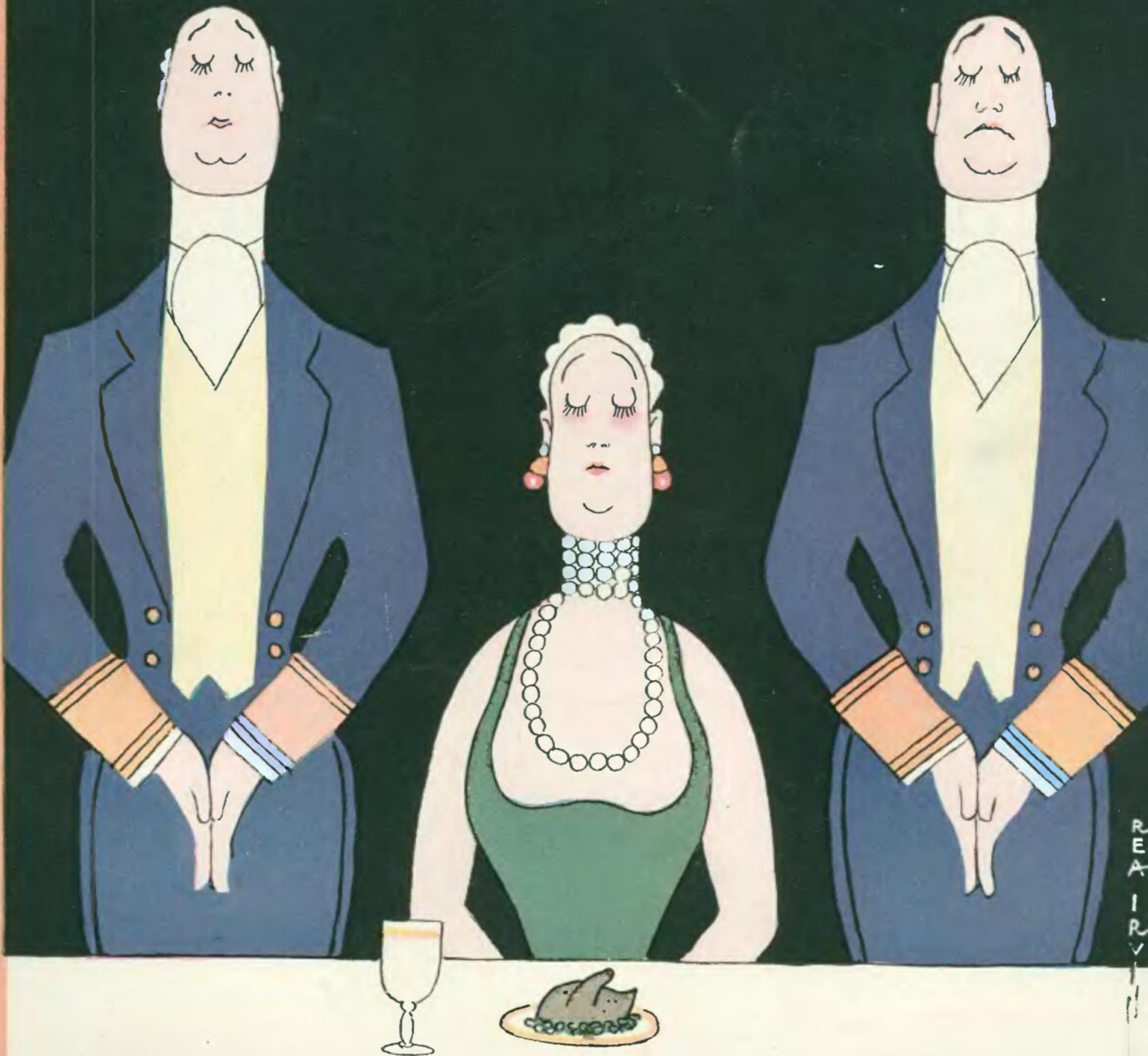


Nov. 19, 1927

THE

Price 15 cents

# NEW YORKER



REAR VIEW



# More women drive *Buicks* than any other Fine Car

~ and never have women welcomed any Buick quite so enthusiastically as Buick for 1928, with its superb new bodies by Fisher.

No automobile ever impressed women as being so truly beautiful, so luxurious, so comfortable; no car ever inspired them with such confidence ~ ever

made them feel so much at home at the wheel ~ so certain that it would always perform as they wanted it to perform. Buick has given women the finest motor car they have ever owned ~ a car ideally suited to their needs. That is why more women drive Buicks ~ and look forward to driving Buicks ~ than any other fine car.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY

NEW YORK BRANCHES Broadway at 55th St., Broadway at 230th St.	NEWARK BRANCH 497 Broad St.	BROOKLYN BRANCHES Flatbush at 8th Ave., Atlantic at Grand Ave.
--	--------------------------------	---

## BUICK *for* 1928



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT  
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

FIFTH AVE.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

NEW YORK



ALL YOU LITTLE BOYS  
*and* LITTLE GIRLS

PLAYTHINGS  
SIXTH FLOOR

Gather 'round and revel in the wondrous  
Altman Collection of Playthings imported  
from Fairylands far across the Sea. . .

"It is a magnificent vehicle for the reproduction of the human voice and the tones of musical instruments."

—FEODOR CHALIAPIN.

## The first note tells you— *it's Chaliapin!*

JUST as surely as though he stood before you in person, you know it is the famous Russian basso the instant his voice pours rich and full from the Orthophonic Victrola. You can *feel* the drama he puts into every song, so realistic is reproduction through Victor's exclusive Orthophonic principle.

Chaliapin, Dal Monte, Gigli, Giannini, Schipa—these and other of the world's great voices are at your command through this superb instrument. Entertainment for yourself and friends that is



The Orthophonic Victrola furnishes the finest music for the home. It never disappoints. Model Four-forty is illustrated above.

unequaled in quality, unlimited in scope. A liberal musical education for the children, under ideal surroundings.

How long have you had your old talking-machine—ten, fifteen years? You are not still driving your 1912 motor-car. And yet motor-cars have not been altered so radically, so basically, as the *Victrola* during the same period. The *Victrola* of today is fundamentally *new*, from start to finish, in everything but name. New in principle. New in performance. New in its convenience.

The Orthophonic Victrola not only looks better and

plays better than any instrument that has preceded

it, but, in most models, it is *electrically operated*. You simply play . . . and relax. You need not make a large cash-outlay to place one of these fine instruments in your home. Most dealers will offer you convenient terms. In the meantime, you will be enjoying the finest music of the world, day after day.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate an Orthophonic Victrola *in your home*, where you may judge for yourself its harmonious appearance as well as its musical reproduction. There are many beautiful models, from \$75 to \$300, list price. The *Automatic Orthophonic Victrola*, which changes its own records, is \$600, list price.

# The New Orthophonic Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.



CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.



The intrepid spirit of La Salle and the *coureurs de bois* lives on in French fur creation to-day. From the early French explorers of North America springs the tradition of Parisian intimacy with rare pelts—a tradition manifest in the skill and beauty of Parisian fur-working—and maintained to the full by these two superb coats from a leading Parisian *foureur*. Now presented exclusively, and for reproduction, in our *Paris Frileux*.

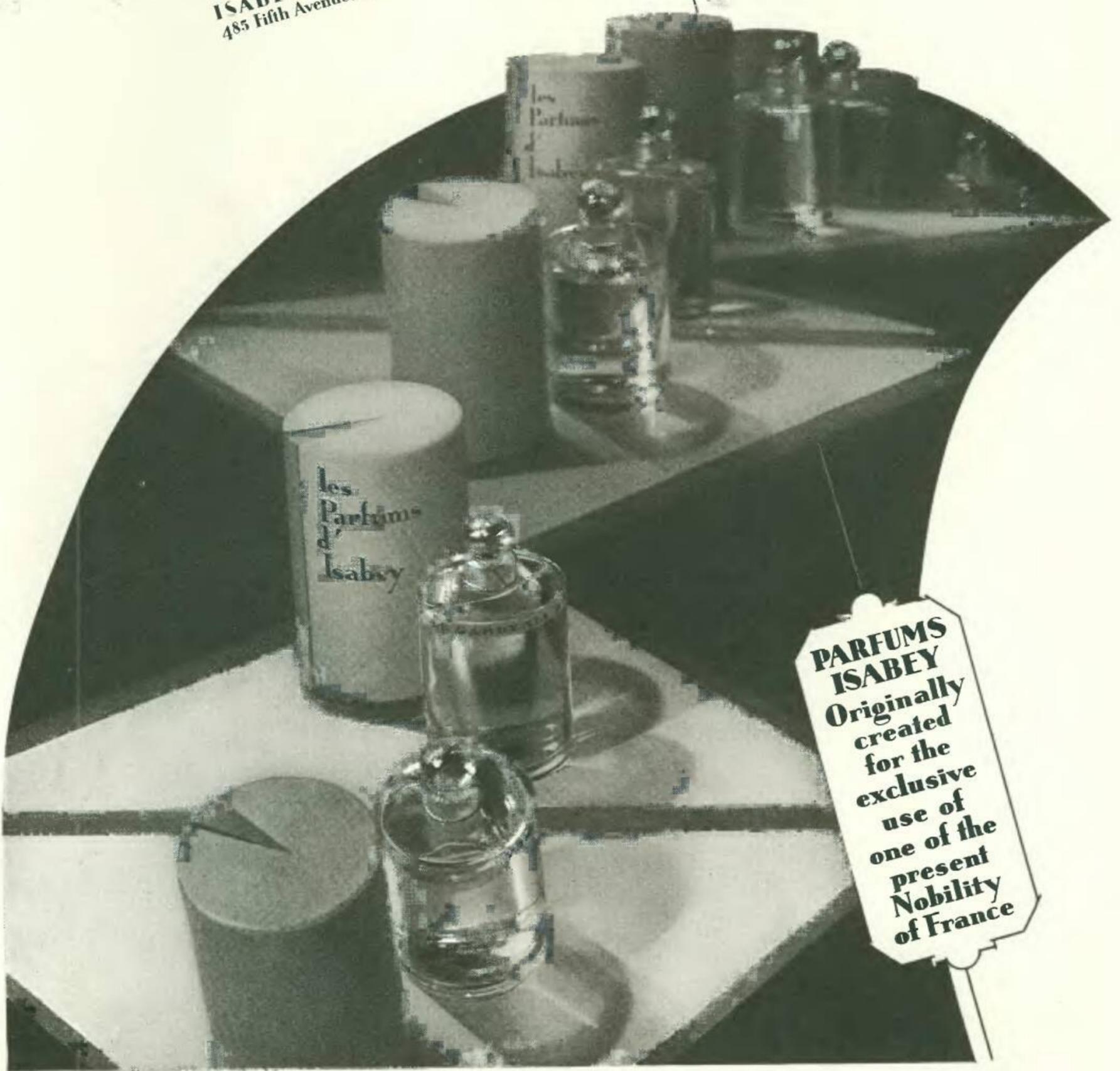
# PARIS FRILEUX

NEW YORK PARIS **JOHN WANAMAKER** LONDON PHILADELPHIA

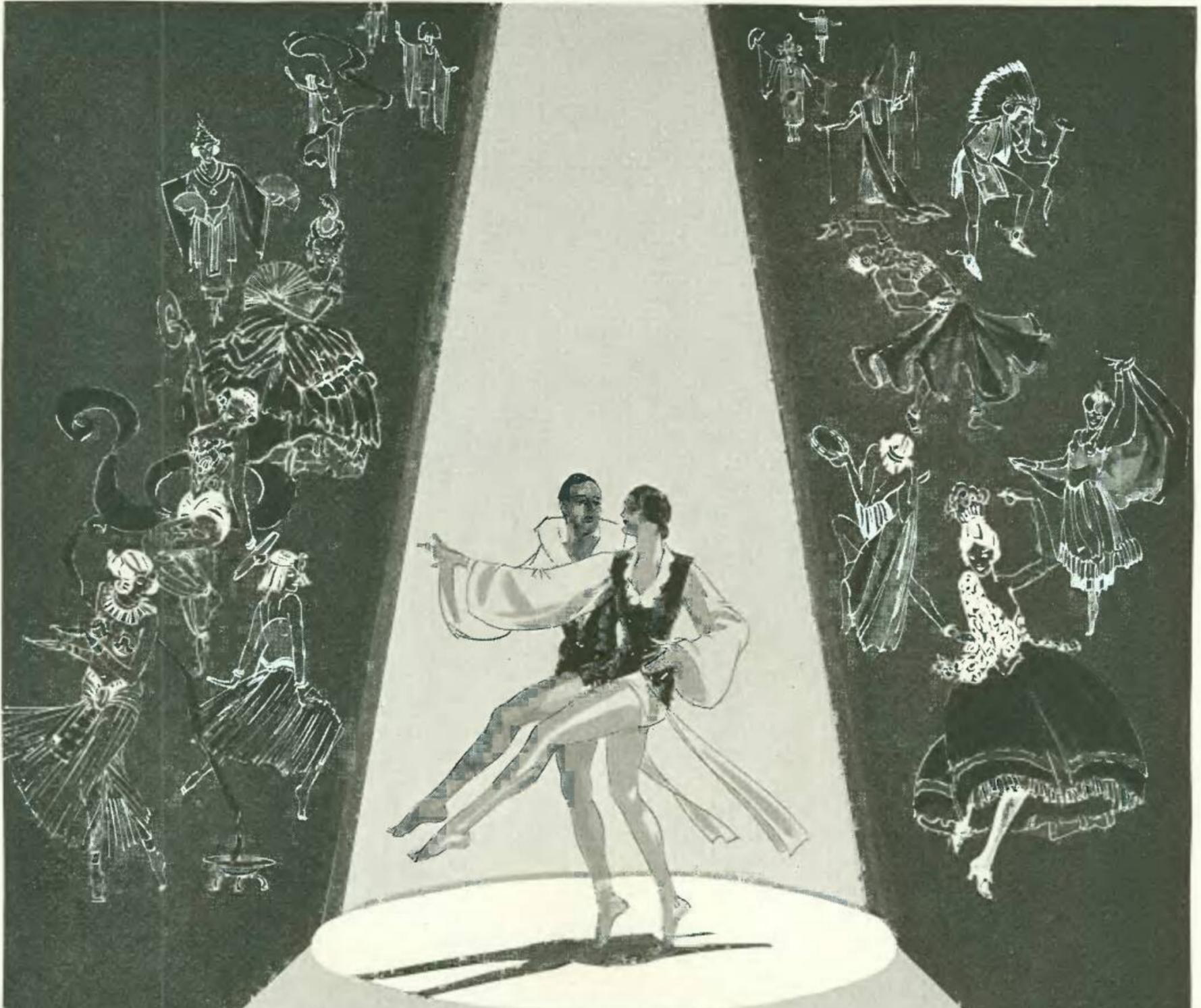
The newest **ISABEY**  
 odeurs..to be had in  
 the smartest shops..  
 are— Bleu de Chine,  
 Gardenia · Rayon Vert  
 & Jasmin. In one-half,  
 one & two ounce flacons

**ISABEY · PARIS Inc.**  
 485 Fifth Avenue, New York

**BOTTLED  
 SEALED &  
 PACKAGED  
 IN  
 FRANCE**



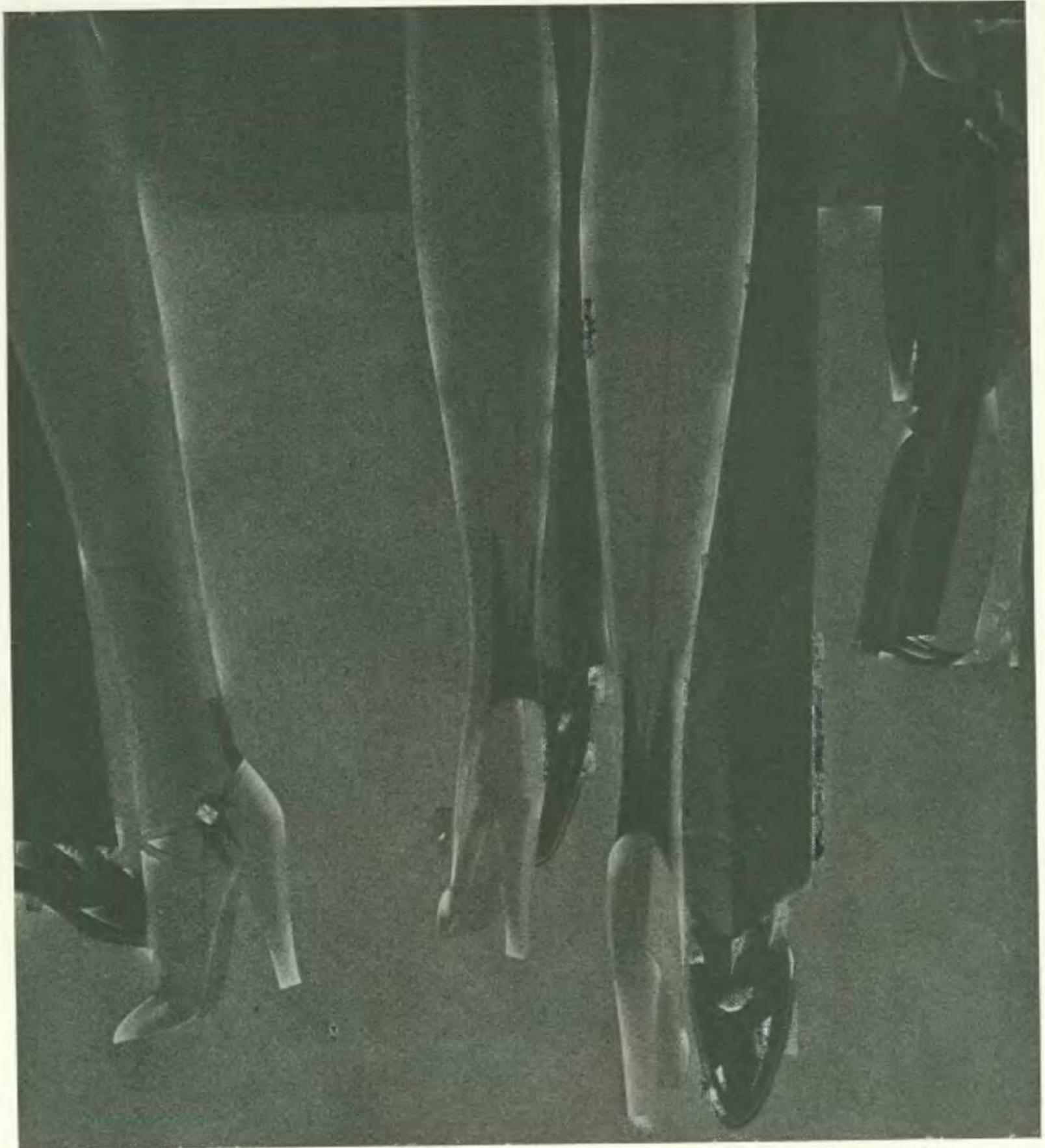
**PARFUMS  
 ISABEY**  
 Originally  
 created  
 for the  
 exclusive  
 use of  
 one of the  
 present  
 Nobility  
 of France



*"Some of the wisest philosophers have regarded the dance as the pattern in accordance with which the moral life of man must be woven." . . . Havelock Ellis.*

*What effect the Gilda Grays of the past have had upon the morals of their day we'll leave to the historian. Ours but to interpret the dance of today, in accordance with which certainly the social life of man and woman must be woven. Ours to furnish frocks that sing the birth-of-the-blues and slippers that dance Emil Coleman*

*weary. Ours to assemble silks and laces, perfumes and vanities, furs and furbelows—the thousand and one Byzantine luxuries we nonchalant moderns demand for the dance of today. Ours to say "on with the dance—we have all the properties!" James McCreery & Co., Fifth Avenue & 34th Street, New York. . . . .*



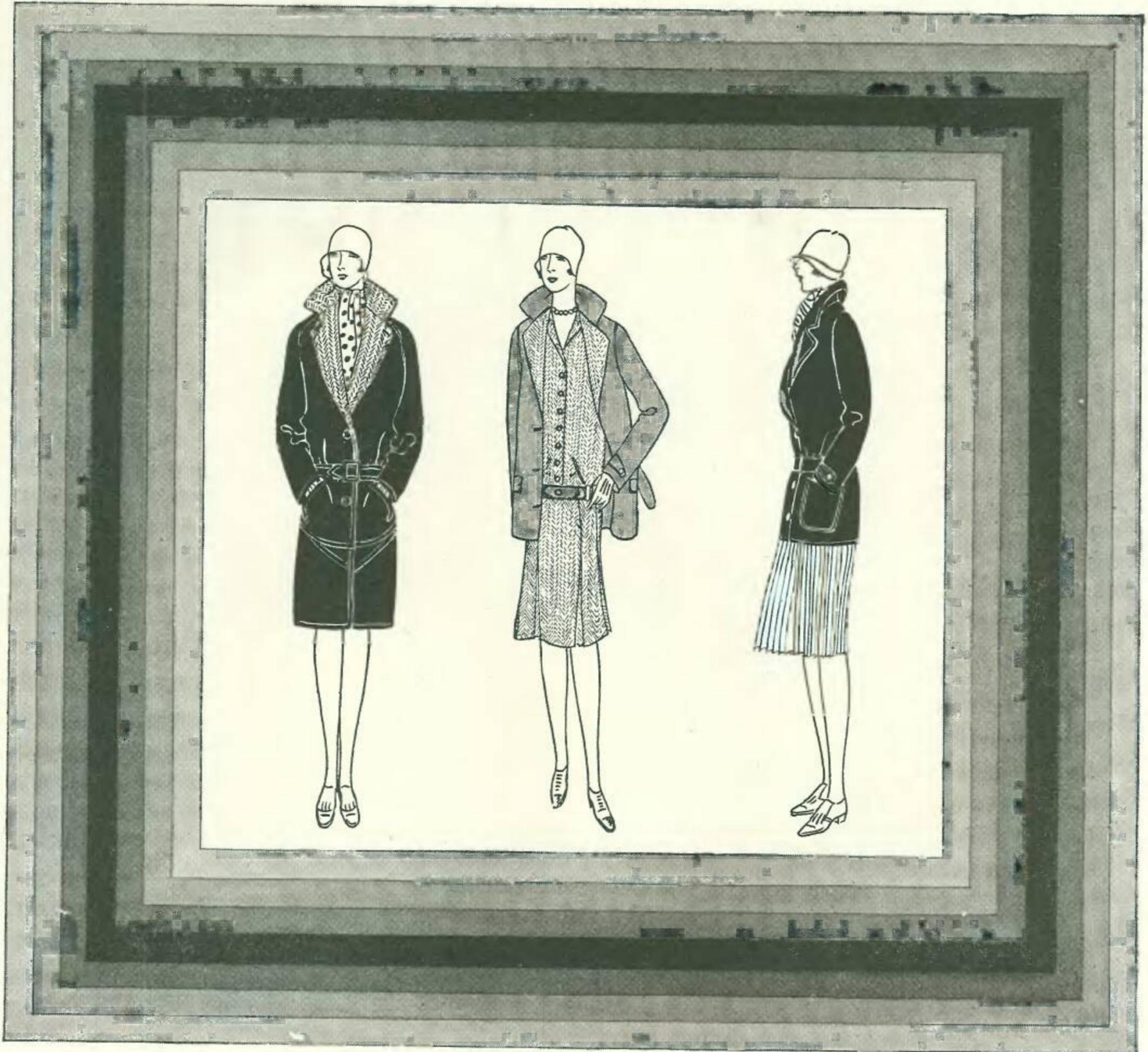
*To accentuate the lovely contour-revealing shadows which he saw in a perfect ankle, an artist designed the famous Gordon V-line stocking.*

*And out of his distress at the unnecessary and clumsy width of the old-fashioned square heel arose that other priceless*



*Gordon discovery, the clever little Narrow Heel.*

*Both are being worn at every smart gathering, in the delicate Gordon evening shades. Daphne and Dune give soft accent to the white or pastel costume, while Pandora and Biskra are used with the deeper tones.*



# LEATHER AND TWEED

You can respond to a changing mood of weather or temperament, in one of Macy's leather coats.

Three features, exclusive with Macy's:

- THE REVERSIBLE COAT . . . . . \$39.75
- THE WHITBEY ENSEMBLE . . . . . \$39.75  
*with tweed dress*
- THE AIRMAN COAT . . . . . \$19.74

*Sportswear Shop, East Building*

**MACY'S**  
34th St. and Broadway  
New York City





*America's Most Beautiful Store*  
**RUSSEKS**  
FIFTH AVENUE  
*At 36th Street*

**the american woman is loveliest  
in fashions of the evening —  
and smartest  
in RUSSEKS evening fashions**

**"SLIPPER HEEL"**

There really is no question at all of whether one should wear the square heel or the Slipper Heel\*. It's quite obvious that the latter is *the* hose. The converging lines of the heel create an illusion of tapering slenderness that is carried above the knee. So it not only slendernesses the ankle but complements all other lines, which is important in this day of revealed knees. Exclusively in Kayser Silk Hosiery whose beauty of texture and wearing quality are world famed.

You may purchase  
Kayser Silk Products  
at all the Better Shops  
and at the Kayser  
Store, Fifth Ave., at  
41st St., opposite  
the Library.

*Kayser*

There is a permanent  
display of the latest  
Paris styles in hosiery,  
underwear and gloves  
at the Kayser  
Shop.

# This is the jar



that holds the beauty you have sought in a thousand places. Magical? Only as Science is magical today. For only after fifteen years of research was this new Cream perfected—a Cream which in *one operation* cleanses—nourishes—“tones” your skin! And the petal-smooth loveliness it imparts has amazed the dermatologists of the world. In a lovely Christmas box—Pinaud’s Cream should be at your favorite store. Or send twenty-five cents for an introductory tube with literature to PINAUD, 220 East 21st Street, New York.



*Announcing*  
the opening on January Fifth  
of **THE ALBA**, Palm Beach,

*Under the Management of  
The Ambassador Hotels System*

**A** THOROUGHLY modern, fireproof hotel in the most desirable section of Palm Beach. On Lake Worth... near the Beach Club. The Spanish influence is not confined to the architecture... for here the tinkle of guitars and the click of castanets are in an atmosphere that exudes hospitality, mirth and the sunshine of laughter. Make your reservations now to insure your presence in the season... when fashion dictates Palm Beach... and judgment designates The Alba. Rooms singly or en suite.

*Operation  
on  
American  
Plan*

*The* **Alba**  
PALM BEACH

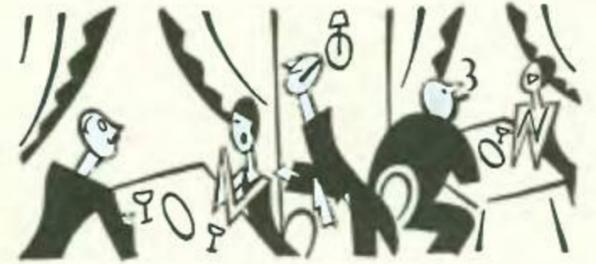
*Vanderbilt  
8500  
Rhineland  
9000  
for  
Reservations*

CARL M. SNYDER, *Managing Director*

*New York Booking Offices:  
Suite 719, 565 FIFTH AVE.  
and AMBASSADOR HOTELS*



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY,  
NOVEMBER 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26]

## THE THEATRE

(As to mid-week matinées, the Thanksgiving holiday has disarranged schedules, and managers were still working on their plans as we went to press. Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**AND SO TO BED:** (Shubert, 44, W.)—A slight but charming comedy about Samuel Pepys, Mistress Pepys, and their friends.

**THE BABY CYCLONE:** (Henry Miller's, 43, E. Mat. Thurs.)—Two ladies and a Pekinese stir up some fun. With Grant Mitchell.

**BROADWAY:** (Broadhurst, 44, W.)—This melodramatic comedy still holds its own along the great White Way.

**BURLESQUE:** (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)—The rough road of romance illuminated by the footlights of burlesque.

**CIVIC REPERTORY:** (14, W. of 6 Ave.)—"The Good Hope": (Played Fri., Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Mat., Nov. 18, 22, 24 and 26.)—A tragedy of the sea. . . . "The Master Builder": (Sat. Mat., Nov. 19)—Ibsen and Eva Le Gallienne. . . . "The Cradle Song": (Sat., Mon., Wed., and Fri., Nov. 19, 21, 23, and 25.)—Smiles through the tears; charming. . . . "The Three Sisters": (Wed. Mat., and Sat. Eve., Nov. 23 and 26.)—Russians and their problems.

**THE COMMAND TO LOVE:** (Longacre, 48, W.)—Amusing triangle stuff at the French Embassy in Madrid. With Basil Rathbone and Mary Nash.

**COQUETTE:** (Maxine Elliott, 39, E.)—An exquisite comedy which turns into gripping tragedy. Magnificently acted by Helen Hayes and Elliot Cabot.

**DRACULA:** (Fulton, 46, W.)—This horror play from Bram Stoker's novel will scare you witless.

**AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE:** (Hampden's, B'way above 62)—Walter Hampden and Ibsen do very well.

**ESCAPE:** (Booth, 45, W.)—Galsworthy asks, "Would you send an escaped prisoner back to his cell?"

**HIDDEN:** (Lyceum, 45, E. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)—A single lady loves her brother-in-law to unfortunate effect.

**INTERFERENCE:** (Empire, B'way at 40)—Murder and how to hide it. A good mystery play.

**JOHN:** (Klaw, 45, W.)—A scholarly and beautiful study of the spiritual struggle of John the Baptist.

**THE LETTER:** (Morosco, 45, W.)—A crime of passion trickles out of three acts. With Katharine Cornell.

**THE NINETEENTH HOLE:** (Geo. M. Cohan, B'way at 43)—Frank Craven in a play about golf by Frank Craven.

**PORGY:** (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. Moves to Republic, 42, W., Mon., Nov. 21.)—A clamorous study of negro life in the best Theatre Guild manner.

**THE ROAD TO ROME:** (Playhouse, 48, E.)—Hannibal pauses by the wayside and finds Jane Cowl and a reason for not taking Rome. One of last season's successes.

**THE SHANNONS OF BROADWAY:** (Martin

Beck, 45 at 8 Ave.)—The old hokum buried by excellent wisecracking.

**THE SPIDER:** (Music Box, 45, W. 8:40 P.M.)—Last season's mystery play in which murder and excitement are thrown into the laps of the audience.

**THE TAMING OF THE SHREW:** (Garrick, 35, E. Mat. Thurs.)—Shakespeare's farce in modern clothes.

**THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN:** (National, 41, W.)—Who shot Mary's boy friend? Maybe Mary, maybe not. With Ann Harding and Rex Cherryman.

**WEATHER CLEAR—TRACK FAST:** (Hudson, 44, E.)—Turf melodrama at its best. With William Courtleigh and Joe Laurie, Jr.

**WOMEN GO ON FOREVER:** (Forrest, 49, W.)—Sin of all kinds in a boarding house. With Mary Boland.

### WITH MUSIC

**CHAUVE-SOURIS:** (Cosmopolitan, B'way at 59, Mat. Thurs.)—Gold-plated Russian vaudeville by Balieff and his friends.

**A CONNECTICUT YANKEE:** (Vanderbilt, 48, E.)—Modern jazz and patter in King Arthur's court. From Mark Twain's fantasy.

**THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL:** (44th Street, 44, W.)—Mary Eaton in our smartest musical comedy.

**GILBERT AND SULLIVAN:** (Royale, 45, W.) "Iolanthe" (Mon. Eves. only)—The perfect revival here again. . . . "The Mikado" (Every Night except Mon.)—All Gilbert and Sullivan followers owe themselves a visit to this.

**GOOD NEWS:** (46th Street, 46, W.)—Mary Lawlor and Inez Courtney in our best musical comedy.

**HIT THE DECK!** (Belasco, 44, E. Mat. Thurs.)—One of last year's musical hits, with Louise Groody.

**JUST FANCY:** (Casino, B'way at 39)—Sweet, sweet sentiment. With Ivy Sawyer and Joseph Santley.

**THE LOVE CALL:** (Majestic, 44, W.)—An operetta from "Arizona." Mild and noisy.

**MANHATTAN MARY:** (Apollo, 42, W.)—Almost a revue and almost lost but for Ed Wynn.

**THE MERRY MALONES:** (Erlanger's, 44, W.)—By and with George M. Cohan.

**MY MARYLAND:** (Jolson's, 7 Ave. at 59, Mat. Thurs.)—A pleasant Civil War operetta.

**RIO RITA:** (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54, Mat. Thurs.)—Ada May and Bert Wheeler still making merry in a large and lavish musical comedy.

**ZIEGFELD FOLLIES:** (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)—Girls, girls, and Eddie Cantor.

**SUNDAY NIGHT SACRED CONCERTS:**—"Sacred" covering a multitude of variety acts. Quality not vouchered for. At 8:30 P.M., Earl Carroll Theatre, 7 Ave. at 50, and Winter Garden, B'way at 50.

NOTE: Fanny Brice will be at the Palace, B'way at 47, week of Nov. 21.

### ADDENDA

(The following productions were due to open during the past week and will be reviewed later):

**ARTISTS AND MODELS:** (Winter Garden, B'way at 50)—New edition.

**THE MARQUISE:** (Biltmore, 47, W.)—A play by Noel Coward, with Billie Burke.

**SPELLBOUND:** (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50)—By Frank Vosper, with Pauline Lord. Formerly called "Surmise."

**A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM:** (Century Cent. Pk. W. at 62)—Reinhardt's version, in German, with Rosamond Pinchot.

### OPENINGS OF NOTE

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

**FUNNY FACE:** (Alvin, 52, W. Opens Mon., Nov. 21.)—A musical comedy by Fred Thompson, music by George and Ira Gershwin, with the Astaires.

**L'AIGLON:** (Opens Tues., Nov. 22.)—Rostand's play, translated by Louis N. Parker, with Michael Strange.

### AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

\*Better dress, but not obligatory.

**AMBASSADOR GRILL,** Park at 51.—A Park Avenue atmosphere and this year's debutantes to help it.\*

**BARNEY'S,** 85 W. 3.—Noisy, but good fun.

**CHEZ FLORENCE,** 117 W. 48.—Florence of Paris and some colored entertainers. Not for debutantes.

**CLUB LIDO,** 7 Ave. at 52.—A smart after-theatre crowd. Moss and Fontana dancing.\*

**CLUB MIRADOR,** 7 Ave. at 51.—An old favorite, with the Revellers to sing for you.

**CLUB MONTMARTRE,** B'way at 50.—A country-club atmosphere and Emil Coleman's orchestra.\*

**CLUB RICHMAN,** 156 W. 56.—Really George Olsen's, which opened here last week.\*

**VILLA VENICE,** 10 E. 60.—Collegiate atmosphere. Formal dress required.

**BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE:**—We list a few of the more interesting clubs of this type. The best known is Texas Guinan's, now disguised as a circus at the Century Theatre Building, Cent. Pk. W. at 62. . . . If you can stand the crowd you will find Phil Baker and Marion Harris at the Little Club, 44, W. . . . Casa Lopez, with Tamiris, the dancer, as its principal feature, has reopened on the site of the old Plantation, B'way at 50. . . . The Durante Trio are back for another season at the Parody Club, 48, W.

**GREENWICH VILLAGE:**—The County Fair at 54 E. 9, and Mori's, at 144 Bleecker, are informal, inexpensive and all that.

**HARLEM:**—Barron's Exclusive Club, 7 Ave. at 134; Small's, across the street; The Nest, 169 W. 133; and Club Ebony, 65 W. 129. Go late and do not dress.

**RUSSIAN ATMOSPHERE:**—Kavkaz, B'way at 53, and Katinka, 109 W. 49, are worth trying. Saturday nights best.

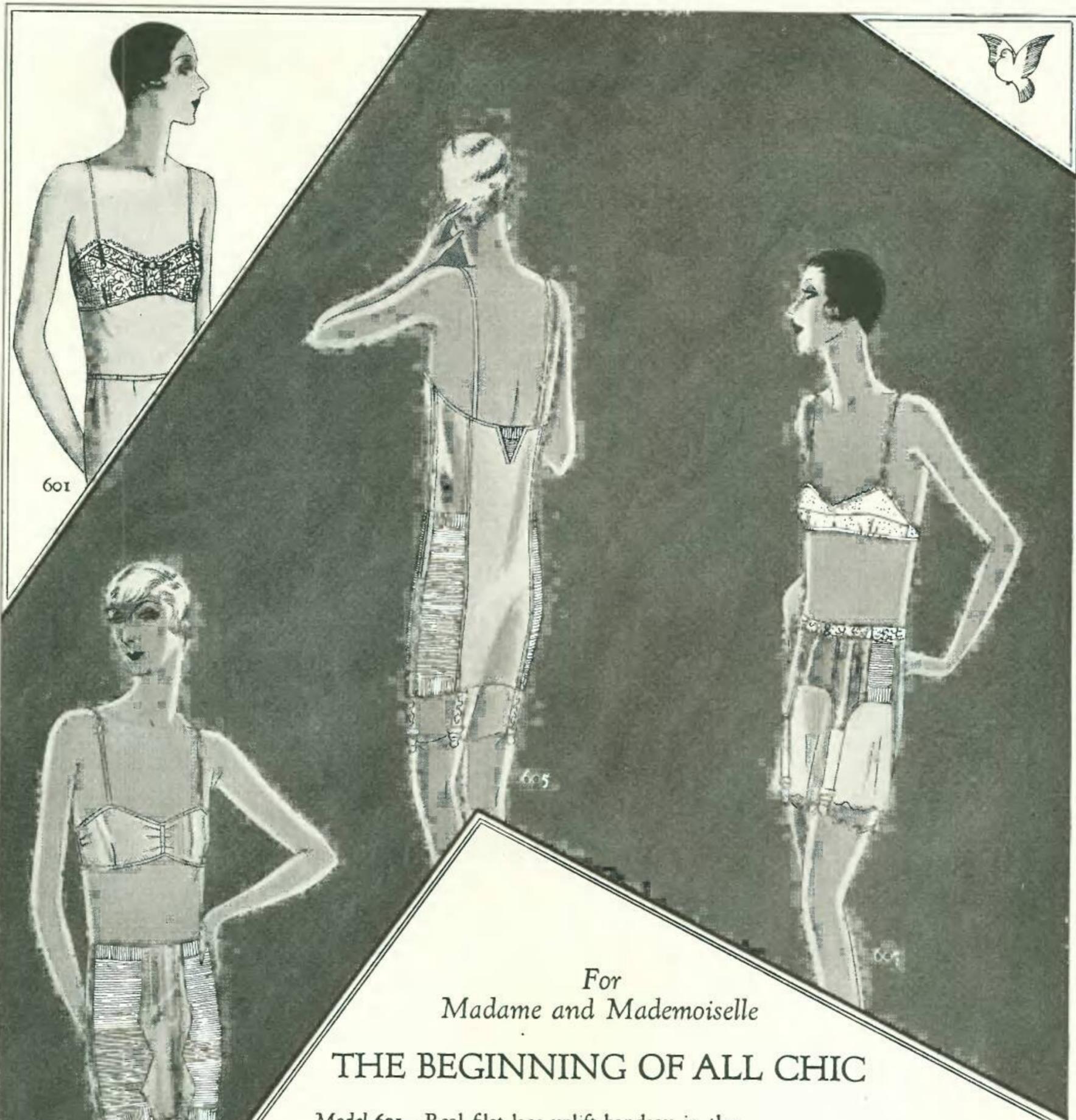
### MOTION PICTURES

(Unless otherwise noted, performances are daily and begin at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. Sunday matinées at 3. Titles are listed alphabetically.)

**THE JAZZ SINGER:** (Warner's, B'way at 52.

(Continued on page 14)





601

605

603

607

For  
Madame and Mademoiselle

THE BEGINNING OF ALL CHIC

- Model 601—Real filet lace uplift bandeau in the new length; cut low in back. 8.95
- Model 603—Flesh colour elastic step-in girdle uses satin panels, lightly boned, for firmness. 12 or 14 inches. 12.50
- Model 603a—Soft satin uplift brassière edged with fine net; flesh colour. 1.95
- Model 605—Flesh colour complete, made of corset taffeta with elastic, combines a well-fitting corset with a brassière cut with the smart low evening back; hooks at one side. 18.75
- Model 607—For the slender figure—this satin belt with inserts of elastic that hook at one side; flesh colour. 7.95
- Model 607a—Cup shaped brassière, uplift model, of fine net comes to slender strap in back. 1.95

THE CORSET SHOP—Second Floor

**Franklin Simon & Co.**

A Store of Individual Shops

FIFTH AVE., 37th and 38th Sts., NEW YORK



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY,  
NOVEMBER 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26]

(Continued from page 12)

2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)—A dull movie more than redeemed by Al Jolson on the vitaphone.  
**QUALITY STREET:** (Embassy, B'way at 47. 2 and 8:45 P.M. Sun. at 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)—Barrie's play made into a fairly good movie.  
**THE STUDENT PRINCE:** (Astor, B'way at 45)—Part charming and part dull.  
**WINGS:** (Criterion, B'way at 44)—Beautiful photography and staging of war in the air, but a dull tale.

The following if you run across them are also recommended: "Angel of Broadway," "Ben Hur," "The Cat and the Canary," "East Side, West Side," "Spring Fever," "Tell It To Sweeney," "Way of All Flesh," "Underworld."

## ART

**MARIN**—Great water colors by America's best: Stieglitz, room 303, Anderson Galleries, Park Ave. at 59. Open 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays.  
**EVERGOOD**—Very young and coming American: (Closing Sat., Nov. 19). Dudensing, 5 E. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays.  
**EPSTEIN**—Famous American sculptor comes home to roost after upsetting Europe for two decades. Ferargil, 37 E. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays.  
**BEST AMERICANS**—One of the big annual events, with such men as Dickinson, Demuth, Spencer, Kuniyoshi, etc.: Daniel, Madison above 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays.  
**GOOD FRENCH**—Picasso, Derain, Matisse, and others: Reinhardt, 5 Ave. at 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays.  
**DE SEGONZAC**—Rare opportunity to see last work of superb Frenchman: Valentine Dudensing, 43 E. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays.  
**WOODCUTS**—For the collector: Frederick Keppel, 10 E. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays.  
**AMERICANS**—Group that will be sent to Germany for exhibition: New Art Circle, 35 W. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays.  
**PICASSO**—Drawings by a living master: Wildenstein, 5 Ave. below 52. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays.  
**DANISH ART**—(Not pastry.) Applied art at the Brooklyn Museum. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.  
**DESPIAU**—Complete show of a great French sculptor: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays.  
**BARGAINS**—Good Woodstock painting at Macy's art gallery, 6 floor. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. weekdays.  
**DECORATIVE AMERICANS**—Wanamaker's art gallery, B'way at 10. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. weekdays.

## MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

### RECITALS

**BENNO RABINOFF:** Prof. Auer will conduct Philharmonic men in two concerts for this gifted fiddler. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 18.

**ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY:** Virtuoso piano playing. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 19.  
**EDWIN AND JEWEL HUGHES:** Two pianists—two pianos—one admission. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 19.  
**MUSICAL FORUM:** Kurt Schindler starts a season of really musical events. Guild Theatre, 52, W. Sun. Eve., Nov. 20.  
**LUCILLA DE VESCOVI:** Italian songs, sung with uncommon grace. Golden Theatre, 58, E., Sun. Eve., Nov. 20.  
**TITO SCHIPA:** A great lyric tenor. Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 21.  
**IGNACE HILSBURG:** A fine pianist, playing unusual music. Engineering Auditorium, 25 W. 39. Mon. Eve., Nov. 21.  
**BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION:** Chamber music and what not by "surprise" artists. Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 21.  
**YELLY D'ARANYI:** A new violinist, who ought to start something. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 26.  
**HARRIET EELLS:** An unusually accomplished lieder singer. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 26.

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**PHILHARMONIC**—Mengelberg conducting. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Nov. 18 (2:30); Sat. Eve., Nov. 19; Sun. Aft., Nov. 20; Wed. Eve., Nov. 23; Fri. Aft., Nov. 25; Sat. Eve., Nov. 26.  
**NEW YORK SYMPHONY**—Busch conducting. Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Nov. 20; Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 25; Sat. Morn., Nov. 26 (Children's Concert, conducted by Damrosch).  
**FRIENDS OF MUSIC**—Bodanzky conducting. Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 20, at 4.  
**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Reiner conducting. Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 24;  
**BOSTON SYMPHONY**—Koussevitzky conducting. Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 24; Sat. Aft., Nov. 26.  
**CAPITOL ORCHESTRA**—Mendoza conducting. Capitol Theatre, every Sun. Morn. at 11:30.  
**ROXY ORCHESTRA**—Rapee conducting. Roxy Theatre, every Sun. Morn. at 11:30.

### OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY:** (Performances begin at 2 and 8 P.M.) Fri. Mat., Nov. 18, "Turandot"; Fri. Eve., Nov. 18, "La Bohème"; Sat. Mat., Nov. 19, "Aida"; Sat. Eve., Nov. 19, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci"; Sun. Eve., Nov. 20, Opera concert. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)  
**SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA COMPANY:** (Gallo Theatre, 54, W. Performances begin at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. Closing Sat., Nov. 19.) Fri., Nov. 18, "Forza"; Sat. Mat., Nov. 19, "Madame Butterfly"; Sat. Eve., Nov. 19, "Il Trovatore."

### ON THE AIR

**FOOTBALL GAMES**—Sat., Nov. 19: Yale vs. Harvard from Cambridge over WEAJ and WJZ, 1:45 P.M.; Fordham vs. Georgetown from Polo Grounds, over WHN, 1:30 P.M. Thurs., Nov. 24: Penn vs. Cornell from Philadelphia over WEAJ and WJZ, 1:45 P.M.; Columbia vs. Syracuse from Polo Grounds, over WHN, 1:45 P.M. Sat., Nov. 26: Army vs. Navy from Polo Grounds, over WEAJ and WJZ, 1:45 P.M.

**NEW YORK SYMPHONY CONCERT**—Conducted by Walter Damrosch, Sat., Nov. 19, at 8 P.M., over WEAJ.

**SHARKEY-HEENEY FIGHT**—From Mad. Sq. Garden, Fri., Nov. 18, at 9:45 P.M., over WJZ.

## SPORTS

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL**—The climax of the season. (Directions for reaching fields are listed at the end of this item.)  
Sat., Nov. 19, at 2 P.M.—N.Y.U. vs. Allegheny, Ohio Field. . . . Fordham vs. Georgetown, Polo Grounds. . . . Yale vs. Harvard, Cambridge.  
Thurs., Nov. 24 (Thanksgiving Day), at 2 P.M.—Columbia vs. Syracuse, Polo Grounds. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Philadelphia.  
Sat., Nov. 26, at 2 P.M. (Drill at 1.30)—Army vs. Navy, Polo Grounds.

Directions to Fields—Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3; Ohio Field: take B'way 7 Ave. Subway to 181 St. Station.

[The last trains which get you to the games in time leave: for Philadelphia, 11 A.M. via Pennsylvania (better lunch en route): for Boston, on Nov. 19, special trains leave Grand Central at 12:30 and 12:40 A.M. The regular train leaves at 6 A.M.]

**PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**—(Directions for reaching fields are listed at the end of this item.)—Sun., Nov. 20, at 2:30 P.M., N.Y. Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals, Polo Grounds. . . . Thurs., Nov. 24 (Thanksgiving Day), at 2:30 P.M., N.Y. Yankees vs. Cleveland, Yankee Stadium. . . . Sun., Nov. 27, at 2:30 P.M., N.Y. Giants vs. Chicago Bears, Polo Grounds.

Directions to Fields—Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3; Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" to Sedgwick Ave. Station or Jerome Avenue Subway to 161 St. Station.

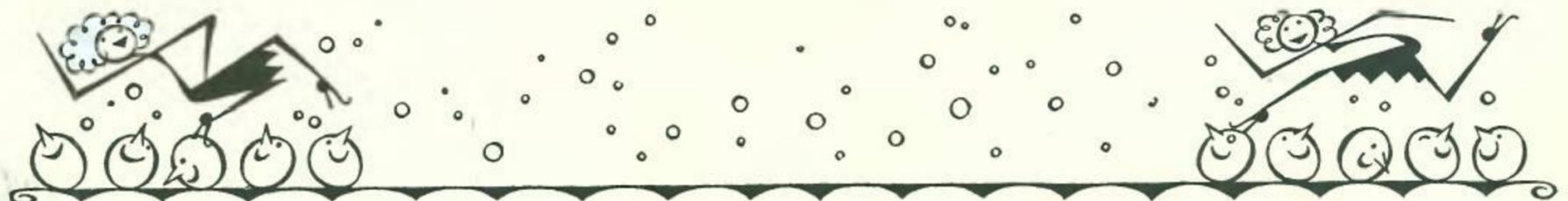
**HOCKEY—PROFESSIONAL**—(All games at 9 P.M. at Mad. Sq. Garden) Sun., Nov. 20, N.Y. Americans vs. N.Y. Rangers. . . . Tues., Nov. 22, N.Y. Rangers vs. Montreal Maroons. . . . Thurs., Nov. 24, N.Y. Americans vs. Toronto. . . . Sun., Nov. 27, N.Y. Rangers vs. Boston.

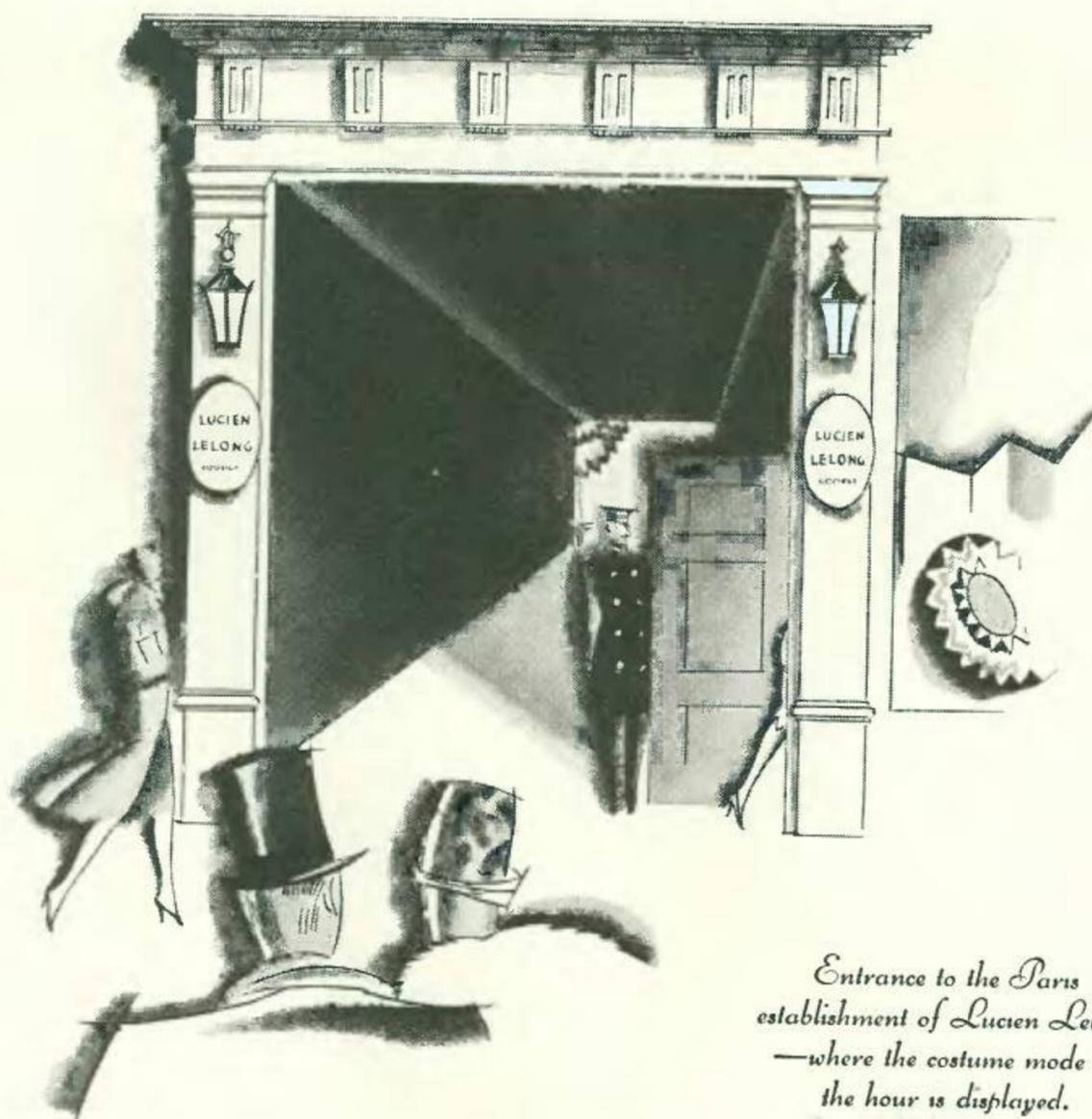
**BOXING**—Fri., Nov. 18—Jack Sharkey vs. Tom Heeney. Start of heavyweight preliminary contest, winner to meet Jack Delaney. Mad. Sq. Garden. Preliminaries at 8:15 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

### OTHER EVENTS

**AUCTIONS:** Important Early American Furniture—Alexander Hudnut collection of rare Duncan Phyfe pieces, Alexander Hamilton's table, and other pieces. Nov. 19, at American Art Association, 30 E. 57. . . . Chiesa collection (fourth part), consisting of 145 paintings, largely Italian, Dutch, and Flemish of 15-17 centuries. Nov. 22 and 23, at American Art Association, 30 E. 57.

**OLD NEW YORK COSTUMES**—An interesting exhibition of local styles which date from 1800. At Museum of the City of New York (Gracie Mansion), foot of 88 St. at East River. Open from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M., including Saturdays.





Entrance to the Paris  
establishment of Lucien Lelong  
—where the costume mode of  
the hour is displayed.

## So I Became A Perfumer

Totality of effect! Ensemble! For years I have emphasized the importance of unity, of harmony in the costume of my clients. One by one I have added in my own *vitrines* the things that are in harmony with my kinoptic mode—the bag, the hosiery, the slippers. And finally the most important—far the most important—of all; the perfume! I have developed my three odors, that I call my modulations A, B and C, to chime with the mood of the costume-motif of today. Perfume is part of the costume; so I became a perfumer.



LUCIEN LELONG, PARIS  
NEW YORK · 551 FIFTH AVENUE



MY PERFUMES MAY NOW BE PURCHASED IN THE STORES LISTED BELOW

*New York City*—B. ALTMAN & CO. · BONWIT TELLER & CO. · KURZMAN · LORD & TAYLOR · SAKS—FIFTH AVENUE · FRANKLIN SIMON & CO. · STERN BROTHERS · JAY THORPE · JAS. MCCREERY & CO. · JOHN WANAMAKER · ALSO AT THE COMMODORE · BILTMORE · *Brooklyn*—ABRAHAM & STRAUS  
*Buffalo*—L. L. BERGER, INC. · WILLIAM HENGERER CO. · *Rochester*—SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR · *Newark*—L. BAMBERGER & CO. · *Philadelphia*—JOHN WANAMAKER  
B. F. DEWEES · STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER · *Boston*—E. T. SLATTERY COMPANY · R. H. STEARNS COMPANY · C. CRAWFORD HOLLIDGE · C. F. HOVEY & CO. · THEODORE, INC. · *Baltimore*—HOCHSCHILD KOHN & CO. · HUTZLER BROTHERS COMPANY · O'NEILL & CO.

# WAVED AGAIN AND AGAIN WITHOUT WAVING OVER!

## A EUGÈNE WAVE



To all women who knew the comfort of a Eugene Wave last summer—we suggest *A Eugene Wave. This Fall!*

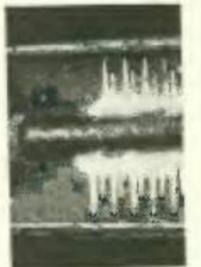
For, your last permanent wave is growing out as the new straight hair grows in. Formerly there was nothing to do but wait for the old wave to disappear, but now delay is unnecessary. You can enjoy the comfort and convenience of permanently waved hair all through the year—thanks to the Eugene Method.

The Eugene Permanent Wave is selective—it avoids double-waving the remains of your old permanent, and strictly confines the new wave to the newly grown straight hair. It repays its slightly higher cost a thousand-fold in its considerable saving of your hair.

The diagram, herewith, illustrates the



Eugène Method of steaming and the Selective Control made possible by the Eugèneol Perforated Re-Wave Sachet. The perforations, from which the steam jets issue, are placed opposite the new straight hair on the curler and no steam jets play upon the already waved hair. *See illustration.*



For full understanding of this and other vitally important and exclusive Eugène advantages, write for the latest edition of our interesting brochure, "The Eugène Method." Ask also for the names of accredited Eugène Permanists in your vicinity.

Eugène, Ltd., of London and Paris,  
565 Fifth Avenue, New York City

# EUGÈNE

## *Permanent Waves*

PERFECTED ABROAD—PREFERRED THE WORLD OVER

"Ala Russe"



## PARIS DELIGHTS HERSELF

with Gorgeous New Russian Shades of Rouge

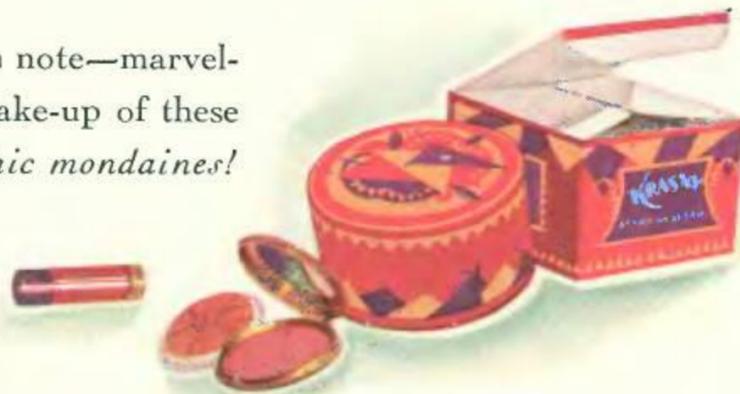
**KRASNY**  
A Vogue inspired  
by the make-up of the Imperial Exiles  
of the court of Russia

When the Czar and his brilliant court and all the magnificent aristocracy of Russia went down to ruin in the Revolution, those who escaped death became exiles, homeless wanderers on the face of the earth.

Paris took them in—Paris with her flair for novelty and romance, was thrilled to welcome these magnificent women of a vanished dream—with their grand style, their infinite allure, above all their gorgeous color. Over night they were a new vogue!

Color is the Russian note—marvelously struck in the make-up of these splendid infinitely *chic mondaines!*

The Rouge Compact is 50c  
Face Powder \$1.00—Lipstick 75c  
Bath Powder 50c—Creams 50c



Like the American women, they have vivid personality, they are not afraid of glowing, heart-arresting effects. Paris, seeing their beautiful and thrilling art of make-up, has responded as Paris always responds—she has made it her own! Krasny!

And we have brought Krasny to America for you—those gorgeous shades of Rouge. And we must say it, too—in quality there is no rouge in the world like Krasny—so silky in texture, so caressing to the skin, an undreamed of delicacy in a dry rouge, exquisitely plastic.

A fashion rouge as delightful as it looks! And with it of course Krasny lipstick to match Krasny powder, too indispensable for the Krasny make-up (a light powder that clings—utterly new too), and Krasny creams. Try one Krasny make-up—you will never, never use anything else! Lovely! Luxor Limited, Paris, New York, Chicago.

LUXOR LIMITED—1355 West 31st St., Chicago  
Enclosed please find 25c for trial  
Krasny make-up set  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_  
N. Y.

# GIFT BAGS



- 1—a striking bag of red velvet, with rhinestone and gold thread embroidery 65.00
- 2—silver cloth bag, embroidered in gold thread and simulated pearls—the lovely leaf design of the frame also interspersed with pearls 65.00
- 3—gold cloth bag embroidered in various shades of gold, the frame discreetly set with tiny jeweled stones 65.00
- 4—bag in an unusual flower design, worked in gold thread, gleaming brightly 28.50
- 5—bag consisting entirely of metal embroidery in gold and silver tones, a handsome affair for 12.50

- 6—Aubusson bag, with lovely roses on a black background, and a beautifully worked figure in the center. The frame is sterling, inlaid with 14 kt. gold 500.00
- 7—simulated cream pearls make this entire bag, mounted on a sterling silver frame, set with maroosite and jade color stones 250.00

SAKS ~ FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK



# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## Notes and Comment

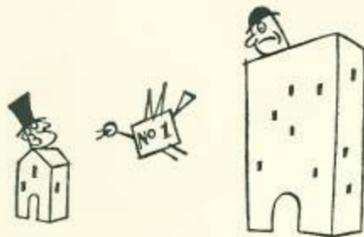
A PERSON with regular features and no moustache is not ordinarily remembered by the guardian of a speakeasy door. In our own case, we have found that the only way to make certain of gaining entrance to our favorite establishments is by appearing there almost nightly. When we allow so much as three days to elapse, the doors are barred against us and we are kept standing, surrounded by adoring but impatient women, while the rain beats awkwardly down on us. We have found that the necessity of keeping up contact with the various Cerberuses about town makes it increasingly hard for a man to live a life of his own. The other evening it occurred to us that it would be pleasant to stay quietly at home, supping lightly. But it was not our privilege. We knew only too well that



at a certain address we were being rapidly forgotten—one more night of non-attendance and we never would be able to get back in. On with our hat, and out we went!

ALTHOUGH we have never understood politics, it was clear, even to us, that Number One Park Avenue never could have tottered way down to Fourth Avenue and Thirty-second Street without the assistance of some interested party. We were therefore much gratified to learn that Mrs. Bacon had got her number back after two years. The decision said that Park

Avenue was named for the green park-like spots in the middle, and that since there were none of these below Thirty-fourth Street, there was no Park Avenue below Thirty-fourth



Street. This sounded to us like an extraordinarily good reason and the whole thing looked like a victory for a private citizen over political influence. Can you imagine that?

AMONG the projects we have under way is a plan for remodelling theatres with a view to giving first-night audiences their money's worth. Frequently, persons who attend openings solely to examine celebrities in the lobby are elbowed unmercifully by the celebrities themselves, and never really know when they are looking on greatness. Therefore, we propose that every theatre lobby be equipped with little stalls or cages, each bearing the name of the occupant, and that immediately following curtain-fall a bugle be sounded as a signal for everyone to remain seated until the celebrities can



run to their appointed places. This will bring a semblance of order into first-nighting, and anyone who has paid to see Edna Ferber in the flesh can go right to her cage without being crushed

to death by fifteen people who look suspiciously like Lee Shubert.

IN the presence of a Mack truck, we have always been humble. Recently we noticed that these high and fearsome vehicles have taken to wearing, on their windshields, a curious legend. It says: "This driver will meet all other gentlemen halfway on any traffic situation." Well, when we first saw this it emboldened us, and we soon found ourself meeting the trucks halfway across practically every excavation runway in the city. It was only after



acquiring several personal injuries that it occurred to us that maybe we don't look like a gentleman.

WHEN we were very young, we always were moved by stories of Indians who cached supplies and later returned unerringly to the same spot, saying: "Dig here!" Now we are grown, and we are less impressed by the descendants of these early Americans. Merely because employees of the gas and water companies remember where they buried a pipe under Fifth Avenue last spring, they do not become heroes in our eyes.

## Test

WE are told of a gentleman who, at a recent bachelor dinner, suspected himself of intemperance and slipped off to a guest room. Reaching the chamber he hit upon a plan to test his condition. He would, he said to himself, pick up a magazine, open it

and read the first paragraph he saw. If it made sense all was well. If not, a nap. Friends found him sound asleep a few minutes later, a near-by periodical opened to a poem by Gertrude Stein.

### *The Old Lady*

HAVING heard of great changes in store for the Old Lady, as attachés affectionately call the Murray Hill Hotel, we went half fearfully to dine there the other evening. We were reassured, however, when we found the old street lamps before the Park Avenue doors still blinking, even as they did at the turn of the century. Walking around to the Fortieth Street doorway we were happy to see the doormat marked "Ladies' Entrance" just where it was when Mark Twain in his white suit played billiards below stairs. When later we went into the billiard room, it was charming to see two old cronies pottering about a table and chuckling over each other's wobbly shots. The gilt-pillared lobby gave us the impression it always does—that in this building time has stopped. An elderly gentleman drowsed over his Springfield *Republican* and a long-ashed cigar. Gray-haired couples shared the deep lounges. It might have been an evening in the nineties except for a radio, which, however, was silent. It is always, we were told later, turned on for Mr. Coolidge's speeches.

For years we have heard whispers that time has stopped more in truth than in fancy at the Murray Hill. It has been true: the clocks of the old hotel have, figuratively speaking, just been rewound. Almost fifteen years ago a chronic illness from septic poisoning sent the hotel's venerable owner-manager to his room and

kept him there. Just a month or two ago he came downstairs for the first time, to find dusty tapestries, outworn equipment and servants who had grown gray-haired since he had last given them instructions in person. With fine devotion they had gone on, working longer hours and accepting pre-war pay. The guardian of the Old Lady's tranquility is Mr. B. L. M. Bates, an innkeeper of the old tradition. All he intends to do, he says, is to re-decorate the hotel gently and tastefully; gold

doorknobs and newfangled elevators may come to other hotels but the Murray Hill will go on unchanged in spirit. One of Mr. Bates' first acts upon resuming active responsibility was to retire an aged cook on pension, who died a few weeks later. Now the rest of the old servants can stay on until they are happily a hundred. There are four of these ancients in the dining-room. One serves the same group of tables that he presided over forty-three years ago when the hotel opened. Two-thirds of the diners are gray-haired too, and many have lived here for a quarter of a century. There is a soft



tone of an old Continental hotel about the dining-room. A *dame du comptoir* sits behind an oak counter and keeps track of things. A trio of violin, piano and cello playing nineteenth-century music broke softly into "Lady Be Good" and seemed almost skittish.

Mr. Bates was the first proprietor of the Everett House, one of the city's oldest residential hotels. Later he managed the Belmont and then leased and finally purchased the Murray Hill. He says he does not fear that the younger set will invade the hotel, except "now and again to rest their nerves."

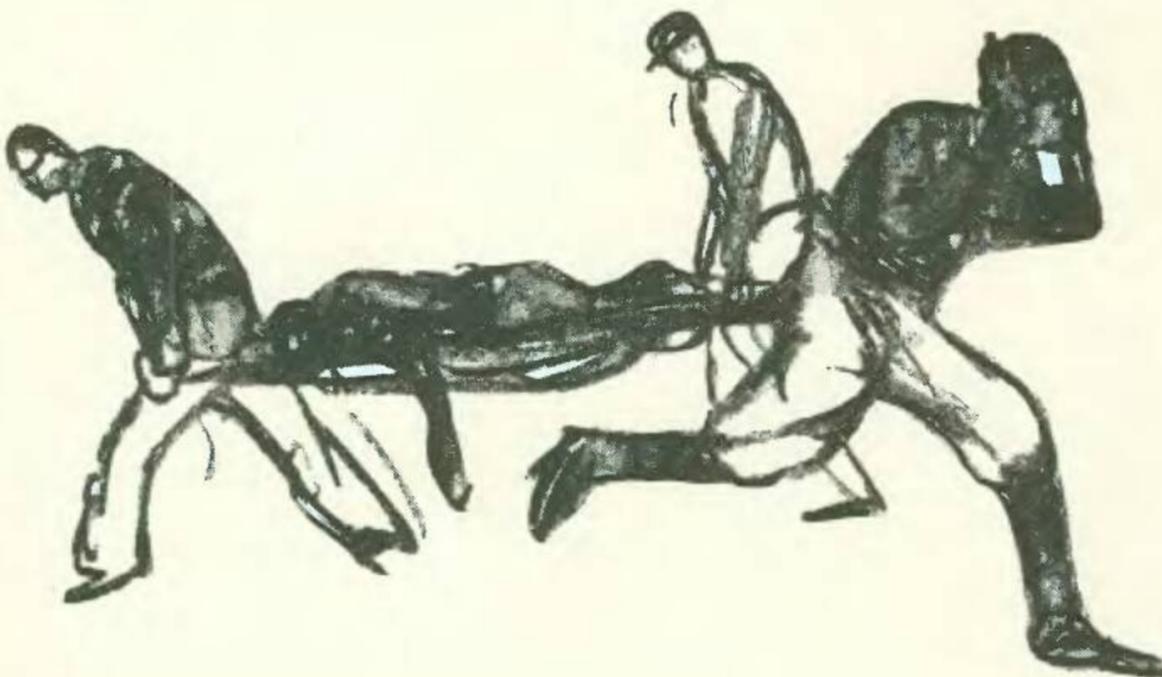
### *November Episode*

WE have word of a melancholy fellow who was feeling especially moody on one of these sad November days. Trying in vain several experiments which he had hoped might cheer him, he finally wandered into the Republic Theatre. He asked for the head usher.

"How many times," he asked when she appeared in the lobby, "did you see 'Abie's Irish Rose'?"

"More than two thousand times," she answered.

The depressed gentleman bowed, restored his hat to his head, and went away whistling.



*L'Homme Qui Chante*

FREDERICK JAGEL, of Brooklyn, appears to be the most discussed new singer at the Metropolitan this season, nor is this a matter for wonder. Here is an American who left movie "presentations" to study in Italy and returned to make his début at a special matinée, singing nothing less than Radames, probably the most trying rôle that a tenor could select for his first appearance. It is said, by the way, that Jagel asked to be allowed to sing Radames for his début. If he could succeed in Radames, he would know that all would be well. Apparently all is well.

The Metropolitan's new acquisition was sent to Italy to study by Samuel Eisemann, a silk merchant who heard young Jagel singing in church. Before going, however, the tenor prepared a series of rôles and sought the advice of many notables in the music world. Hence the great number of original discoverers of Jagel.

Jagel determined that he would not pay for appearances in Italy, and his way was not easy at the beginning. His first job paid him about a dollar and a half a day (opera singers are on a daily wage in some of the smaller Italian houses) and later on he found a better job at double the salary. Within a few years he had sung at almost every opera house in Italy and made one foreign tour—into Holland.

There was no pull exercised to call

Jagel to the attention of the Metropolitan. He was found, in fact, by accident. Mr. Gatti-Casazza was holding an audition in Italy two years ago, and Jagel appeared without any preliminary heralding, for the gentleman who had suggested that he sing at the public hearing had neglected to inform Mr. Gatti-Casazza of the appointment. The Signor Gatti-Casazza knows a tenor when he hears one, however, and he signed up Jagel immediately. It was agreed that nothing was to be said about the Metropolitan contract, for Jagel was Gatti's own find and Gatti wanted to introduce him in his own way. The Jagel family, in fact, did not suspect that their son had any American engagements in view until they received a letter from Gatti—and that letter was written only last spring, when the list of new singers was made public.

Jagel is rather smaller in stature than he seems on the stage (he is an expert in make-up and costume), and off the boards he looks more like a bright young business man than like a singer. He is proprietor of the most muscular handshake that one may encounter in many years of handshaking, and he is uncommonly affable. He attends pretty much to his business and has little time for social affairs, preferring a small group of friends to a large party. He is not at all impressed by his immediate success. Singing, he thinks, is his job, and he goes about it on schedule. So many rôles to be learned in a given time, so many programs to be prepared. He was willing to defer his

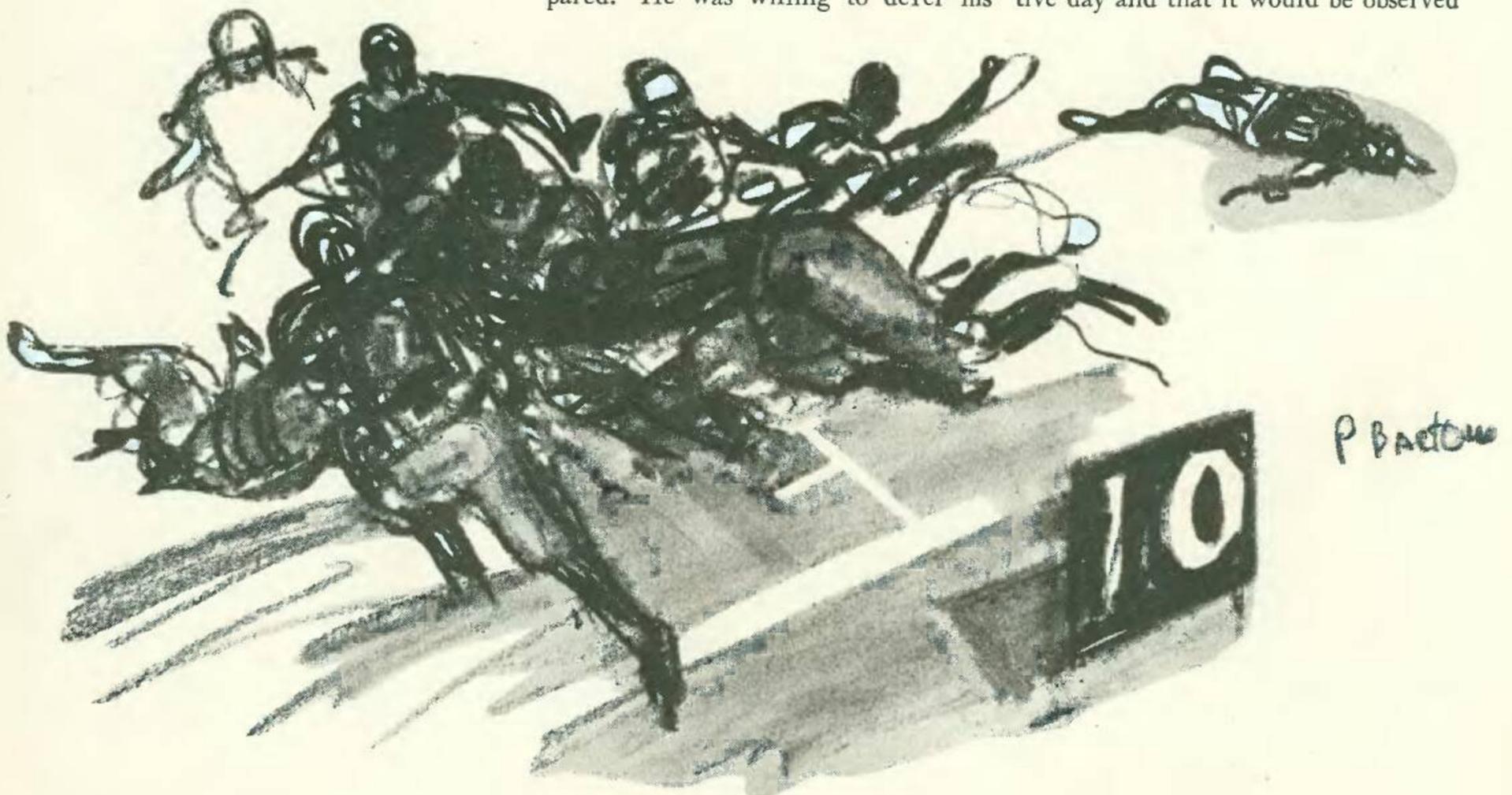
Metropolitan début until he could polish up a few more rôles. He cannot be hurried into anything, and, surprisingly enough, he refuses, on the grounds that he doesn't smoke, to endorse cigarettes.

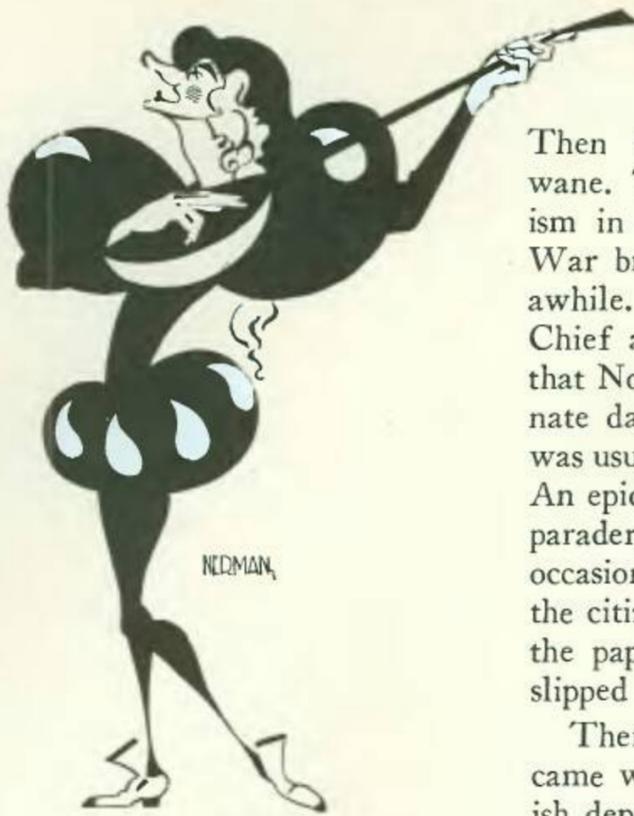
*Mother Knows Best*

A YOUNG lady from the Midlands lives in Christopher Street and, pending the sale of several plays and novels which she has in mind, is working in a bookstore. For some time, we are told, she has been receiving the respectful attentions of two young men, one a bank clerk and the other an artist whose forte is etching. In a letter to her mother back in Indiana, the girl recently touched modestly upon the virtues and devotion of the two suitors. A few days later she received a letter from her mother, with this bit of advice: "I certainly would *not* trust an etcher."

*Holiday*

WE once heard a lady express the regret that New York has no holiday of its own and must feast only when the other hundred million of the nation sit at the table. For the benefit of those threatened with an inferiority complex because of this situation, and for the possible interest of the residents of the city who are under forty-four in age, we will recall that the town once had its own special festive day and that it would be observed





Gorodetsky in "The Abduction from the Seraglio":  
*Chauve-Souris*

next Friday, November 25, had the idea not been given up.

It all began in 1783 when Mr. Washington and his upstarts came marching into town. British troops, which had occupied the city as a military possession for seven years, two months and ten days, clambered aboard waiting ships in the harbor, stopping on the way to grease the flagpole at Fort George to prevent the running up of a new flag. But the Americans drove cleats through the grease and if any of the pesky redcoats looked back as they sailed out the harbor they saw the Stars and Stripes flying there.

There was a good deal of spontaneous dancing in the streets that night and before the year was out the date had been set aside as a holiday and designated Evacuation Day. For sixty years it was celebrated within the city's limits with as much enthusiasm as the Fourth of July. Folk came all the way from Albany for the occasion.

It was the big day of the year for the theatres. They gave special performances with "illuminations and transparencies." In the musty files of 1824 we find the announcement that at The Theatre there would be, for the one evening, a patriotic play with no less a title than: "Glory of Columbia, Her Yeomanry; or What We Have Done We Can Do." There were always military parades, too.

In the thirties the day took on an added significance, for New Yorkers chose it as that on which to celebrate also "the late Revolution in France."

Then interest, somehow, began to wane. The general revival of militarism in connection with the Mexican War brought it back again, only for awhile. The odds were against it. Chief among these odds was the fact that November 25 proved an unfortunate day for parading. The weather was usually cold and sometimes snowy. An epidemic of pneumonia among the paraders almost always followed the occasion. Finally, in the late forties, the citizenry took to writing letters to the papers about it and it eventually slipped from the calendar.

There was one tinselled revival. It came with the centennial of the British departure in 1883. Two hundred thousand visitors came to town for the affair, including President Arthur and his entire cabinet, and eight governors. It took four men two days to chop the chickens for the salad that was to be fed to the marchers. But the day brought a frigid rain. The paint was washed off the duplicate of General Washington's coach. Many of the soldiers fell out before they got to the reviewing stand. That was the finish.

### *Tempo*

A WANDERING fiddler, whose lively tunes are familiar to residents of the east Eighties, met with a situation new to him the other day, when a gentleman flung up a third-floor window and shouted that there was a sick man in the building. The musician ceased his capricious tune and cupped his ear. "There's a very sick man in the building," repeated the gentleman. A light of understanding appeared in the minstrel's eyes. He lifted his bow and began to play with sombre feeling a *Danse Macabre*.

### *Pheasants*

WITH November brown on Manhattan's little hills, the city's game hunters are suffering the annual inhibition. Much of the repressed feeling, we have found out, comes from seeing golden pheasants flying free and easy in Central Park.

These pheasants, it is well to know, did not just happen in the Park. They are not indigenous, like the rowboats and the sparrows. They were deliberately hatched and weaned through the courtesy of a Mr. Clarence B. Davison, who, it seems, likes birds and likes Central Park. He and Dan,

keeper of birds at the Arsenal, collaborated on the installation of pheasants. They got hold of a considerable number of eggs (this was some time ago) and at the proper moment fourteen young pheasants were released and instructed to stay around town.

Many people had told Mr. Davison that it couldn't be done. The park was full of automobiles, Penrods, soft-coal smoke, sailors, and what not. It was no place for golden pheasants. But the Park Commissioner said go ahead, and for a little while the pheasants were accorded special police protection. They slept in bushes and passed comfortable nights.

Of the fourteen original birds, one met death by flying into a Fifth Avenue apartment, where



it expired from bruises and shock. Two or three others met untimely ends within the borders of the Park. But the rest survived. Last spring the birds mated and raised chicks. Now they are firmly established residents. Go at sunset to McGown's Pass, near the conservatory at 105th Street, and you may see them roosting in the low trees and bushes.

Mr. Davison often motors through the park, stopping to talk to the cops and pick up the latest pheasant news.

### These Professors

IT seems that professors are still absent-minded despite all that has been done in the matter. An interpreter of philosophy at Columbia, meeting a group of his students on the street, stopped to chat. When the conversation ended he asked:

"Which way was I walking when I met you?"

"Why, north, professor," was the answer.

"Ah!" he replied. "Then I've had lunch."

*"You don't want anything, Henry. Henry doesn't want any, Mr. Talbot."*



### Openings

THE eerie cry of "Author, author!" rings nightly through the turbulent orchestras of our playhouses, and first-nighters, dazzling in their first-night shirts, are crowding local gutters between acts. The season is getting on and we have already been pointed out twice—once as Charles Lindbergh, once as Elihu Root.

In spite of the discomfiture, the expense, and the embarrassment of attending an opening, people go. At nine o'clock the lobby is an impenetrable stockade of sticks, cigarettes, white bosoms, elbows, and sidelong glances. Before the actors can hope to make their entrances, the critics, playwrights, pugilists, and novelists have to make theirs. While a patient management waits, at least three seats remain empty because three little girls from Patchogue have come to see whether Alexander Woollcott really carries the cane he won for being a popular critic. (He does.) And they won't sit down till they know.

Curious legends have been woven around the business of first-nighting. An old warhorse of the theatre told us the other evening that the first row—which we had always innocently supposed was filled by millionaires and rejected suitors of the leading lady—is usually full of people whose hearing is affected. One of these, incidentally, is George Mayer, a corset manufacturer, unquestionably the dean of first-nighters. He has been at it for forty-seven years, untiringly. He takes his mother, a white-haired lady, and they occupy A-1 and A-2. To vary this life, the mother, they say, spends Sunday evenings at the movies.

Another childish delusion we once had was that the whole house is either given away by a charitable management, or else bootlegged at fabulous prices. The truth seems to be that about fifty pairs of tickets, not more, are gratis. These go to the press—critics for morning and evening papers, columnists, and special writers. Friends of the author and second cousins of the girl who appears for a brief moment in the third act, have to pay to get in. That is, somebody pays.

The hundred-dollar seats of Earl Carrolldom are apt to be less fact than fancy. There is a publicity value in printing high-priced tickets, but there is not always a perfect market. Managers with a show that looks good usu-

ally contrive to raise the price for their première fifty to a hundred per cent, and get it. George White can and does get his fifty dollars for the "Scandals." Although managers are making a distinct bid for distinguished patronage (some of them send engraved invitations to Park Avenue residents) first nights are not particularly impregnable to the layman. We recently bought a good pair of seats at the box office a few hours before the opening.

First-night audiences always vary but there is a nucleus which hangs together. Our theatrical friend told us that on nights when more than one show opens, many people make extraordinary efforts to find out where this "neighborhood gang" is going. The major critics are always there, holding out their cup of woe for a pinch of glamour. Sometimes our favorite millionaire, Mr. Kahn, is there (the last time we saw him was at the Cherry Lane, mildly disappointed that there was no rack under the seat for his hat). There is a definite feeling to the performance, distinguishing it from a regular show. Actors will tell you that first-nighters, although cryptic and unflinching, are highly sensitized to the language of the theatre and react quickly. Similarly, we have noted that actors, facing this impressive barrage of critical faces, are variously affected: some of them tighten up and give a hard, dry performance; others race on in a fine burst of histrionic passion to which they never again attain.

A MODICUM of amusement was furnished shortly before curtain time the other evening by one well-known and one *very* well-known actress who were attending the opening. They sat two rows apart, but the one in front wished to be seen conversing with the other, probably for the prestige to be derived.

"You're looking very well," she said, leaning over several shoulders to make herself heard.

"I beg your pardon?" returned the other.

"You're looking very well," repeated the first.

"I beg your pardon?" came back the cold reply. (There was the inevitable suspicion that perhaps one lady was giving another the run-around.)

"I said," squeaked the dauntless one, "that I thought you looked very well—but everybody else thinks you look like hell." —THE NEW YORKERS

## GENTLEMAN RETURNING FROM A PARTY

THE card says his name is Elite. His name can't possibly be Elite. No taxicab driver in the world is named Elite. Elite. It's the shadows from the street lamps that make it look like Elite. *Driver, have you got a match? Thank you. And go slowly. I want to look at something.* By golly, it is Elite. Samuel Elite. The driver of this cab is Samuel Elite. Well, it just goes to show. And there's his picture. Samuel Elite. It doesn't sound so bad that way. Samuel Elite went down the street. Yours very truly, Samuel Elite. That Samuel was a break of luck. Suppose it had been Winthrop or Spencer or Carlisle. Carlisle Elite. Carlisle Elite is a big nance. Oh, I am, am I? Yes, you are, you big nance. Carlisle G. Elite wouldn't be so bad. My name is Carlisle G. Elite and I want a license to drive a taxi. Very good, Mr. Elite, here you are. Thank you very much. That's all right, Mr. Elite. All we want you to do is drive slowly. With the help of God, I will. That's the spirit, Mr. Elite. Good luck and goodbye. *Driver, take it easy, will you?*

I shouldn't have touched that champagne. Champagne and highballs aren't friendly. They never have been and never will be. I guess I feel this way every time I mix them. I'll never do it again. That's out. Oh, is it? Yes, it is. What a sucker I was to go to two parties in one evening. You'd think I was twenty. Or twenty-five. No, I had more sense when I was twenty. Twenty is swell. You don't give a damn about anything when you're twenty. At least it doesn't bother you. You begin to worry when you're twenty-five. You feel fine, though. Thirty-six is terrible. Thirty-six and where are you? Nowhere. Why, my boy, thirty-six is one of the finest years of your life. Oh, is it? Where do you get that my boy stuff? That's all you are. Just a boy. Going home with Mr. Elite. Mr. Elite ought to drive more slowly.

Mr. Elite didn't see that truck. Oh, well. I wish I didn't feel so sleepy. But think how nice you'll feel in the morning. Yes, indeed. I'm going to feel fine. I'm going to feel dandy tomorrow. My, my, how dandy you look this morning. I'll bet I do. You really do. Well, I'm not dandy. I feel terrible. I went to two parties last night. The first one had highballs

and the second one had champagne. Highballs too, I suppose, if I'd had sense enough to look for them. But, no. Won't you have some champagne? Thank you very much. Of course I wouldn't bother looking for the highballs after that. Well, you look dandy, just the same. Well, I'm not dandy.

I shouldn't have gone to the first party at all. What if they are going to get married? I hardly know her. And he is going to be unhappy just as sure as hell. She's too hard-boiled and he's sensitive. Kidding himself, that's all he's doing. He thought it was amusing to see her stewed like that, did he? Well, that wasn't any little girl, just engaged and all excited, getting stewed. That was a hard-boiled lady who hasn't got a thing in the world to fall back on excepting getting stewed, getting stewed. Somebody ought to tell him. If I knew him well enough, I'd tell him. Look here. Break off this engagement. She's no good. At least she's no good for you. And get a sock on the jaw. Oh, isn't she? Well, it happens that she's never had a drink in her life and I got her stewed tonight myself because it was our engagement party, and kindly keep your face out of my affairs. Maybe so. I guess it was because she had a sappy face. I get suspicious when I see those sappy faces getting engaged to nice guys. But her face isn't sappy to him, you poor fool. I suppose not. Anyway, goodnight, and I had a swell time, and I hope you'll be happy. That was fair enough, wasn't it, Mr. Elite?

That was why I drank the champagne. It isn't so bad then, if you're feeling blue about something. Just the same I could have looked around to see if there were any highballs. Still, it was the hostess that offered me the champagne. And if you come late, you've got to be more polite than if you get there on time. No, you don't either. You ought to be polite always. Always be polite. And polite will always have a smile for you.

I must get this damned lighter filled. And I haven't got a match. Except in my hand. These are Mr. Elite's matches. Mr. Elite will think I'm a match thief. Just the same I'm going to use another of your matches,



Mr. Elite. *Here you are, driver. Thank you, very much.*

If I hadn't gone to the other party I'd have been on time at Sally's. I wonder who that tall girl in the vestibule was. It's funny no one remembered her. You'd think Sally would have remembered her. After all she was the hostess. Everybody says good-night to the hostess. They ought to, anyway. That girl certainly did. She didn't just come in and stay for a couple of hours with that thing she had with her and then just walk out. Sally must be a little dotty. What if there were a lot of people? What difference does that make? Oh, dozens have left already. How was she dressed? How the hell should I know how she was dressed? She was in the vestibule with a cloak on or a coat, waiting for that thing with her to get his coat and hat. They couldn't expect me to take her coat off and see what her dress looked like. There weren't so many girls there that were tall and slender and dark. You'd think somebody would have remembered her.

Five minutes earlier and I would have met her. That would be my luck. Five minutes too late. A white cloak with some kind of white fur on it and nobody who remembers who it was. What keen eyes you must have, my dear Sally. How many hundreds of people were at that party, anyway? I wish I'd asked George. I bet he noticed her. I bet he made her spend half the evening with him. She's probably going to meet him for lunch tomorrow. Unless he insulted her. What a lad.

I wonder who the thing with her was. Of course he'd have to be a stranger, too. I wish I'd taken a longer look at him. Then I could have described him. I doubt it, though. How can you describe a big sap in a high hat except just like that? No mustache, no big ears or anything. Just a big sap with his coat and hat on. Being waited for.

What made her leave so early? Probably going to another party. With that sap. Maybe he was her husband. Sure. That would be it. Her husband. And this is my husband, whom I adore. That would be it. Or she's engaged to him. He probably wanted to get home early himself so he could get up early and go down town and be a broker all day. I bet she didn't want to go home at all. She probably wanted to stay five minutes more and wondered who I was, coming in so late. Well, I wondered who you were, lady. He'll marry her and then treat her like a dog. I'd have made her happy. We'd have tried, anyway. He's not even going to try. You were certainly a sucker not to have waited five minutes more, lady. Go ahead and marry him and have a big church wedding, and see how much that gets you. She probably didn't notice me at all. If she did she most likely thought I was somebody coming to take his wife home. No, I wasn't, lady. I was going home all alone with Mr. Elite.

Why do they all feel they have to edge over on the left side of the street? Nobody is ever in that much of a hurry. The damn fool's going crazy turning like that! Oh, it's my street. I'm too nervous. I ought to get more sleep. Watch him go past my house. No, by golly, he didn't. That's right, Mr. Elite. You are a very fine driver indeed and if I can find my cane I will step out of your beautiful cab. There it is. *Does that say one twenty-five? Give me three and a half, please. That's right. Good night.* Now where the hell are those keys? In the other pocket, of course.

—MARC CONNELLY

AFRICAN CANNIBALS  
PLEAD FOR MISSIONARY—  
*Headline in the Watchman.*

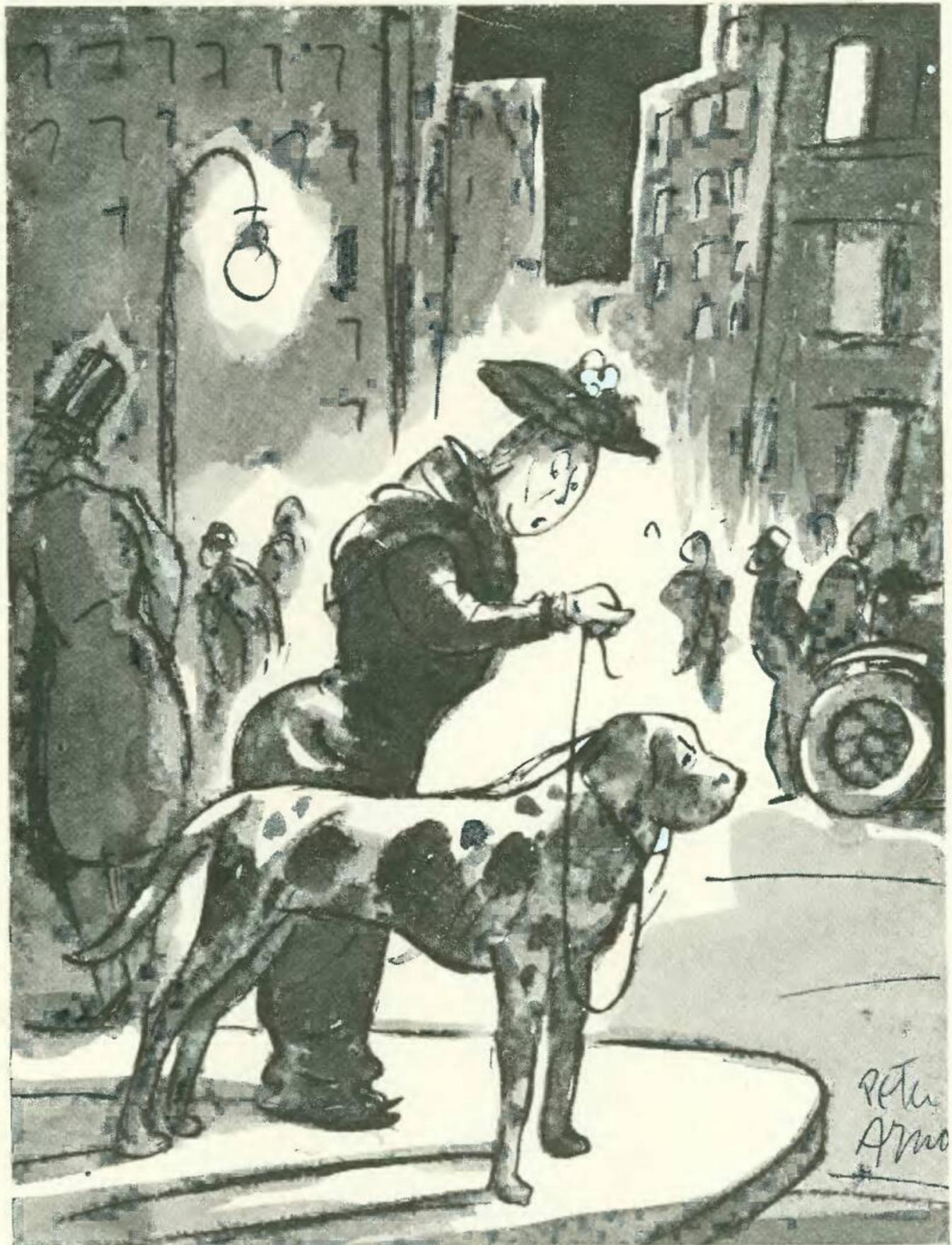
Well, if they keep teasing long enough they'll probably get one.

## PARTING

See how the strips of moonlight pale and change.  
Feel my throat's pulse, and see how white and strange  
Your hand is against the obliterating night.  
My courage so would match with time and fight,  
And take possession of a million years  
Of life like this, filled with these million fears.

What comforts you is thought of life unending,  
Fearless, and full of peace, with nothing there for mending.  
But what's to comfort me, when I am knowing  
I love but things that go and hate their going?

—CLINCH CALKINS



*"Git on! Git on! What makes yuh so headstrong?"*



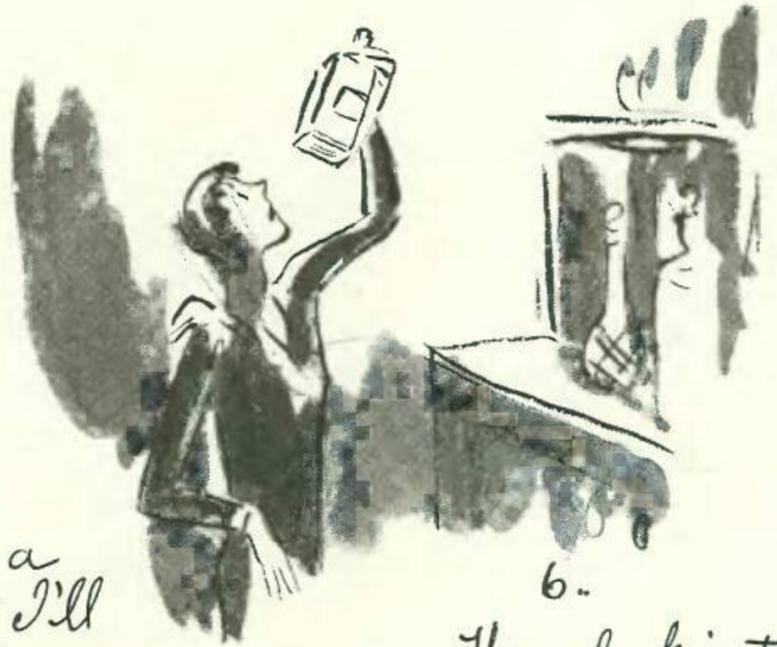
1. First of all, be sure that it's raining - nobody wants to play bridge on a nice day.



2. Getting the fourth may be a bit trying. (The excuses that a fourth can think of!)



5. "I never played a game in my life, but I'll try anything once." Now you have your fourth.



6. Then look into your gin supply -



9. at the last minute don't forget to dash out and get some cards.



10. By four o'clock you should be ready to play - but



3.

"My dear! you should see the dining room! The ceiling fell and you never saw such a mess in all your—" She means she can't come.



4.

"I would love to - but you know that orchid tulle evening dress of mine with the silver flower - She can't come either."



7.

you had better run out to your florist's on the corner and get another bottle.



8.

On your way home get a chunk of ice.



11.

The door bell will ring. It's the other fourths - they found they could come.



12.

Give your place to one of them and have a nice game of parcheesi with the other. well - Happy Bridge Party!

H. E. H.

\* \* \*  
**PROFILES** \* \* \*

**T**O a large section of the public mind in this year of grace, Rita de Alba de Acosta Lydig is known as the unfortunate lady who last spring filed a petition in voluntary bankruptcy and more recently, with \$51,000 derived from the sale of her household effects, paid her creditors forty cents on the dollar. Others may associate her with the recent publication of her book, "Tragic Mansions," which in material as well as in title—it concerns the futile and unhappy home lives of the fashionable rich—veers perilously close to the Laura Jean Libbey school of literature. Many will recall her as the former fiancée of the liberal Episcopal clergyman, the late Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, whose engagement to Mrs. Lydig was broken because Bishop Manning refused to give his sanction to their marriage.

Behind this cloud of the common report moves a fragile dark-haired lady, worn by long years of illness. Pale as the pearls on her fingers, she dresses habitually in black silk and old lace, which enhance her look of being something expensive and rare. Her friends declare that she is a person of amazing courage; for through all her varied misfortunes she has excellently preserved her graciousness, her gallantry and her charm.

Since girlhood she has shown an amazing capacity for exciting public interest. She was scarcely more than a child when she was married to the millionaire sportsman, the elder William Earl Dodge Stokes, who was said to have fallen in love with a likeness of her which he saw in a photographer's studio. Stokes was at that time a notoriously eccentric man-about-town, old enough to have been the father of his bride.

If, as many people believe, family pressure was brought to bear upon the girl, it was consistent with the European traditions of her restricted upbringing. Spanish was the language spoken in the de Acosta home in West Forty-seventh Street. Her father, Ricardo de Acosta, had been forced to leave his native Cuba because of revolutionary activities. While teaching languages in New York he had met and married a Spanish girl, beau-

**LADY OF AN ANTIQUE WORLD**

tiful, aristocratic, and rich. Two sons and five daughters were born to them. Rita was the eldest daughter.



*Rita de Alba de Acosta Lydig*

The de Acosta servants were Spanish, and so for the most part were their friends. Rita Lydig still remembers the dark, handsome Spanish dudes who came to pay their respects to her mother, or to sit with her father around a long table littered with cards and money. The girl was sent to France for her education. Paris and Madrid soon became familiar to her. As a member of the famous old Alba family, her mother had the entrée to the most aristocratic circles of Europe.

**W**ITH marriage, Rita must have felt that her horizons sharply shifted. The wedding trip had its brief lustre. In Paris, young Mrs. Stokes was presently the rage. Horse-racing was one of Stokes' passions, and his bride became the pet of the fashionable fast racing set of Europe. They visited Russia and attended the coronation of Nicholas II. They were magnificently entertained.

Perhaps no one was surprised that the marriage was not a happy one. After four years, Mrs. Stokes divorced her husband. When, three years later, she married Philip Lydig, a heavy-set, serious man who belonged

to the right clubs, her little son, W. E. D. Stokes, junior, was taken in charge by his father, the bulk of whose large estate he has recently inherited.

As the lovely and accomplished Mrs. Phil Lydig, the young woman speedily became the fashion in New York. Her house in East Fifty-second Street, furnished with Spanish and Italian antiques of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was the background for brilliant entertainment. Mrs. Lydig has always been a gifted hostess, gracious, tactful and witty. From the first, invitations to her house were eagerly sought. Kubelik, Scotti and Paderewski performed for her guests. Sarah Bernhardt, an admirer of Mrs. Lydig's beauty and grace, acted privately for her. A whole company of French actors was on one occasion requisitioned to give a play. Thousands of dollars were expended for flowers and entertainment.

Mrs. Lydig was keenly interested in politics, both in this country and abroad, and men well-known in affairs of state mingled with the artists and musicians who, following the English custom, encountered the polite world in her drawing-rooms.

In Paris, where she spent part of each year, she had early tired of the racing crowd, and had joined the intellectuals, finding many friends among philosophers, artists, musicians, scientists. Henri Bergson is still one of her close friends. In Italy, she visited Eleonora Duse; she always wears on a long chain a gold religious medal which that famous actress gave her. She became a patron of the arts. The curators of the great museums of Europe recognized her knowledge and her taste.

In the news of the century's first decade, Mrs. Phil Lydig provided the reporters with columns of copy and galaxies of photographs. Her clothes were items of endless interest. During the reign of the "Merry Widow" hat, she returned from Europe with a chapeau said to have measured twelve inches from crown to brim, while the height of the crown was but an inch and a half. But Mrs. Lydig's distinction came usually from a deviation from the mandates of the mode. She

designed her clothes herself, always preferring black or white. Like the fashionable women of Europe, she despised uniformity of dress. "Mrs. Lydig," declared a news article of the day, "has cut the Gordian knot of fashion's rules and come out an Alexander." Men, of course, adored her. It was said that any other woman appeared common beside her.

Dark and piquant, with romantic eyes, a pointed chin and a frivolous nose, she was in type very Spanish. Her figure was exquisite, and she had the graceful walk of a Spanish dancer. With her black dress curling about her little feet, a black hat slanting over her romantic eyes, and a sable scarf wound four times about her throat, she was like no other woman in New York—like no other woman in America. To enhance her exotic charm, she was known to dust her face with lavender powder. At the opera she presently startled everyone by appearing in a gown cut almost to the waistline in back. But the shoulders which she revealed were perfect, and soon the extremely low-cut gown was the vogue in the social world of New York.

Boldini, Madrazo, Sargent and Zuloaga are among the many artists who painted her; and Paul Helleu, who sketched her, declared that she was the most picturesque woman in America. The Boldini portrait, so frequently reproduced, is not the favorite of her friends. The delicate Castilian flavor is absent from this romantic view of Mrs. Lydig's perfect back; she appears as a hyper-activated Gibson Girl, arrested in the act of sitting down.

Her brilliant career was sudden-

ly quenched by ill-health, and in 1913 the Fifty-second Street house was dismantled. The furnishings and paintings were sold at auction, bringing \$362,555; Duveen paid \$41,000 for a Flemish tapestry. There were rumors of a divorce in 1914, but not until the war was ended did Mrs. Lydig press the suit. In 1919 she received a divorce in Paris on the grounds of incompatibility.

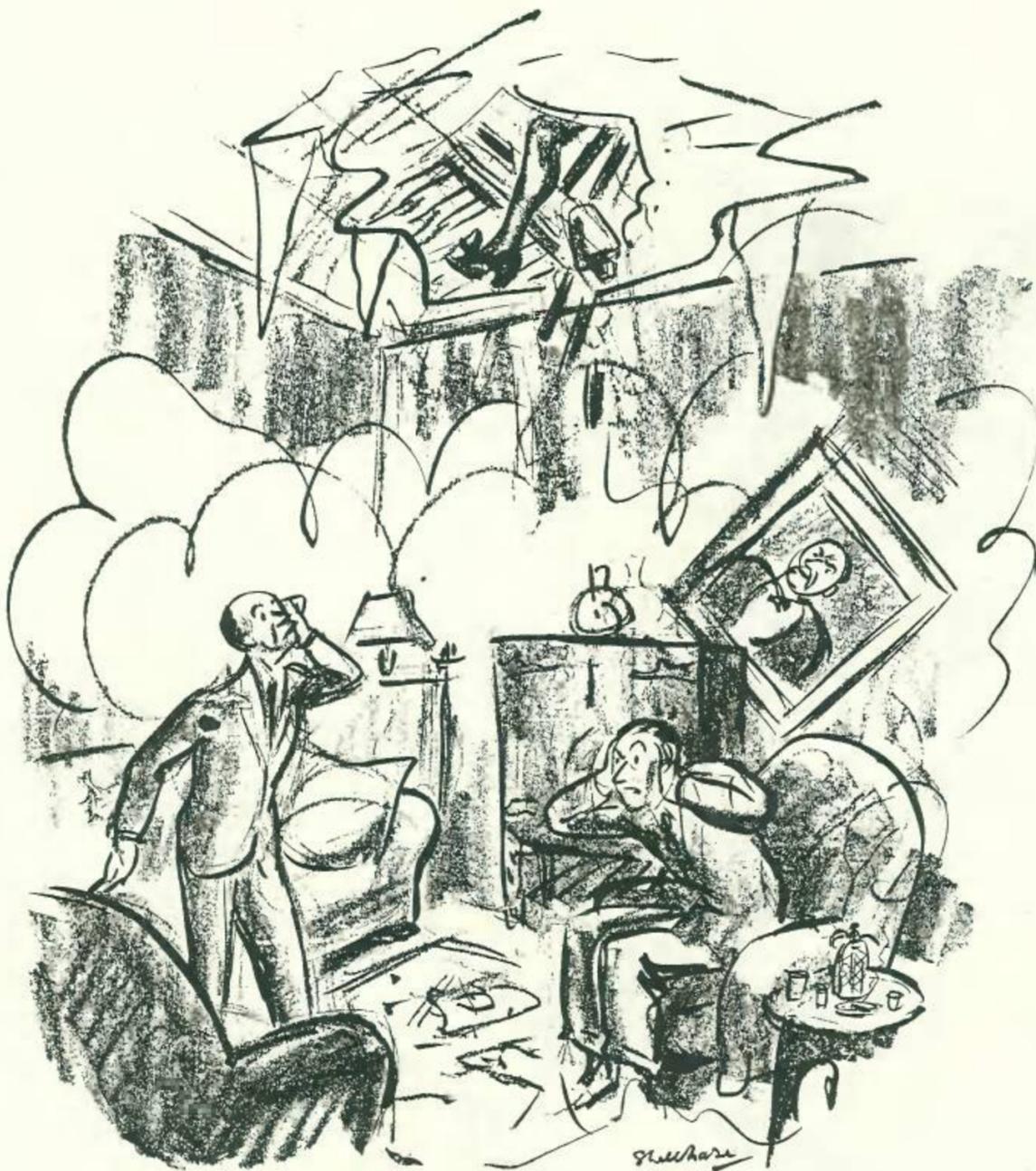
**M**EANTIME, the society beauty's life had entered a more serious phase. She had taken the Rhinelander house at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Washington Square—not yet remodelled into apartments. Always volatile in her interests, she now espoused the cause of woman suffrage, and was active in the Equal Franchise Society. During the war, she was an active member of the Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defense. She had always had many char-

ities; as a young girl she had spent one day each week visiting the hospitals. Now, in spite of persistent ill-health, she gave much of her strength to a crusade against the drug traffic, for which humanitarian work she received the gold medal of the American Museum of Safety.

With a social career whose emphasis had altered in a period sobered by the spectacle of a world at war, Mrs. Lydig became interested in the parish work of the Church of the Ascension, at Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street. Some of her friends have suggested that in this work she found a religious haven for which she had long been seeking; for, after her marriage to Stokes, she had ceased to communicate in the Catholic Church, of which as a girl she had been a devout member. Certainly there were many intellectual sympathies between her and the rector, the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, a keen-minded and able cleric

of liberal views. Mrs. Lydig was widely read in philosophy, and her opinions inclined toward socialism. Every Sunday evening Dr. Grant conducted a forum in the parish house of his church, where social and economic problems were freely discussed.

The announcement of their engagement in 1921 precipitated a storm of publicity. Dr. Grant had already been in conflict with his bishop over the radicalism of his forum. He was known to hold liberal views on divorce; Bishop Manning was the possessor of ideas quite different. Both of Mrs. Lydig's husbands were living, and the second had been divorced on the ecclesiastically trifling grounds of



*"I'm getting damn sick of this sort of thing!"*

incompatibility. The affair rested at a deadlock. A sketch, "Lady Vibrating to Jack-in-the-Pulpit," shown at the Humorists' Exhibition at the National Arts Club, was clearly a caricature of Mrs. Lydig's rapt attentiveness in church. But she was equal to the occasion. She purchased the sketch and for the remainder of the exhibition it bore the label, "Sold to Mrs. Lydig."

It is said that Mrs. Lydig's intelligence and influence were directed toward making a great career for Dr. Grant; that she hoped to see him at the head of a great liberal religious movement, either in the Episcopal Church or, if the Bishop proved obdurate, outside it. If this theory is true, she sadly failed of her aim. Dr. Grant and Bishop Manning presently clashed on doctrinal grounds, and there were intimations of a heresy trial. In 1924 the engagement was formally ended, and Dr. Grant, broken in

health, went into a retirement terminated some months since by his death.

MRS. LYDIG has emerged from her long illness like something delicately indestructible. Perhaps the secret of this lies in her complete individuality. Her household effects have again been sold at auction; but no one who knows her doubts that, somehow, she will again create an interior which expresses her taste. Her hotel rooms—to her odiously banal—are filled with the white flowers which she always prefers: lilies, lilies-of-the-valley, white cyclamen. She continues to "cut the Gordian knot of fashion's rules." Her dresses of black silk and old lace, her little fan, her small, three-cornered hats, her lace stockings and elaborate slippers are most completely her own.

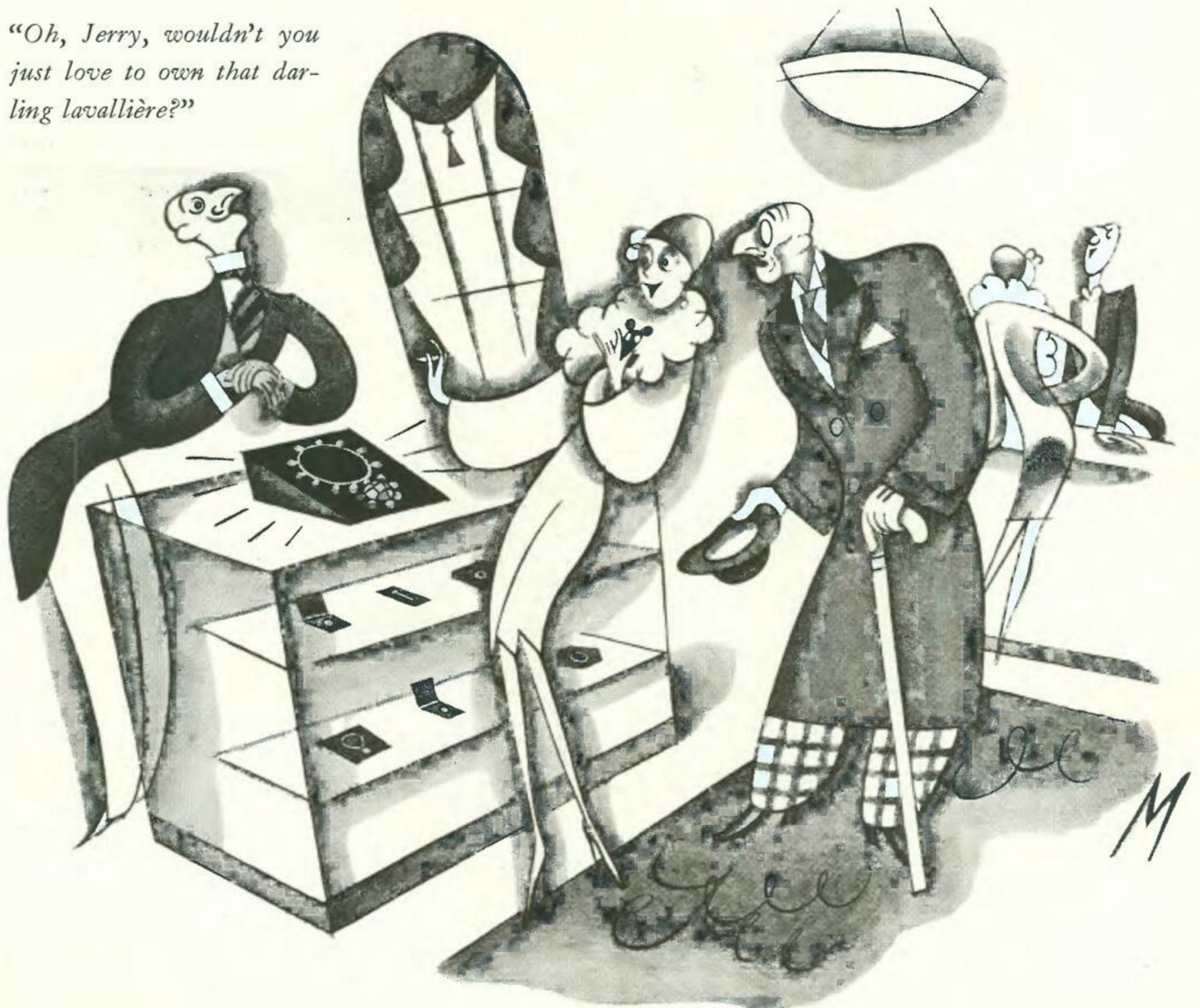
It is hard to describe the quality of this fastidious lady. Mr. Harvey O'Higgins, who wrote the preface to

her book, "Tragic Mansions," has it on the word of an astute psychoanalyst that Mrs. Lydig is a creature from an antique world. It is possible that her unflagging energy and courage are derived from some such romantic picture of herself. As a child, Rita, whose mother was an Alba, always contrived to be photographed with a fan. At thirteen, when first allowed to choose a frock, she distressed her nurse by firmly selecting black silk and old lace. For black silk and old lace are worn by the gentlewomen of Spain, and Rita was already concerned with her traditions. —M. K. L.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crossley of Forest Valley are very proud of the newly arrived twins although both happen to be girls.—*Wilbur (N. J.) Herald.*

It isn't the sex that counts, it's the spirit of the thing.

"Oh, Jerry, wouldn't you just love to own that darling lavallière?"



## "SPECIAL THANKSGIVING DINNER: \$1.50"

Celery Purée of Split Pea Olives  
 Roast Turkey with Cranberry Sauce  
 Mashed Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower  
 Lettuce Salad  
 Tea Mince or Pumpkin Pie Coffee

THE man entered briskly, hung his overcoat on a metal hook and tossed his black sample-case on to the rack. He sat down at a nearby table, glanced about him pleasantly, grasped a menu from the wire rack, set it down at once and leaned back with a sigh of relief. He glanced over the shifting crowd again, took a sheaf of papers from his pocket, shuffled them, put them back, drummed on the table with his fingers, looked at his watch, and whistled absently. Then he took out the papers again from his pocket and added a column of figures.

A waitress with wide hips poised beside him to murmur: "Well, what'll it be?" and vanished as he started to reply: "I'll take this Special . . ."

He laid down the sheaf of papers and watched a little man herd his family through the revolving doors, pursuing them frantically as they broke and wandered in various directions in and out among the tables, and finally marshalling them to a corner table which three of the children were defending against all comers while they called: "Pa! Over here, Pa! Oh, Pa . . ."

The bus-boy brought the travelling man water and grinned: "Oh, them? Dinin' out onct, a year. Fifteen-cent-tip customers, them kind is."

He nodded absently, and turned to watch three sailors who were smoking cigarettes in a corner. One stretched his legs into the aisle, crossed his ankles and hummed carelessly until the manager started forward.

The waitress reappeared to pry up four nickels that adhered to the damp surface of his table. She had low black shoes and blue eyes, and the man looked up at her gratefully and smiled, "Nice Thanksgiving, ain't it?"

"Yeah?" she said, and lifted the plate left by the guest before him. Cigarette ashes were sprinkled over the remains of turkey, and a match was buried head-foremost in the mashed potatoes. "Just got back in town," he told her, returning the sheaf of papers to his pocket. "Been on the road a month, and . . ."

The waitress added the half-empty dish of cauliflower to her tray and swept up the soiled spoons and forks in her hand. "Yeah?"

"Kinda nice getting back for Thanksgiving," he added. "You know . . . getting back to town." His eyes followed her round hand as she removed the coffee cup from the table before him; the stubs of two cigarettes lay soaking black at the bottom. "Been many people eating here today?" he offered.

"Sure," said the waitress, removing the undercrust of a pumpkin pie that had been scraped clean like the rind of a melon. "What'd' ya spose people do here?" suddenly. "Take a bath or something?"

She flung down the damp cloth before him and mopped the table in streaks, scraping up a lump of cranberry jelly with the back of her thumb. Then she lifted the tray of soiled dishes, poised it before him, and demanded: "Well?"

"What?"

"Whatchours?" she repeated, shifting her weight to the other foot and looking stolidly over his head. He looked again at the tray of dishes.

"Oh . . . vegetable stew," he replied dully, and stared across the restaurant.

THREE tables away an elderly woman took off her black gloves deliberately and arranged the beads about her neck. She gave her order to the waiter and then gazed blankly at the opposite wall. The waiter was talking to the bus-boy as they passed the travelling man's table.

"She hasn't the teeth to eat celery, but she says to bring it anyway—says it makes the table look sort of . . ." the waiter was saying.

"Can you tie it!" grinned the bus-boy.

"What was that she said?" called the travelling man eagerly, leaning back in his chair with lips ready to laugh. The waiter glanced briefly over his shoulder and continued down the aisle. The man stared after him, then took the sheaf of papers from his pocket, shuffled them, made an absent note with a pencil.

A young girl in furs hurried past the three sailors, who observed her ankles in critical silence. She paused and dropped wearily into the empty chair across the table from the travelling man. He thrust the sheaf of papers back into his pocket and watched her arrange her lips with a lipstick and a pocket-mirror. He leaned forward slightly.

"Stew," announced the waitress bringing his tray. "Coffeewithya-meal?" she added, and was gone.

The waiter with a dish of celery had paused indecisively behind the table of the woman who couldn't eat celery and the bus-boy grinned. In a corner



the father was regaling his family with anecdotes, punctuated with whispered admonitions to the silent children. One sailor began a smutty song, and the manager took him by the arm. His two companions followed him sheepishly to the door.

The travelling man leaned forward romantically and said in a low voice to the girl across the table, "You all alone?"

"You're damned right," announced the girl coldly.

He fingered a cigarette. "I was only wondering . . ." he murmured tentatively.

"Say!" she replied, slapping down her menu and glaring at him.

"Oh, all right," he answered sullenly, leaning back in his chair to light his cigarette, and staring across the restaurant again.

"Wheat cakes and coffee," the girl told the waitress.

"Check," added the man huskily.

He gulped a tumbler of water, rose to his feet, and flung half a dollar on the table. The waitress smiled and helped him into his coat.

"Thank you, sir. Happy Thanksgiving. . . ." —COREY FORD

Blasco Ibanez's famous novel, "More Nostrum."—*Adv. in the Humboldt (Tenn.) Courier Chronicle.*

More and better nostrum.



## BACK-STAGE VISITORS

### II—THE PROCESS SERVER

WHEN Mr. Wooski sent his name in it conveyed nothing to me at all. It was my first experience of his type of visitor. I had, up to that moment, been singularly free from divorce, legal entanglements, and had always paid my debts just in time. However, at last, like many a better man, I was caught.

Mind you, I should have been warned, I should have realized it would come to this inevitably. For weeks past a series of increasingly threatening letters had reached me. The first, something in this wise:

"Dear Sir:

"For months past, the Dumble Publishing Company, with a patience that strikes us as little short of amazing, has been appealing to your better nature to pay your just debt to them of \$3.80. When you incurred the debt the Dumble Publishing Company picked you out especially as a man of honor whom they could trust in a transaction of this sort.

"But you have failed them, and they have, at last, in desperation, appealed to us. Now we are loath to believe that you are *deliberately avoiding* the payment of this debt, and we feel there must be some explanation for your conduct. Won't you please write to us, and frankly tell us the position? Maybe we can help you. But you must attend to this matter *at once*.

Yours respectfully,  
The Triumph Collection Agency."

Now you would have thought that I might have been deeply moved by this letter, which exhibited an almost heart-breaking faith in my honesty and integrity. You would have thought that I might have sent the \$3.80, even if I had had to sell my last stick of furniture and my Whippet to do so. But I did nothing of the kind. I don't know what possessed me, but, to my undying shame, I ignored that gentle letter.

Then came another, not so gentle:

"Dear Sir:

"We are simply at a loss to comprehend your silence in the matter of

the \$3.80 owing to the Dumble Publishing Co. We have appealed to your honor, your sense of morality and ethics, and your instincts of common fairness and decency. We understand, too, that the Dumble Publishing Co. has even offered you a *beautifully bound volume* of 'Extracts from Ingersoll,' FREE, only if you pay this just obligation.

"You have ignored every kindness shown you. You have one more chance to prove if you have a spark of decency left. Our business is the collection of debts, and when folks like you are blind to all reason, *we have means of bringing them to their senses*.

Respectfully,  
Triumph Collection Agency."

Now, I must admit that this letter rather terrified me. That awful italicized last line, and the sardonic "Respectfully." But I did nothing about it. A dreadful lethargy seemed to have seized me concerning the whole matter, and I just drifted—

Then the last letter:

"Sir:

"We have tried to save you time, money, and exposure.

"We have done our best to help you. But the time of reckoning is now at hand. Unless the \$3.80 owing the Dumble Publishing Co. reaches us before the close of business Monday, you must answer for the consequences. *We shall not write again*.

Triumph Collection  
Agency.  
XY/ZK 4285367B32-O†"

Not even the air of appalling finality about this moved me to action. Not even the cryptic hieroglyphics at the end, which almost savored of a prison number, urged me to send that \$3.80 by hook or by crook. I just waited, like a drowning man, for the end. It soon came.

I WAS sitting in my dressing-room after the performance, negligently dressed in a beautiful dressing gown

covered with grease-paint marks, and smoking a cigarette with a boy friend, while my dresser looked on a little bored, as it was late, when they sent in Mr. Wooski's name. As I said before, it meant nothing to me, but it sounded interesting, and God knows the actor's life is infinitely boring, so I said briskly, "Show Mr. Wooski in." Of course that's where I was a fool.

Mr. Wooski proved to be a fat, energetic gentleman with a gleaming eye. He breezed in rapidly and without a word pressed a paper into my hand. A little bewildered, I naturally took it. And Mr. Wooski's eye gleamed more than ever. For, at that moment, I was "served." It was a summons. I was told to appear in court within five days to answer to the complaint of the Dumble Publishing Company in the matter of \$3.80. I gazed at the document.

"Why," I exclaimed brightly, "it's a summons."

"You said it," remarked Mr. Wooski with a wink at my boy friend.

"A summons," I repeated, not so brightly.

"Sure. Don't let it worry ya," reassured Mr. Wooski. "It don't mean a doggone thing."

"Really," said I, cheering up.

"Not a thing," said my visitor with a downward motion of the palm of his hand, "unless ya ignore it. If ya do, it's contempt o' court. Dey'll come in and get ya right offa de stage—an'



"Anything at all, mister. I want to go home to mamma."

stick ya in de jug. Aside from dat it don't mean a thing."

"I see. Thanks very much."

"You're welcome."

Then we all fell to talking. Mr. Wooski turned out to be a most genial and communicative visitor. He recounted to us some of his experiences, which were varied and in some cases unprintable. He showed us some of the summonses he was even then on his way to serve. They, too, were varied, and some almost unprintable.

"Here's a guy," chuckled Mr. Wooski, "what's sooin' a theatre. He claims he laughed so bad at the show, he lost his voice—and his job with it. He was an auctioneer. And here's a young lady sooin' a newspaper for publishing a nude picture of her and she says she never had such a thing took in her life; it must have been two other girls."

At which we all doubled up with hearty laughter. Mr. Wooski prattled on merrily, as innocently as a child, until my boy friend rose to go and my dresser looked as if he wanted to give notice. It was a quarter to six and I hadn't started to dress.

"Well," said my visitor at last, "I gotta beat it. And say, how 'bout a coupla tickets for de show?"

"Why, I should be delighted, Mr. Wooski. Any night you say. It would be a pleasure to have you in return for your kindness."

"You're welcome," said Mr. Wooski genially. "I ain't got no use for actors as a rule, but you're a good guy, Howard. So long."

—LESLIE HOWARD

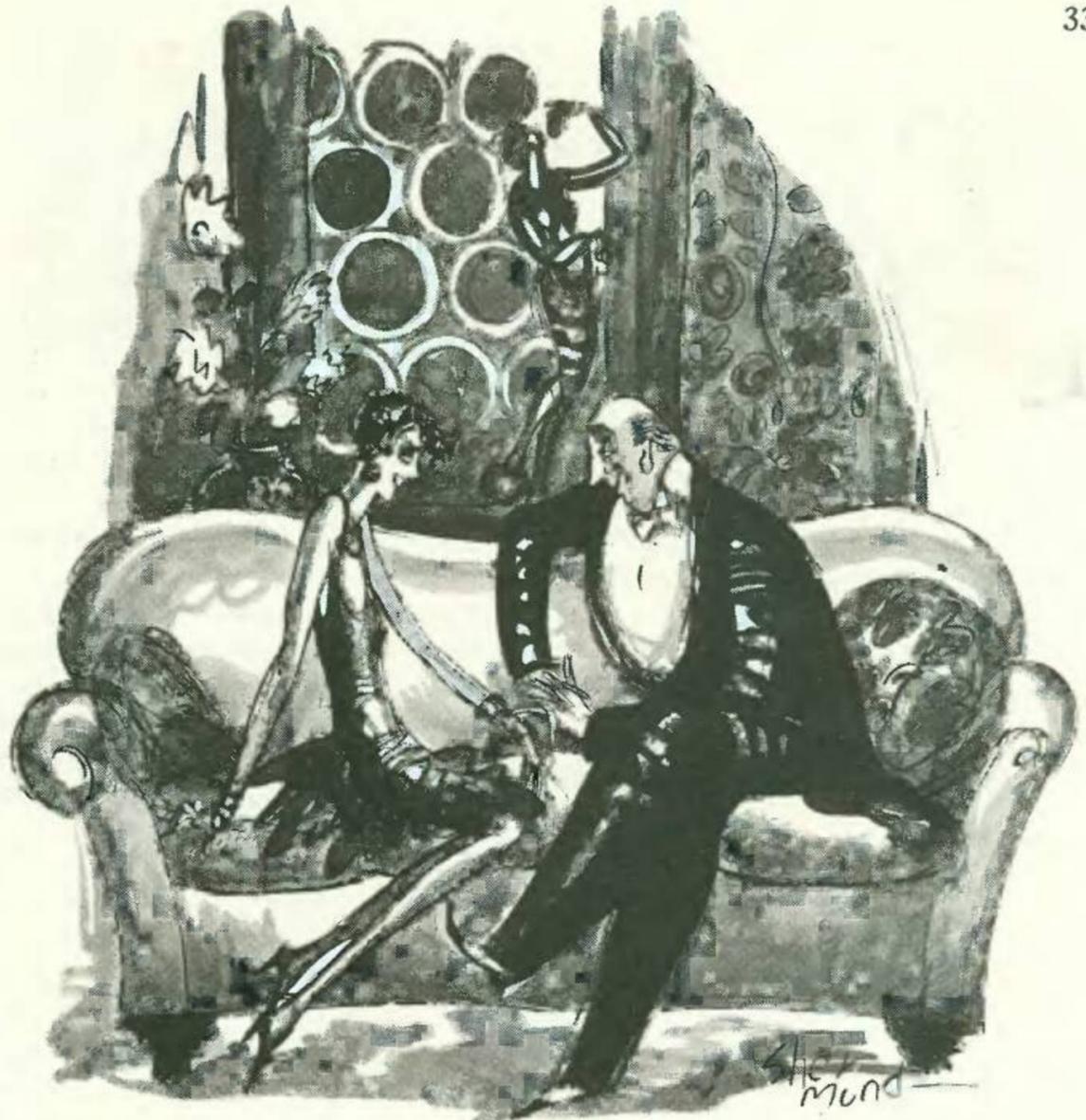
## OF ALL THINGS

THIS city's declining birthrate, deplorers say, is due to an increased desire for life's comforts and luxuries. We are selling our birthrate for a mess of pottage.

"After all, I am a very humble citizen," said Young T. R. It isn't the humility that one minds so much as the heat.

Talk persists of raising funds to erect a statue of Jesse James. Any surplus could appropriately be used to start a memorial to Harry Sinclair.

Long-distance toll rates have been reduced again. For a practically mere



"Oh, Mr. Trimble, you're such a boy!"

pittance we can now call up Chicago and say frankly what we think.

We are in hearty accord with the proposal to have the heavy trucking done at night. It is an outrage for noisy trucks to be lumbering around in the daytime when typical New Yorkers are trying to sleep.

The Yale *Daily News* seems to think it would be a good thing for the college if President Angell would visit it some day. Any New Haven cop can tell him how to get there.

Senator Waterman urges the President to raise the duty on onions fifty per cent. The Colorado home folks grow a lot of onions and the Senator knows his.

Inhabitants of this island must feel a sneaking sympathy for the Philadelphia audience which was inattentive to Senator Smoot's long statistical talk on taxation. Most of us would rather have them tax our pay than our patience.

No men visitors, we read, will be allowed in the Vassar senior smoking

room. But what the girls will do for matches the Associated Press doesn't seem to know.

In Massachusetts and Connecticut some of the roads are still covered with water. The rest are covered with people going to see football over-emphasized.

Far too many of us evaded our sacred duty on Election Day. When we get rested up from that we will fail to study the traction problem for a while and then begin neglecting to do our Christmas shopping early.

Despite what is technically known as a sock on the chin, the Republican organization will continue to fight Smith on the four-year term issue. Sometimes we suspect that our G. O. P. bosses prefer the horizontal posture.

J. C. Lodge was elected mayor of Detroit. At this distance we cannot make out whether his victory was due to his dry support, to his speechlessness or to the fact that he is Lindbergh's Uncle John.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



## CALLOUSED FROM APPLAUSE

**Y**OU will learn with real satisfaction that this week your correspondent has been rendered speechless with admiration. "Coquette," by George Abbott and Ann Preston Bridgers, at the Maxine Elliott, did it. Absolutely speechless.

Well, perhaps I'll be able to get out five or six paragraphs on the subject, but because of the skyrocket and Catherine wheels which I'd like to pour forth I'll have to pinch myself every now and then to find whether it's I writing them or Calvin Coolidge.

"Coquette" is the story of a lovely, gay, light-minded girl upon whom life, which she'd always found beautiful and caressing, suddenly falls with savage claws.

Her name is Norma Besant. She is the daughter of Doctor Besant and is the belle of a little Southern town. She has coquetted her prettily dishonest way into the hearts of every nice boy in the place, and she falls in love with Michael Jeffery, who isn't one of the nice boys, so deeply in love she can't use her wheedling, evasive tricks on him.

Doctor Besant hates Michael, who is surly and bitter, and can't keep a job, and has street rows; and Michael agrees with Norma to go away for six months to prove that he can steady down. At the end of three he can't resist the impulse to come back for just a glimpse of Norma. She's at a country-club dance and leaves it to go with him in his car.

The next morning when he asks for her in marriage Doctor Besant orders him out of the house with every infuriated epithet possible to a gentleman of the old South. Michael is enraged by his words into shouting out that he has possessed Norma, and that her father may be damned glad he's asking to marry her. The Doctor's code makes his course inevitable and he shoots Michael. It is only when his lawyer asks Norma to say that Michael has insulted her as a mitigation for her father's deed, that her agony finds

words. She won't. She hates her father for what he has done. She doesn't care what becomes of him.

The last act takes place three months later. Norma has forgiven her father, who is on trial for his life. Sorrow has made her a woman of profound understanding.

The act suffers from the one cloud of artificiality which shadows the finely honest play. One is asked to believe that only if Norma, who is carrying Michael's child, can allow herself to be proven chaste, will her father be freed. Actually, of course, the bare announcement of her condition would assure his instant acquittal.

Accept this false hypothesis, however, and the last act is as good as the others.

Norma sees that if she appears, to an emotional jury, to have killed herself rather than submit to the humiliation of an examination, her father will be saved, so with one little, tender speech to her brother, and an unbelievably poignant scene of reconciliation with her father, she takes one of his pistols and goes quietly into another room.

I guess it's when I come to Helen Hayes' performance as Norma that my speechlessness sets in. To know anything about the real value of the play one would have to read it before seeing Miss Hayes in it. Having seen her, the bare printed speeches would evoke her and all one's apparatus of criticism would choke up just as it does now.

Take all the adjectives Mr. Funk and Mr. Wagnalls have to offer and choose of them that which best combines exquisite with powerful, and which suggests lambency, and humor and . . .

You see I've just gotten silly. Speechlessness was the right tack. I'll let mine extend to the superb playing of Elliot Cabot as Michael.

If I went into the excellence of members of the cast about whom I could be articulate I'd never be done. You'll have to see "Coquette" for yourself.

"**J**OHN," by Philip Barry, at the Klaw Theatre, is a sensitive and beautiful study of the character of John the Baptist.

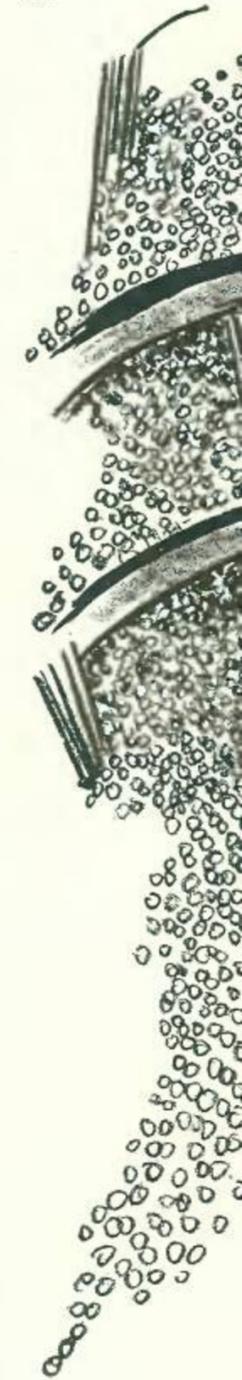
In it he is a cantankerous, bossy prophet, ambitious for the worldly glory of his country, and convinced that it can be increased a thousandfold by the purification of his countrymen. He is bitterly opposed to Antipas, the wise, shifty, compromising Tetrarch, whose life with Herodias John regards as an incestuous abomination. Besides these things he is possessed by one supreme inspiration, a belief in the imminent coming of the Messiah.

One watches this often unintelligent, blundering fellow see himself being surpassed, in the field where he has been supreme, by Jesus, one of his own disciples, and taking it like a sportsman. One sees him resist the proposals of Herodias, who believing him a powerful instrument for her ambition, offers him unlimited support, if he will declare himself the Messiah. Finally one sees him happy that the executioner's knife is lifted against him because he knows at last that the Messiah for whom he was to prepare the way is Jesus. Of the true significance of Jesus he has never a suspicion.

All this is told in an idiom which is completely of the present yet never intrudes itself upon the consciousness as strange upon the banks of the Jordan.

The drama of the happenings involved is a little self-consciously muted, but "John" is a fine play. It is not my dish. I prefer stratagems to struggles, and I'm one of that great group who find nothing less satisfactory than the spectacle of a spiritual victory. Nevertheless, "John" moved me. This too in spite of a cast which, had Mr. Barry foreseen it, would certainly have led him to change his subject to Babel.

Jacob Ben-Ami plays the prophet with an accent which is almost incomprehensible, and without mitigating brilliance, whereas Constance Collier elocutes Herodias until one can fairly hear the Ben Hur treadmill creaking.



"And I want e

"AND SO TO BED," at the Shubert, is a charming, slight comedy about the imagined doings of Mr. Samuel Pepys one day in June, 1669, just after he had stopped keeping his diary. It is couched in the exact language of the period—a scholarly novelty in these days when so many historical characters are portrayed as having acquired their vocabularies at the knee of Walter Winchell.

Its not too revolutionary climax is the shutting of Mr. Pepys in a coffer when the king pays an unexpected visit to the lady of Mr. Pepys' passing fancy, and a small flirtation between the king and Mrs. Pepys, seated upon that same coffer.

Interspersed through the play there is much lilting, seventeenth-century music.

Mrs. Pepys is played deliciously by



one of you to promise me one thing . . ."

Yvonne Arnaud, and Mary Gray gives great charm to Mrs. Knight. The rôle of Pepys rather wastes the Wallace Eddinger gift for comedy.

"THE FANATICS," by Miles Malle-son, at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, is less a play than a cheery, helpful, and to me nauseating discussion of the sex problem in Great Britain.

It did, however, do my old heart good to hear people who took part in the Great War getting away with as much youthfulness as do its characters. I haven't felt so young since Scott Fitzgerald made me a grandfather.

The characters in "The Fanatics" talk about the war as being five years of hell, which seems to me stretching that extra three months pretty far; but the nine years that have elapsed since have passed, for them, like a single night.

John Freeman, the hero, is still engaged to Frances to whom he was engaged before the commencement of hostilities (she is a chilly bit of propriety who objects to enthusiastic osculation) and is still keeping Toby, a gay little hussy with whom he formed an acquaintance during one of his leaves. He introduces Toby into his quarters on the top floor of his family's mansion and there she is discovered by his father, Frances, and his sister, Gwen.

The play then stops telling a story and devotes itself to a firelit session of chocolates and sex secrets between Gwen, Frances, and Margaret, a lady who just happens in with a past from which she is glad to tear the waxed paper wrappings.

It all boils down to the fact that girls in England should insist on trial marriages, an idea I seem to have heard even before the not so recent conflict. It would undoubtedly be lots of fun, but I have seen enough marriages supremely successful which, had their beginnings been trial marriages, would certainly never have reached book and bell, and enough blissful first years develop into dreary quarrelsomeness to doubt whether it would remold the matter to the heart's exact desire.

Richard Bird, as John Freeman, has one scene of hysterical power. Ann Andrews as Margaret suggests a long diet of Grade A cream and Harz Mountain canaries.

—CHARLES BRACKETT



## LULLABY FOR A CITY BABY

Little urban urchin, sleep!

Dream the song the night is singing;  
Lordly towers thy watch shall keep,  
And bells ringing.  
Sleep, little urchin, sleep.

Little city baby, sleep!

Hear, in dreams, the ferries blowing;  
They discuss in voices deep  
Where they're going.

(Sleep, little tadpole, sleep.)

Dream about their lovely names:

Christopher and Lackawanna;  
Slumber on, my little sweet,  
While they blow to Barclay Street;  
Sad they are, and sad shall be,  
Destined not to go to sea.

Little town babe,  
Pink-and-brown babe, sleep!

Baby rocked in noise and din,  
Let the sounds come gently in:  
Sleep, my darling, sleep.

In the early hours of dark  
Bell notes fall upon the Park—  
Do not wake!

Every striking of the gong  
Is a part of the night's song.

(Do not wake!)

Hear, in sleep, the far drummer  
Orchestrate the end of summer:  
Wheels and horns and bells ringing—  
Dream the song the town is singing.

Sleep, little man-child, sleep.

—E. B. W.

SMALL, twin beds, refined couple;  
would share with owner.—*The Times*.

Sometimes it seems as though refinement isn't what it used to be,

## SERVICE ABOVE SELF

**M**R. GUPPY — Rotarian William H. Guppy who is in the sterilizer game and has offices at 200 Fifth Avenue—took up a position in front of the dais after the fruit cocktails had been eaten and the remains carted away by the waiters. A man at a piano off to one side struck a few preliminary chords.

"Number 9, fellows!" bellowed Mr. Guppy, raising his arms. "Everybody in it, now; Number 9!"

From the fifty or more tables in the large ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, where the weekly meeting of the Rotary Club of New York was in progress, came the mumbled strains of song from men who still felt self-conscious. It was the first song and the ice had not been broken. Mr. Guppy, gray-haired, well-dressed and filled with energy, waved his arms violently and called for more noise.

"Let's try it again, fellows," he urged. "All together; right on your song-sheets; Number 9!"

This time the response was more gratifying, more joyous, although no one without a song-sheet could have had the remotest idea of the words. The selection proved, upon investigation, to be "The More We Are Together," a Rotary favorite. The words were about as follows:

"The more we are together, together,  
together,

Oh! the more we are together, the  
merrier we'll be.

For your friends are my friends, and  
my friends are your friends

So the more we are together, the  
merrier we'll be."

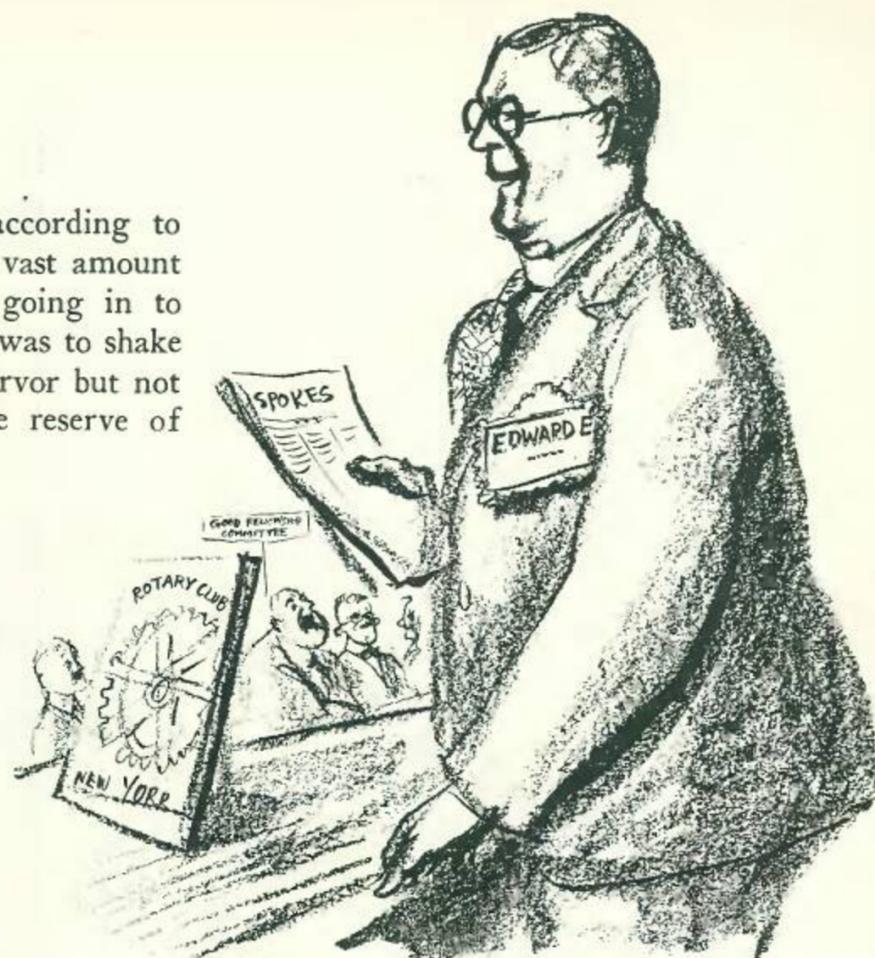
Mr. Guppy appeared happier. He next chose "My Wild Irish Rose." "Number 27, fellows, put some life into it"—and now a fair volume of song rose above the clatter of dishes. But to one whose knowledge of Rotary Club meetings has been gathered chiefly from the works of Sinclair Lewis, there was something abnormally dull and drab about this Thursday gathering of Rotarians. These men should have been utterly grotesque, not just a little silly. They should have leaped from the seats to sing "I'm a Little Prairie Flower" and to whirl about shrieking "I'm as Wild as Wild Can Be" before sitting down again. Mr. Guppy did not, however, suggest this classic nor did it even appear on the song-sheet.

These boosters should, according to the legends, have done a vast amount of back-slapping before going in to lunch. But all they did was to shake hands, sometimes with fervor but not infrequently with all the reserve of members of the Bankers' Club. The badges which they wore, with their first names in large capitals and the last names in smaller lettering, should have been much larger and gaudier. One expected to hear glad cries of welcome, such as "Why there's old Georgie Babbitt—good old Georgie." But here there was nothing even remotely similar.

According to all the advance reports, the ballroom of the Waldorf as the Rotarians gathered should have been filled with pep as an Automat at noon is filled with clerks. There was, however, little or none of it. And the singing, instead of being a traditional Rotary outpouring of melodious joy and fellowship, was hardly more spontaneous than that which greets the efforts of the Paramount Theatre to make an audience lift its voices to the accompaniment of the Wurlitzer.

**W**HY all this was so cannot, probably, be explained. Possibly the fact that it was exceedingly warm in the ballroom had something to do with it. It may have been that Rotarians from out of town, who made up about one-third of the four hundred and fifty men at the gathering, felt shy in the presence of their metropolitan hosts. Perhaps Mr. Guppy lacked the punch necessary for the role of song-leader. He is, after all, merely vice-chairman of the club's Music Committee. Mr. Harry Armstrong, the chairman and composer of that immortal barber-shop ballade, "Sweet Adeline," was unavoidably absent at this meeting. Perhaps, in fact, the extreme absurdities attributed to Rotary are exaggerations.

It is much more likely, however, that even a New York Rotarian becomes slightly sophisticated; as compared with his brothers from Denver, for example. Teased a good deal, he grows self-conscious and inhibitions

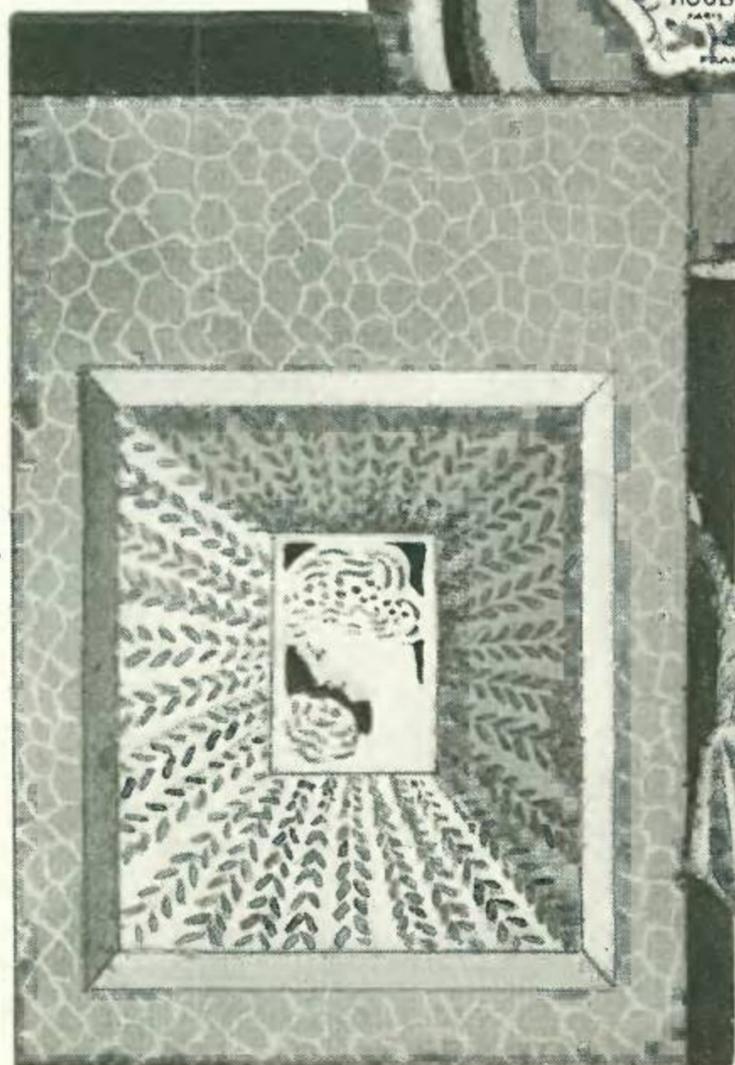


dim his outbursts of good, clean fun. He does not, I hasten to add, admit this. He thinks that "a knock is almost as good as a boost," as a man at my table put it. A good fellow can always enjoy a laugh on himself. A couple of winters ago, said my neighbor, a show bound for Broadway contained a sketch making fun of the Rotary Idea. It opened in Long Branch, N.J., and Rotarians of that city sent a long telegram to the New York club demanding that influence be used to eliminate this blasphemy.

But the New York Rotarians, my neighbor continued, went to see it and enjoyed it hugely. It was, he said, a wow! The comedian played the part of a club president and extolled the business accomplishments of his fellow members. One had made a fortune as a crutch-tipper; another had perfected a round mothball, which rolled away easily. Prior to this, mothballs had been square and the consumption had been much lower. All this, I was assured, had been accepted in the best spirit. In a similarly broadminded way, many members read Lewis and subscribed to the *American Mercury*.

The speaker of the day, at the Waldorf-Astoria luncheon I chanced to attend, was a Mr. Charles W. Helser, a dapper gentleman with black hair and with a white carnation in his buttonhole. He was introduced by J. Burnett Jones, in the furniture-jobbing game and President of the Rotary Club of New York, as the "Executive Vice-President of the Miami Chamber of Commerce." But before he spoke Eddie Rushmore, the

PERFUMES OF  
COSMOPOLITAN  
CHARACTER



**RARE**

**FRAGRANCES**

THESE Houbigant fragrances are of, by, and for those with a taste for bright lights, color, movement—vivacity, smartness, and elegance. They are in the mood and manner of the woman who's at ease in such an atmosphere . . . Quelques Fleurs is a gay French bouquet, with a lilting, laughing spirit that challenges, even as it refreshes the sense jaded by too-heavy, too-obvious perfumes . . . La Belle Saison is the aristocrat of perfumes—a gorgeous, dewy bouquet of rare summer flowers—an exquisite fragrance for evening. Most good shops have these Houbigant perfumes.

Please permit us to present to you five sachets, rich with Houbigant odors, and the booklet, "Things Perfumes Whisper." Write for them. Houbigant, Inc., Dept. 307, 539 West 45th St., N. Y.

**HOUBIGANT**  
PARIS

# The Water Tower

THE BROADWAY CHILD'S  
FIRST READER

Do you see the pret-ty green bot-tle?  
Yes, I see the pret-ty green bot-tle.  
What is in the pret-ty green bot-tle?

## AQUAZONE

And what, pray, may it be like?  
It is de-li-cious and spark-ling.  
What is de-li-cious and spark-ling?

## AQUAZONE

Is it dif-fer-ent from oth-er min-er-al  
wat-ers?  
Yes, it is dif-fer-ent from oth-er min-er-  
al wa-ters. It is the on-ly min-er-al  
wa-ter su-per-charged with ox-y-gen.  
What is the on-ly min-er-al wa-ter su-  
per-charged with ox-y-gen?

## AQUAZONÉ

Is it a splen-did ta-ble wa-ter and a good  
mix-er?  
It is a splen-did ta-ble wa-ter and the best  
of mix-ers.  
What is a splen-did ta-ble wa-ter and the  
best of mix-ers?

## AQUAZONE

Where can pa-pa and ma-ma get it?  
Pa-pa and ma-ma can get it at all good  
clubs, ho-tels and res-tau-rants or they  
may buy it from Mis-ter Dan-iel  
Reeves Stores, the Gris-te-de Broth-ers  
Stores, the Busy Bee Stores, or if they  
have for-got-ten to get it they may have  
it sent to them from the near-est place  
by tele-phon-ing the num-ber at the  
bot-tom of this page. Now is not that  
nice?

When is Thanks-giv-ing?

It is the twen-ty-fourth.

Let us be sure that pa-pa and ma-ma  
have or-dered

## AQUAZONE

VANDERBILT 6434

Advertisement

club's secretary, presented some of the out-of-town visitors and each rose in his place for a second as his name was called. The lunchers who happened to be paying attention applauded. After the last visitor had been saluted, Mr. Guppy led in a final song, which sounded like "We Greet You, Greet You Visitor," and which is the official welcome.

Mr. Helser spoke on "The Significance of Miami," and launched into his subject abruptly. The Miami district was, he said, extremely significant "to the Western Hemisphere." It was to become the "unofficial capital of Pan-America." It was in a class by itself, as far as winter resorts were concerned. Its climate was without equal. Its hotels and apartments were magnificent. It was to be the Great Port of Call for ships bound for Latin America and Cuba. It had a fine Rotary Club.

"If you have never been to the Miami district," he said, in a voice as resonant as that of a preacher, "come and enjoy our hospitality. If you have been there, come back again! You have much to live for—if you have never been warmed by the sunlight of the Miami district, if you have never watched the moon across the bay, if you have never been awakened in the morning by the mocking bird's song, if you have never seen the flash of red hibiscus blossoms!"

"Wonder if he's going to tell us how to get rid of our Florida lots?" asked my neighbor with un-Rotarian cynicism. Mr. Helser did not, but he did touch, for a moment, on the late unpleasantness. The Miami district, he said, was being built on an economic basis, on a basis of real value.

"I am reminded, as I think of this," he said, "of two men who, at dawn, came out of one of our hotels. The sky was crimson.

"'Why!' said one of them. 'There must be a fire!'

"'No, my friend,' said the other.

"That is the breaking of the dawn!'"

"So we of the Miami district," concluded Mr. Helser, "face the breaking of the dawn."

The luncheon ended on this high note, with a great scraping back of chairs and with the Rotarians dropping their badges into a bag held at the door by a waiter. One gathered, as the members departed, that Mr. Helser's eloquent address was being viewed with some misgivings. There were mutterings that the Speakers' Committee had permitted "a salesman to be slipped over on them." But these may have been the remarks of disgruntled Rotarians from California, irritated by Mr. Helser's praise of Miami's climate.

The affair had consumed about an hour, divided into three equal parts of food, song and talk. To the casual guest at a Rotary Luncheon in New York it is a little surprising that these functions are rarely covered by the newspapers. In Utica or Springfield or Birmingham, of course, the weekly feasts are enthusiastically reported. But hospitable as the New York Rotary is to constructive publicity, its press table is said usually to be deserted. The reason for the blanket of silence is that the type of speaker invited holds forth on such topics as Idealism, What Rotary Means to Albuquerque, Is Rotary the Eighth Wonder of the World? and Service. They are broad, constructive topics, but they do not make headlines.

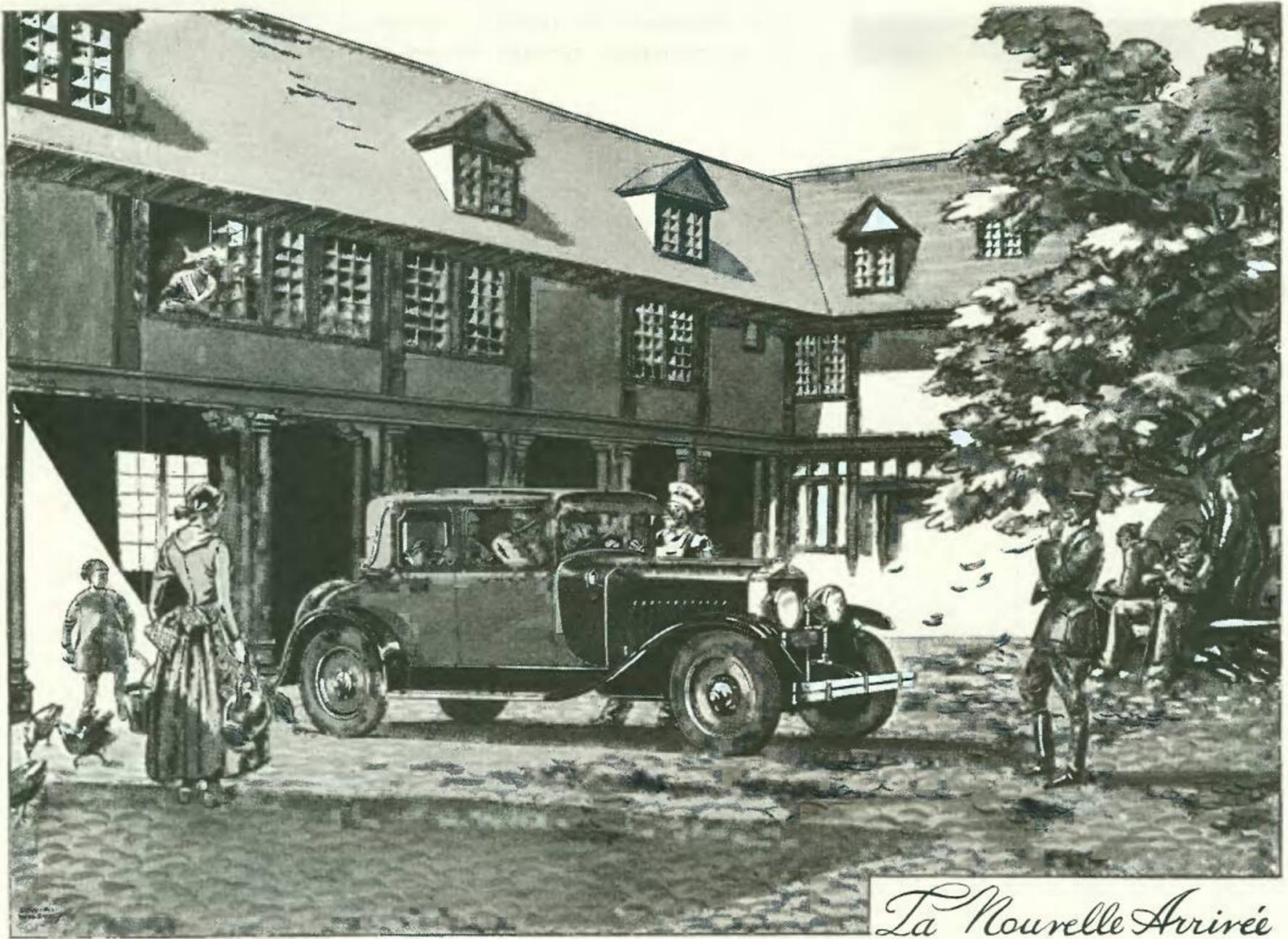
And so it may be unknown to some New Yorkers that the Rotary Club of New York has four hundred and eighty members who pay seventy-five dollars in dues annually. Luncheon-meetings are held every Thursday at 12:30 o'clock at the Waldorf and business sessions on the first Tuesday of each month at 6:30 o'clock. The fact is, of course, that New York is not a good Rotary town; several members told me of the difficulties confronted by the local organization. If the city were similar to other towns



Index to departments on  
the pages which follow:

FOOTBALL	54
HOCKEY	60
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
PARIS FASHION LETTER	68
FEMININE FASHIONS	69
SANTA AND HIS CLAWS	71
AS TO MEN	76
MUSICAL EVENTS	78
POPULAR MUSIC	81
COURT GAMES	91
THE ART GALLERIES	94
THE CURRENT CINEMA	99
PARIS LETTER	111
READING AND WRITING	116
BOOKS WORTH READING	121

Christmas gifts? . . . Our annual suggestions are already appearing. Early shoppers are advised to turn to page 71.



*La Nouvelle Arrivée*

FAVORITE—IN SMART CIRCLES EVERYWHERE

Wherever you go, you will find the La Salle the pronounced favorite in the smarter, more discriminating circles. The reason is plain. The more one appreciates charm of contour and of color, and values the finer points of motor car performance, the higher is the LaSalle esteemed. The powerful appeal of the LaSalle lies in the surpassing degree in which it combines

unique style and exquisite beauty, with performance so smooth, so brilliant, as to be a continuous source of gratification and delight. Only a car upon which has been lavished the finest workmanship of Fisher Body craftsmen, and which enjoys the engineering supremacy of the 90-degree, V-type, 8-cylinder engine design, could approach so near complete and detailed perfection

*You may possess a LaSalle on the liberal term-payment plan of the General Motors Acceptance Corporation—the appraisal value of your used car acceptable as cash*

UPPERCU CADILLAC CORPORATION

INGLIS M. UPPERCU, *President* - - COLUMBUS 7700

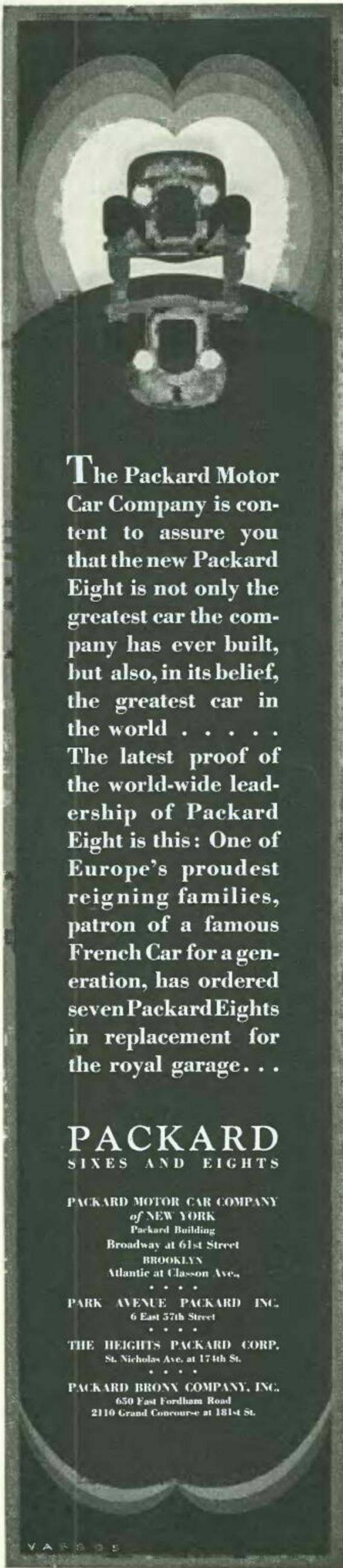
BROADWAY AT 62nd St. - - NEW YORK

**LA SALLE**

FROM \$2495 to \$2895 F.O.B. DETROIT



MANUFACTURED - COMPLETELY - BY - THE - CADILLAC - MOTOR - CAR - COMPANY - WITHIN - ITS - OWN - PLANTS



The Packard Motor Car Company is content to assure you that the new Packard Eight is not only the greatest car the company has ever built, but also, in its belief, the greatest car in the world . . . . . The latest proof of the world-wide leadership of Packard Eight is this: One of Europe's proudest reigning families, patron of a famous French Car for a generation, has ordered seven Packard Eights in replacement for the royal garage. . . . .

**PACKARD**  
SIXES AND EIGHTS

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY  
of NEW YORK  
Packard Building  
Broadway at 61st Street  
BROOKLYN  
Atlantic at Classon Ave.,  
. . . . .  
PARK AVENUE PACKARD INC.  
6 East 37th Street  
. . . . .  
THE HEIGHTS PACKARD CORP.  
St. Nicholas Ave. at 174th St.  
. . . . .  
PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.  
650 East Fordham Road  
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

a large number of leading citizens would be members, for the theory of Rotary is to elect a successful and representative man from each trade or profession. An inspection of the club's roster does not, however, reveal the names of many strikingly prominent men of the type whose views are eagerly sought by newspapers. Mr. J. P. Morgan, it is needless to point out, is not the banking member. Mr. Charles H. Schwab is not listed among the steel men. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has never accepted membership as the representative of the oil (wholesale) game. There are, however, exceptions. Mr. Pirie MacDonald is the designated photographer-of-men. Mr. Louis H. Chalif, one finds, is the dancing-school member. And among those present, inevitably, is the cheerful Mr. Frank E. Campbell of The Funeral Church. Mr. Campbell is also vice-chairman of the club's Better Citizenship Committee.

"ACTIVE membership," states the fundamental law of Rotary, "shall be limited to one man in each classification of business or profession." But this, like so many fundamental dicta, has been interpreted with liberal ingenuity. On behalf of the Rotary Club of New York Dr. Myron T. Scudder, of the Scudder School for Girls, did scholarly research into the trades and professions of the town. Basing his system on that used in public libraries to make subdivisions among topics, and beginning with seventy major classifications, Dr. Scudder found that there were thirty-eight thousand potential Rotarians in the city, each making a living in a manner distinct from all the others. The club has no intention of taking in any appreciable fraction of these possibilities. It is, I am assured, primarily interested in quality and makes haste but slowly.

SOME of the unusual classifications for which members have been named are: accountant (bakery), architect (bakeries), ashstand manufacturer, bags (burlap), baking (French bread), beverages (carbonated, Coca-cola), beverages (carbonated, gingerale), Campfire Girls' outfits, clergyman (Protestant), chair seats (veneer), coat and apron supply, clean towel supply, crabmeat (Japanese), dumbwaiter manufacture, educating (continuation school), butter and eggs, elocution, explosives (preven-

For Christmas Give Fragrance



Le Jade

A gift of fragrance at Christmas is more than just a present; for the fragrances of Christmas are inseparable from its sentiment.

Especially appropriate for Christmas are

Roger & Gallet's Gift Boxes and Perfumes, works of art in fragrance, in beautiful boxes, ultra-modern in French color and design. Three sizes. Priced from \$6 to \$12.

Fleurs d'Amour



Offered in  
**Le Jade**  
THE PRECIOUS  
PERFUME

**Pavots d'Argent**  
SILVER POPPIES

**Fleurs d'Amour**  
FLOWERS OF LOVE

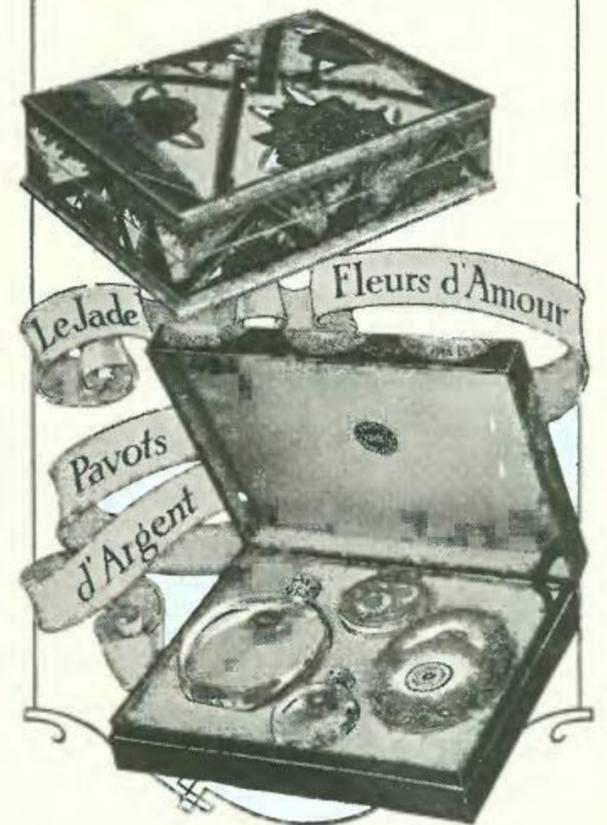
Single articles of fragrance in each of these perfumes. Each in an attractive gift box—priced from \$1 to \$12.50.

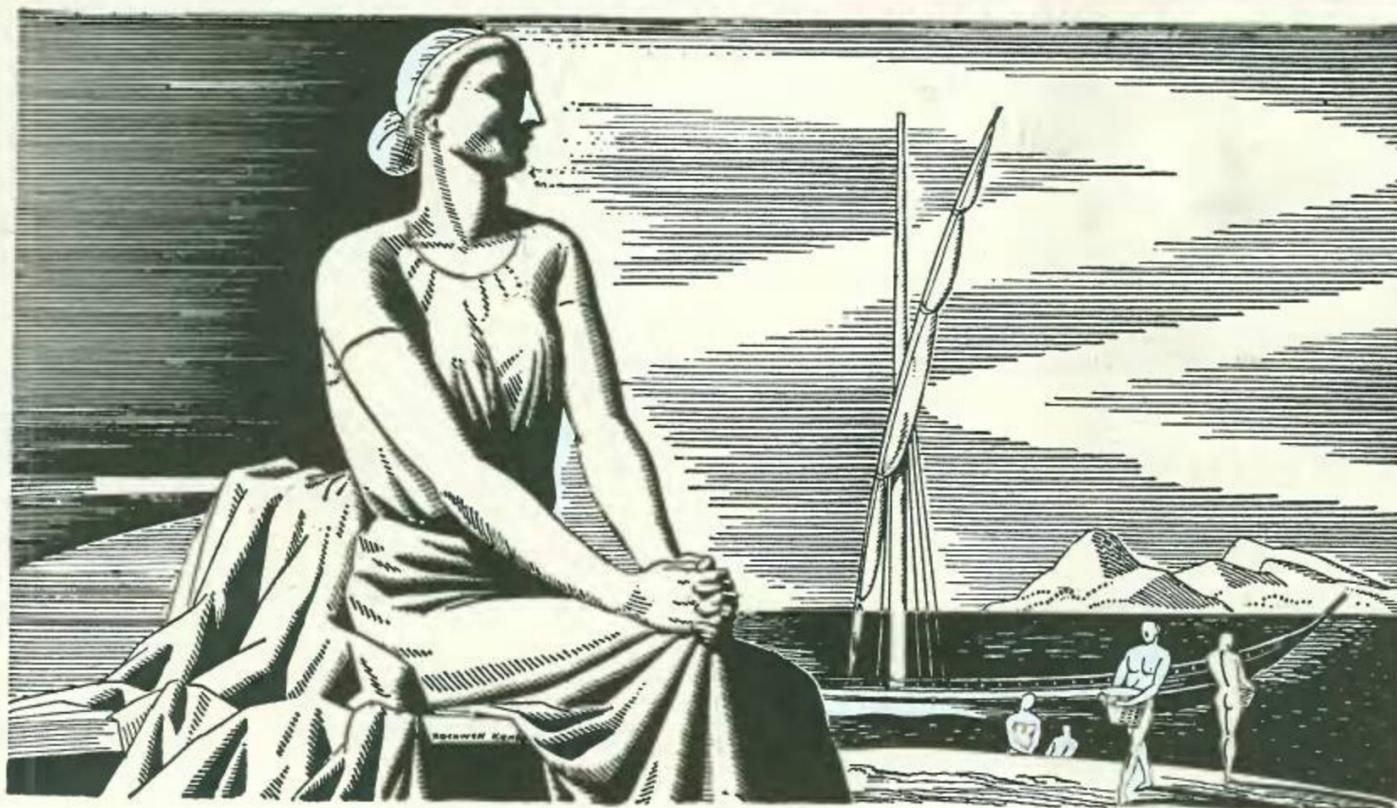
At All Best Shops



Pavots d'Argent

**ROGER & GALLET**  
Parfumeurs  
PARIS  
NEW YORK





## THE PRINCELY TOKEN

FOR centuries a certain tradition of distinction has been associated with the gift of pearls. Kings have conferred them as a mark of favor. Princes have prized them beyond other jewels. In every country and in every time they have been chosen as the outward symbols of extraordinary honor and affection.

Yet the very qualities which contribute so strikingly to the desirability of pearls render their selection a matter for professional skill and judgment. Their exquisite luster, their symmetry, their delicate gradations of size and color have an immediate bearing upon their value. . . . And these

are considerations which only the most expert counsel can define.

It has been the privilege of Marcus & Company to afford this counsel to so many of America's leading families that this establishment has come to be identified in a peculiarly intimate way with the supply and selection of pearls. . . . And not the least gratifying aspect of this relationship is the discovery that special facilities and direct European buying can work surprising economies in the acquisition of this princely token.

*Strings of pearls from \$125,000 to \$200. A large selection of loose pearls to add to necklaces, from \$20,000 to \$10.*

## MARCUS & COMPANY

### JEWELERS

WM. ELDER MARCUS, Jr.

CHAPIN MARCUS

At the corner of Fifth Avenue and 45th Street, New York, and Palm Beach

# WALK-OVER SHOES FOR MEN



*Whether  
the*  
**WEATHER**  
is favorable or  
not—these sturdy  
oxfords rein-  
forced with pud-  
dle proof welt,  
will keep your  
feet comfortable.  
Tan Tweed Calf-  
skin. Leather  
lined tongue.  
Conservative  
dark deer stitch-  
ing around the  
extension of the  
sole. Also in  
Black Calf.

*Walk-Over*  
SHOES FOR MEN

\$8.50 \$10 \$12

NEW YORK CITY  
1432 Broadway, at 40th Street  
1625 Broadway, near 50th Street  
1167 Broadway, near 28th Street  
254 West 125th Street

BROOKLYN  
1355 Broadway  
565-7 Fulton St.  
946 Flatbush Ave.  
5406 Fifth Ave.  
7918 Fifth Ave.



BRONX  
557 Melrose, at 3rd  
Ave. and 149th St.  
YONKERS, N. Y.  
16 Main Street  
PATERSON, N. J.  
181 Market Street

tion of explosions), entertaining (magician), fish (fresh), forester, furniture (dining-room), greeting cards, hair nets, hospital efficiency consultant, insurance (weather), mantels (wood and marble), mortgages, monuments, mustard, opera singer, osteopath, overalls, penmanship method, recreation (bowling), restaurant (roisserie), rubber stamps, screw anchors, sterilizer, storage (dead automobiles), urns (milk), and veterinarian (canine).

Dr. Scudder's discovery that thirty-eight thousand distinct categories exist in New York enables the club to elect a number of men from what might seem, to less analytical minds, one profession. There are, for example, nine architects who specialize, respectively, in bakeries, banks, club houses, department stores, hotels, landscapes, schools, theatres, and town planning. There are four bankers, three bakers, two contractors, six insurance men, three layers, eight machinery men, four photographers and seven transportation experts. A fascinating group is that termed "educating." In this classification is a college-of-pharmacy professor, the principal of a continuation school, the head of a school for girls and the secretary of the New York University School of Commerce. There are five Rotarian physicians and six surgeons. But the club has, at present, only one clergyman and is in grave danger of finding itself without benefit of clergy. Dr. Roelif H. Brooks of St. Thomas' was an enthusiastic Rotarian at Albany and joined the New York club when he took his present pulpit. The duties of a New York church, he finds, are so numerous that he may have to forego Rotary.

IT is superfluous, I am sure, to dwell at length on the ideals of Rotary. Conceived in 1905 by a Chicago attorney, there are now clubs in forty-one countries, including the Scandinavian, and about one hundred and twenty-five thousand members. The New York club was the sixth to be organized and dates from 1909. Rotarian philosophy demands, to quote the official creed, "the consideration of service before self, based on the practical ethical principle that he profits most who serves best." The objects of Rotary are six in number, and all of them, whether local or international in scope, emphasize the ideals of service. Rotary is not, I have been asked to state, a "joiners" or-

ganization. Attendance is compulsory and a member who stays away from four consecutive meetings without a water-proof excuse is dropped from the rolls.

This rule, again because of the difficulties that abound in a large city, has been modified by the New York club. New York Rotarians must, however, be present to lift their voices in song at a minimum of sixty per cent of the meetings every year. All Rotarians receive credit when attending club luncheons in other cities, a rule that explains the large number of visitors always present. Rotary is non-sectarian and non-political. Its law provides that sides must never be taken in campaigns or in disputes in which political parties have become involved. It throws its influence, at least I am so informed by officials of the New York club, on the side of any question only after prolonged prayer.

—HENRY F. PRINGLE

## FEMALE HELP WANTED

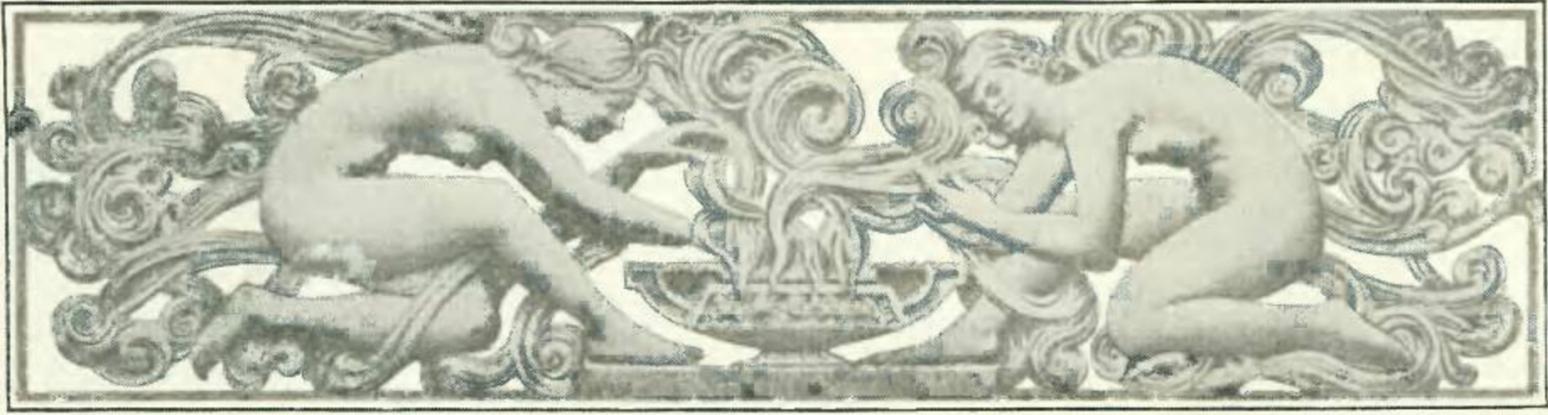
HERE'S the place—1292—Oh my God! Maybe he's not in. Maybe he was only kidding. That's dumb. Nobody advertises in the *Times* just to get a laugh. Let's see. Jabez and Twilly. Jabez and Twilly, Jabez and Twilly, when a man marries his troubles begilly. Nice new word that. Begilly.

Room 2304. Twenty-third floor. Those elevators don't look safe somehow.

Pardon me . . . are these elevators quite all right? They are? *What a pity! Quel dommage!* Which is the safest elevator, please, sir? Well, then, which is your favorite elevator? Oh, is that so? Snooty old thing! Living with elevators six days a week, eight hours a day and hasn't got a favorite.

I'll think of Lindbergh while I'm going up. Lucky Lindy. And how! He wouldn't have to look for a job. Twenty-third please. If I do get this job I'll have to live here. No shooting up and down to twenty-third floors for me. Even if he offers me fifty to sleep at home. He'll like me for that. Just an old-fashioned girl he'll think. He'll probably want to marry me right away.

Here we are. Jabez and Twilly, Twabez and Jilly. Ahhh. I won't go in for hours. I'll stand here till I'm an old crone. Shall I knock? It isn't as if I wanted the old job anyway. I can live indefinitely on Her-



# PARFUM STYX COTY

ENCHANTING WITH MYSTERY

*The unknown — the unfathomable with its ever-luring promise of revelation — it is the irresistible magic of Parfum Styx. A fragrance to wind forever through the thoughts, with its subtle, mysterious loveliness. Essence, Eau de Toilette, Face Powder — all the exquisite of the toilette are created in this enchanting COTY odeur.*

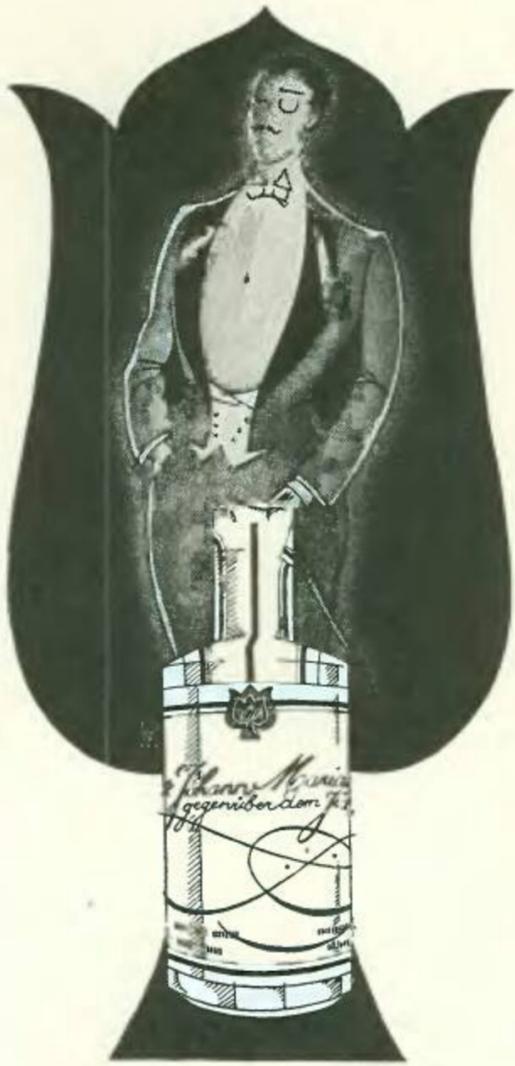


REGULAR 2 OZ. CRYSTAL FLACON  
also PURSE SIZES of 1 OZ., ½ OZ., ¼ OZ.



COTY INC  
714 Fifth Avenue, New York  
CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave, Montreal

♣ He looks ♣  
distinguished as  
a prince—but...



**E**VEN the most skilful tailor cannot protect a man from the suspicion engendered by the slightest hint of perspiration odor.

For more than two centuries, distinguished Europeans have known and used a pleasant protection against olfactory offense. Now well bred men of America may share their secret of poise and *savoir faire*.

After bathing, dash a little Farina's Red Crest Cologne under the arms, and about the chest and neck. For the entire day all trace of odor is counteracted—not by a powerful scent of perfume—but by the mild scent of true cologne.

This is the original cologne—created in 1709 by Johann Maria Farina Gegenüber dem Jülich-Platz, Cologne. There is no other true cologne—for the secret of its vintage is guarded closely by the founder's family. Make sure of the original, the true cologne. See that the red crest is on the bottle. Then use this true cologne for a social safeguard, for after-shaving, for a refreshing, soothing lotion at any time.

Obtainable at your druggist's.

Glass Bottle, 4 oz. \$1.00; Wicker Bottle, 6 oz. \$1.75

Sole Distributor:

Geo. Borgfeldt & Co., New York

Look for the ♣ Red Crest

**FARINA'S**  
RED CREST  
COLOGNE

shey bars. I'm awfully nice. Somebody'll give me a carton of Hershey bars, most likely. What'll I say to him? Bet he's a business man. Sure he's a business man. This is terrible. I don't know how to talk to a business man. I never knew any business men. Oh, what a dirty trick! Why didn't anyone ever introduce me to a business man?

Maybe I should be masterful. Mr. Jabez and Mr. Twilly. Here I am for the job. The Burroughs operator elegant. No, that's too sentimental. They might cry. After all they're only human. Poor Messrs. Jabez and Twilly, don't cry. *Pauvres petits*.

Shouldn't be at all surprised if I were a little mad. Here I am perfectly satisfied to spend the rest of my life in this hallway. Hey! Hey! Jabez and Twilly!

**M**AY I please speak to Mr. Jabez? Thank you. Mr. Jabez? I saw your ad in the *Times* and I want—that is I thought—I mean—Oh, it's been taken. Well . . . just when was it taken, Mr. Jabez? Just five minutes ago? Thanks. . . . Good afternoon.

Go-o-osh! That was a close shave.  
—PHYLLIS RYAN

#### SERIAL IMPRESSIONS OF "ADAM AND EVE"

An antidote  
Erskinian  
For theories  
Darwinian—  
An Edenistic  
Entourage,  
Some hedonistic  
Persiflage—  
Romantic and  
Domestic type  
Both watching apples  
Growing ripe—  
His lovely Lilith  
And his wife  
Each bent on filling  
Adam's life.

—MARGARETTA MANNING

#### POESY DEPARTMENT

[A poem submitted in the  
Wilson essay contest]

There is no one, as far as I could see,  
Could take the place of Woodrow to me,  
In war and peace his place was supreme.  
And when our heroes fell  
And everything seemed like a living hell,  
Poor Woodrow's heart was torn like a  
Schrapnell.



## DINING at the BARCLAY



**Y**OU enter from the tea terrace or from 48th Street - to the luxury and dignity of the Mount Vernon lobby.



About the dining-room there is an atmosphere of seclusion and warmth. Subdued lights ease the eye. Soft rugs still the footfall. The seasoned servants anticipate and obey.



Chef Marcel Souret rules the efficient kitchen with an iron hand, albeit a skilled one. And double doors eliminate its noise and odors.



Barclay menus are sly whispers that fire the most jaded palates. In variety and kind they interpose the choicest Continental dishes with recipes of true American flavour.



Convenient to shops, theatres and clubs, the Barclay offers short or long term leases, and transient accommodations—in quarters of any desired size—furnished or unfurnished.

Write for Information and Brochure



the  
**BARCLAY**

111 EAST 48<sup>TH</sup> STREET

JOHN F. SANDERSON

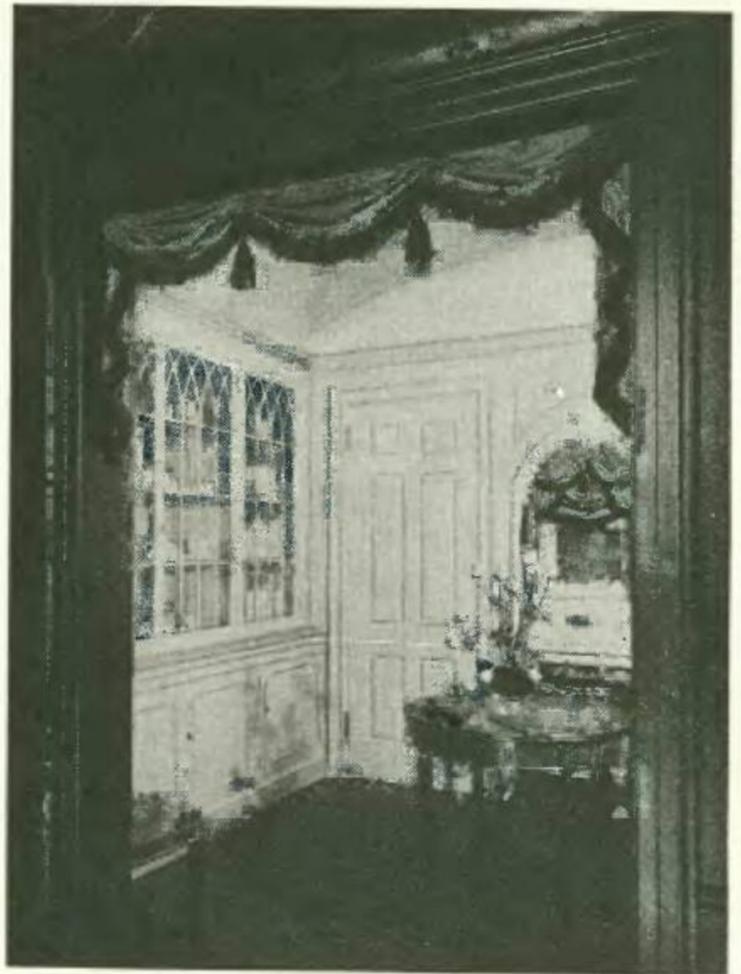
Managing Director



"IT is all soft lights, and mellow walls and comfort," wrote Lipstick in her deft and sprightly way, after she had visited the Dorothy Gray Salon. The Salon is, after all, simply a gracious setting for the Dorothy Gray method of facial aesthetics. Miss Gray's belief has always been that the skin need not age if it is given proper care. Thorough cleansing, the counteraction of excessive dryness and oiliness, the stimulation of rapid healthy circulation—these constitute proper care. The Dorothy Gray treatments meet these requirements.

"It is all expert and you look marvelous afterwards," said Lipstick of the Circulation treatment . . . "And the final touch of greatness is contributed by the fact that the directions for home treatments are easy to follow."

**DOROTHY GRAY**  
753 Fifth Avenue



*A glimpse of one of the reception rooms at Dorothy Gray's Fifth Avenue Salon.*

*The Dorothy Gray Treatments are given in rooms of restful charm.*



*Appointments for treatment may be made by telephone at Plaza nine-nine-seven-seven*



## A REPORTER AT LARGE

**B**Y eight o'clock, silence has come to those lower reaches of the Island which begin at City Hall Park and stretch through the deep, narrow streets toward the Battery. And from that hour onward the quiet seems to thicken. It becomes, to the ear, as a fog is to the eye: stretching out and growing more ponderable with every moment, gradually shutting out small, obscure sounds as a fog shuts out small and obscure lights. At eight o'clock the cleaning women have made their passage through the streets and are in the buildings. One is aware of them, for the lights glitter in the windows of the high cliff walls; and one knows that in ten thousand offices the women are bending on their knees, laboring with brush and broom. The swish of their implements, their thick, witless chatter, are somehow in the atmosphere even though they cannot be heard. Even in the empty streets, there is the eternally comforting knowledge that human life is near at hand: active, intent, eager.

One by one, then, the lights glittering against the dark sky go out. Faintly to the ear come the sound of clattering buckets, of shuffling feet. Shadowy, stooped figures begin to hurry out of the black doors of the buildings, muttering and complaining, going swiftly toward the subway entrances which swallow them. Out of a cave they come, and into another cave they go: transient creatures, moving uneasily across a void. And the disturbance that is caused by their passing is very quickly over.

This is at ten o'clock, perhaps a little later. Emptiness is in the streets when the cleaning women have gone. Emptiness in the air. A monstrous and oppressive sense of vacancy creeps into the world that lies about, and becomes almost a tactile thing. One is used to the rush and stir of the city, the ceaseless clamor, the unfailing sight of human haste. And there one is in Wall Street—Wall Street, the scene of the city's greatest restlessness in daylight hours—but all is quiet, quiet, as if a million crying tongues had suddenly been stricken by a plague. The buildings rise from the narrow alleys of the streets, fantastically high and unreal against the blue, powdery light of the moon. The feeling grows that they are tombstones, these buildings: standing in the graveyard of men's miraculous dreams. For about their

### NIGHT: DOWNTOWN

feet the air grows heavy with emptiness. A faint odor of must settles down.

But loneliness does not long endure when the imagination gets to its work. And before very long, standing in a fixed spot and simply staring at those perpendiculars that fling themselves against the sky, there comes amazement. With what unbelievable craft the world of men arranges its affairs! All day, they had toiled in those



buildings, the thousands of them. Moments, even fractions of moments, counted heavily once or twice perhaps in the making of a fortune. Speed was the essential thing, during the day. Swift movement, swifter thinking. Never could the tools be laid down for an instant. Ten thousand telephones whirring with words. Ten thousand typewriters clattering breathlessly. Men and women leaning over desks, intent, eager, utterly forgetful of any world beyond their own vision. Business, business, business—the only end of living; a thing so crushingly alive that, no doubt, it had been the

death of more than one man during that single day. And then, at the stroke of a bell, business died. It faded instantly from the minds of all those thousands. Despite the terrific momentum it had gained through eight hours, it had stopped dead at a signal. Letters half finished left in typewriters. Voices that two moments before had spoken in clipped, hard sentences of prices and coupon bonds and bank balances, began to speak of everything else on earth except those symbols of commerce.

A great rush—and business abandoned for the day. The scene abandoned. Billions of dollars in property and masonry left idle for sixteen hours of the twenty-four. Emptiness. And the people, in all the world, who sat about pleasant rooms and talked idly of Wall Street were not thinking of this empty, dark, silent gash in an up-flung heap of steel and stones.

**A**N old newspaper fled across the asphalt with a dull sigh. Far, far above, in some deserted office, a telephone rang with frantic impatience. Wall Street seemed to mock that sound. Ring all you please, little devil. You can't arouse me from my sleep.

Behind grilles of heavy iron, the gods of the world lay dozing. In yellow stacks and green they lay in their steel Valhalla, themselves as silent as the street and as secure. Neatly piled, in the way that they find comfortable, the gods of the world were slumbering, a little deaf, one fancied, to the fervent prayers that were being addressed to them from the world.

Up against the western sky there loomed the symbol of another god: a spire that once was very tall, but dwarfed a little now by the great square buttresses that lay about it, shutting it off from that sky toward which it reached. Old Trinity was silent too, dark, and deserted even by its ghosts. Yet, for all its fellowship of quiet, and for all its lack of size in that shadowy scene where size seemed the most impressive of all things, it stood with a certain sureness, a certain aloof dignity, staring down into the emptiness of Wall Street. One considered, without reaching any sure conclusions, what prayers were buffeting against its black, hard walls in this remote hour, and what the destiny of these prayers might be. . . .

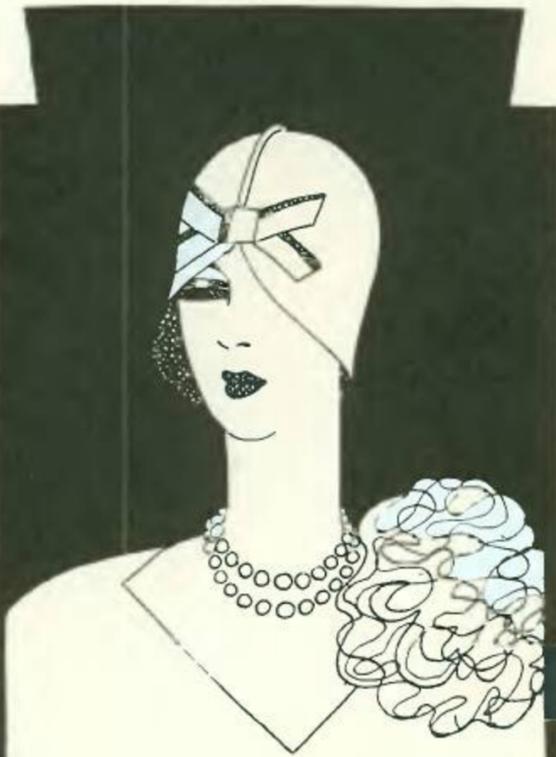
Far off, in the harbor, the tugboats



They leave no objectionable odor on the breath

**OLD GOLD** *Cigarettes*

better . . smoother . . not a cough in a carload



*Most men agree with Marie Earle about women of thirty*

AS A specialist in faces, Marie Earle knows it is the woman of thirty who has a heightened and more mysterious charm. As an authority on the care of the skin, Marie Earle also knows that it is this same ever-fascinating woman of thirty who must give most special care to her complexion.

"Don't wash your face at any age," she says. "And never wash your face after thirty."

The Marie Earle Treatment is simple, pleasant and restful. Marie Earle preparations are kind to your complexion, most soothing and beneficial to your skin. Marie Earle preparations are on sale in leading shops everywhere. Come to the Fifth Avenue Salon for a facial treatment. Write for free booklet, "The Other Side of the Moon." Address Dept. 9.

ESTABLISHED  
PARIS  
1910

*Marie Earle*  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

NOW AT 660  
FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK CITY



bawled in their unchanging irritation. Along Broadway a surface car beat its way. Deep under the earth there was the rumbling of a tube train. The moon came to its zenith, a full moon that cast a wraithy light into the street. It had regarded so many things, that moon. Perhaps it had become bored. Perhaps it did not fully appreciate the importance of this narrow street into which it stared so blandly. Croesus saw that moon. No doubt he was a bit patronizing toward it.

VERY far off, there were footsteps: slow, majestic, echoing gloomily against the high walls. And presently a policeman came in sight, strolling in the moonlight with a certain pride, like that of a great landowner who wanders with critical eyes about his estate. He did not move slower as he passed me, but he looked carefully into my face, and when he had gone past a dozen steps or so, he turned and came back to stand squarely in front of me, his legs apart, his cap pulled down smartly.

"What the hell?" he asked. But his voice was not unpleasant.

"I'm looking it over. Just looking it over. Wondered what it looked like this time of night."

"What's the idea?"

"I'll write about it. I earn my bread looking at funny things and putting down on paper what I have seen. What do you think of this?" I waved my hand toward the empty buildings.

"Don't try anything," he said.

"What, for instance?"

He coughed. "Got any friends hanging about?"

I shook my head. "This is the truth, officer. I'm quite alone."

He nodded philosophically after a moment. "There's a lot of saps in the world. Maybe you're one of 'em."

"Quite so," I agreed.

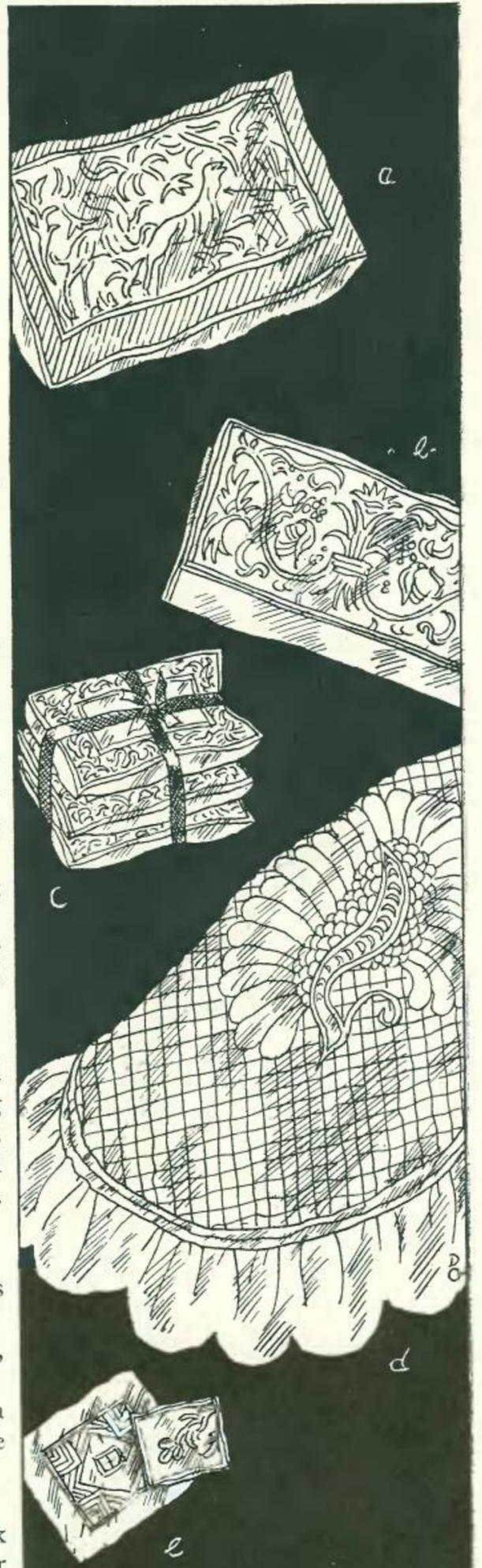
Eventually, he accepted a drink from my pocket flask, and together we strolled past the old Sub-Treasury building, looking down the open way of Broad Street.

"I was thinking when I saw you," he said.

"About what?"

"Oh—I don't know—this dump."

He indicated not a single building, but the whole empty, fantastic city in which we stood. "Yeah," he chuckled. "I was thinking this; get this now. You see the biggest part of the boobs who work down here in the daytime are just the clerks. You know, just the poor suckers that do all the work while



from that smart exclusive collection of lovely hand-quilted boudoir things in pastel colored taffetas:

- a—pillows . . . . . 22.50
- b—nightgown cases . . 18.50
- c—small pillows . . each 6.50
- d—chaise longue throws 50.00
- e—sachets . . . 1.50 and 1.75

**THE TAILORED WOMAN**

632 FIFTH AVENUE AT 50TH STREET

Opposite the Cathedral

about a hundred or so of the wise guys pick up all the cash. Now I was thinking this: suppose, some pretty morning, not any of those clerks showed up. Wow!"

"Strike, you mean?"

"Naw—not strike. I ain't for strikes, any time. Get me. These clerks, there must be a million of 'em. Well now, nobody starves in this world, do they? You never saw on anybody's tombstone 'Starved to Death,' did you? Well, suppose all of these suckers just said, by accident like, all at one time: 'We ain't going to work in Wall Street any more. We're goin' to get other jobs, or move to the country'—something like that, you know. Cheese, what a mess that would be."

"I think I understand you. You mean a situation like this: all the clerks, or a big majority of them, would get tired of working in this particular place at the same time: go somewhere else to work, or quit work altogether . . ."

"Sure," he pushed his cap back on his head, and we stopped walking. "You get me. Say, that would be a hell of a mess, wouldn't it?"

"It simply proves," I said, "that Wall Street, just like any other place, is dependent on the rank and file."

"But it won't happen," he said. And into his voice there came an immense expression of relief. I think that his curious fancy had almost terrified him: Wall Street, lying helpless for want of boys and girls to peck the typewriters. "Naw, it won't happen. There's too many boobs in the world. It takes a boob to sit down all day at one of them desks. There'll always be plenty of 'em."

"We're luckier," I ventured.

"Yeah. I guess so. But I'm a boob, too. I don't know about you. You might have it soft, for all I know. It looks a little cuckoo, prowling around here at this time of night when you don't have to. But maybe you know what it's all about. But me—that's different. I'm a boob—just a different kind of boob from them that work in these offices. It gets your goat, thinking about things, when you're walking around in this god-forsaken empty place all night. But what the hell can I do about it?"

"We've got to live," I reminded him.

"Sure. But I've got a kid, see? And I'm going to fix it so that youngster don't have to walk a beat, or neither bend over one of them desks

## OPERA WRAPS

Our collection of the  
most beautiful evening wraps

ever produced

is now shown daily

in our establishment

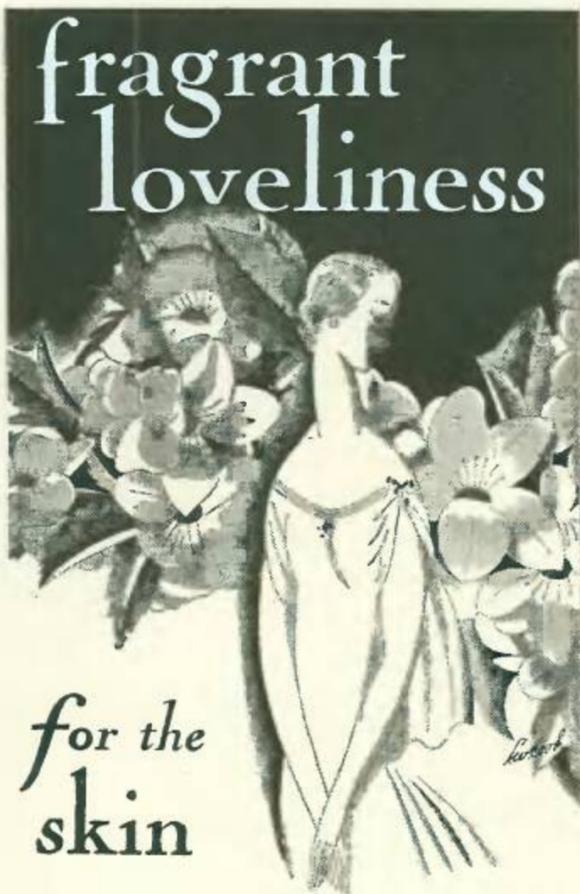
and those who desire immediate delivery

may purchase the original models

# Stein & Blaine

A CREATIVE HOUSE

13 and 15 West 57th Street, New York



fragrant  
loveliness

for the  
skin

TINY lines disappear . . . the skin is smoothed and whitened. For this is the one cream favored for general use in France . . . an absolute essential on the dressing table of every smart Parisienne . . . delicate, fragrant, magic La Reine des Crèmes! What a perfect base it is for powder! Light, feathery, quickly vanishing . . . powder clings to the smooth lasting foundation made by La Reine des Crèmes. Obtainable everywhere. Illustrated booklet on "Cosmetiques" mailed upon request.

LA REINE des  
**CRÈMES**

by the makers of Lipstick Tussy



*Lesquendieu*  
PRONOUNCED  
LES-KAWN-DUH

J. LESQUENDIEU, Inc. Howard L. Ross, Pres.  
45 West 45th Street, New York City

up there. That kid's going to be somebody."

"What are you planning for him?"  
"Me? How do I know? There must be something good in this town, somewhere. I'll get him educated, and let him find out for himself. I never will find it. I've tried, and it ain't no good. But I think whatever it is, I'll keep him out of this place. It gets you."

THE velvet blue of the night faded until it was a dirty gray. The very highest of the towers began to glow with gold. And presently it was a new day in Wall Street. The policeman sat down with me in a little basement coffee stand, and we drank silently. Before we had done, the sounds were beginning to grow. The streets began to mutter with the old familiar noises. And, as we came into the air again, the sidewalks were beginning to grow crowded with their familiar throngs.

The policeman's face took on a broad grin. "You see, don't you?" he asked. "I told you they'd all show up." The fact seemed to give him a vast reassurance. He shook hands, and swung off with heavy satisfaction down the street. —MORRIS MARKEY

SCHIMMEL, LIPPE AND SCHMUCK  
ELECTED JUSTICES OF THE  
CITY COURT

These are the boys for the City Court bench,  
Schimmel and Lippe and Schmuck.  
Friends of the Germans, the Irish and French,  
Schimmel and Lippe and Schmuck.  
Scholars and jurists, the pride of the bar,  
Choice of the voters who vote 'neath the star,  
These are the lads who will get very far,  
Schimmel and Lippe and Schmuck.

Schimmel knocks Brandeis and Holmes for a goal,  
Schimmel and Lippe and Schmuck.  
Lippe gives Blackstone a stroke on each hole,  
Schimmel and Lippe and Schmuck.  
And if you've a contract on which you've been stuck,  
Don't spend your time weeping and cursing your luck,  
Just bring on your case before Chief Justice Schmuck,  
Schimmel and Lippe and Schmuck.

—HAY



MOSSE  
LINENS

THE  
GIFT  
INCOMPARABLE

MOSSE'S Incomparable Linens  
make sensible gifts and most  
appropriate remembrances



Colorful Cocktail Napkins of the  
New Oblong Shape

This set of fine linen Cocktail Napkins would enhance any home or yacht. Ships of colorful embroidery on an ecru net. The linen napkins come in assorted colors, green, rose, lavender and blue and in the new oblong shape. One dozen.....\$18



A Luxurious New Bathroom Set

Refreshingly charming is this newest of Mosse's Bathroom Sets, exquisite pastel tints woven into the finest toweling. This set consists of one mat, six wash cloths, six monogrammed towels. \$46 complete. A gift set of one mat, two wash cloths and two monogrammed towels \$21 complete. Bathrobe and Slippers to match, \$40.

MOSSE  
INCORPORATED

730 FIFTH AVE  
NEW YORK, N.Y.

ALSO AT  
451 POST STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO



"What you  
see, you get"

# Priceless motion pictures of your dear ones ... as they are today

A YOUNG couple we know has two movie films, taken by themselves, with Filmo camera, that you couldn't buy today for a million dollars each. One shows a beautiful gray-haired mother, like yours, chatting, smiling, once more happy as a child preparing for a November holiday.

The other is the first-year movie biography of a cooing, laughing baby. The pictures even show that he *cried* sometimes. Today he is nearly four years old, and how he has changed!

Only two scenes from millions like them, brought to homes today by Filmo Movie Camera Projector. Perfected for your use by Bell & Howell, whose professional cameras costing up to \$5,000 each are used in making *nearly all featured movies shown in best theatres all over the world.*

The precision and essential features of these larger cameras are found in Filmo. They result in making better home movies, for you. These features are patented and owned by Bell & Howell. No one else can use them.

*Filmo's Distinctive Design*  
Filmo looks like no other movie camera, because Filmo was de-

signed to include features found necessary through Bell & Howell's twenty years of practical motion picture experience. The Filmo design provides for varying the speed. It provides for interchanging fourteen different lenses, if desired, to meet special light conditions and magnify distant objects.

### Remarkably Easy

The spy-glass viewfinder which makes "getting what you see" a certainty—and the optional mechanisms for taking *s-l-o-w* movies, are found only in Filmo.

Filmo is different because it is *made* by "the movie people." Taking movies with Filmo is easier than taking snapshots. Think of it—only two simple operations necessary. Look through the spy-glass viewfinder and press the button. "What you see, you get"—in movies as clear, brilliant and beautiful as those shown at best theatres. You can get them on the first try.

Filmo Cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16 mm.), in the yellow box, obtainable at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. First cost includes developing and return postage to your door. Then, in solid comfort at home, see your movies brought to life on a wall or screen with Filmo Automatic Projector. To show movies, simply attach to any electric light outlet and press a button.

### Now

Every day without Filmo you are losing motion pictures time will never replace. Take them today, of the children and the old folks who will not always be with you. Vary your movies with the hundreds of subjects you can now purchase or rent from a Filmo dealer near you. Write us for his name and the new descriptive booklet "Filmo—Home Movies of the Better Kind."

BELL & HOWELL CO.

1816 Larchmont Ave., Chicago, Illinois  
New York, Hollywood, London (B. & H. Co., Ltd.) Established 1907



BELL *Filmo* HOWELL  
REGISTERED

THERE IS ALSO EYEMO, USING STANDARD (35 MM) FILM FOR THOSE WISHING TO COMMERCIALIZE THEIR MOVIES

## even conventions can be upheld



A CERTAIN charming hostess sought seclusion from the social whirl in a simple Adirondack camp.

Tho her small one-room cabin was not designed for visitors, one evening brought several high powered motors loaded with unexpected but expectant guests.

There was no room to accommodate them, but the resourceful hostess hung a sheet down the center of the room—for convention's sake. One side of the sheet was the boudoir—the other, the barracks.

Now our experienced hostess soon noticed that her masculine guests seemed a bit slumbrous during the day. They did not take an avid interest in their surroundings, as did the women. Casting about in her active mind for the cause, she examined the sheet dividing the dormitory.

Right flimsy and transparent it was. So down it came and a firm, closely woven Lady Pepperell sheet was substituted.

And so the rascals were cured of their insomnia and also, possibly mild cases of asthenopia.

For restful slumber 'tis difficult to outwit a Lady Pepperell sheet.

**Lady  
PEPPERELL**

*sheets & pillow cases*

## MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

JUST two more to be heard from—Aunt Rose and that Rogers girl. The returns this year have been just about fair, not quite up to last year but still not so rotten. It's been what an average statistician would call an average season.

Last night I took my annual inventory of return-from-Europe presents. Report as follows:

ITEM No. 1—One pair light buckskin gloves, two sizes too small and cadets at that. From Mrs. Dawson. Sulka Box—Galeries Lafayette stamp on gloves carelessly overlooked.

Value about	.....	\$2.00
Expenditure:		
"My Trip Abroad"		
Diary	.....	1.60
Net Profit	.....	\$0.40

ITEM No. 2—One Italian Tooled Leather Cigarette Box. From the Greenes. Hinge broken.

Value about	.....	\$3.50
Expenditure:		
(Forgot sailing		
day)	.....	
Net Profit	.....	\$3.50

ITEM No. 3—Half dozen fine linen handkerchiefs marked J, from Aileen. Initial explained as standing for middle name—Jay.

Value about	.....	\$6.00
Expenditure:		
Flowers	... \$5.00	
Telegram	... .30	
Taxi	..... 1.15	
		6.45
Net Loss	.....	\$0.45

ITEM No. 4—One quart genuine White Horse from Paul.

Value at present		
market	.....	\$9.00
Expenditure:		
"My Trip Abroad"		
Diary	.....	1.60
Net Profit	.....	\$7.40

ITEMS Nos. 5 and 6—

Nothing from		
Helen	.....	
Nothing from Mrs.		
Zinnsner	.....	
Expenditure:		
Two "My Trip		
Abroad" Diaries	.....	\$3.20
Net Loss	.....	\$3.20



## THE NEW DUNHILL VANITY

*Sister Creation to  
the Famous Lighter*

...ON a dressing table at Pierre's... in the hands of a ravishing creature at the Metropolitan... at all the chic places it is now being seen—the new DUNHILL VANITY!

... Its rare beauty of design—its priceless convenience and utility have made it the proud possession of those women whose appreciation of fine things is instinctive.

*Available at the smart shops in  
precious metals and rich enamels.  
Five to five hundred dollars.*

ALFRED DUNHILL, LTD.  
and E. & J. BASS, INC.  
New York City

ITEM No. 7—One cigarette box made from old book. From Bob W.

Value as birthday present for Pete about ..... \$6.00

Expenditure:

Carton Luckies at Macy's ..... 1.09

Net Profit ..... \$4.91

ITEM No. 8—Two picture postcards from Elizabeth. One scene of Vichy; one scene of "my room," Hotel de la Cité, Carcassonne.

Value .....

Expenditure:

One dozen American Beauty Roses ..... \$10.00 damn it.

Net Loss ..... \$10.00

ITEM No. 9—One wallet with compartments for 5, 10, 20 and 100-franc notes. From Uncle Albert. Price tag attached, 15 francs. Exorbitant.

Value as container for United Cigar Store coupons about ..... \$0.10

Expenditure:

One drink ..... .30

Net Loss ..... \$0.20

ITEM No. 10—One tie. John David label. From Jim.

Actual value ascertained ..... \$0.95

Expenditure:

One tie. John David ..... .95

Even Break

ITEMS Nos. 11 to 15—Mrs. Nason, Beatrice, Karl, Dr. Johnson and the Schillers.

Nothing .....

Expenditure:

Nothing .....

No Sale

GRAND TOTAL

Profit ..... \$16.21

Loss ..... 13.85

Total Profit Clear for

Season 1927 ..... \$2.36

Outstanding—Aunt Rose  
Nan Rogers

Prospects for next year splendid with Olympic Games in the offing.

Order placed for dozen "My Trip Abroad" Diaries—1928.

—ROBERT JAY MISCH



IN PLAIN TAN, GREY, BLUE OR BROWN

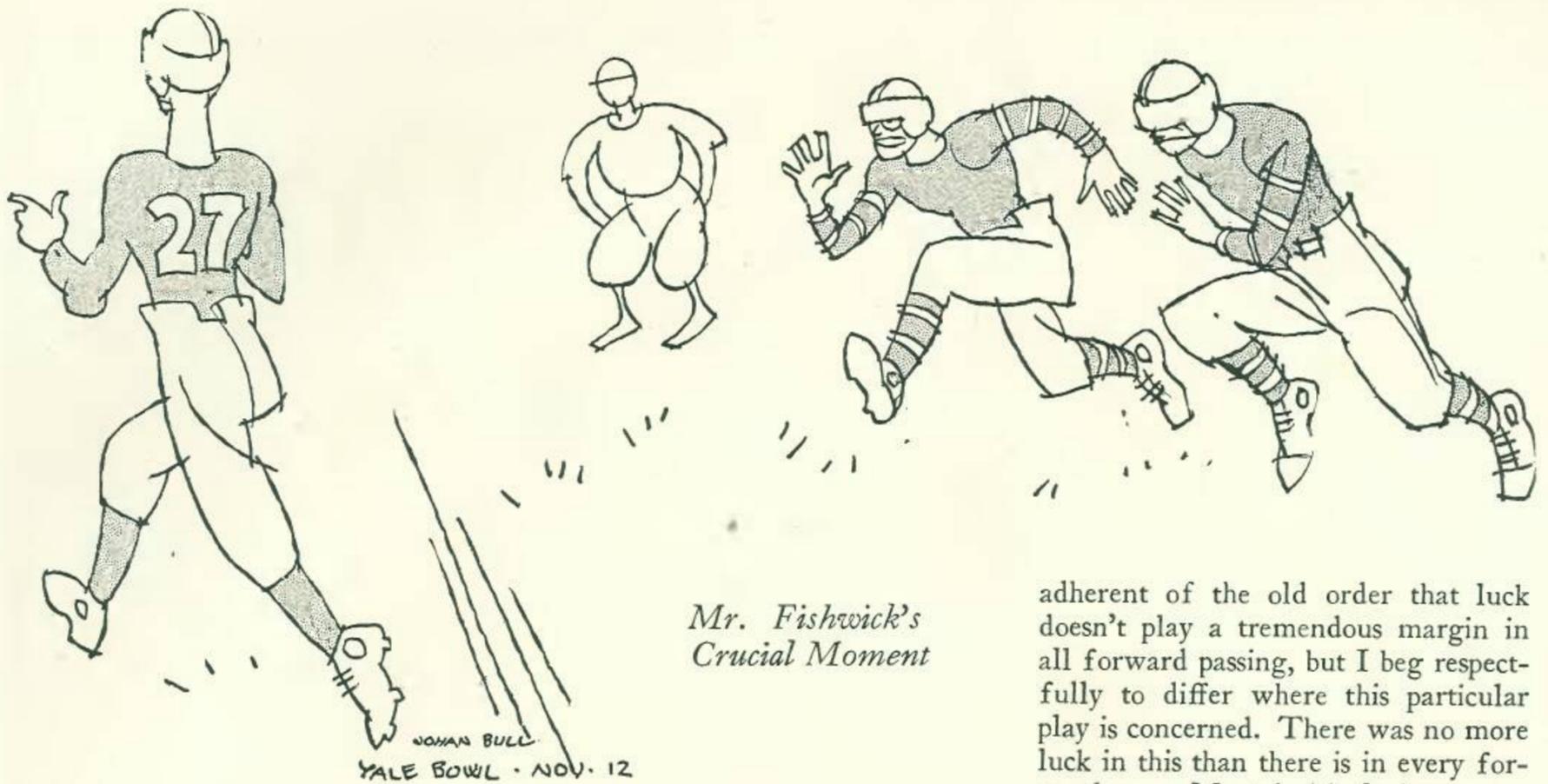
SEVENTY DOLLARS AND MORE

READY-TO-PUT-ON

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

THE  
**FINCHLEY**  
Establishments

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK  
JACKSON BOULEVARD, EAST OF STATE



*Mr. Fishwick's  
Crucial Moment*

## FOOTBALL

*The Finer Points of Passing—Luck or Cunning  
—Rockne As a Prophet  
—Harvard's Hopes*

ONCE again a knight has been hoist with his own petard. By the amusing choice of whatever gods rule the game of intercollegiate football, William W. Roper, head coach of Princeton's football teams, contributed the leading article to the official program of the Yale-Princeton game this season. The title of this effort was, "The Pass: a play that changed football from a slaughter to a sport."

It might readily have read, "The Pass: a play that changed the game from Princeton to Yale." For by the methods that he has so long favored and of which he has so long been regarded as master Bill Roper and one of the best Tiger teams he has ever fashioned went to defeat at New Haven. Not only was this demonstrated by the touchdown which Dwight Fishwick of Yale plucked out of the air with less than ten minutes to play but it was evident throughout the game.

It was mainly evident by its absence where Princeton was concerned. Here we found the Princeton team, always referred to as the gambler and as the passer—as all Princeton teams are referred to—pretty helpless with the pass. Up to the time its heart was broken in the last five minutes, the

magnificent line of the Tigers completely outplayed Yale. The Princeton backs were better runners and, for the most part, far more dangerous. But Princeton lacked a passing attack and it was lacking in a passing defence. Passing these days is a good fifty per cent of any football game.

There was no better illustration of the lack of variety in the Princeton attack, where the air was concerned, than in its use of the jerky little forward behind the line that it borrowed from Cornell. Here was a play that had given Cornell most of its gains against Princeton earlier in the season. In it, one back takes the ball from centre, while lying deep, and another comes across in front of him, takes a short forward pass and continues on around the end.

It is an exceedingly simple play but not one that is good for an entire game. Princeton stopped it in time at Cornell, and Yale stopped it in time at New Haven. It was good for the all-important gain near Yale's goal that led up to the Princeton touchdown, but that ended its real value. A few minutes later the Yale forwards were smearing it completely. And Princeton had nothing left to offer.

ON my way out of the Bowl, I heard a departing spectator—and he wore a blue feather in his hat, too—saying, "Well, that was pretty darn lucky, that pass to Fishwick. It was a last chance shot and those long forwards are dizzy gambles, anyway."

Well, you can't convince this genial

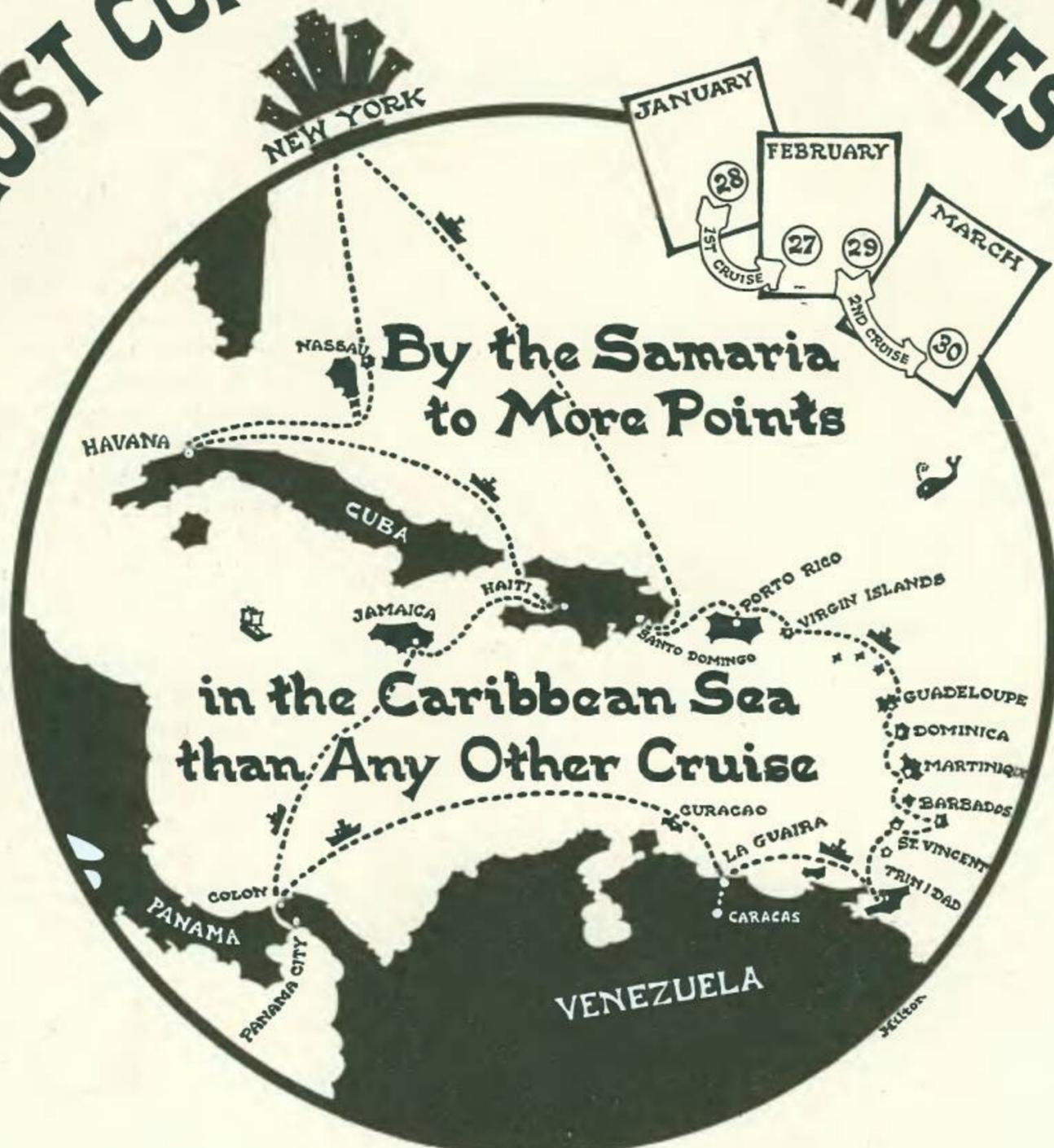
adherent of the old order that luck doesn't play a tremendous margin in all forward passing, but I beg respectfully to differ where this particular play is concerned. There was no more luck in this than there is in every forward pass. Most decisively it was not one of those long, hope-there'll-be-someone-there heaves of desperation.

I spent the Wednesday before the Princeton game sitting in the Bowl watching the Yale team, then twenty-four hours after it had lost Caldwell, going through its last hard practice. The play that Fishwick scored on was gone over and gone over, rehearsed and rehearsed. And it clicked to the *n*th degree in the game itself.

Also, the blocking of Princeton's try for point after its touchdown might also be tagged as pure luck, but it wasn't. These Yale men have been practicing this very play of blocking all season long, just as all other teams have been practicing it and will continue to until the entirely unjust and stupid practice of the point after touchdown



# RAYMOND-WHITCOMB THE MOST COMPLETE WEST INDIES CRUISE



Leave winter right off the map—on January 28 and February 29 the “Samaria” will sail for twenty-five fair-weather points in the Caribbean . . . two cruises following itineraries more extensive than any ever before offered . . . in thirty days they include all the ports that everyone knows—San Juan, St. Thomas, Martinique, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra, Curacao, Panama, Jamaica, Haiti, Havana, Nassau, such unusual points as fantastic Guadeloupe, lovely Dominica, St. Vincent, Santo Domingo, visited in comfort only on the popular “Samaria”. Extensive shore excursions, such as a comprehensive trip across the Isthmus, a climb to Caracas from La Guayra, etc.

are included in the rate of \$400 upward. Without shore trips \$300 up.

On December 22, the S. S. “Columbus” will sail on a sixteen day Christmas Cruise—the “Columbus” is the largest and most luxurious cruise ship ever to visit the West Indies. Rates \$250 upward. Without shore trips \$200 up.

On February 9, the “Columbus” will sail again—this time on a twenty-five day voyage. Rates \$400 upward. Without shore trips \$300 up.

On March 31, the “Samaria” will sail for a sixteen day Easter Cruise in southern waters. Rates \$250 upward. Without shore trips \$200 up.

Send for Raymond-Whitcomb West Indies Cruise Booklet

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB COMPANY, 606 Fifth Avenue and 225 Fifth Avenue, New York  
Executive Offices: Park Street cor. Beacon, Boston. Other offices in Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco.



# Laughs at the Wind!

**WHAT** if the brusque November wind does blow with a gridiron roar! You'll light up just as surely in the stadium as at the dinner table. The Stormking is the out-of-doors model of the Golden Wheel -- famous for its instant action and utter dependability. Stormking out-smarts the lustiest gale and makes lighting up out-of-doors a mere gesture. Leading shops everywhere are showing this and other Golden Wheel Lighters.

*"Surest thing you know!"*

**GOLDIEN WHEEL**  
**STORMKING Lighter**

U. S. Pat. No. 1637855  
Other Patents Pending

**\$10**

Others from \$7.50

HENRY LEDERER & BRO., INC.  
Providence, Rhode Island



is done away with. If they are so very keen on preventing tie games, why not just flip a coin for it? There is as much justice in that as there is in the other—every bit as much.

There were, to this more or less humble mind, two spots that figured largely in the final score. The first was the fifteen-yard penalty dealt Princeton at midfield at the start of the fourth quarter that broke up a Princeton march and ended the last chance the Tigers had to add to their score. The second was the altogether amazing catch that S. P. Scott, the other Blue end, made of a forward pass that was too high for him in the first place and that, in the second, started toward a spot of the earth where Scott was the sole Yale representative, in a small quorum of Princeton men. That catch kept Yale alive and gave it the fighting chance on which it cashed in so successfully. Had Scott missed that ball, it is doubtful that Yale would have scored at all. And, also speaking of luck, Scott made several catches just like that one during the practice on the Wednesday already mentioned.

Princeton now will never receive the credit due to it as a team. It was a remarkably powerful aggregation whose one drawback was the old-fashioned quality of its play. Strange criticism to make of the Tiger, but

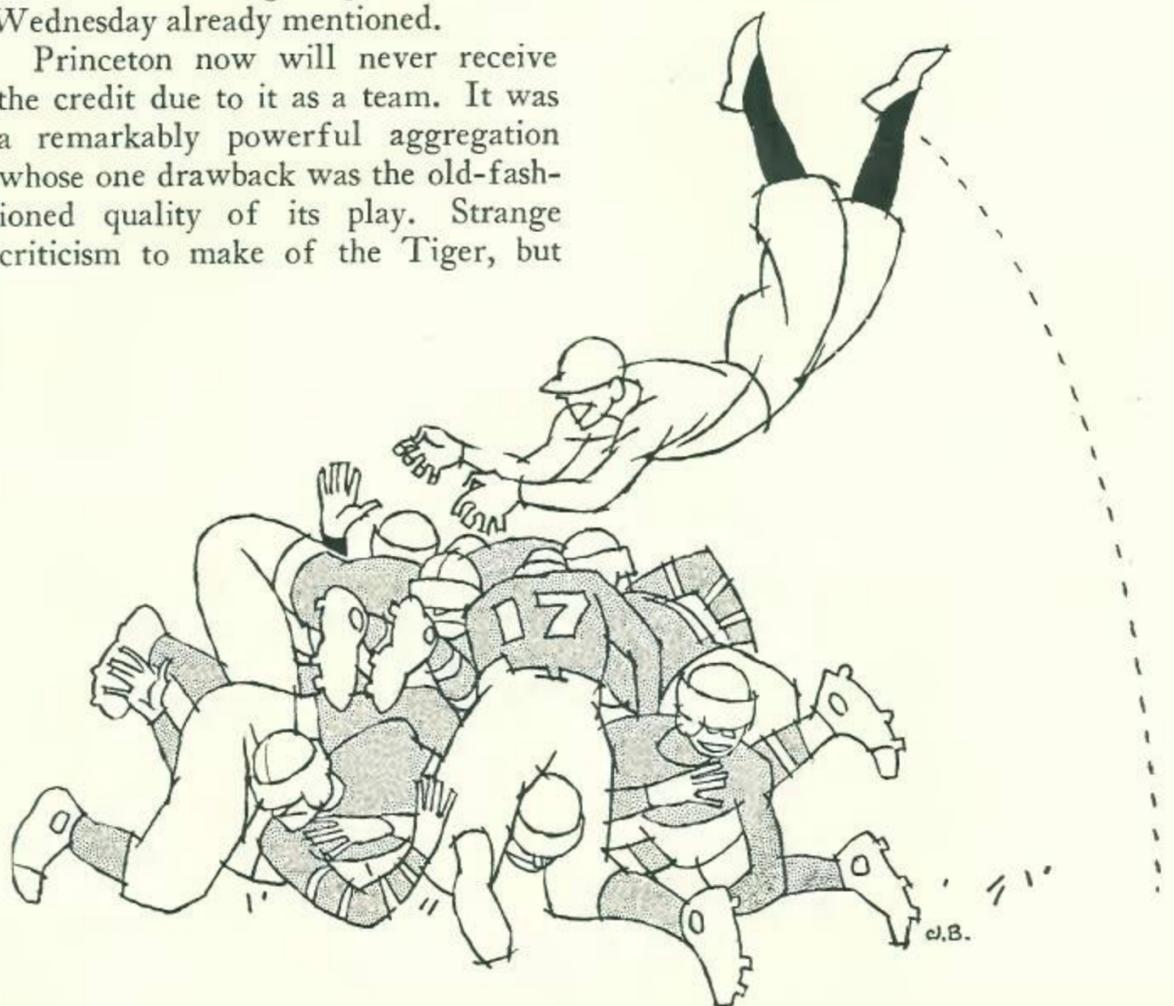
true, nevertheless. Its attack was of the crunching, pounding, line-breaking type, with little or no forward passing to relieve it. Part of this was due to Yale's superb defence, but Princeton has been something like this all season.

The question of how badly Yale missed Caldwell will never, of course, be settled. It was the opinion at Yale before the game that Garvey was as good a ball carrier, but that Caldwell would be missed sorely on the throwing end of forward passes. You can make your own decision on that one.

**I**T is necessary at this juncture to rise and give a standing vote of thanks to Coach Biff Jones and his Army football team. Any team that defeats Notre Dame is a public benefactor, for the men from South Bend are in danger of eliminating football altogether by proving that it is too easy to play.

Incidentally, since all things in football are always judged by Notre Dame and its team, Yale and Tad Jones ought to be pretty proud of that team of theirs. They defeated Army and Army defeated Notre Dame, which is supposed to make any team in the country champions of everything in sight.

The Army team that played against Notre Dame—with all due respect to Yale—was several degrees better than the one that played against Yale. In well ordered football, that is only natural. Yale was better against Princeton, in all probability, than it was against Army. Notre Dame made



# FOLLOW THIS SIMPLE WAY TO BEAUTY WITH ELCAYA FACE CREAMS



**T**HESSE gracious Elcaya Face Creams are made for women who are—and very rightly—most difficult to please. Suave, bland and infinitely wise, Elcaya Face Creams give the skin precisely the care it needs at the two important beauty-moments of the day.

The first beauty-moment comes just before your powder and rouge go on. And for this moment, Creme Elcaya (Foundation Cream) was created. Creme Elcaya is a powder base—and a marvelous one. Many women find it the one foundation cream that does not cause skin dryness with its sequel of aging little lines and wrinkles.

Simply smooth a little Creme Elcaya over your face. It retires—discreetly. And this moment of care—this single application

—will protect your skin and keep it fresh and cared for all day long!

And the other important moment of skin care comes before bedtime. Then, Elcaya Cold Cream will soften and thoroughly cleanse the skin.

Apply a generous amount of Elcaya Cold Cream to the face and throat. Pat it in with an upward, outward stroke. The fine oils enter the tiny pores and, penetrating deep down through the tissues, free the skin

of all impurities. Remove the cream with a soft cloth. And your skin is left blessedly clean—smooth—glowing with youthful health.

If you have any tendency toward enlarged pores, there is a third Elcaya cream which enters into the nightly beauty-moment—Elcaya Witch Hazel Astringent Cream. It is cool and bracing to every skin and is especially recommended to help refine the texture of the skin.



*For treating pores  
that have become enlarged*

Elcaya Witch Hazel Astringent Cream is splendid for refining the skin texture. Pat the cream lightly into the pores—preferably after the nightly cleansing with Elcaya Cold Cream. To places where the skin is coarsened, apply a generous amount of the cream.

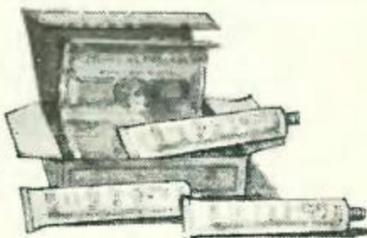
Can you imagine anything simpler or more pleasant than this daily care with Elcaya Face Creams? These two beauty-moments—every morning, every night—bring such precious rewards—a skin that is fresh, clear, alluringly youthful! Start today to give your skin this exquisite care.

Elcaya Face Creams are sold at good shops the country over. Regular size jars 60c—other sizes up to \$2. Traveling tubes 25c.

## ELCAYA FACE CREAMS

### SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Try these fascinating creams—test their benefits upon your own skin. The coupon brings three generous samples and an authoritative booklet on Skin Care.



THE ELCAYA CO., Dept. D 117,  
114 W. 17th St., New York City.

[If in Canada, address Dept. D117,  
1101 St. Alexander St., Montreal.]

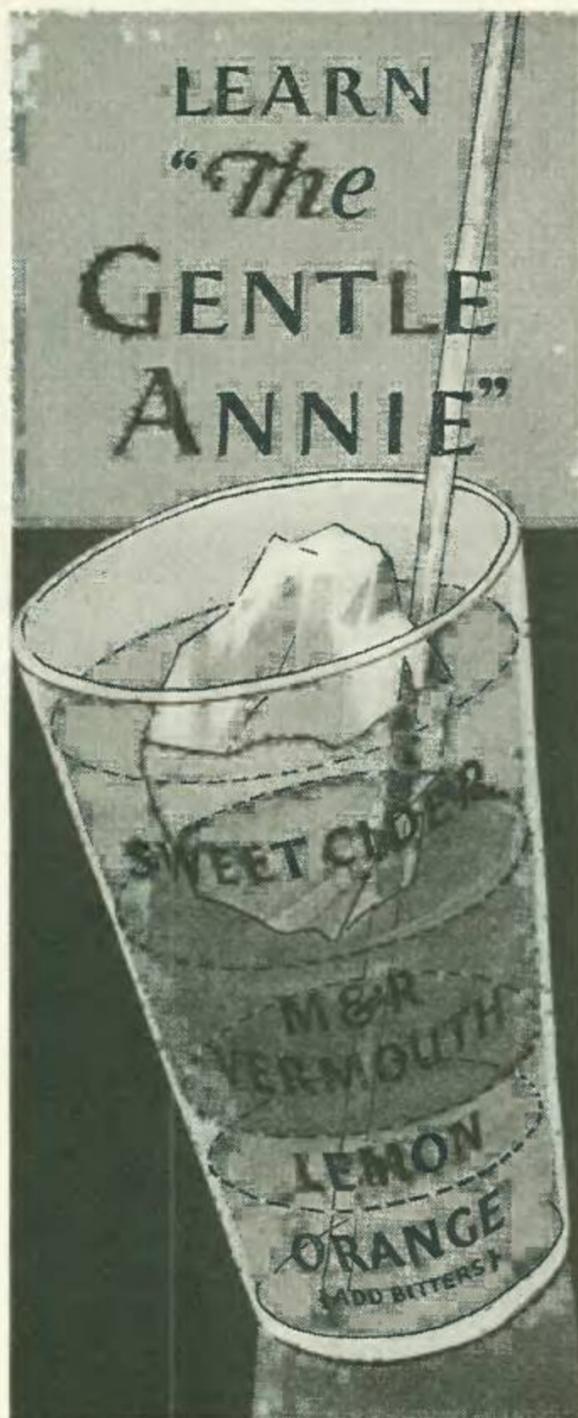
I enclose 10c for trial tubes of  
Elcaya Cold Cream, Creme  
Elcaya and Elcaya Witch Hazel  
Astringent Cream. © 1927

D 117

Name .....

Address .....

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



LEARN  
"The  
GENTLE  
ANNIE"

SWEET CIDER

M&R  
VERMOUTH

LEMON  
ORANGE  
ADD BITTERS

YOU may purloin one before serving... (start here). To one quart of sweet cider, add one cup of Martini & Rossi non alcoholic Vermouth (Italian or Extra Dry), the juice of one lemon, and three tablespoons of Sumora Orange (or the juice of two oranges), and a few drops of Amargo Bitters. Stir well. Put it on ice to get very cool. Pour into glasses garnished with Maraschino cherries.

"Happy Days  
Vermouth Recipes"

mailed on request by W. A. Taylor & Co., 94 Pine Street, New York, sole importers. Ask for Martini & Rossi non alcoholic Vermouth—"non alcoholic" distinguishes the genuine.

MARTINI  
& ROSSI  
NON ALCOHOLIC

Vermouth

the mistake of coming in off the road and visiting its home the week before the Army game. South Bend had nothing to offer the prodigals but snow and slush and a great big Minnesota team that must have been up, almost, even to the he-man standards of Knute Rockne himself. That terrific struggle took a lot out of the Notre Dame team.

This game was hailed as the most astounding upset of the season, thus again proving the power of prestige. No less an authority than Rockne himself said, on departing for the East, that he wouldn't be at all surprised if the team lost. The Army people before the game were sure that they had the best chance in years to win this game, which is such a big milestone for them each season. Incidentally, this makes Rockne something of a prophet as well as a great football coach. The last time that the Army stopped Notre Dame, the chunky, bald-headed little coach had also predicted dire things for his team.

THE defeat of Navy by Notre Dame will, of course, make the Army the favorites by something of a margin for the final game of the year, which will be witnessed by about thirty thousand politicians, twenty thousand friends of congressmen, ten thousand army and navy officers, and their friends, sitting in the end seats. But it might be well for those whose quaint practice it is to bet on football games not to give too long a margin on odds.

The question of odds on football, when it comes to the final, traditional games of the year, is best described in the words of a bookish man whose library deals mainly with race horses. This specialist had not done too well of a certain Saturday, and his comment on the proposition of offering odds was brief and to the point. "Odds?" he said, "There ain't no odds." Which is as it should be.

Perhaps the most interesting part of this game was the fact that Army, long considered to be a team that plays military, shortest - distance - between-two-points football, came through largely because it played a game of the alert, buoyant type usually referred to as belonging to Notre Dame or Princeton or teams with reputations for playing "open" football.

WHILE on the subject of top-heavy favorites, it may be in line to suggest that Yale may not have the genial parade to touchdowns in the



## Shunned by society

THEY had scarcely finished the soup. . . . Suddenly she looked about her—she was alone. Her twenty guests, as if by a single impulse, had risen and left the room. . . .

\* \* \*

★HA-HA'S (chapped skin) is more than embarrassing. . . . It is a menace. It roughens, reddens, coarsens the skin—and opens the way to infection.

Your hands can be as white and soft as Leda's Swan.

FROSTILLA shows the way.

FROSTILLA is that surprisingly fragrant lotion that banishes HA-HA's over night. Its touch is as a cooling mist—its work is perfect. One kneads it gently into the pores. . . . It vanishes swiftly, *with never an after-trace of stickiness*. It leaves the skin as smooth and untroubled as a baby's brow.

SOME choose Frostilla in the dollar size. Some like the modest size at 50c. Your favorite store clerk has both. Say "Frostilla." He'll produce!

\* \* \*

★HA-HA'S is a scraped or invisible ditch. (Do you get the connection?—chapped skin; little ditches in the epidermis.) Of course, "chapped skin" is said as quickly. But these are days when "ask me another" is the popular pastime. No one calls things by their real names if a good scientific synonym can be found. The funny part is that HA-HA'S isn't scientific at all—it's quite agricultural. Who cares!

The Frostilla Co., Elmira, New York, U.S.A.

Harvard Stadium that some people expect. Harvard has religiously lost on every other Saturday, but there is a strong probability that the Crimson will play against Yale the best football of its season.

Harvard football this year, at its top, has not been bad football at all. The impetus and swing of the last Harvard period against Indiana, for instance, would prove embarrassing for the Elis.

For the first time in recent history, the two ancient rivals are coming together without benefit of scouting. This adds to the game the prospect of seeing what Harvard will have to offer in the way of breaking up the Yale passing attack, which went so brilliantly last Saturday. It will be interesting to see if Charlesworth, the chubby Yale centre, will be able to make himself as much of an annoyance to Harvard passers as he was to those of Princeton.

FOR the benefit of graduate managers and others who have their troubles with ticket seekers, the following is offered. It is in the form of a wire received by the unfortunate major at West Point whose duty it is to handle congressmen and other seekers for tickets.

"Am leaving by special train for Notre Dame game. Need seventy-five tickets and will be glad to pay for them. Please wire where I may pick them up."

This wire was received a day or two before the game. —R. F. K.

THE POETIC PEDESTRIAN

I

I fear the elements and God,  
I fear the Furies and the Fates,  
And you should see me run a rod  
From little boys on roller skates!

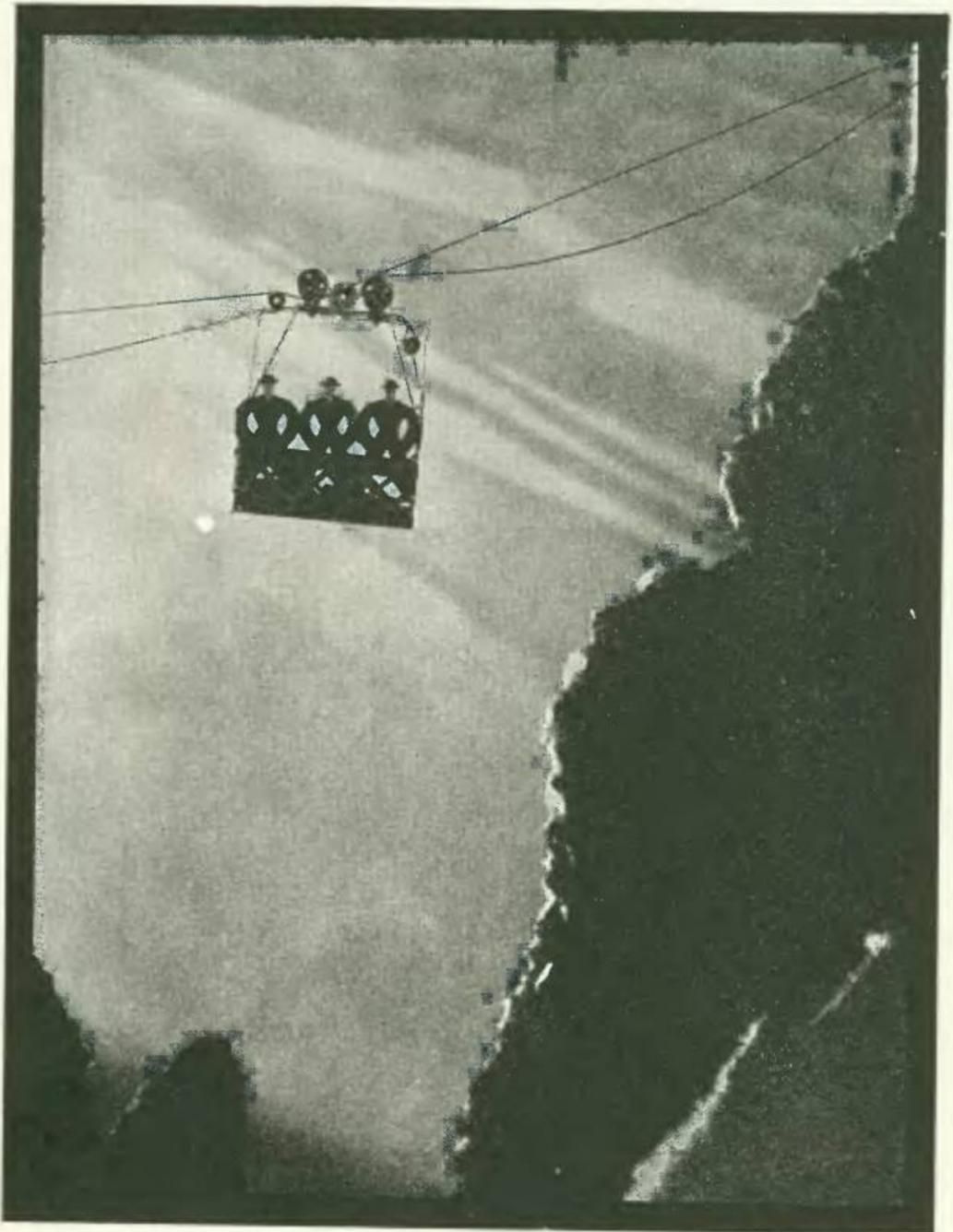
II

How annoying to discover  
In the middle of a stroll  
That the sidewalk is blockaded  
By a wagon dumping coal!

Nightwatchman W. H. Butts, making his rounds, tried the front door and found it locked. Then he gave a peculiar growl and bark, and every hair on his body grew stiff.—*Kerman (Cal.) News.*

Better than just doing nothing about it.

THE FABRIC GROUP ABROAD No. 20



ANTON BRUEHL

☹☹☹ "Hang on—I think I heard the cable snap!" ☹☹☹ "Good Lord, it's a 10,000 foot drop!" ☹☹☹ "Let's pray—we may never see a new Fabric Group suit again."

For those who like the luxurious caress of silk, we have added silk lined suits at \$50. Otherwise, the Fabric Group is \$35, \$40 and \$45 at Weber and Heilbronner stores.

The  
**SUREFIT**  
Metal  
Watch  
Strap

your watch deserves protection

**\$24.00**  
in 14K. Gold  
\$6.00 in White or  
Green Gold Filled

**YOU** can entrust your watch to SUREFIT'S faithful clasp. It is built for safety as well as for comfort and fashionable appearance. Soft and flexible as ribbon. But strong—and without links or springs. Your jeweler can show you several charming styles. Made for a man's watch as well.

Made by  
**Bliss Brothers Company**  
ATTLEBORO, MASS.  
UNDER EXCLUSIVE PATENTS OF  
SEPT. 24, 1918 AND JULY 22, 1913

## HOCKEY

*Fights, Feuds, and How to Cross-Check — Bad Milks—"Bun" Cook—When Roach Meets Roach*



**H**OCKEY crowds like fights. Even the dressed-up crowd that sat around the ice in the Garden on Tuesday night couldn't

keep its hat on when the game was getting rough. A piece of smart stick-work might fail to draw a hand but whenever a couple of defence men started to mix it everyone would roar and chuckle . . . that was hot stuff; the boys had pepper. . . .

These little brawls that arouse so much enthusiasm in the crowd and bring the excited antagonists two-minute or five-minute penalties are usually unimportant: they last for the length of time it takes to give and take a sock. There are, however, fights of another kind in hockey, grudges that grow sullenly and slowly between a pair of players and sometimes last for years. Some of them get to be classics in a way, like the feud between Sprague Cleghorn of the Boston Bruins and Ken Randall of the Americans. That went on for nine years.

Randall was a big, full-necked skater who played forward. He had a small scar on his left cheek and he weighed about two hundred and ten pounds. They say the trouble started one night in a rink in Toronto when Randall cross-checked Cleghorn, who was playing for the Canadiens. Cross-checking is a way of stopping a man who is carrying the puck. It is done by skating into him with your stick held in both hands horizontally in front of your body. Randall's stick, according to the historian, caught Cleghorn across the mouth, knocked out his front teeth and put him in the hospital for five games. He was none too pleased.

That was in 1914. Soon afterward professional hockey was suspended in Canada, but the big war didn't end the little ones. Once in France Cleghorn's regiment, on its way to the line, was quartered near the regiment that Randall was in. Cleghorn walked over to the next village and asked for Randall but couldn't find him. After the war both got contracts from

**Charles**  
OF  
THE  
**RITZ**  
RITZ-CARLTON · N. Y.

~ ~ Temporary fads and innovations have no place in a Charles of the Ritz Salon. Here you will find only those artists who recognize the regal majesty of the individual — the simple charm of the conservative. ~ ~

### • S • A • L • O • N • S •

RITZ CARLTON HOTEL . . . Van. 4645  
PLAZA HOTEL . . . Pla. 2527  
THE MADISON HOTEL . . . Reg. 2835  
GLADSTONE HOTEL . . . Pla. 7455  
MAYFAIR HOUSE . . . Rhi. 2404  
PARK CHAMBERS . . . Pla. 8114  
BARCLAY HOTEL . . . Mur. 8424  
RITZ TOWER . . . Pla. 1781  
RITZ CARLTON HOTEL . Atlantic City, N. J.  
RITZ CARLTON CLOISTERS. Boca Raton, Fla.  
RITZ CARLTON HOTEL . . Boston, Mass.

HAIRDRESSER TO HER MAJESTY:  
THE SMART AMERICAN WOMAN

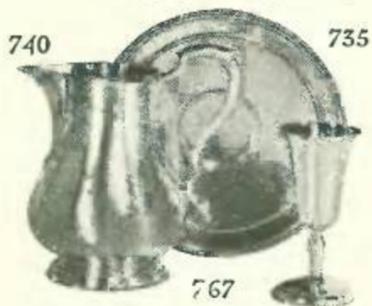
# "Treasure" Solid Silver



## STERLING HOLLOW-WARE IN THE WILLIAM & MARY STYLE

700-3	3-piece Tea Set, Pot, Creamer, and Sugar	\$254.00
700-5	5-piece Tea Set, Coffee Pot, Tea Pot, Creamer, Sugar and Waste	400.00
708-4	Coffee Set, 3-piece, with Tray	310.00
713	Salad Bowl	45.00
715	Bread Tray	37.00
716	Candle Sticks, pair	66.00
735	Sandwich Plate	30.00
737	Vegetable Dish	45.00
740	Water Pitcher	85.00
743-4	Salt and Pepper Shakers, pair	21.00
746	Mayonnaise Bowl	10.00
748	Coffee Cups with Saucers, doz.	195.00
751	Sherbet Cups, doz.	165.00
756	Salt and Pepper Shakers (Individual) pair	5.00
767	Goblets, each	20.00

Prices vary slightly in the different patterns. Complete Price Lists of any pattern will be promptly sent at your request.



«Now, let's see. Connie has William & Mary, Leila has Mary II and both Janet and Ann have the Early American. . .»  
 «Will you tell me what these cryptic sounds mean?»  
 «Christmas, my love. All the young people I know have gone crazy over TREASURE silver. It is smart, you know . . . and a dozen bouillon spoons or oyster forks or a gravy ladle is just exactly what they're writing Santa Claus for.»

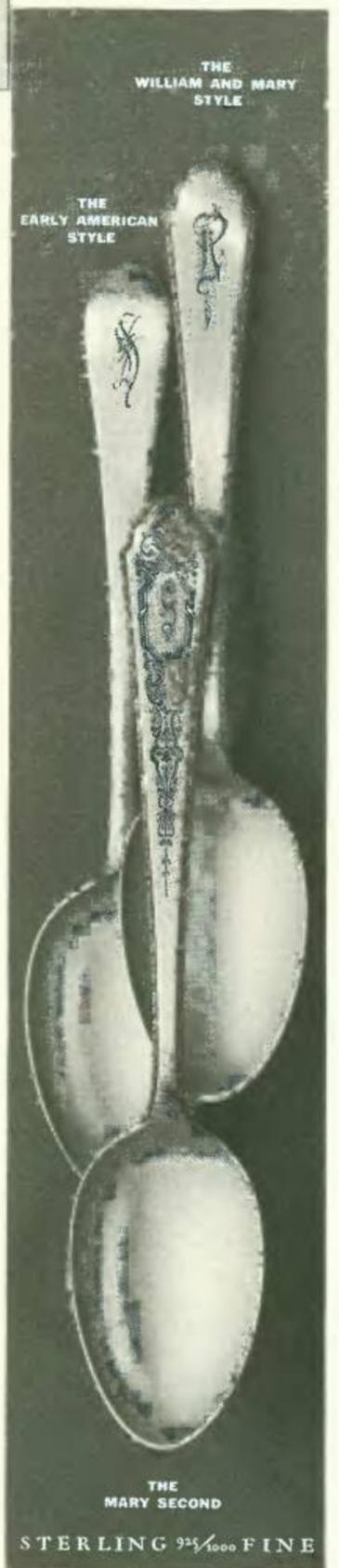
There are probably more than a few names on your Christmas list against which «—Treasure» will fit very happily. It needn't be an elaborate gift or an expensive gift, but whatever you choose in «Treasure» will be right—and charming.

For there's a real feeling for *style* in, let us say, a «Treasure» Berry Bowl, a Sandwich Plate, a Tomato Server—an expected beauty and delicacy of design that has given to «Treasure» its somewhat remarkable vogue.

STERLING, of course, for one hardly cares to think of gift silver in any other terms. . . And what woman is there who doesn't take genuine delight in fine silver?

At any of the better jeweler's you'll find many interesting gift suggestions in «Treasure»—a variety of lovely designs in both flat ware and hollow-ware. . . Or we shall be glad to send you booklets describing any of the designs which may especially appeal to you.

ROGERS, LUNT & BOWLEN COMPANY  
 Silversmiths · Creators of Distinctive Tableware  
 295 NORTH DAVIS STREET · GREENFIELD, MASS.  
 Members of the Sterling Silversmiths Guild of America



STERLING 925/1000 FINE

**SPECIAL  
CHRISTMAS  
and  
NEW YEAR'S  
15-DAY CRUISE  
of the  
s. s. "FRANCONIA"  
DECEMBER  
20, '27 . . . to  
JANUARY 4, '28 . . .  
\$200 UP**



**CUNARD  
WEST  
CRUISE  
1927**

**Legend:**

- a) NEW YORK: Wonderful city . . . but none too pleasant in December . . . which is why so many intelligent travelers leave it to enjoy the midwinter summer offered by the Christmas holiday cruise of the Cunarder Franconia . . . or the later cruises of the Californja.
- b) NASSAU: Where even in winter there are no fur coats . . . but tennis beneath cocoanut palms and sea bathing at 76° F.
- c) HAVANA: Where the Franconia tourist spends New Year's Eve . . . and how . . . where nights are languorous and men are still men . . . at Sloppy Joe's (see illustration).
- d) HAITI: When Vachel Lindsay claimed . . . "Streak of Congo running through the black" . . . he might have had Port-au-Prince in mind.
- e) JAMAICA: Constabulary, sun helmets, banana groves, auto roads, heat to 86°, served without humidity, no mosquitoes . . . that's Kingston.
- f) CANAL ZONE: Ruins of Old Panama, sacked by Morgan, 1671 . . . to reach which one passes Gatun Locks, world's greatest engineering feat.

The short 15-day cruise  
New York on December 20,  
1928, calls only at Nassau,  
the first four ports indicated  
are visited by the Californja  
leaving New York January

Apply to you

**CUNARD LINE**



**TWO  
30-DAY CRUISES**  
by the  
s.s. "CALIFORNIA"

*First:*  
**JANUARY 21**  
to **FEBRUARY 21**  
*Second:*  
**FEBRUARY 25**  
to **MARCH 27, '28**  
**\$300 UP**

**WARD  
INDIES  
SES  
1928**

the Franconia, leaving New  
York, and returning January 4,  
1928, to Kingston, and Havana—  
see the map. All the ports shown  
on her two 30-day cruises,  
January 21, and February 25, 1928.

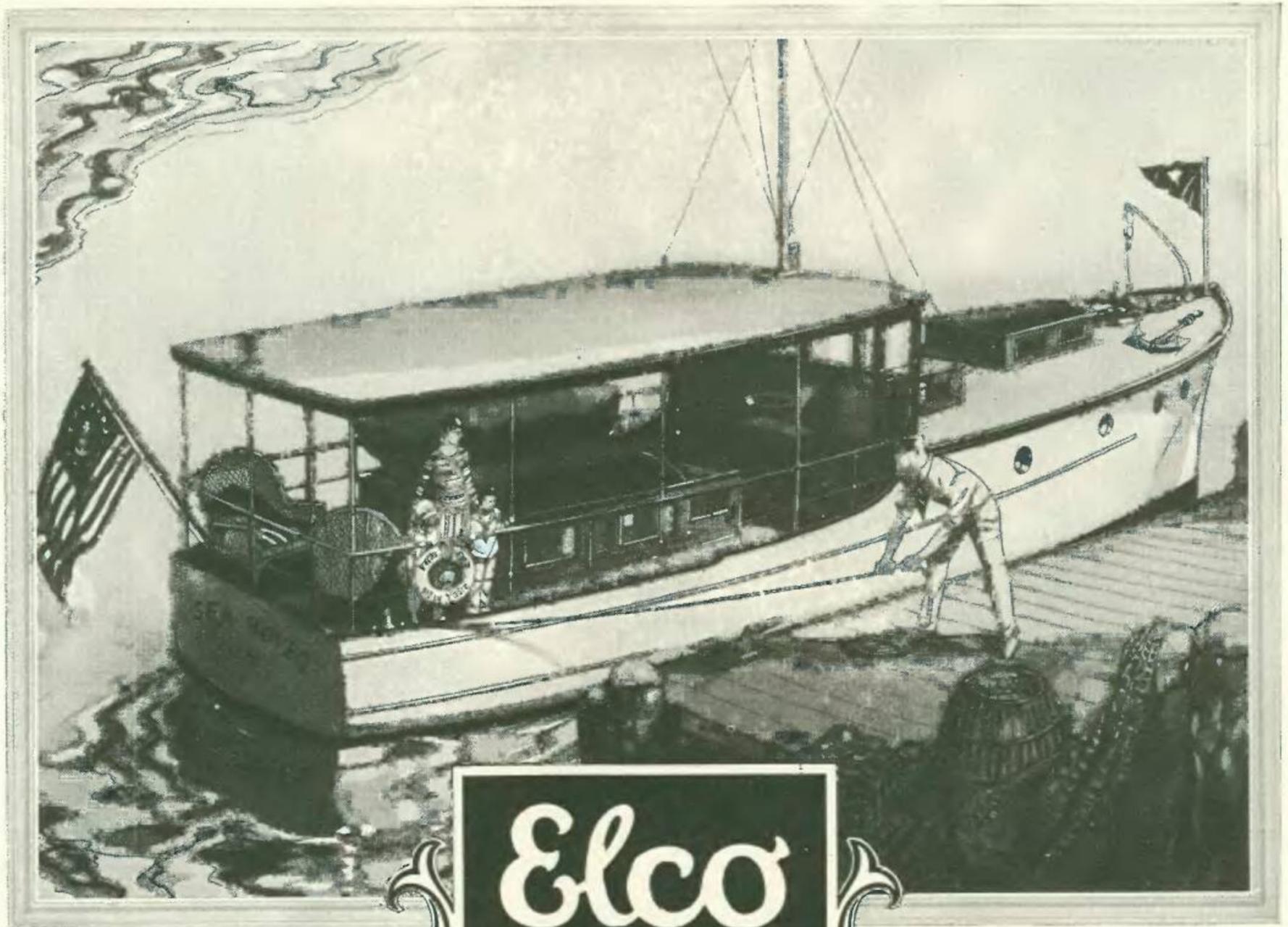
Local agent or

**25 BROADWAY**

- g) CURAÇAO: Holland's outpost in the Caribbean . . . Dutch roofs on West Indies stucco houses, canals, narrow streets, sunlight.
- h) VENEZUELA: Twenty three miles of the world's most perfect mountain auto-road between La Guayra and Caracas . . . see the President's palace guard.
- i) TRINIDAD: Where the fashionable headgear is a basket . . . the chief export (for tourists) Hindu silverware.
- j) BARBADOS: Bathing and diving . . . water at 80° F. and colored like a butterfly's wing . . . sand as soft as talcum . . . pickaninnies and sugar cane.
- k) MARTINIQUE: French icing on a Caribbean cake . . . jungles and volcanoes . . . Junoesque natives and dramatic ruins.
- l) PORTO RICO: Where the Stars and Stripes wave . . . the only skyscrapers in the West Indies . . . good hotels, good auto roads, good sanitation.
- m) BERMUDA: Sub-tropical playground in New York's front yard, golf courses with honeymooners as hazards . . . rain-bow fish.



# Down where the *Summer* spends the *Winter*



The Elco 42

**Elco**  
TRADE MARK  
**MOTOR BOATS**

*Double cabin cruiser designed  
for one-man operation*

**I**CED drinks tinkling in long glasses . . . palm trees waving under tropic skies . . . moonlight you'll always remember and sunsets you'll never forget . . . it's summer in the south, now . . . summer on southern seas.

That's where you want to go—that's where your Elco Motor Cruiser will take you. Far from the filling station . . . remote from the road-hog . . . free from the pest and the puncture.

Your own private hotel . . . never a next room

phonograph jarring the night air . . . and when you tire of Where-You-Are, pull up anchor and go Somewhere-Else!

To Florida in an Elco—that's the perfect way to take the perfect trip. For complete information, write for Catalog NY, or better still, call at Port Elco and see the boats themselves.

\* \* \*

*Port Elco* . . . 247 Park Avenue at 46th St., N. Y. City . . . Sales Office and Motor Boat Exhibit

American teams. They played against each other several times but most of the referees had heard about their feud; as soon as either got rough he was sent off the ice for the rest of the game. In 1926 Boston was playing the Americans in the Garden in one of the last games of the season. Randall got the puck in a break and started to bring it down. He and Cleghorn fell together near the boards. Eye-witnesses recall that as they got up Cleghorn pulled back with the butt of his stick. The referee blew time and the Americans carried Randall out to the dressing room. Eight stitches were taken in his head.

**A**NOTHER famous hockey feud was one between "Bun" Cook of the Rangers and Clarence Bowcher, now defence man for the Americans. Nobody knew how it had started. It is related that sometimes they threw away their sticks and fought with their fists. In more than one city when the referee failed to stop them the police went out on the ice. That was when the two men were playing amateur hockey in Canada. Last year Bowcher was with the Niagara Falls team. Now with the Americans, he will line up against Cook when his team meets the Rangers for the city championship.

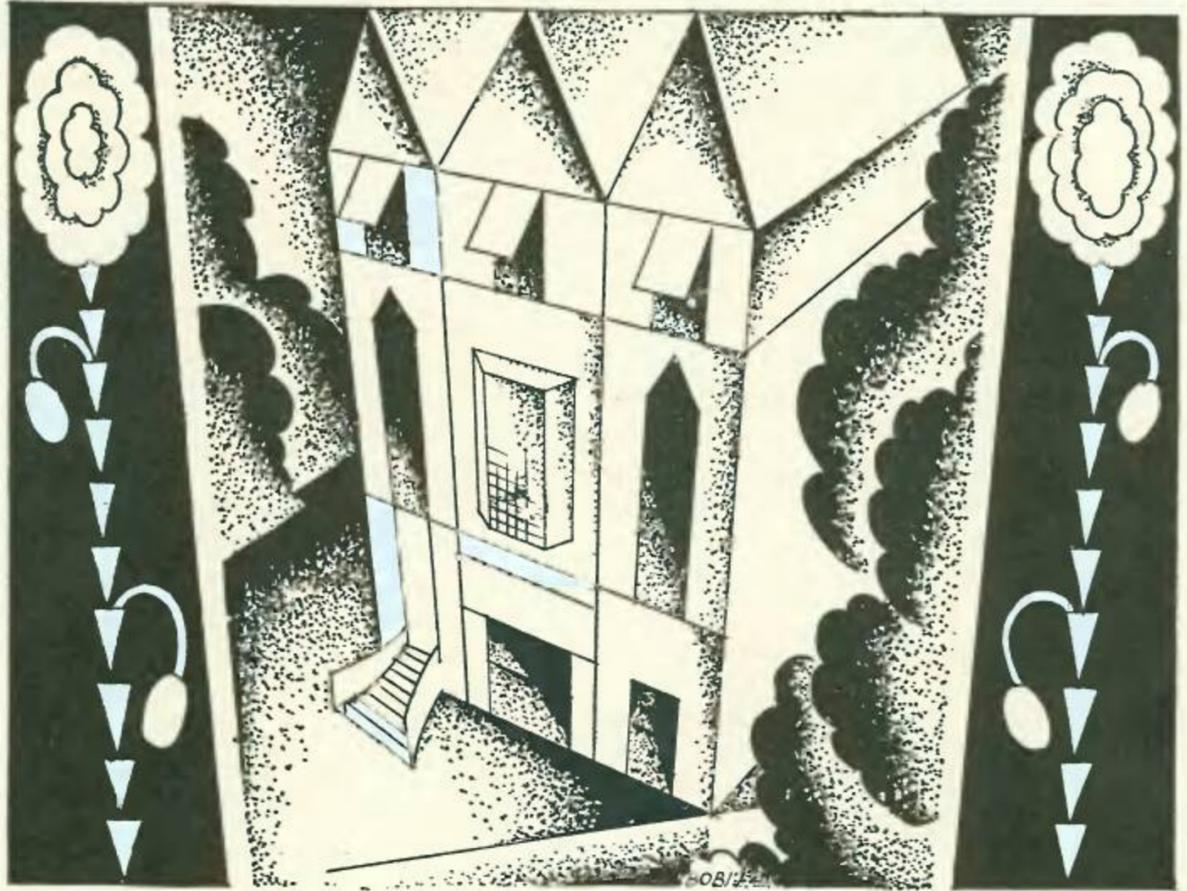
Stories like this make it look as if hockey players were a savage lot. That is not true. Most of them in civil life behave very well; the grudges come from the speed and strain of the game and the fact that in a league series the men playing opposing positions keep butting against each other night after night. Things sometimes happen in hockey that would unsettle any temper. There was Hib Milks, for instance, centre of the Pittsburgh Pirates. Milks had played professional hockey for fifteen years without being sent off the ice for fighting. Referees and coaches pointed him out as a perfect example of self-control. One night after a body check that didn't look at all violent Hib Milks hit Alex McKimmon, of the Americans, a wild crack with the end of his stick and put him out of the game.

There are feuds—though these are rarer—that seem fierce but are perfectly friendly. Mickey Roach of the Americans lies in wait for John Ross Roach of Toronto. These Roaches are not related but each claims that no man by the name of Roach can get the puck past him. "All right, Roach," they shout at each other, "you got stung, yeah?" Frank Boucher, centre of the

# Youth and

## PRIMROSE HOUSE

### ♦ EVER FASHIONABLE



**At Primrose House the smart, ever-youthful women of New York society have learned what so many women learn too late—**

**That care of the skin alone is no guard against the signs of advancing age.**

**Flaccid contours, ever-creeping wrinkles — these signs of age begin in the delicate tissues which underlie the skin.**

**The Primrose House Face Molding Treatment is a scientific method of revitalizing the facial muscles, restoring their youthful firmness and contour.**

**This method is as sound and healthful as bodily exercise. Its finer technique is the art of**

**Primrose House registered nurses, aided by exquisite Primrose House preparations.**

**Would you share this secret of youth with the truly smart women of New York? Call Plaza 5346 for an appointment. Also, we will gladly render free diagnosis of your complexion needs.**

**NOTE: If you live outside New York we shall be glad to place you in touch with a conveniently located Primrose House dealer.**

**New York and Environs—B. Altman & Co., Franklin Simon & Co., Lord & Taylor, James McCreery & Co., John Wanamaker, Oppenheim, Collins & Co., Russeks, Saks & Co., Stern Brothers, Arnold, Constable & Co., Abraham & Straus, Meyer Bros., Paterson, N. J., L. Bamberger, Newark, N. J.**

## PRIMROSE HOUSE 3 E. 52

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

# Usher in.. this novel weekly flower service



## THANKSGIVING MORNING

AVOW it with flowers next Thursday. Then say it every week-end. Repeat the gesture, polish up your favor, preserve the gallant glory every week about your name. Son, husband, lover—Now you can assure never-dying felicity, without tying a string around your finger.

We've organized a unique, inexpensive automatic flower delivery service. Every Friday afternoon we'll deliver to the Lady a box of carefully selected flowers, freshly cut from our own nearby greenhouses just across the river. No cold storage flowers, these. Every blossom cultured to maturity, cut dripping from the plants an hour before they reach the Lady. They'll keep their heads up longer than you may expect.

There's a fresh surprise in each successive bouquet—a different artistic assortment every week. Each planned by our committee of horticulturists. And the cost—let us whisper it, a mere \$4 a week, for our regular \$5 bouquet.

Begin this service any time, discontinue when you wish. Start it with a Thanksgiving bouquet, delivered next Thursday morning. Fill in the application below and mail. Pay later.

A SPECIMEN  
MEADOW BROOK BOUQUET  
6 Ophelia Roses  
12 Sprays of Sweet Peas  
10 Pompom Chrysanthemums  
6 Stevia

MEADOW BROOK NURSERIES  
275 Grand Ave., Englewood, N. J.  
I hereby enter my application for your \$4-a-week Bouquet-of-the-week Club. Send flowers each Friday beginning.....to  
Name.....  
Address.....  
Send bills to  
Name.....  
Address.....

It is understood that I can discontinue this service upon one week's notice.

Rangers, and Howie Morenz, centre of the Canadiens (he is supposed to be the fastest skater in professional hockey) carried on last winter a contest that was followed by their team-mates and families. Since both men played centre they had to face-off against each other and each kept track of the number of times he was able to get the puck on the face-off.

REFEREES are not as unpleasant as they seem in action. They use sparingly their prerogatives of fining and suspension. Referee Cooper Smeaton takes a lot of kidding from Lorne Chabot of the Rangers. Smeaton used to play with a Canadian team. When he calls a protested score against the Rangers, Chabot has been heard yelling, unpenalized, "When you could skate, did they gyp you like that?" Once I heard Referee Lou Marsh of Toronto in an argument with Red Green. Marsh had suspended Green for two minutes and Green refused to leave the ice.

"If you don't get on that bench in ten seconds you won't get back again tonight," Marsh said.

"If I have to look at you," Green retorted, "I don't want to get back tonight."

It was the traditional comeback, a gag that usually rates a twenty-five dollar fine, but Marsh didn't say anything and Green got off the ice.

Even hockey coaches, those neglected figures, have their kind of humor. There is a joke between Art Ross, of Boston, and Lester Patrick of the Rangers.

"What's the matter, Patrick?" Ross says as the Ranger stars climb out of the box. "Why are you putting the kids in? Where are the regulars—sick?"

"The regulars are O.K.," Patrick retorts. "We're starting these kids just to give you a chance. I want to see you have a little show."

They grin at each other. Out on the ice the game is beginning.

—N. B., JR.

### ON TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

I'm giving up the fitful pace  
Of life in night club nooks,  
And in its well-remembered place  
I read the better books.

I'm just as good as I can be  
And also just as sad.  
Perhaps it would be best for me  
To be a little bad. —MARNE

20  
for  
20¢ Also Obtainable  
in Canada

Women—when they smoke at all—quickly develop discerning taste. That is why Marlboros now ride in so many limousines, attend so many bridge parties, repose in so many handbags.

Marlboro Bridge Score sent free upon request.

**MARLBORO**  
CIGARETTES  
*Mild as May*

Always fresh—  
Wrapped in heavy foil  
Created by  
PHILIP MORRIS & CO., LTD., INC.  
511 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

ODE TO A NEW  
TYPEWRITER

Whirl me up to the greenest star  
Where the winds blow sharp and  
thin,  
Hurry me out as fast and far  
As the last and lonely sin,  
Which undiscovered, floats around,  
Until it fastens sorrow  
On some poor mortal on the ground  
And wrecks a pure tomorrow.  
Plunge me down to the blackest hole  
Of thick and blind despair,  
For I would seek the furthest goal  
Of suffering, and dare  
To probe the hot volcanic heart  
Of any world at all,  
And find the laws of scenic art  
Which keep the earth a ball.

Let me feel how backs can break,  
And lies be warm as honey,  
But if it's possible—let's make  
Adventure earn us money!  
—PATIENCE EDEN

## TAXI DRIVER PHILOSOPHY

“YES, lady, the cop pinched me for  
passin' the light and I went right  
down to court and pleaded not guilty.  
And, say listen, if I get convicted, it's  
going to be too bad for them. I won't  
ever vote again. See?”

“Sorry, lady, to have hit that car in  
front. It didn't hurt nothin' on my  
car, and I've figured out that it's a  
darn sight better to hit the car ahead  
of you in a jam than to be hit by the  
truck behind. Sort of like crackin'  
eggs on Easter. If you get hit you get  
broke. If you do the hittin' you break  
the other guy.” —H. F. Y.

“Nearly all them Guineas workin'  
on the subway are Socialists—I'd never  
let one of 'em get behind me.”

“No responsibility drivin' a hack,  
huh? . . . Well, buddy, any time you  
wanna swap jobs you'll find me in that  
Coffee Pot there. O. K.?”  
—D. L. C.

“Gee, lady, if you'd only uv said  
you was hurt after that feller bumped  
us, we'd uv had a swell case. It's  
just my luck that my fares allays pick  
'emselves up after we've been socked  
an' say they're all right.” —J. N. F.



## Somehow the evening never seems complete without this fine old ginger ale

TO THINK of entertaining is to think instinctively of  
“Canada Dry.” For there is something about this  
fine old ginger ale which adds a bit of distinction to  
every occasion and makes your home, indeed, a pleasant  
place to be.

The very sparkle of this famous and honored drink  
brings memories of some well-remembered visit to a  
great hotel or exclusive club. Just to pour it forth into  
the long-stemmed glasses is to give new charm to napery  
and silver and add a cheery, joyous note to the bridge  
game, the dinner, or the dance.

So it has been said that the evening never seems com-  
plete without this *Champagne of Ginger Ales*. It accen-  
tuates a welcome . . . lingers in a farewell. “I've had  
a lovely time” is no idle, empty phrase when recollections  
of truly pleasant hours warm the parting handclasp.

# “CANADA DRY”

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

“*The Champagne of Ginger Ales*”

Extract imported from Canada and bottled in the U. S. A. by  
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Incorporated, 25 W. 43rd Street, New York, N. Y.  
In Canada, J. J. McLaughlin Limited. Established 1890.

Look  
for the Name



on  
the Bottle Cap



PARIS, NOVEMBER 9

**B**EIGE evening dresses are about the only new thing in the mid-season collections. (This statement is a dare to L.L. to make more insinuations about my cynical attitude on the style situation.) Patou is the chief exponent of this very pale, almost café-au-lait idea for evening. It happens in taffeta and in satin—and in lace, naturally. I think you will agree, if his beige taffeta dress reaches New York intact, that it is one of the few taffeta dresses that fit into the present mode. The fullness in the front is folded into pleats which give the conventional straight line instead of the bunched effect usually associated with this material. The model has a splendid bow with long ends wooping out behind.

It is rather a relief to see something besides black and white in the evening line. Julie Thompson opened a new night club with Billy Reardon a short while ago and the whole effect was decidedly Pierrottesque. It looked exactly like a black and white ball. Clashed in the hand of the hostess was something which possibly may not have conquered New York as yet—namely, a beige chiffon handkerchief of manish proportions, with beige lace encrusted in the corners. The idea isn't at all new, but it is extremely effective, in case you haven't taken it up in the old country.

As to the rest of my embittered comments on the collections, there are always the new Patou sweaters, this time of a rather thin silk and wool, I think (can look, but mustn't touch). These are in plain colors with contrasting stripes around the bottom, over which are bands of marocain in zigzag effects. Narrow belts run through the zigzags. The V-necks are worked out in the usual fashion with monograms.

Lelong's sports clothes, always significant, have slip-on sweaters in *dégradé* jersey and they are most attractive. One wears them with flannel-like skirts, not pleated but circular in

## ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

### FEMININE FASHIONS

effect, and with cardigans of the same flannel, cut rather open in front. One group of sweaters was accompanied by straight capes decorated with large patch pockets. This may mean that the cape is coming in, but even my weariness with the coat situation doesn't make me think so. All coats are straight and trimmed—need I continue?—with stitched-on pieces.

**A**MATERIAL that looks smart, if one must wear prints for spring, is printed flemenga, a thin marocain. The prints have rather indistinct designs, which save one from that inevitable print feeling which seems to come on every year. Louise-boulangier has decided that, not being able to escape from prints entirely, she will use them as slips under plain outside. The print shows only in a rather pouchy cuff arrangement, at the neck, and through the slits of the outside skirt.

Line in general looks about the same, but there is a widespread influx

in to longer street as well as evening dresses. It always works that way. The first weakening always comes at night.

The prevalence of black, white, and beige in all collections makes bright colors for spring seem more likely than ever. A woman simply cannot go on being neutral all her life. Worth shows a lot of my favorite gray—blue-green. I still think this is a good bet for spring, being dark enough for street wear and more flattering than the gray of last season.

Worth does have some awfully good tailored dresses, and his evening clothes are marvels of discretion for one's mother. When I feel particularly refined I always enjoy his collections exceedingly, although he insists on featuring a belt of snakeskin set with jade beads which is too horrible. I hope you escape it over there.

**A**S to what we are wearing when we see the collections (I give myself airs!)—we simply get another



*"When this is finished it goes to Aunt Minnie. She always gives me terrible presents."*

of circular skirts and many straight, circular, or pleated flounces. Patou achieves many of his circular effects by sunburst pleats, and gives a hemline to afternoon and evening dresses that goes down in the front and back and up at the sides (great for bow legs). It is a most attractive and subtle way of lengthening the dress. I suppose that by next fall we will be giving

black dress and another small tight hat, on which we pin the family jewel or, lacking that, a smallish rhinestone pin. On our feet, we wear opera pumps or oxfords with straight leather heels, Cuban in spirit. They are awfully smart. Why aren't they worn more in the United States? Evening clothes drip down and up. My impression is that I have written all this before. I

will make every effort to think up some startling lie for the next time.  
—PARISITE.

NOTE—Of course, nice women have always worn beige in the evening, particularly those golden blondes I dislike so. Now, I suppose it will get fashionable and be spoiled. —L. L.

AND IN NEW YORK—

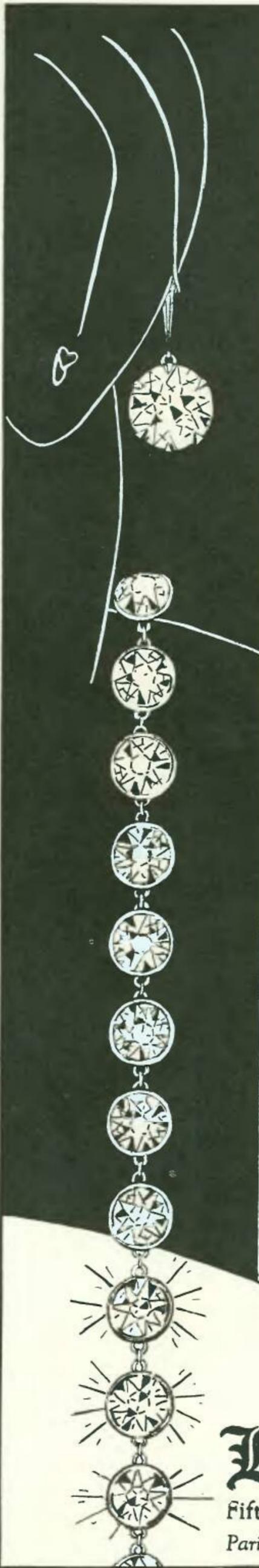
IN the midst of all this diving around after Christmas gifts (and, on December 20, I will probably be rushing around Macy's distracted, without a thought in my head, like the rest of you) several items in the fashion line have smote me forcibly. And this column will be distinctly utilitarian in contrast to the one just above.

In the first place, there are women who freeze stolidly all winter long because they simply will not wear flannel nightgowns or knitted union suits, pneumonia being preferable to a dowdy and practical feeling. With this feminine sentiment this department is heartily in accord, but, at Wanamaker's, you will find a selection of English bed jackets, long-sleeved nightgowns, and dressing gowns that are warm as toast without being offensive in feeling or appearance. They are made of a very lacy knit, the color being a faint and becoming pink. Nightgowns are lined with rose chiffon to give that luxurious feeling. Take one on your next weekend to that perfectly divine country place without central heating.

Jay-Thorpe has some stockings of white rabbit's wool, a very soft, fleecy, and loosely knit affair. These are to be worn under heavy and scratchy wool stockings for violent winter sports, or under silk ones for town, if you can add a fraction of an inch to your leg girth without embarrassment. This rabbit's wool also makes union suits, shirts, and so on, that are really not bad.

There is a new raincoat. It is of a suedey cloth in a very light beige, and is cut exactly like an officer's trench coat. It must be belted tightly and casually around the natural waistline, doughboy fashion, or it will lose both its character and its chic. The price is \$29.50 at Franklin Simon.

MANY have seen Elizabeth Arden's chiffon velvet handkerchief, in every pastel color imaginable. This has a swansdown puff attached in the centre for those who abhor



*brilliant answers  
to the  
gift question*

## Crystals

*Chanel's "water fall"  
crystal pins 12.75*

*crystal and emerald or  
crystal bracelets 5.00*

*clear crystal chokers  
after Chanel 8.75*

*Chanel's lovely long  
crystal necklace 34.75*

*crystal and emerald  
bar pins 11.75*

*Chanel's crystal buckles  
for evening 7.50*

*large "water clear"  
crystal ear drops 5.75*

ALL STONES SIMULATED

## Best & Co.

Fifth Avenue at 35th St.—N. Y.

Paris

Palm Beach

London



TREND

## Good Solid Comfort

THE unconstrained, natural ease in the manner of the man of good breeding is never hampered by his comfortable, right-fitting, low starched collar.

It is this atmosphere and at-home-ness in one's clothes that is, invariably, the marked characteristic of the well turned out man.

There is a great deal in feeling as well as you look. That means mental as well as physical comfort.

Dignity with comfort is quite impossible of attainment unless you wear

# ARROW

STARCHED

# COLLARS

compacts and sifters. The trick about this puff is that you should dab a little cold cream into the puff before dousing it into your powder. It makes it look a little less aesthetic, but when you unwrap the handkerchief powder does not fly loose all over your escort's dinner clothes. Also, it gives a vanish-



“... really, my dear, I've been so bored with myself lately, it would only take a teenie weenie bit of coaxing to get me to join a transatlantic airplane flight.”

ing-cream-base effect. Try it. Arden also offers a solution to the permanent lipstick problem—the problem being that most indelible lipsticks dry and chap the lips. First apply liquid Venetian Rose Color and let it dry. Then the Arden lipstick. I have tried this for a week and find it quite permanent and not at all drying. The third Arden statement is that she has not sold her business, that she has no intention of selling her business, and what in the dickens would she do with her time if she did sell her business, being as how she has no knack for graceful idleness?

MAISON SIMONE, on West Fifty-seventh Street, has a coat of a beigish fur which I suspect to be rabbit. The fur arranged in pleasing zig-zag designs and the whole ideal for an evening wrap for a young girl. The price at this writing being \$165.

THE new Chanel shawl, more refined than the Spanish and less arty than the painted, has made its appearance at Wanamaker's. This is

of black or tomato crêpe de Chine, heavily fringed and decorated with tiny gold paillettes; \$175.

Wanamaker also has copies of Chanel's newest explosion in the active sports line—namely, a hip-length jacket of chamois in a very business-like cut. In one upper breast pocket is a chamois cigarette case; in the other, a vanity case. This for \$59.50, excellently copied, and washable.

There is also at Wanamaker's a golf or riding shirt, nicely tailored, having a polo collar (to be worn with a four-in-hand tie). This in a beige sports silk. And the final offering in a shopful of opportunities is Louise-boulangier's evening panties. These are merely shorts of georgette elongated to reach just above the skirt line. Petticoat and panties in one, if you are interested in either for evening.

—L. L.

### SANTA AND HIS CLAWS

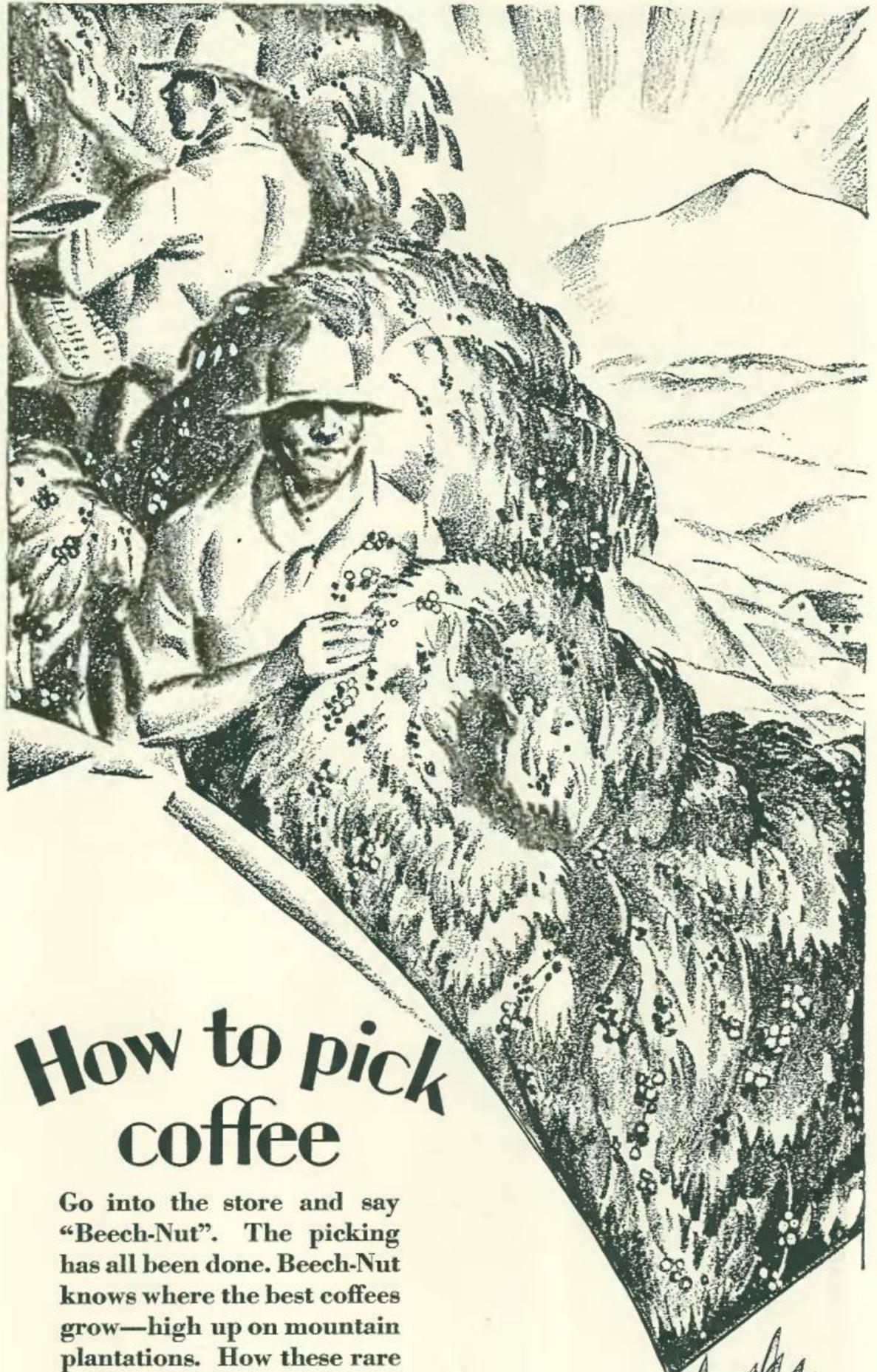
*First Aid to Addicts of That Incurable but Happy Habit of Christmas Shopping*



**C**HRISTMAS addicts with a sense of efficiency (or, for that matter, without) will do well to keep in mind THE NEW YORKER's gift advice, issue by issue—remembering the while that we do not attempt to be complete and all-embracing, but merely in our own modest fashion to suggest for your guidance those things which seem worthwhile to us. In furtherance of this idea, you are strongly urged to read the announcements which follow hard on the heels of this paragraph.

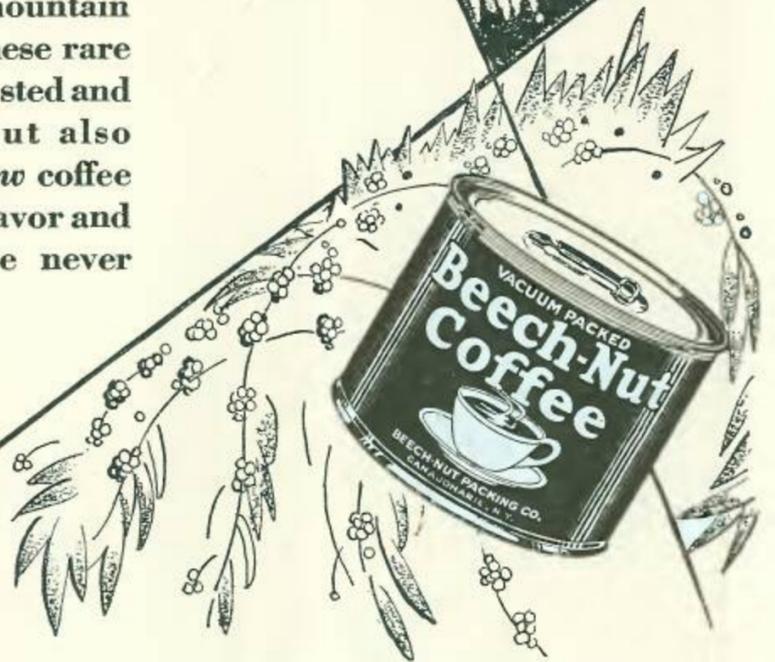
Those who are really in the know will recall that in the issue of November 5 we were informative about bookbinding, luggage, and leather goods that must be made to order, monograms that take time to make, and where to go for repairs of such heirlooms as fans, pottery, laces and jewelry.

Also that the November 12 issue was bursting with shopping ideas on where to have your Christmas cards lettered (engraved or printed), how to unearth your family crest in time for the holidays, and where to get the kind of stationery most likely to pro-



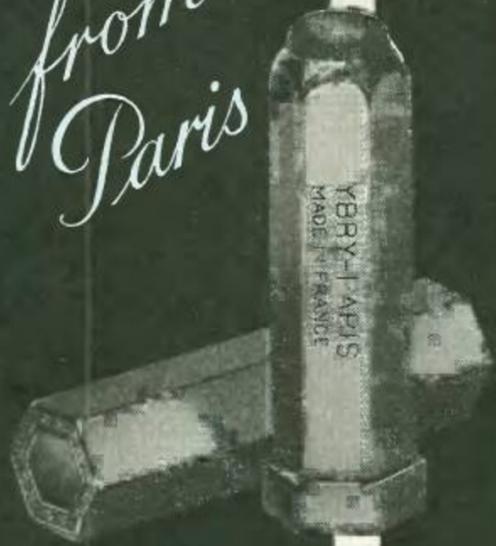
## How to pick coffee

Go into the store and say "Beech-Nut". The picking has all been done. Beech-Nut knows where the best coffees grow—high up on mountain plantations. How these rare coffees should be roasted and blended, Beech-Nut also knows. This is a *new* coffee with a richness of flavor and fragrance you have never met before.



# Beech-Nut Coffee

from  
Paris



A NEW  
LIPSTICK

by

Ybry  
PARFUMEUR  
PARIS

to perfect lips —  
the perfect lipstick

voke chortles of glee in the recipient. To say nothing of invaluable information on art stores, photographers, and makers of the latest novelties in boxes, lamp shades, kitchen knick-knacks, unpainted furniture and luxuries like pillows and poufs. There was even a list of picture-framers.

The issue you are now reading tells about matches, cigarettes and playing cards with initials and monograms, and a new way of sending candy, and . . . but you will want to read it through for yourself.

The main lists begin next week. The November 26 issue will cast subtle hints about books and bookstores and the sort of gift for the house that the recipient can look at every day in the year without cursing you roundly.

In the issue of December 3, you may (and we hope without disappointment) look for detailed information on such diversities as jewelry, gambling equipment, perfumes, and clothes, including lingerie; animals, toys, sporting equipment, and luggage that does not have to be made to order; cameras, art, and, it is very likely, a good deal else.

There will be still more lists in the issue of December 10, and before Christmas is really at hand you will all know where a woman may safely buy gifts for a man, and vice versa. And what is more, you will have a list of last-minute suggestions that a good many of you will probably regard as life-savers. If Paterfamilias receives six pairs of slippers this year and Aunt Agatha is placated with a doodledick made of pansies and celluloid, it won't be our fault.

In closing let me remind you that our circulation department is concerned with back numbers of the magazine: do not ask L. L., B. B., nor BOWLER to send them to you. And please—we are NOT a shopping service!

**S**INCE this department (which is a very observing one) has yet to discover a household in which matches are plentifully distributed on every table in the place, gift monogrammed match packs remain a good and inexpensive idea.

Though there are many places in town that do excellent monogramming in this respect (and our old standby, the Five and Ten, has single-initial packs all ready to take home with you) the first place that comes to mind is the Can-Dle-Luxe Shop, at



**I**T is inadequate to say that Tecla Pearls look like genuine ocean gems. To all intent and from every observable characteristic they are the real thing. Nothing but a negligible variation in composition totally imperceptible in appearance, separates them. For thirty years Tecla has adorned the most distinguished of women at the most conservative functions without the slightest probability of anyone being able to distinguish any difference.

Tecla creations are available only at the stores listed in this advertisement.

A Tecla Necklace for  
Twenty-five Dollars

Marshall Field & Co. - Chicago, Ill.  
Bullock's - - - Los Angeles, Cal.  
Denver Dry Goods Co. - Denver, Colo.  
Frank R. Jelleff, Inc., Washington, D. C.  
Frederick & Nelson - Seattle, Wash.  
Gladding's - - - Providence, R. I.  
H. & S. Pogue - - Cincinnati, Ohio  
J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit, Mich.  
Kaufmann's - - - Pittsburgh, Pa.  
La Salle & Koch - - - Toledo, Ohio  
Levy Bros. Dry Goods Co., Houston, Texas  
Lebeck Bros. - - - Nashville, Tenn.  
McCurdy & Co., Inc. - Rochester, N. Y.  
Meier & Frank - - Portland, Ore.  
Miller & Rhoads, Inc. - Richmond, Va.  
Mermod-Jaccard & King, Hot Springs, Ark.  
Mermod-Jaccard & King, St. Louis, Mo.  
Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney, St. Louis, Mo.  
R. H. Stearns & Co. - Boston, Mass.  
T. Eaton Co. - - Toronto, Montreal  
The Higbee Co. - - Cleveland, Ohio  
The White House - San Francisco, Cal.  
Wm. H. Block & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.  
Z. L. White - - - Columbus, Ohio

Tecla

398 Fifth Avenue

London Berlin Paris

588 Madison Avenue. Three-letter monograms, stamped on packs of two assorted colors, in groups of fifty, cost \$3.50. They require four days to a week for completion, even just before Christmas. Packs of one hundred, in four different colors, cost \$5. If you want to have the recipient's name written on them, the time required is ten days and there is a small extra charge for the plate.

As to cigarettes to be monogrammed—the MM Importing Company will monogram cigarettes cheerfully if the order in question is for at least fifty cigarettes. This for plain monogramming. The minimum for embossed or fancy monograms is two hundred cigarettes, and the time required is two weeks. The charge is seventy-five cents up to five hundred—after this number, there is no extra charge at all.

Dunhill, Benson & Hedges, and Brenning's Own (the last a pure Turkish blend, hand-made) require, in general, one week for plain monogramming and two for embossed or special work, and none of them will greet with cheers any orders received after December 10, though a plain monogramming job for city delivery has a chance after that. Dunhill scorns less than one hundred cigarettes; Benson & Hedges set the minimum at two hundred.

PLAYING cards are another tasty suggestion that most of you have thought of already. Monograms on these are always printed, since embossing would cause all kinds of difficulty in shuffling. Womrath's has some plain colored ones with a simulated hemstitched edge that can have a three-letter monogram applied in one week. No order after the second week in December. Scribner's has a special design of its own in two colors. For two packs and a three-letter monogram, you need a week and five dollars. Orders until the third week in December. Black, Starr & Frost also have their own design in six colors, accept orders up to the nineteenth, and go on the assumption that you will order two packs at least.

ANNE'S CANDY SHOP, 793 Lexington Avenue, not only makes candies that glorify the home-made slogan, but has an unique Christmas gift service. It will take your order for any number of pounds desired and inform the recipient, via a gay, hand-painted card, that a certain number of pounds of candy is there for her dis-

THE WAY TO SAY "REMEMBER ME"

CIRO  
PERFUMES



BOUQUET  
ANTIQUE

KNOW THE JOY OF GIVING SOMETHING GENUINELY, GLORIOUSLY DIFFERENT, BOUQUET ANTIQUE KINDLES MEMORIES // IT IS A PERFUME ONE CANNOT FORGET

- // DOUX JASMIN
- // PARFUM MASKEE
- // CHEVALIER DE LA NUIT

PARFUMS CIRO  
20 RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS  
MADE AND SEALED IN FRANCE  
IMPORTED BY GUY T. GIBSON, INC.  
565 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



HAN'S  
FLATS



*The*  
**PLAYing's**  
*the THING*

**J** You don't have to be light or fantastic to trip the light fantastic at the ROOSEVELT GRILL . . . When the "Maestro" and his music-masters strike up a tune there's pep to step with the best of them . . . Old interest in dancing springs anew with the whirl of Ben Bernie's baton!

*BEN BERNIE*  
and his Roosevelt Orchestra play  
nightly during Dinner  
and Supper

*The*  
**ROOSEVELT**  
Madison Avenue at 45th Street  
EDWARD CLINTON FOGG  
Managing Director



posal. The lady can order it in any quantity at any time—a pound here, two pounds there, and so on. As Christmas candy usually arrives in one overwhelming deluge and gets all the children sick and their parents fat, this is a particularly good idea.

**N**OTHING is nicer than a Christmas present that lasts through the year. Doting and helpless uncles have long known this, and it is time that the world in general took it up. A course of concerts, of opera; a subscription to the Theatre Guild; subscriptions to magazines, to Book-of-the-Month Club or the Literary Guild; riding lessons; a chance to learn the Black Bottom from Mr. Wayburn or his equivalent; and—but use your own imagination!

Also, doting uncles have for some time been alone in the idea of giving credits for Christmas, and this is too bad. A girl without much money can have the most marvellous time of her life with credit at her favorite store. She would infinitely rather spend thirty dollars her own way than to receive two fifteen-dollar pairs of stockings and have them rot away in her bureau drawer while she is trying to find an occasion great enough for them.

Credits are also a fine idea for women who can resist personal apparel as a present for men. The opinion of this department (which is composed of intelligent young women whose men friends are occasionally seen wearing ties of their selection even when they don't expect to see the donors) is that no woman should ever give a man wearing apparel and that, if she insists on doing it, she should never spend less than three-fifty for a tie. But when you can go hopelessly wrong for an individual even at Cruger's—and most women inevitably do—couldn't you curb your passions and give credit?

The credit idea, also, should be made compulsory in giving sporting equipment. Everyone, no matter what the age, should select his own golf clubs, tennis racquets, guns, riding accessories, and what not. The nicest present each of our brothers ever got was a golf club order on Spalding's.

And the more a woman has striven to save her husband's money, the more cheerfully she has given up an evening frock for the children's education, the more should she receive presents she would never think of for herself. Nothing would make her feel more drab and middle-aged than a useful

*America's Foremost*  
*Chiffon Stocking . . .*



*Madeline Northway, of the dancing team of "Northway and Chiles" featured dancers of the Biltmore Cascades, specially posed in her Proper Stockings.*

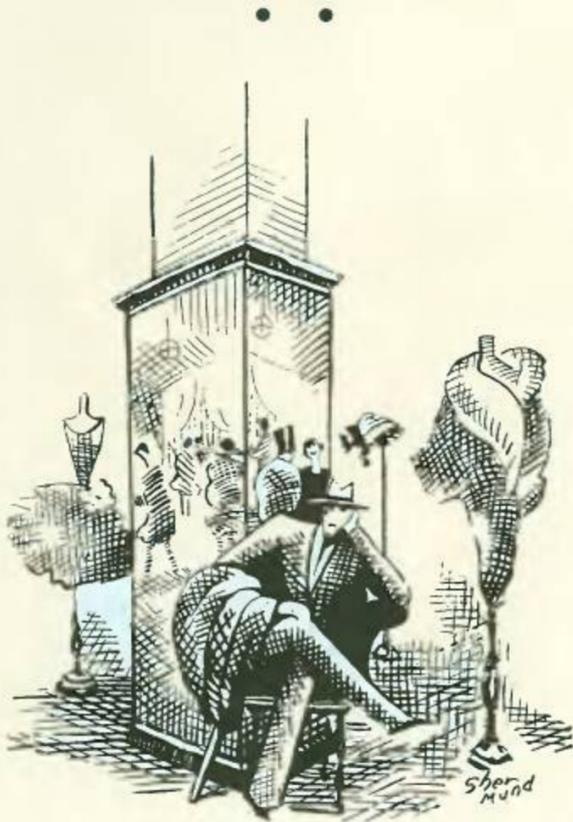
Although the shorter dress mode results in the necessity for maintaining the quality of a stocking to the revealed knee, the woman accustomed to wearing the Proper stocking never doubts its completeness of superb quality!

*In Gunmetal  
or Dust  
with black heel*



*At All Good Shops*

woolly shawl. Of all the frivolities, a course of beauty treatments is the most fun. All the reputable beauty parlors sell courses of treatments—six, ten, twelve, and more, and will inform the recipient about them. Helena Rubinstein also will send out a special card to the woman concerned, telling her that she has ten, twenty-five, or a



hundred dollars' credit in the salon that she may take out in facials, in preparations, or a combination of both.

THOSE who are inclined to be just as swank as possible, and are contemplating a surprise for the girl who has Everything, might phone Plaza 8657 for an appointment with Miss Ann Haviland. This is the only person we know of at present who makes an individual perfume, to suit the personality, which really smells different from the ready-to-buy brands. She can make a perfume from almost everything, even jonquils, and will suggest that you send with the perfume a bouquet of the flowers that formed it to find out whether the lady can detect any difference. The perfume, if made up especially, will be kept exclusive forever and ever. The consultation for a special perfume costs one hundred dollars, with perfume costing from twelve to sixty-five dollars an ounce. And worth it.

Another specialty of Miss Haviland's is sachets. In these, she prefers the old-fashioned garden odors, like verbena, violet, and so on, and sprinkles sachet so liberally that she feels perfectly safe in guaranteeing them

## The PRIMER of Good Clothing



Scotch Mist\*  
overcoat

wetproof  
tartan-backed

This is a Scotch Mist\* Overcoat. Smart looking, if Nothing Else.

But it is Something Else; it is Wetproof too, thanking our Special Weave of Scotland's Sturdiest Cheviots.

Gay or Grave Patterns outside, and Tartan-backed inside with these authentic Clan Tartans: Black Watch, Border, Cameron, Campbell, Douglas, Gordon, Graham, Lindsay, MacDonald, MacIntosh, MacKenzie, MacPherson, Malcolm, Murray, Hunting Stewart.

\$95 and not a Cent more.

## ROGERS PEET COMPANY

*The Best of Everything Men and Boys Wear*

FIFTH AVE.  
AT 41ST ST.

HERALD SQ.  
AT 35TH ST.

BROADWAY  
AT LIBERTY

BROADWAY  
AT WARREN

*For New Yorkers*

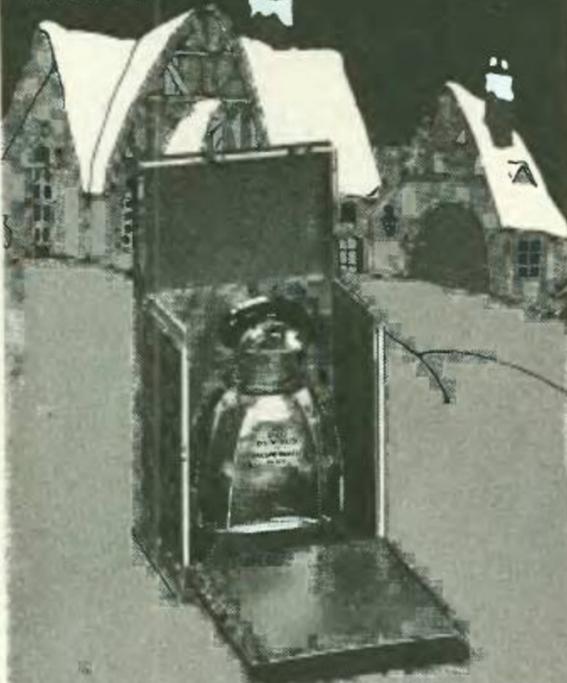
BROADWAY  
AT 13TH ST.

TREMONT AT BROMFIELD

*For Bostoners*

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**MANASSÉ**  
PARFUM PARIS



**UN PEU DE VOUS**  
(A BIT OF YOU)




UNUSUALLY ACCEPTABLE AS GIFTS—REFLECTING A FINE SENSE OF DISCRIMINATION IN SELECTION.

PETIT.	\$7.50
MOYEN.	12.00
GRAND.	15.00
FACE POWDER	2.00
TOILET WATER (8½ oz.)	5.00



EDWARD E. KIMBALL, 15 W. 37th ST., N. Y.

for two years. There are special silk sachets for bureau drawers; silk pads with loops to hang on wardrobe trunk hangers (spice perfume being particularly good to annihilate that musty odor in travelling) and hangers with a silk pad filled with sachet attached. She has a selection of these on hand, in the blended floral odor most people prefer, but will make up some specially for Christmas if you order now.

—L. L.

The Christmas suggestions in the issue of two weeks ago should not have given the impression that Dobbs & Company are closing out their luggage for good and all. It is only one line that is being discontinued.

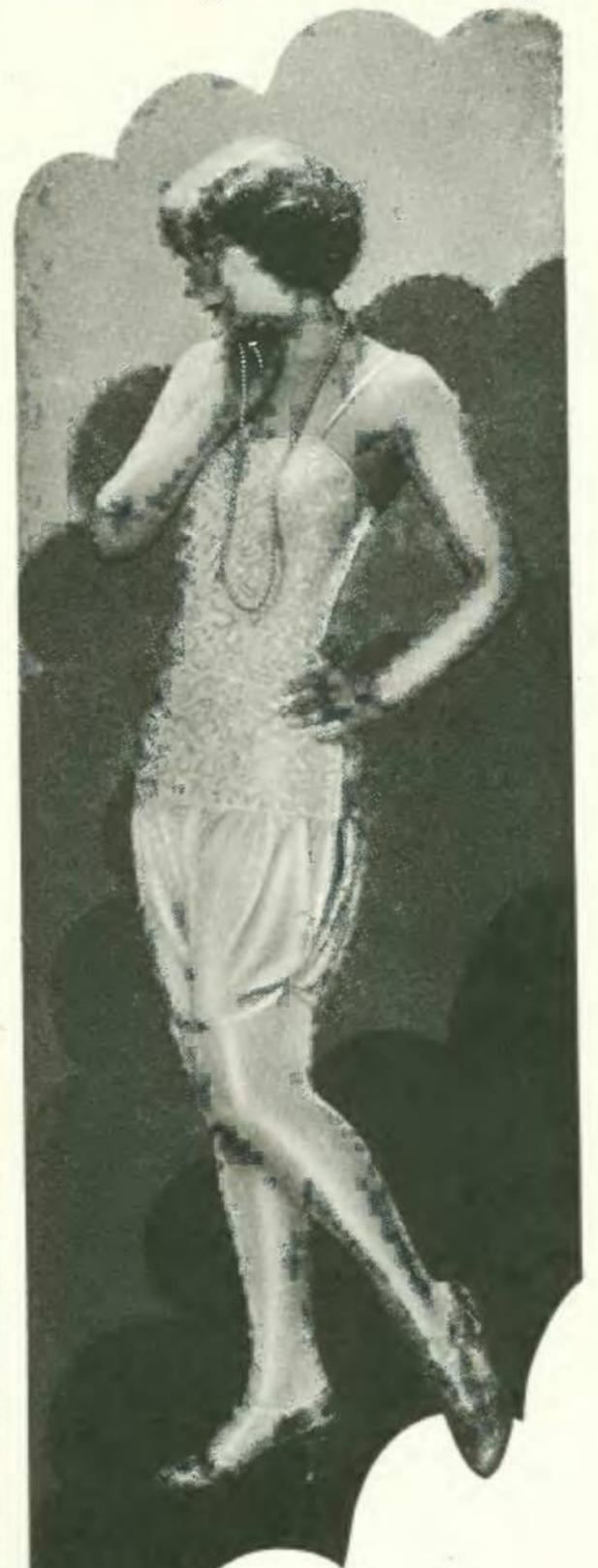
AS TO MEN

Custom-made Clothes—  
Razors—Saumur Training Saddles



ALTHOUGH well-made clothes have not seen any drastic changes in either cut or color during the past ten or twelve years, and although, in the course of that period, every tailoring establishment of any pretensions in the United States has attempted to turn out what it considers to be a fair approximation of an English sack suit, it is my belief that said suit is all but unprocurable in New York—or in any other city—under a hundred and fifteen or twenty dollars. This scarcity (unless I am hopelessly in the wrong) seems to me deplorable, when one takes into consideration the fact that cut, and cut alone, determines the appearance of a suit. That is to say, it is all very well for the expert to spot a ready-made garment by its machine tailoring; but not one man in a thousand ever gives such details a thought. What I would like to see is more custom tailors who will hire the best cutters in London to design for them. Then they will be able to use good materials, have them well designed, and skimp (if they must) only on the expensive linings and hand work that go so far toward running up the cost. There is, in my opinion, no really good reason why a man should not be able to buy himself a suit of ir-

“—because you love nice things”



Quick!

First a Singlette, then a frock—and you're dressed! Wonderful—and true! A Van Raalte Singlette of pure glove silk is a complete underdress for any costume—a single garment combining the favorite features of several and clinging without a wrinkle to every youthful, girlish contour.

Good shops can show you several styles—each complete in itself.

VAN RAALTE CO., Dept. A  
295 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

**VAN RAALTE**  
*Singlettes*

reproachable design, one that fits as a custom-made garment ought to fit, at a cost of not more than seventy-five or eighty dollars. Remember, there is a vast difference between clothes that are custom-made and clothes that are *hand-made*.

**T**HAT entertaining little gadget, the Shick Automatic Razor, has undergone several alterations in design since first it was offered to a delighted public. The main trouble with the original razor was that the blade-guard offered small protection to the tender epidermis of the careless shaver. Once he allowed the handle to vary from the horizontal plane, shick! and the blood came.

The razor is to be placed upon the market with a serrated blade-guard, thus insuring a maximum of efficiency with a minimum of risk.

**T**HE French officers at the National Horse Show used the Saumur saddle—it is named after their cavalry school—as did the Americans, and with some success. If you wish to emulate these fine riders, write to the *Cavalry Journal*, Washington, D.C., and ask for particulars. They will quote you a price (it is variable) of not more than a hundred dollars for the training saddle, complete and including duty, imported from the French makers. Be sure, though, to specify a *training* saddle, unless you want to receive a cumbersome field model with the seat supported by pontoons.

**I**TEM: Now that you are using six or seven dress-shirts a week, look in at the shop of Albert Leonard George at Fifty-eighth Street and Madison. His ready-to-wear shirts, buttoning down the back, are among the best to be had about town. Price \$5.

I saw some very good-looking imported overcoats, both chesterfields and ulsters, at Wanamaker's. At Saks-Fifth Avenue you will find one of the best ready-made chesterfields in the world at \$90. While on the subject, let me call your attention, once again, to the tweed and camel's-hair sport coats at Knox, Fortieth and Fifth.

—BOWLER

**WANTED**—Two dry hand milkers. Prefer young men with pleasing personalities.  
—*Florida News*.

So, unquestionably, do the cows.



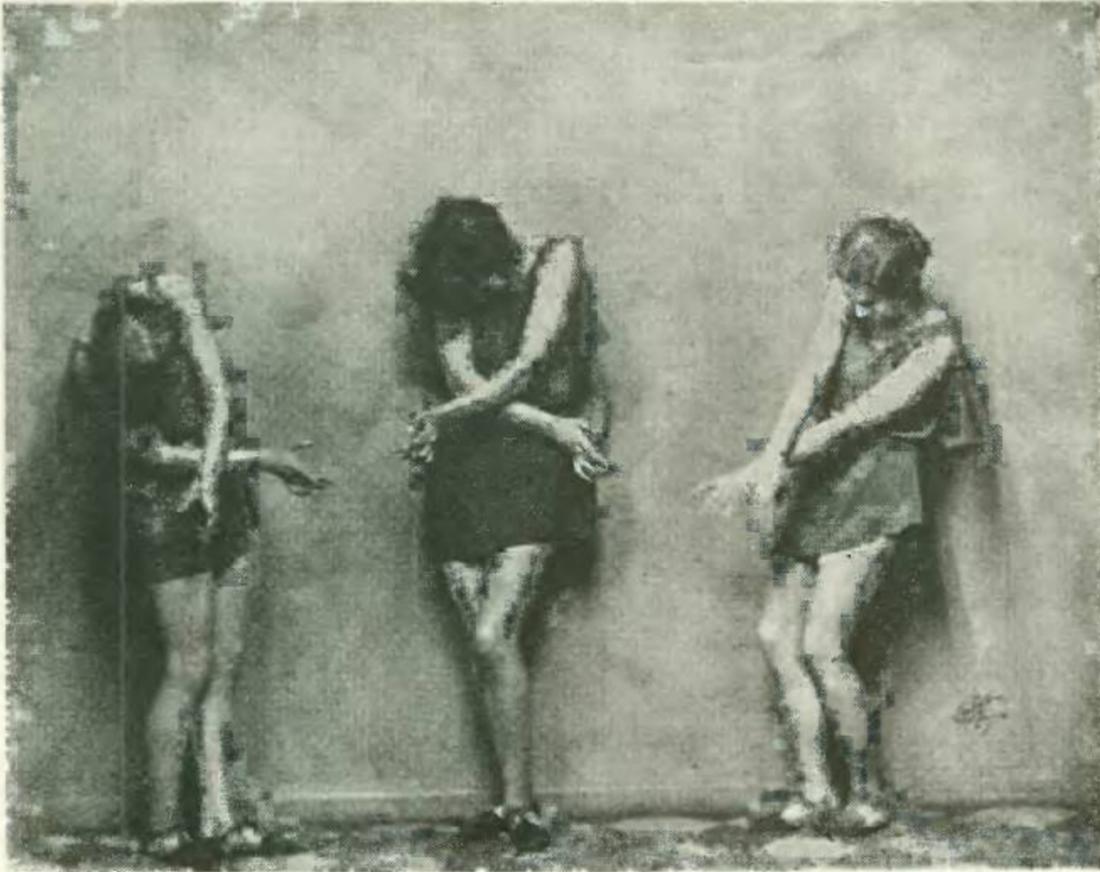
## Furros

Evening Wraps of  
regal elegance for  
the Promenade at  
the Metropolitan.

**A. JAECKEL & Co.**  
Furriers Exclusively  
Fifth Ave. Bet. 35-36 Sts.

## MUSICAL

*Mr. Jagel, Who Knows How to Sing—Mr. Gallo's New Th*



EVERY WOMAN wants a figure of smooth flowing lines. Corrective exercise and relaxation, as taught by Elizabeth Arden, will proportion your figure, lift your organs and correct every fault of carriage, of sluggishness and of weight. Elizabeth Arden builds a lovely skin and a lovely figure on a foundation of superb health.

## ELIZABETH ARDEN

673 Fifth Avenue, New York

LONDON: 25 OLD BOND STREET      PARIS: 2 RUE DE LA PAIX  
CHICAGO   PHILADELPHIA   DETROIT   BOSTON   WASHINGTON   SAN FRANCISCO  
ATLANTIC CITY      BIARRITZ      CANNES      LOS ANGELES

*Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at the smart shops*

Copyright, Elizabeth Arden, 1927



CONCERNING Frederick Jagel, the Metropolitan's latest tenor, we have to report that he is to be seen and heard at

your earliest convenience. He is unlike most of the other young Americans who have had important opportunities at the Metropolitan in the past few years, for he not only has a fine voice but he knows his business. In fact, he knows it better than many of his more venerable colleagues down at Fortieth Street.

Perhaps you have read in the daily prints that Mr. Jagel has a vocal organ of charming quality, that he produces his tones easily, and that there is sufficient volume to fill the house. These matters really ought to be taken for granted with any singer who is cast for leading rôles, but the assumption usually is unwarranted. Mr. Jagel has timbre, method and a shrewd way of making a voice that is not a *Bombenstimme* in size sound large. It is a pleasure to pass him on elementary matters, although generally the young folk who draw columns of reporting are rather shaky on them. There is nothing shaky about Mr. Jagel. He knows what he is doing.

Radames is a vicious rôle for a début, for the only aria comes within five minutes after the rise of the curtain. One rarely hears "Celeste Aida" sung cleanly in an opera house because it has to be sung "cold." Mr. Jagel, however, proclaimed the best "Celeste" that we have heard in several years, and when the closing B flat came ping-pong through the house, the young man was in. The applause was over him before he had finished and the ovation was not perpetrated by the scowling gentlemen who clap terrifically and then rush out to smoke until the signal for the next bombardment is given.

There will be more of Mr. Jagel hereafter, for Signor Gatti, who discovered him in Italy and who grinned (yes, he can grin, for all of his years as an impresario!) merrily over the success of Mr. Jagel, will present his new find frequently. For the present, it need be added only that the new

REN & ROSENTHAL  
520 MADISON AVE.  
NEW-YORK

INVITES YOU TO VIEW  
HER LATEST  
IMPORTATIONS.

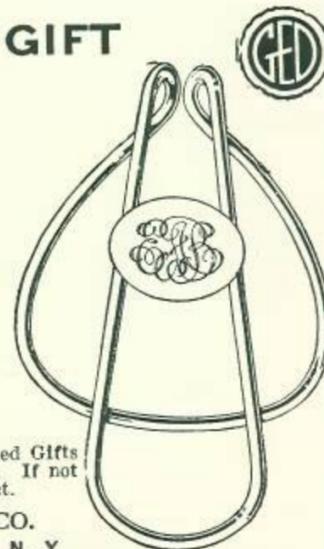
## A Useful GIFT

Hand Craft 1/10  
Green Gold 14  
K. \$2.50. Ster-  
ling Silver \$2.50.  
Other models,  
Sterling, 1/10  
and Solid 14 K.  
Gold.

GED  
MONEY  
GRIP

Illustrated folder, Ged Gifts  
for Men, on request. If not  
at shops, order direct.

GED MFG. CO.  
Two Maiden Lane, N. Y.



## EVENTS

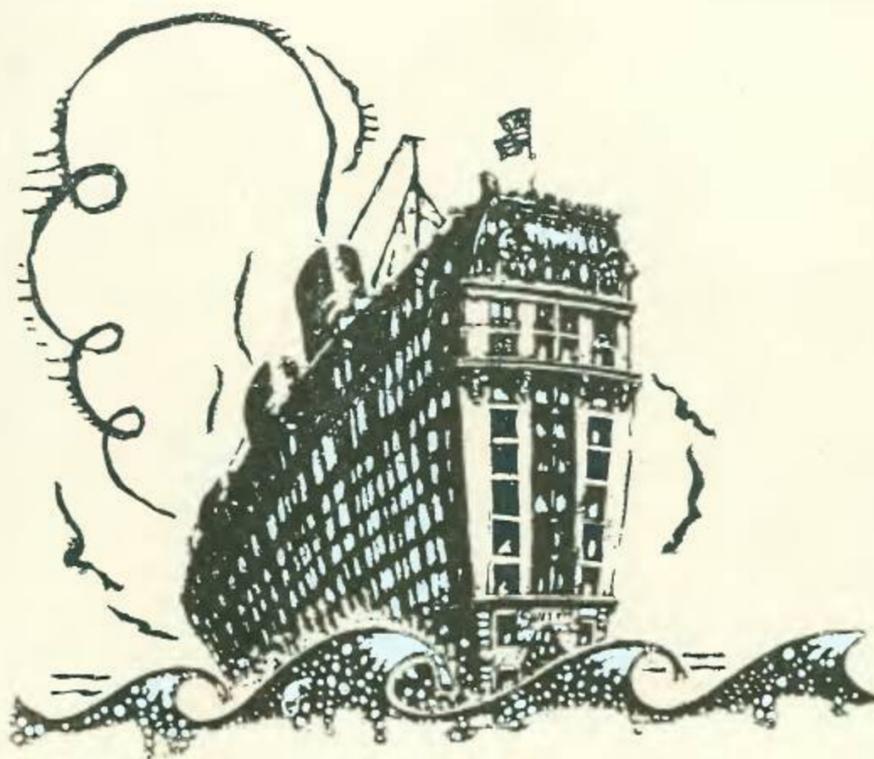
—*The Return of Other Na-*  
*atre—Banzai, Miss Koyke!*

tenor has one asset that seems to be almost exclusive with him: his stage business is always in rhythm. He moves with the music, and the next time that you go to the opera, see how many singers are capable of performing this trick!

Mme. Stückgold, who appeared as Aida at Mr. Jagel's début, obviously is a useful member of the company, although we suspect that she has not yet appeared in a part that really suits her. Her much paragraphed charm has not been over-advertised, and there is an amiable restraint in her acting. As a vocalist, she is rather uneven, and in the upper register it is a case of the higher the fewer, but we still keep her on the pending file.

SIGNOR GATTI has been liberal with principal parts for other Americans this season. Miss Guilford had Liu in "Turandot," Miss Mario was the first Gretel and Miss Lerch emerged from the various subsidiary handmaidens whom she impersonated last year to sing Gilda. Unlike Mr. Jagel, Miss Lerch did not have behind her four years of intensive work on the stage, but her first Gilda was nicely played and well sung. Another young American who is finding more and more hours occupied by performances is Joseph Macpherson, the Tennessee basso. The voice is magnificent, and the assurance which Mr. Macpherson lacked last season is beginning to become evident. His acting is rudimentary—but that takes us into a discussion of where in this country American singers are to acquire stage technique.

THERE is a new opera house in town—or, at least, a theatre which has begun life as an opera house. It is the Gallo Theatre on Fifty-fourth Street, west of Broadway, and for its opening, Signor Gallo called in his San Carlovians from the road and let them sing for two weeks, which end this Saturday night. The affable Fortune is to be congratulated on his handsome new auditorium, which is a singularly cheerful temple and which has good acoustics, except for a slight diminuendo at one spot under the balcony. The orchestra pit is a triumph,



## *Around the World Cruise* *on the S. S. OVINGTON'S*

COME aboard and inspect the new S. S. Ovington's. Always at her pier, this palatial and newly commissioned seven-decker has steam up—ready to transport you swiftly and safely on a Christmas tour of the world's best gifts.

Let others travel miles and endure the *mal de mer* to acquire a lovely gift. Quickly you'll find that very gift at Ovington's. And when you set foot once more on the *terra firma* of Fifth Avenue, you will have the double satisfaction of having chosen from the flower of the world's best gifts—and the world's best values.

No passports required—reasonable rates. Sailings every day but Sunday—9 A. M. to 5.30 P. M.

### OVINGTON'S

"The Gift Shop of Fifth Avenue, Inc."

Fifth Avenue at 39th Street



P

Dear Peggy—  
 What do you think?  
 You know how we all  
 have been wishing we could  
 get facials as simply  
 perfect as the bobs and  
 waves and things we  
 get "Chey Louis"  
 Well it's happened.  
 I have just heard  
 that R. Louis has added  
 a facial department and  
 has literally combed little  
 old New York to get  
 the finest operatives ever.  
 I have just phoned

**FACIALS**  
 BY A STAFF OF HIGHLY SKILLED  
 OPERATIVES UNDER THE  
 PERSONAL DIRECTION OF  
**R. LOUIS**  
 CREATOR OF THE BOB DISTINGUE'  
 26 WEST 58<sup>TH</sup> ST. NEW YORK  
 PLAZA 3947

for it is so arranged that a small band sounds life-like. We have also to announce that the lemonade sold in the lounge seems to have been confectioned with the use of lemons.

The San Carlo Company is much as it was last year, with Franco Tafuro a star tenor of parts and Andrea Mongelli a basso whose utterances fall be-



guilingly on our ears. Of the newcomers, the most interesting were Miss Ethel Fox, a young soprano, who made a winsome debut as Musetta (her few previous bits in "Hänsel und Gretel" meant nothing) and Miss Hizi Koyke (no misprint), who is the best Japanese soprano that we have yet heard.

Miss Koyke is not far beyond the elementary stage, and she was nervous in her debut as Butterfly (pity the poor Japanese divas who are restricted to this one rôle!), yet she sings almost like an Italian and she acts brightly. We suspected that Miss Koyke might not be wholly Japanese because her vocalization was so open, but the lobbyists inform us that she is as Japanese as rice cakes, and that the amazing transformation of an oriental voice into an occidental one is to be credited to Miss Edythe Magee.

THE chief orchestral incident of the week leading to this session was the appearance of Fritz Reiner as guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Mr. Reiner, unfortunately, has no aureole of gold on his head, but he has kept the orchestra up to the standard of Mr. Stokowski, and he is not only an exceptional leader but an interesting program maker, even if he

P

**FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE**

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

Please enter my subscription to THE NEW YORKER for—

1 Year—\$5.00                       2 Years—\$7.00

(POSTAGE: Canada, 50c; Foreign, \$1.00 additional per year)

Name.....

Address.....

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

did permit Josef Hofmann to play a Saint-Saëns piano concerto. As for Mr. Hofmann, he is not quite human and made the tinkling show piece sound important.

Mr. Busch broke out in a rash of novelties, including a symphony of Saminsky which was just that, and a new Hungarian Concerto for piano and orchestra by Mme. Yolanda Merö, who played the solo part with immense brilliance. It is about time for a new bravura bit in the Hungarian manner, and Mme. Merö is a public benefactor in having provided this relief from the inescapable Liszt cinema treat.

—R. A. S.

### PLAYER-PIANO ROLLS

*Interchangeability—  
Rachmaninoff Plays  
Paderewski — Opera  
Rolls—Chasins Again—  
Liszt On the List*



IT appears that rolls designed for a given make of player-piano can be played on other instruments, regardless of official statements—but we do not recommend the practice. With the able assistance of Mr. Peter Arno, one of the most enterprising collectors of recordings, we experimented with a basket of rolls and a few players of various makes, and the joint report is as follows:

Any roll can be played on any instrument if you know how to make certain adjustments, but a roll in an alien machine will reproduce merely the notes. If, for instance, you try to play a recording by Josef Hofmann in a player which was not intended to be used with Mr. Hofmann's roll, you will get the notes struck by Mr. Hofmann but no interpretation. It is like buying a blue print of a painting.

Therefore, we continue to catalogue our selections from the month's recordings by companies, arranged alphabetically.

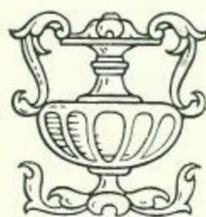
#### AMPICO

MENUE, Op. 14. No. 1—Paderewski. Rachmaninoff pays tribute to his great colleague in a fascinating recording of that colleague's most celebrated composition.

LA CATHÉDRALE ENGLOUTIE—Debussy. E. Robert Schmitz, who, we

## At the Southern Capital of Fashion

FOR THE service of our patrons, we are establishing a branch on County Road, Palm Beach, where we will present a collection of original gem pieces



### Udall & Ballou

*Jewelers*

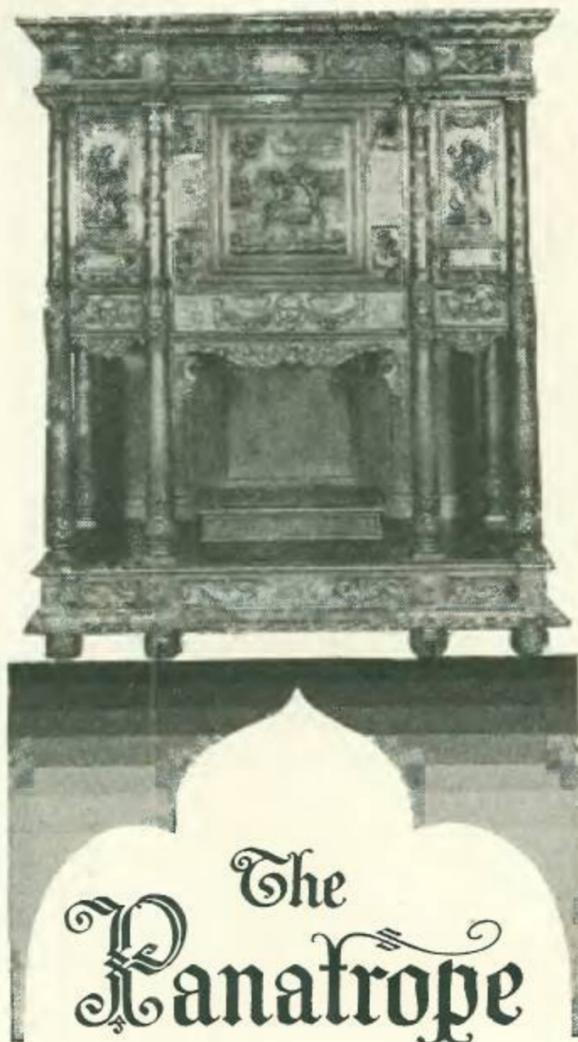
FIFTH AVENUE

AT FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

NEW YORK

NEWPORT, R. I.

PALM BEACH, FLA.



A MUSICAL TREASURE TODAY, A PRICELESS HEIRLOOM TOMORROW THE MAGNIFICENT CRAFTSMANSHIP OF THE PERIOD MODELS COMBINED WITH THE INIMITABLE VIRTUES OF THE PANATROPE'S ELECTRICAL REPRODUCING PRINCIPLE MAKES IT AN INSTRUMENT WORTHY OF THE PERFECTLY APPOINTED HOME

**Brunswick  
Salon**

668 FIFTH AVENUE  
AT 53rd STREET

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STORE IN THE WORLD, DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE SALE OF BRUNSWICK PANATROPE & BRUNSWICK RADIOLA COMBINATIONS

hear, is a master mechanic as well as a pianist, is particularly successful in the difficult business of transferring atmospheric music to punched paper. This roll is a fine example of modern recording, and the performance is, of course, excellent.

**HUMORESQUE** — Tschaikowsky. Try a different "Humoresque"! Tschaikowsky's is worth your while, especially in the charming presentation by Benno Moiseiwitsch. Is there, by the way, a recording of the Yorke-Bowen "Humoresque," which Zimbalist used to play at his recitals, or doesn't this exist in a piano arrangement?

#### DUO-ART

"SURPRISE" SYMPHONY—SECOND MOVEMENT—Haydn. Here is the first of a new series, played by Walter Damrosch, whose expositions of orchestral music on the piano always are fascinating. The only flaw is that Mr. Damrosch's explanatory comments could not somehow be recorded. (Free idea for inventors.)

"CARMEN" — EXCERPTS FROM ACT I—Bizet. Duo-Art is strong on opera recordings this month. Robert Armbruster's "Carmen" medley includes the overture, the boys' chorus, the Habañera, the ballady duet for tenor and soprano, the Seguidilla and the Finale. A brilliant and resounding job.

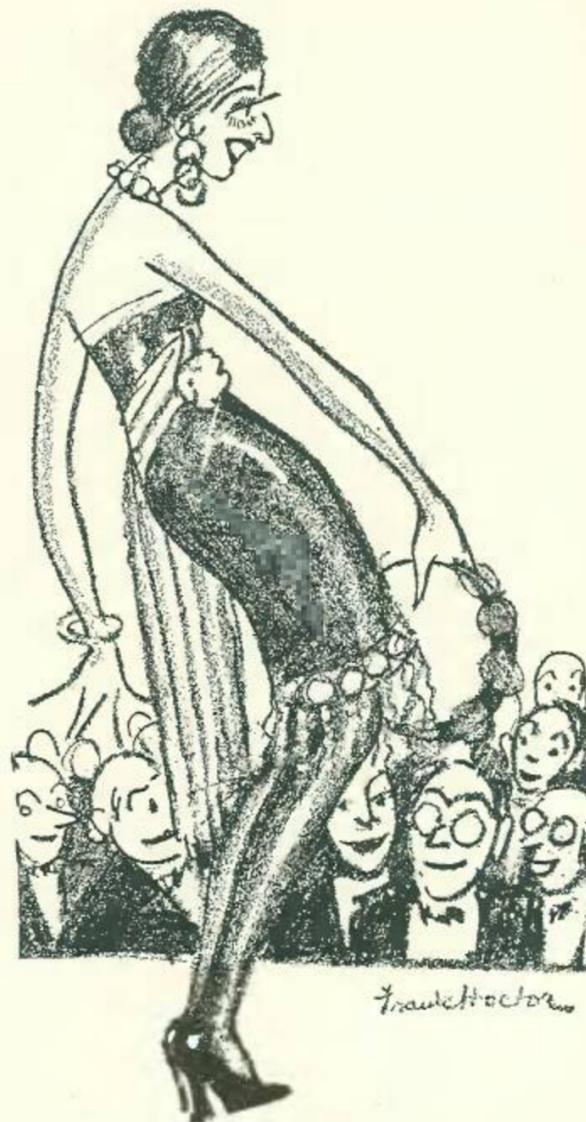
FLIRTATION IN A CHINESE GARDEN and RUSH HOUR IN HONG-KONG—Chasins. Veteran readers will recall our fanfare for this able young composer when these works first appeared a few years ago. Here is the young maestro (we borrow the title temporarily from Ben Bernie) turning them loose with immense virtuosity. A collector's item.

#### WELTE-MIGNON

SONETTO 104 DEL PETRARCA—Liszt. Liszt might have composed expressly for the player-piano, because his works almost invariably "take." Mme. Maria Carreras plays this "Sonetto" superbly.

ÉTUDE, OP. 10, No. 12—Chopin. The "Revolutionary" étude. The pianist is Leonid Kreutzer, whose series of Chopin recordings for Welte-Mignon are singularly sound.

MAZEPPA ÉTUDE—Liszt. "Mazeppa" is another name for the D minor prelude, played by Alfred Blumen, who Liszticulates it handsomely. This roll and the "Sonetto" are suggested as Christmas presents for those



## Dancing Tambourine

- "Dancing Tambourine"—Fox trots 3655
- "A Siren Dream"—Anglo-Persians 3655
- "Broken Hearted"—Lew White
- "Just Like a Butterfly"—Played on Kimball Organ at Roxv Theatre, New York 3618
- "Lucky in Love"—From "Good News"
- "Good News"—Fox trots, vocal chorus, Ben Selvin and his Orchestra 3641
- "The Varsity Drag"—"Good News," fox trots, vocal chorus
- "The Best Things in Life are Free"—From "Good News," Frank Black and his Orchestra 3657

Always something new on  
Brunswick Records



There's new snap, rhythm and pep in  
Brunswick records

**Brunswick**

PANATROPES·RADIOLAS·RECORDS

who believe Liszt wrote nothing except the Second Hungarian Rhapsody and the "Liebestraum." —R. A. S.

*New Dance Rolls*

WHY describe the merits of a dance roll? It either is enlivening and ingenious or it is so much paper. The following are selected because we like them, but almost everything on every list this month is good.

AMPICO

DEW-DEW-DEWY DAY. Played by Frank Black.

SHAKING THE BLUES AWAY. Played by Adam Carroll.

UNDER THE MOON. Played by J. Milton Delcamp.

DE LUXE (Welte)

BLUE BABY. Played by Jack Ward.

DANCING TAMBOURINE. Played by Howard Lutter.

SLOW RIVER. Played by Holbrook King.

DUO-ART

ALL MY LIFE. Played by Moran and Feldkamp.

BLUE RIVER. Played by Dagmar Nordstrom.

I'M WONDERIN' WHO. Played by Muriel Pollock. —POP

THE CUSTOMERS' MAN

SAY, I been waitin' for you, George. I got somethin', an' I been tryin' to getcha all mornin'. In a market like this, George, you oughta fix it so as I can always getcha someplace on the phone.

Lis'n, George. I got somethin'. I got somethin', an' it's hot. Lis'n, Geor—no, wait—wait just a minute. Excuse me a minute, George.

What's the idea, Fishbein? What's the idea suckin' roun' here an' lis'nin' in on me? Cert'nly y'are. Anyhow, you wouldn't understand it, Fishbein. I ain't talkin' Yiddish. Aw, go play peenuckle.

Come over this way, George. Didja get that? Him tryin' to lis'n in on my information? He's one of this dumb bunch of phonies that's gettin' money roun' here for pertendin' to bring in business. Business! My God! I do mor'n a day than all of 'em in a month. You oughta see the business I'm doin', George.

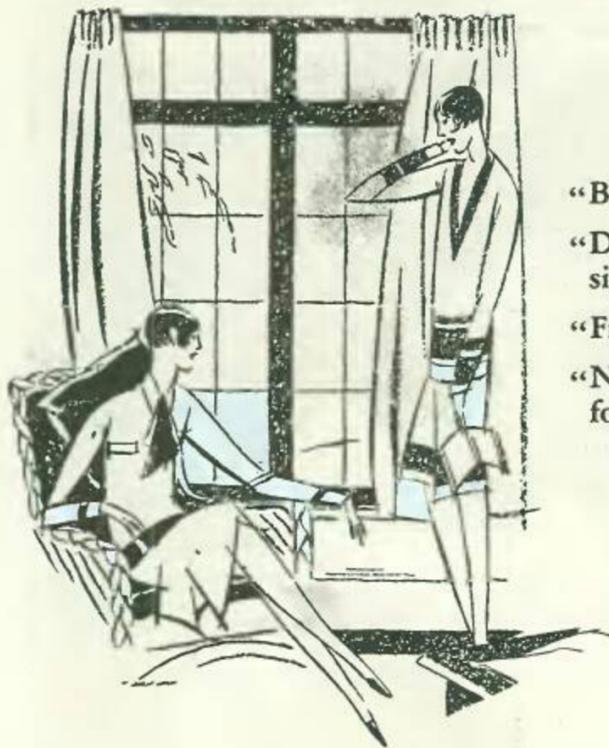
Over here, George. Now, lis'n. This one is the real thing, George. Lis'n. 'Lectric Rabbit! I'm tellin' yeh, George—'Lectric Rabbit. Eighty



Edward Thayer Monroe

**BERGDORF  
GOODMAN**  
616 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK

*Bergdorf-Goodman presents this homespun coat perfectly complimented by white wolf.*



"Building your dream house, Edna?"

"Don't be absurd, Nona. I'm designing a shoe rack."

"Fine! We need one."

"No, dear, we need *two*. This one is for my term's outfit of Pedemodes."

AREEN, a popular Pedemode step-in of rich black suede trimmed with dull kid, features the baby Louis heel . . . \$17.



## Pedemode

### Feminine Footwear

660 Fifth Ave. above 52<sup>nd</sup> St.

Boston

Chicago

Detroit

## DINNER GOWN



Lillian Sloane Inc.

573 MADISON AVE.  
56<sup>th</sup> and 57<sup>th</sup> Sts.  
2137 BROADWAY  
74<sup>th</sup> and 75<sup>th</sup> Sts

this week! 'Tha's where they're goin' to put it to—eighty this week.

Get in an' buy it right now, George. Let me getcha a coupla hundred anyway. Yeh, it's up a little. . . . But watta you care if you can grab off fi' points in a hurry? An' I'm tellin' yeh, George, it's in the bag.

Lis'n. This is under your hat, see. I'll tell yeh where I get it. Right from the corner! Right from the big house on the corner! An' you know the line I got over there.

Didn't they give me General Motors at a hundred and twenty, an' that was before even the stock dividen'? I told you to buy it then, didn't I? Oh, yes, I did. You gotta bad memory. An' didn't they give me Steel, an' I tried to make you buy it? Like hell I didn't. Cert'nly I did. You don't wanta remember.

Anyhow, George, lis'n. The same fella that give me them right outa Morgan's gives me this one, an' he never give me a sour one yet. He says eighty this week sure. An' look who's been buyin' it! Mike Meehan was in there yesterday takin' it by the reams. 'Tha's somethin', ain't it? An' Buck Buchanan's been the big buyer so far this mornin'.

Take on a coupla hundred, George. I wanta see you make some quick money. Lis'n, George. You're carryin' a coupla hundred Pennsy, an' it's dead, ain't it? Say, it ain't only dead; it's turnin' green. Dump the Pennsy, George, an' pick up a coupla hundred Rabbit. You can easy—wait a minute, George. This damn phone! I don't getta chance to talk to nobody.

Hello! Whosis? Hello, Frank. Howsa boy? Whatcha got, Frank? Castor, heh? Yeh, I noticed it gettin' strong. Who's doin' it? The old man, heh? Raise it to six? When's the meetin'? I getcha. Thanks, ol' timer. Thanks for puttin' me on. G'bye.

There's a hot one, George. That's a hot money baby, that one. Castor Oil, George. That fella on the phone is right like that with Durant, an' he never give me a sour one yet. Whatsa matter with takin' on a couple hundred Castor right now, heh, George? They're goin' to put the dividen' up to six the next meetin' or some time, and this fella says they's ten points in it quick. You can easy—wait a minute, George. Don't go.

Hello! Yeh. Oh, hello, Louie. No, I didn't call you before. They wasn't anything special. Well, Shoelace is off a little more this mornin',

but you needn't worry. The last on the tape was fifty-four. Well, don't I know you paid sixty-two for it, but I can't help it, can I? Well, didn't this fella in the office tell me it would? Yeh, this fella Fishbein, an' he never give me a sour one before that.

Yeh, but can I be right every time? Oh, yes, I have. Yes, and more than once. What? Lis'n, Louie. I tol' yeh before I don't have nothin' to do with the margins. Tha's a different department from me. How can I help if they called you for more? What? What's the idea makin' a crack like that to me? You ain't lost any money yet. You still gotcha Shoelace, ain'tcha? Yeh, I know it's down eight points. I can count. But it'll come up again, won't it? Well, I'm tellin' yeh it will. I'll guarantee it.

Hear that, George? Takes tac' in this business, don't it? What was we talkin' about? Oh, yes—'Lectric Rabbit. Let me getcha a coupla hundred, George. No, it ain't nothin' to eat. They make a new kinda rabbit on a trolley for the dog tracks. They're going to put the dividen' up to six, an' they's ten points in it.

What? Yeh, I mean Castor. What did I say—Rabbit? Well, you better make it Castor. Castor's safer, anyhow. Buy three hundred—heh, George? Three's a good number. No, don't limit it. Buy it at the market. An' sell the Pennsy at the market, too—heh, George? When you wanta sell 'em, sell 'em.

Here, Eddie! Here's a coupla market orders. Whoever you give 'em to, tell 'em to be careful, 'cause they're for a good customer. Hear that, George? What, George? Shoelace? Don't touch it. It's rotten. It'll never come up. You got the real baby in 'Lectric Rabbit. Yeh, I mean Castor Oil.

Did I say Rabbit? I must be losin' my mind or somethin'. But you can't wonder, with all the business I'm doin', can yeh? You oughta see the business I do, George.

—ROBERT WINSMORE

## ENNUI

My maid's done her worst  
To my nails and my hair.  
I've powdered my nose all its  
Tilting will bear.

"He is late," his camellias  
Are bitterly sighing.

This boredom of waiting is  
Really quite trying!

—M. M.



## "hair-cut and wave for mrs. voguifashion"

*that's you. and thus are you escorted from the most modernistic entrance room you have ever entered . . . into the freshest roomiest treatment booth you have ever graced . . . and given into the hands of an operator whose whole being is all compact of ways to work more becomingness and more smartness into your coiffure than it has ever known before.*

*you have only to phone plaza 1362 for an appointment for*

*hair cutting—shampooing—finger waving  
facial treatments—permanent waving*

# PIERRE

for twenty years expert coiffeur  
to america's smartest women

39 west 57th street  
new york

It rouses  
the laziest appetites at  
breakfast

## SUMORO ORANGE



NOTHING takes the place of a cool, refreshing glass of orange juice for breakfast. SUMORO ORANGE is *real* orange juice—ready to serve! Sweetened. Concentrated. With a dash of lemon juice. Bottled *without* preservatives. Try SUMORO ORANGE for breakfast! With mixed drinks. In desserts. At groceries, delicatessens and drug stores.

*Sole distributors*

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE

*Incorporated*

25 West 43rd Street, New York

A  
MOST EXTRAORDINARY  
GROUP OF

## COATS

Stunning Sport Models in  
the manner of the English.  
Elegant Dressy Models  
with the charm of the  
French.

HALF-PRICED  
\$49 to \$198

-because they are  
one-of-a-kind  
Original Models



MAXON MODEL GOWNS  
11 East 36<sup>th</sup> St. New York City

## THE VAUDEVILLE DOCTOR

IT was two o'clock, and the revue producer was due any minute. Max Stiegel, the Vaudeville Doctor, was reading Sime Silverman's review of an act at the Palace, but as the telephone announced that the producer had arrived in the outer office, Stiegel put *Variety* aside and began busying himself with some weighty-looking correspondence.

"Stiegel," said the producer, as he came in, "you put so much life in that last revue that we got brand-new notices, and it's a hit. You're a wonder."

"Well," said Stiegel, "you didn't come over here just you should tell me I'm a wonder."

"No," said the producer, "but we're framing a new revue. And we need sketches. Thought we'd come to you in plenty of time instead of waiting till after the opening like the last time. We'll make it worth your while—one grand flat for each sketch—and we'll take four or five sketches."

"I got to think," said the Vaudeville Doctor. "Drop in tomorrow afternoon, and I'll have some stuff sketched out. You better leave a cheque for half of it. I might have to buy some ink and stationery. I'll do four sketches."

"WELL," said the Vaudeville Doctor, as the revue producer seated himself, "I got the sketches ready. So you can just write out the cheque for the other two thou, and I'll give them to you."

The cheque dried and folded, Max Stiegel relighted his cigar.

"You want some noods in your revue, don't you? All right, but you got to make them artistic or the censors will squawk. Well, you got a middle-aged comedian, and what does he do for himself but get a job as night watchman to guard the pictures in the art museum. There, that's artistic enough—an art museum.

"I don't know how I'm going to like this night work," he says. But he takes the job. Well, the first night, at midnight, he's sitting in the art gallery, watching the costly paintings of the beautiful ladies which haven't nothing on account they are art. Well, the clock strikes twelve, and the ladies start to step down out of the paintings.

"Well, the old man thinks he's dreaming, so he pinches one of the

ladies to see if he's awake. She gives him a slap, and says, 'Sir, how dare you!' But she ain't really sore.

"Well, they have a swell party, and the old night watchman tells them all about what's going on in the outside world, and wises them up on all the latest jokes.

"Finally, the clock strikes a warning and the ladies start to go back to the picture frames.

"Well, when they're all back in again the old night watchman sings a number: 'I Think I'll Take Up Art—It's Not Too Late.' You black out, at the end of this number. The lights again, and it shows two weeks later. The old night watchman has got real chummy with all the ladies, and one of the Sabine women in that picture you know—with the soldiers—has fallen for him strong. All the ladies are using lipsticks, now, and powder, and they're changing their eyebrows and everything.

"The old man has brought them some magazines and they want to put some clothes on, but he tells them they look great the way they are and that if they'll wait another year or two, they'll be right up with the styles.

"Then you black out again, and the next night, when he comes to the museum, and the ladies climb out of the frames, he's all downhearted, and tells them this is his last night, on account the director of the museum said someone had been tampering with the ladies' looks in the various paintings, and that they never would be the same again.

"Well, the ladies are terribly upset, because they like the old man, and the lady out of the 'Rape of the Sabine Women' picture says, 'I know what I'll do. I'll take you into the painting with me. There's a soldier been standing over me for a thousand years or more, and he hasn't even insulted me once, the rank amateur.' So she kicks the soldier out of the picture, and the night watchman puts on the soldier stuff and takes his place in the painting. 'This is new stuff to me,' the night watchman says, as the curtain is going down, 'but I'll try to make good.'"

"Great," said the producer.

"It's highbrow, but it's good," said Stiegel, "and now for the next one. This is a big thrill. It's got novelty. The spot shows a poor family at a dining table, but there's nothing to eat.

"I don't know what we'll do,' the man says to his family, 'I can't find



*"Striking  
... Clever"*

*Say the Women of Fastidious  
New York about*

*Shuglov*  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
(Pronounced Shoe-Glove)

*The Vogue in Footwear  
Protection for Women*



You will, of course, want Shuglovs immediately. Your favorite shop is showing them, in Nude, Gray, Brown and Black, with two types of heels, the Universal for military, military high and spiked heel—the Cuban for the lower and flatter heels.

*\$5.00 a pair*

Shuglov is made of lightest rubber, washable inside and out. The trim, decorative top is worn up or down with equal smartness.

THE modern woman who goes about in all sorts of weather now selects from her shoe bag the most fragile pair—and wears them in utmost safety—thanks to Shuglov. And sacrifices none of their style and smartness.

For chic Shuglovs . . . in addition to the complete protection they bring to shoes and stockings—are undeniably fashionable.

Leading footwear stylists designed them . . . gave them the modish note that footwear protection has so sadly lacked.

Let it rain . . . let tripping heels splash, as heels will do . . . you no longer worry—either of *weather* or *style*—for the trim foot that wears Shuglov is clad with an eye to both.

You will see Shuglov on the smartest feet of America's smartest streets. Their feather lightness . . . their becoming and harmonizing colors . . . have brought to Shuglov that happy and spontaneous recognition that the clever American woman accords only those things that are really deserving.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N. Y. AKRON, OHIO

**WATSON**

118 EAST 60<sup>TH</sup> STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

**LEEN**



The Paris Mode interpreted by leading Parisian Couturiers is precisely incorporated in our imported models. These may be translated in our best New York manner to personalize your choice. Moderate prices cover a wide range.

work, and we're faced with starvation.' Then he notices their pet dog is whining. He gives the dog his last crust. Then he gets an idea, see! 'Say,' he says, 'our dog, Pal, is a whippet, and they're holding whippet races tomorrow. I'm going to enter him in the race. I'll put a blue ribbon around his neck for luck. It's our only chance to beat starvation.'

"You black out, and then the next thing it's the race track, and as the curtain rises, ten of these here whippets are racing like mad after a mechanical rabbit. Well, the dog in the blue ribbon is a little behind the others, but as the gong rings for the home stretch, he spurts and is out in front. He wins in a walk, and you flash back to the dining-room again, and the family is eating bismarck herring, roast chicken, everything. Pal, the little whippet what won the race, has the chair of honor and a big piece of chicken. 'We owe it all to you, Pal,' the man says, 'a dog is a man's best friend.'"

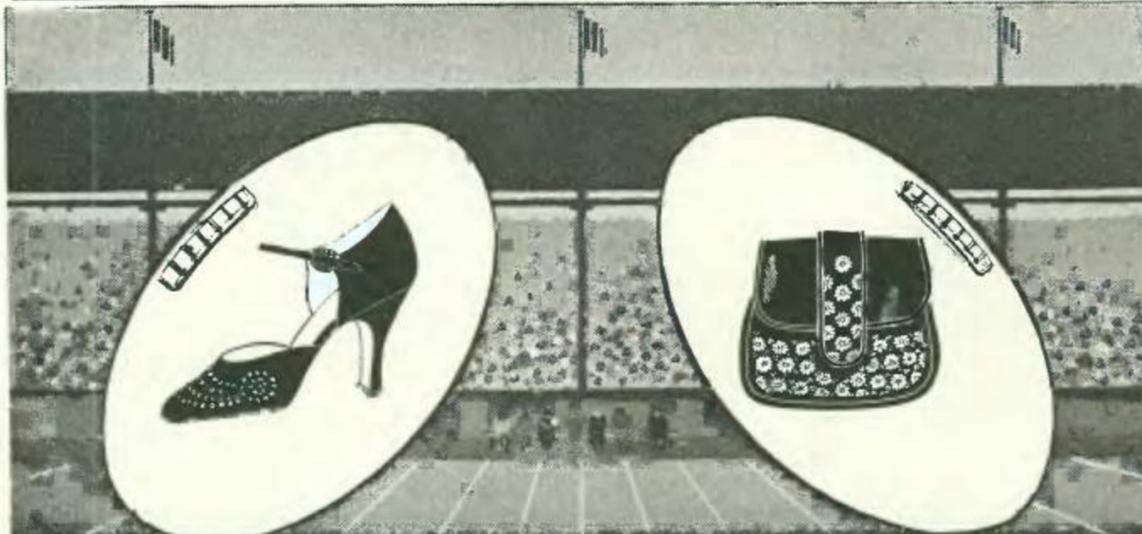
"Fine idea," said the producer, "but how can you have a whippet race on a stage only a little over a hundred feet wide?"

"I forgot to tell you," said Stiegel. "Here's where you get a surprise. You put this race on the same as they did the chariot race in 'Bennie Hur,' only you have a much lighter and faster treadmill."

"O.K.," said the producer, "and whippet races are all the rage."

**T**HE next one is in a Pullman sleeper. As the curtain rises you see a lot of berths with the curtains drawn, but pretty legs are sticking out from between the curtains, and the girls are taking off their shoes and stockings. So . . .

"There's only one man in the whole car, as this is a girls' hockey team on their way to the big game. Well, the man climbs out of No. 10 and goes to the smoking room. Then you show a pretty blonde hockey player getting into No. 10 by mistake, and then the next thing you know why the man is coming back from the smoking room. 'George,' he says to the Pullman porter, 'I've got to get off at Bear Hollow Junction. It's a matter of life and death. Here's a sawbuck, just to remember to get me off there.' The man climbs into No. 10, and then you black out, and the next thing you know the spot shows the porter standing in front of No. 10 berth, and he is punching at the curtain, saying, 'Bear



A touchdown is always scored by the winning line-up of Sommers bag and shoes.

**SOMMERS INC**  
27 WEST 50<sup>TH</sup> STREET  
NEW YORK

Every Sommers Shoe is designed to make the foot look smaller

Hollow Junction in ten minutes, suh! Well, the man sticks his head out from between the curtains and says, 'To hell with Bear Hollow Junction!'

"Swell," said the producer. "It's got a nice comedy touch."

"AND now the fourth one. This is a hot wow with a surprise finish. The curtain rises on the drawing room of George Washington's home. George enters at left. Mrs. Washington looks up but don't say nothing. 'Hello, Martha,' says George, but Martha don't answer. She's sore.

"What's the matter, dearie?" George says.

"You know very well what's the matter. Where was you tonight?"

"George stammers a little, and his face gets red.

"I can't tell you where I was, dearie—it's a secret."

"Ha! Ha! That's hot—a secret and the whole town talking."

"Please, dearie," George says, 'won't you have faith in me for just one more day?'

"Mrs. Washington can't do nothing, so she has to take it and like it. Well, you black out, and then the lights again, and it's the Washington living room the next night. George comes in and it's late and Martha gives him the Eskimo stare. But George doesn't mind.

"He reaches under his coat, and with a big flourish he unfurls the original Stars and Stripes.

"See, dearie," he says, 'this is what I was doing over at Betsy Ross's house. She was giving birth to the American Flag.'

"Oh, Georgie, dear, how could I ever doubt you!" says Mrs. Washington. Well, the orchestra plays a few lines of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and the chorus comes on in red, white and blue costumes, and sing, 'She Thought It Was Another Girl, But 'Twas His Country's Flag.'

"Stiegel," said the producer, "that's a great sketch. It teaches a great patriotic lesson and also that you should have faith in your husband."

"You said it," said the Vaudeville Doctor, relighting his cigar. "And now I got to get to work."

As the producer turned to go, the Vaudeville Doctor picked up an important-looking contract. But when his visitor had gone, Stiegel put aside the contract, and addressed himself to the reading of a magazine called *Paris Night Life* (with Special Art Illustrations).

—JOHN FORBES

# Lysol

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Disinfectant



"I asked my mother those very same questions — she didn't have this little book"

IN THIS enlightened age, the superstitions and misinformation about the vital matter of feminine hygiene are fast disappearing.

The modern mother is able to talk with the utmost frankness to her daughter . . . giving her accurate information, not hearsay, guess-work, or old wives' tales . . . saving her from the mistakes which in the last generation so often led to premature old age and needlessly unhappy marriage.

But be sure you get the facts about feminine hygiene. "Lysol" Disinfectant is the safe, certain

antiseptic for this vital use. It has been the unquestioned standard with doctors, hospitals and fastidious women for over 30 years.

Fads in personal antiseptics come and go. But the number of women who use "Lysol" Disinfectant is increasing at a greater rate today than ever before!

Don't experiment. Make no mistake. Only a poison can kill germs.

But, in the meantime, be safe, be sure. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. Complete directions with every bottle.



Made by Lysol, Incorporated, a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole Distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. In Canada, Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors  
Department 103 Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me, free, your booklet,  
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

Name .....

Street .....

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

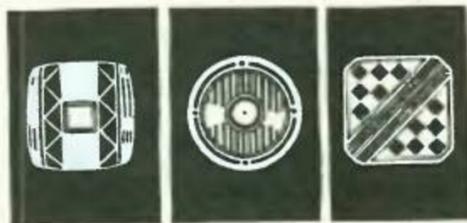


## A revolution is under way

IT IS a revolution in men's clothes. It is bringing a new trimness to town and business wear. . . . Starched collars and French cuffs are the authentic trend this fall! The most smartly dressed men are wearing them.

French cuffs, of course, call for cuff buttons. And 10,000,000 men have found Kum-a-parts the smartest, most convenient cuff buttons there are. They're snapped together with a single motion. They're unfastened just as easily.

Kum-a-parts are real articles of jewelry. Priced reasonably—up to \$25. Guaranteed for a lifetime. Stop by at your jeweler's or men's shop today and look at his assortment! The Baer & Wilde Company, Attleboro, Mass.



### Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons

*Slip-in-studs have a patented convenient feature that makes putting on a dress shirt almost a pleasure!*

## MAKING THE CONVERSATION SNAPPY

1. ADD "if any" to the most important word in the sentence. EXAMPLE: Isn't it about time you were going home, if any?

2. Use "and how" similarly. EXAMPLE: We'll get there just in time to eat dinner, and how.

3. Introduce a literary phrase, such as "including the Scandinavian." EXAMPLE: We are inviting just a few of our friends, including the Scandinavian.

4. Look blank, with a parenthetical "if you know what I mean." EXAMPLE: It's just one of those things, if you know what I mean.

5. Look immensely wise, while inserting "It won't be long now." EXAMPLE: Well, she's sailed for Europe, so it won't be long now.

6. Qualify any inane remark with "or what have you?" EXAMPLE: It never rains when I bring an umbrella, or what have you?

7. Preface an unimportant statement with "nevertheless and notwithstanding." EXAMPLE: Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I can't sing a note and never could.

8. Inject a sprightly "So this is Paris" (or any other inappropriate name) with other radio touches; on entering a room. EXAMPLE: So this is Sing Sing! Hello, everybody! John Roach Straton speaking!

9. Experiment with "and so to bed," as a delicate hint to your guests. EXAMPLE: Well, it's been a grand party, and so to bed.

10. Use the word "choose," with a faint suggestion of the Coolidge smile. EXAMPLE: I do not choose to eat without a drink.

—SIGMUND SPAETH

### TO THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

The stage, Shakespeare says, holds a mercuried glass

To life as it's lived every day,  
But where can you find any servants,  
alas,

Like those that you see in a play?

### THE DREAMER

"Facilities should be provided for the flow of automobile traffic, not its annihilation."—W. L. Banham, in a letter to Mr. Hoyt, in the Times.

## Hello Everybody!



### This is Johnnie Walker Speaking!

"My cigarette is built for those who want something very much better for mighty little more money. Ask your dealer for the very snappy package of Johnnie Walkers! Then you'll have it."

20 for 20c

*Johnnie Walker*  
**CIGARETTES**

Extremely Mild

# COURT GAMES

*The King of Squash Veterans—A Surprising Victory — Players Worth Watching*



**P**URELY as a rhetorical question, how many games can you think of in which the generation of the lean and slipper'd pantaloons is able to hold its own with full-shanked youth, stoked like a raging furnace and full of the strange oaths of a squash tennis player?

If you throw out chess, checkers, and bridge, there is only one other besides squash. That is polo, and since a polo player is a centaur, with the legs of a horse beneath him, it is not so remarkable that he should last so long. In squash you have to use your own legs, yet in spite of the fact that outside of ice hockey it is the fastest game played indoors, the veteran cuts as many capers and as big a figure as does the undergraduate with his shining morning face.

The king of all the squash veterans is Dr. Harold R. Mixsell of the Princeton Club. For two years he has held the veterans' squash tennis championship and last year he was runner-up to Rowland Haines of the Columbia University Club in the national Class A tournament, though Tom Coward and William Rand were both entered in the lists.

Two or three years ago it was freely admitted that Dr. Mixsell was on the down grade, as his big drop in the ranking seemed to prove. But the good doctor laughed at the idea. He pointed to the fair round belly, lined with good capon and magnums, of this and that young gamecock, looked down at his own trim waistline and burst out laughing again. I thought he would laugh out of the other side of his mouth when he met Mr. Coward in the national semi-final, but he made me eat humble pie and like it.

The doctor's game, apparently, is merely in its infancy, and a lusty infant it is. With the inauguration of another season what does he do but go out and beat the man he lost to in the national final last winter! Their meeting at the Princeton Club in the



## BACK AGAIN TO REAL COFFEE

**W**HAT a sacrifice it is to watch others enjoy delicious coffee while you — who are perhaps susceptible to caffeine — must content yourself with nothing, or a flat, cheerless substitute.

But now all those who have been denying themselves coffee can forget their nerves and their sleepless nights and go back again to real coffee... and without the slightest danger from caffeine's disagreeable after-effects.

Sanka Coffee, the famous caffeine-free coffee that has captured the fancy of all smart Europe, is now available in handy tins at your own grocer's or delicatessen.

Sanka is pure, unadulterated coffee — every grain of it. When you taste it you'll never know the difference, except that its delicious flavor and rich, fragrant aroma will convince you that it is one of the world's outstanding blends.

But the really important difference is that Sanka is 97% free from caffeine. Even if ordinary coffee disagrees with you, you can drink all the Sanka you want — even at midnight. It won't keep you awake or affect your nerves.

**Make this interesting test** — So skillfully is the caffeine removed from Sanka that you cannot tell the difference between Sanka and the same blend

which has not been decaffeinated. We want you to make the test yourself.

Just fill in and mail the coupon below with ten cents to cover mailing costs. We will send you a sample of Sanka and a sample of the same blend from which the caffeine has not been removed. They will be marked simply "A" and "B." Try them both and see if you can tell the difference. Later we will send you a letter telling you which is which.

If you want to make a quicker trial of Sanka, purchase a can today from your grocer or delicatessen. It comes ground and in the bean.

Sanka Coffee Corp., Dept. YR-21  
301 Madison Ave., New York

Gentlemen: Enclosed find ten cents. Please send me samples "A" and "B."

Name .....

Address .....

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





Your hair can be thick, strong-growing!

## At the first sign of thinning hair

**H**AIR that is thinning, beginning to lose vigor, needs help, and at once! A very simple daily treatment will bring the needed help—check hair loss at its source, restore strong, youthful thickness—

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

Feel the deep root cleanness, the vigor of renewed circulation which

*immediately* follow this treatment! Amazingly soon your hair gains new life, grows thicker and stronger.

For the Pinaud daily treatment does two things for your hair: *destroys* the dandruff germ and *wakes up* the blood vessels which nourish the hair roots. Sick hair (dandruff infected) becomes well—starved hair gets a new lease of life!

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store today! The signature of Ed. Pinaud is on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris. In Canada, Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto.

# P I N A U D ' S

*Eau de*  *Quinine*

metropolitan Class A team matches started the new season off with a bang. It looked as though Mr. Haines was going to do all the banging. Indeed, he was massaging the ball so vigorously as they warmed up that Dr. Mixsell, remembering the defeat that overwhelmed him at the Harvard Club, warned him, in a nice way, "Don't hit so hard, Rowly."

Everybody in the gallery smiled, as did Mr. Haines, who always smiles. In fact, he smiles too much. A little frowning would help his game a lot. If only he would scowl like Dempsey nobody would beat him, not even Dr. Mixsell, in spite of his perfect racquet control and unexcelled court strategy.

The champion ran into a 3—0 lead with three murderous smashes, and then smiled. Dr. Mixsell caught him and went ahead at 4—3. Another series of volcanic drives and a neat slow down ball put Mr. Haines ahead again at 7—4, and again he smiled. So the score became 7—all.

After the rally that tied the count the champion said, "I thought you were going to sock that one."

"I hoped you'd think so," replied Dr. Mixsell.

The champion took the first game at 15—11, and raced along in the second until the score stood 6—1. At this point his shots began to find the tin persistently as Dr. Mixsell held him off in sensational rallies with a flawless defence and caught him off guard with baffling changes of pace, to draw level at 6—all. Mr. Haines apologized profusely for these errors, fearing that they were spoiling his opponent's enjoyment of the game, and then went out in front again.

With the score 10—7 in his favor, the gallery began to walk out, believing that it was all over. The next morning they learned that Dr. Mixsell and not Mr. Haines had won. It was the doctor's almost perfect service which counted for two aces in one hand, his coolness and self-possession under the fire of Haines' thunderbolt drives and his infallible control which turned the trick. It was as good a match as you could hope to see, and what I liked about it as much as anything else was the sportsmanship of the two players, neither of whom ever hesitated for a second in calling a doubtful decision against himself.

**T**HE night that the champion was going down in defeat Tom Coward had a fearful time at the Crescent A.C. in pulling out his match with

Edward Larigan. He lost the first game at 15—3, was carried to 17—16 in the second, and 18—17 in the third. These two struggles and William Rand's close call against Frank Loughman of the New York A.C. furnished unmistakable evidence that no single player is going to dominate the squash courts this season.

FILLMORE HYDE did not appear in the Harvard lineup, and without him the Crimson will have a difficult time retaining its title. Mr. Hyde, it is reported, is going in for serious literature somewhere up on the Hudson, and squash tennis will probably play second fiddle to the Ritz Carltons, as it did last winter when, after playing in the Princeton Invitation, he betook himself to Europe. However, the season has just begun, and Mr. Hyde will probably feel the urge before the national championship comes around. I hope so, for he is too big an asset to the game to be lost for good.

Mr. Hyde was not entered in the Fall Invitation at the Crescent A.C., nor were Dr. Mixsell and Mr. Coward; which left Haines, Rand, Larigan, Otis Guernsey, B. H. O'Connor, Frank Loughman, Charles Bull and Murray Lee as the leading contestants for the honors. The Crescent courts are quite a way off the beaten path; but still the entry should have been better for a tournament that rates as highly as this one, opening the season.

A PLAYER who will bear watching this fall is Frank Sieverman of the Fraternity Club. Last year he played for Gramercy Park, now the Park Avenue Squash Club, but this season he transferred to Walter Kinsella's domain and has been practicing constantly under the eye of Bob Cahill, Kinsella's assistant. The improvement in his game is striking. Last year Sieverman won his C matches regularly and did fairly well in B competition. In his first match under the Fraternity banner he allowed Schuyler Van Vechten, No. 2 on Short Hills, only eight points in two games. Sieverman plays a strong round-the-court game, has a corking finishing shot for which he knows how to force his openings, and is an insatiable retriever.

—A. D.

LOST—German dog, dark markings, answers to name of Texaco.—*Chatanooga (Tenn.) Times.*

Or Socony, if you hold a bone out.

# Old Briar

TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"



"Thank You a hundred times over again for

## OLD BRIAR TOBACCO"

THERE must be a world of satisfaction in each pipeful of Old Briar Tobacco to make men write such glowing words of praise as the above. Every day, from pipe smokers everywhere, letters come telling that Old Briar Tobacco is bringing them all of the genuine pleasure, solid comfort, contentment and cheer of pipe smoking.

Absolutely unsolicited, these true letters are convincing proof that you, too, will enjoy the superior quality of Old Briar as you've never enjoyed Tobacco before.

It has taken tobacco experts, with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, and it has taken generations of tobacco culture to produce Old Briar Tobacco. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step perfected!

Light up your pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in the ripe blended fragrance and aroma of its selected leaf. Taste its sun ripened flavor and rich body. Enjoy it awhile. Then notice how extra smooth and cool Old Briar is.

Of all the pleasures man enjoys pipe smoking costs about the least



50c

25c



N. Y. 11-19-27

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

Tear out this coupon and mail to: United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

**SPECIAL OFFER:** On receipt of this coupon with your name and address, we will mail you the regular 50c size of Old Briar Tobacco. In addition we will send you a 25c package of Old Briar—extra—if you send us your dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the postman only 50c when he delivers the tobacco.

Print Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Dealer's Name.....

Address.....

If you prefer—send stamps, money order or check with coupon. Tear out now, while it's handy.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO CO., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

Looking Ahead to Christmas: The Most Perfect Gift You Can Send to a Pipe Smoker is a Sealed Box of Old Briar Tobacco—"the best pipe smoke ever made!"

THE ART

Marin Comes to Town,



WE usually come upon a new Marin show about the time the doors are first opened and very often we stumble upon the game of which Marin is the best. Granted that there is such a thing, we find that it is a game we can not play at. It is something like looking back over the past year and asking yourself which day of that array was the best. Counting out those that you spent at the dentist, you would be hard put to choose. They are all there, mixed up now in a scramble of emotions; and if one did reach some peak or other its lift no doubt was contingent upon joy derived from some previous lapse of time.

Any Marin to us is so much beauty; the first one we come upon gets the first Ah, but as we go down the line the crescendo comes on as we marvel at the infinite variety and stupendous range. This year's show at Stieglitz' Room 303 (The Intimate Gallery) is no different. There are thirty-eight pictures, each one a little more beautiful than the one you have just seen. After that long speech we must say that we did enter the general contest and made a few notes. Perhaps because it is richer and deeper, our eye was caught by No. 17, called "White Horses—Sea Movement Off Deer Isle, Maine." We have never seen Marin quite so savage nor quite so strong. The white horses of the sea have a tempestuous, Shakespearean beauty rather than the lyrical haunting beauty of his scenes afield. We are sorry that we have to fumble around a bit, seeking for synonyms, but when it comes to Marin we are afraid there is no other word but beauty. We have tried to enlist another adjective now and then but find that the best of them will carry only half the load.

One thing that cheers us is that the notes we made on the back of something do not correspond at all with the catalogue orientation. Series three to nine we found a clarification of the Marin that mystifies the hardskinned layman. Here are the simpler statements of form, mere movements of boats and the blue inane. In No. 27,

Français Deutsch  
Svensk Italiano Portugues  
Español Polska  
Русский

FOR business or social prestige, or your own pleasure — you'll enjoy learning another language the easy Berlitz Conversational Way. Daytime or evening. Class or individual.

Free Trial Lesson

**BERLITZ**  
SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES

336 Branches All Over the World  
30 WEST 34th ST. NEW YORK  
Tel: PENnsylvania 1188

THE PURPLE  
BOX  
TROUSSEAUX

Hand-made Lingerie,  
Negligees, Pajamas,  
Handkerchiefs, Linens,  
Novelties.

Monogramming a Specialty.

11 EAST 55th STREET  
NEW YORK CITY  
TELEPHONE — PLAZA 6136

## GALLERIES

*Stieglitz, Out of Leaves of Grass*

a mountain scene, we believe, we found more form than in any Marin we have ever come upon. And in No. 26 and No. 36, a mingling of all the things we like best in America's immortal.

That's all the homework we intend to do on that. If those are not the correct answers, we are sorry; we will bow ourselves out of the sacred group and join the great throng who like Marin because he paints. Among other things, Stieglitz is a master showman. We were entranced by the foreword, a letter from the painter to the man who has fought the stubborn battle of trying to make the public introduce immortality to the artist a few feet this side of the grave. As printed in the catalogue, it is in the manner of Walt Whitman, but in the script it may not have been. It is a lucid—yes, we have to use it—beautiful statement of what an artist is trying to do. Here we have no highfalutin words about "organizations of form," unities, or the hundred trick words that make up the primer of many of those who think they are artists because they paint. Of his endeavors he says, "these visions—these incomplete visions—this intangible something that slips through his fingers when he almost has it . . . I tell you I cuss—him—aplenty. . . . I don't know anybody who loves their Visions more than I do—but not to absolutely get them down, that's what makes me speak of—spoiling paper." At another point he asks of himself how his work can be understood and seen by others, "when it is not fully realized by he, himself—and never will be."

If his pictures did not earn it for him, we would grant him immortality on that statement, which to us contains the whole of life. Since there is no museum hereabouts where you can see Marin, you will have to go to Room 303 several times. There will be the usual annual bickerings, no doubt, about prices and things that go to make up trade, American patrons being what they are, but none of that need concern us. The value of Marin can be determined by you for yourself and only an X-ray could show whether you had received a six-thousand-dollar kick or merely a "two for \$6,000" kick. Maybe it is a great life after



## A Valuable Service for Security Owners

A COMPREHENSIVE financial service that has meant a saving of time, worry and money for hundreds of security owners is available to you at this Office in the heart of the Midtown Section. Consider what these advantages might mean to you as one of our clients:

- we keep constant watch for developments such as conversions, rights, redemptions, etc., and would endeavor to advise you promptly of such important matters;
- whether you are in town or away, through a simple arrangement, you would be able to sell or transfer your securities merely by giving us your instructions;
- you would be free of coupon cutting and details, yet your income would always be promptly collected.

*Our booklet, "The Care of Your Securities," will be sent on request.*

FIFTH AVENUE OFFICE  
 GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY  
 OF NEW YORK

*Fifth Avenue and 44th Street*



IT'S OFF  
because  
IT'S OUT

Thanks to

**ZIP**

*luring lips*  
(hair-free)

TREATMENT OR FREE DEMONSTRATION AT MY SALON  
*Madelung Berthé* - Specialist - 562 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. (Ent. on 46 St.)




*Grace*

A LITHE, ANIMATED  
FREEDOM, TRULY EX-  
PRESSIVE OF YOUTH,  
SPEAKS SMARTNESS  
IN EVERY FRENCH &  
BOOTERY HAND MADE  
SHOE

**FRENCH  
BOOTERY**  
36 W. 50<sup>TH</sup> STREET, N.Y.C.



all, where the hungriest part of a man is fed, free.

AS if the annual Marin show is not enough for one week, along comes the Valentine Dudensing firm with a special importation of André de Segonzac. We had seen one picture from this master, out of the Quinn sale, and one small water color. Dudensing has captured some five oils and seven water colors. If you remember your Quinn you will recall the scrambled nudes that so aroused the academic-minded that they stood all day and cursed his impudence. That somewhat stumpy and muddy phase has given way to a nobility that is rather astounding. We want to report one of the first breathless spells of the season as the preview of the Segonzac bridge on the Marne.

We were told that here was Cézanne's heritage in loving hands plus an individual's contribution. Maybe so but we will leave that also to the experts. The thought came to us as we looked at these pictures that Vlaminck must sit and weep as he confronts this man's realizations. We can imagine him saying, echoed by some thousand students: "I put it on that way; why doesn't it come out the same?" Or maybe painters with Marin's philosophical approach are rare and humility is not their handmaiden.

The Segonzac works have that same earthy quality that Van Gogh got into his happier moods. There is not the soul torment, however, and so a little more repose. Now that we come to think on it, we feel that this show was too good to be true. We must go back for another look.

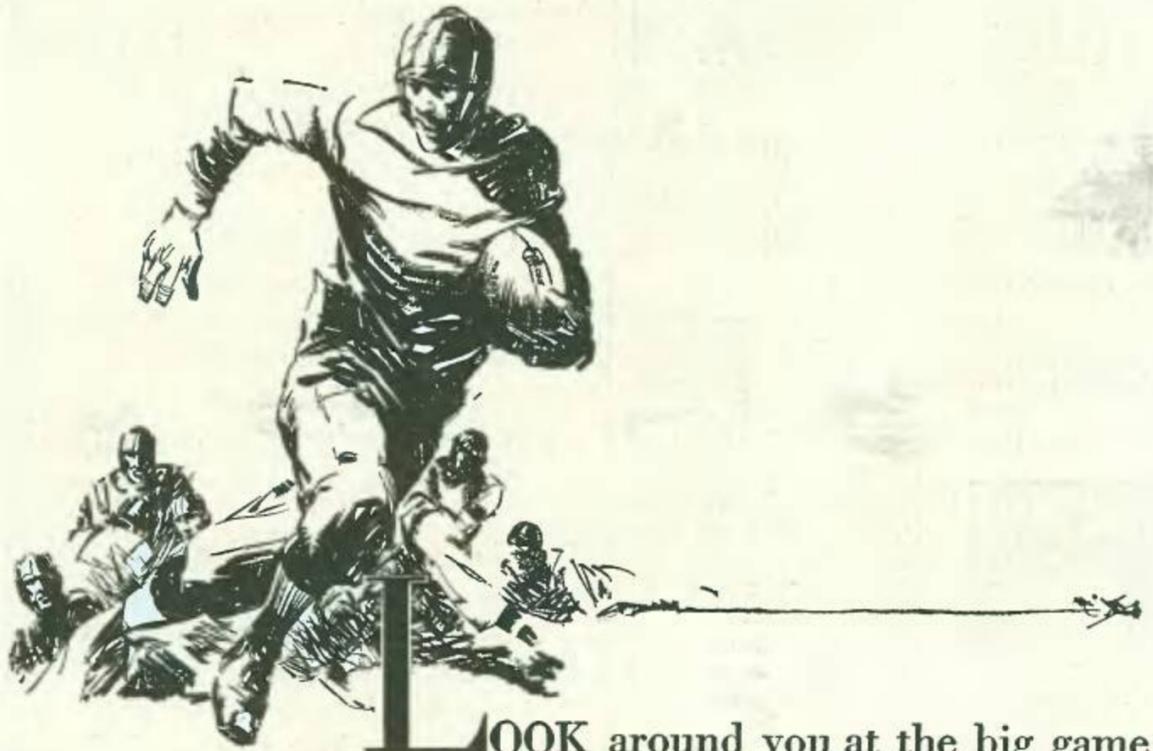
IN the meantime, the other house of Dudensing, down the same street, is carrying on its American campaign with a good deal of spirit. The current show is the work of Philip Evergood, a young English-Canadian-American, who was nineteen years old at his last show year before last, and has suddenly shot up to twenty-five. We should not be captious about details. Evergood at his tender age has painted as many canvases as most veterans of fifty. Alas, the test may come when he is fifty. Here is versatile, prolific youth, painting from the inside out, and so many of his canvases have a similarity of content. Added to a restricted palette, that gives a monotony of tone to the show which might work against the young man. But you can never please us. Our memory is, that

the last time he exhibited we complained that he painted like too many masters. It is true that some of his purpose has jelled in the interim; this year's abundant output is all Evergood. Where he will go from here will bear watching. According to our particular creed, he will need more material than the dreams that come out of his head. His statement of life, as shown by the invalid picture and one still-life, indicates that he will battle seriously and honestly with his problem. Harsh as it may sound, we feel that his greatest present enemy is his own easy talent.

THE town is fuller of art than a just God ever dreamed of. Many examples would be considered first water in a week that did not crowd the record with Marin. J. B. Neumann has arranged for a farewell bow of some nine artists whose work he will soon ship to Germany. As he expects many of them to find nice homes, they may never come back. The chosen are Becker, Weber, Kuhn, and some of the Neumann hopefuls. . . . The much press-agented Epstein began his show at the Ferargil gallery, November 14. . . . The Grand Central, long quiescent while it counted its earnings of last year, has a show of "Imaginative Paintings" by Paget-Fredericks. These were introduced by dances, tea, and flashlights, during the week. . . . Portraits by Quistgaard will be on at Durand-Ruel until November 19. . . . Ladislav Medgyes has a show at Marie Sterner's, while Pop Hart has his annual fling at the Downtown Gallery. . . . The Brooklyn Museum goes in for Danish Art for a month. . . . Eve Kottgen has taken her water colors to the Fifty-eighth Street branch of the Public Library. . . . What with the department stores going in for art, why not the International Telephone & Telegraph Company? The answer is "yes," and at 41 Broad Street it offers contemporary Spanish paintings. . . . Montross' current show: Charles Coiner and Ross Shattuck. . . . The Art Center slaps our wrist for quarrelling with the Opportunity Center. Its plea is that it could find no painters that needed opportunity but many that wanted to sell pictures—so there you are. The next great, big opportunity show will be conservative. . . . Of the coming shows not before noted we like best the news of a Picasso drawings exhibit at Wildenstein's. At the same time will be shown portraits by Sorine.

—M. P.

WATCH THE YOUNGER CROWD PICK THE WINNERS!



LOOK around you at the big game — and see the Fatima packages pop out! No gathering of the younger set, large or small, fails to extend this extraordinary record. Unquestionably, Fatima has pleased more smokers for more years than any other cigarette.

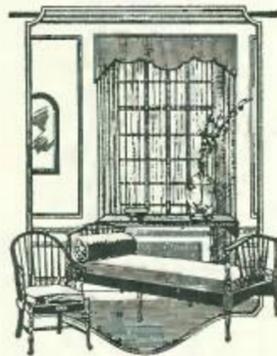


FATIMA

The most skillful blend in cigarette history

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

### Craftsman Furniture



Authentic Period Styles  
Unfinished  
or finished to suit customer  
Styles to suit individual taste  
Craftsman Furniture Co.  
132 East 28th St.  
3 doors East of Lexington Avenue  
Phone Mad. Sq. 5159

### DISCOVERED

#### The Science of Re-Waving

You are now assured of a re-wave that will be a constant pleasure to yourself . . . a lasting credit to us.

Formerly, the re-waving of permanents has frizzled the ends or left them forlornly straight. Our new method . . . termed "End Preserver," has met with unparalleled success. It has warranted, too, the enthusiastic praise of European artists who acclaim it not only a contribution but a revelation.

Therefore, might we request you to book your appointment for a Special Re-Wave as far in advance as possible . . . so that you may be assured of careful . . . thorough . . . perfect results.

### HART

42 West 50th St., New York City  
Tel.: Circle 3345

there  
may be  
truth



in what you say, said the clever cinema customer, but it sounds like so and so to me, for believe it or not, new york's consistently best entertainment is

at the paramount



where  
bebe daniels, oasis orphan and ravishing riff in "she's a sheik", a paramount picture, gets her man and keeps him till the sands of the desert grow cold.

and



an engaging gent named kosloff—possibly russian—gives a revolutionary performance with the paramount stage orchestra, in conjunction with a certain amount of charming talent.

and



jesse crawford has another very pleasing session at the organ and there is undoubtedly an overture, delightfully augmented.

at the rivoli—  
united artists



where



"sorrell & son", fresh from their triumphs in the fields of fiction, are now ensconced, in herbert brenon's interpretation for united artists.

at the rialto



where



that sweet little girl, mary pickford, gets another big hand, in her more snappy—less whimsical—"my best girl"—a united artists picture.

luxurious and comfortable,  
these are  
publix theatres

**MORE COUNTRY LIFE  
IN AMERICA**

GRIM FOREBODING

Aunt Caddy will twitter  
And chatter and titter,  
And pat her fat hands on her hair,  
And dear Uncle Jonah  
From Wild Arizona,  
(God bless him!) will also be there.

The Cousins from Kansas  
Will come just to canvass  
The town for expensive antiques;  
Meanwhile they'll be stuffing  
With turkey, and bluffing  
On how they've been longing for  
weeks

To join our Thanksgiving,  
Though we know they are living  
For a possible moment to beat it;  
And Amos will blunder  
And roar out, "By thunder,  
We want nothing left—so let's eat  
it!"

We'll puff after dinner  
On a walk to get thinner,  
And the first whoop of thanks we  
shall give,  
Is the feeling quite grateful  
To see the last gateful  
Of guests going back where they  
live! —PATIENCE EDEN

**UH HUH DEPARTMENT**

[Speech of Mrs. Frank Roe Batchelder,  
in the Boston Globe]

My pet way of thinking of the Republican party is that it is a magnificent edifice, the foundation of which is the Constitution of the United States. The four strong splendid cornerstones of the building are national defense—Washington said the nation should be protected—the solid financial policy of Hamilton, the public education, and for the fourth cornerstone, protective tariff. This magnificent building's great walls are constructed of solid granite blocks of legislation, our stand on slavery, our rural free delivery, protection for women in industry, the children's bureaus, the Dawes plan. And all over this building is a roof. It represents the grand idea of central government. It binds the nation together. Think of the railroads and canals and telegraph wires that connect the States, drawing the United States together. Through the window of my building is the vision, the experience of Republican leaders: Washington, who said we must have a Navy; Hamilton, who planned the national bank; Lincoln, who said that this country cannot exist half free and half slave; Coolidge, who said, "We need so much of the things that are seen and of things unseen."



Are YOU a Wrist  
Watch Acrobat?

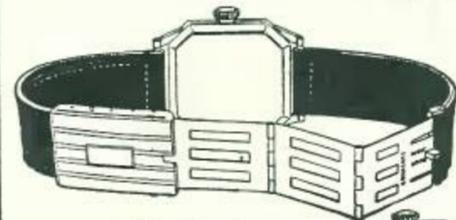
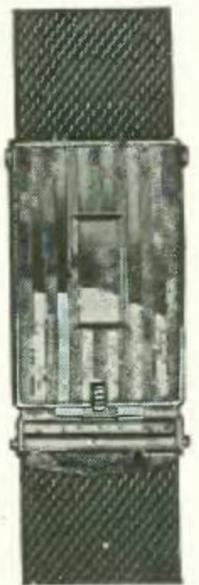
ALL daily dozens are not done before the loudspeaker. For example, make a study of yourself the next time you go thru the antics of removing your wrist watch. You'll find the prong-buckle strap handy as a sore thumb, healthy for wrist watches as a hammer.

This new Krementz Band might deprive you of a little exercise, but it helps a lot to keep your watch off the floor. It's the handiest arrangement ever, because instead of a prong-buckle there is a trim metal casing that holds 3 expanding links. Opened, the strap forms a loop that slips on or off—over the hand—or up on the forearm when washing the hands.

Krementz Wrist Watch Bands are offered in leather, solid platinum or gold mesh, combined with beautifully designed link cases of solid gold or platinum; also in Krementz Quality Rolled Gold Plate.

At your jeweler's

Flexible Mesh or Milanaise Band and Link Case—made in solid 14 kt. or 18 kt. white, yellow or green gold; and solid platinum; also in Krementz Quality Rolled Gold Plate.



Krementz Wrist Watch Band—completely expanded. Ample allowance for free passage over hand or up on forearm.



**Krementz**  
**WRIST WATCH BAND**

KREMENTZ & CO., Newark, N. J.

## THE CURRENT CINEMA

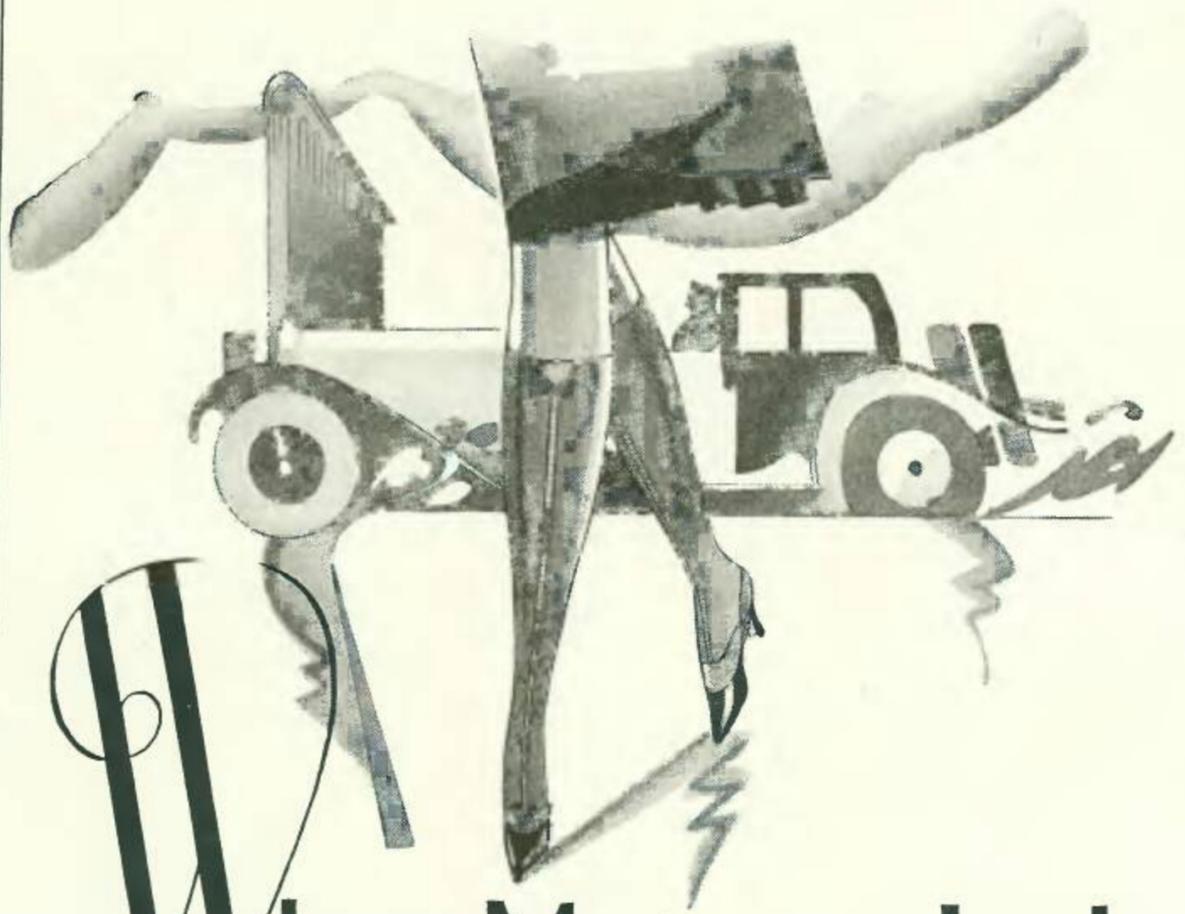
*Sorrell Sheds Some Tears  
—A Few Thoughts—  
UFA Again—and Janet  
Gaynor*



"SORRELL AND SON" has come to the movies. To be exact I should say that some of "Sorrell and Son" has come to the movies, for what is now showing at the Rivoli under that title lies weakly on the screen with most of the blood taken out of it. Why, I ask you, why? The mystery is even deeper when you consider that all the love interest has been removed. I thought that love interest was to Hollywood what legs are to the Shuberts. Without any inspiration in acting or directing the story is told of Sorrell's struggle to bring up his son, and of his eventual death from a shrapnel wound. Molly is Roland's daughter and she ends up in Kit's arms at the end of a romance that nearly started in the cradle, and Dr. Orange is a kindly old physician who gives Kit the desire to become a medical student. In a word a great deal of the story is left out, and what is retained is garbled and poorly done.

The advertisements indicate that this is the book on the screen. A little further down Broadway "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is announced and if you go to it you will find it very much changed. "Resurrection" was not itself when the infant art got through with it. I can think of no book that was photographed as written. Why buy stories that are not used? Why not use them? Why if a story is bought and changed is it advertised under its original name? Is it honest to tell people you will show them one thing and when they get into your theatre show them something else? Most of those questions I cannot answer.

Words appeal to the mind differently than to the eye and a director should have as little of his plot as possible on paper. As he goes through the making of the picture he should take the details direct from his mind to the film. He should not have to work from print. Directors should not be reproducing other men's work, they



# When Motors splash

sheer hose are safest in  
**LEG-ETTES**

WHEN motors splash — as motors will — when weather's bitter . . . cold winds blow . . . then of course you wear the fashionable and comfortable Leg-ettes . . . most striking innovation in years.

Leg-ettes are made of closely-woven jersey to keep your ankles slim and warm and

trim. The patented Hookless Fastener zips them on and off so quickly. The movable snap-buckle adjusts them so easily over rubbers—over any type of shoe. In costume colors: tan, oxford-grey, heather-brown. And in all sizes 4, 5, 6, 7. Regular sizes and slim. At every smart department store.

HOWLETT & HOCKMEYER CO.

Fifth Avenue, Corner 26th Street

New York City

## ARTHUR MURRAY

takes pleasure in announcing  
the appointment of

**Sig. Rodolfo D'Avalos**

Argentine Champion Tango Dancer

to teach the French  
and Argentine Ballroom

## TANGO

Sig. D'Avalos is not only a marvelous dancer, but a remarkably capable teacher, and speaks sufficient English to impart his fascinating steps with ease. Appointments will be made in the order received by personal application to

Arthur Murray, 7 East 43rd Street



## Max Reinhardt's MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

At the  
**CENTURY THEATRE**  
Matinees Friday  
and Saturday at 2.  
Eves. at 8 sharp

	Scale of Prices Including Tax		
	Opening Night	Regular Nights	Fri. & Sat. Matinees
Orchestra	\$11.00	\$5.50	\$3.85
Mezzanine	\$5.50	\$3.30	\$2.75
1st Balcony	\$3.30	\$2.20	\$2.20
2nd Balcony	\$1.10	\$1.10	\$1.10

WINTHROP AMES presents his  
**GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERA CO.**  
Every Mon. only: **IOLANTHE**  
Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. Eves. Wed. Sat. Mats.

✓ **MIKADO**  
Every Thurs. **Pirates of Penzance**  
Eve. Only **ROYALE** W. 45th St. Eves. 8:30  
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15  
and  
JOHN GALSWORTHY'S  
✓ **ESCAPE**  
with  
LESLIE HOWARD  
**BOOTH** W. 45th St. Eves. 8:40  
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

**VANDERBILT** Thea., W. 48th St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.  
Lew Fields and Lyle D. Andrews Present  
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY VERSION OF  
**MARK TWAIN'S**  
**"A CONNECTICUT YANKEE"**  
Adapted by FIELDS, RODGERS and HART  
The Entire Production Supervised Personally  
BY LEW FIELDS

The most novel play in years  
**THE SPIDER**  
with JOHN HALLIDAY  
**MUSIC BOX**  
THEA. W. 45th ST. EVES. 8:40  
MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:40

Second Sensational Year  
JED HARRIS Presents  
**"BROADWAY"**  
World Famous Drama of the Cabarets  
By Philip Dunning and George Abbott  
**BROADHURST** Thea., W. 44th St.  
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

**NATIONAL** Thea., 41st St., W. of B'way.  
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30  
A. H. WOODS Presents  
**"THE TRIAL of MARY DUGAN"**  
By Bayard Veiller with  
ANN HARDING—REX CHERRYMAN  
AND A CAST OF 50

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S Theatre  
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30  
W. 39th St.  
**HELEN HAYES**  
IN A NEW PLAY  
**"COQUETTE"**

**The LADDER**  
Now at the  
**LYRIC THEATRE**  
42nd St., W. of B'way  
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

Direction **GEORGE C. TYLER**  
**PAULINE LORD**  
in **"SPELLBOUND"**  
Earl Carroll Thea., 7th Ave. & 50th St.  
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30  
**GLENN HUNTER**  
in **"Behold This Dreamer"**  
**CORT** THEATRE, 48th St. East of B'way.  
Matinees WED. and SAT. 2:30

**SELWYN** THEATRE, 42nd St. W. of B'way.  
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30  
CROSBY GAIGE presents  
**"NIGHTSTICK"**  
A Breath-taking Melodrama

**NEW AMSTERDAM** THEATRE  
West 42nd Street  
EVS. 8:15. POP. PRICE Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:15  
Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mgr. Directors  
**ZIEGFELD FOLLIES**  
with **EDDIE CANTOR**  
MUSIC & LYRICS BY IRVING BERLIN  
458 Reserved Seats \$1.

**ZIEGFELD** THEATRE  
54th St. and 6th Ave.  
MOST PERFECT IN THE WORLD  
**RIO RITA**  
Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays  
SEATS AT BOX OFFICE

**EMPIRE** Thea., B'way and 40th St. Eves.  
8:30. Mats. WED. and SAT. 2:30  
**INTERFERENCE**  
by Roland Pertwee and Harold Dearden  
"A thunderingly good murder melodrama you  
must all play hooky from home to see."  
—Frank Vreeland, Telegram.

"Blithely blood-curdling." — *Herald-Tribune.*  
**Dracula!** **FULTON**  
NEW YORK'S NEWEST SHUDDER  
B'way, 46 St.  
Eves. at 8:30  
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

**LYCEUM** Thea., W. 45th St. Eves. 8:40  
Mats. THURS. & SAT. 2:40  
"I wish that every woman would see it. It's  
human and wonderful."—ELINOR GLYN.  
DAVID BELASCO Presents  
**"HIDDEN"**  
with  
Beth Merrill—Philip Merivale

*Philip Goodman's Musical Sensation!*

## MARY EATON & OSCAR SHAW in THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL

Port Kelton, Louis John Bartels, Shaw & Lee

"The season's newest hit."—*Times.*  
"A grand show." — *Herald Tribune.*  
"Musical comedy at its best."—*World.*  
"Will be playing on Broadway this time next-year." — *American.*  
"Smartest musical show in N. Y." — *New Yorker.*  
"Put this on your 'must see' list." — *Mirror.*  
"The current season's flash."—*Graphic.*  
"A great show! Don't miss it."—*Life.*

44th ST. THEA. Eves. at 8:30. Popular Price  
Matinees WED. and SAT. 2:30.

**CASINO** 39th St. and B'way. Eves. 8:30  
Matinees WED. and SAT. 2:30  
JOSEPH SANTLEY'S MUSICAL ROMANCE  
**JUST FANCY!**  
with Raymond Hitchcock, Ivy Sawyer, Joseph Santley,  
Eric Blore, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, H. Reeves-Smith,  
Marguerite & Gill, John Hundley, Berenice Ackerman,  
Chester Hale Dancers and Youngest Chorus on  
the American Stage.

**PLYMOUTH** 45th St., W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30  
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30  
**"Burlesque"**  
A Comedy by George Manker  
Watters and Arthur Hopkins

Messmore Kendall presents  
**KATHARINE CORNELL**  
in **"THE LETTER"**  
By Somerset Maugham  
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC  
**MOROSCO** Thea., 45th St., W. of B'way  
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

**GARRICK** Thea., 65 W. 35th St. Eves.  
8:30. Mats. THURS. and SAT.  
Telephone, Wisconsin 3430  
*Mirthful, Merry, Modern!*  
**BASIL SYDNEY & MARY ELLIS**  
with GARRICK PLAYERS in The Modern  
**TAMING OF THE SHREW**  
"ROLLICKING COMEDY."—*Evening World.*

**WALLACK'S** Theatre, W. 42nd Street.  
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30  
**"THE WASPS' NEST"**  
THE MYSTERY COMEDY HIT

**GEO. COHAN** Thea., B'way, 43 St. Eves. 8:30  
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30  
A. L. ERLANGER presents  
**Frank Craven**  
in His Newest Comedy  
**"The 19th HOLE"**

Theatre Guild Production  
**PORGY**  
AND DOROTHY HEYWARD  
A FOLK PLAY BY DUBOSE  
**GUILD THEA.**, W. 52nd St., Eves. 8:40  
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Charles Brackett says in the New Yorker, "I should advise a trip down to **The New Playwrights**" "Here," said Alexander Woolcott in the World, "there was enacted once again the eternal miracle of the theatre." Subscribe to three plays for four dollars. "The Centuries," by E. M. Jo Bashe opens November 23. John Howard Lawson's "International" and Michael Gold's "Hoboken Blues" follow. 36 Commerce Street. Phone: Walker 5786 3 blocks south from Christopher St. on 7th Ave. Easy!

**ROXY**  
5th STREET 7th AVENUE  
World's Greatest Theatre  
A balanced program of cinema art and diversissements. Mental recreation and physical comfort in the world's largest and most beautiful theatre. A symphony orchestra and a gorgeous ballet. Sunday Symphonic Concerts at 11:30 A.M. Roxy Symphony Orchestra of 110—Erno Rapee, conductor. Under the personal direction of S. L. ROTHAFEL (ROXY)  
The Cathedral of the Motion Picture

51' ST. & LEXINGTON AVE  
**OLEW' Lexington**  
Nov. 19, 20, 21: MARION DAVIES in "The Fair Co-Ed"; Nov. 22, 23: FLORENCE VIDOR in "One Woman to Another"; Nov. 24, 25: "Body and Soul" with AILEEN PRINGLE, NORMAN KERRY; Nov. 26, 27, 28: "The Magic Flame" with RONALD COLMAN, VILMA BANKY.

**CAPITOL** Broadway at 51st Street  
Best Show in New York  
AN AMAZING SCREEN AND STAGE PROGRAM EVERY WEEK  
with  
CAPITOL STAGE BAND  
CHESTER HALE GIRLS  
SINGING ENSEMBLE  
CAPITOL GRAND ORCHESTRA  
and  
GREAT NAME ATTRACTIONS  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer-Pictures  
Home of Major Edward Bowes and His Capitol Family Broadcasting Every Sunday Evening.

**PLAZA THEATRE**  
Madison Ave. at 59th St.  
Direction Leo Brecher  
Saturday, Nov. 19—BUSTER KEATON in "COLLEGE"; Sunday and Monday, Nov. 20 and 21—LAURA LA PLANTE in "The Cat and the Canary"; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 22 and 23—RENEE ADORÉE in "Back to God's Country"; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 24 and 25—REGINALD DENNY in "OUT ALL NIGHT."

Everybody's Doing It—  
It's the SMART thing to do—see  
**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN**  
A HARRY POLLARD PRODUCTION  
The Universal Masterpiece presented by CARL LAEMMLE  
CENTRAL THEATRE, B'way & 47th St. Twice Daily, 2:30 & 8:30

POP. MAT. DAILY 2:45  
50c-75c-\$1.10  
**AL JOLSON**  
in  
**The JAZZ SINGER**  
With VITAPHONE  
WARNER THEATRE B'way at 52nd St. Eves. 8:45

should be doing their own creating. They have actors and a camera to work with and not a typewriter.

The practice of mishandling a book is intellectually dishonest, whether the author approves or not. Lack of respect for their art, lack of intellectual integrity on the part of the movie makers, are as much of a curse to the motion picture as all its other evils combined.

H. B. Warner is Sorrell in the filmed book and he apparently has not entirely recovered from "The King of Kings." From all I hear "The King of Kings" was quite an experience though, and you can't blame him. At that he is the best in "Sorrell." Herbert Brenon directed it without much gusto.

"TWO GIRLS WANTED," at the Roxy, was a pleasant bit that you can include in your visiting list. A lot of its success is due to Janet Gaynor, who is charming, and Joseph Cawthorn. Mr. Cawthorn flew into a series of delightful rages that were well worth watching.

A NEW UFA production, "The Last Waltz," was at the Paramount. It told of trouble and dirty doings among the nobility of a small kingdom, in a smooth and occasionally amusing manner. If the story made a little more sense it would be better, but nevertheless it is above the average.

A gentleman by the name of Hans Adalbert von Schlettow made an excellent villain, and Willy Fritsch was a good hero. Anything I might say about the young ladies in the picture wouldn't be very nice, so I won't say anything. Fritz Rasp as a minister of state was appalling looking and pretty funny.

All the trouble in the story comes when an aide pulls his sword on the Crown Prince. Aides just aren't supposed to behave so toward their superiors and the penalty was death. He seemed justified in waving his sword because he caught the Crown Prince chasing a countess around a room. Countesses do not like to be chased, apparently, even in fun, and the Crown Prince certainly did not mean fun.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, at the Strand in "Breakfast at Sunrise," wasn't so funny, but then neither was the picture she was working for and maybe she can't be blamed.

—O. C.



"... Went round the Broadway course in par yesterday. Got those theatre seats after tackling seven places."

"Better get out of the dub class, old beaker. Hole in one every time. Bascom, just above 44th, you know..."

And branches at The Biltmore, Plaza, Ambassador, Vanderbilt, Astor, Commodore, Belmont, Murray Hill, Imperial and Williams Club.

F. RAY COMSTOCK and MORRIS GEST have the great honor to present  
**Balieff's Chauve-Souris**  
Cosmopolitan Theatre, Columbus Circle. Eves. 8:30  
Pop. Price Mats. Thurs., Sat.

William Caryl suggests  
**Take My Advice**  
Elliott Lester's new comedy with  
RALPH MORGAN VIVIAN TOBIN HERBERT YOST  
BELMONT 48th St., E. of B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

HUDSON Theatre, W. 44th St. Eves. 8:30  
Mats. WED. and SAT. 2:30  
WILLARD MACK'S COMEDY DRAMA  
**WEATHER CLEAR, TRACK FAST**  
With JOE LAURIE, JR. and WILLIAM COURTLEIGH

**MARCELL**  
Of Los Angeles  
**RESTAURANT**  
Continental Lunch  
Evening Service a La Carte with famous Hors d'Oeuvres  
142 WEST 49th STREET Bryant 2603

**LARRY SIRY'S ORCHESTRA**  
NOW AVAILABLE for  
Weddings, Receptions and Private Parties  
1674 B'WAY CIRCLE 7810  
Now Playing at Villa Venice



flowers,  
sunny days  
and happy  
children play-  
ing out of doors

make  
**California**  
a paradise

Five trains are operated by the Santa Fe from Chicago and Kansas City to California daily. The Chief—The California Limited—The Navajo—The Scout—The Missionary. A whole tribe of trains crossing the Indian country of the Southwest! All of them famous trains. And chief of them all, The Chief—extra fine—extra fast—extra fare.

The Santa Fe is the popular double-tracked way to California. The route is shortest, and Santa Fe—Fred Harvey service has won the reputation of "best in the world of travel."

*The Grand Canyon—  
Indian-detour Line*

mail coupon 

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.  
Santa Fe System Lines  
1026 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois  
Am interested in winter trip to California. Send me free picture-folders and advise cost of excursion ticket.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

### THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE

[WRITTEN AFTER READING MR. CHARLES G. SHAW'S PORTRAIT OF MR. RALPH BARTON]

**J**AMES ALOYSIUS MULLIGAN was born in Templemore, County Tipperary, Ireland, on the third of April, 1878. Man and boy he has worked along the West Street waterfront as a longshoreman for thirty years. He has been married once and says God knows that's plenty.

His favorite tippie at the moment is O'Reilly, '27, made by and named after the janitor of 326 Twelfth Avenue, but he has been known to cast an approving eye on the product of the fourth floor still of Herman Dinglebender around the corner. He has never tasted Château Latour, '16, and a well-defined, but not authenticated, rumor has it that he never heard of it.

He despises golf.

His only club is the Thomas Mulcahy Association.

His dark brown overalls, size 42, are made by Smith & Calkins, of Elmwood Avenue, Grand Rapids, Michigan. He has two pairs.

He has never heard of Marcel Proust and is not a subscriber to the Theatre Guild.

His favorite New York restaurant is "Packey" Sheridan's on Christopher Street. He never tipped a waiter in his life.

He buys his suspenders at Isadore Goldstein's on Eleventh Avenue. He purchased his last necktie on September 14, 1903.

He plays a fairly good hand of seven-up, but is said to have never ridden a polo pony.

He uses Blue-Jay corn plasters, takes liberal doses of Father John's Remedy when he feels a cold coming on, and shaves every Sunday morning.

His favorite musical instrument is the concertina.

His preferred indoor garb in moments of relaxation consists of a pair of pants, a flannel undershirt and sometimes socks.

He takes a bath every Saturday night if his wife remembers.

His favorite authors are Arthur Brisbane and John Devoy, editor of *The Irish World*.

He chews Navy Cut Plug and it would be well not to offer him a cigarette.

Having never heard of Ring Lardner's classic comment, "What of

### ST. AUGUSTINE

Has all the charm of antiquity because of its being the oldest city in America, blended with the highest development of our modern refinement and social life, as expressed in its beautiful hotels, the PONCE DE LEON and the ALCAZAR; its golf courses and country clubs.

### ORMOND

Has its world famous beach upon which automobile speed records have been made, and thousands have found more delightful surf bathing than at Hawaii or Lido. Here is the great HOTEL ORMOND with its beautiful stretches of the Tomoka River for boating, and scores of the most beautiful orange groves in Florida.

### PALM BEACH

Endowed with natural beauty enhanced by lavish expenditures in landscape gardening. The NEW BREAKERS HOTEL and the ROYAL POINCIANA reflect in their luxurious appointments the prestige which makes Palm Beach society's winter stronghold. Its golf and country clubs, casinos and shops express the ultimate in excellence and taste.

### MIAMI

The Magic City is one of the world's great winter playgrounds. "Magic" because of its rapid and well-planned growth and in its alluring winter climate. Here are numerous golf courses and bathing beaches of international repute. The ROYAL PALM is located in its own tropical park on the shores of beautiful Biscayne Bay yet almost in the center of Miami's activities.

### LONG KEY FISHING CAMP

Where the tarpon, kingfish, barracuda, sailfish and amberjack are at their fighting best is the Long Key Fishing Camp. Here the "yarners" come to win the real live fighting confirmation for their past summer's boating. The CLUB HOUSE and cottages are in a great grove of coconut palms overlooking the sea.

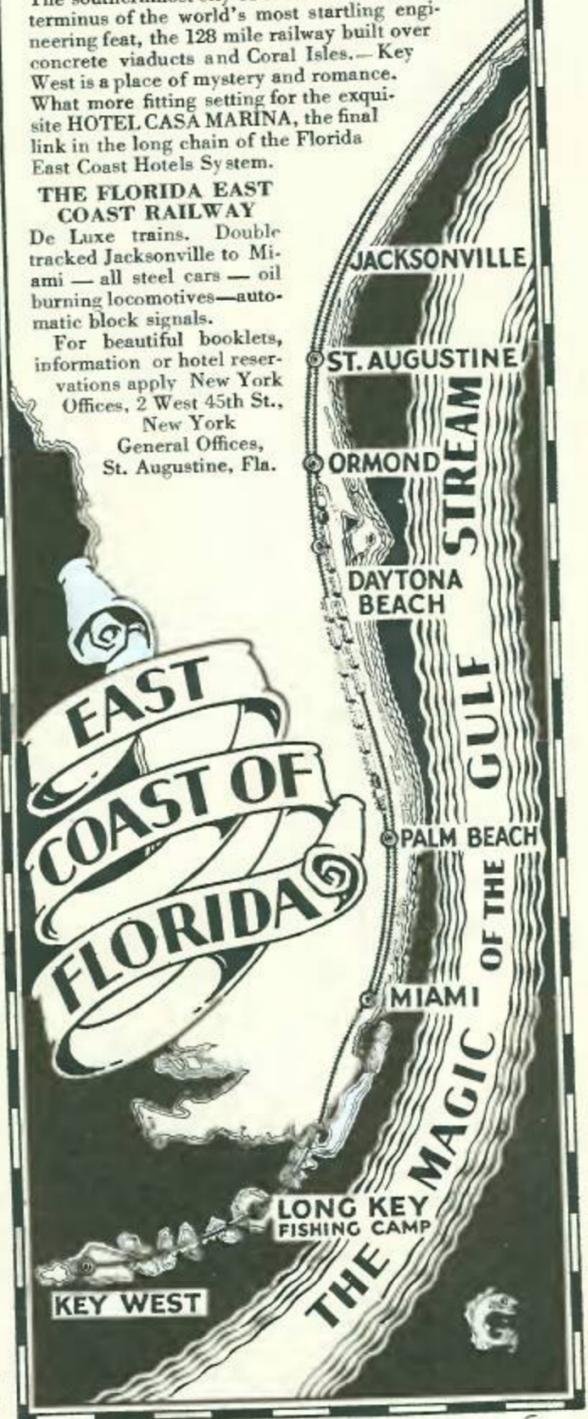
### KEY WEST

The southernmost city of the United States, the terminus of the world's most startling engineering feat, the 128 mile railway built over concrete viaducts and Coral Isles.—Key West is a place of mystery and romance. What more fitting setting for the exquisite HOTEL CASA MARINA, the final link in the long chain of the Florida East Coast Hotels System.

### THE FLORIDA EAST COAST RAILWAY

De Luxe trains. Double tracked Jacksonville to Miami—all steel cars—oil burning locomotives—automatic block signals.

For beautiful booklets, information or hotel reservations apply New York Offices, 2 West 45th St., New York General Offices, St. Augustine, Fla.



it?" he remarked when pressed for further details concerning himself: "Who the hell cares?"

—JOHN PETER TOOHEY

## OVERHEARD

[ALONG THE ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK]

"THAT ain't no ermine, dearie. That piece o' fur usta meow on our fence. . . ."

"Oh, yaas, Mrs. Smythe, I always come to Atlantic City this time of the year when the rabble and proletariat doesn't come; it's not so bourgewassy, if you get what I mean. . . ."

"Say, come on—there's a coupla pips. No, guess we better lay off; they're headin' for the Traymore and maybe they ain't fed yet. We better grab somebody near Childs. . . ."

"Oh, Mary, lookit the pitchers o' Miss America in the winda. Say, if I looked that frowzy I'd jump in the lake. Them beauty judges musta been a bunch o' saps. It sure puts me offa Haskell Coffin and that gang for life. . . ."

"There's Evelyn Nesbit's place. You know, I don't really blame her. It was the environment. . . ."

"Let's get the *Graphic* an' see if they've dug up any Presidential nieces. . . . Aw, the boardwalk ain't what it's cracked up to be, though I gotta admit it's got a lotta cracks. I'd rather be on Hester Street."

—CHARLES M. BAYER

## CREDULITY

There are some people who believe, when they tell the telephone operator that a number doesn't answer, that they will not be charged with the call;

There are also people who believe that they are getting the Paris model at one-fourth of its cost to the firm;

There are even people who believe a prefatory statement that "this book was originally written for the eye of the author only."

Mrs. J. Ethel Blank, widow of C. E. Blank, who recently died from blowing a trombone in the Long Beach municipal bank, was given a death benefit by the city of Long Beach.—*Variety*.

But while he lived, he lived gloriously.



# THANKSGIVING DINNER IN OLD VIRGINIA

No day of the year is dearer to the hearts of Americans than the time-honored holiday of Thanksgiving.

What could be more fitting than to spend this holiday in old Virginia—near the very spot where our pioneer forefathers first settled in America?

Southern hospitality, southern climate, and southern *cooking!* The home of Lynnhaven Oysters, Princess Anne Turkeys, Smithfield Hams served as only the South knows how!

Leisurely days spent in visiting the fascinating old historic landmarks of Jamestown and Yorktown—in walks and rides through fresh-smelling pine

woods or golfing on famous courses.

If you like, a chance nearby to bag a couple of canvas-backs to bring home with you.

*The last word in smart resort hotels*

This delightful playground is famous for its excellent accommodations at many fine hotels—including the luxurious Cavalier at Virginia Beach and the Atlantic, Fairfax, Lorraine, Monticello, Neddo, Southland and the Victoria at Norfolk.

You can reach Norfolk-Portsmouth easily by fast train or boat, only a few hours from home. The Tourist Information Bureau, Dept. B, Norfolk, Va., will be glad to give you complete information.

## NORFOLK-PORTSMOUTH

*The year 'round playground of the Old South*

# FIVE WINTER CRUISES TO THE WEST INDIES



## Chart for complete enjoyment

Embark under the flag of the "Pleasure Pirates". Join this jolly band, who cruise through Caribbean waters to scenes of thrilling romance in the past—of vivid charm today.

Cuba, Jamaica, Porto Rico, Panama—one fascinating port after another—and between ports long days of fun on board a beautiful pleasure ship.

### S.S. RELIANCE

Sailing from New York

<b>Dec. 17</b> 16 days \$200 up	<b>Jan. 7</b> 15 days \$200 up	<b>Jan. 25</b> 27 days \$300 up
<b>Feb. 25</b> 27 days \$300 up	<b>Mar. 28</b> 16 days \$200 up	

Designed for tropical service, the Reliance is ideal for cruising—a sports deck with tennis court and bowling alley—a sunlit tiled swimming pool and gymnasium—a winter garden ball room and cool lounges.

Send today for booklet describing "Pleasure Pirate Pilgrimages"

### Hamburg-American Line

UNITED AMERICAN LINES, INC.  
General Agents  
28 Broadway, New York  
Branches in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and San Francisco  
or Local Steamship and Tourist Agents



# BROADWAY RACKETS

IX—DICE CHEATERS

THE dice cheater must be accorded a prominent niche in any review of Broadway rackets. The dice man operates in many ways and, like the pool shark, he is always searching for one of his own calling to fleece. A crooked dice manipulator would hardly net expenses were he to depend on fresh victims. He spends too much time in readying up a sucker, and the amateur crapshooter quickly becomes suspicious and seldom risks a heavy loss.

But the semi-smart dice hustler is a choice mark for another who knows more of the angles. Consequently in this racket the big fish continually devour the smaller fry. They keep their money in general circulation among themselves. The chief requisite of a dice cheater is a working bankroll. This fact eliminates any necessity of checking up to ascertain the possible clean-up in a one-sided tilt with the cubes. When the dice hustler is snared for a trimming, there is no question concerning funds. The victim is always well prepared, for he believes he is on the right side of the game. He must always be armed with enough ready cash to copper the largest wager that may be hazarded by the opposition. When a dice cheater goes, he goes for the last nickel, and the big wallop generally lands with one roll of the dice. In a crap game there is no betting on the nod. The currency must be on the "line" with every pass of the dice.

Dice hustlers keep continually on the move. Once their style of game is recorded their income ceases. Therefore they must keep travelling.

The average dice cheater will not risk his roll unless he is assured of an eighty per cent shade. To make this percentage appear on the surface and still give the mark the worst of the game is rather difficult. Yet it has been done repeatedly and is still being done. One system that proved both successful and profitable has been worked around Broadway at least a dozen times, with as many different cheaters on the wrong end of the game.

ONE such racket involved only two operators, one posing as a rural chump and the other a smart city

LIKE A FINE HOTEL ON FLYING WHEELS



## LOS ANGELES LIMITED

Leaves Chicago 8:10 P. M. daily

Take the pacemaker of luxury to the land of old romance—a journey of only 63 hours with steward, maid, waiters, porters and barber, attending your needs instantly, surrounding you with a fine atmosphere of service and courtesy.

As you speed smoothly away from the chill of winter, the arresting scenes en route are made doubly enjoyable by the luxurious appointments of the Los Angeles Limited\*.

Seven other fine fast trains to California, including the 63-hour San Francisco Overland Limited\*; Gold Coast Limited (open-top observation car in Southern California); Continental Limited; Pacific Limited; Pacific Coast Limited.

\*Extra fare trains.

See magnificent, mysterious Death Valley en route. Only \$40.00 additional for all-expense two day side trips.

For booklet describing California, Death Valley and these fine trains: Address nearest representative or General Passenger Agent, Dept. 181, at Omaha, Neb.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE



# UNION PACIFIC

gambler. The latter attended to the steering. His rôle required neither make-up nor rehearsal. First he became acquainted with a number of dice men around Broadway. Then he selected one of the best known of the colony as his first victim. This required both patience and time, for the dice cheater carries no identifying banners, nor does the nature of his calling appear on his personal stationery. Eventually the steerer gained the confidence of the marked man and gradually confided to him that he too was a dice hustler. He demonstrated his ability with the cubes and carried various sets of loaded dice and "tops" on his person. Loaded dice are those in which a metal is poured which makes them heavier on one side than the other, thus forcing them to fall with certain numbers up. Tops are sets of dice carrying only certain numbers. Regardless of how they fall they cannot total the losing number, seven.

GRADUALLY the steerer warmed up his new acquaintance. Finally he advised the hustler he had lined up a sucker who looked good for at least a ten-thousand-dollar score. (The racketeer always classifies his individual earnings as a score when discussing business.) This chap, confided the steerer, was a married banker from a small town upstate, who spent his weekends in the city. After a night around town the banker liked to wind up with a little crap game. The visitor, he explained, packed most of his money in a grouch bag beneath his shirt next to his skin and carried in his pocket only sufficient money to cover his current expenses. The steerer declared he had trimmed the rural agent for living expenses weekly, but wanted to make a killing in one game. He needed assistance, he confessed; a two-handed game might arouse suspicions, and besides, the necessary switch in cubes could be made much easier with the aid of a confederate.

A telegram from the visitor dated that morning and sent from his home town at last announced his arrival. A plan was quickly framed to introduce the confederate and the details rehearsed for the final clean-up.

The next night at dinner the steerer and his companion were joined, apparently by chance, by the Broadway cheater. The steerer introduced his New York friend to the man from upstate. No mention was made of gambling. After dinner the three re-

*The Luxury Cruise to the*  
**Mediterranean**  
PALESTINE EGYPT



*A pleasure cruise exceeding every expectation — Luxurious comfort, perfect service, enjoyable entertainment, on board the "Rotterdam." Scenic splendor, strange and thrilling sights in interesting Old World lands.*  
By the famous "ROTTERDAM"  
7th Cruise  
Leaving New York, February 2, 1928  
Under the HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE's own management

**THE "ROTTERDAM"**  
24,170 tons register, 37,190 tons displacement  
Has a world-wide reputation for the magnificence and comfort of her appointments, the surpassing excellence of her cuisine and the high standards of service and management on board.

71 DAYS OF DELIGHTFUL DIVERSION  
ITINERARY includes Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, (Granada), Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples (first call), Tunis, Athens, Constantinople, Beirut, Haifa, Jerusalem (the Holy Land), Alexandria, Cairo (and Egypt), Cattaro, Ragusa, Venice, Naples (second call), Monaco, and the Riviera.  
*Carefully planned shore excursions in charge of American Express Co. Stop-over in Europe if desired.*

For choice selection of accommodations make reservations now. Cost of Cruise \$955 up. Number of guests limited.  
Illustrated Folder "Y" on request to

**HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE**  
21-24 State Street, New York

Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Detroit, Atlanta, Ga., Seattle, New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Mexico City, Montreal, Winnipeg, or any authorized Steamship Agent.



Other  
1928 Luxury Cruises  
**WEST INDIES**  
by the superb oil  
burning S. S. VEENDAM  
**AFRICA** South AMERICA  
EGYPT, EUROPE  
by superb oil burning  
S. S. VOLENDAM



**WHITEHALL**  
*Palm Beach*

OPENING DECEMBER 31ST.  
Premier European Hotel of the South appealing to people accustomed to smart social environment. Unsurpassed service and cuisine. Rentals now being made—apartments one to six rooms, long or short term leases.

New York Office  
THE BERKSHIRE  
21 East 52nd Street  
MARTIN SWEENEY  
Managing Director

**THE FINEST  
RESORT HOTEL IN  
ALL THE WORLD**



Through the  
MEDITERRANEAN  
on the  
ROYAL YACHT



*Leisurely and distinguished*  
is the cruise on the "Prince Olav," lately private  
ocean yacht of H. M. King George V.  
By Berengaria from New York, February  
10, fast express to Marseilles and the Yacht, to  
explore the Mediterranean. \$1700 up,  
New York to New York.

For information and booklets apply to Cunard Branch Offices  
Your Local Agent—Franco-Belgique Tours, Inc., or

ROYAL YACHT CRUISE

551 Fifth Avenue, New York

paired to a musical comedy and later to a night club. A pleasant evening was spent—and paid for by the Broadway man, who explained he had just come to town from the West and was having a little outing himself. Finally the trio repaired to the hotel room of the upstate man. The steerer diplomatically introduced the dice. The upstate man declared he might not be able to play for long—he expected a long-distance phone call that might necessitate his immediate return home.

NEVERTHELESS the game began. After losing his ready cash, the rural "banker" exhibited his grouch bag. The Broadway cheater's eye glowed with satisfaction. On the outside of the roll was a thousand-dollar bill, encasing a number of five-hundred-dollar and one-hundred-dollar notes, with numerous others of smaller denomination clearly visible. Extracting a few hundred, the upstate man continued the play. He was out exactly eighty dollars and was promising to shoot two hundred dollars. Then the phone bell jingled. After a short conversation, presumably from a long distance, the visitor declared he must return at once and that the game would have to be continued on his next visit. Hastily packing his hand bag, he checked out of the hotel and was rushed to the depot in a taxi by his two companions.

Once he had gone, the pair divided the eighty dollars between them and cursed the telephone for its interruption of what promised to be a gigantic haul. But the steerer comforted his friend, assuring him the old boy would return the following week. And sure enough, the next week came a telegram making an appointment and carrying a promise of a great party.

Another good time was given the visitor. Finally they repaired to the steerer's apartment, a furnished flat in a lonely street in the Fifties. The game soon got under way. The Broadway cheater was cleverly manipulating a set of honest dice. This method, though longer, would eventually make him the big winner. Finally the steerer, while shooting, worked in a pair of "tops." This was quickly noted by the Broadway boy. He realized the steerer would clean up a handsome sum while he held these dice. But what difference did it make, since it would be a fifty-fifty split after all? Besides, this would expedite matters and hasten the end.

The upstate visitor gladly contribu-

**GOLF — POLO**

Golden sport days at Pinehurst, N. C., have been brought closer to you by new, through Seaboard Air Line Pullman service. You can now have a full day at the office, take the 6:40 P.M. train from New York AND ARRIVE IN PINEHURST THE NEXT MORNING at the luxurious Carolina Hotel. Returning, leave Pinehurst in the evening and arrive at New York the following morning at 10:45 A.M.

Spend care-free hours in golfing on four 18-hole golf courses designed and personally supervised by Donald J. Ross, tennis, polo, riding, archery, rifle and trapshooting. For reservations or illustrated booklet, address General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

**Pinehurst**  
NORTH CAROLINA

**SPORT CENTER**

FOUR FAMOUS DONALD J. ROSS 18-HOLE COURSES

RIDING — TENNIS — ARCHERY — SHOOTING — RACING

**Frank's Mediterranean**  
6th Annual  
Cruise De Luxe

**Egypt—Holy Land**  
and practically every port of romantic interest bordering this historic sea.

Sailing from New York Jan. 25  
Cunard Trans-Atlantic Liner "Scythia,"  
Specially chartered, 390 guests—half capacity. Finest Cunard service. Shore excursions at every port included in rates. Special trains, private motors, guides, fees, etc. Free European stop-over, including return by "Berengaria," "Aquitania," "Mauretania" or any Cunard steamer. Full information on request. Prompt reservation advisable. Apply to

**FRANK TOURIST CO.**  
(Est. 1875) 542 Fifth Ave., New York  
Phone VANDerbilt 9126



## BERMUDA

*Atlantis Rediscovered*

Whether or not Bermuda is the lost Atlantis of mythology, it is indeed paradise regained for all who crave the grateful solace of real rest and recreation.

No motors, railways, trams or factories mar the perfect peace, quiet and cleanliness of these mid-Atlantic islands. Elderly persons and children find unique happiness here. Devotees of golf, tennis, riding, driving, cycling and all water sports, enjoy them at their best throughout the winter, in a mild and equable climate.

Three steamships weekly—no passports. Modern hotels, boarding places, furnished cottages. For booklet, address Furness Bermuda Line, 34 Whitehall Street, New York; The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, 26 Broadway, New York; any travel bureau, or

THE BERMUDA TRADE DEVELOPMENT BOARD  
250 Park Avenue, New York

*(A Department of the Bermuda Government, which has authorized the publication of this advertisement)*

# AUTOMATIC

*lights at the mere press of  
a trigger*



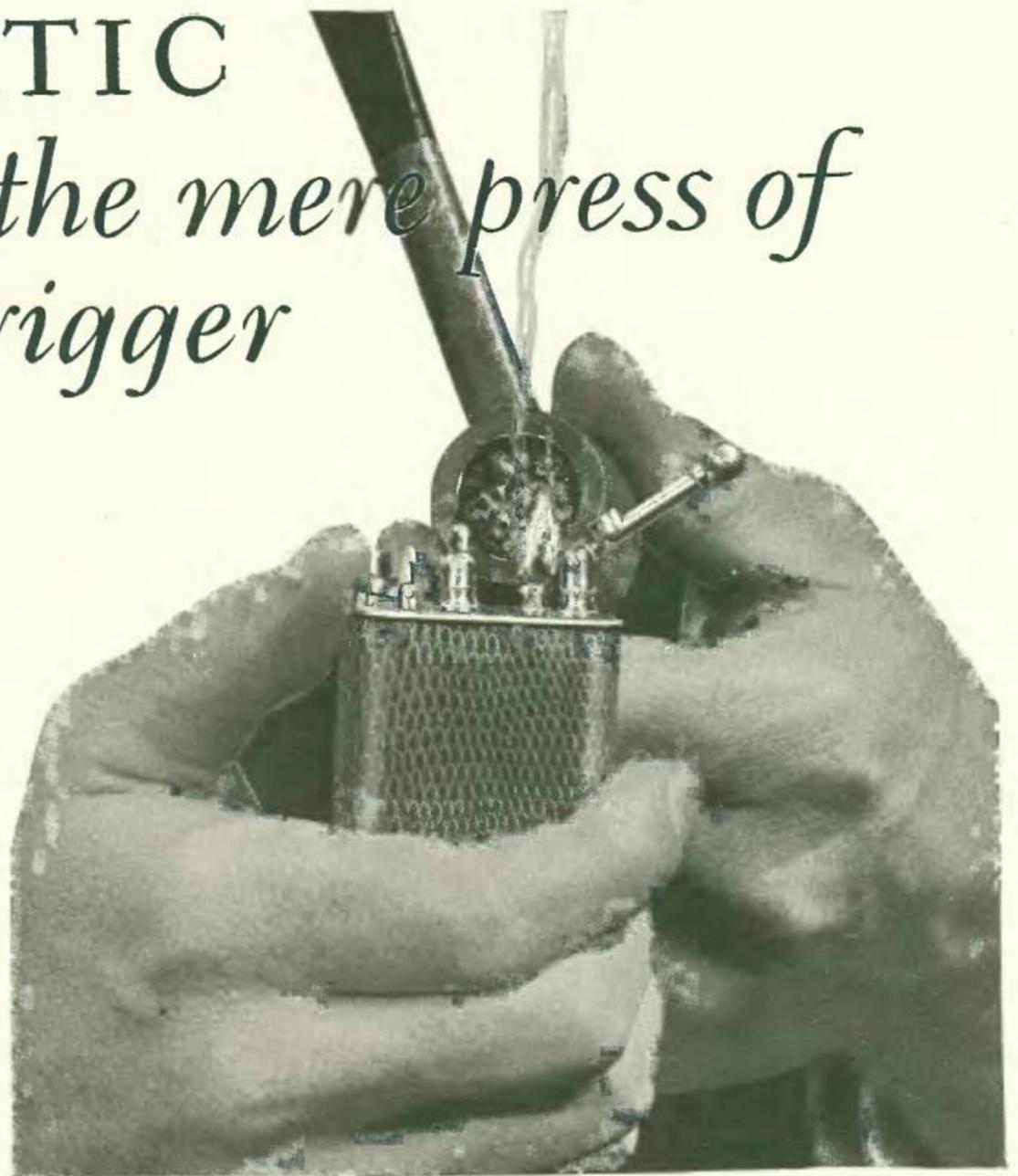
IT IS not recorded how Sitting Bull lit his pipe. But the absence of matches and uncertainty of lighters in his time would indicate that this champion old reater either had to break training or sit close to the fire.

What brings up the subject is that bridge tables these nights sometimes look like an Indian camp—burned and smouldering match sticks clutering every ash tray. The present praiseworthy dislike for such sights has sent people hunting a dependable lighter. And finding it, too, in the Douglass.

The Douglass is not only dependable but entirely automatic. Press the trigger—there's your light!

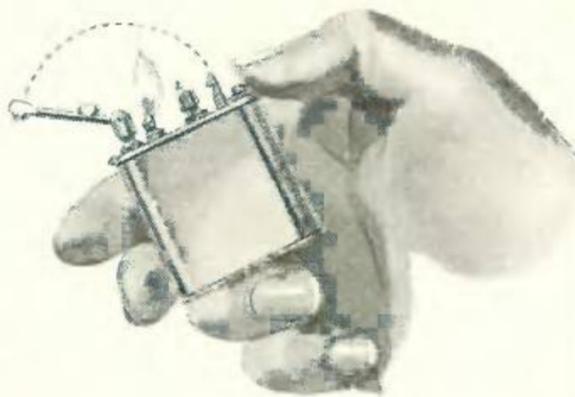
One displays a Douglass, therefore, with an air of assurance, makes it an accessory as important as a watch (or a compact).

Charming leathers, glowing metals encase Douglasses in many varied styles. Standard models are priced from \$5 upward, while Silhouette Douglasses range from \$10 to \$1000. You'll find one immensely pleasing to your pride and purse at some well placed jeweler's or tobacconist's.



There's a new Douglass now—the Silhouette model. It is thin and naturally so, for with Douglass straight line construction no working part was reduced to make this model slender. It fits your vest pocket without a bulge (or sidles gracefully into the smallest mesh bag).

*Press the trigger—there's your light*



Use Douglass Lighter Fluid or aviation gasoline  
Ask to see the new windshield attachment  
for Douglass Lighters; it's a wonder

## The Douglass Lighter

SPONSORED BY HARGRAFT, Wrigley Bldg., Chicago

ted his money in large sums. To make the play look natural, the Broadway cheater added his bankroll to the one-sided match. The final shoot called for all the money in sight and the grouch bag was drained of its last dollar. So was the Broadway cheater's purse. But why worry? He would get his own back immediately, with plenty of interest. With a few additional tosses the winning point was made and the steerer folded and pocketed the combined cash of his two opponents. This he did with anxious care, so that both saw exactly where it was placed.

**T**HEN followed the big act of this racket, the well-rehearsed finale to the evening's drama. The upstate man suggested they step out to a chop-suey restaurant for a bite. To the Broadway victim this sounded natural. It would keep the steerer in sight and prevent any magic work with the ill-earned profits. They descended to the sidewalk. Here was staged the unexpected climax by which the Broadway cheater was shifted to the rôle of Broadway chump.

The street was dark and at this early morning hour deserted. Suddenly the small-town man whipped out a gun. Covering the steerer, he demanded his money. He knew he was being trimmed, he exclaimed, but had gone through with it, deciding to get his money back by force. From a whining little weekender, this choice sucker now became dangerous. His automatic was pressed into the ribs of the man carrying his money. The steerer stuck up his hands. With a quick move the upstate man lifted the entire wad and transferred it to his own pockets.

He promised to shoot either of them down should they try to follow him. Then he hastened up the street and disappeared. When he was about a hundred yards away the steerer started to run after him but the Broadway cheater stood as though hypnotized. Had he too joined the pursuit, the steerer would have reached the corner and suddenly whirled to warn him back, thus insuring the escape of the man, the money and the gun.

**B**UT your Broadway cheater doesn't run. Nor does he appeal to the law. Had a policeman approached and asked what the trouble was, this Broadway dice cheater would undoubtedly have answered: "Oh, a couple of drunks, playing tag." And

# DOBBS

**THERE IS  
DISTINCTION  
IN WEARING  
DOBBS CLOTHES**



*This Dobbs Coat of Tweed with shawl collar of Hair Seal is one of the new moderate priced Dobbs Coats. Other Dobbs Models in a wide selection of exclusive designs, fabrics and fur trims.*

**FIFTH AVENUE at 50<sup>TH</sup> ST.**  
● NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS ●

1016  
*Fifth Avenue*

SOUTHERN CORNER OF 83rd STREET

**N**OW you may RENT an apartment of 7, 9, 10, 12 or 16 rooms, also doctor's apartments, in a distinguished new building on Fifth Avenue at 83rd Street. Kitchens and bathrooms tiled to the ceiling, glass-enclosed showers. Agents on premises or telephone

Rhineland 10415  
Immediate Occupancy.  
Attractive Rentals

**Douglas L. Ellman & Co.**  
Agent  
15 EAST 49th STREET



*The*  
**"EAST SIXTIES"**

**Y**OU may be one of the few who will appreciate the charming atmosphere of the "East Sixties." 1, 2, 3, 4 or more rooms furnished or unfurnished; private foyers and serving pantries; central refrigeration; private bath for each chamber. Attractive rentals. Immediate occupancy.

Venetian Dining Room  
Now Open  
Representative always on premises  
Telephone Rhineland 0200

*The*  
**ALRAE**

**"A New Residential Hotel"**  
37 East 64<sup>TH</sup> Street



*Garden Apartments*  
**6 and 7 ROOMS**

*in this new fireproof elevator detached building from \$210.*

These seven-room apartments in The Towers have two master bedrooms, two baths, guest bedroom, maid's room with bath, large serving pantry and fully equipped legal kitchen, with entrance foyer, dining-room and large 20 ft. living room having wood-burning fireplace, sound-proofed walls—seven large closets, elevator service with attendant—A seven-room easy housekeeping apartment, comparable to the best in New York City, both in planning and environment, at \$29.40 per year, or approximately one-half Park Avenue rentals.

Visit

**JACKSON HEIGHTS**  
Today

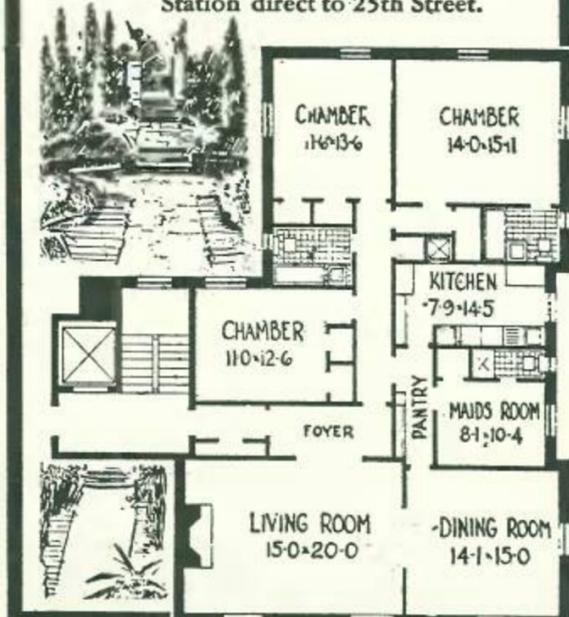
*Smaller Suites Available*

**THE QUEENSBORO CORPORATION**

*Jackson Heights Office:*

25th Street and Polk Avenue

Take 5th Ave. Bus No. 15, direct to Jackson Heights (open daily and Sunday, until 6 p. m.) or Subway from Grand Central Station direct to 25th Street.



in nine cases out of ten, he wouldn't begin to realize for several hours that the upstate man had been a confederate of the steerer and that he himself was "it." A dice cheater cannot bring himself to believe that at his own racket anyone is smarter than himself.

—JACK WYNN

**SOCIAL EVASIONS**

TEN WAYS TO SIDESTEP THAT INSPECTION TOUR OF YOUR HOST'S NEW HOME

"**L**OVELY view from the porch, isn't it? Suppose we just sit down and let that marvellous dinner settle a bit, eh?"

"Yes, I have. I took the liberty of wandering through those fine upstairs rooms before you arrived, old man."

"Splendid. Splendid. I can just see how the whole thing is laid out, from down here in the hall."

"I'd really prefer to look a little later, if it's all the same to you. When we go up for our wraps, perhaps . . ."

"And you planned it all yourselves? Well, well, could I look over the blueprints, here by the fire? I have a passion for detail."

"Whose house did you say this was like, Fred Farrar's? I thought so. He's had me through his a hundred times."

"This living-room is so restful and inviting that I simply refuse to be torn away from it right now!"

"I'd like to, the worst way. But I've got this game knee, and stairs are so apt to slip it out again. I'll just stand here and peek up, and you can explain it to me, if you will."

"It's a little gem, really. So unusual. What? Well, to be perfectly frank, I'd rather not see the furnace and the laundry. It might destroy my illusion of this perfect first floor."

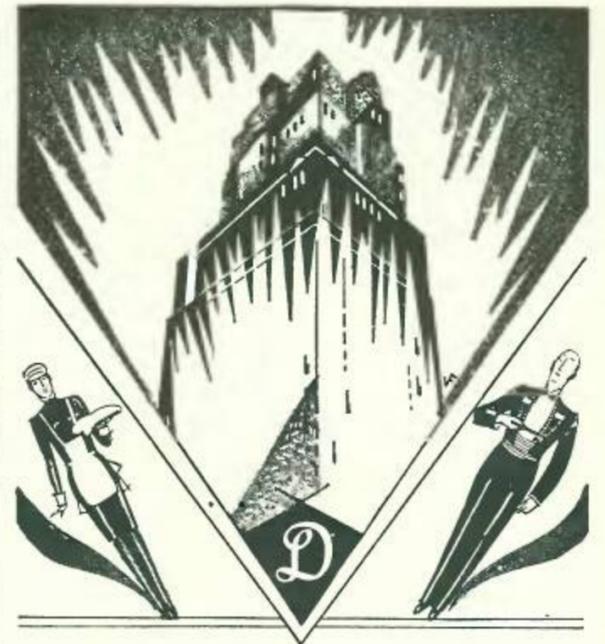
If he still persists—and many of them do—ask him how much it all cost and then observe:

"Well, I've always heard that most of the real value in a house is hidden. But that seems a whopping price, somehow, a whopping price."

—STANLEY JONES

We have lost about eight or ten hens in the last two weeks. Do you think it could be lice? We clean and spray the cook two or three times a week with carbolic acid.—*The Rural New Yorker.*

Well, keep everlastingly at it.

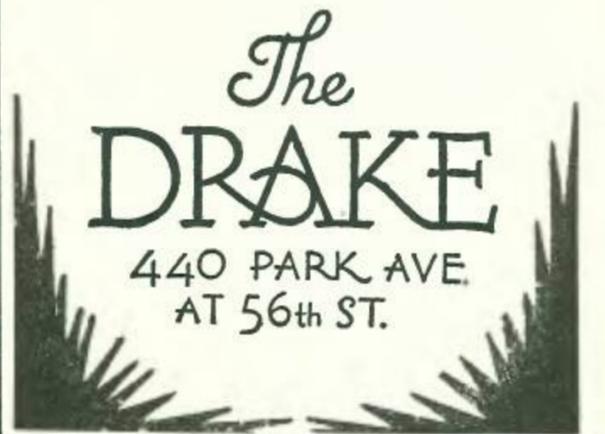


**2 and 3 room suites**

The 2 and 3 room hotel apartments at The Drake strike a new note of smart completeness, which quite captivates those who are critical enough to appreciate such things.

*Suites with serving pantries, — unfurnished or furnished—renting from \$2600, including maid service.*

*Some larger suites. Some for transients. — Alfred C. Ray, Manager.*



**Dance Smartly!**

Learn to lead forcefully, follow easily. Develop poise, balance and confidence quickly. Become a brilliant dancer in a few private lessons from America's finest teachers. Tuition Greatly Reduced. Studio open until 10 P.M.



**ARTHUR MURRAY**  
7 East 43rd Street

**H**armony is the essence of exquisite charm. Do not allow superfluous hair to be the careless discordant note. Electrolysis insures permanent, safe and painless removal. Applied by a trained nurse who has physicians' endorsements. Personal Service by Appointment. Evening treatments arranged.

**HELEN M. DUFF, R. N.**  
29 West 49th St. Circle 1247

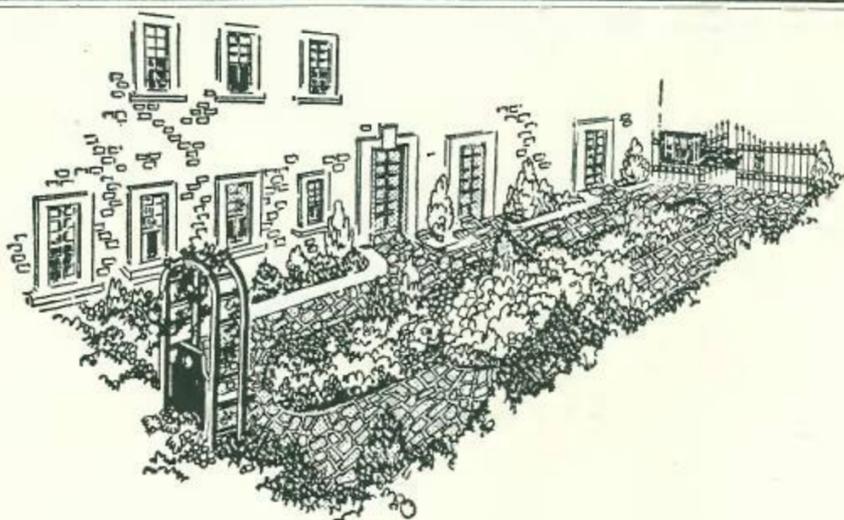
## PARIS LETTER

PARIS, NOVEMBER 9



**M**ODERN is the word to describe the remarkable five rooms recently perfected in the old hôtel of the Vicomte de Noailles in the Place des États-Unis, where the most competitively contemporary French decorators have dated their work as precisely as financiers signing a cheque. From the conceptions of Pierre le Grand, Dunand and others have been gathered white oilcloth backgrounds for beds of boa-skin *galuchat*. Chairs are of glass and white enamel, the floors are of glass squares, silvered. Jean-Franc, noted for his precious parchment walls, has here used straw as the last exquisite straw. The screens are made of egg shells. And the windows are set, sill and casement, in mirrors which reflect the taste and light of an epoch and the sky. It is to be considered that the Vicomte de Noailles has here established himself as a modern Maecenas.

**I**N conformity with a recent policy of exchange shows between the Seine and the Thames, l'Exposition de la Gravure Moderne Anglaise opened under the patronage of mutual ambassadors in the Pavillon de Marsan in the Louvre, being the first important impersonal art show of the winter season. Its like could be assembled from no capital today except from London, its natural home. The great die-hards, Brangwyn, Strang, and Cameron, still dominate the plates along with Rothenstein's lithographs of the Incomparable Max, of Rodin, Fantin-Latour, Henley and Beardsley, still presented in the grouping first given them as a novelty in New York, circa 1912. Belcher is still present with his colored prints imitative of the sixties ("The Wild Irishman," "Pat O'Keeffe of the Squared Ring" and, on the other hand, "The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Ponsonby, Functioner to His Majesty the King.") There are to be seen on the walls bona fide merchantman examples of the excellent McBey, Muirhead Bone, et al. Remark also the more lively Laura Knight of the Chelsea group, the Nash brothers and Ricketts of the Bloomsbury band, and Gill for his fine little woodcuts. These



### A Garden Maisonette

**A**N innovation for New York—a Maisonette Duplex, with its own garden, extending the full depth of the apartment! You enter this private garden through your own wrought iron gate with its own street number—443 East 57th Street. The cost of this unusual apartment, consisting of 12 rooms and 4 baths, with the garden included—in the Sutton Place colony—is remarkably reasonable.

Only fourteen apartments left—13 rooms, 5 baths as well as Duplex and single apartments of 7, 8 and 9 rooms. Also a special roof duplex of 17 rooms, 7 baths.

Prices from \$21,000—Maintenance 10%

## 447 East 57th Street

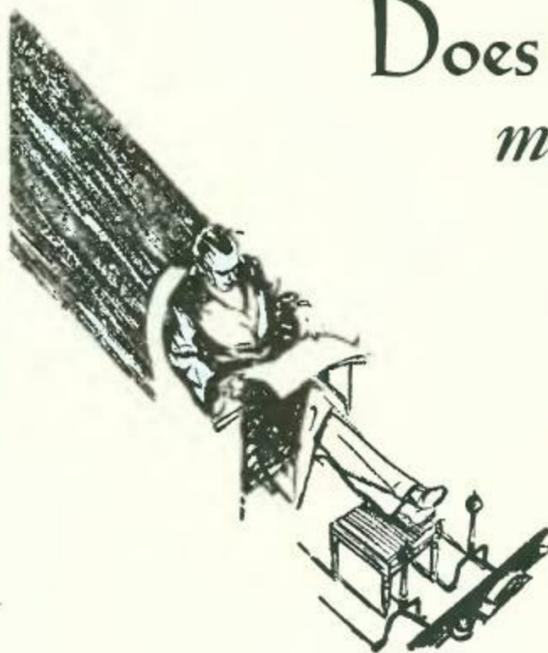
at Sutton Place

A New 100% Cooperative Apartment House

Ready Summer of 1928

Selling and Managing Agent

**Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc., 15 E. 49th St., Plaza 9200**



## Does COMFORT *mean much to you?*

At The Briarcliff, the type of construction, the size of the rooms, harks back to an older day; the conveniences and room arrangements are distinctly modern. These are the most significant facts:

12-foot ceilings. Longer and wider rooms... 11 closets in the 6-room apartments... 1 elevator to each apartment on a floor... 3 shifts of service men—prompt and courteous service—convenient location—moderate rentals... 12-story, modern, fireproof building.

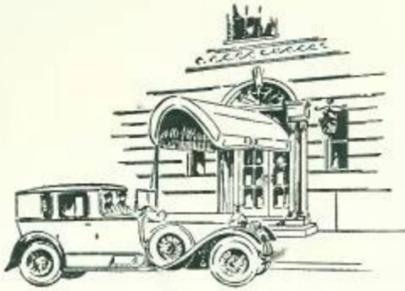
An inspection will convince you. The apartments may be seen at any time you wish.

2, 4, 6 & 7 Rooms from \$2,200

BYRNE & BOWMAN, Agent  
30 East 42nd St. Vand. 2371

# • THE BRIARCLIFF •

171 West 57th Street Corner 7th Avenue



The Firm of  
**KENNETH M. MURCHISON**  
*Architects*

has accomplished an extraordinarily livable arrangement of rooms in the new 100% cooperative apartment dwelling at

**133**  
**East 64<sup>th</sup> Street**

A northwest corner with east and south exposures — sun flooded.

Accessibly located in the heart of the East Sixties — near your friends.

Built by the noted firm of Starrett Bros., who have exercised an unusual fidelity in interpreting the architect's plan.

**10 AND 13 ROOMS**

Two decorated apartments  
await your inspection

Priced from \$29,900

Maintenance  
from \$3,130

*Representative on the premises*

**Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc.**

*Selling and Managing Agent*

**15 East 49<sup>th</sup> Street**

PLAZA 9200

few lead the perhaps modern coterie, of which almost the only number modern in subject would be the "Tables at Dieppe Casino" by Job Nixon, and in treatment Nevinson's splendid "Dawn at Southwark." The English show would have been good a decade ago. It is good today. But to capitals other than London it cannot go on being good forever. Modern, m'dear boy, is not the word for it.

**I**F Miss Ruth Elder has had time to study French she cannot fail to have enjoyed Clément Vautel's column devoted to her in *Le Journal*. M. Vautel ranks as one of the humorists of the Parisian press and in pleasant mood he opened his attack by remarking that if he were Monsieur Lyle Womack of Lakeland, Alabama, he would ask a divorce from the lady, whom thereafter he refers to exclusively as Madame Lyle Womack. M. Vautel does not approve of these co-educational fly-by-nights. "You say that a night passed in these conditions [aerial-transatlantic] with another man [he means George Haldeman, the pilot] could contain nothing disquieting to the honor of even the most suspicious of husbands?" he demands. It is obvious from the start of the paragraph that the noes have it. "Possibly the honor of M. Womack risks but little in an aeroplane, what with the maneuvering attendant upon height and direction, tasks sufficiently trying to occupy the attention of the couple installed in the American Girl. But when they arrive in Paris, this couple, what might happen? And even if nothing happens," he admits more in pain than in fear, "what memories these two already have in common! Will not the pretty Ruth be tempted to compare her companion of the heroic flight with her earth-bound mate? And why," he goes on, growing funnier all the time, "does he permit her to use her girlish name of Elder? Why does he tolerate that she leave the conjugal hearth to accomplish sporting feats which are not only dangerous but for which she gets all the glory?" "A married woman's place is in the home, not in a kite," he adds, and should be given the credit. "Madame Womack should consecrate to her husband if not her days [even M. Vautel realizes that after breakfast M. Womack might have something else to do], at least her nights. Ah, M. Womack," he sighs, "I fear this last aerial crossing will claim its victim. On the whole, it better be you."



We must have  
**Publicity!**

**A**FTER dining here the other day a gourmet of world renown sought Monsieur Champion, our Chef, and was at the point of weeping on his neck in sheer exaltation, when the Maitre d'Hotel rushed to the rescue...clannish, these French!

One may dine here (and our veracity will not be questioned on this) and discover that this fellow Champion really has a flair for quite delightful culinary creations... and one may enjoy them in an atmosphere as quiet as a sheep herder's cabin!

Come and form your own opinion of this now distinguished dignitary's art.

**HOTEL NEW WESTON  
RESTAURANT**

34 EAST 50<sup>TH</sup> STREET

*Between Park and Madison Avenues*

**7 & 8**  
**ROOMS**



**A**N exhibition furnished suite shows country home spaciousness at an exclusive and convenient city address. Each suite faces and overlooks Gramercy Park. Immediate occupancy at rentals from \$4700. Agent on the premises or Pennsylvania 4180

**45**  
**GRAMERCY PARK  
NORTH**  
THIS IS A  
**BING & BING BUILDING**

# The Beverly

50th St., Cor. Lexington Ave.



NEW YORK'S newest residential hotel, with its restaurant, is now open.

Those who appreciate a hotel of the finest character, both in the completeness of its design, construction and the standard of service maintained, should avail themselves of the opportunity to inspect what is considered the best value in New York.

Only a few apartments still available, including some with private terraces.

Wallace K. Seeley  
Resident Manager

Renting Agent on Premises

**A. G. WALKER & Co., Inc.**

Managing Agent

565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St.

Plaza 5754

## THE NEW YORKER'S - discovery!

FROM JUNE 4TH ISSUE

The latest discovery in hosiery takes you to the seventh floor of the building at 140 West Forty-Second Street. Here the Gerton Hosiery Co. offers chiffon stockings at \$1.05 a pair, that come in a full selection of colors, and are as wearable as any I have ever had. What is more, they are apparently immune to streaking when they are washed. If you must wear stockings with black heels (known as Black Bottoms) you can get them for \$1.50, and the chiffon ones with clocks cost you \$1.67. This all sounds too good to be true, but you can prove it by your own investigations.

Take the Elevator and Save 75c!  
Perfect All Silk **\$1.05**  
**HOSIERY**  
Finest Quality—Full Fashioned—Sheer or Service Weight  
45 Gauge Picot edge Lace Clox . . . \$1.67  
Our Prices Never Change

**Gerton HOSIERY**  
Known by its "brown edge"  
140 W. 42d St.—7th floor  
366 Fifth Ave.—Room 410  
198 Broadway—3d floor  
27 William St.—Room 401  
40 Exchange Pl.—Room 401  
(Mail orders filled)

He may be right. So far as transatlantic flying is concerned, better be Monsieur Womack every time than Monsieur Vautel. Anyhow, Ruth Elder will be home before you read this.

AS part of life has come the death of Walter Van Rensselaer Berry, Parisian figure to Americans, American figure to Parisians. Between fluctuating national ranks he spent his long, fashionable expatriation in his private hôtel in the Rue de Varenne. French law forbidding that his ashes be cast to the winds of his country château, as had been his desire, his urban obsequies became a noble faubourg gathering suitable to an international gentleman whose energies had been patriotic, commercial, public, but worldly always. He had been president of the Paris American Chamber of Commerce. At his instigation Belleau Wood was purchased as a national memorial to the 2nd, 3rd and 26th Divisions. And as tribute the country mayor of Belleau represented his little community at the American's last public function in the Pro-Cathedral in the Avenue Georges V, where assembled representatives of the President of the Republic, of the Military Governor of Paris, Generals Foch and Gouraud. Present also was his life-long friend, Mrs. Edith Wharton. From the American colony were Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant, Mr. Henry Peartree, Mr. Blythe Branch and Colonel Drake. From the French were Paul Valéry, M. and Madame Paul Morand, M. and Madame Henry Bernstein, Princesse Lucien Murat, M. Jean Cocteau, Duc de Gramont, Comtesse de Beaumont, Marquis de Castellane, Comte and Comtesse de Chambrun, Comte and Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld.

The ceremonies of death are precisely graded in France. There are seven classes of funerals, depending on the purse, and *un enterrement de première classe* has even three divisions of subdividing magnificence, which make in all nine fashions in which humans may say good-bye to pomp forever. The plume-decked, broided catafalque with its flowing curtains and silver insignia and its four plume-decked black horses with their sombre caparisons and white reins, headed a procession in Mr. Berry's last honor whose magnificence is rarely seen in France today.

IN a period more than ordinarily enlivened by divorce-courts, domes-

— lots of it —  
flooding through every room in

The **Dover**  
LEXINGTON at FIFTY-SEVENTH  
An Apartment Hotel-Residence

1-2-3 ROOMS  
Yearly Leases

JOSEPH MILNER  
COMPANY, INC.  
285 Madison Avenue  
ASHland 4110

**COCKTAIL PARK CENTRAL**

One part Spirit of Festival, two parts Unfermented Sophistication and the most cultured calories of two continents. Sweeten with the reflection of your fair partner, and allow Cass Hagan and His Orchestra to shake well. Effect: the sort of evening that should never end.

**PARK CENTRAL GRILL**  
At this select residential Hotel with Transient Accommodations  
SEVENTH AVE., 55th to 56th Streets



### The Street of distinguished families....

Adjacent to the mansions of many of New York's socially prominent families is the Dorset. A few terraced duplex, simplex and maisonette suites from 2 to 5 rooms may be had furnished or unfurnished, on lease or transient. The restaurant is worthy of its eminent patronage.

W. A. BUESCHER, *Manager*

## THE DORSET

THIRTY WEST FIFTY-FOURTH  
Adjoining Fifth Avenue



## George Olsen

and

## His Boys

now at

## Club Richman

157 West 56th St.

Telephone, Circle 3203

tic shootings and *crimes passionnels*, the theatres have been ill-attended. Apparently flat-dwellers don't dare go to the theatre for fear of missing more than three good acts at home. However, the melancholy art cinemas have benefited by the crime wave, and justly, since they offer at any time the best public entertainment in Paris, still capital of France but no more one of the bright stage centres of Europe. Of the five stuffy eclectic kinos which offer to the intelligentsia light on all shady subjects without adding fresh air, the Vieux Colombier is showing as part of its repertoire the German "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." The Studio des Ursulines offers the German "Nju" (Frenched as "À Qui la Faute?" without either Jannings or Veidt answering the sad question in any tongue). The Pavillon screens the German "La Rue Sans Joie," depressing but documentary Viennese evidence showing Greta Garbo before her gold-rush to California. The Carrillon shows another German Jannings and "Shoulder Arms," which, if not made in Germany, was recently put out of it as subversive to military discipline. To add to the gaiety, the new Ciné-Latin, behind the Panthéon, is reviving Kirsanoff's brutal "Ménilmontant," a film named for the poor Parisian quarter which its French characters inhabit without any more luck than if they lived in the Ufa studios in Berlin.

For those who like lighter entertainment, at the Atelier, Tolstoï's "The Living Corpse," and Shakespeare's "Hamlet" have been enacted, both in German and both in some artistic confusion, by Alexander Moïssi, late of Vienna, who plays Hamlet as if he were playing The Living Corpse. Otherwise, despite the adulation of the press, Herr Moïssi's conception of the rôle seems to have altered little from his Vienna days. His is permanently a Hamlet of black cotton tights. Being in reality a Dalmatian and avowing allegiance to Italy, Herr Moïssi cannot be responsible for the jarring of the German text, but it nevertheless displeases. *Wie gehts* is no way for Rosenkrantz to speak to the Prince of Denmark.

AMONG recent musical innovations the inauguration of the three new Pleyel Concert Halls, assorted sizes, is an event of first-rate importance to a music-loving capital which gives fifty concerts a week whether there is room for the audience



## SMART NEW CADILLACS BY THE HOUR

There is scarcely any point in maintaining a splendid motor turnout any more — it may so readily be taken for a Kraft Cadillac—new, smartly tended by a courteous uniformed chauffeur and very reasonable to pay for by the hour.

Shopping \$3 an hour; straight driving \$4. All services \$4 an hour on Saturday and Sunday.

*Kraft*

102 WEST 50th STREET  
CIRCLE 7210



# R E D U C E D

radically for quick disposal because of owner's unexpected change in plans, this absolutely new, never-used \$10,000 Pierce-Arrow sedan with special Le Baron body, stands on our floor, perfect in every detail, ready for immediate delivery.

Telephone for particulars or call and see this custom model—promptly.

PIERCE-ARROW SALES CORPORATION  
233 WEST 54TH ST., NEW YORK  
TELEPHONE COLUMBUS 8500

or not. For two hundred and fifty years the Pleyels have been the leading mercantile music-men of France. Chopin gave his first and last Parisian concert in their old auditorium, Liszt played under their official roof, Rubinstein made his debut with them and in their hall Saint-Saëns gave his first public performance at the age of ten. Their big new hall, which seats 3,000, has what the Pleyels call a scientifically sloping ceiling patterned in the interests of modern acoustics after the open-air (and, as we recall, usually open-roofed) antique theatres.

—GENÊT

A NEW YORKER SHOWS  
NEW YORK

"THE old Astor House was down here some place; hotel where the famous Amen corner used to meet."

"Yeh, that's the City Hall, where the mayor's office is. Boss Tweed and his gang built it. Some graft, believe me."

"There's a fine historic place—Fraunces' Tavern. Washington was inaugurated there, if I remember rightly."

"That's the little steamer that runs over to the Statue of Liberty. . . . Oh, about forty years ago, I think. It was presented to the city by a chap named Bedloe, who owned the island."

"Yessir, that's what's left of the old Bowery Theatre, where the Whose-This—now—Macready riots took place. Hell of a time about something or other."

"Five Points—toughest dump in New York—used to be over here somewhere. . . . Give it up. My memory doesn't go back further than President Wilson's fourteen."

"That big new building on the corner is named after President Monroe. The old house where he wrote the Monroe Doctrine used to stand here."

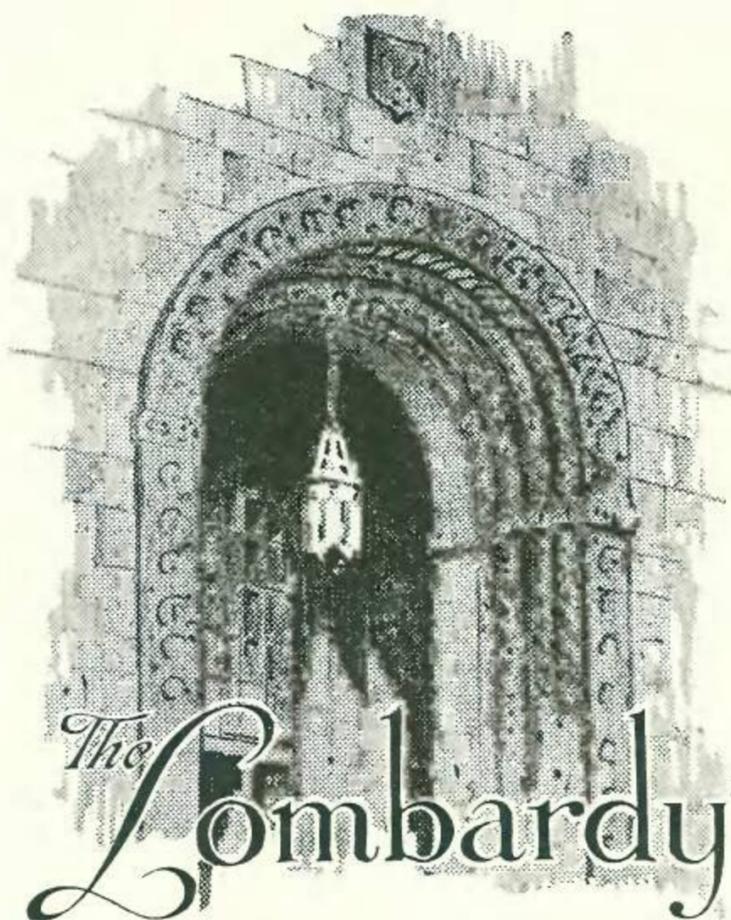
"This used to be called Dead Man's Curve in the days of the old Broadway stages. Hold-ups, I imagine. Pretty wild around here in those times."

"That's the Bible House. Queer name for a hotel, wasn't it? No, I confess I never was inside the place."

—A. H. F.

FATHER OF 146 DIES IN PEACE—*Headline in the Dallas Dispatch.*

Sure, peace and plenty.



The Lombardy  
RESTAURANT

FEATURING the kind of food New York enjoyed before it became too busy to enjoy eating—designed for those who still take time to give a skilfully prepared meal—the respect it deserves.



ONE ELEVEN EAST FIFTY SIXTH ST.  
{JUST OFF PARK AVENUE} TELEPHONE PLAZA 8601  
NEW YORK

Your Guests  
Will Have



cause for a Truly Thanksgiving if you serve them with Thanksgiving Goodies from our Special Order Department. MINCE PIES, PUMPKIN PIES, PLUM PUDDINGS, CAKES, BREADS, NUTS, CANDIES, each the very best of its kind.

Do you know our excellent restaurant? Delicious meals—

NEW YORK EXCHANGE  
FOR  
WOMAN'S WORK  
541 Madison Avenue New York

BABY FEET go pitter patter certainly, but not across the floors of some apartment houses. We know of one that not only suffers little children but likes them.

So if haughty superintendents sneered when you said you did have offspring, you might let us tell you about it.

*A. G. Walker*

A. G. Walker & Co., Inc.  
REAL ESTATE  
565 Lexington Avenue  
at 50th Street PLAZA 5754

## READING AND WRITING

*Adam and Eve and Lilith and Epigrams  
— Something More About Cabell*



**I**N the first place, my copy of John Erskine's "Adam and Eve" had several uncut pages. That is enough to make me sulky all day. I don't ask much of life; just give me some orange juice and coffee in the morning, a reasonable amount of sleep, and a couple of good telephone numbers, and I can get along pretty. But I do expect my books to come to me ready for reading. A nice state this world has reached when they can send you uncut books, and call it civilization. What are we become—a nation of page-splitters? Is there none in this broad land, from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sunny slopes of California, who will lead us on to storm the barricades in protestation against this outrage? Are we men, or are we mice? Or aren't we all?

Left alone with an uncut book, I am practically useless. I can only weep the easy tears of the congenital defeatist when confronted with the problem of getting those pages unbuttoned. How, I bitterly ask of the echoing air, how the hell do they think I am going to do it? Have I got a paper-cutter? Have you got a paper-cutter? Do you know anybody that has a paper-cutter? Of course you don't, and you wouldn't want to, either. Anybody that would own a paper-cutter is a big nance.

And yet, you know, I did have a paper-cutter once. I got it for Christmas. That would be a typical Christmas gift for me. There I stand, year after year, with my nose pressed flat against the frosted window-pane, watching for jolly old Father Christmas to drive up with a sackful of pearls or square-cut emeralds or Hispano-Suizas for me, because I have been so good. And what does he bring, I ask you purely for the rhetorical effect? I'll tell you what he brings. He brings tin shoe-trees painted with pink and blue forget-me-nots; he brings "India's Love Lyrics" bound in gray suède; he brings a bridge-table-cover wittily embroidered with groups of hearts, spades, diamonds, and clubs; he brings a hundred especially initialed packs of paper matches; and he brings a paper-cutter. Father Christmas, my eye. Step-father Christmas, he is to me.

I wish you could have seen that paper-cutter. It was a little peach.

Across the room you couldn't have told it from sterling silver, and it was made in the shape—what won't they think of next?—of a regular little dagger. And then I had to present the laughing giver with a penny, lest the sharp point of the gift should cut our friendship. It would be rough if anything severed a friendship with one who gives away paper-cutters at Christmas.

There was a time when that paper-cutter and I were like sisters. Wherever I went, there was the paper-cutter. I would sit down in a comfortable chair, and there it was; I would step out of bed on a crisp Winter morning, and there it was; I would reach into the dim depths of a bureau drawer, and there it was, again. I grew to know it so well that I had my own secret pet-name for it. I used to call it "that lousy thing."

But I am afraid there was a wild streak in that paper-cutter. It could not settle down to a humdrum life. It was only a little butterfly. When you were relaxed and playful and dreamy, there it would be, ready to stick into you for hours at a stretch. But let there be work for it to do, let there be a bottle to be opened, or a lock to be forced, or even a page to be cut, and it would run like a rabbit. And it was a wonder at finding hiding-places. I have taken up rugs, and scrouged my arm down behind couch-cushions; I have lifted and shaken every liftable thing in the apartment, and looked under everything else. It has been away this last time, for more than three months. It's just a fair-weather paper-cutter, that's all it is. When you're in trouble, when you need it, it's never around.

I don't say I'd ask much of it. There are only a few times, only moments such as that when "Adam and Eve" came in, that I miss it. There are those uncut pages, and there am I, broken-hearted. Do you know what I have to use? My right thumb, that's what I have to use. Me, that was brought up in a refined home and given the advantages of a select day

school and a complete set of music lessons—I have to cut pages with my thumb. And that gives a nice finish to a page, to cut it with the thumb. It looks like the edge of a Spanish shawl.

And when you've cut the pages of "Adam and Eve," what have you? One of the least amusing books you ever saw in your life. Honestly, it is. I am sorry to be the way I am, but for me the brilliance of Professor Erskine dwindles away after a couple of pages to the flame of a cold coal.

**"ADAM AND EVE"**—the sub-title is "Though He Knew Better," and some kind friend will have to take me aside and be pretty patient about explaining to me just what that means—is again the Erskine formula of epigrams about us men and us women, interspersed with such speeches as "Well, of course that is very clever," or "That's much too subtle for me." For the first ten pages of his first book, "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," this was a startling and amusing trick, and then it became as familiar as your own tooth-brush. By this time, it is so monotonous as to be actively irritating. You become used to nothing so quickly as to smartness.

Professor Erskine introduces Adam alone, and takes us through his meetings with the animals. Then in comes Lilith, the knock-out of her day; the author makes of her the same large, calm, smug lady that he made of Helen. Nothing flurries her; she is always cool and wise and epigrammatic. In short, the sort of woman about whom my happiest day-dreams centre. I love to lie and think of dropping a girder on her head.

Presently, along walks Eve. She is the bustling, ineffectual, nagging, over-moral wife, thus pointing up Lilith, the understanding, companionable Other Woman. There are but these three in the world. But they do more talking than has ever been done since.

I know that the works of Professor Erskine are enormously popular, and of large profit to the author. It is

with many tremors that I say I cannot like them. It is with real timidity that I whisper that "Adam and Eve," his latest creation, seems to me even more tedious than its forerunners. Perhaps it would have been better if I had just gone on talking about paper-cutters. A paper-cutter has no friends.

I am, you see, a burned, even a sizzled, child. I know what happens when you hint, no matter how softly and with how many apologies for your own worm-like blindness, that you cannot like the books of certain authors whose friends are legion. Some day, when we know each other better, I should like to show you those letters I got for saying out in public that I was unable to read the works of Cabell. If you are sure you are over sixteen, I will let you look at those letters. Some of them had to be written on asbestos.

The fear of God is in me, since those mails came in. Henceforth, I promise to do what I can to remedy my sin. Any night, now, watch out for an individual torchlight procession, bearing a snow-white standard on which is emblazoned the slogan:

"For President of the United States—James Branch Cabell."

—CONSTANT READER

#### MORE BOOKS

'**B**oss' TWEED! Two hundred and fifty pounds of flesh, the small, hot eyes of a wary elephant stuffing into a little mouth beneath a long trunk-like nose, thirty million dollars in thirty months. Vaguely remembered cartoons by Thomas Nast in old bound numbers of *Harper's Weekly* and a dim reproach in post-Civil War histories were all the average person knew of the Big Boss. But now Denis Lynch, in "'Boss' Tweed," has given us a huge portrait of the man with a background of an incredible New York, a New York of sixty years ago, as unknown to its present inhabitants as the jungle.

Fifteen thousand penniless children roamed the streets, homeless waifs and strays who were as wild as young wolves. Rich New Yorkers in plush and velvet sat at home under blazing gaslights and advertised in the local papers for female children to do housework, "preferably not under twelve years." Mrs. Restell, nicknamed "Madame Killer," also advertised as a "female physician and midwife," collected a fortune she counted in millions, built a palace on Fifth Avenue,

The authentic "AL" SMITH biography

# Up from the City Streets

By NORMAN HAPGOOD  
& HENRY MOSKOWITZ

This impartial, accurate, and stirring story of the life of Al Smith is based on personal contact with the Governor. The authors have had access to family and political records, as well as to state papers.

Illustrated by photographs, cartoons,  
original drawings, etc. \$2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

## AUTOMOBILE SALON

*Presenting the Aristocracy of Motordom*

COMMODORE HOTEL, New York

November 27—December 3, 1927

<b>DRAKE HOTEL</b> Chicago January 28— February 4, 1928	<b>HOTEL BILTMORE</b> Los Angeles February 11-18, 1928	<b>PALACE HOTEL</b> San Francisco February 25— March 3, 1928
--	--	---

THE AUTOMOBILE SALON presents annually to a discriminating and distinguished clientele, all that is really meritorious in high-grade motor cars, custom coach work, and the various accessories thereto, admirably staged in a beautiful and appropriate setting, and on a scale commensurate with the importance and character of the products exhibited.

Six nations, England, France, Belgium, Italy, Germany and the United States, are represented this season.

#### EXHIBITING

CUNNINGHAM	ISOTTA FRASCHINI	MERCEDES	MINERVA
RENAULT		ROLLS-ROYCE	

#### EXHIBITED BY COACHMAKERS

CADILLAC	FRANKLIN	LINCOLN	PIERCE-ARROW
CHRYSLER 80	LA SALLE	PACKARD	STEARNS-KNIGHT
		STUTZ	

#### COACHWORK EXHIBITS BY

BREWSTER	FISHER	JUDKINS	ROLLSTON
BRUNN	FLEETWOOD	LE BARON	SALA
DERHAM	HOLBROOK	LOCKE	WEYMANN
	DIETRICH		WILLOUGHBY

The World's Finest Motor Cars

**“BOSS” TWEED**

*was some New Yorker!*

He cost the city \$200,000,000 in graft. His boldness would have turned the historic professionals of the Medici green with envy.

\$\$\$

He led a respectable life while protecting the notorious Mme. Restell, the Claffin Soeurs and consorting with Jim Fisk, famous for his harem

The grave and the mighty had secret dickerings with him; piously retreated when at last the city turned on him not so much out of righteousness as revenge. He died in the Tombs.



||||

All told in this book so authoritatively that it has won the praise of historians; so entertainingly that it has gone into its

3d large edition

**“BOSS”  
TWEED**

THE STORY OF A GRIM GENERATION  
by Denis Tilden Lynch

Octavo. Illustrated \$4.00

At All  Bookellers  
GOOD BOOKS  BONI & LIVERIGHT, N.Y.

where she gave elaborate evening parties, while above in the part of the house set aside as a “hospital,” hundreds of young women were maimed or killed and their offspring sold for adoption or disposed of more completely. “Madame Killer” drove in her carriage through a pompous and prosperous New York, while Queen Victoria sat more and more securely on her throne in London and President Grant was domestic down in Washington. Jim Fisk drove his mistress and a brace of dancers along Broadway, and that night sat in a box at the Opera with the President and Mrs. Grant, and Jay Gould, who must have grinned sardonically at them, pondering the while the tricking of the President and the ruin of his own partner, Fisk, in the imminent event of Black Friday, the gold corner which wrecked banking and commerce in New York.

To this pretty picture of life in the late sixties and the seventies, add William Marcy Tweed, the mastodon who held city and state politics and finance in his paw, and watch him skim the cream off the milk. The Ring and he may have made away with \$200,000,000 in their three years; certainly they swiped at least one hundred million from the taxpayer’s pocket, with respected Mr. Astor and others of equal standing applauding them all the time.

MR. LYNCH’s long volume is engrossing; his subtitle, “The Story of a Grim Generation,” a modest understatement of the tale he tells. As a companion piece, Mr. Meade Minnerode’s light-hearted sketches, “Certain Rich Men,” wherein those founders of finance and families, Messrs. Astor, Vanderbilt, Gould and the amusing mountebank Fisk, are pleasantly shown up, should be read before or after Tweed. After these two books, the wicked moderns can better understand a New York which knew neither birth control nor night clubs, but despite this ignorance makes our present city look like a little boy trying to be wicked. Our grandfathers needed no teaching to tell them how to suck eggs.

PERHAPS Mr. Hemingway paved the way for American readers with stories about bullfights. At any rate, I fell upon Henry de Montherlant’s “The Bullfighters” and gobbled the whole thing down as fast as I could make it. De Montherlant is a

The  
**Brick Row Book Shop**

Incorporated

EDMOND BYRNE HACKETT, Pres.

Murray Hill 2711

19 East 47th Street

New York

Has pleasure in announcing that Mr. Arthur Swann, formerly Director of Prints and Books at The American Art Association, has joined its forces.

Mr. Swann’s wide experience and competent knowledge will be at the service of our patrons in all branches of the book business, including the purchase of books at auction, the cataloguing and appraisal of libraries for probate, etc., etc.

The Brick Row deems itself fortunate in securing Mr. Swann’s cooperation and looks forward with confidence to a larger service to book-lovers generally.

30,000 People  
can’t be wrong!  
**Save 50%**  
in Dollars and Cents  
— and even more in  
the Convenience and  
Certainty of getting  
the Right Books . . .

Let the Literary Guild of America explain to you the service it is performing for 30,000 cultured American families.

Keep abreast of the times—read the outstanding new books published monthly. Our famous Board of Editors is selecting books monthly that are making history. Let the Guild send you these books the day they are published—and at a saving to you of 50%.

It’s too long a story to tell here. Clip the coupon below and get “Wings,” a vivid and interesting booklet describing the operation of the Guild—how the best books will be obtained throughout the year, no trouble to you, and at half price.

Literary Guild of America, Inc.  
Dept. 25-N.Y., 55 Fifth Ave., New York.  
Send me your free booklet “Wings”

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

LOUNGE SUITS



The

**Avon**

With a distinction seldom found in garments ready to put on. Peak-lapeled, two-button and single-breasted. Tapering snugly from the wide shoulders.

Tailored to measure  
or ready to put on

\$53 to \$65

**Banks Inc.**

562 Fifth Avenue  
Entrance 46<sup>th</sup> St.

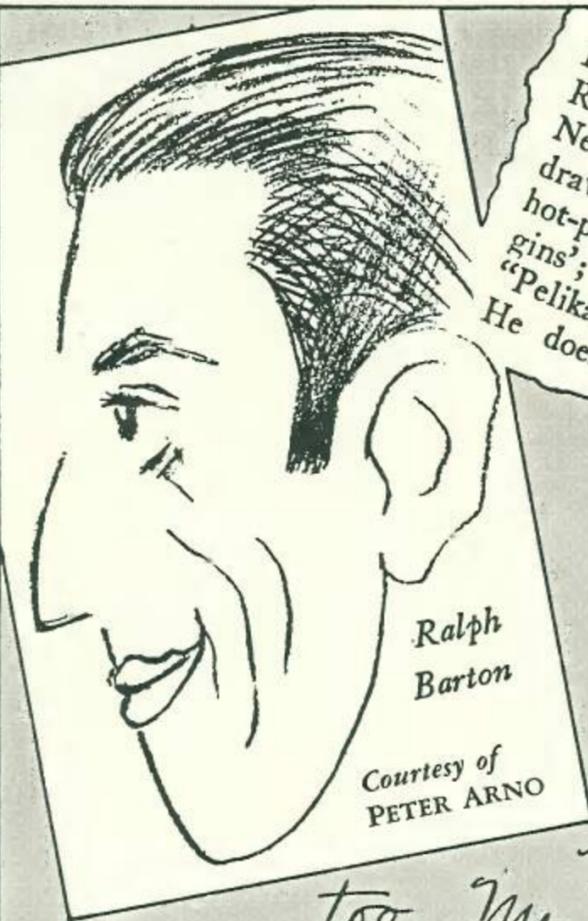
Frenchman brought up in Spain. The jacket blurb says he is a bullfighter himself. This fact might have promised accuracy and knowledge, but would not have meant necessarily that the man was a novelist. But he is. How that fellow knows his toros! M. de Montherlant plays the bulls in words as vivid as Belmonte's cape, flung in a graceful veronica to meet the menacing horns. The slim little hero, Alban, a French boy with a passion for Spain and its arenas, is a charming and touching creature. His arrival in Madrid in a huge Cordovan hat, when all the Spaniards were wearing respectable felts, sadly like those in Paris, his first disillusioning days in search of elusive fights, his meeting with the pleasant Duca de la Cuesta, who raises bulls as good as Miura's and has a wicked, alluring little daughter named Soledad, and Alban's tortured adolescent passion for her are all written with calm and brilliant mastery.

For its portrait of a sensitive boy, for its glowing panorama of Spain, for the tension and excitement of its amazing bullfight, this remarkable book deserves trumpets and a band playing the music from "Carmen" to announce its entry into an arena overcrowded with anaemic contestants.

"YOUNG ORLAND," by Herbert Asquith, is distressingly genteel. Not a single character oversteps the neatly marked boundary of niceness—even Orland himself, though vaguely illegitimate, is adopted by the last of an old county family who would certainly never have taken the boy had not his mother been one of the best people and his father the sort of person whose death occurs conveniently upon an Irish hunting field. When Orland loses all his money, a cold-hearted young lady breaks her engagement with him. Orland goes to war, is wounded, is cherished by a loving childhood's sweetheart and finally dies. The book is a shadowy likeness of Wilfred Ewart's excellent "Way of Revelation," with all the revelation left out. We prefer English high-life depicted either by flamboyant foreigners like Ouida or Michael Arlen, or with the cynical accuracy of Harold Nicolson.

"Young Orland" is pretty thin consommé.

CONTINUING the cook-book similes, try "Our Mr. Dormer" if you can stomach oatmeal, for at



From the New Yorker, November 5, 1927.

For drawing he uses an H-B Koh-I-Noor pencil; for washes, Favor, Newton Vandyke Black and Winsor & drawing paper is Whatman five-ply hot-pressed; his ink, in America, Günther Wagner's "Pelikan" in France, *encre de Chine à la perle*. He does much of his sketching by

Ralph Barton

Courtesy of PETER ARNO

You can get Pelican water-proof drawing inks in America too, Mr. Barton. Leading artists supply houses carry Pelican inks and colors. Have you seen our deep Poster Black?

PELICAN WORKS ~ GÜNTHER WAGNER, 34 East 23rd Street, New York



"Good to the last drop"

No other coffee can ever have this special shade of flavor

## It's Back Again!

Back to its nights of frolic and fun—in atmosphere smart and exclusive—setting a new pace in night club merry-making—

Back again to its former brilliancy as New York's most delightful and distinguished after-theatre rendezvous—

## THE LITTLE CLUB has re-opened

In the same familiar spot  
44<sup>th</sup> ST. THEATRE BUILDING  
Just west of Broadway

featuring  
Nightly After Theatre

MARION HARRIS

PHIL BAKER

JACK BENNY

SID SILVERS

MYRIO, DESHA & BARTE

GRACE BRINKELY

MURIEL STRYKER

MILDRED MELROSE

Covert  
Charge  
\$3.00

Reservations: LACKAWANNA 7845

## SKATING



### Cut Yourself a Figure 8

THE North Pole may have looked pretty good to Amundsen, but the ice wasn't in it with The Ice Club, the finest skating rink in town. He didn't have music either, music that fairly sets you gliding in spite of yourself, nor a congenial atmosphere of merry New Yorkers.

In fact, skaters of New York have found the true magnetic pole is The Ice Club. Saturday, Sunday and holiday afternoons, 2:30 to 5. Every night, 8:30 to 11.

## THE ICE CLUB

50th Street at 8th Avenue  
In front of Madison Square Garden

least it is the best Quaker Oats obtainable. R. H. Mottram, whose fine and enduring "Spanish Farm" trilogy imprisoned the war years in their entirety, has chronicled three generations of an English Quaker family of bankers and their life-work in a provincial town. It is not an exciting tale, but it is a most satisfactory panel of nineteenth century England.

Old Stephen Dormer really lives; from the time he betrays his Quaker origin and shoots a bogus highwayman to protect the funds of the bank, until he dies still opening his office mail, he is always a credible and interesting character. The story loses by his death; by the end of the book his florid grandson has bored the reader so much that one must unwillingly admit this well-written novel is also rather dull.

—N. H.

## THE GREAT HOME HOLIDAY

A THANKSGIVING DAY  
ANNOUNCEMENT IN  
NEW YORK

WHY PAY THE DELICATESSEN MAN  
TWO HUNDRED PER CENT PROFIT?

EAT YOUR THANKSGIVING DINNER  
AT THE DIGBY DRUG STORES, INC.  
LUNCHEON BAR

Prompt and dainty service  
No cover charge

Hot Thanksgiving Special Sandwich  
White meat of Vermont turkey  
layer of chestnut dressing  
layer of mashed turnip  
layer of cranberry jelly  
layer of crisp lettuce

And all between two liberal slices of  
fresh-made toast  
With pumpkin pie  
And cider  
75 CENTS

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS FOR  
THANKSGIVING STOOLS NOW  
—A. H. F.

## THE SLY ZEST

[From the Bridgeton (N. J.)  
Evening News]

Gifts of gold featured the occasion and there was the joy of meeting members of the family long distant. Feasting accompanied the function and the family entered into the spirit of the re-union with a zest which comes when relatives are necessarily separated,

## MARCOS DE ABREU and POLLY DAY

every night after the theatre

in the

## Ambassador Grill

in new and original dances

Dinner Dancing : 7:30 to 10:30

Supper Dancing : 11:15 to Closing

Van der Zanden's Orchestra



Reservations  
Louis Cantone  
Rhineland 9000

## The Ambassador

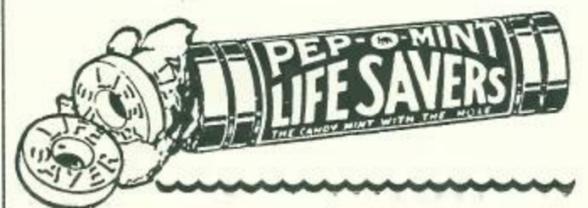
PARK AVENUE at 51st STREET  
NEW YORK



MISS WANNA:  
"These men may read 'All the News  
that's Fit to Print'—but..."

MRS. MAKER:  
"What?"

MISS WANNA:  
"I wish they'd read some news that's  
meant to hint—that Life-Saver Car  
Card, for instance, would take this  
fellow's breath away!"



# BOOKS WORTH READING

## FICTION

Uppermost in our mind are:

- THE BULLFIGHTERS**, by Henry de Montherlant (*Dial*). A Zuloaga painting of Spain and its arenas by a master hand at bullfighting and writing.
- OUR MR. DORMER**, by R. H. Mottram (*Dial*). A solid study of a nineteenth-century banking family in provincial England, by the author of "The Spanish Farm."
- AVARICE HOUSE**, by Julian Green (*Harper*). An American writing in French (it's a translation) portrays the lives of three intense women within four moldy walls.
- JALNA**, by Mazo de la Roche (*Little Brown*). The tale of a strange but very real family deftly told.
- GREENLOW**, by Romer Wilson (*Knopf*). A lyrically written novel of the English countryside and a girl with two competing loves.
- KNOCK FOUR TIMES**, by Margaret Irwin (*Harcourt, Brace*). London's Bohemia. Slight, whimsical and very Arlen.
- YELLOW GENTIAN AND BLUE**, by Zona Gale (*Appleton*). Admirable short stories, divided into the bitter and the more or less sweet.
- IDEALS**, by Evelyn Scott (*A. & C. Boni*). Character sketches, done with a pen of a deadly sharpness.
- THE PANTHER**, by Gerald Bullett (*Doran*). A returned soldier finds three loving ladies awaiting him and finally picks one, not without a backward glance at the others.
- RIGHT OFF THE MAP**, by C. E. Montague (*Doubleday, Page*). A gold-inspired war ably promoted by financiers becomes the medium for satiric commentary on the patriotic tradition.
- THE MAD CAREWS**, by Martha Ostenso (*Dodd, Mead*). A novel rich in intensity and vitality despite its crudeness and artificial story.
- THE RITZ-CARLTONS**, by Fillmore Hyde, illustrated by Rea Irvin (*Macy-Masius*). Which pleasantly pokes fun at certain gilded strata of New York life in a manner familiar to readers of *THE NEW YORKER* in which these Ritz-Carltons first appeared.
- And we still recall with pleasure:
- GALLIONS REACH**, by H. M. Tomlinson (*Harper*). **MEN WITHOUT WOMEN**, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). **SOMETHING ABOUT EVE**, by James Branch Cabell (*McBride*). **CHILDREN OF THE WIND**, by Doris Peel (*Houghton Mifflin*). **ARE YOU DECENT?** by Wallace Smith (*Putnam*). **JEREMY AT CRALE**, by Hugh Walpole (*Doran*). **THE COUNTERFEITERS**, by André Gide, translated by Dorothy Bussy (*Knopf*). **BLACK STREAM**, by Nathalie Colby (*Harcourt, Brace*).

## GENERAL

Our immediate enthusiasms are:

- THAT MAN HEINE**, by Lewis Browne (*Macmillan*). The troubled life of the German lyric genius set forth in a searching yet sympathetic account.
- "BOSS" TWEED**, by Denis Tilden Lynch



**DINNER MUSICALE**

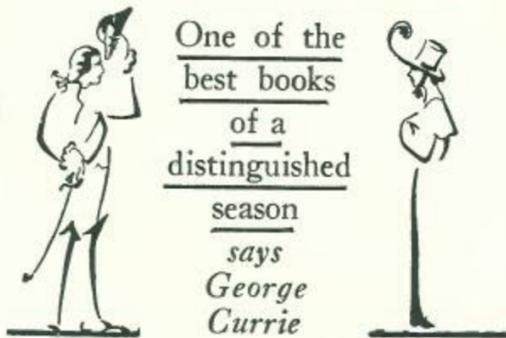
SUNDAY EVENINGS  
SEVEN TO NINE THIRTY

FRITZ BRUCH  
AND HIS CRILLON  
ENSEMBLE INTIME

SERVICE A LA CARTE  
TABLE RESERVATIONS  
MURRAY HILL 4953-4954

RESTAURANT  
CRILLON  
277 PARK AVE. NEW YORK

### The Biography Sensation



## Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne

Misadventures of an English  
General in the Revolution

By F. J. HUDLESTON

\$5 all stores. ~ ~ ~ Bobbs-Merrill

### MYRA KINGSLEY HOROSCOPES \$10

Send the date of your birth, year, month,  
place, and the hour if possible. Personal  
interviews by appointment.

683 LEXINGTON AVE. Plaza 7867

### ✓ BOOKSHELVES • BUILT ✓

Of any dimensions  
and arranged as  
you desire

Write or phone for details

THE BOOKSHELVERS

517-A East 139th St., N. Y.  
Telephone: Mott Haven 5680

## Robert Louis Stevenson on the Thrill of Living in Monterey

"...You can see the breakers... by day; at night, the outline of the shore is traced in transparent silver by the moonlight and the flying foam; and from all around ... the low, distant thrilling roar of the Pacific hangs over the coast and the adjacent country."

Indicative as this is of the sheer joy of living on the Monterey Peninsula, it has not taken into account the scenic beauty... the eternal springtime, nor yet the championship golf links, tennis courts, polo fields, motor roads, bridle paths, beaches... on the Hotel Del Monte sports domain.

You will find at Pebble Beach, Carmel Woods or Pacific Grove, all close by, the ideal site for your home. Write for further information.

## Del Monte Properties Company

Hotel Del Monte, Del Monte, California  
Crocker Building, San Francisco, California  
Edward & Wildey Bldg., Los Angeles, California  
275 Park Avenue, New York City

## Luggage Exclusively



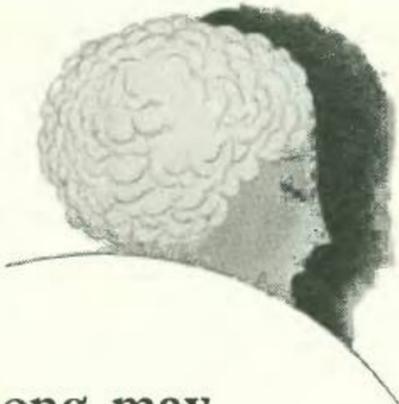
### FITTED CASES

Hand made of finest leathers, especially finished. French locks exclusive in America with Gilmore, Inc. Extra size mirror, French shell sets and gilt top bottles. Separate service cover. Special cases to order.

**ARTHUR GILMORE**  
INC.

22 EAST 55th ST., N. Y.

Also Vuitton Trunks and Service



"long may  
this finger wave!"

we refer, of course, to the finger wave given to your short or longer tresses at Jean's. And there is reason for our enthusiasm. For here the finger wave is administered by Continental coiffeurs who study your face before they make a single ripple in your hair . . . who adapt their wave to the shape of your head and the proportions of your features . . . and who leave you, therefore, looking even more attractive than they found you.

**G. JEAN**

30 west 58th street, plaza 4082

(*Boni & Liveright*). The story of a grim generation—and how! An engrossing picture of New York in 1870.

**CERTAIN RICH MEN**, by Meade Minnigerode (*Putnam*). Entertaining sketches of American founders of families and fortunes, most of whom seem no better than they should be.

**DE NIGHT IN THE FRONT FROM CHRISTMAS**, Milt Gross (*Doran*). "The Night before Christmas" chez Feitlebaum. With comical drawings by the author.

**NEW YORK NIGHTS**, by Stephen Graham (*Doran*). It takes a lot of responsibility off the native's shoulders when showing provincials life in the Great City.

**RASPUTIN**, by Prince Felix Youssouppoff (*Dial*). A thrilling account of the murder of the Black Monk by the princely murderer himself.

**GEORGE W. BELLWS: HIS LITHOGRAPHS** (*Knopf*). A magnificent book: 195 reproductions reveal in his full scope this significant American genius whose vernacular pictures have made art known where it was never known before. With a foreword by Thomas Beer.

**EUGENICS AND OTHER EVILS**, by G. K. Chesterton (*Dodd, Mead*). Chestertonian objections, worldly as well as religious.

**LANDMARKS IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY PAINTING**, by Clive Bell (*Harcourt, Brace*). The inventor of "significant form" more subdued but still brilliant in a survey from David to Van Gogh.

**GEORGE SAND: The Search for Love**, by Marie Jenney Howe (*John Day*). By a woman who understands the woman who understood men.

**TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE**, by Christopher Morley (*Doubleday, Page*). Mr. Morley shows the Chinese poets how to write verse. Chinese poetry will grow more and more popular if they learn his methods.

**FRANCIS JOSEPH**, by Eugene Bagger (*Putnam*). A monumental but thoroughly readable biography covering almost a century of Austrian and European politics.

**MAN POSSESSED**, by William Rose Benét (*Doran*). Collected poems from one about whom there is far too little screaming.

**BUT—IS IT ART?** by Percy Hammond (*Doubleday, Page*). Gossipy, humorous, and often illuminating papers by one of New York's wittiest critics.

**CYDER FEAST**, by Sacheverell Sitwell (*Doran*). You know the Three Bounding Sitwells: here's one of them again—there will be another back any minute.

**SHOW WINDOW**, by Elmer Davis (*John Day*). Vigorous, and often mordant, essays on contemporary people and affairs.

**THE ABC OF AESTHETICS**, by Leo Stein (*Boni & Liveright*). Mr. Stein breaks a long silence with an important book notable for acuteness and clarity. For adult minds only.

Less recent:

**GENTLEMAN JOHNNY BURGoyNE**, by F. J. Hudleston (*Bobbs-Merrill*). **ARE THEY THE SAME AT HOME?** by Beverley Nichols (*Doran*). **A DOCTOR LOOKS AT DOCTORS**, by Joseph Collins, M.D. (*Harper*). **LATEST CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS**, by Frank Harris (*Macaulay*). **BALLADS**



## No more DULL HAIR —for popularity's sake!

Why mar your charm  
with this neglect, when it's so simple  
to keep hair lustrous; radiant?

IT'S easy now to say, "Good-bye, dull hair." Golden Glint will banish dullness in one shampooing! Like a touch of rouge on the cheek those lovely golden lights will be revealed; a gleam to catch the light on a smooth sleek surface; a ripple of gold on a marcelled sea to entrance the admiring eye! Golden Glint is just the finest of shampoos, plus a magic lustre; the faintest suggestion of those lovely golden lights that mark the well-kept youthful coiffure. Millions use it regularly. Beauty specialists will tell you of its benefits to hair and scalp. 25c a package, at drug or toilet goods counters or, if not obtainable, write us direct. Money back if not delighted. J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. J-644 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

## Golden Glint SHAMPOO

Gives the hair a "tiny tint"

—WANT—

## A NEW HUSBAND FOR CHRISTMAS?

Read

# THIS MARRIED LIFE

By HELEN ROWLAND

*The Holiday Gift for Everybody*

"Rises to nothing short of eloquence when dealing with the American husband."

—NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

"We can laugh uproariously throughout the book."

—BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT

"A real joy. Something out of the ordinary and wholly worth while."

—BOSTON GLOBE

Illustrated, \$2.00 per copy

Dodge Publishing Company, N. Y.

—that indefinable something  
in the music, the food, the service—  
Your partner will have "IT" too—  
it's in the air!  
AFTER THE ARMY-NAVY GAME,  
NOVEMBER 26th  
Dancing, Dinner, Supper  
One Sheridan Square  
Spring  
2346

**MODERN  
FRENCH  
PAINTING**

From Nov. 26th to Dec. 10th

AN EXHIBITION  
of  
MODERN FRENCH  
PAINTING  
— FIRST GROUP —

OPEN SUNDAY 2 to 5

**DE LAUNKE & CO. INC.**  
3 East 51st Street

FOR SALE, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton-Mifflin*). JOSEPH CONRAD: LIFE AND LETTERS, in 2 vols., by G. Jean-Aubry (*Doubleday, Page*). ESSAYS OLD AND NEW, by Aldous Huxley (*Doran*). NEGRO DRAWINGS, by Miguel Covarrubias (*Knopf*). HENRY WARD BEECHER: AN AMERICAN PORTRAIT, by Paxton Hibben (*Doran*). THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER, by Nan Britton (*Elizabeth Ann Guild, Inc.*). JOURNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD (*Knopf*). ALFRED E. SMITH: A CRITICAL STUDY, by Henry P. Pringle (*Macy-Masius*).

### THAT SOUND IS A BUSY SIGNAL

**B**ELINDA, Suzanna and Jane coming from northern, southern and easterly directions were thrown by traffic conditions into one another's arms. That was the afternoon of the fourteenth. They talked of oh so many things and finally they agreed to meet and go together to Marianne's reception on the twenty-first.

On the fifteenth, Belinda phoned Suzanna to ask what she would wear on that occasion and Suzanna phoned Jane to say that she had just remembered that she had a date with another friend for the same hour.

On the sixteenth, Jane phoned Belinda to inquire what she would be wearing and Suzanna phoned her friend to ask if the date they had was really for the twenty-first and if she could break it.

Belinda, on the seventeenth, communicated a slight indisposition to Jane, expressing a fear lest it interfere with their plan. Later in the day Suzanna phoned Jane that Belinda was better.

On the eighteenth Jane phoned Suzanna to ask what time they had arranged to meet and where.

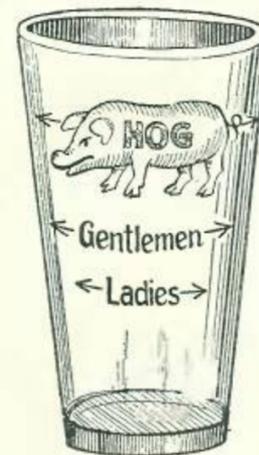
On the nineteenth Belinda phoned Jane to ask what time they had arranged to meet and where.

On the morning of the twentieth, Suzanna phoned Belinda to ask her to make their meeting a little earlier as she had forgotten a shampoo appointment; and Jane phoned Suzanna asking her to make it a little later as she had overlooked the manicurist.

On the twenty-first, Belinda phoned to ask Suzanna what she would be wearing and they all phoned each other about the time and place of meeting.

And then at three o'clock Suzanna developed a terrible cold.—A. N. B.

## Favors



A glass that tells the Sex and Breed,  
25c each.

#### Gifts and Prizes

We wish to call attention to the wonderful variety of Novelties that are suitable for Bridge Prizes—also the Gift that is unusual.

#### Dinner Favors

When you give a quiet little dinner, how about an appropriate Favor for each guest, or a Jack Horner Pie for the table center, or Nut and Ice Cups to put at each place?

*SHACKMAN is a pleasant place to visit*

## B. SHACKMAN & Co.

*(The name is important)*

906 Broadway at 20th Street  
East Side of Broadway

*Look for the name SHACKMAN before entering*

### "Just for a laugh"

New Yorkers are flocking to

## THE PARODY CLUB

48th St., 2 doors West of Broadway

Nightly to see—

LOU  
CLAYTON

EDDIE  
JACKSON

JIMMY  
DURANTE

"Laughmakers Supreme"

Dinner De Luxe \$2

Smartest Revue on Broadway  
with Beautiful Girls

Six to Nine P.M.

*(No Cover Charge During Dinner)*

For Reservations

Phone "Leon," Chickering 6562-6563

**HOTEL  
INVERURIE**  
PAGET, BERMUDA

The flaming sunset on Hamilton Harbour, as you linger over an incomparable dinner in Inverurie's waterfront dining salon . . . . . then the silver path of the moon on the water as you dance at its edge . . . here where it is always summer, the evenings pass all too quickly, as do the days with their golf, tennis, and water sports.

For nowhere in Bermuda are they enjoyed with quite the same zest as at Inverurie!

Open all year. For booklet, address  
STANLEY S. HOWE, Manager

AND IN ADDITION TO ALL THE BOOKS  
WORTH BUYING AND GIVING  
**THE JOLLIEST CHRISTMAS CARDS**  
in town—Order them now.

**LIVERIGHT BOOKSHOP** PHONE BRYANT 4016  
4 West 49th St.—a step from 5th Avenue



Whittall Salon

The luxurious Whittall Salon was conceived that you might view the Whittall knotted rug, an American masterpiece, in an environment commensurate with its sterling worth. Were



these rugs imported they would be priced with the best of antique Orientals. For they are woven with the traditional ghiordes knot. Yet room sizes are as low as \$345 and smaller rugs from \$85.

WHITTALL · 5 EAST 57<sup>TH</sup> ST · NEW YORK

The Whittall ghiordes-knotted rug is unmatched in modern rug craftsmanship.



THE newest Blue Moon fashions include these two surprising values.

No. 77  
Light service weight.  
Pure silk to the four-inch welt.  
\$ 1.50

No. 55  
Sheer chiffon weight.  
Pure silk to the top.  
\$ 1.65

AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS

# BLUE MOON

FULL FASHIONED

## Silk Stockings

LONGER WEAR IN EVERY PAIR

LARGMAN, GRAY COMPANY, Sales Offices: 389 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. Mills at Croydon, Pa.  
A DECALCOMANIA PICTURE OF OUR BLUE MOON GIRL FOR YOUR AUTO WINDOW OR RAIN SLICKER WILL BE SENT UPON REQUEST.



*Nothing stops 'em!*



*For four consecutive years  
America's fastest growing  
cigarette. It's a clear field  
ahead for this cigarette,  
of pure natural tobacco  
taste and fragrance...*