade guard is perhaps a thirty-second of an inch further removed from the shaving edge than was the case with the older models, and that slight span makes all the difference if you are after a close shave.

AT the moment of going to press, Fortnum and Mason at 719 Madison Avenue, are selling out discontinued models of their excellent shoes at \$13.85. These shoes normal-

Cammeyer

*Announces the Opening
of a New Midtown Shop
on Fifth Avenue below 46th
Monday, March Twenty-first*

Now madam may choose original footwear models in any one of three Cammeyer Shops—in any one of three progressive price ranges.

And her delight at viewing the exclusive Midtown mode will be doubled by the jewel-like setting in which it is presented.

There—Cammeyer originals will be displayed at prices ranging from \$15 to \$22.

MIDTOWN SHOP, ON THE AVENUE BELOW 46TH



Virtue (and Arch Preserver Shoes) Triumphant!

If you should be so unwary as to accept invitations to ride with strange gentlemen, 'twere the better part of indiscretion to go shod in Arch Preserver Shoes. For the long walk home there is nothing easier on the feet than these shoes, scientifically designed so that the strain of walking is carried properly by the arches. Beautiful to look at, too, as witness:



In Black Patent,
Tan and Black Calf
with Artistic Underlay

All the style consistent with
good taste and foot
preservation



J. VAN BUREN BROWN, Inc.

11 WEST 36TH STREET
Specializing in the Genuine
Arch Preserver Shoes

ly sell at \$17 and up and are, in my opinion, well worth the price. My advice is to buy as many pairs as the budget will allow. —BOWLER

ABOUT THE HOUSE *Ambitions in Architecture*



THE Architectural Exhibition at the Grand Central Palace this year was a labyrinth. Guided by the silken thread of occasional notable achievements, one faced the Minotaur of Bad Taste with more courage to slay him than this annual show usually vouchsafes.

Fine examples of the growth of the tall tower and the development of the recessed floors from a broad base, features resulting from necessity and making architectural history in this country, were exhibited. The Gothic Tower planned by O'Hara for Columbia University, the Tower of History of the late Bertram Goodhue and the Pan-Hellenic House of Mr. Howells offered admirable proof of the possibilities of the former while Helmle & Corbett's No. One Fifth Avenue and Cross & Cross's Harriman Broadway Building were splendid accomplishments of the latter.

Arthur Loomis Harmon's model of the Y. M. C. A. Building for Jerusalem and John Russell Pope's Roosevelt Memorials brought still other architectural forms to the eye, as they are conceived without space restriction and the conditioning of planning it imposes.

John Gregory has sculptured a highly colored and intensely interesting model of a pediment for the Philadelphia Museum, which, with C. P. Jennewein's less distinguished attempt in the same direction, is a stimulating experiment in the use of more brilliant color for the exterior of buildings in America. The climate can stand it, circumstances of architecture allow it, and people like it. Why should not there be more of it? Buchman and Kahn have used richly colored terracotta and brick in their proposed Park Avenue Building, and it is successful.

Eugene Savage exhibited his powerfully composed murals for the Rotunda of the Ellis Memorial Hall, built by Egerton Swartwout. He uses a fresh and lovely color scale with sureness and simplicity, and paints the



Fine specimen of old "Cigar Store Indian" which now stands in front of Six East Forty-fifth Street.

A New Service

FOR those who find it inconvenient to visit our establishment we have prepared, and will send upon request, a beautiful booklet printed in several colors, featuring the products of our own importation.

In addition to illustrating sixty-six styles and prices of Blue Bar Pipes, we feature cigarettes, cigars, tobaccos, Rolls Razor, and other of our specialties.

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\$8.00

What a difference in flavour such a fine pipe makes. Blue Bar Pipes are hand-hewn from the world's toughest, most beautifully-grained roots—seasoned by great age to the connoisseur's taste. Finer pipes cannot be made. "Natural"—\$7. "Bruyere"—\$8.

ROLLS Safety RAZOR

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A super-quality safety razor with a real hollow-ground blade—the kind of blade that has never been equalled. A sharpening device comprising real stone as well as leather. And one single blade actually guaranteed by the manufacturer in writing to last five years. Its cost—insignificant by comparison with its superior comfort—\$12—a real economy as you've no more blades to buy for five years.

Great care will be given to orders received through the mail, and for the benefit of our out-of-town patrons we ship carriage prepaid to any part of the United States. Upon request our interesting book in colors will be forwarded.

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human body, nude and draped, with authentic mastery of pose and gesture. Arthur Covey had done some interesting industrial panels, a little too neat and weak, but showing a decorative development of theme. Richter and Holt showed a fresco executed by one Kai Gotzsche, that looks as if it would be as fresh in color and charming in composition a hundred years from now as it is today. The secret of painting with water color on fresh-laid lime and sand mortar, which is what the word "fresco" means as applied to painting, has been difficult to discover. Perhaps Gotzsche has done so.

THE F. W. Dodge Corporation, whose "Studies in Architectural Polychromy" appeared in the magazine they publish, *The Architectural Record*, backed up, or rather, carried out their claims by more than the written word. They built a room for the Architectural Show entirely of polychrome. Walls and pilasters of what looked like creamy maple sugar, with silvered capitals and blue and silver beading and moldings, made an extremely effective show. It seems a more flexible method for interior decoration than the clumsy water-biscuit surface presented by the use of Craftex. The United States Rubber Tile Flooring Company have developed a good rubber composition that can be used for floors, wainscots, or entire walls, in large, solid pieces or small tiles. In plain colors or subtly marbleized, it is admirably adapted for bathrooms and kitchens and in country houses could be used in the living-rooms as well. Moldings can be formed of it; the bathroom they exhibited was panelled with large gold-flecked blocks of the material, framed in black moldings and fittings of black. It is easier to clean than porcelain tiling, and can be so closely joined together that the seams are almost invisible. Other firms have made a specialty of this rubber composition and the Marbleoid Company have manufactured from it excellent fabrics for flooring that have the effect of travertine and streaked marble.

IT was with some relief that one turned from these fabricated materials to the beautiful carved wood surfaces from the Carroll French workshop, which is in New City, Rockland County, New York, but can be reached by telephoning Madison Square 8155. Mr. French has carved into a pair of four-inch-deep doors,



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Bergdorf-Goodman designs the smart day dress for spring. A delightful variation from the commonplace, introducing the new collar-cape of organdy and lace.

*While Tickling
Your Ears
We Don't
Overlook
Your Palate*

+ + + + +

Syncopation must be served—we admit it—and Ernie Golden produces it in harmonious plenitude with his famous McAlpin WMCA Broadcasting Orchestra.

But we believe that food, too, must be served—the kind that tickles the palate.

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The best dance music to be heard on either side of the Atlantic—

The liveliest entertainment by Broadway favorites every night at midnight

But—

There's no cover charge for dinner (from 6 to 9 P.M.) and no overcharge on the cover charge (\$1.00) from 9 P.M. to closing.

Arthur L. Lee
Managing Director

+ + + + +

**McALPIN
GRILL**

"Where The White Way Begins"

B'way at 34th St.

with full assurance that they are deep enough for his purpose, which is to portray figures of medieval grace against a landscape of perfectly achieved perspective. On another single door, the rails and stiles are bordered with animals wandering up and down "beautifully, with vine leaves in the hair"—or fur. His craft would adorn beam ends and exposed ceiling beams and should be encouraged as a countercheck to "composition wood" of stock design, if for no other reason.

Renner & Maras brought to view some fine examples of decorative wrought iron, dignified in design and of thorough workmanship. Oscar Bach, a firm devoted to the same purpose, had a varied collection of objects marred somewhat by the desire to achieve "hand" effects. A cabinet, exquisitely fitted with every conceivable lock, hinge, key, handle, executed by the firm of Guerin & Co., gave ample proof of their proficiency in this field of decorative hardware—an important and often neglected detail in the furnishing of a house.

THE show room of the Karpen Furniture Company was one of the most interesting interiors of the exhibition. Walls of cream white, with simple architectural ornamentation emphasizing the angles, were lighted by five shelves of long narrow strips of glass placed along the top of each wall near the ceiling and forming a cornice, which held unconcealed electric bulbs of elongated shape, wherever they met in a corner.

Startlingly simple, logically constructed, and perfectly successful. In the booth of the Ravenna Mosaics, (mosaic is another much neglected and brilliant possibility for the embellishment of exteriors and interiors in this country) a ceiling of amber and white glass, blown and molded into amazing shapes and surfaces gave further indication that an architect somewhere about the city is using glass with an understanding of its possibilities that promises thrilling things. Upon inquiry, difficult to pursue, it seems there is "a young man" (no further information was forthcoming) with the firm of Buchman & Kahn who is responsible for both achievements. I shall make it my business to find out who this "young man" is. He may build that glass skyscraper, one day!

—REPARD LEIRUM



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The Berkshire*

NEW YORK

is under the same direction as *Whiteball, Palm Beach*, is sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Here, are irreproachable service, delightful cuisine, exquisitely-furnished suites, and overnight rooms for out-of-town guests.

MARTIN SWEENEY

*The
Berkshire*

21 EAST 52ND STREET

NEW YORK



THE SKY LINE

*Roxy to the Fore—Our
New Courthouse—
Coloratura*



THE RECENT opening of Roxy's "Cathedral of the Motion Picture" at Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street has created quite a stir hereabouts.

For days before the première the eager faces of our villagers were pressed against the entrance doors, watching the belated workmen at their task of turning white plaster into gold and ivory, a magic transmutation far more successful than that of most alchemists. It takes little to occupy the hours of Broadway's tremendous leisure class—the rolling and wrapping of cigarettes, the demonstration of a trick couch—but here was real excitement, a gargantuan work to be finished at the appointed hour and all, apparently, in hopeless confusion. Each possible entrance was guarded by a devastated-looking individual who could have been created for no other purpose; but the magic name of this influential molder of public taste was sufficient to admit us to the interior.

It was exciting, thrilling. Roxy and his confrères have done a fine job. We have already touched on the gay and festive character of the façades. The interior lives up to them. The plan arrangement of Roxy's Theatre is ingenious. It eases its way out to the corner of the avenue by a series of lobbys and foyers, oval and circular forms taking up the slack as the approaches edge around the corner of the Manger, our latest five-star-extra hotel.

ROXY'S new home is brilliant, exuberant, palatial, yet a truly fine expression of what a place of entertainment should be. The big elliptical lobby is particularly effective. When you go there, as you surely will, notice the columns with their high, metal—real metal, this time—bases. The upper length of the columns is apparently of marble, Irish "Connemara," to be technical. They are done in scagliola, and a past-master of this craft, H. A. Cousins, was called out of retirement to do them.

There is an exceptionally fine crys-



812 PARK AVENUE
SOUTHWEST CORNER 75th ST.

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J. E. R. CARPENTER, *architect*—DWIGHT P. ROBINSON & COMPANY, INCORPORATED, *builders*. HOUSTON PROPERTIES CORPORATION, *fiscal and corporate managers*.

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Such alterations may be specified during the present stages of construction.

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APARTMENTS
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ROOF GARDEN
APARTMENTS
12 to 16 ROOMS

MAISONETTES
private street en-
trances — suitable
for physicians —
5 to 9 ROOMS



Entertaining ALAKING

Bring your dinner guest and your appetite to the Fifth Avenue. Let roast royal squab, potato soufflé tempt your palate. Or will it be venison steak, grand veneur? But even if you order steak minute, O'Brien potatoes, you will believe our chefs have an art more exacting than science.

When your meal is climaxed with marron parfait or a "baked Alaska", and you have had time to observe the mannerly service and the charming surroundings, you will know that New York has a restaurant to be classed only with the immortal dining rooms.

Yet, decidedly moderate prices are maintained.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL

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1, 2 and 3 rooms with serving pantries, refrigeration; furnished or unfurnished.

And on Murray Hill

THE HOTEL WHITE

Lexington Ave. and 37th Street
Lexington 1200

Oscar Wintrab, *Managing Director*

tal chandelier hanging over the main lobby and the fixtures throughout are well designed and mercifully few in number, a large part of the lighting being indirect. The light in the main auditorium arrives mysteriously from hidden sources, in subdued but sufficient quantities.

Actual color is sparingly used, the prevailing tone being brown-gold. The great enclosure, seating six thousand, has beauty and dignity without being pompous. It is not grand-opera, for the side walls and recesses which lead to the proscenium are jollied up with divers romantic niches, royal boxes, winding stairs and screens of gilt colonnettes that are real movie stuff. But they are well harmonized and diverting, as well as being grand places from which to launch the voice of a long-lost child or heavenly visitant, as the needs of the particular musical number may require. And a word for the technical expert who put in the seats. Not only are their radiation and sight-lines perfect, but they are widely spaced, fore and aft. There is generous leg-room. One may get in or out without being passed along like a box of chocolates.

We make our bow to Roxy and his architect, Walter Ahlschlager. The latter, by the way, as one of his lieutenants told us, had occasion recently to look up a man named Ward in the telephone book. The number of "Wards" was baffling. "Zounds," said the architect, or words to that effect, "why can't a man have a name that is easy to find? You certainly can't miss Ahlschlager. It stands out like a bonnie brier bush."

PROFESSIONALS and laymen have joined in mourning the passing of that charming scholar and gentleman, Guy Lowell. His monument lives after him, in the New York County Court House, and it is a noble one. Very appropriately, he chose the Roman style of classic architecture for this new home of Justice and justices—two different things, we are assured by a cynical litigant. The site, up to date, appears unfortunate. The Court House commands one side of Foley Square, and what a pretty name is Foley Square, isn't it? Well, God bless the Irish, anyway, there the Court House is, surrounded by one of the grandest messes of inconsequential, tumbledown buildings ever you saw. But this, of course, is a passing phase. The city owns and already proposes to develop most of this area into a

They
live well
who live at

The DORSET



THERE is magnificent luxury in the lofty Dorset duplex salons, with their balconies and fireplaces. Quiet good taste distinguishes its furnished suites, its lobby, and its lounge. Apartments range from living room and chamber to living room, dining room and 3 chambers with 3 baths. Each has serving pantry and room-sized foyer.

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Furnished or unfurnished suites
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Adjoining Fifth Avenue

THIS IS A
BING & BING
BUILDING

Civic Center. God speed the day, for the Court House at present looks like a Roman Senator, surrounded by a gang of thugs.

THE MAIN elevation, facing approximately south, is fine. The figures in the pediment are, perhaps, a shade too refined, a little lacking in "relief" and boldness, but they are beautifully composed. Three stalwart "figgers" accent the pediment; Moses, we presume, and two of his girl-friends.

Ten husky Corinthian columns stand in the front row of the portico. Note this number. It is sure to be asked in that "Now ask me another" game, some time or other. They are robust and vigorous in scale and give a fine, classic quality to the building.

There is a little let-down as one enters the interior. The scale is necessarily reduced, but we were conscious, too, of a lowness of proportion in the center, the domed court. Yet the detail throughout is carefully studied and marked by a fine sense of fitness and restraint. There are no flowery Renaissance moldings or garlanded columns. The vocabulary of an austere, classic architecture is treated with respect.

The floor of this main rotunda is interesting with its fine brass signs of the zodiac let into the marble. As a tip to future visitors, pick your exit between these signs as soon as you go in. The main one is between Aries and Pisces. Take it from us, we know. If you don't do this bit of orientation you are apt to spend several days trying to get out of the place, unless you happen to be one of those woody persons who carry a compass.

The thoroughness of this job delighted us. Such modern and practical details as directory signs, revolving doors, elevator grilles and such, are wrought in the fine, classic spirit and achieve a result of calm beauty that could not have been achieved without infinite patience and a fine directing sense of the fitness of things.

We looked up a judicial friend and caught him in his quiet room on the fifth floor. He tried to show us over some of the intricate parts of the building, the private corridors and elevators, but they were too much for him. Having led us into a beautiful courtroom from which all exits were locked, his Honor said finally, "Hell, we're in jail! Let's beat it out to the public corridor." He apologized



TRULY WORKS OF ART FOR CONNOISSEURS TO JUDGE



Even a casual inspection of these Park Avenue apartments will reveal that here construction and art are as one. Construction . . . in its finest expression after more than a quarter century of building experience. Art . . . characterized in the planning and treatment of cheerful, sunlit rooms . . . rooms with the charm of real old-fashioned proportioning.

Julius Tishman & Sons' long experience and "conscientious purpose" have created in these three dwellings, an excellence almost without limitation . . . for connoisseurs to judge—and enjoy.

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285 Madison Avenue, New York

PARK AVENUE APARTMENTS



*Now comes
the season of
short vacations
—a week-end at
Asheville—Hot
Springs—in the
Country or at
the Seashore.*

*Why merely envy
those carefree
people who have
passed their
housekeeping
worries over
to us?*

THE BEEKMAN

An Apartment Hotel

Park Avenue
and 63rd Street

2, 3 and 4
Rooms
Unfurnished,
with serving
pantries.
Every facility
for private
entertaining.

Representative on premises

CHARLES M. WOODS, *Manager*

Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc.

Renting Agent

15 East 49th St. Plaza 9200

profusely, saying that he hadn't been in his new quarters long enough to learn his way about, but that by putting in some homework over the plans he hoped to master them.

MUCH was murmured during the late architectural show at the Grand Central Palace about "color in architecture." Many prophets predict it.

We have our own doubts. If it comes at all, it will be slowly. Artists and draughtsmen are great fellows for slinging on the color when it is a mere matter of paper, paint and imagination. When it comes to spending the hard-earned dollars of a hard-boiled client, well, that is something else again. —T-SQUARE

TO A WINE-(IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING) CORK

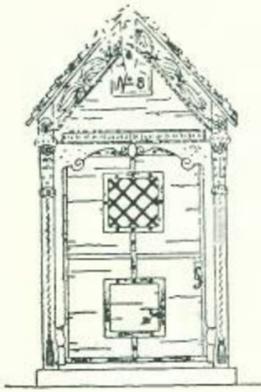
Tonight
I have bought you,
And the wine
That you stopper
In this place
In Thirty-first Street;
Bought you, even though
I know you to be false.
But the rain
Is coming down outside
Even as it was
That noon
In Saint Cloud
And "Haut Barsac"
Was also the name
Upon the wine
We drank,
Celeste and I.
She was false then
And you are now
And what difference
Does it make
Anyhow?
I was jingled
Both times. —BROWNELL CAR

TWILIGHT IN FLORIDA

Most of the automobiles drove into Miami at about seven o'clock, some laying plans to begin growing potatoes, some planting citrus groves, and others intending to begin milking cows.—*Miami (Fla.) Herald.*

LOST: Platinum and pearl dress studs and links for Corona typewriter.—*Adv. in Los Angeles Times.*

These finicky creative writers!



The Doorway To Distinguished Clothes

CURRENT fashions in suits and topcoats interpreted with the restraint and dignity usually found in only the finest custom tailoring. Even a casual inspection will demonstrate our acquaintance with the requirements of a discriminating clientele.

Charles Geib, Inc.
Gentlemen's Clothing
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The Ambassador

*Announces the Limited
Engagement of*

MAURICE'S PROTEGES
CHARLES SABIN
with EDWINA ST. CLARE

Nightly at Supper in the
Ambassador Grill

LARRY SIRY
and his Famous Orchestra
Furnish the Music

*Dinner Dancing, 7:30 to 10:30
Supper Dancing, 11:15 to closing*



The
Table
Reservations
Rhineland 9000

**The
Ambassador**
PARK AVENUE at 51ST STREET
NEW YORK

CONTRACT BRIDGE



THE Knickerbocker Whist Club has brought forth a new set of Rules for Contract

Bridge which differs in several details from those previously published in these columns. Keeping abreast of the times, we print below an official condensation of these rules which, we hope, will be final for at least this, the early spring season.

VALUES	NO TRUMP	SPADE	HEART	DIAMOND	CLUB
Each Trick	10	9	8	7	6
Four Honors in One Hand	150	100	100	100	100
Five Honors in One Hand	150	150	150	150	150

Game: 30 Points Required; Game Bonus: 200 Honors; Rubber Bonus: 300 Honors.

POINTS

DOUBLING doubles the trick values. **GAME:** Only the number of tricks both bid and made (i.e., the made contract) are scored in the point column.

REVOKE: Penalty is 2 tricks for first revoke; additional penalty for each subsequent revoke is 100 points in adverse honor column.

HONORS

FOR MAKING CONTRACT:

When Invulnerable: If undoubled, none; If doubled, 50.

When Vulnerable: If undoubled, none; If doubled, 100.

FOR OVER TRICKS: (Bonuses for tricks in excess of Contract bid and made).

When Invulnerable: If undoubled, 50 per trick; If doubled, 100 per trick.

When Vulnerable: If undoubled, 100 per trick; If doubled, 200 per trick.

SLAMS BID AND MADE:

Little Slam: When Invulnerable, 500; When Vulnerable, 750.

Grand Slam: When Invulnerable, 1000; When Vulnerable, 1500.

UNBID SLAMS MADE: No Slam bonus.

DOUBLING AND REDOUBLING does not affect slam bonuses, which are



Creating new Park Avenue standards

FOR an apartment house on Park Avenue to be a little better in floorplan, a little more distinguished in location, a little higher in character than the others, is to imply that it is practically perfect. 775 Park Avenue certainly has no counterpart. Ceiling heights range from 10' 4" to 13'. There are 2 to 6 fireplaces in each apartment. The 14-room apartments have 22 closets.

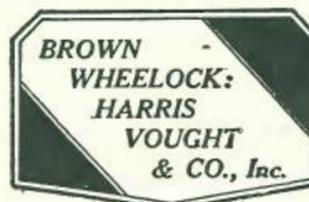
There is a wide choice here in size and exposure; 9 to 16 rooms in varying arrangements, including maisonette duplexes with private entrances, roof-garden duplexes and a triplex. Immediate purchasers may have the great advantage of planning their apartments practically as they wish.

No mortgage on land or building. Maintenance charges only 9¼%, including sinking fund. Representative on premises daily and Sunday. Occupancy Early Summer 1927. Michael E. Paterno, *builder*; Rosario Candela, *architect*. 100% Cooperative.

775 Park Avenue at 72nd Street

Selling and Managing Agent

20 EAST
48th STREET



VANDERBILT
0031



Is your hair thick
—strong-growing?

Guard against thinning hair and dandruff

HAIR thinning a little at your temples?

Dandruff may be the cause, as it usually is. Or it may be due to poor circulation.

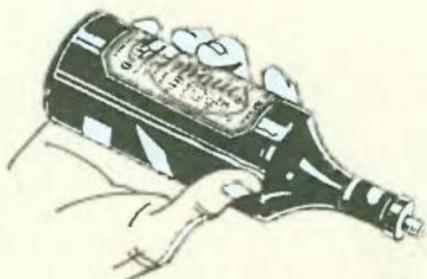
You can overcome both these ills this way:

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction. Move your scalp, not your fingers! After working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp, brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly all day.

Kept up regularly, this treatment will make your hair strong, healthy, vigorous.

For Pinaud's Eau de Quinine destroys dandruff infection, and starts hair-nourishing circulation in the scalp.

Begin this treatment *today*. Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store. Signature of Ed. Pinaud on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine

additional to those for making contract and over tricks.

FOR UNDERTRICKS: (Penalties when Contract fails.)

When Invulnerable: If undoubled, 50; If doubled, for first three tricks, 100; If doubled, for fourth trick, 200; If doubled, for all subsequent tricks, 400.

When Vulnerable: Double the penalties imposed when side is Invulnerable.

HONOR VALUES are scored by side holding same, win or lose, and are not affected by doubling or redoubling.

VULNERABLE: A side having won a game. Opposing side is Invulnerable unless it has also won a game, in which case, both sides are Vulnerable and penalties and bonuses increased accordingly. (It is optional with players whether the "Vulnerable," with its increased penalties and bonuses, shall be played.)

REDOUBLING doubles all doubled trick values, bonuses, and penalties. Laws of Regular Auction govern Contract Auction, with variations noted in these laws.

MONOLOGUE AT FIVE

Whose cup is this?
Will you have cake or toast?
I wonder where Robert is.
Never mind, don't boast;
I remember now, you never take
Anything in the shape of cake.

Make the dog get off that chair,
Henry, and ring the bell.
I think we might have some air.
You have a cold?—Oh, well!
Jane, dear, will you have more
tea?
Two lumps or three?

—SPUD JOHNSON

Application of counsel for Mrs. Alice Beatrice Jones Rhineland for \$5,000 additional counsel fees for opposing the appeal of Leonard Kip Rhineland from the decision of Justice Morschauser declining to set aside the verdict of a jury which decided an annulment suit in his wife's favor, resulted yesterday in Justice Morschauser, in White Plains, granting her counsel a \$1,500 fee.—*New York World*.

With us, just reading the sentence resulted in a headache.

*Astounding!
Confounding!*

METROPOLIS

The Paramount U. F. A. miracle that no words can describe, no pen portray, no eye believe.

RIALTO
Times Sq.

L.S.R.

Why Not Be Good While You're At It?

IF YOU'VE a little Movie Camera in your home the amateur movie department in Photoplay Magazine is priceless to you. Without it, you are wasting expensive film, your pictures will bore your friends, and the magnates will never offer you \$5,000.00 a week as a director.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

James R. Quirk, Editor

April Issue

Today at
ALL NEWS STANDS

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Roxy Opens—Sunya Is Touched On—And a Few Glad Cries



YOU WILL find the Roxy now open and doing business at Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street. Its general

effect is dull gold and it shows as much restraint as its immensity will permit.

There can be detected here and there the glow of the inevitable pink light, but on the whole one can walk about saying such things as "My, isn't it big!" and "Not so bad looking, either!"

During the showing of the pictures the screen is surrounded by various colored lights. These are distracting at first, and they aren't very satisfactory after you get used to them. It would be a good idea to leave them out.

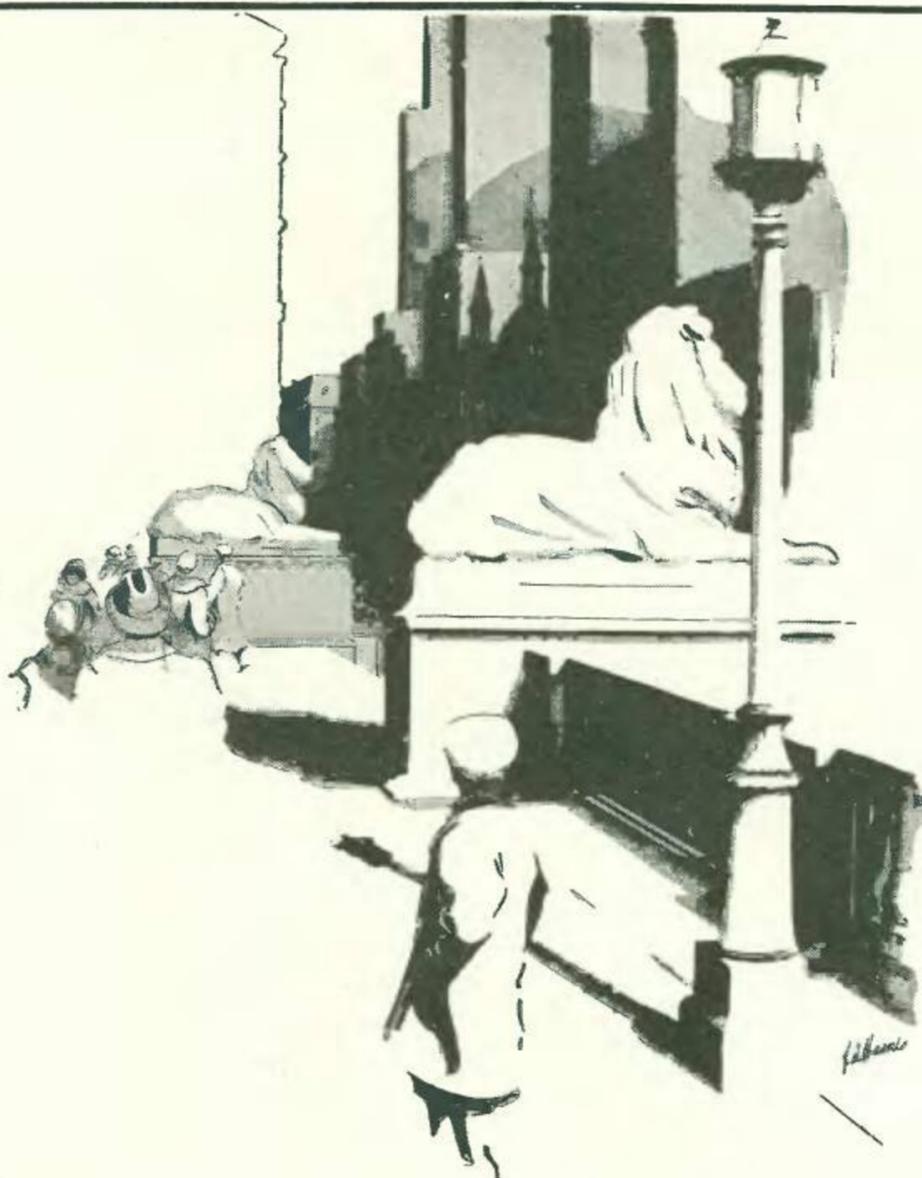
The cinematograph used for the opening was "The Love of Sunya," with Gloria Swanson; and three salient features stand out from it. To wit: (a) Childish story, (b) poor acting, and (c) terrible sub-titles. Let's let it go at that.

JOHN BARRYMORE, that beloving acrobat, is at the Strand in "The Beloved Rogue," enacting *François Villon*. The tale wobbles a bit and is historically a little fuddled, but it is entertaining.

It is something of a shame to treat two such gentlemen as Villon and Louis the Eleventh so lightly, and I recommend to the infant industry the case of Louis especially as offering perfect movie material if handled properly.

The story tells how the poet fell in love with the ward of the king and how that caused him to break an exile imposed as a penalty for a rollick in one of the Parisian public places. He is condemned to death and saves himself by an ingenuity that, as a matter of history, was actually employed by the King's astrologer.

Then the *Duke of Burgundy* steals the girl. Barrymore gets a chance to



Not Far From The Lions

NO, we don't mean those lions in the Park Zoo that used to smite our childish souls with awe. We mean the lions on the Library porch . . . metropolitan symbol of the heart of things.

And just 7 minutes' walk away is Tudor City, an independent community on the East River front. Apartment hotels with the necessary facilities for effortless living. Housekeeping apartments that are the essence of convenience. A park, traffic restrictions, shops, restaurant. On Prospect Hill, high, quiet and airy, between 40th and 44th Streets, with a protected approach at 42nd Street.

But most of all, Tudor City is amazingly accessible. You can walk to nearly anywhere you want to go. As central as lower Park Avenue—and far less expensive.

The first group of apartments will be ready for occupancy in September. Prospect Tower, an apartment hotel, has suites of 1 or 2 rooms at \$800 to \$2050. The Manor, with housekeeping apartments from 1 to 4 rooms, ranges in price from \$720 to \$3100.

May we send you complete information?

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT CO.
350 Madison Avenue at 45th St. Vanderbilt 6320

LIVE IN

TUDOR CITY

AND WALK TO BUSINESS



"... I say, Ronald, were you in a rash last week? Didn't see you out here."

"Been fit as a turnip. Entertaining Chicago royalty. Hunting fun by night, theatre tickets by day. Awful bore."

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Mar. 19, 20, 21: MARION DAVIES in "THE RED MILL"; Mar. 22, 23: D. W. GRIFFITH'S "SORROWS OF SATAN" with ADOLPHE MENJOU; Mar. 24, 25: BEBE DANIELS in "KISS IN A TAXI"; Mar. 26, 27, 28: LILLIAN GISH in "THE SCARLET LETTER."

Week of Mar. 14. **BROTHERS KARAMAZOV**
Week of Mar. 21. **PYGMALION GUILD** Th., W. 52 St. Eves. 8:30
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Week of Mar. 14. **THE SILVER CORD**
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PEGGY-ANN
with LULU McCONNELL

do something; *Louis* comes along with some hocus-pocus, and a satisfactory end is achieved.

THE CAPITOL has John Gilbert and Renée Adorée in "The Show," which is well worthy of your attention. Tod Browning, who likes to deal with criminals and excitement, directed it with considerable smoothness, the actors make themselves believable, and the theme is plausible. Two touches are inserted that must have had the censors biting their nails, and the officials should be thanked for overlooking them.

The scene is Hungary and the characters are performers in a sort of glorified dime museum. The ballyhoo man of the outfit is an unprincipled lad who arouses the enmity of a fellow member of the show named *The Greek*. After trying to chop off the head of his co-worker, *The Greek* finally lets a horrid looking poisonous reptile into the other man's room.

Things develop so that the two men and the reptile all get in a closet together and this causes the audience to utter several very audible and very reasonable squeaks. After that the ballyhoo man decides he hasn't been behaving at all well and makes a great number of new resolutions. Which is for form's sake, and you don't have to think about it.

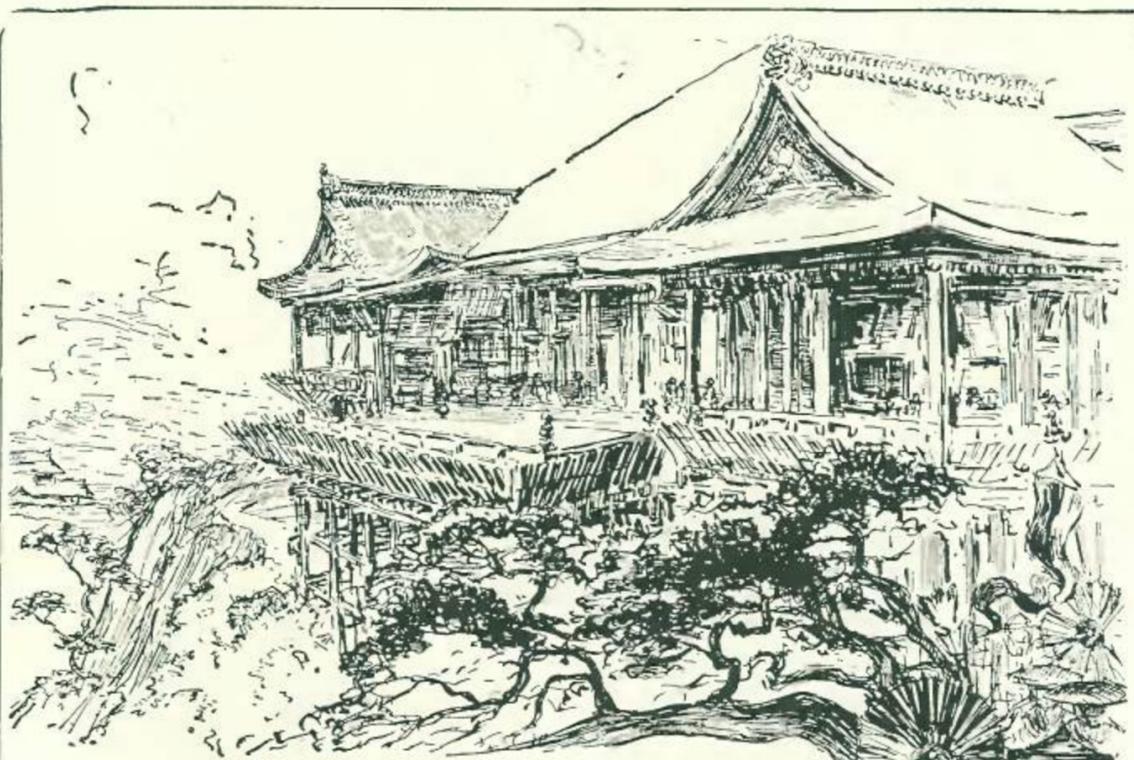
All concerned do splendidly. Gilbert as the hero and Lionel Barrymore as his enemy are true to their parts, and Gertrude Short in a minor rôle behaved excellently.

"A KISS IN A TAXI" (Paramount) is amusing partly because of its captions and partly because of its performers.

The story is somewhat too involved for a movie, and has some soggy moments, but makes good entertainment anyway. Bebe Daniels throws herself around in an entrancing way, and Chester Conklin is thoroughly delightful. Their supporters in the affair conduct themselves adequately.

The plot is entirely too tricky to sketch, but the impersonation-mistaken-identity theme is behind it—and how, you can see for yourself.

THE Fifth Avenue Playhouse had a German picture, "The Living Buddha," and if you didn't see it you didn't miss much. —O. C.



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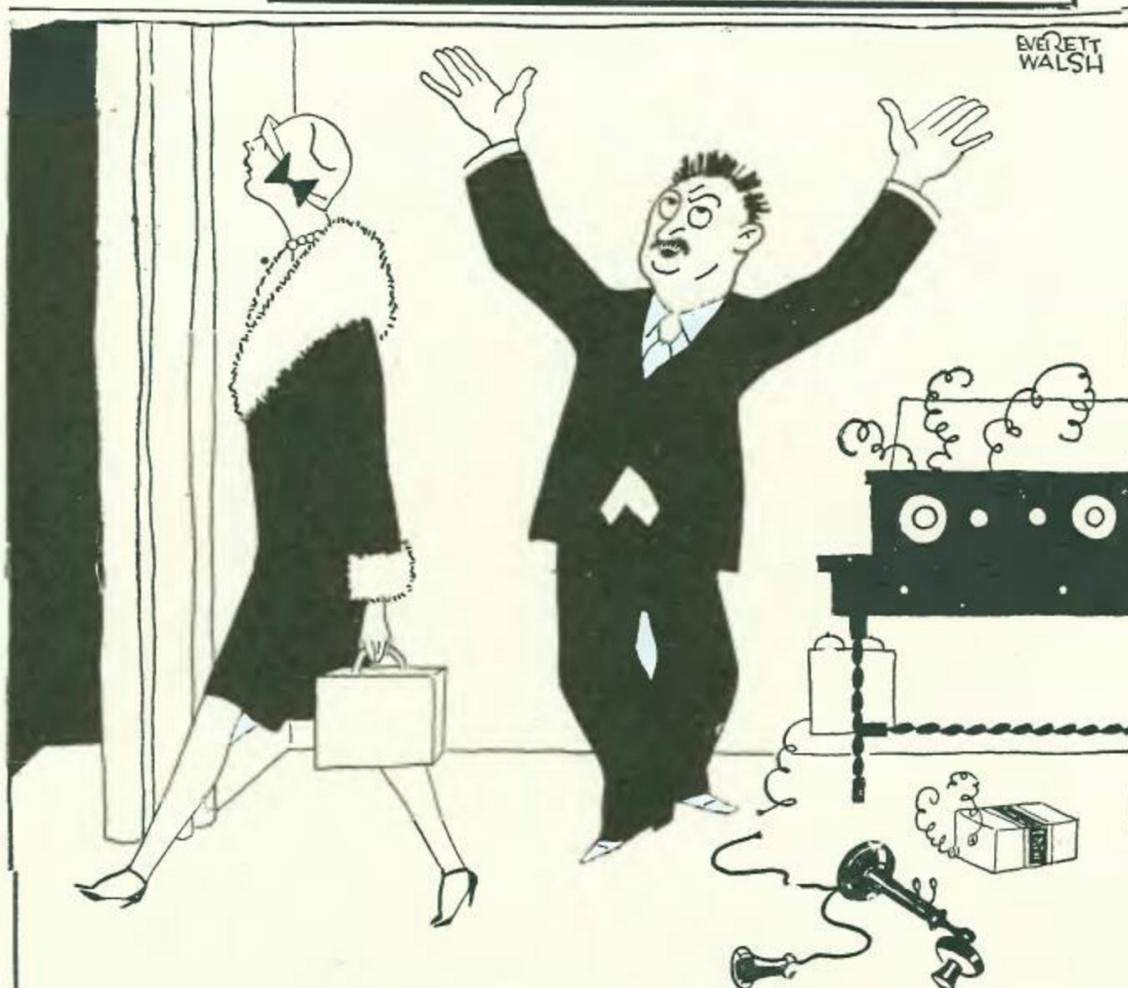
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TABLES

*In the Village and So
in Mr. Statler's Cellar—*

ALL readers who do not feel that they are having a good time in New York unless they dine at the Colony every night might just as well stop with this paragraph. For, oi! have I been slumming!

Expedition number one: none other than Moscowwitz & Lupowitz, comfortably housed in 158 East Houston Street, among the burlesque shows, and attracting numbers of our better intelligentsia downtown by reason of the excellence of its Yiddish-Roumanian cooking. In appearance, a large, booming place with a lot of people sitting around in it and paying no attention whatever to a plaintive orchestra consisting of an upright piano, a violin, and a lot of muscle. This renders with enthusiasm and feeling things like the Wilhelm Tell overture, often stopping to practice a particularly tough passage before going on. There is also a girl who renders refined ballads on request—none of this tough jazz stuff—and there ought to be singing waiters, but I didn't see any. Rumors of a zither player somewhere about could not be confirmed by your correspondent.

The place is open until after midnight, and if you don't see what you want on a menu a mile long, ask for it. The food is marvelous, and if you are pretty much of a pig your check may reach a dollar.

CHUKKER No. 2: At 139 Macdougall Street—an address that has had its ups and downs if ever a restaurant site has—is a little trifle called La Chanterelle, serving a very nice *table d'hôte* lunch and dinner. This in itself is nothing special to talk about. But rather an amusing crowd drift in and out and, after dinner, adjourn upstairs, entertain if they feel like it, sit if they feel like it, and loaf in general. The closing hours, therefore, are much at the discretion of the amiable proprietor who, having once given a concert in Carnegie Hall, is quite likely to drag out his fiddle and play for his own delectation. And yours. Very pleasant.

FOR TWO

of Chummy—Mr. Kahn
Chicken Maryland

BUT the cream of them all, in the culinary line, and one that, most appropriately, our Art Critic has been babbling about for a long time, is a place called The Bat, at 138 Macdougall Street. It is just one of those little, cellary places, with white napkins sticking perkily out of the glasses, and cloth autumn leaves in the most brilliant colors climbing on trellises all over the ceiling. Werry, werry early-Sardi in decoration. To this haunt, many operatic people come drifting of an evening (Toscanini couldn't be pried out of there while he was in this country), and connoisseurs have told me that their greatest disappointment on their last trip to Italy was the futile search for food like that which Felix cooks with his own lily-white hands. You can take the ravioli out and have it analyzed—in fact, somebody did once. It is cooked fresh every morning on the premises. There are no menus—the best thing to do is to make sweeping gestures and say, "Bring me an elegant meal." And then ravioli comes in, covered with cheese and tomato and stuffed with spinach and chicken; and you get veal cutlets, cooked, then covered with tomato and two or three kinds of cheese and baked in the oven. Watching it made is more fun. I hear that it is impossible to order anything that the proprietor cannot cook for you three times as well as you have ever had it before.

ONE of the best two-dollar dinners in my experience: Louisiane, at 8 East Forty-ninth Street. Cooking, Southern, from the hot biscuits to the triumphant Chicken Maryland. Crabmeat and shrimps are handled with real reverence. Six steaming courses that are not of the one-anchovy-making-the-hors-d'oeuvres school. Very, very good.

ROGER WOLFE KAHN has opened at the Pennsylvania grill in place of George Olsen, and the fate of Le Perroquet de Paris is wavering in the balance. Charles Sabin (still not the banker) has opened at the Ambassador with a new partner. Other-



What! No Dundee?

She might just as well have forgotten the grapefruit, or the coffee or any other breakfast essential. Some of those who know Keiller's Dundee would rather forego the meal than defame it by the absence of this aristocrat of marmalades.

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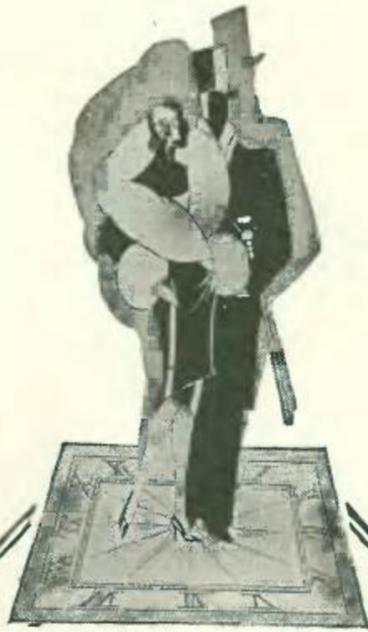


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"Well, why'd you take it up?"

"Need the exercise my dear. Used
to get it on my daily theatre ticket
hunts. But now, since Bennie
gave me that Bascom tip..."

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wise, the gaiety of this glittering night life of ours remains pretty much the same.

IT'S rather nice of me to be so generally enthusiastic right and left, too. Because I feel pretty badly about a lot of things. The first is the Tailored Woman's ad last week, quoting excerpts from L. L.'s stuff and signing it LIPSTICK. For heaven's sake—anybody can write about fashions! I did it myself once, and outgrew it.

And then the Ask Me Another people come right out in print and get me all excited by saying that I am to get a free copy of their book.

Well, where is it? Answer this one: What have the following in common—Esty, Spafford, and Honesty? Following all this, Carl Rose accuses me in his taxi article of indulging in non-metered conversations. This is plain libel. And people from the home town come up to my sister and ask her where I hire my escorts. A prophet, etc., etc.

Also, it is the spring. —LIPSTICK

BRASS TACKS

He spoke of love and caught my hands
In his, and talked of foreign lands
And sapphire skies and foam-flecked
crests

Of waves, and eerie Tyrol nests.
His voice was tremulous; his eyes
Were bright; he spoke of Paradise.

Another clasped my hands in his
And uttered volumes in a kiss.
He did not touch on sunny France
In his rendition of romance.
He did not speak of smiling Spain
But what he said was more than plain.

And so I chose the two-room flat
What with this and what with that.
(Acknowledgment for the last line is
made to Beatrice Lillie.)

—MARGARET FISHBACK

OUR PSHAW DEPARTMENT

It is, to say the least, an unusual composition, scored for eleven mechanical pianos, one of them mechanical.—*The New Yorker*.

So many people have told us that that sentence didn't make sense, that we are getting round to the opinion ourself.



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THE Multi-national show has changed its intent somewhat since we saw it last year in rompers. Then it was a roving tent show of some of the best things attainable, of England, France and America. We threw our hat in the air and rejoiced over some of the canvases not vouchsafed us every day—Van Gogh's room is one we will remember long after the memory of this exhibit has departed. German, Swiss and Mexican artists have been added to the bigger and better show and it can be seen in all its glory atop the Grand Central Station.

Certainly great honor is due Mrs. E. H. Harriman for her continued interest in this enterprise. By no other means will as many people be made conscious of what is going on in the world outside our flag-draped door. What Katherine Dreier did with her modern circus, Mrs. Harriman does with her more solid cohorts. Perhaps a little more; for in these ranks you find so much that is familiar and acceptable to the cautious mind. A Leger hung alongside a Hawthorne somehow is not as fearful a thing as the same picture hung among Juan Gris.

The show to us was frightfully confused and suffered greatly from the gilded walls which shone like a speckled rooster in the sun. And as is usually the custom when this gallery houses an outside attraction, too much of the home-work was about, to annoy the visitor. What little Freddie made with a can of clay after school is all right to show the visitor for just a moment, but when the visitor has to hold it in his lap for the rest of the afternoon, it gets pretty heavy. We noted with glee that some public-spirited citizen had been about with an axe, smashing fauns and flora. But a lot of such work remains to be done. The show, then, requires your undivided attention and several trips around to orientate its values.

Especially in the American wing do we think that M. de Zayas, who assembled the lot, has been happy in his selections. He has relied almost entirely on the younger men, though the accepted have their place. Some

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GALLERIES

Which the Lions
and Mixed Up

of the best examples we have seen of Max Weber, Henry Schnakenberg, Alexander Brooks and Henry Billings are on these walls. Most of our favorites are there, Bacon, Benton, Bouche, Dickinson, Gellert, Kuniyoshi, Spencer, Wiltz. We must have been in a mellow mood, for we find our catalogue marked at the "Apples" of Maurice Sterne.

Of the foreigners we were enchanted by the "Anemones" of Charles Humbert and "Gothic Dome" of Otto Morach. There were a good many more we liked, but we will have to go again before we can recall them. The newer English group is here displayed, Paul Nash being one of our pleasant memories. The show will be on for all of March and will be worth all the time you can give it. Rare are the benefactors who assemble these comparative esthetics and present them on a silver platter.

LATELY we have been toying with a theory that, given a sober village blacksmith, a good pair of calipers, plenty of time and a little patience, you could turn out the average American sculptor. Something seems wrong at the source. People just don't decide to become sculptors overnight; it is too hard work. They start somewhere and we would like to find the source. Extreme measures should be taken at the beginning to dissuade all but the poets. Then we might have more sculpture and less glorified smithing.

All of which leads to one of the few Americans, Lachaise. He is the last of the Stieglitz attractions for this year and will be on view in Room 303 for the month. There are some twenty pieces around, of varying size and accomplishment, from the superb marble figure to the exquisite bit of *rose torse*. We were stirred, too, by the sleeping seagull, the one in alabaster. Knowing only one of the portrait subjects we could not pass judgment on them as such. But in O'Keeffe we felt the sculptor had caught much of the artist. Gaston Lachaise is one of the great, and if you are like us, you will appreciate such rarity.

MAN RAY, who was one of the distinctive leaders of the Ameri-

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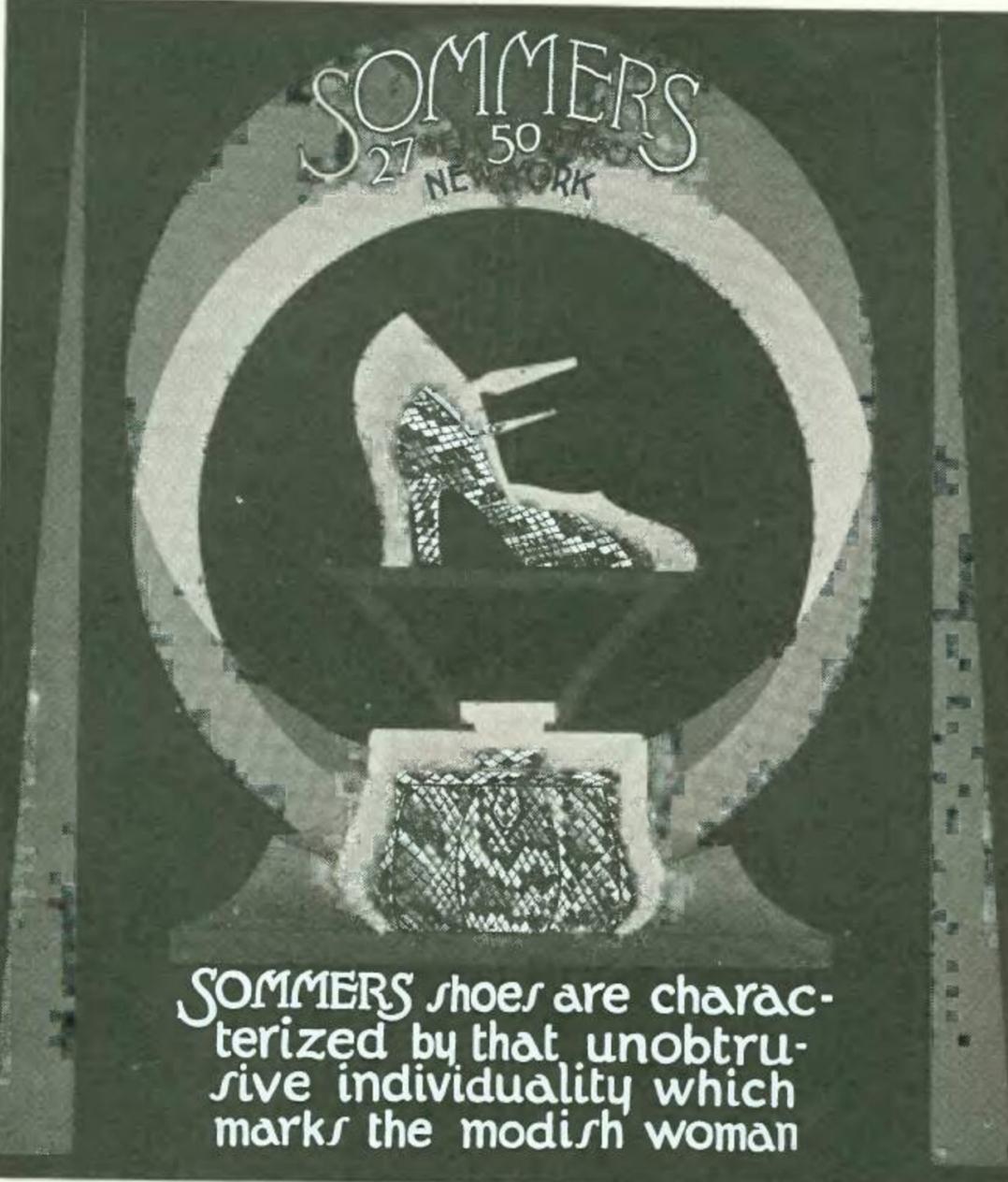
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can wing of the great revolt of 1912, is back in town after six years in Paris. He has a few of his paintings and some of his photographs at Daniel's for a fortnight. To us they are well worth seeing. Most of the artist's time has been spent in photography and it is only lately that he has gone back to canvas. We haven't yet reached the Nirvana where we can rule out of our mind a prejudice against the mechanical in art. Some day we may come to the place where we accept a thing on its other values and forgive the *deus in machina*. But just now form and arrangement do not make up for texture and color and the accidental which the artist brings to a canvas. We liked the paintings tremendously; two of them we think as fine as we have seen this year. There has not been much of Man Ray about, and unless you are of the Armory days you may not have seen any of this work. It is highly individual, beautiful, modern and what will please a great many—sensible.

ROCKWELL KENT has a record of his visit in Ireland last year, now showing at Weyhe. It is a mild and pleasant record and adds but little to the artist's life. The show contains also the illustrations for a forthcoming book of poems, shortly to be published under an alias or alibi. These we found quite up to the high Kent standard.

ONE OF those shows that fell between two issues of this weekly narrative was that of Guy Fangel, at Durand-Ruel. Mr. Fangel belongs to the intellectuals and most of his canvases have that quiet, balanced coolness that goes with intellectual pursuits. Walking around the gallery one felt that Mr. Fangel had given his show as much to exploit his foreword as to exhibit his paintings. He indulges in a lengthy essay on esthetics in which he says that he believes all great work is done passionately; and yet he must believe in science, too. To us his pictures would have been better if he had scuttled science for the day and taken on passion for life. We are of the old-fashioned school that holds to a passionate employment of everything within the organism at the time of creation. Let esthetics, explanations and rules of science follow. We felt that Mr. Fangel knew a great deal about paint and men who had painted, and that he knew everything he was doing. But we worship

the accidental. And we also felt that Mr. Fangel was laughing at a lot of us.

THE PACKETS lately have been cluttered with much startling news from Philadelphia, of how four men sat down on the Seine and planned to shake the old town to its foundations. So we have decided to make the trip down this week in your behalf. After all it is not much further than Brooklyn. If you get down before we do, the concern is doing business at the Art Club, 220 South Broad Street. Wildenstein announces a show of C. K. Chatterton; Montross will have recent paintings by Bryson Burroughs. The Soviet artists that have survived Russia will be seen at Corona Mundi during March. A loan exhibit of religious paintings, containing many from famous collections, will be on at Seligmann until the first week in April. The humor of the week is supplied by "Aztec aura," a new art invented by Randolph Walters, at the Art Center. The foreword is worth the price of admission. —M. P.

Woe to the tabloids —
Hall and Mills
Have taken themselves
To the sunny hills!
Woe to the tabloids—
Peaches and Browning
Have taken themselves
From leering and frowning!
Woe to the tabloids—
Nobody sins,
But you are on needles
And I am on pins.

—P. G. W.

WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

Because, recently when the streets had an icy coating, I saw a careful gentleman produce from his pocket a bag of salt, and leisurely sprinkle enough before him as he walked to insure his safety.

—J. L. GRAYHURST

Because, while riding on the Second Avenue "L" near Canal Street, I saw a middle-aged gentleman dressed in trousers, undershirt and suspenders, seated at a window of a tenement polishing his nails with a buffer.

—CLIFF DILLON



A SECRET

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Just another paragraph in the great story of dog heroism—a narrative that reaches back into the shadows of time.

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owner can, without cost, find out how to treat dog diseases. There are now tried and true remedies for every dog ailment. It is only necessary to know what to use.

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Write for FREE sample of our No-Tar-Odor Mange Medicine for Human Hair and Scalp.

PARIS LETTER



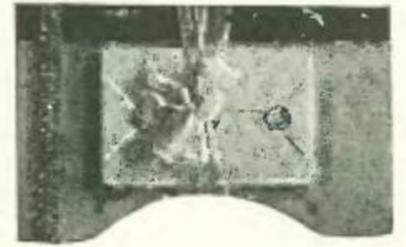
A TEXT, "en faveur de l'indépendance de l'art et particulièrement de l'art de Charlie Chaplin," has been drawn up here by

various French and European intellectuals as a sharp protest against the momentary American boycott and puritanical treatment of the cinema star. Recalling how artists have always had to fight for the preservation of their ideas, according to this document a new persecution is now seen in the artist's inability to keep his private life private. The intolerance of America, the so-called land of the free, and the instinct of the American public to judge an artist's work, not in terms of his art, but in reference to his relations with his mother-in-law, are denounced with dignity and in italics in this appeal, signed by Germaine Dulac, Foujita, Lucien Besnard, etc. A general reaction to Chaplin's dilemma is noticed here in popular cinema houses, where his oldest films are being dusted off and reshowed to the accompaniment of loyal cheers. To the modest and monogamous French, all Americans are not only millionaires but divorced as well. It causes them little pain to read that Chaplin, whom they think American, is in no way an exception.

Momentarily connected with another puritanical outburst is Gilbert Miller, producer of "The Captive." His production may have been closed in New York, but the French Government is about to bestow on him the Legion of Honor as reward for his interest in Parisian drama. Herriot has also instituted a Cinema Commission in connection with the Beaux-Arts. One feels that these last two recognitions come too late to do any good.

IN THE absence of the Pitoëffs in Spain, their Théâtre des Arts is playing Marcel Pagnol's "Jazz," where Jean d'Yd and a splendid cast vivify this unusual tragedy of a chaste middle-aged professor who tries too late to supplant books with love. The subconscious is effectively drawn on in this play, the professor's defrauded youth (in the flesh and old-fashioned

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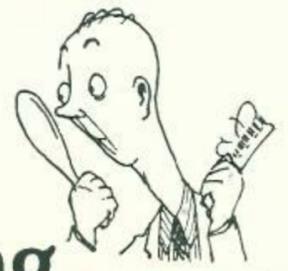


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habiliments of forty years ago) appearing as a living character to urge him to his ruin. His own youth fires the pistol which kills the professor, but the effect and verdict are that of suicide.

In lighter vein, Georges Carpentier will appear in the new Palace revue along with Florence Walton and Leirim, her latest mate and dancing partner. At the Théâtre Ydisch, in the Faubourg du Temple, an Israelite review has opened, as well as a repertory theatre in the Rue de Lancry. These performances are unfortunately attended only by the old and orthodox, the young Jewish intellectuals trooping over to the dull Odéon for their thespian entertainment.

TO FINISH off the rest of the theatrical news, the Opéras have given three more premières. These are the first signs of spring: theatrically it buds now in the stodgy government houses and will bloom in May in the real novelties burgeoning from the pens of non-governmental radicals. Featuring Madame Ida Rubenstein, Honegger's "L'Impératrice aux Rochers," a musical mystery play of the fourteen-hundreds, lasted nearly fourteen hundred hours at the Opéra the other evening. "Le Poirier de Misère" (The Pear-tree of Misery), story by MM. Limozin and de la Tourrasse, music by Marcel Delannoy; and "Sophie Arnould," a Louis XVI incident, with music by Pierné, conductor of the Concerts Colonne, came off better for time and talent at the Comique. The combined ages of the three débutants who wrote "Le Poirier de Misère" are less than seventy-five years. It is not surprising that Pierné, alone and sixty, did a better job. The appointment of Pierre Lalo as musical critic of *Comedia* is a regrettable service to modern music, Lalo belonging still to the decade which sees in Stravinsky nothing but dissonance. Lalo's recent critique on Honegger was peculiarly bitter and cruel.

THE government's final decisions about the *cartes d'identités* for all foreigners has now been reached and printed. As the price has been lifted from 16 to 60 and now to 375 francs within the last four years, the outcry here in various foreign tongues resembled the Tower of Babel. The income tax warnings are also posted as another form of bad news. Domi-



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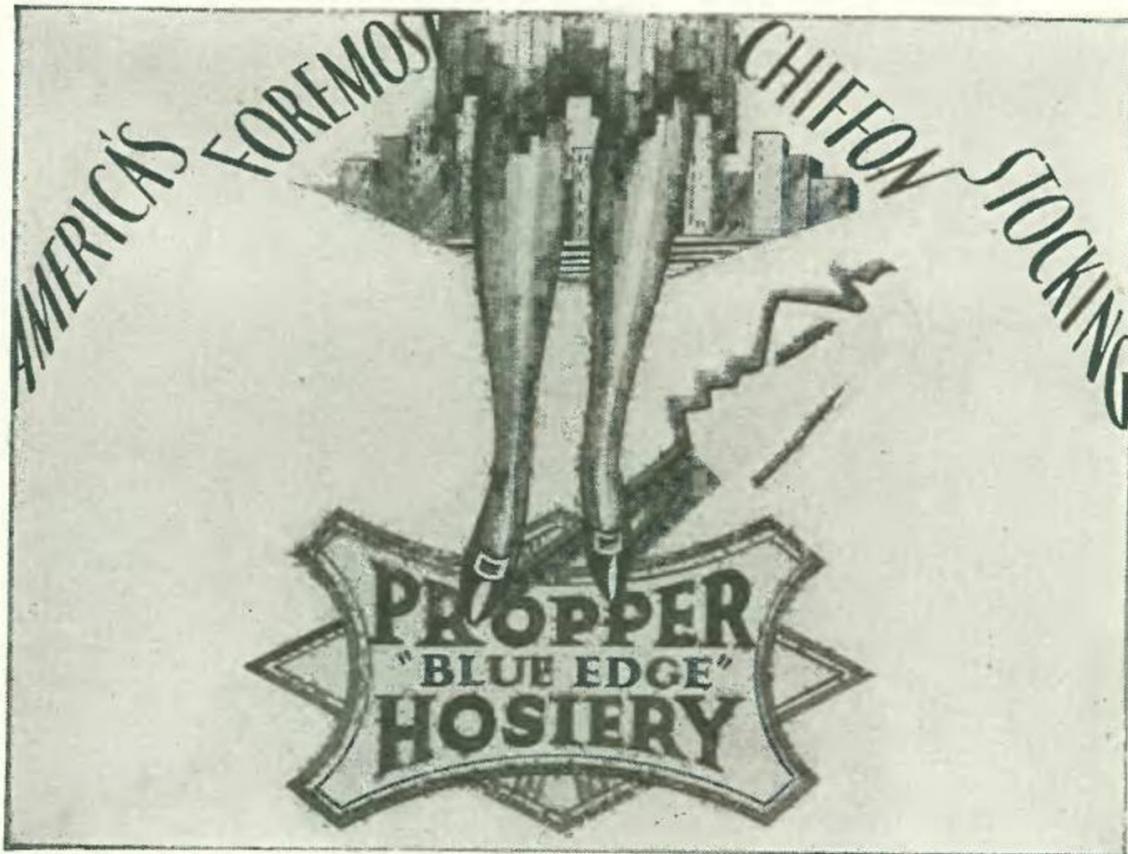


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ciled resident foreigners, like Frenchmen, pay on the Impôts Cédulaires 18% of the revenue value on real property, 25% on foreign and 27% on negotiable French securities, 15% on commercial and 12% on agricultural profits, and 12% on salaries, bonds and incomes from non-commercial professions. Added to this is the separate Impôt Générale based on an annual income over 7,000 francs regardless of its source. This tax is increased by 25% for unmarried persons over 30 years of age without dependents. It is increased by 10% for married people over 30 without children or dependents. In other words, the winner takes all. These taxes are a result of the late war. Here war is still hell.

ART is rather low at the moment. The Forty-fifth Salon of Women Painters and Sculptors is at the Grand Palais. The women's show is as good as most men's shows. Nor does it help the ladies to say that their exhibition is certainly as good as the Indépendent, the Salon d'Hiver, the Salon de l'École Française and the several other grouped efforts of the Artistes Françaises. There is still a lot of talk in non-feministic France about women never being men's equals. In the matter of good mediocre painting, they unfortunately are.

There is a remarkable exposition of old lace at the Grande Maison de Blanc. We may safely thank the dead fair sex for this and even the living, the Princess Murat, the Duchess de Mouchy and others having lent their private collections for this public show. Venetian point, *point de France, la bigoudène*, a famous Breton lace of Mongolian origin, and exquisite examples of rich *point à Paiguille* are here shown in a delicate feast for the delicate eye. Real lace was not made in France until the seventeenth century, when Louis XIV imported thirty female Venetian laceworkers in the hope of saving governmental expenses on his previously imported ruffs and cravats. Today's superb collection of French lace at the Grande Maison de Blanc, and incidentally the French Revolution, are both indirect results.

THIS is the season of public balls. Le Bal des Petits Lits Blancs (an annual charity affair), Le Bal de la Fourrure (the pelt and mode sellers merry making), and Le Bal de la Couture (the dressmaker's hop), have

all rolled off the public's back lately. At the Bal de la Couture one sees more gigolos and badly dressed women than at any other public dance. A ball called Le Bal de la Misère Noir (The Ball of Black Misery), and having as its backers a group of Russian Christians who claimed to be members of the Rosicrucian sect, was cancelled at the Champs Elysées because of public ill-feeling over the tactless title. There are thousands of jobless men in Paris today. As a protest against what they thought was a jibe, the workmen refused to put up the dance-hall decorations.

SYLVIA BEACH, Parisian publisher of Joyce's "Ulysses," has collected a protest against Samuel Roth's pirating of her unprotected bookrights in America. The list of signature is amazing in its literary dignity and length. Already over two hundred of the most important intellectual names of Europe, England and sometimes the United States have rallied to her aid. Many of the names call up the old generation and the older animosities, practiced before Joyce was known to be alive. W. B. Yeats, Arthur Pinero, "Æ", Lennox Robinson, Jules Romains, Arthur Symons, Frank Swinnerton, Jacob Wassermann, Arnold Bennett, Robert Bridges, Benedetto Croce, A. Kuprine, Ivan Bounine, Havelock Ellis, Norman Douglas, Somerset Maugham, Knut Hamsun, Maurice Maeterlink, H. G. Wells and Rebecca West are only a few. One day this protest, with annexed signatures, will be a bibliophiles' item. Today it is a grand gesture to Joyce and Miss Beach and to the writing craft's spirited solidarity.

A CHARMING small book called "Le Journal d'Un Cheval" has come from the pen of Claire Goll who, with her husband Ivan Goll, is well known for domestic poems of passion and jealousy tuned to the modern tongue. This minute journal is the diary of a cab-horse and relates the passions and presentiments of *Goliath*, president of the Intellectual Cab-horses' Union, an organization whose platform is to refuse to trot unless beating and sausage-making subside. *Goliath's* sweetheart is *Gohane*, a blind white mare. His politics are slightly red. His sentiments, according to Madame Goll, are delightful, especially his historical reminiscences when wild horses "with

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N.Y.-3-19-27

the right eye looked at the beloved and with the left contemplated the sky." On the death of Gohane, Goliath, who is also a romanticist, jumps off the Carrousel bridge, cab, cabman and all. Unfortunately the cabman is saved. Obviously "Le Journal d'Un Cheval" is dangerously sentimental. But if Madame Goll occasionally falls into the abyss, she slips there only on her own charm. —GENÊT

MARCH 9, 1927.

NO QUESTIONS ASKED

THE CHIEF difficulty with current information tests is that they embarrass the persons questioned.

What is needed is a quiz which carries with it no aftermath of chagrin. Here it is:

1. In what year did the War of 1812 begin?
2. What have the following in common? The New York Central Railroad, The Pennsylvania Railroad, The Union Pacific Railroad?
3. What product is advertised by the slogan, "Ivory Soap—It Floats"?
4. Give the middle name of Chief Justice William Howard Taft.
5. Give the second line of the following verses:
 "Under the spreading chestnut tree,
 "The village smithy stands."
 6. What make of piano is manufactured by Steinway & Sons?
7. Texarkana, which is partly in Texas and partly in Arkansas, is on the boundaries of what two states?
8. In which city is the Tower of London located?
9. What position did "Iron Man" McGinnity, pitcher for the Giants in the 1904 World's Series, play?
10. What pugilists participated in the Dempsey-Firpo fight?

—ROBERT A. SIMON

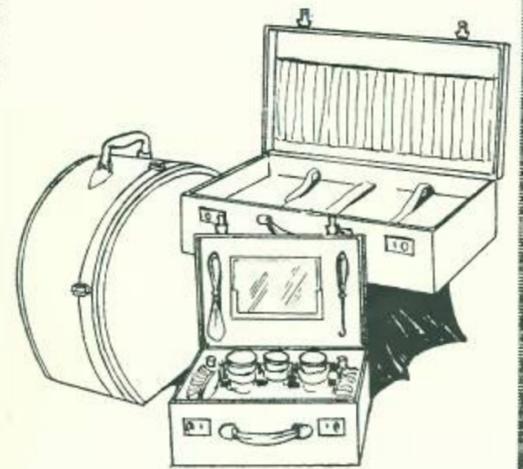
Man, married, with car. What have you to offer?—*Dayton (Ohio) paper.*

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The superintendent's first thought was for the safety of the livestock. When neighbors arrived he was leading the roses to safety.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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THE NEW BOOKS

*Nearer My Comstock To Thee!—Elmer Gantry:
Man of God—The Nineties Not So Naughty—A
History of Caricature*

PERHAPS all the fuss about purity is nothing but a subtle publicity device to draw attention to this learned and scholarly tome, "Anthony Comstock, Roundsman of the Lord," upon which the leisure of Miss Margaret Leech and Mr. Heywood Broun has been so lovingly expended. Nothing assuredly could be more *à propos* than the full-length portrait of a crusader who differs from his successors only in so far as he had a more supine public to bully. It is true that John S. Sumner has no such gaudy trophies, no such victories as the late Anthony, for most of the books suppressed by Comstock's Society have been restored, unexpurgated, to circulation. A more formidable successor, in fact, would seem to be Justice Ford, whose elucidations I recently mentioned here.

As the collaborators, with lofty altruism, have permitted each other to sign the chapters for which each is responsible, I may say that of the sixteen constituting the life of Comstock, nine are the work of Miss Leech and seven are by Heywood Broun, who also adds an epilogue on censorship, which might well be engraved and distributed in all the Sunday schools of this fair land. Their picture of Comstock is that of a poor, ignorant, inhibited fanatic, whose mind could not grasp the idea of beauty in any form, and who saw in the female form, in particular, the snares of hell and the assurance of eternal damnation. He married a faded woman older than himself, and adopted a child who was mentally defective. Such was his personal adventure with life.

ASIDE from that, he lived emotionally in his crusades, of which an amusing account is given. Unlike his official successor, Comstock did not restrict his zeal to the search for what is "lewd, lascivious, and obscene," for he pursued those who spoke lightly of the reverend clergy, and the moral earnestness of cranks with theories about love and marriage no more protected them from his

wrath than if they were common pornographers. Of the latter he unearthed so many that he could boast of having destroyed 160 tons of obscene literature, of which Mr. Broun quotes some sample titles: "Only a Boy," "The Lustful Turk," "The Lascivious London Beauty," "Fanny Hill," "Love on the Sly," "Voluptuous Confessions," "Peep Behind the Curtains of a Female Seminary," and "The Belle of the Delaware." How have the mighty morons of today fallen, who have to content themselves with the Art magazines! Mr. Sumner should be thankful for small mercies.

WHAT is brought out clearly and what gives this book an importance far beyond its immediate subject, is the pathological state of Comstock's mind. He was not a well-paid and slightly cynical reformer of the modern type. His morbid fears were genuine and his courage equalled his prurience. For that reason, to understand Comstock is to understand all advocates of comstockery, and the authors are sound in their conviction that even pornography, in its place—and it has always had its place in the world—is preferable to the distortion and mutilation of mind and senses which comstockery involves. I doubt whether any decent person of education, after Miss Leech and Mr. Broun have shown what Comstock was like, would care to entrust any question concerning art and morals to his judgment. As well ask a man suffering from delirium tremens to decide the merits of a vintage wine.

The authors refrain from all expressions of indignation and do not even admit more than the shadow of Freud. But the mildness of their tone, their humorous appreciation of the grotesque rather than the dangerous side of this fanatic, are infinitely more effective in achieving their purpose. After all, it would have been a little too easy to make him ridiculous and somewhat undignified to express sardonic irritation. Comstock speaks for himself; his ac-



ANTHONY COMSTOCK—"Your honor, this woman gave birth to a naked child."

—from *The Masses*, 1915.

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ANTHONY COMSTOCK—"Don't you suppose I can imagine what is under the water?"
—from *Life*, 1888.

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tions condemn him more sharply than words. Nevertheless, he being dead, yet speaketh, despite the tendency to believe that this book is the epitaph on an era that is closed. We have changed, but the Puritan has not changed with us. His mind is still in toe-length skirts and long sleeves.

"ANTHONY COMSTOCK" is a retort courteous of which the civilized American minority may well be proud. "Elmer Gantry" is an onslaught in a more spectacular manner, and it will doubtless stir up more excitement in Kansas and Tennessee than on this godless island of Manhattan. Mr. Lewis has written another of his heavily documented reports on the flora and fauna of the hinterland. This time his prey are the men of God, of whom *Elmer Gantry* is offered as a typical specimen. When we meet this hefty Christian he is drunk and is divided between his two passions, fighting, and chasing women. He does a little of both, and in defending a preacher he discovers his call to the ministry.

What happens within the first fifty pages or so occurs, with variations on the same theme, until the four hundred and thirty-second page of close print is reached. *Elmer* is a good spell-binder and a muscular Christian of the Billy Sunday type. But he cannot keep away from the fair sex, which seems to be more numerous and alluringly fair in these pious circles than my own observation of the females of that species would lead me to believe. But Sinclair Lewis can be trusted for accurate documentation, and so *Lulu* seduces *Elmer* and he gets rid of her with true evangelical skill.

Then he becomes a salesman, hears an Aimée Macpherson-like evangelist called *Sharon*, with whom he lives a life of hectic religion and hectic sin, until a fire destroys her, her mission and her aids. He still pursues good works and good women, always torn between his passion for wine and women and his delight in his own histrionic ability to draw crowds. Of religion, even in the primitive Methodist sense, he never shows a trace. *Elmer* is no mystic.

It is impossible to outline a story so packed with observation and local detail. It is a dreadful picture of love and religion among the Fundamentalists, a story punctuated by the recurring backslidings of *Elmer*, every time a skirt blows within his ken. Af-

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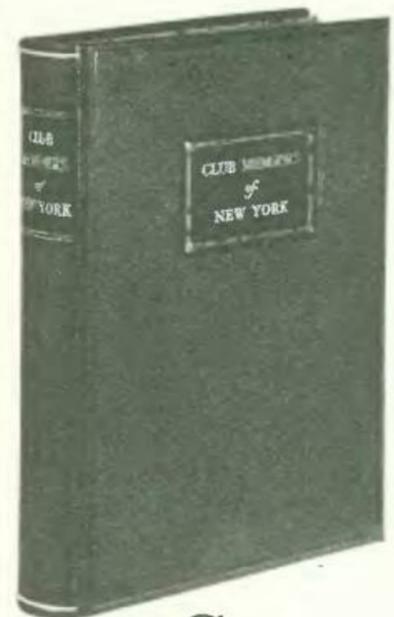
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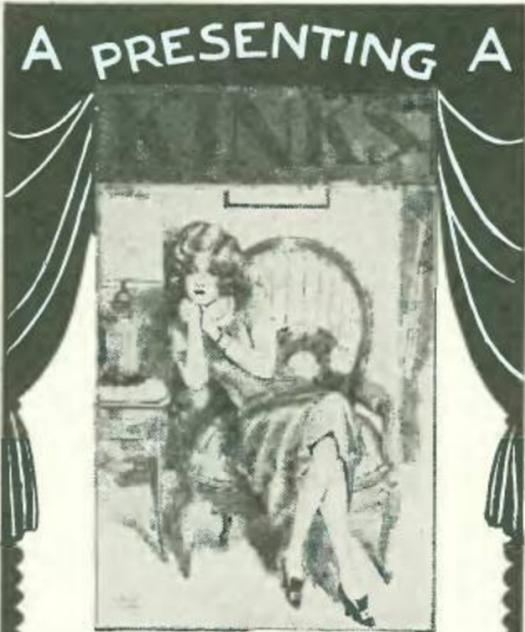
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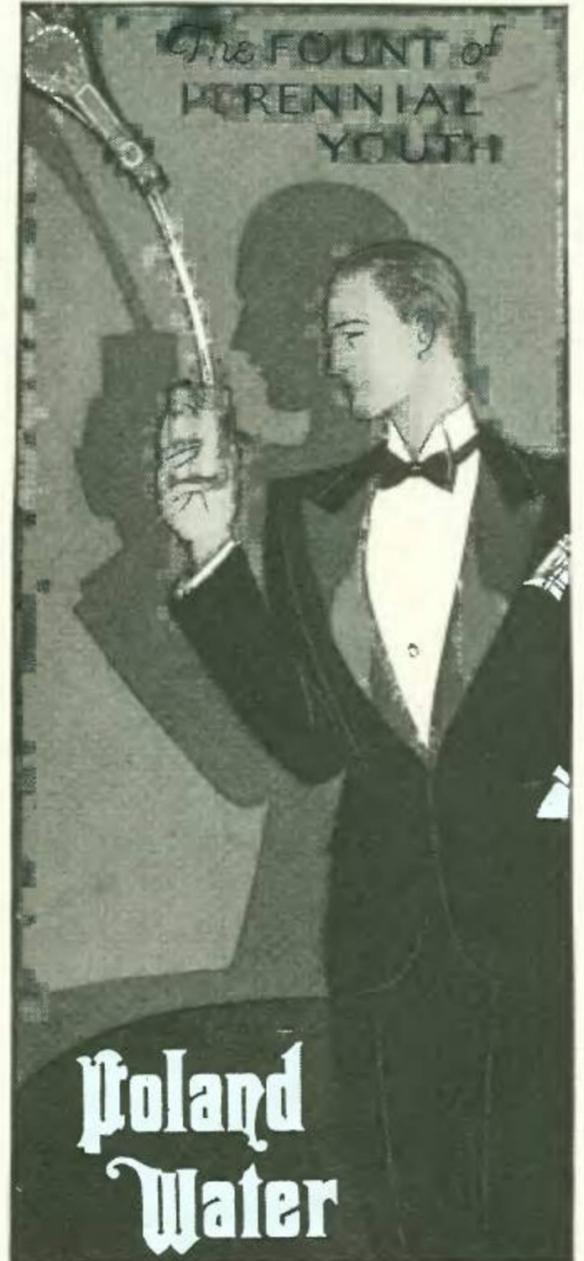
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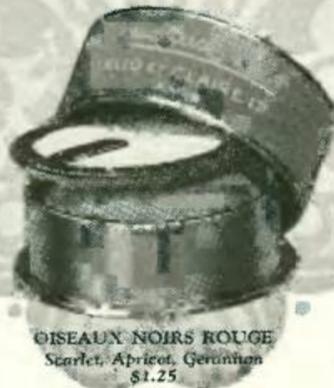
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EVERY SUNDAY EVENING the Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time.

WEAF..... *New York*
 WEEL..... *Boston*
 WRC..... *Washington*
 WSAI..... *Cincinnati*
 WTAM..... *Cleveland*
 WGN..... *Chicago*
 WFI..... *Philadelphia*
 WCAE..... *Pittsburgh*
 WGR..... *Buffalo*
 WOC..... *Davenport*
 KSD..... *St. Louis*
 WWJ..... *Detroit*
 WCCO..... *Mpls.-St. Paul*
 WGY..... *Schenectady*
 WSB..... *Atlanta*
 WSM..... *Nashville*
 WMC..... *Memphis*
 WHAS..... *Louisville*

MODEL 35, illustrated, 6-tube ONE Dial Receiver, less tubes and batteries, \$70. Speaker, Model H, \$21. Prices slightly higher from the Rockies west, and in Canada.

THE MAGIC of the East can make a flower grow and blossom before your eyes — or make you think you see it.

Is that more wonderful than our own magic of the West which beguiles your evening hours with music and voices captured from the air? They're all about you this very minute, waiting for your summons — singers, musicians, story-tellers — a band of minstrels beyond the power of King or Caliph to command before the days of radio.

And all you have to do to let them in is turn one little dial. ONE Dial — the Atwater Kent talisman that opens a new world to you as easily as you would turn a page of this magazine.

*Write for illustrated booklet of
Atwater Kent Radio*

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