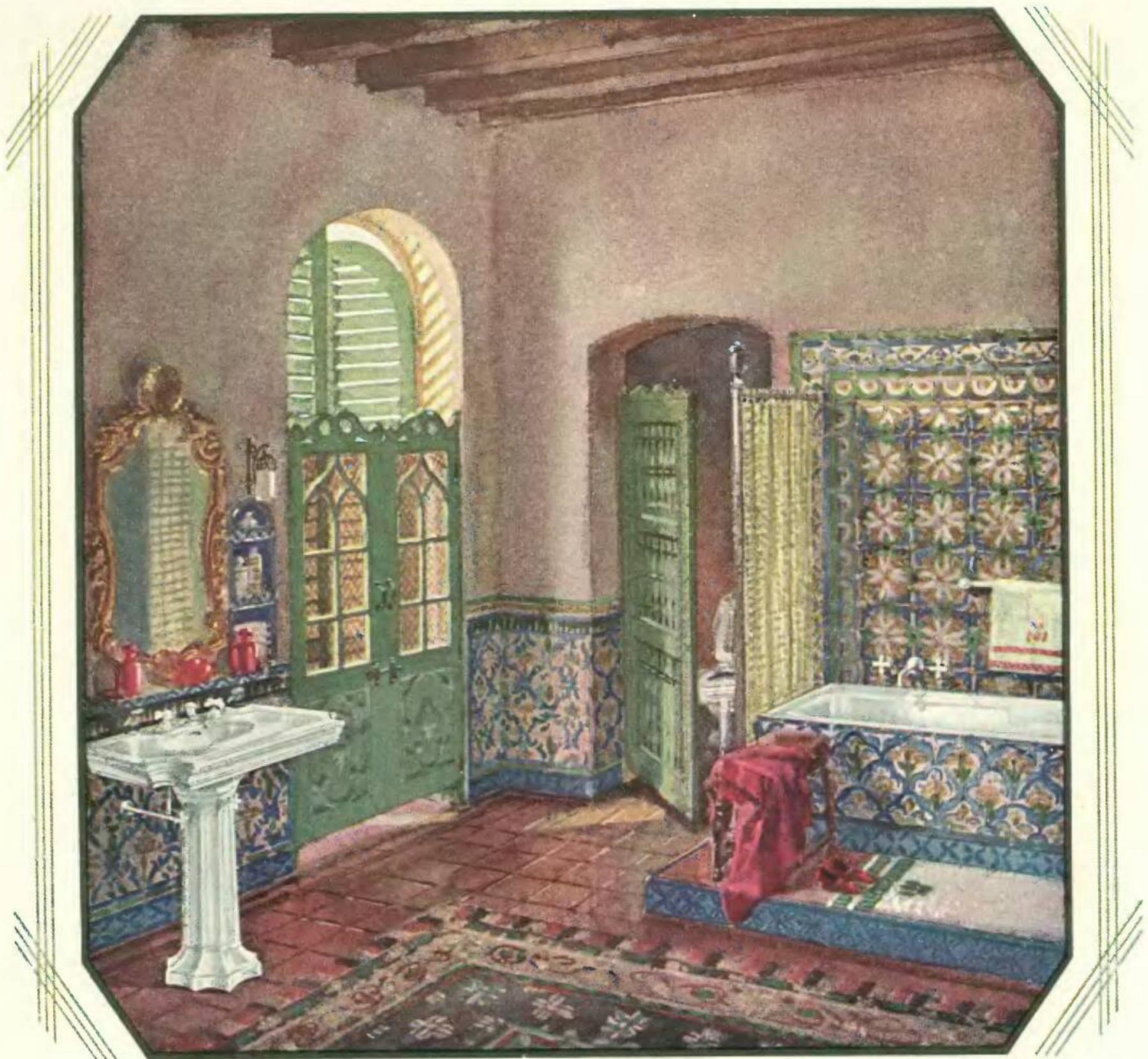


Mar. 3, 1928

Price 15 cents

# THE NEW YORKER



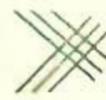


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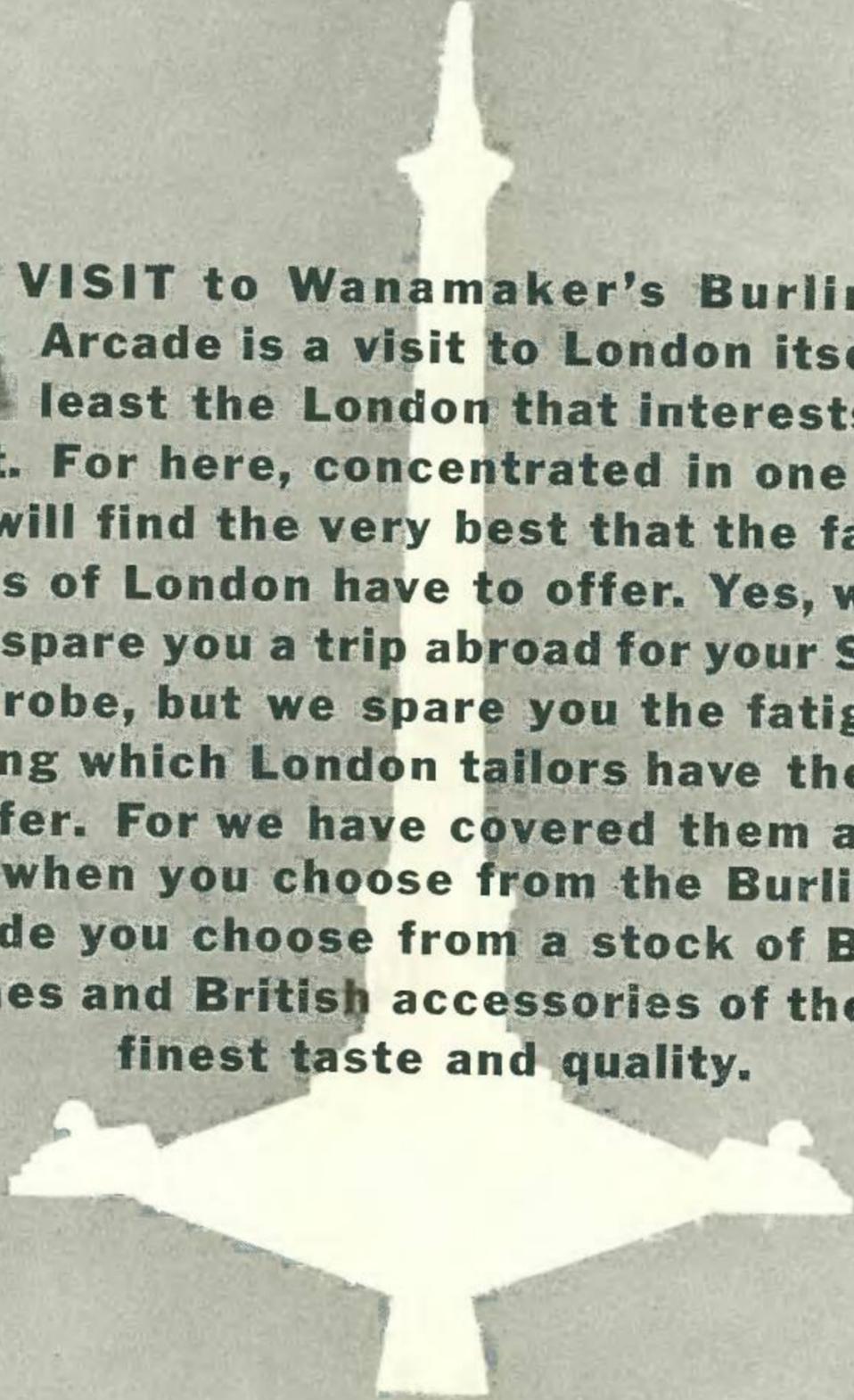
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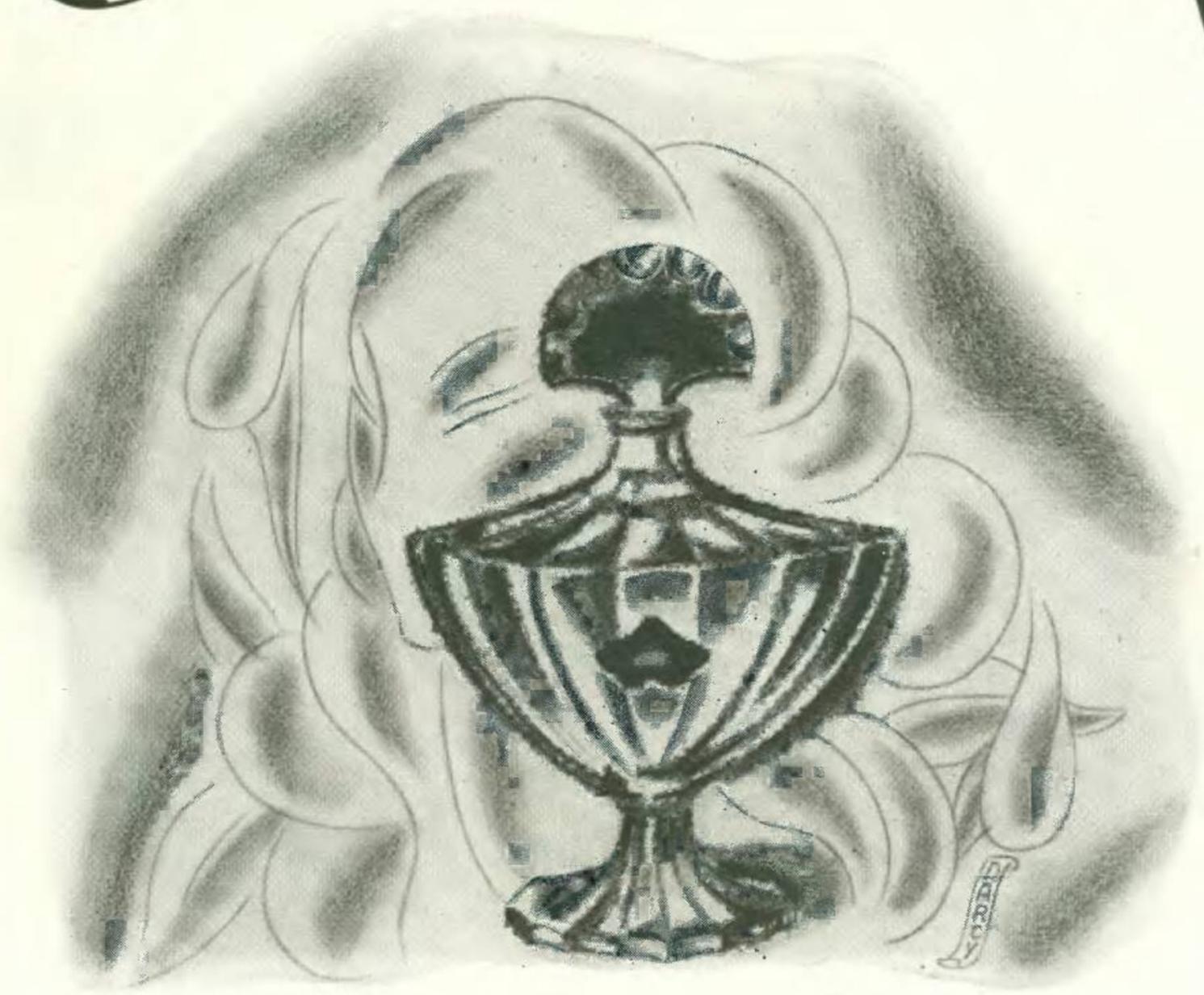
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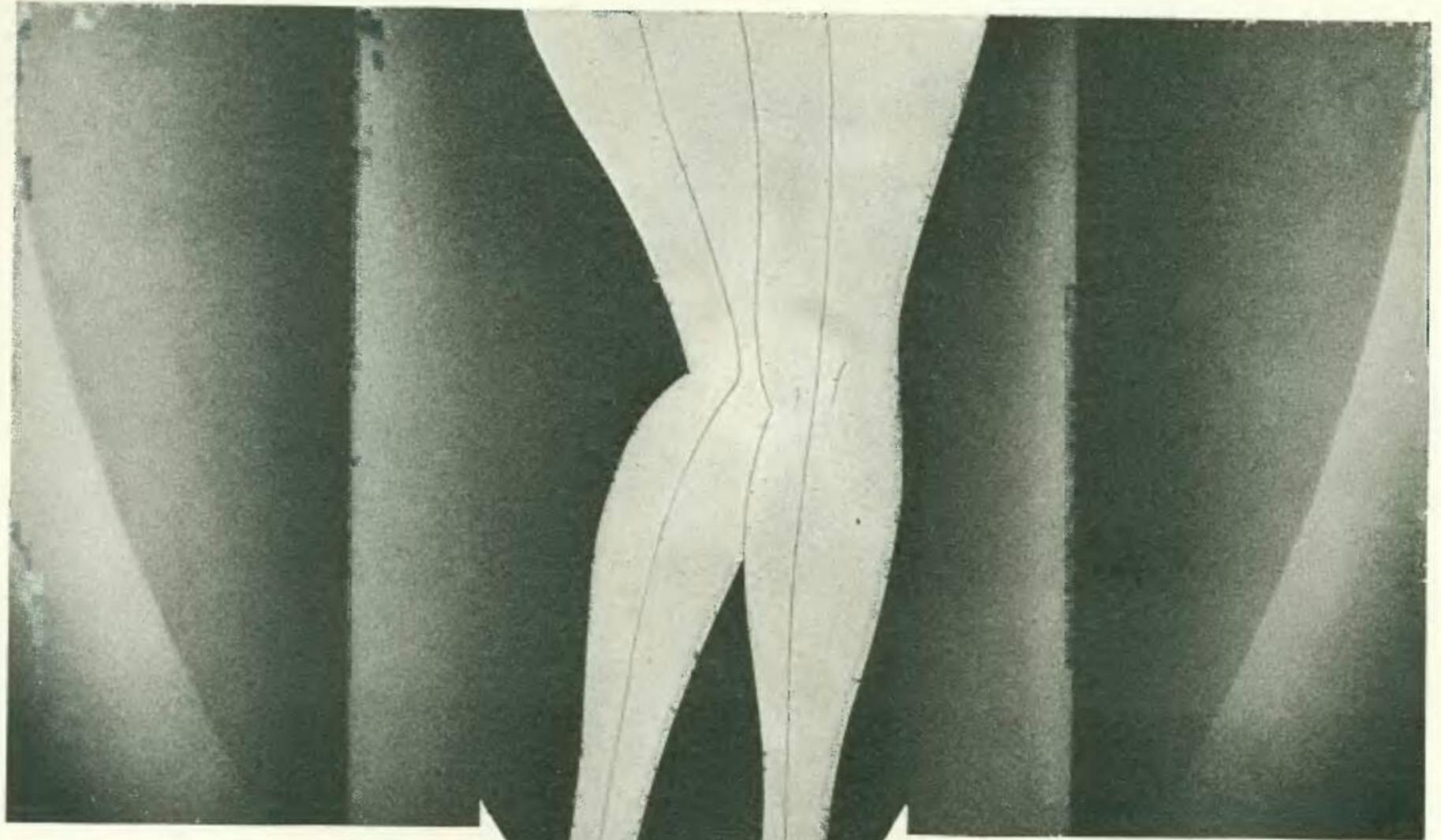
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**Here is Harper's Bazar for March—with Marjorie Howard talking about what to wear on shipboard. You'll find it breezy—full of travel things besides—lingerie and luggage, cars and clothes. And all those gorgeous travel advertisements to suggest where you might go to wear them! Who could bear to stay at home? Run, do not walk, to the nearest news-stand and get your copy.**



## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 10]

### THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 p.m. The midweek matinee is on Wednesday unless another day is specified. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. Theatrical offerings are listed alphabetically in each of the three following subdivisions):

#### PLAYS

- AND SO TO BED:** (Bijou, 45, W.)—Mrs. Pepys comes into control of Mr. Pepys—poor wretch.
- BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM:** (Majestic, 44, W.)—The tragic study of a modern girl who pines away and dies because of unrequited love. With Judith Anderson.
- BURLESQUE:** (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)—The footlights of burlesque illumine a troubled romance.
- CAPONSACCHI:** (Hampden's, B'way above 62. Closing Sat., Mar. 10.)—Walter Hampden in a revival of his success of last season.
- CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE:** (14, W. of 6 Ave.)—"The Good Hope" (Fri., Mar. 2)—A Dutch tragedy of the sea. . . . "The Cradle Song" (Sat. Mat., Mar. 3, and Tues. and Thurs., Mar. 6 and 8)—Touching and tender. . . . "Improvisations in June" (Sat. Eve., Mar. 3, and Mon. and Fri., Mar. 5 and 9)—A new comedy from the German. . . . "Inheritors" (Wed. Mat., Mar. 7)—A drama of American life. . . . "The First Stone" (Wed. Eve., Mar. 7)—Life and morality in New England. . . . "Twelfth Night" (Sat. Mat., Mar. 10)—Eva Le Gallienne and Shakespeare. . . . "La Locandiera" (Sat. Eve., Mar. 10)—Funny business by our forefathers.
- COCK ROBIN:** (48th Street, 48, E.)—An amusing mystery play about a murder in a troupe of amateur actors.
- THE COMMAND TO LOVE:** (Longacre, 48, W.)—Naughty but funny doings in the French Embassy at Madrid. With Basil Rathbone and Mary Nash.
- COQUETTE:** (Maxine Elliott, 39, E.)—True love founders on the rocks of Southern honor. Excellently acted by Helen Hayes and Elliot Cabot.
- DIVERSION:** (49th Street, 49, W.)—Outspoken and unleavened tragedy of a young man who mistakes sex passion for love.
- THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA:** (Guild, 52, W. 2:20 and 8:20 p.m. Performances Fri. and Sat., Mar. 2 and 3, and then off until week of Mar. 12, while "Marco Millions," with which it alternates weekly, takes its place.)—Alfred Lunt in an excellent production of Shaw's occasionally gruesome comedy of the medicos.
- DRACULA:** (Fulton, 46, W.)—An effective dramatization and staging of Bram Stoker's horror novel of vampires.
- ESCAPE:** (Booth, 45, W.)—Galsworthy asks whether an escaping criminal should be returned. With Leslie Howard.
- INTERFERENCE:** (Lyceum, 45, E. Mat. Thurs.)—In which you watch a gentleman endeavor to cover the traces of another's murder.
- MARCO MILLIONS:** (Guild, 52, W. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. Not played Fri. and Sat., Mar. 2 and 3, while "The Doctor's Dilemma," with which it alternates weekly, takes the stage.)—O'Neill's satire of Marco Polo, dressed into a gorgeous spectacle by the Theatre Guild. With Alfred Lunt.
- THE MERCHANT OF VENICE:** (Broadhurst, 44, W. Closing Sat., Mar. 10.)—A fine portrayal of Shylock by George Arliss in a well-balanced production.
- OUR BETTERS:** (Henry Miller's, 43, E. Mat. Thurs.)—A brilliant revival of Somerset Maugham's satire on American social climbers in England. With Ina Claire.
- PARIS BOUND:** (Music Box, 45, W.)—To be seen by all who contemplate marriage or divorce, or both.
- PORGY:** (Republic, 42, W. 2:40 and 8:40 p.m.)—The Theatre Guild's clamorous study of negro life.
- THE RACKET:** (Ambassador, 49, W. Closing Sat., Mar. 3.)—An exciting melodrama of corruption erupting in a Chicago police station.
- ROPE:** (Biltmore, 47, W.)—Fine old Southern ignorance and brutality well dramatized.
- THE ROYAL FAMILY:** (Selwyn, 42, W.)—Stirring and beautifully executed play about four generations of actors at home.
- THE SHANNONS OF BROADWAY:** (Martin Beck, 8 Ave. at 45.)—A ramshackle comedy of vaudeville folk made uproarious by the Gleasons.
- THE SILENT HOUSE:** (Morosco, 45, W.)—An exciting melodrama of a search for a hidden fortune.
- STRANGE INTERLUDE:** (Golden, 58 E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:30.)—O'Neill delves deeply into the moods and emotions of a lady and the three men she loves, after her fashion. A nine-act play by virtue (some say fault) of the soliloquy, which is used alternately with straight dialogue. Excellently acted by Lynn Fontanne.
- THE TAMING OF THE SHREW:** (Garrick, 35, E. Played only Thurs. and Sat. Mats., and Thurs., Fri., and Sat. Eves.)—Shakespeare's farce in modern dress. With Mary Ellis and Basil Sydney.
- THESE MODERN WOMEN:** (Eltinge, 42, W.)—In which a husband follows his wife's advice, and has an affair with his pretty secretary, much to the wife's discomfiture.
- THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN:** (National, 41, W.)—A murder mystery is taken apart in a courtroom while the audience forgets to cough. With Ann Harding and Rex Cherryman.

NOTE: Harry Lauder is still amusing, and appears at 10 p.m. (matinees at 4). The vaudeville preceding him is worth missing. Mats. Wed., Fri., and Sat. Knickerbocker, B'way at 38.

#### WITH MUSIC

- ARTISTS AND MODELS:** (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. 8:25 p.m. Mat. Tues.)—A new edition of this revue, with Jack Pearl and Florence Moore. Ted Lewis and his band no longer here.
- A CONNECTICUT YANKEE:** (Vanderbilt, 48, E.)—Slang and jazz in King Arthur's court. From Mark Twain's story.
- DELMAR'S REVELS:** (Shubert, 44, W. 8:15 p.m. Closing Sat., Mar. 3.)—A good revue that is almost burlesque.
- THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL:** (44th Street, 44, W.)—Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw in a very smart musical comedy.
- FUNNY FACE:** (Alvin, 52, W.)—The Astaires, Viator Moore, and Gershwin music.
- GOLDEN DAWN:** (Hammerstein's, B'way at 53.)—A large operetta with East Africa as a background.
- GOOD NEWS:** (46th Street, 46, W.)—Mary

- Lawlor and Inez Courtney in a rousing musical comedy about college.
- MANHATTAN MARY:** (Apollo, 42, W.)—Ed Wynn cheerfully assumes the burden of a show which needs him.
- THE MERRY MALONES:** (Erlanger, 44, W.)—A fast-moving musical comedy, by George M. Cohan, who no longer is in the cast.
- MY MARYLAND:** (Jolson's, 7 Ave. at 59. Mat. Thurs.)—Barbara Frietchie in an operetta about the Civil War.
- RAIN OR SHINE:** (George M. Cohan, B'way at 43.)—A small one-ring circus, with Joe Cook as the chief attraction.
- RIO RITA:** (Lyric, 42, W. Closing Sat., Mar. 10.)—Ada May and Bert Wheeler in a large and lavish comedy of last season's vintage.
- ROSALIE:** (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)—An elaborate musical diversion glorying in Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue.
- SHE'S MY BABY:** (Globe, B'way at 46. Closing Sat., Mar. 3.)—A pleasant score, some good dancing, and Beatrice Lillie.
- SHOW BOAT:** (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)—A superb musical play, from Edna Ferber's novel. With Jerome Kern's music.
- SUNNY DAYS:** (Imperial, 45, W.)—"A Kiss in a Taxi," aided by a pleasant score and excellent dancing.
- TAKE THE AIR:** (Waldorf, 50, E.)—Will Mahoney putting some humor into a mild show.
- SUNDAY NIGHT SACRED CONCERT:**—"Sacred" covering a multitude of variety acts. Quality not vouched for. At 8:30 p.m., Winter Garden, B'way at 50.

#### OPENINGS OF NOTE

- (Dates of openings should be verified because of frequent late changes by managers.)
- THE FURIES:** (Shubert, 44, W. Opens Mon., Mar. 5.)—A play by Zoë Akins, with Laurette Taylor and Estelle Winwood.
- WITHIN THE LAW:** (Cosmopolitan, B'way at 59. Opens Mon., Mar. 5.)—Revival of Bayard Veiller's melodrama. With Violet Heming and Claiborne Foster.

#### AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

- \* Better dress, but not obligatory.
- THE AMBASSADEURS,** 146 W. 57.—A Parisian night club in the quarters of the old Perrotet de Paris. Ideal for dancing.
- AMBASSADOR GRILL,** Park at 51.—This season's debutantes in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.\*
- BARNEY'S,** 85 W. 3.—A good, noisy meeting place.
- CHEZ FLORENCE,** 117 W. 48.—Florence of Paris here with colored entertainers. A bit rough.
- CHEZ HELEN MORGAN,** 151 W. 54.—Helen Morgan offering unusual entertainment in the old 300 Club.
- CLUB LIDO,** 7 Ave. at 52.—A smart after-theatre crowd usually gathers here.\*
- CLUB MIRADOR,** 7 Ave. at 51.—Moss and Fontana and the Johnstons are at this favorite standby.\*
- CLUB MONTMARTRE,** B'way at 50.—Emil Coleman's orchestra in a pleasant country-club atmosphere.\*
- CLUB RICHMAN,** 157 W. 56.—George Olsen and his entertainers—better than ever.\*
- HEIGH-HO,** 35 E. 53.—Rudy Vallee's Collegians at Don Dickerman's new night club. Formal dress required.

Continued on page 12)

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(Continued from page 10)

VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60.—Formal dress required in a collegiate atmosphere.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only a few of the more interesting of this type—there are a dozen or more. Durante, Clayton and Jackson are back at the Parody Club, 48, W. of B'way. . . . Texas Guinan is now at the Salon Royal, 58, W. of B'way.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Chico's, 245 Sullivan; and Mori's, 114 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; Club Ebony, 65 W. 129; and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131, are among the best. Go late and do not dress.

RUSSIAN ATMOSPHERE—Yar, 9 E. 54, is the newest of these, and requires formal dress after ten. Kavkaz, B'way at 53, and Katinika, 109 W. 49, are also worth trying, especially Saturday nights.

NOTE: The address of the Embassy Club is 151 E. 57.

### MOTION PICTURES

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

BABY MINE: (Plaza, Mad. Ave. at 59. Fri., Mar. 2. Performances from 1 P.M.)—An amusing comedy—in spots.

CHANG: (Fifth Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12. Week of Mar. 3-9, inclusive. Performances from 2 P.M.)—An exciting picture of animal and native life among the Siamese. (Flaherty's "The \$24 Island," which is well worth seeing, will be shown also.)

THE CIRCUS: (Lexington, Lexington at 51. Sat., Mar. 10. Performances from 1:20 P.M.)—Charlie Chaplin in his newest but not his best comedy.

DRUMS OF LOVE: (Liberty, 42, W.)—A slow but beautiful rendition of the Francesca and Paolo legend.

FOUR SONS: (Gaiety, B'way at 46)—A Bavarian mother's heart strings are pulled—and maybe yours, too.

GREED: (55th Street Cinema, 55, E. Week of Mar. 3-9, inclusive. Performances from 1:30 P.M.)—A fine realistic motion picture that should not be missed. From Frank Norris' "McTeague."

THE JAZZ SINGER: (Warner's, B'way at 52. 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)—Al Jolson's brilliant singing on the Vitaphone saving a dull picture.

SIMBA: (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50)—Wild animals at ease in their native haunts.

WINGS: (Criterion, B'way at 44.)—Aeronautical warfare well staged for a silly story.

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Dove"; "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"; "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"; and "The Student Prince."

### ART

AMERICAN PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE—Annual exhibition of Associated Dealers (Closing Sat., Mar. 10): Anderson Galleries, 489 Park Ave. (at 59). Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.

ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE EXHIBIT—Annual exposition (Closing Sun., Mar. 4): Fine Arts Bldg., 215 W. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. and 8 to 10 P.M. weekdays; Sun., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

BLUEMNER—One of Stieglitz's white hopes: Intimate Gallery, Room 303, Anderson Galleries, 489 Park Ave. (at 59). Open 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.

EL GRECO TO GOYA—Magnificent loan collection of masters: Gallery D6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. weekdays; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

FRENCH DRAWINGS—Old and modern art: Wildenstein, 647 Fifth Ave. (below 52). Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays.

GANSO—A painter comes more into his own (Closing Sat., Mar. 3): Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lexington (above 61). Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays.

INDEPENDENTS—Annual gathering of the untrammelled (Opening Sat., Mar. 3): Waldorf-Astoria. Open from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. weekdays; Sun., 2 to 10 P.M.

KUNIYOSHI—Retrospective showing of one of America's few individualists: Daniel, 600



## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 10]

Madison (above 57). Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays.

MODERNS—At last a roof over their heads. New museum dedicated to the living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. weekdays.

JOHN S. SARGENT—Drawings by one of the great American idols (Closing Sat., Mar. 3): Grand Central Galleries, top floor of Grand Central Terminal. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays.

TITIAN TO RENAISSANCE—Loan show for Greenwich House: Reinhardt Galleries, 730 Fifth Ave. (at 57). Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays.

### MUSIC

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

#### RECITALS

MYRA HESS—One of the greatest of women pianists. Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Mar. 6.

FEODOR CHALIAPIN—Another recital by the inimitable basso. Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Mar. 7.

CURTIS STRING QUARTET—Four professors who make good chamber music. Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 8.

EDWIN HUGHES—One of our ablest native pianists. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Mar. 10.

#### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC—Toscanini conducting unless otherwise noted. At Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Mar. 2 (2:30); and Sat. Morn. (10:30), Mar. 3, Children's concert, Schelling conducting.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY—Damrosch conducting, at Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Mar. 2; and at Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Mar. 4; Ravel conducting, at Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Aft., Mar. 8.

MUSEUM CONCERTS—Mannes conducting. At Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat., Mar. 3, and Sat., Mar. 10, at 8 P.M.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting. At Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 8, and Sat. Aft., Mar. 10.

BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY—Zaslavsky conducting. At Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Mar. 9.

INTERCOLLEGIATE GLEE CLUB CONTEST—At Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Mar. 10.

#### OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY: (Performances begin at 2 and 8 P.M.)—Fri., Mar. 2, "Madonna Imperia" and "Coq d'Or"; Sat. Mat., Mar. 3, "Lohengrin"; Sat. Eve., Mar. 3, "Bohème"; Sun. Eve., Mar. 4, Opera Concert, Bamboschek conducting. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

AMERICAN OPERA COMPANY: (Gallo Theatre, 54, W. of B'way. Closing Sat., Mar. 3.

Performances begin at 2:30 and 8:15 P.M.)—Fri., Mar. 2, "Faust"; Sat. Mat. and Eve., Mar. 3, "Carmen."

### ON THE AIR

N.Y. SYMPHONY CONCERTS—Damrosch conducting. Sat., Mar. 3, and Sat., Mar. 10, at 8 P.M., over WJZ.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT—Children's concert, Schelling conducting, Sat., Mar. 3, at 11 A.M. over WOR.

FRANCES ALDA—Soprano, and Frank La Forge, pianist, Sun., Mar. 4, at 9:15 P.M. over WEA.

FLORENCE EASTON—Soprano, Mon., Mar. 5 at 9:30 P.M., over WEA.

HAMILTON COLLEGE CHOIR—Mon., Mar. 5, at 10:30 P.M., over WJZ.

GODFREY LUDLOW—Violinist, Fri., Mar. 2, and Fri., Mar. 9, at 8 P.M., over WJZ.

### SPORTS

SIX DAY BICYCLE RACE—(At Mad. Sq. Garden)—Usual evening of sprints and motor-paced races, Sat., Mar. 3, at 8 P.M. Race itself starts Sun., Mar. 4, at 9 P.M., and ends Sat., Mar. 10, at 11 P.M.

HOCKEY (PROFESSIONAL)—No games at Mad. Sq. Garden this week on account of Six Day Bicycle Race.

INDOOR POLO (At Squadron A Armory, Mad. Ave. at 94. Matches start at 8:30 P.M.)—Sat., Mar. 3, Class A, Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club vs. Squadron A; Class B, 112 Field Artillery vs. Squadron A; Class C, Yale Freshmen vs. Squadron A. . . . Sat., Mar. 10, Elimination matches start for National Indoor Championship.

INDOOR TRACK—Intercollegiate Championships, 102nd Engineers Armory, B'way at 158 St., Sat., Mar. 3, at 8 P.M.

BOXING—No fights at Mad. Sq. Garden Fri., Mar. 9, on account of Six Day Bicycle Race.

### OTHER EVENTS

COLUMBIA VARSITY SHOW—"Zuleika," musical show with a Turkish setting. At the Waldorf, from Tues., Mar. 6, through Sat., Mar. 10. Eves. at 8; Mat., Sat. at 2.

### COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who look ahead.)

ART—National Academy of Design, Spring Show, 215 W. 57, Mar. 21 through April 8. . . . Independent Show at Waldorf-Astoria, until April 3.

MUSIC—(At Carnegie Hall unless otherwise noted.)—Orchestras: Beethoven Symphony, Zaslavsky conducting, April 13; Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, April 12 and 14; Philadelphia Symphony, Monteux conducting, Mar. 20, April 3 and 17; N.Y. Symphony, Ravel conducting, Mar. 11 (at Mecca Temple), Arbos conducting from Mar. 16 through April 1, with Jascha Heifetz, Mar. 30 and April 1; Philharmonic, Toscanini conducting, until April 1. . . . Important Recitals: Fritz Kreisler, Mar. 17; Amelita Galli-Curci, Mar. 18; Ignace Paderewski, Mar. 24; Serge Rachmaninoff, Mar. 31. . . . Metropolitan Opera Company, Wagner Matinée Cycle, Mar. 16, 22, and 29. Metropolitan Opera season closes April 14.

THEATRE OPENINGS—(Dates highly uncertain.)—"The Three Musketeers," musical comedy by Wm. Anthony Maguire, lyrics by Wodehouse, music by Friml, Mar. 12. . . . "She Stoops to Conquer," a revival of Goldsmith's play. With Glenn Hunter, Fay Bainter, Mrs. Leslie Carter, and others, Mar. 26.

FLOWER SHOW—At Grand Central Palace, Mar. 19-24. (The Landscape Architects' Exhibit will take place at the same time at the Arden Gallery, 460 Park Ave.)

CIRCUS—Barnum and Bailey's, at Mad. Sq. Garden, April 2-28.

SQUASH TENNIS—National Open Championship tournament, at Hotel Shelton, Mar. 17.

INDOOR POLO—National Indoor Championship matches to start at Squadron A Armory, Mar. 24.

BASEBALL—Season opens April 11: Giants vs. Boston, at Polo Grounds.

HORSE RACING—Local season opens at Jamaica April 23 and continues through May 16.

NOTE: Easter Sunday falls on April 8. . . . Daylight Saving starts Sun., April 29.

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and sleeve lined*

## THE "CHANEL" NATURAL CHAMOIS COATS

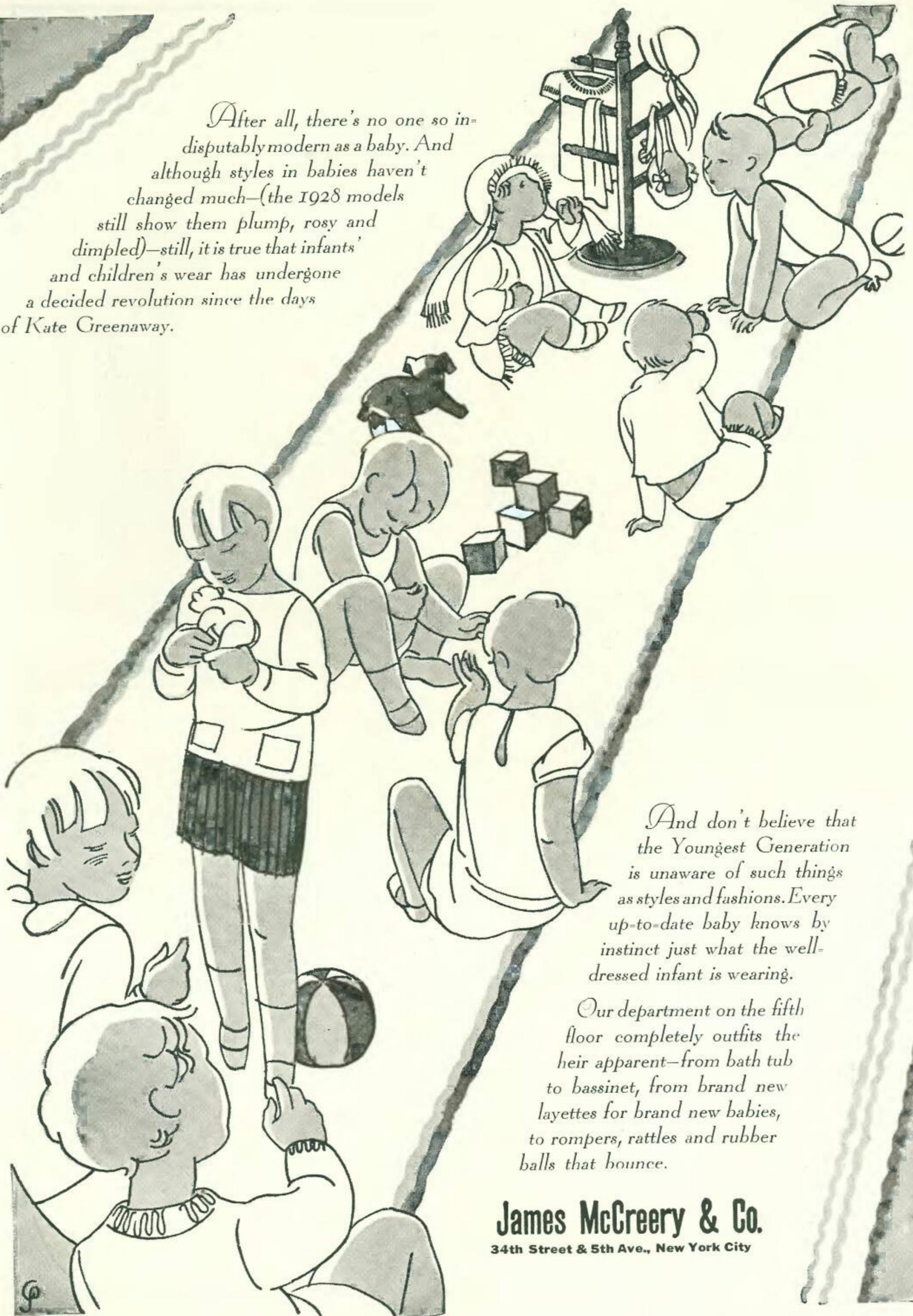
that every smart woman has been looking for

Every woman who has seen—or heard about—the delectable chamois coats that Chanel made for her clients has wanted one. But until now they have been practically unobtainable in this country. At Chanel's they cost many thousands of francs—in America the occasional ones available have been over a hundred dollars. Now Best's makes them a fashion, and presents a large collection at reasonable prices. Exclusive Best fashions, exclusive Best values.

**MADE OF THE FINEST AUSTRALIAN SKINS—A QUALITY CONFINED TO BEST'S**

*They will clean beautifully*

After all, there's no one so indisputably modern as a baby. And although styles in babies haven't changed much—(the 1928 models still show them plump, rosy and dimpled)—still, it is true that infants' and children's wear has undergone a decided revolution since the days of Kate Greenaway.



And don't believe that the Youngest Generation is unaware of such things as styles and fashions. Every up-to-date baby knows by instinct just what the well-dressed infant is wearing.

Our department on the fifth floor completely outfits the heir apparent—from bath tub to bassinet, from brand new layettes for brand new babies, to rompers, rattles and rubber balls that bounce.

**James McCreery & Co.**  
34th Street & 5th Ave., New York City



## WHAT'S NEW ABOUT THE NEW PIERCE=ARROW

... Continental in atmosphere, and essentially of the hour in smartness of line and color and equipment.

... A broader, lower=swung body, with fenders suggesting winged flight.

... Fender headlamps which carry with them small auxiliary helmet=type lamps midway between fender and radiator in an extremely graceful grouping. (Bracket headlamps optional without added cost.)

... A deeper radiator fronting an engine which is remarkable for new heights of speed, power and smoothness.

Altogether, a beautiful patrician—a worthy bearer of tradition which is Pierce=Arrow. And at a price which adds to its unusual attractiveness. *From twenty-nine hundred dollars—at Buffalo. Fifteen custom-built models.* Pierce=Arrow Sales Corporation, New York, Brooklyn, Bronx.

# PIERCE=ARROW

*The NEW Series 81*

*You may purchase a Pierce - Arrow out of income, if you prefer. A simplified financing plan makes this a most practical procedure. Your present car accepted as cash up to the full amount of its appraisal valuation.*





**marthe returns  
from palm beach**

*marthe...the famous marthe  
of 22 rue royale...paris...  
will be here to fit you  
personally with her  
modern corsets...during  
the month of march.*

**modern corset salon...fourth floor**

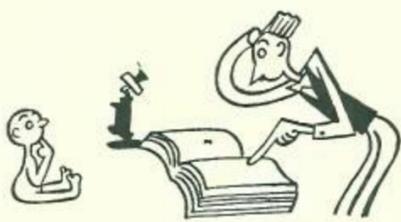
**SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE**  
New York



# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## Notes and Comment

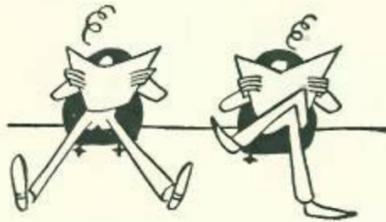
**A** MANHATTAN dweller usually feels loyalty for the particular section of the island in which he resides. Gramercy ladies are true to Gramercy after their fashion; Villagers cling to their Sheridan Square; Sutton Placers are sentimentalists on the subject of the East River. This loyalty bobbed up most unexpectedly in a man we have heard about who lives with his wife on West Twenty-second Street, where houses still have doorbells and dignity. When a girl baby was born to them recently, they named her Chelsea. The



husband tells us that there is strong likelihood that the first boy will be called Watkins, after the phone exchange. This latter we regard as a very tender sentiment, and one which we encourage. It's going to be a bit rough in some instances, however. Nobody, presumably, wants a baby named Dry Dock.

**I**T'S hard, we find, to be greatly impressed by the fact that Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, and General Cornelius Vanderbilt are members of sixteen exclusive clubs, and are, by that token, the clubbiest men in the country. There is a great deal more to club life than just the mere fact of membership. It is the part that a man's club plays in his life that really matters. His Majesty the King of Italy, for example, is a member of the Rotary Club, which is

not swank at all; but think of the ineffable satisfaction Victor Emmanuel III must get out of hearing his brothers call him "Vic"! And where, we ask, for all the fine life of the clubs to which they belong, will Messrs. and



Gen'ls. Whitney, Mackay, and Vanderbilt find any club-joy comparable to the true thrill experienced, let us say, by a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club who runs across a fellow member in the lobby of a hotel far from home?

**S**OMETIMES we wonder how little boys are getting along in these horseless, barren days, all is so different from our own childhood. Garages have taken the place of stables; smithies are almost extinct. Furthermore, the president of a motor car company has made the statement that the time is not far distant when automobiles will be sold on a house-to-house basis—and this naturally reminds us of our boyhood experience with house-to-house salesmanship. It was a dismal period in our adolescence (and it comes to every boy) when we



set out manfully to sell subscriptions to the *Saturday Evening Post* from door to door so that we could buy a pony. It was a sop to a youthful sor-

row, and we hoped it would become like a little business of our own. But abject terror seized us as we pushed doorbells, and a horrible sinking feeling gripped our heart as we asked the "lady of the house" to subscribe. Think of the little boys of today, and worse still, of tomorrow. What will they suffer at pushing a doorbell and asking, in a high squeaking voice: "Do you want to buy a Lincoln today, lady?"

**T**HE town houses of persons of excessive wealth are fast disappearing. Millionaires are driven from pillar to post, and the stately pleasure



domes that used to make Upper Fifth Avenue a veritable Xanadu have crumbled before the wrecker's advance. Hunted and hounded, the rich have been driven away and have taken cover in Park Avenue apartments. Of course this is a thing to regret, for New York should be primarily a city of homes. For the benefit of the few home owners still left on Fifth Avenue, we advance the suggestion that they meet economic pressure on its own ground. Simply devote the first floors of the mansions to attractive store fronts, as have some of our best hotels. The store rentals would help meet the bedroom and bath maintenance. Furthermore, the stores would be a new note—a portion of the house the owner would thoroughly understand as compared to his art and music rooms. And the owner's weekend guests would find shops handy in

case they forgot their toothbrush, or anything.

### *The Spirit*

THE latest service at the Roxy is shoe repairing, we hear. When a lady's high heel is twisted from her shoe, as often happens in a misstep on a stairway, she is ushered to the ladies' lounge, a matron removes her shoe, and it is sent out to be fixed. It is done rapidly and it is free.

### *Lady Into Fox Mfg. Co.*

ALWAYS interested in this city's phenomena, we went around to a shop on Madison Avenue where a lady has been in business for twenty-one years making cigarettes and proving the truth of the mouse-trap story. Although she has a list of eminent customers that reads like the morning papers after the opening night of the opera season, we dare say the masses know little of her. Her business nevertheless has grown steadily, the output now being between six and seven hundred thousand cigarettes a month.

The lady has the interesting name of Miss Raenar Fox. She was christened Eva but a French kindergarten teacher called her Reynard which she changed to Raenar and adopted. Her father and his father were tobacco merchants and she apparently inherited a flair for the business. Early in her teens, in the employ of Philip Morris, she got the idea that she could make fine cigarettes as well as anyone and twenty-one years ago she started to prove it. Gathering together the makings, she rolled a few samples and called upon Mr. James Clarence Harvey to try them. He liked them so well that he ordered two thousand, at thirty dollars a thousand, which is sixty cents the package of twenty. That is now a fairly low-priced Fox cigarette. Some others run from sixty to one hundred and fifty dollars a thousand if you go in for peculiarly fine blending and monograms and, as a few of her customers do, twenty-two carat gold tips.

Mr. Harvey, Miss Fox related, recommended her product to eight Philadelphians of his acquaintance and their orders formed the basis for her opening a shop. Now she has the shop and a factory, at 100 Fifth Avenue, with many skilled assistants. Even so, she still fills personally the orders of her more touchy customers. She can roll

some three thousand cigarettes a day.

One of her earliest customers was Mr. A. I. DuPont, who has smoked for two decades the special brand she contrived for him. Then came many others, including Clarence Mackay, several of the Vanderbilts and Mr. E. K. Bedell, for whose cigarettes the paper alone costs forty dollars a thousand. On each paper is embossed Mr. Bedell's coat of arms. It was natural that organizations would follow the lead of distinguished members and now she has the City Club, the Princeton Club, and numerous others, and

several steamship lines. For the first thirteen years her books held not a single woman customer but for the past eight, half her business has been feminine, she reports.

### *Another One*

THE newest niche in the taxicab hall of fame is held by Joseph Conrad. Mr. Conrad's favorite stand is around the Metropolitan Opera House, for he is by way of being an admirer of music and a bit of a critic. As a matter of fact he took us up-



Helen E. Hutchinson

“Have you ‘The President’s Daughter,’ by Fannie Hurst?”

town after a special *matinée* recently and said, as we got out, "What did you think of the performance? Personally I thought some of the singers this afternoon were very much out of voice."

### *In Wonderland*

WE spent last Saturday morning, at the invitation of the Bell Telephone Company, in its vast laboratory building in West Street. They were having an exhibition of television at 11:30, but we arrived ahead of time and were shown into the auditorium during some demonstrations of the movietone and the vitaphone. What caught our fancy most was a visible and audible history of the development of B. & O. railroad engines. Trains, ancient and modern, were seen and heard to roar up out of the distance with a crescendo of locomotive whistles and bells. Ordinarily we shoulder on our overcoat when the backstage clamor begins in a movie, but we liked this particular film-and-record with its first far-off whistles, lonely as youth, and the final thunder of passing trains.

In another room to which we wandered during a recess, a dozen or more historic phones used in famous long distance talks are preserved, forever mute, in glass cases. Several were handled by President Harding and one by President Wilson. The most interesting is the one over which Alexander Graham Bell talked from this city to Thomas Watson in California, inaugurating the transcontinental service. The latter is the man to whom Bell, from another room, spoke the first words ever said over a phone: "Dr. Watson, come here." All that is left of the apparatus used in that famous call is a bit of insulated wire which some unknown souvenir hunter kept and later gave to the company.

Among several photographs of heroic operators is also a picture of the first New York City operator: her name was Mamie and she had gray hair. We were interested to learn that the simple little transmitter you now talk into represents the ninety-eighth stage of its painstaking development.

The television demonstration properly awed us. The receiving "grid" is like a tiny movie screen. It looks simple but it has, we were told, twenty-five hundred points of contact and is

really quite complicated. The lights went out, there was the whirring of a machine, then a long flurry of black and white patterns across the screen. Finally these steadied into a picture of a card with the Bell trade mark on it. The sending machine was at the other end of the auditorium, about two hundred feet away, but the result would have been the same if it had been thousands of miles away. Several persons took turns standing before it and talking. One blew smoke rings, another drew a picture. Their forms were promptly flashed onto the screen and their words, loudly magnified, synchronized exactly. The images were clear and steady, whereas they were fluttery during the talk between President Gifford of the phone company and Secretary Hoover last April.

ONE of the engineers who brought this thing into being quietly explained some of the early problems it presented. One was to prevent the person talking from losing his eyesight or being fatally burned by the high concentration of a point of light that is necessary. An unsung laboratory expert conquered that by some profound magic with light. There is no longer the slightest danger. Then came the problem of synchronizing the machines at the sending and receiving ends. If the motors were so much as one hundred thousandth of a second off, there would be no picture. That difficulty was conquered too, by high frequency control over the intervening space. As we were pondering this infinite tinkering with time the engineer remarked casually to us that something was five thousand million million times as big as something else. We arose, bowed to the rapt scientist at our right, and staggered quietly out into the sunlight.

### *Serving Them Right*

A YOUNG woman from Passaic hastened into a casting agency on Broadway, so they say, and asked for a job in a show. "What experience?" they asked her. "I haven't had any experience," she replied, "I just had an awful fight with my hus-

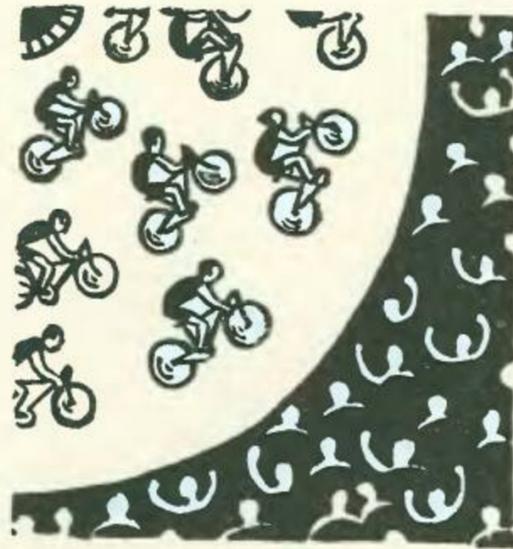
band and his family so I decided to go on the stage and embarrass them."

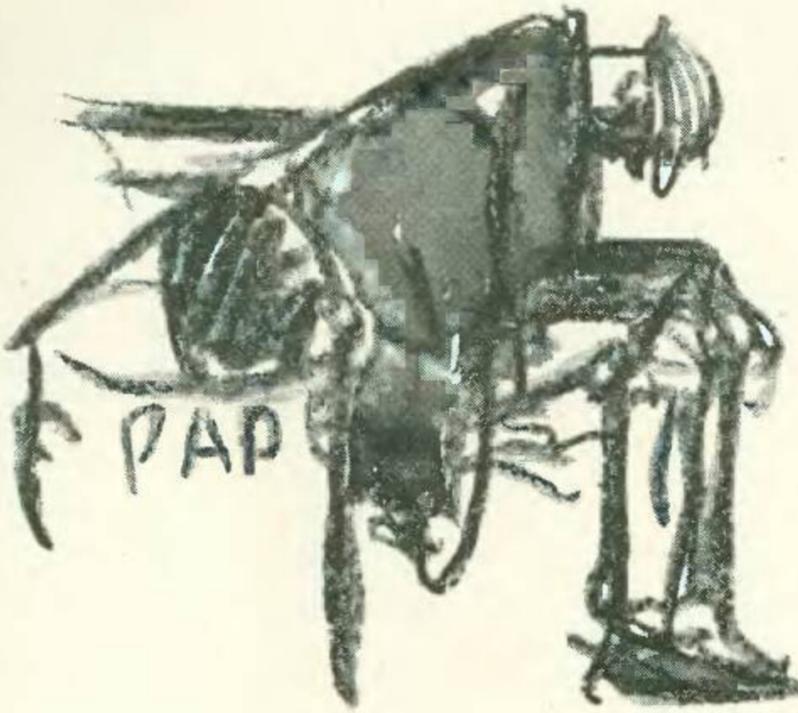
### *Mammy India*

IN a room in Fifty-seventh Street, tucked away from the bustle of the town, the followers of the Yogi convene nightly to learn the secret of all power, to vibrate every cell in their being, to heal nasal catarrh. And from his flower-bedizened dais, the skinny Yogi translates earth, fire, and water for the ladies.

We'd been aware, in a general way, that open-faced housewives were susceptible to Indian thought, but the ritual came as a big surprise the other evening when, in our persistent search for life's nectar, we joined a group. About two hundred people were sitting on camp chairs. The converts were mostly women—elderly dames with brittle faces and imperfect digestions, the sort of ladies you see on the porch at Lake Mohonk. There were twelve men. Of these, four were colored, four looked like carpet-baggers, and four like William Jennings Bryan. The Yogi wore a long orange robe with turban to match, and at intervals pointed with dark, bony fingers to a wall chart depicting the Super Yoga Science—the Door of Parabaruman, the Left Nahdi, the Right Nahdi, Ajna, and Navel Power. In the rear of the room, a heretical radiator pounded, and a fat boy wandered stealthily about, adjusting windows and keeping an eye out for persons not of a sympathetic attitude.

The free part of the lecture was given over largely to a parable—a pale tale much like those a Sunday School teacher invents in the first flush of Christian duty. It was about the material house and (you guessed it) the human house. The Yogi's teaching was a pleasing mixture of Couéism, Childs dietetics, first aid to the injured, mysticism, and Bernarr Macfadden, combining the best features of each. He passed quite easily from varicose veins to self-mastery. The big surprise, to us, came when the responsive chant began—that was where we felt out of it. It seems there





are twenty servants of the human house, and the chant went something like this: Yogi: "Left foot, one!" Ladies: "Left foot, one!" Yogi: "Right foot, two!" Ladies: "Right foot, two!" And so on up through calf, thigh, haunch, abdomen, chest, and neck. Stomach is number ten. The whole chorus of voices responded; and as they intoned the words, the audience swayed forward and each touched the spots named.

Then there came the secret of life, which is pretty much bound up in something you take before breakfast—a few sips of honey and about twenty, or possibly twenty-one, almonds. There was a responsive chant for milk also. "How do you heat it?" asked the Yogi. And in unison the ladies shouted: "In a double boiler!" "What do you put in it?" asked the Yogi. "Pepper!" cried the delighted

ladies. In general the Yogi was against pickles, cigarettes, sugar, and meat, and in favor of giving Nature a chance. He was in favor of tonsils and appendices as is. He was against glasses. The general instruction (in the free lecture between eight and ten) covered kidney trouble, misplaced vertebrae, Love and Marriage, and the Law of Abundance. The latter part was given over to drumming up trade for the next night. "Rheumatism? Show you tomorrow night. Cancer, glasses, cold in the head? Show you tomorrow night." And the benediction was also responsive—a long list of

"I am's," ending in the phrase, "I am successful, I am success." We thought we detected a certain poignant truth in this, for a rough estimate gives the Yogi about six hundred converts (he's been here since last fall) and at twenty-five dollars a head—which, we were told, is the price of the special course—his success would be somewhere in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand dollars.

Next month he goes to Washington, where ladies also have catarrh, and leisure.

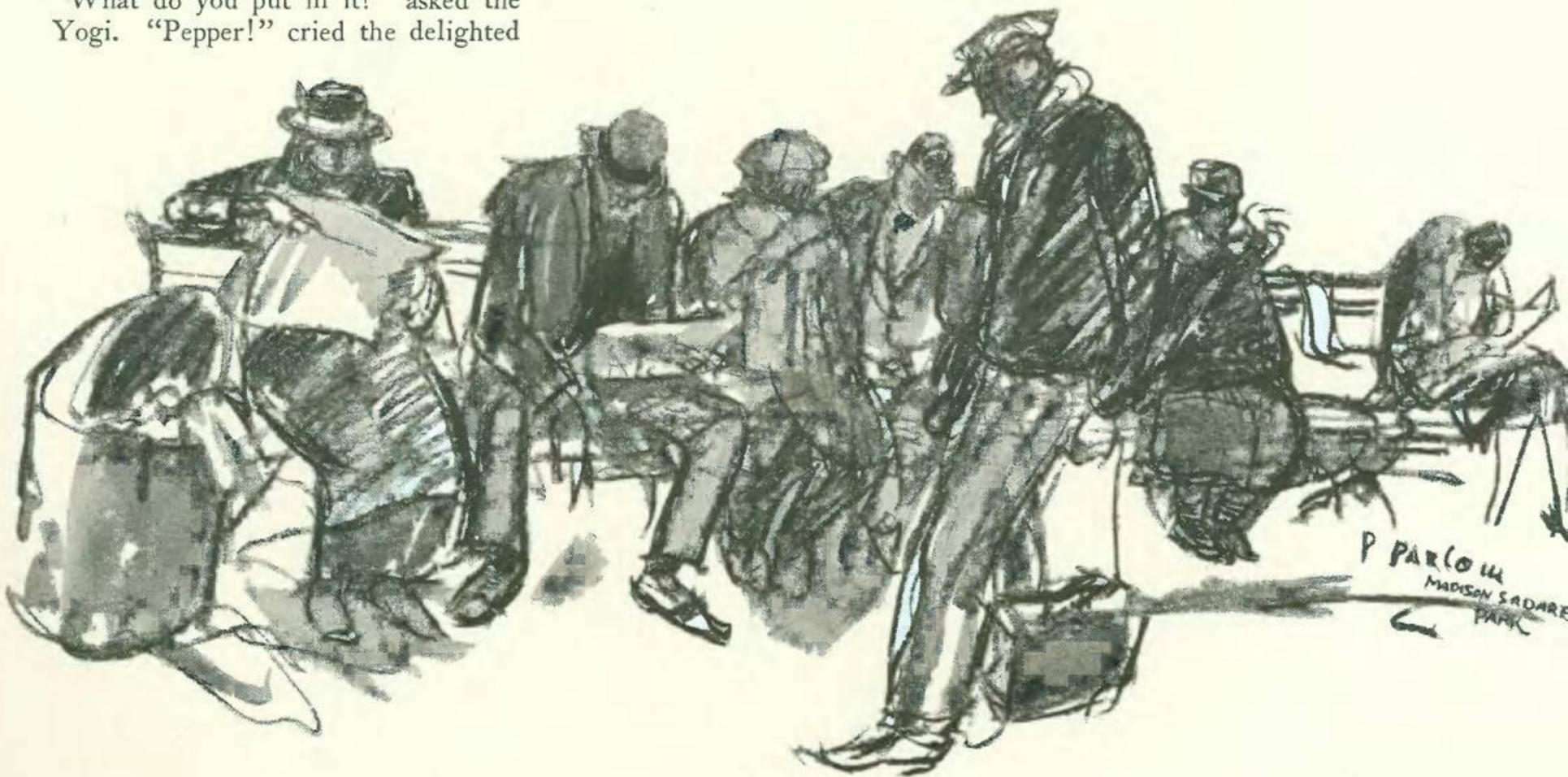
TO add to our collection of interesting subway guards, a man about town gives us Number 01108 of the I.R.T. The man about town saw him pick up a discarded newspaper, fit a

monocle in his eye, and scan the news.

### *Home is the Sailor*

THE last time the President Roosevelt sailed we braved a storm to wave at some happy people who were going with it. The ship departed from Hoboken, never an alluring place, and, what with the rather mean weather and a small sailing list, the handkerchief flutterers were few. A little huddle of people watched the Roosevelt leave and then went over to the opposite side of the dock to watch the Republic which sailed a few minutes later. We were attracted by two gentlemen dressed more warmly than anyone else there, as if they were unaccustomed to sloppy weather and fearful of consequences. Each had a heavy overcoat well turned up about his chin, one carried a floppy umbrella, and both wore overshoes. We figured them for sedentary gentlemen until we caught a glimpse of their faces, weather-beaten, strong, kindly, with quick keen eyes.

Turning to a man associated with the steamship company who was with us, we questioned him. "The stocky one," he said, "is Captain 'Rescue' Randall of the Republic, the other is Captain George Fried of the Roosevelt, who made the Antioe rescue." We expressed astonishment that their ships were sailing without them. This, it seems, happens often—a new skipper is tried out, changes and promotions are made or the regular captain deserves a rest. Both these notable men,



it appears, will shortly have larger ships to command in the shift brought about by Captain Hartley's retirement. The last we saw of them they were going inland without a look backward, still warmly "tucked in": outside, in the drizzly rain, Captain Fried promptly sprung open his umbrella, held it over his comrade and away they went, stepping carefully around puddles.

### Blue Eyes

FROM a man who prowls behind the wheels of Washington we learn of the solution of a mystery that had baffled the Civil Service Commission for many years—ever since, in fact, a certain Virginia gentleman was made head of an important department of government. On all his formal requests for additional clerical help from the Civil Service list he invariably noted: "Blue eyes preferred." When, the other day he closed his desk for the last time, he explained his little secret to an eager staff—most of whom had, of course, blue eyes. He told them, and they were a little hurt, that he really didn't care for blue eyes more than for other kinds—his own were brown, his wife's gray. He just wanted to make sure that no colored people would be assigned to his office.

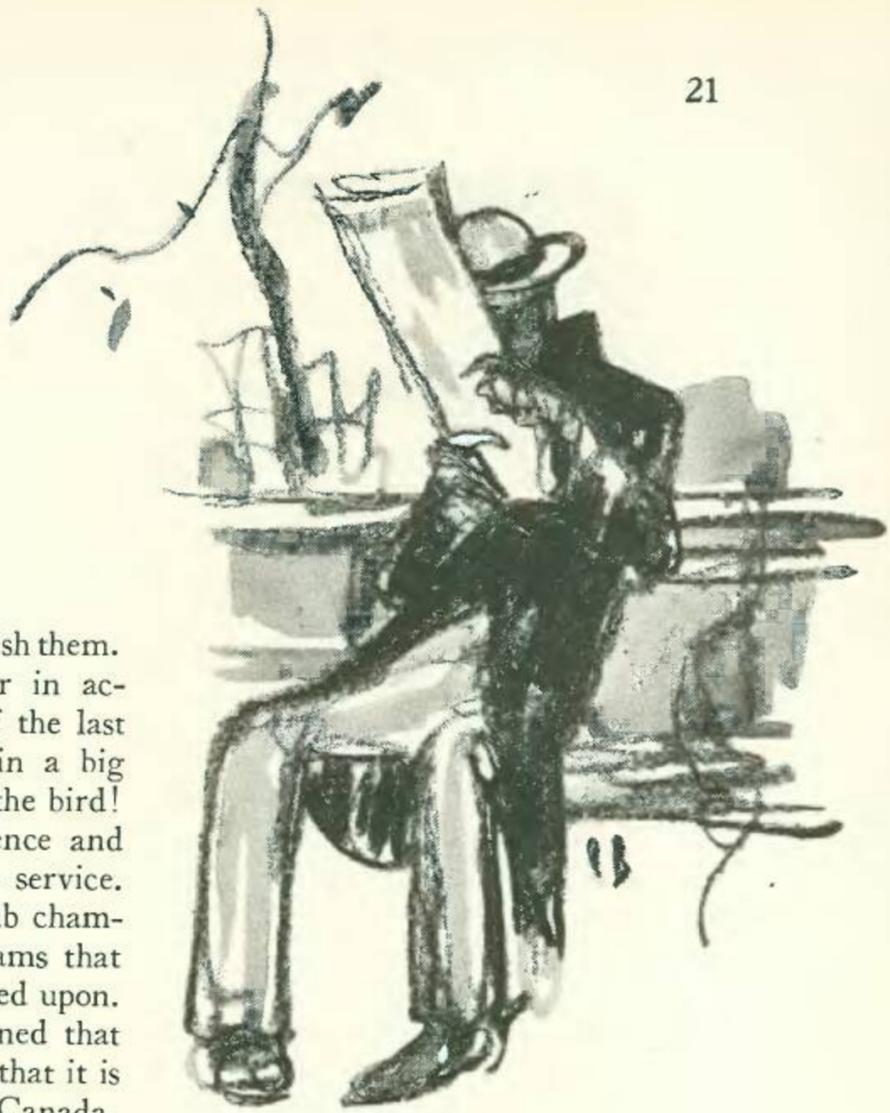
### Fifty Years of Badminton

OF a Saturday afternoon we advanced through two inches of slush upon the Twelfth Regiment Armory. Inside, we found the Badminton Club, as is its wont on Saturday afternoons, alternately drinking tea and playing badminton. Fifty years of tradition looked down upon the proceedings. They are allowed to smoke now but that is the only innovation in years. The visual background was a drill-room floor, arc lights and military equipment including a fleet of motor lorries. But these were incidentals. Badminton has its roots deep in New York society, and the celebration of the Badminton Club's fiftieth birthday this week rates as a social rather than a sporting event. Still we got an unexpected kick out of watching badminton played. More fun to watch, we thought, than squash, and, to our notion, more fun to play. There were fourteen courts,

all in use. Over the five-foot nets the players lobbed and walloped and sometimes babied the fickle thing they call a bird, though the English for it is shuttlecock. It was tennis in a court about one-third as big and with a net twice as high and racquets (bats in England) so frail that impact with a tennis ball would demolish them.

Seeing a badminton player in action reminded us somehow of the last time we went fly swatting in a big way. But how they do swat the bird! And what a lot of neat science and deceit and skill goes into the service. We saw Van Winkle, the club champion, make some overhead slams that Tilden could not have improved upon.

Going into history we learned that this game originated in India, that it is played a lot in England and Canada, that it was introduced in New York in 1878, and was for many years *the* thing during Lent. Tea and the social amenities rather overshadowed badminton in the beginning. The sport was thought too strenuous for ladies of the eighties, but later they took it up. They wore trains and picture hats. The men played in Prince Albert coats and chokers. Things went along like that until 1900 when someone told Lyle Mahan, the tennis star, about Goelet Gallatin, the undefeated champion of the club. Mahan made a bet he could beat Gallatin if they'd elect him to membership. They elected him and at his first appearance on the court Mahan removed his coat and vest. Shocked patronesses demanded an apology. They didn't get it and tennis togs have been *au fait* ever since. By the end of the season Mahan had taken Gallatin on and beaten him. He became the best badminton player in the club—which means in



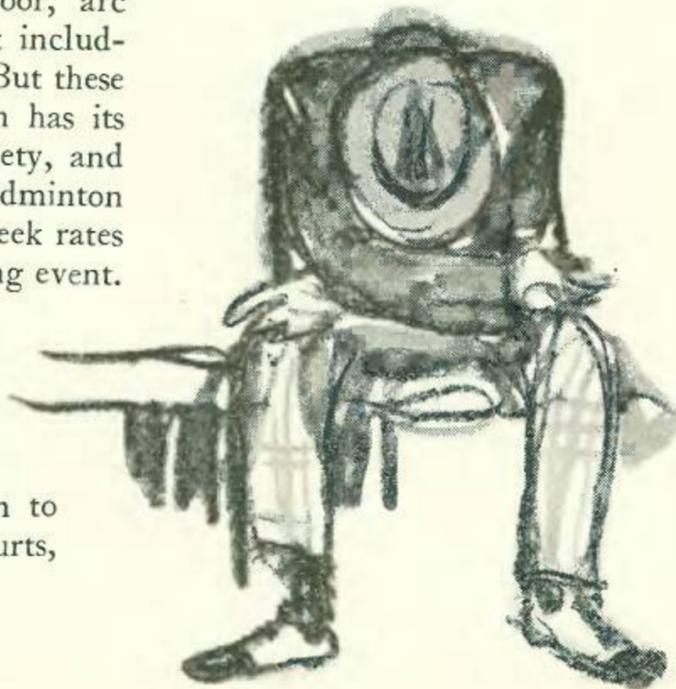
America, since the club in New York is the only one of its kind here. He gave up playing some years ago because nobody could make it interesting for him.

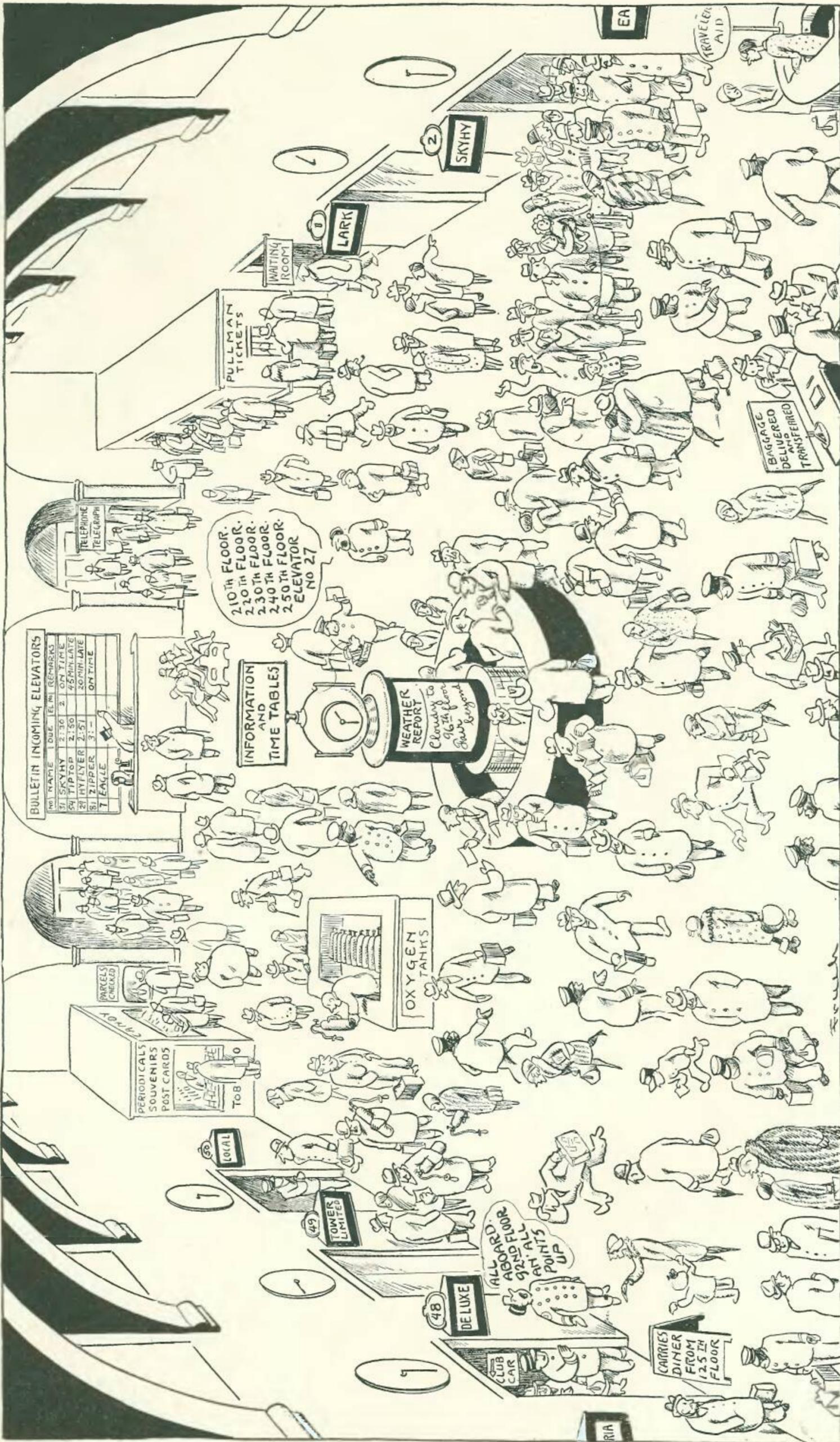
For years the club, which is limited to two hundred members, had a long waiting list. Then came a slump, attributed by the club historian, Walter Rysam Jones, to the advent of the motor car and the new fad of going out of town for the weekend. There were vacancies instead of a waiting list. More recently a revival has brought the membership up to one hundred and sixty-five. The club is run autocratically by an executive board of seven who elect their own successors. You can't even be put up for membership unless one of the seven knows you personally.

### More Reliable Source

A MAN we know, who dabbles in politics, reports what he considers definite proof that the Democratic Party is dominated by Tammany. Desiring one day during the past week to learn the date of the Democratic National Convention he called up the National Democratic Club in this city. To the voice on the other end of the wire he imparted his wish. The voice considered the matter for a long moment and then answered, "This is only the National Democratic Club. You had better call Tammany Hall."

—THE NEW YORKERS





ONWARD AND UPWARD

The Lobby of the Future Skyscraper

## FABLE

LYNNETTE'S father and mother thought they knew why she was unhappy. Her mother believed it was immediately due to the monotony of the winter they had all been experiencing. Wolves had come down from the North with the first blasts of the mistral. Night after night they had howled under the walls of the castle. Several had been destroyed by Greek fire poured from an oriel. But others had taken their places. They had kept Lynnette awake and brought back her mother's migraine. By day their presence in the neighborhood discouraged the visits of merchants and other itinerants. So, thought her mother, distractions being few, Lynnette was merely bored.

Her father had another opinion. Lynnette should never have been taught to read. "It's those damned books," he said in a mixture of Latin and Languedoc. But both he and her mother agreed that with the Spring and the resumption of travel through the Pays des Vents their daughter might be less of a perplexity. Three acceptable French Barons and a Spanish Duke had made interesting overtures.

Lynnette herself was not certain of the actual reason of her unhappiness. She was aware that she was in a clouded argument with life, but just as bravely as her father's vassals accepted his personal enemies as their own, so did Lynnette trust the belligerent, undisclosed intelligence in her heart.

The world was against her, she realized, and her father was only a tangible adversary, the mere embodiment of the intangibilities that challenged her soul. Much as she wanted to love him she could not escape the crassness of his materialism and conventionality. He never tried to understand her romantic nature. And so they fought constantly.

One evening, after the wolves had been frightened North again by spots of green on the hillsides, her father said to her:

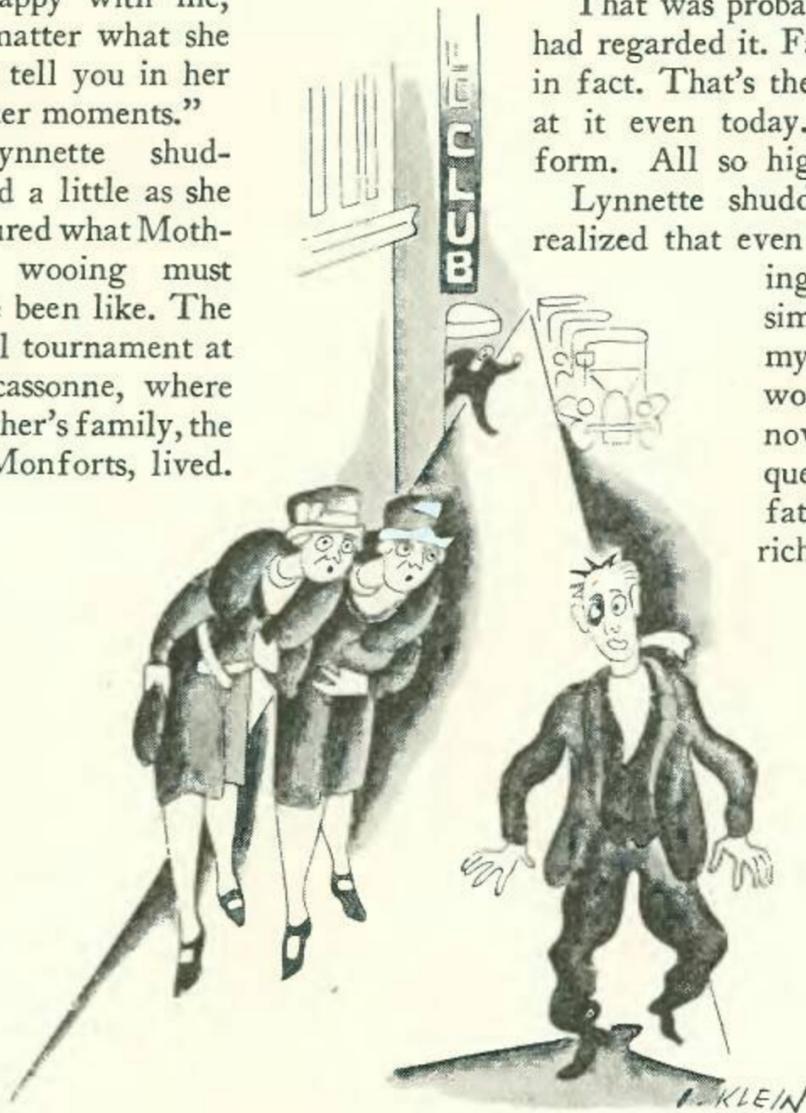
"My dear, you must stop cultivating day dreams. You are eighteen; you are the most beautiful woman between Rome and Paris—yes, even more beautiful than the Saracen women I saw during the Crusade—and the toast of every eligible knight in France. You have no reason on earth for being unhappy. It's probably this freedom you modern girls enjoy, which spoils

you. You said last autumn you'd spend the winter working on the tapestry showing my victories in Burgundy. Instead you have read books and moped. And, now that the weather is improving, you lean for hours on a casement in the south angle tower. Why do you do that?"

Lynnette admitted honestly that she did not know.

"It can't be you're looking for a knight from Italy. You don't know any Italian knights. But speaking of knights I do wish you could see that some of the young men who have visited the castle are pretty fine fellows even if they do write poems to you and behave themselves a little chivalrously. You must get over your feeling about chivalry, too. If you'd only be practical for ten minutes you would see that there is just as much real romance in a good, solid, hard-jousting young knight in armor as you'll find anywhere else today. Your mother has managed to be pretty happy with me, no matter what she may tell you in her vaguer moments."

Lynnette shuddered a little as she pictured what Mother's wooing must have been like. The usual tournament at Carcassonne, where Mother's family, the de Monforts, lived.



*"We must be in Greenwich Village now—there goes a man without a hat."*

The hum-drum speculations that arose when Father suddenly appeared, unannounced, with squire and charger. The conventional passage at arms on the Field of Honor between Father

and his rival, the dark Prince Guy of Lusitane. The garish hubbub and chatter when his lance lifted Prince Guy from his saddle and poor Mother tossed him the customary fleur-de-lys. The blushing acceptance of Father as her Champion. The barony a kaleidoscope of activity during the following months. The hunts and tournaments and contract settlements by day. The masques and girandoles by night. Every banner and pennant a gleam the day of the wedding. The stupid ceremony; the exchange of fealties in the presence of half of France. The routine hullabaloo as the cavalcade of bride and groom flashed through the streets, hooves pounding on cobbles and roses, their clatter mingling with the shouts of lord and peasant as the city gates swung open before them. Out toward the green plain in a deluge of rice and rapture; the sun gleaming on the city behind them, the new moon blessing them overhead.

That was probably the way Mother had regarded it. Father, too; everyone in fact. That's the way people looked at it even today. All according to form. All so highly respectable.

Lynnette shuddered again as she realized that even now life was coiling to spring at her in similar fashion. A mysterious knight would appear from nowhere and, after questioning by her father, turn out to be a rich, handsome and powerful noble from somewhere. By June she would be just another unhappy mistress of a domain, one of hundreds of women whose yearning hearts had been sacrificed to the codes of a dull, workaday world.

The depths of her anguish were struck that night. A troubadour had arrived in the afternoon and been so smitten by her beauty that he had created a new verse form. He did not sing it during the entertainment which followed dinner. As he was among the foremost poets

of his time and an exceedingly good story teller, too, the castle audience kept him busy with a program of old favorites.

It was when Lynnette had retired to her chamber that her anguish began. She lay in bed an hour trembling at her thoughts of the dismal future. The futility and emptiness that would be hers gleamed hazily before her like the campfires of a besieging host. At last, unable to sweep them from her mind, she arose and opened the lattice. The castle had gone to sleep. The air was almost still. It was as if the wind had gone so that the quiet countryside might bathe in peace in the milky flood from the moon. The stars were alive and sparkling against a richer, deeper velvet than usually lined their jewel case. Her face cupped in her hands, Lynnette sighed and realized how little enjoyment nature was giving her. Under her window the troubadour softly thrummed his lute. Conspiring zephyrs carried the words of his song to their inspiration above. Lynnette politely listened and smiled as custom demanded into the eager eyes of the singer. When it was finished her hand released a kiss. She then went back to bed, leaving her lattice open and a continuation of the serenade lulled her at last to sleep. And then she had a dream.

It was so vivid a dream that even as she dreamed it Lynnette knew she would not forget it when she wakened. For it was a dream of real romance. She dreamed she was a Sabine woman and no longer a modern

## SILHOUETTE OF A LADY DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE

She had two fiancés, not quite on purpose,  
But in two moods of optimism grounded;  
The definite last word she kept postponing,  
And what she said was vaguer than it sounded.

At last, reluctantly, of love despairing,  
She thought that it was time to act, nor tarried,  
Sat down and wrote three notes, and made one phone call,  
And six weeks later went to church and married. —D. W.

girl. She was in the rude clay house of her simple agricultural family, wondering what the neighboring Romans must be like. Rough, hairy, warlike savages she had been told. The idea gave her delightful terror. Suddenly the door burst open. The Romans had come! A shadowy mother screamed and rushed to save her. But a giant Roman had her under his arm. In a moment she was on a horse, stolen, and on her way to help form a wild, delightful tribe. The beard of her captor almost cut her delicate cheek as she struggled ecstatically to be free. His arms were strong, and tough as the wolf pelt he wore across his breast. It was what she had always wanted to have happen to her. What a wonderful life it would be on the Seven Hills! At last life meant something! She knew the meaning of Romance! Stolen from her home by an untamed, unchivalrous, unlettered barbarian who—

She had suddenly tossed her face toward the window and the morning sun stabbed her back to reality. Joyfully she sat up in bed, her dream still

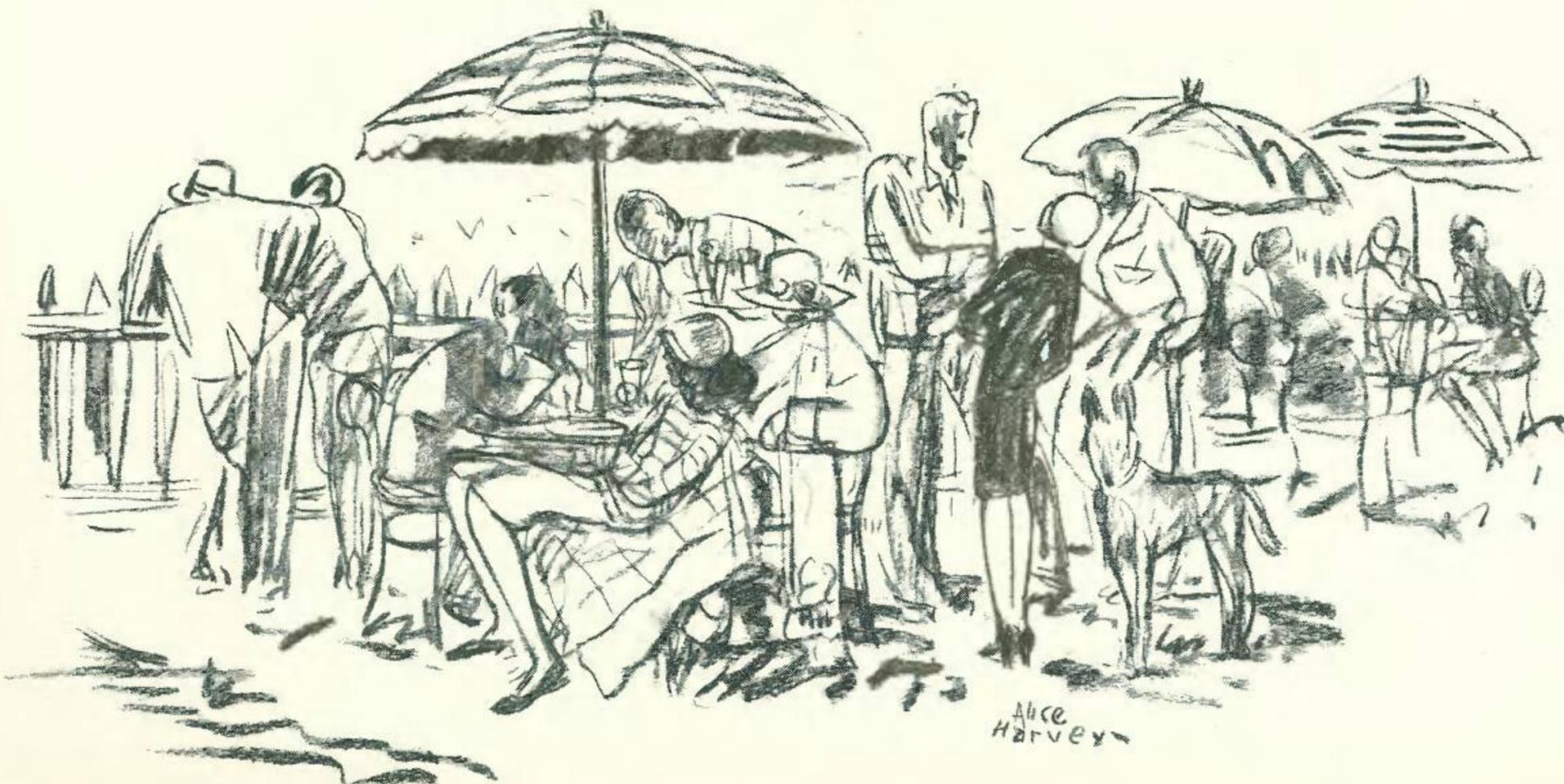
galloping through her happy mind. But as it galloped it left her behind. Lynnette stretched her thoughts toward it as far as they would go. It would not turn and come back. As if to run after it physically Lynnette went to the open window. The sun was almost over the hill now and formed into silhouette an object on the skyline. Was it her Roman?

Of course not. It was a man, though! A man on a horse. He was riding, too. He was riding toward the castle. Now he was out of sight behind the grove of trees near the bend in the South road. It *couldn't* be her Roman. Could it? The doves in the cote above her cooed the question with her. Soon other birds took up the argument. The flowers beneath the walls seemed awake, and wafted their fragrance to stimulate her thought. Was it he?

Around the bend he came, the trees behind him. He was distinguishable at last. Lynnette gasped and threw herself, sobbing, on her bed.

The horseman was merely a mysterious knight in glistening armor.

—MARC CONNELLY



# THE BOY AND I

I CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITH HIM

WHAT are we supposed to do about the things which children read? I'm thinking of my own son Finley Blake. He raced right through the Hall-Mills case and never would believe that Willie could be guilty. The Snyder trial was not so good but still he skimmed it and thought that Ruth should go to the chair because of her "love-crime." Where am I to find a book on any list for young people calculated to hold his attention?

Only yesterday I was reading a new juvenile which seemed to me delightful but when I got to the point where I found out that the cat had "pinkey-paws" I knew that it would never do for Finley. As a matter of fact we call him Finney because he's long and stringy and has turned nine and hard-boiled. I don't believe a male person is ever quite so tough in all his life as at the age of ten. And there was another book recommended for the young all about a dragon who wore gaiters and went by the name of Chauncey. There's no possible use in trying to palm off stuff like that on any active child who reads the *Graphic* every morning. And if you ask me I don't blame Finney. Where on earth did the idea ever get started that it is necessary to stand upon your head and wiggle your toes in order to talk to children?

My theory is that not until age has introduced the quality of mercy can anybody endure the sedulously whimsical without anguish. Librarians and teachers annually compile long lists of tales for tots but mostly these are done without the aid of first hand criticism. "Take this and like it," says the parent or guardian or there might be many copies of "Alice in Wonderland" all torn and bleeding in the trash can.

I've got nothing against "Alice." In fact, I like it, but at the age of nine the whole thing seemed to me so much silly twaddle. The idea will not down that children adore fairy stories and other chronicles of fantasy. This can quite reasonably be doubted. The truth of the matter is that the average child possesses small store of imagination. That's an adult quality. Fables and parables lie mostly beyond a youngster's comprehension. Other readers are able to compel editors to hand out what the public wants. Chil-

dren if unionized would soon change the whole tenor of juvenilia.

The sort of reading which is deplored by associations of mothers and suchlike is precisely the variety which children crave. I'm for the rights of small people. Finney gets the tabloids and the funnies. For its appeal I will match Mutt

and Jeff any rainy day against Hans Christian Andersen. Possibly this may be a pity. There's cruelty in the strips of Bud Fisher and the Katzenjammers are most palpably young sadists. But so is Finney and so is your child.

Nor have I ever found the quality of kindness overstressed in the books traditionally placed in the hands of the impressionable. For thirty-five years I've carried a nightmare about a barrel filled with boiling pitch and lacerating spikes. In one of the merry yarns by the Brothers Grimm they put a witch in that and rolled her down a hill. Of course, the witch was a bad old woman, but I don't want Finney to grow up to feel that any sort of torment is suitable for the transgressor. Some of his best friends may be transgressors.

Mutt does hit Jeff with six-inch shells and drop him in the ocean, but short of "Blug!" or "Pow!" no damage is ever indicated. The witch was killed stone dead in Grimm. I like it best to have the small child get the illusion of the indestructibility of human spirit. There is far more toughness of fibre in the funnies than in the fairy tales. A child who follows the fortunes of the Captain of Rudolph Dirks ought never to be afflicted in later life with hypochondria. The lions, crocodiles, and sharks playfully loosed by Hans and Fritz do little harm beyond inflicting humiliation and torn raiment.

Where does Hans Christian Andersen get off to be the patron of the little lover of good reading? Next to Ibsen he is about the gloomiest of the Nordics. I have not read him for a couple



of decades, but it is my memory that the book my Aunt Lilly gave me with the holly on the cover was filled with gay anecdotes about the sudden death of match girls. They froze to death most realistically and pretty nearly ruined my Christmas.

Nick Carter would have been much better but that they all denied me. "You mustn't spoil your taste for good literature," was the slogan in our household. That has worked out badly. Good books got mixed up in my mind with beneficial medicine. The results might be excellent but the taste was always painful. And even now, when I am thirty-seven, I never pick up a new book and make the firm resolution to go through it without first gritting my teeth and saying inwardly, "I'll bet that here's a tough one."

FINNEY may grow up illiterate but at least I'm ready to let him have his fling before the high brick walls of good taste are reared around him. At the present time he obviously gets fun from reading. The Tom Swift series does not amuse me much and I'm less than passionate about Don Sturdy.

But so long as Finney likes these tales what business is it of mine? Indeed for a couple of years these enthusiasms of his made the problem of buying him books ridiculously easy. The Tom Swift series contained something like fifty-eight titles and there was almost as much about Don Sturdy. Unfortunately the authors of these melodramatic novels have both died or retired and Finney is still fanning round for substitutes. He can't reread them any more for by now he's trav-

elled both sets at least a dozen times.

The criticism might be made against Tom Swift that most of his achievements lie within the field of materialistic triumphs. Young Swift is an inventor. He did the electric motorcycle, the submarine battleship, the aerial racer, and the desert glider. But for the villainous Happy Harry gang and an envious schoolboy companion named Westy Hogan, Tom Swift would never be balked from any adventure. Naturally he never is permanently, but Hogan or the Harry gang are forever cutting the wires of his airplane or sanding the oxygen generator in the submarine and these devilish devices suffice to slow up Tom enough to make a story.

With Don Sturdy I am somewhat less familiar, although the general formula seems to be not so very different. The only one I started had something to do with an exploring expedition across the desert. Don, a fine, manly little fellow, was in Africa

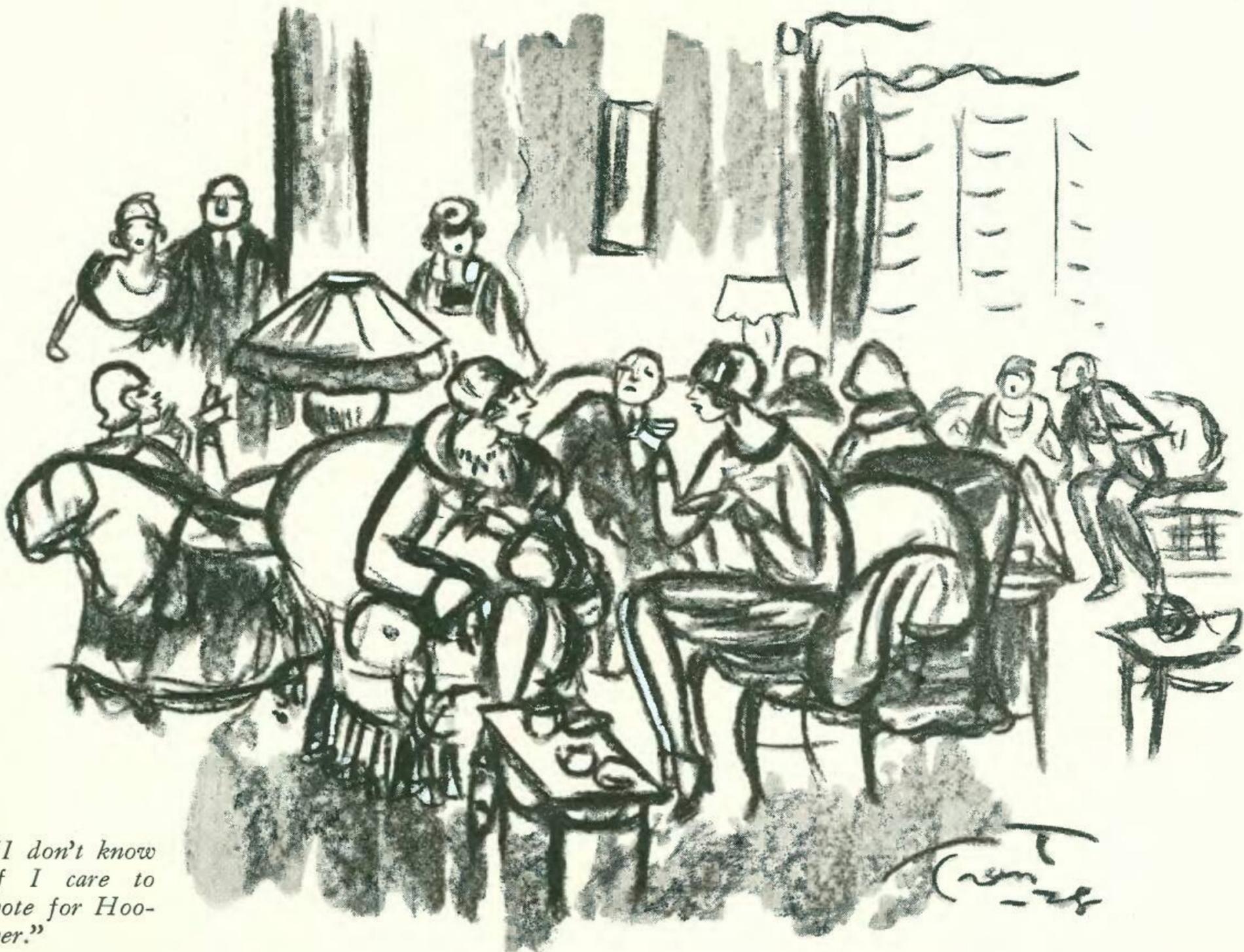
with his uncle. Whenever his father or mother were mentioned Don's eyes filled with tears, for it seems that they started out on an exploring expedition and never returned.

In the first chapter Don rescued Bud, another fine, manly little fellow, from the treacherous attack of two Arabs. When asked concerning the whereabouts of his father and mother Bud's eyes filled with tears. By an unhappy coincidence they, also, had gone away on an exploring expedition and never returned.

Naturally, Bud was asked to join the party of Don Sturdy and his uncle. They hoped to find the Cave of Emeralds, the Cemetery of the Elephants and the mysterious and ancient City of Brass. This was the precise point where something called me away and I made the cynical guess to Finney that the book would end up with all objectives gained and the four missing parents likewise recovered. I rather supposed that the fathers and

mothers would be found housekeeping in the Cave of Emeralds. Finney denied these prophecies indignantly. He said it was nothing like that. Bud's father, he told me, was not found until the next book and the finding of the mysterious City of Brass didn't come until the fourth succeeding volume. Only the missing mothers turned up practically immediately.

The Swift and Sturdy books are obviously somewhat highly colored as to incident, but the authors have kept them clean. A newspaper campaign was required to open my eyes to the dangers which the young were forced to run in a big city because of possible contact with immoral magazines. The vile sheets had not been driven off every newsstand (at the instigation of the *World*) more than a week when Finney turned up with the current issue of something called *Hoop-La*. It had a cover with a girl who was constituting herself into the hands of a clock and indicating two minutes



"I don't know if I care to vote for Hoover."

"Well, he's not the leader type like Mussolini and Coolidge."

"I wonder who lived in those old shacks before the neighborhood was improved."

## GRAMERCY PARK

On a night that was cold, a night all dark,  
I climbed the fence of Gramercy Park,  
To the top of the pickets, cold and high,  
Up went my hand and up went I,  
Then down came my foot, followed by me,  
And there was I who hadn't a key—  
Alone was I in a private park  
On a night that was cold, a night all dark.

Said I to the statue of Edwin Booth:  
"I climbed in here to look for truth."  
Said the statue of Edwin Booth to me:  
"This park is administered privately;  
"You may be in search of truth and beauty,  
"But where is your sense of civic duty?  
"You haven't a pass and you haven't a key,  
"So get out," said Edwin Booth to me.

The night stood still as he ceased to talk,  
And I scuffed away on the scuffy walk;  
A small blue star in the crotch of a tree  
Lit the dark way through Gramercy.  
"Listen," called Booth, "come back!" he cried,  
"Who is the girl that I see at your side?  
"Are you her lover, is she your bride?  
"And how in the world did she get inside?"  
"Maybe you're seeing things," I said,  
"You're cold and bronze, and you're fairly dead."  
"It isn't that," he replied, "it's only  
"That nights in a private park are lonely.  
"She's awfully sweet, I admire your taste,  
"I notice your arm is around her waist—  
"You haven't a pass and you haven't a key,  
"But give her a little kiss for me."

Said I to the statue of Edwin Booth:  
"I climbed in here to look for truth."  
"Then here is a truth I know," he said,  
"It's fun to be living and dull to be dead,  
"And people are burdened with too much sense,  
"And almost nobody climbs a fence.  
"You haven't a pass and you haven't a key,  
"But give her the tiniest kiss for me!"

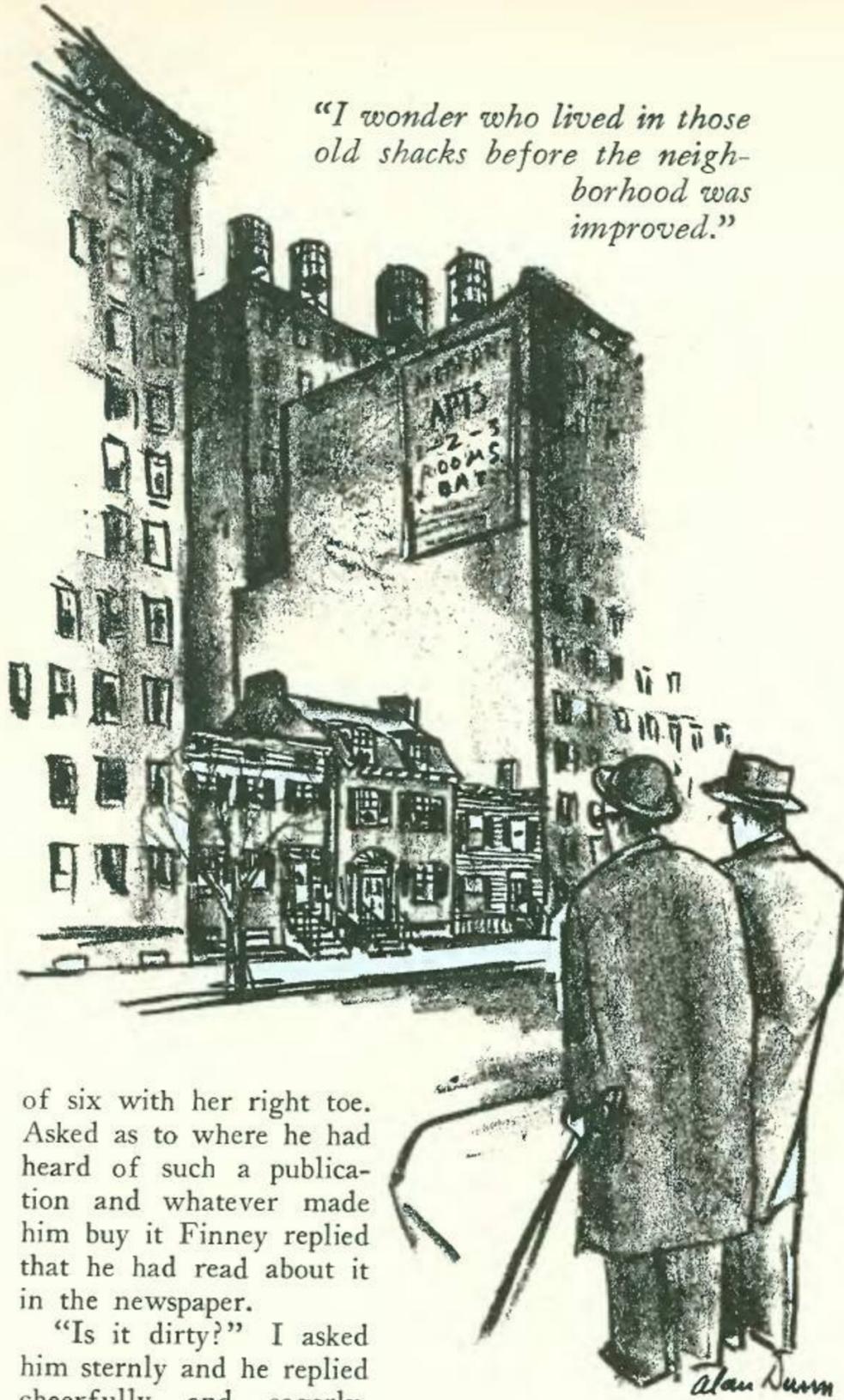
On a night that was cold, a night all dark,  
I climbed back out of Gramercy Park,  
To the top of the pickets, cold and high,  
And down to the street 'neath the public sky.  
And I don't know where nor I don't know when  
I'll ever go climbing a fence again. —E. B. W.

trouble and discussion about that song.  
Finney says that I don't get the quaver  
right in the next to the last line.

—BARRY BLAKE

The ceremony at the church was followed by an improper reception at the parsonage.—*Starville (Mo.) Bugle.*

Oh, well, you only get married once.



of six with her right toe. Asked as to where he had heard of such a publication and whatever made him buy it Finney replied that he had read about it in the newspaper.

"Is it dirty?" I asked him sternly and he replied cheerfully and eagerly, "Oh yes."

"Show me something dirty," I said, in an effort, you understand, to test him out. With gusto he declaimed:

"For every frail who hoofs it back  
"There are ninety-nine others will stay  
in the hack."

Having read in the news reports about "unutterable filth" and "vile depravity" I must admit that this struck me as a little mild. I had expected something rather more startling. Still, I did say, "Give me that magazine, Finney."

"All right," he said, "I'm through with it."

Investigation showed that he had offered me a fair sample and held back nothing of any account. Just what there was about the doggerel which struck him as risqué I did not know. We didn't go into that.

Nor did I object when he came home from camp singing a rowdy ditty called "Daddy, Get Your Baby Out of Jail," which happened to be new to me.

When I asked him the source of the song he reported that he had learned it from one of the Pollywogs. The camp was divided into two groups according to age and included Bears, Beavers, Silver Foxes, Squirrels, Quails and Pollywogs, the last group being made up of children from five to seven.

The song in its entirety goes:

"Daddy, get your baby out of jail;  
"Hurry up and make a little bail.  
"They are treating me so mean,  
"Took away my cigarettes and my morphine.  
"Daddy, put your diamonds into soak;  
"Buy me just a bottle full of coke.  
"Every night they hear me wail,  
"Daddy, get your baby out of jail."

I must admit that we did have some

## EMOTIONAL CRISIS

THERE wasn't any need to slam the door like that. It just means that I'll have to do some pretty tall explaining to Mother, that's all. She'll come out to the head of the stairs and she'll say, "Is he gone, dear?" and I wish I were Lynn Fontanne or somebody to say "yes" the way I mean it. Yes. Yes. I'll laugh a little to show everything is all right. Yes, Mother, ha, ha, ha. That sounds terrible. Maybe she didn't hear the door slam. "It's just the wind, Mother," I'll say. There's no use trying that crazy laugh again. I suppose I'll have to tell her some time, but God knows that it will be hard enough when I do, without making a night of it. She may think it's one of my jokes at first. "My 'ittie bittie baby playing jokes on her old mommer. Mustn't joke mommer about Mel." Then she'll cry. It will be terrible. She'll tell me that I don't love her and then she'll get very, very serious. She'll tell me some more Facts of Life. "Men are always queer when they are in love," she'll say. She'll pat my hand and get a little embarrassed. "If I write him a sweet note in the morning, everything will be all right, and mommer's little girl and big boy will live happily ever after. Now go have a good night's rest to make those blue eyes bright. Come kiss good-night. Such a naughty little joker mommer's little girl is."

I shan't tell her tonight. I shan't tell anyone. I'll go upstairs and throw away his letters. Then maybe he'll ask for them back, and I'll say—as if I were terribly amused—"Letters? My dear, you didn't think I had them, did you? You are *too* quaint!" And then I'll laugh. And he won't say a thing, so it will be really finished. I won't have to think about him any more. I've wasted nearly three years on that man. Now I can do something worthwhile. I'll take up art or cooking or something. Or I might be a nurse. I met a marvellous person who's at the Presbyterian Hospital. Surgeon. David, his name was. If I let my hair grow and wore it parted in the middle, it would be so different. Of course I'd never use any rouge—just lots and lots of powder and the least little bit of shadow under my eyes, like Irene Rich. Just dreadfully, dreadfully sad. He'd see me in the corridor and he'd say, "Nice little girl. Doesn't want to flirt. Looks unhappy. I wonder. . . ."

And then he'd take me out and tell me about his wife.

Perhaps it would be better to be something famous. Mel might see my picture in the rotogravure section. I'd wear one of those nun-veils with a cute little chin strap, or else black with pearls like those heavenly pictures of Rosamond Lehmann, and my eyes would look straight into his and his heart would break. He didn't care a bit tonight. I don't think he ever

loved me. I think he was glad when everything was over. I bet he's walking all the way home for sheer joy and *whistling*. . . .

Mother — Mother — what does it mean when a man slams the door?

—ELSPETH

"Kesh—  
ole clos?"



# \* \* PROFILES \* \*

## MODEL T . . . 1: TINTYPE

**H**ENRY FORD's face looks different from every angle. Seeing him full-face you would not suspect the sharpness and delicacy of his profile, the long nose and hard chin, and if you had seen him only in profile you might not recognize, if he were sitting straight across from you, the small head, the wide, strong, thin, uneven mouth, the lank, thoughtful line of the cheeks. His face is divided between the eyebrows by a small seam which might be also the dividing line of his character, for the right side of the face is not a duplicate of the left. There are more lines in the left side; it seems kindlier, shrewder, and less firm than the right side, as if through the gray eyes two separate men looked out. Only one quality belongs to the face as a whole, a waiting quality, something birdlike and attentive, as if the consciousness that perches, light as a bird, behind the aging face, were always trying to hear something, to guess something.

It is as hard to estimate Henry Ford from the things he has done as it is to guess his nature from his face. First of all he is a mechanic but he is also a lot more. Out of the part of his mind that with increasing leisure has turned from concrete things to abstractions have come many projects and ambitions—the Peace Ship, the attack on the Jews, a hospital, an airport, the Dearborn *Independent*, the Ford-for-President Clubs. Out of the part that is formidable and characteristic has come a new automobile.

Literally, of course, a man's mind cannot be divided into separate parts any more than his face can. In Henry Ford the mechanic is the unit that knits up his multiple personalities. Giving away one of his violent pamphlets against the Jews he once said proudly: "This came out of our factory."

In this satisfaction at being a workman he always remembers that until he was nearly forty he depended on his own tools for a living. Loyal to his past, he makes brothers of all mechanics and gives them liberties he would refuse anyone else. In 1923 he was outlining his political ideas to some reporters when the door of his office opened and a man in oil-stained overalls looked in,

"What is it?" Ford called. The mechanic said: "That engine's going, Mr. Ford." Ford got up. "Gentlemen, you will have to excuse me."

When he has his hair cut he likes to delay in the chair, talking to the Dearborn barber. Cards are sometimes set in the barber's window announcing an auction at some farm near Dearborn. Ford has been known to take an afternoon off and go to one of these auctions, where he strolls around, chatting with the farmers. He talks the way they do, with the same gift for spitting silences and thoughts reduced to apothegm.

"I believe in religion but I don't work at it much."

"A man who offers charity offers insult."

"It is my ambition to abolish poverty."

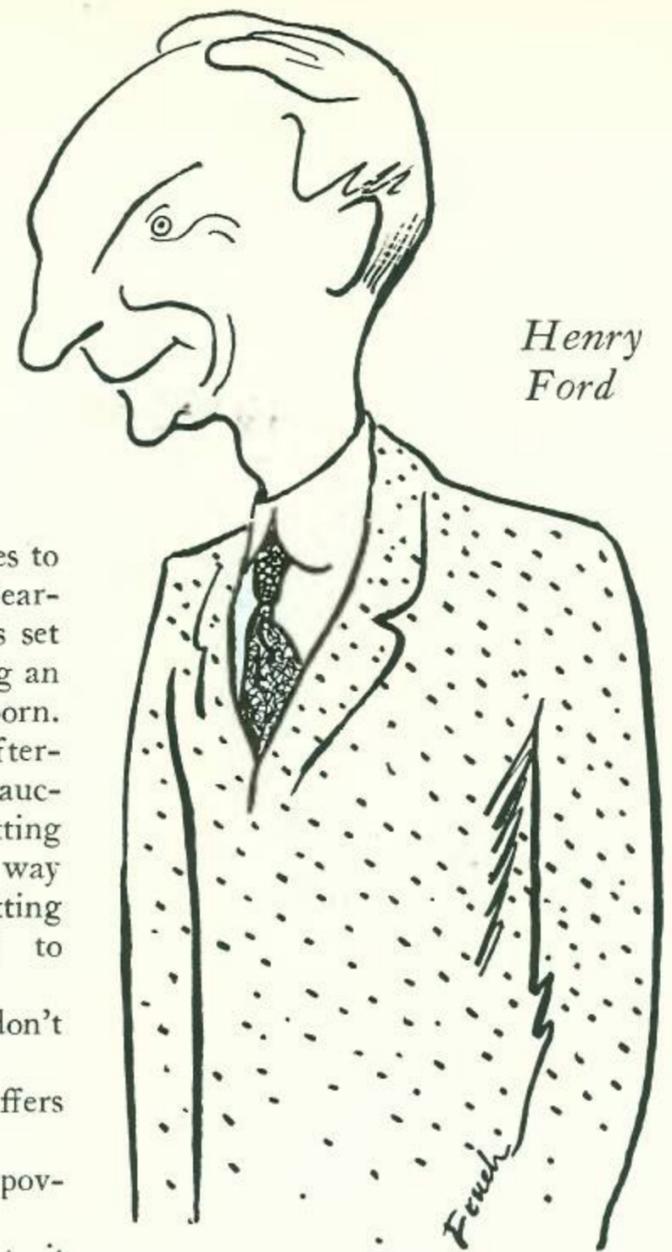
"Literature is all right, but it doesn't mean much."

**H**E swears moderately in ordinary conversation and vehemently when excited. Except for pamphlets on engineering, he reads very little; he has forgotten most of the things he learned in the Scotch Settlement school near his father's farm, and this scorn for conventional education is often cited as one more proof of the originality of his mind. It has not always been an advantage to him. When he was suing the *Chicago Tribune* for libel, his lawyers heard that the opposing counsel were going to examine him on history. For three days in a room in the Blackstone Hotel they crammed him with facts about the life of Washington, the annexation of Florida, the battle of Bull Run, and the Dingley tariff. That he failed on the stand was not due to lack of coaching but to the fact that his tutors had overlooked certain simpler questions.

"Who was Benedict Arnold?" asked the lawyer for the *Tribune*, bowing blandly toward the manufacturer, who sat in an awkward position in the witness chair with his long legs crossed and his hands clasped in his lap.

"I think he was a kind of writer."

"When was the war of the American Revolution fought?"



Henry Ford

"In 1812, I think; I'm not quite sure."

The newspapers thought this was very funny. One published a cartoon of Ford standing in a corner with a duncecap on his head. The picture offended him. He does not mind jokes about his car but he resents those that concern him personally. He fears extremes and puts his trust in action at all times. He does not smoke—or drink, sleeps six and a half hours out of twenty-four, and eats meagrely. He never lets an obligation to be cordial interfere with his routine. There was in Dearborn, for instance, a man named Coffin who had been a sheriff and lost his job through the influence of a politician Ford disliked. To show his sympathy Ford gave Coffin the restaurant concession at one of his plants and started him in business. Naturally, Coffin was grateful. When he got word that Ford was coming to lunch in his restaurant he kept his chef up late making a cake and bought two turkeys and dressed the table as if it were Thanksgiving, as, in a way, it was. Sitting down to lunch, Ford looked at the bird smoking on the table, the colored candles and elaborate cake. He said, "I think I'd like some milk and crackers."

That he has behaved like this a good many times is partly because he and his

family don't care much for parties. With the stiff pride of a country aristocracy, they have kept close relationships only with a few of the old farmer people near Dearborn—Horzens, Wards, Woodworths, Schovens. Every year at Christmas they give a party in their big stone house; the rest of the time there is not much entertainment. Sometimes when a guest comes, Edsel Ford, to oblige his father, puts a record on the phonograph (a present from Mr. Edison) and plays an accompaniment on the drum. With his knee thrown over the arm of a chair and his foot swinging, Ford listens, smiling with one side of his face. In the winter logs burn in the stone fireplace over which is the motto, "Chop your own wood and it will warm you twice."

WHEN there is no one to entertain he will sit down at the player piano or the automatic organ or stroll out to the workshop he has fitted out in a detached building. When he

## DANCE RECORDS

### Lunch Hour in a Chinese Restaurant



*"I don't care if they do say it spoils a girl's dancing to lead. I'm not going to be a wall-flower on that account"*

*E. Price*

is there the servants say to callers, "Mr. Ford is not at home. . . ." He is suspicious of strangers and has made it hard for anyone to approach him. One of his offices at the plant is at the top of a steep flight of iron stairs. People coming to see him always arrive a little out of breath and this in some peculiar fashion seems to gratify him. He has thought nothing of keeping famous callers waiting for hours. Three representatives of the government of Mexico, coming to place a big order at his plant, waited for him from two in the afternoon till seven in the evening. When Theodore

Roosevelt visited Detroit Ford invited him to come to the plant at eleven in the morning. Roosevelt was late. Ford went on with his work in other parts of the factory, calling his secretary every few minutes to ask if the ex-President had come.

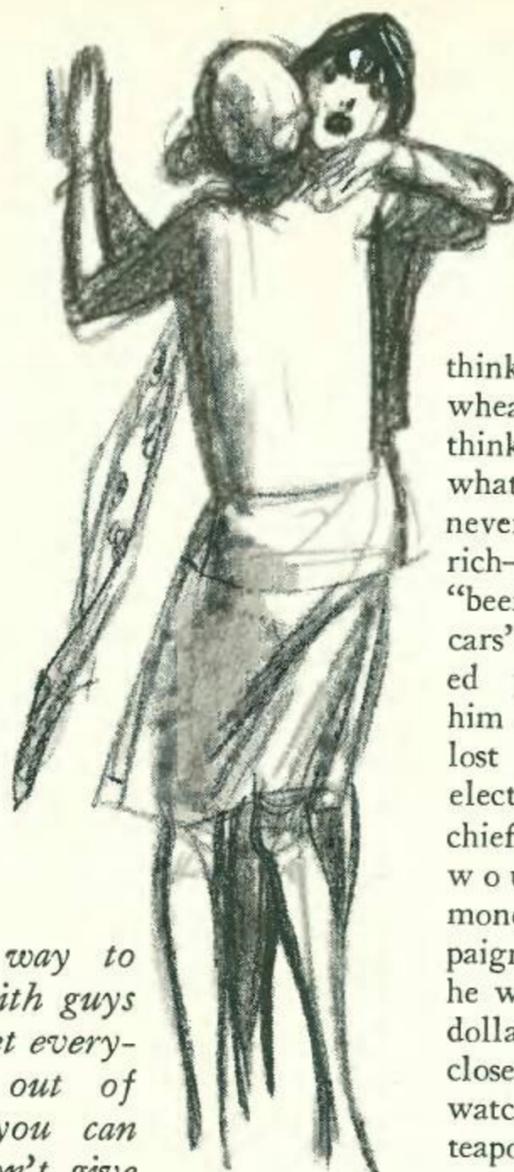
"No, sir," said the secretary at twelve o'clock.

Ford said: "Well, if he's not here by twelve-thirty you tell him I've gone fishing."

Over and over he has demonstrated this peculiar pride—"proud as a king," journalists call him—but a king leaves home to visit the meanest of his border-towns. Ford is as proud as a farmer. With the land-hunger seen in most farmers' sons who have grown rich, he has bought more than ten thousand acres outside Dearborn and cultivates them at a profit. He likes to line up half a dozen motor-reapers at the edge of a wheatfield and see them all start together.

Sitting on a fence he watches the blond wheat tops shiver and fall sideways.

"Say," he remarked to a friend who had come down for this



*"The way to deal with guys is to get everything out of them you can and don't give 'em a tumble. They like you better for it, too."*

review, "you wouldn't think that food could look so slick, would you?"

Just as he thinks of standing wheat as food he thinks of money for what it will do. He never tried hard to be rich—he says; he has "been too busy making cars"—yet an inherited parsimony makes him close-fisted. He lost the Senatorial election in Michigan chiefly because he would not spend money enough campaigning. But though he watches his billion-dollar accounts as closely as a housewife watches her cracked teapot, he has no reverence for the tangibility of coin: When he goes on a trip he sometimes carries ten thou-

sand dollars in his pocket and sometimes he has to ask his aides for a twenty-dollar bill. Once his treasurer complained that he had not received a cheque for a hundred and twenty thousand dollars due from another company as deposit for an order of Ford cars. Telegrams went back and forth. At last the cheque was found. Ford had it. A servant had taken it out of the pocket of a suit he had sent to be pressed.

Both his absent-mindedness and his way of nursing grudges are habits typical of lonely men. Ford has always kept to himself. Not many people in Detroit have ever seen him. He belongs to several dignified clubs which have kept his name on their books for years—sometimes with a complimentary membership or because Edsel or Mrs. Ford paid the dues—but the only one he ever goes to is not recognized by the Social Register: the Dearborn Country Club. Once or twice a year his wife used to take him to the benefit shows of the Detroit Players' Club—he would come in late and arrange his party so as to have a friend on each side of him and two behind. If in spite of these precautions someone came over to speak to him he would rear his head back on his long neck with an air that indicated that if

he wanted audiences he would solicit them. He has stopped going to the Players' Club.

ONCE he took up golf. A pro named Robertson was engaged by the Dearborn Club—to be Ford's private instructor, the members heard—and in fact the manufacturer was twice seen on the course without his coat but wearing his usual high stand-up collar. Then Robertson left and Ford quit playing. Nobody ever found out his score.

City people's clubs and parties, city people's sports—it is not likely they could ever interest him. Thin, wiry, and with an awkward grace in every-

thing, he still gets up before seven; he likes to walk over his land, vaulting the stone fences. In the city he wears a gray felt hat and in the country no hat at all. He is a good skater and clever at the old-fashioned dances he tried to revive two years ago for the instruction of a jazzing generation. His favorite musical instrument is a violin and his favorite author is John Burroughs. He used to whittle cedar shingles into ingenious toys for Edsel, now a man in his thirties with an alert face, a calm manner, and bright ties. Henry Ford believes that his son had an important share in designing the new car. "We have a good man in Edsel," he said to an associate; "he knows what an automobile ought to look like."

Edsel and plump, dark-eyed Mrs. Henry Ford, whom Ford calls "Mother" and speaks of as "The Believer" because he says she has always had more faith in his ideas than he had himself, are probably the only two human beings whose existence makes any serious difference to him. In the old days he was less alone, but as he has grown older he has quarrelled with more and more of his old friends until now, at sixty-four, he distrusts friendship as a general proposition.

"I must never allow myself to become so intimate with anyone again," he said after quarrelling with an associate he had known all his life.

Horace and John Dodge, Alexander Malcolmson, James Couzens, Norval Hawkins—these and many more who have been associated with him in his work, for one reason or another left him.

It may be foolish to criticize a man for losing his friends, yet many people dislike Ford more for this than anything else; they look suspiciously at all he has done, knowing that when anyone complains of his friends

it is a sign that life has failed to please him. The easy explanation is, of course, that his success has victimized him, left him

lonely, but that is not a real solution either—he has been lonely all his life. Perhaps, chilled with the cold of some interior winter, he lacks a quality common to less urgent men—nothing as vague as "warmth" or the "instinct to enjoy" but a quality without a name, powerful and evasive. He seems to be wondering himself what it is he lacks. He is more restless than he used to be, thinner; in the last few years he has developed an odd gesture—putting both hands against his cheek-bones he pulls his fingers slowly down his cheeks. At such a moment more than ever there seems to be some birdlike spirit in his face, listening and watching, wary and light.

—NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

(A second article on Mr. Henry Ford will appear in next week's issue.)

Lawyer Cranston will be in his office after 6 P.M. until 7 o'clock if one light in front window—until 8 P.M. if two lights, and until 9 P.M. if three lights.—Parsons (Kans.) Republican.

If he hears us call "Yoo-hoo" five times, it means we have been arrested, charged with murder.

MURDER BY MOONLIGHT

Why do you tap so loud on the pane,  
Oh leaves at my lattice?  
(For a time to come when we tap in vain  
And you take no notice.)

Why are your faces turned so white,  
Oh my climbing roses?  
(For a whiter face that shall flit by night  
Through your garden closes.)

What do you tell the trees in the park,  
Oh wind, that they shiver?  
(A story of death that creeps in the dark  
Up the path from the river.)

Where do you point from your silver strip  
Of sky, oh moon, with your finger-tip  
Through my curtain slipping?  
(To a spot on the floor where a foot might trip,  
To a stain that spreads, as dark drops drip,  
And keep on dripping.) —C. D.



*"Out every night this week and here I am dancing at lunch hour—but don't get the idea I think I'm popular."*



*"Well, I didn't get in the movies but believe me I still have my self-respect."*

OF ALL THINGS

**S**INCLAIR, despite his great wealth, must go to jail for six months just like a person without any gross income. Another good one is about the Texas toad who lived thirty years sealed up in a cornerstone.

If the talking dog of Boston is as good as reported, she ought to be careful. That is absolutely no town in which to practice free speech.

According to the books of the Board of Assessment, this town has now passed the sixteen billion dollar mark. Those attempting to sell New York should put up a sign: "Was \$24; Now \$16,153,945,949."

The Ku Klux Klan has adopted the stylish name, "Knights of the Great Forest." The members, we understand, will spend their evenings looking for the nigger in the woodpile.

Fortesque Televox, the mechanical man exhibited here, does everything he is told and asks no questions. Our statesmen are looking forward with pleasure to the day when Mr. Televox is old enough to vote.

The nation's doctor bill is now a million and a half a day, but apples are not cheap, either. What to do? What to do?

A device invented in the Bell Telephone laboratories will measure a billionth of an inch. It will be found useful in computing our daily progress toward solving the transit problem.

The Englishman, J. Alfred Spender, lecturing at Yale, recommends that college students take up journalism as a career. It might be even wiser to try to get a job on a paper.

Great Britain is willing to ban submarines only when we can convert all the other nations to the idea. It looks as though the time is not yet ripe to change the U-boat into an ex-boat.

Governor Smith is taking vigorous measures to wipe out unemployment in New York. And what will "Strange Interlude" do then?

The claims for Anastasia have been examined by this department and rejected with regret. There is no evidence that the alleged Grand Duchess was ever a hat-check girl in a Russian restaurant. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

SEVEN CENT FARE

Exclusive Advance Pictures of Tense Situation



WHY USE THE SUBWAYS?

Gladys Joyce and Billy Winkle of the Follies show how to get there.



SHE HAS TO WALK

Her husband failed to have life insurance.



WOULD SWIM TO BROOKLYN

PATROLMAN DELANEY DRAGS OUT IMPULSIVE CITIZEN FROM BAY

Left to right: Patrolman Delaney, Citizen, Grover Whalen. Statue of Liberty in distance.



INVESTIGATION ON

Mayor Walker, Samuel Untermyer and Grover Whalen investigate the situation.



## BALANCED RATION

THE revival of "Our Betters," by Somerset Maugham, at the Henry Miller, finds that acid bit of hilarity blessed with a performance which relieves it of one weakness which militated against its success in 1917 when it was first given here: the disadvantage of an unsympathetic central figure.

By casting Miss Ina Claire in the part of the climbing, intriguing, animal Lady Grayston, Lady Grayston has been made so pretty, so good-humored, so amused with life, so at a loss for some outlet for her superb vitality that one loves her and regrets passionately that she isn't on the stage longer. To talk just like a critic, Miss Claire's is a brilliant achievement in high comedy.

Moreover the word used to describe Lady Grayston in "Our Betters" which was considered "objectionable" in 1917 is little short of a pet name in 1928 and, while as social satire the comedy dates itself as pre-war or early-war, in losing sting it should gain favor with American audiences. For "Our Betters" tells of the days when America was far more subservient to England socially than it is now, when fortunes were counted well lost for a successful London season. Now that the best thing which can be said for a successful London season is that it's a good stepping-stone toward a position in New York, America can inspect a souvenir of those old days with a good deal of complacency.

The expatriates of "Our Betters" regard the provincial life back home with a horror which is simply old-fashioned. One realizes that the insatiable Lady Grayston, though one sees her brought up to the minute-after-next in costume and coiffure, would long since have deserted Mayfair for some more stimulating campaign in the triumphant land of her birth.

There isn't much plot to "Our Betters." It's largely an indignant recital of the lengths to which these cut-and-come-again Americans will go to get what they want in England, with a

little mistake of Lady Grayston's recorded only to show how she retrieved herself, and a very dull sub-plot about Lady Grayston's sister who is trying to decide to marry a titled Englishman and doesn't because it's all so worthless, and life's so much finer back with the cactus and alkali and the big strong American lad who loves her.

My greatest criticism of the revival is that it is played in two keys, Miss Claire and a few others tugging for high comedy while Constance Collier as the Duchesse de Surennes and Frederick Truesdell as Arthur Fenwick almost break their backs in the effort to haul it into the realms of farce.

Miss Collier's caricature of the parsimonious, cradle-snatching duchess is entirely delicious, but sheer farce it is, and I feel that the question should have been settled before the curtain rose. Mr. Truesdell hasn't the excuse of success in his efforts.

Notable among Miss Claire's cohorts are Martin Walker as Lord Bleane and the suave Edward Crandall miscast as a rough diamond but doing nobly nobly.

"MAYA," at the Comedy, is a translation by Ernest Boyd from the French of Simon Gantillon. A mixture of fine, sympathetic realism and jejune symbolism, parts of "Maya" pleased me very much, parts not so well. The actors felt the difference too, and could always be entrusted to intone the offending portions in the conviction that they were saying something very beautiful and very significant.

At its best "Maya" presents one with a literal picture of Bella, a prostitute living in a boxlike cubicle near the docks of Marseilles, a creature as near to the Geisha as Western civilization permits. Her poverty, her kindness, her simplicity, and the circumstances of her lot are set forth in scene after scene which need resort to no sobbing comments to enhance their effectiveness.

In one, Bella has received word that her child has died, the three-year-old child she hasn't seen since she left the hospital. The girls in the district devote an hour of their earnings to buy a wreath for it. Bella faces the almost overwhelming problem of black clothes and hat and shoes for the funeral. There is a little girl who comes to see Bella and finally Bella gives the wreath money to her for her first communion dress, saying sadly of her own baby, "She did without me for three years, I guess she can do without me now."

In another, the soldier to whom Bella contributes most of her earnings brings an artist friend to her room, and in an access of gratitude to him offers him Bella's favors which the embarrassed artist refuses, to Bella's angry humiliation, a humiliation only allayed by the suggestion that the artist may be being true to some girl he loves.

Then there are Bella's clients, each one demanding something more than the letter of his sordid bargain with her, wanting sympathy, or interest, or the illusion of some beloved.

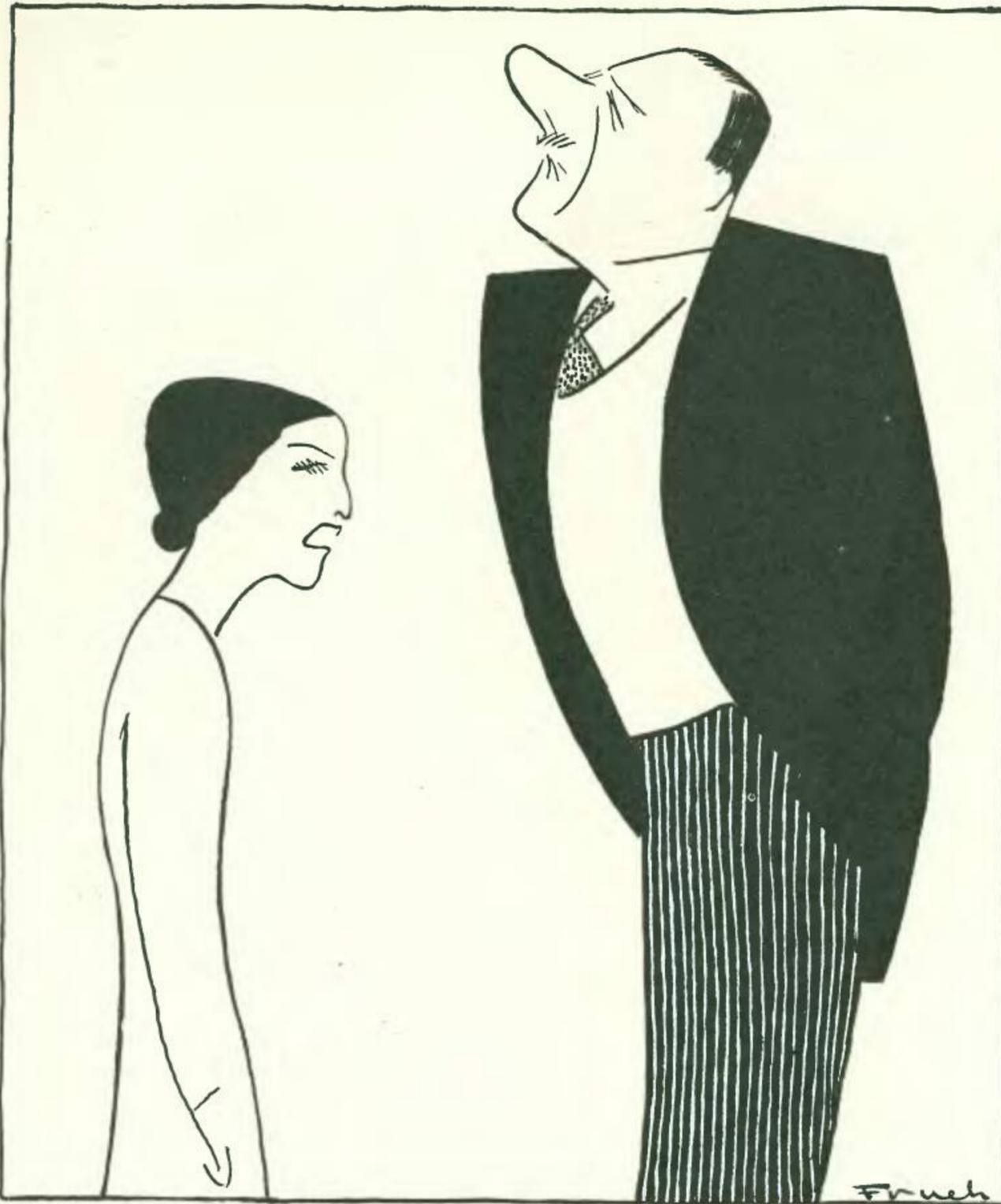
One is shown what Bella represents to them objectively, and it was merely annoying to me to have it clumsily underscored in the prologue and in a scene wherein a Hindu explains Bella as "Maya, the Illusion All Men Seek."

Heavy-handed as it is in its poetizing, "Maya" is a beautiful and tender play, and Aline MacMahon plays its sorry heroine with a magnificent freedom from sentimentality.

"WHISPERING FRIENDS," by George M. Cohan, at the Hudson, finds Mr. Cohan with a plot suggestive of many of Shakespeare's comedies. I don't say that by way of compliment.

A bride's best woman friend lays a plot with her to test her bridegroom's love by trying to flirt with him. The bridegroom's best man friend divines the plot and encourages the bridegroom to see how far the experimenter will carry her experiment while he tests the bride by flirting with her. The rest is a complicated series of quarrels and reconciliations with the unattached pair becoming attached to each other.

Mr. Cohan's showmanship has not deserted him, and the quarrel scenes, while confusing to the analytical mind, apparently delight anyone who



### "PARIS BOUND"

*Much of the wise talk about marriage and divorce in Mr. Barry's bright comedy on the subject at the Music Box is given to these twain to speak. The distraught wife: Madge Kennedy. Her philosophic father-in-law: Gilbert Emery.*

is pleased with the characters constructed to battle through them.

These characters are four people who, in their own idiom, would rather kid each other than eat. They kid back and forth and fifth and sixth and way up into the nineties. And what is more they kid, not in Mr. Cohan's own pointed vein, but in the exact phraseology of chronic middle-class kidders. If Mr. Cohan was satirizing such gentry he has certainly concealed the fact thoroughly.

"Say, you're pretty quick, aren't you?" Al Wheeler remarks to Doris Crawford when she has pronounced some nifty about the vintage of "So's your old man."

"I bang the bell every time," she bubbles back.

"I'll say you're fast all right."

"Hey!" she returns, like a streak. "Be careful how you use that word 'fast'."

And maybe the audience doesn't love it. Here's brilliance it can recognize, none of your deep Somerset Maugham, Philip Barry, Noel Coward stuff. This is just like Cousin Harriet Coon's line, and maybe she isn't a scream! Why that time she and Hal Edwards got together you'd have died laughing. When she offered to get him a mustache cup!

There hangs about "Whispering Friends" the aroma of "Abie's Irish

Rose." It will run practically forever, and I wouldn't see it if I were you.

AT the Biltmore, "Rope," by David Wallace and T. S. Stribling, based on Mr. Stribling's novel "Teeftallow," is a direct refutation of a lot we've learned from such nostalgic southrons as Irving Berlin and Al Jolson.

It pictures unlovely Iron-town, in Tennessee, where it's sinful to believe in revolution, and sinful to play baseball on Sunday and where a religious revival whips up frenzies which can only be satisfied by lynching a poor devil who has shot somebody in a feud, stripping the village harlots and driving them out of town, and (so incidentally as hardly to deserve mention) stringing up a black boy who is considered by the White Cap gang to have betrayed it. Those Northerners who see it should be able to remain a lot calmer when the band plays "Dixie."

The play is packed too closely with violence and the relation of the revival to the gruesome events is understressed, but it is an extremely creditable piece of work.

There are excellent performances by Ben Smith and the ever reliable Elizabeth Patterson.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

### LINE

The moon is round,  
Lady,  
And to be found  
Largely at night  
In quite plain sight,  
Lady.  
That's it up there.  
Yes.  
And if I stare  
At the arrangement of your lips  
Think not of me  
As one who sips  
Unbidden.  
The moon,  
I was about to say,  
Has longish night—and day.  
I quite agree.  
One ought to make some use  
Of an illumination so profuse.  
Pardon. —PHILIP G. WYLIE



*Complete Outfits for GENTLEMEN  
are presented in the Perfect Setting  
of our NEW BUILDING*

**W**E are complete outfitters to gentlemen in all that the term implies.

De Pinna-made suits and overcoats, ready-to-wear, are produced in fabrics woven for us exclusively by the foremost mills of Great Britain and provide the correct apparel for business, sports, afternoon dress and evening wear.

Exceptional discrimination and rare good taste have been exercised in assembling our stocks of furnishings, footwear and headwear which we are certain will appeal to those who know that a gentleman, to be well turned out, must

give infinite care to the choosing of appropriate and fitting accessories of dress.

In our Custom Tailoring Department, one of the oldest on Fifth Avenue, and in our Custom Shirt Department, we now have on display our importations of spring and summer suitings, overcoatings and shirtings.

It is with extreme pleasure that we invite you to visit our new building and the opening presentation of our productions and importations for the present season.



# DE PINNA

*Importers and Outfitters*

*5th Avenue at 52nd Street*



# THE WAYWARD PRESS

## CHECKING UP

hearts of the Cubans did their best. They sent back stories telling of the affectionate enthusiasm with which the Great White Father was received in Havana. They told of the cheers which rolled up from the populace in greeting, of the wild excitement which prevailed as the executive cortège rolled through the streets, of the spirit of friendliness toward the United States which the visit was breeding on every side. One got the impression that Havana went Coolidge-mad.

The next day the Movietone news-reels appeared showing the same procession through the streets of Havana. Not only the visual image of this impressive pageant was offered to public view, but the sounds incident to its passage were recorded as well. And there was a strange discrepancy between the newspaper accounts and this irrefutable testimony of the senses.

For in the Movietone we saw the

crowds lining the streets and the Presidential automobile rolling slowly along the avenue, but the enthusiasm was nominal. Here and there some apathetic Cuban would raise his hand in an abortive salute and say, in a voice slightly above the conversational tone, "Americano!" Now and again a hat would be tipped, but whether it was to keep it from being blown off in the wind or to indicate extreme enthusiasm could not be detected. But, for the most part, the entire route might have been that of a particularly unimpressive funeral, let us say of a rear-admiral lately in charge of an inland arsenal. If there was wild excitement such as the newspaper-reporters saw, it must have been in the parlor of the residence of President Machado. If the populace of Havana went wild over President Coolidge it must have been by means of letters to the local papers. Here, before our very eyes, was this triumphant cavalcade we had read so much about, and the only sounds came from the explosions of the motor-cycles of the escort, the only agitation from the breeze as it blew the

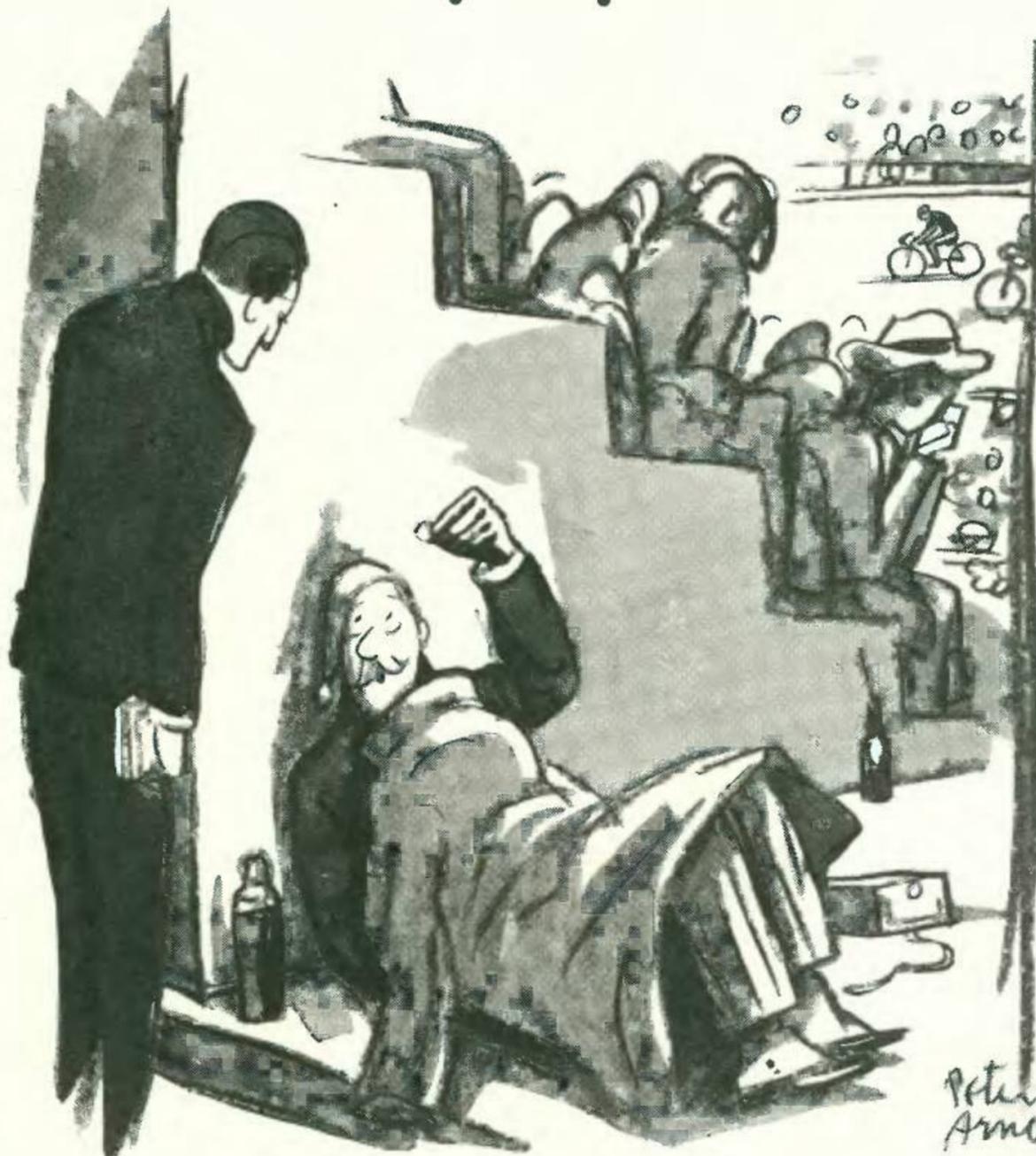
THE newspapers may not be very frightened of the movie news-reels as competitors in the actual business sense, but they had better watch them pretty closely as rivals in the accurate dispensing of news. A good news-reel can show up a news-story and make it look awfully silly.

An example comes to hand (as a matter of fact, it has been at hand for some weeks) in the recent visit of President Coolidge to Havana. Naturally this was counted as one of the big maneuvers in the Good Will Campaign which has been under way between this country and the Pan-American republics, or rather which has been aimed at the Pan-American republics by this country. The idea was that President Coolidge should go down there and by his cheery manner and hail-fellow-well-met spirit so charm the Cubans that they would forget certain little matters of import and export and just feel as if they were members of One Big Family.

To this end, the reporters who covered the Coolidge Flying Wedge into the

property flags. Even President Coolidge himself seemed subdued, his gay buoyancy gone, his boyish abandon stilled under the lethargy of his reception.

SO the newspapers have got to watch their step from now on. They are being checked up. In the future, as the Movietone principle is developed, they will have to be careful how they tell of Red riots, for the next day the public may have a chance to see and hear that sixteen people merely stood still and hummed the "Internationale" while traffic swirled unconcernedly past. They will have to be careful how



"Here, boy—have me called at two o'clock—for the sprints."

Peter Arno



NOW SCIENCE TELLS US HOW MIDDLE AGE WITH ITS DISAGREABLE SYMPTOMS CAN BE POSTPONED—FOR YEARS

**T**HE body has its sentries. And they signal its alarms. But all too often, warnings that should make us alert are passed by, unheeded.

Unpleasant breath, sick headaches—"the blues"—these are all signals that the body's main line of resistance is being attacked. They are warnings that the large intestine has become unclean, unhealthy. They indicate that poisons originating in the colon are affecting the whole system.

Since Metchnikoff startled the world twenty-three years ago with his announcement that colon poisons were the chief cause of old age and death, science has made immense progress in studying the intestines.

Science knows now that intestinal ill health is caused not simply by constipation. It owes its source to the *nature of the bacteria in the intestine.*

Some of these bacteria are friendly. Some are harmful. In ill-health the problem is to lessen the power of these harmful bacteria, and to increase the resistance of the whole body.

You may feel entirely free from constipation, so far as regularity of elimination is concerned. Yet if you feel depressed and sluggish, you are probably suffering from intestinal poisoning.

Even though elimination is regular, *it may be late.* Laboratory tests show that with many people the process of complete elimination takes from one to three days longer than it should. This gives the harmful bacteria an added chance to do their work.

Inevitably, as the harmful bacteria continue to make inroads on your vitality, your body's defenses are weakened. Youth van-

## Such Symptoms as these are warnings

Unpleasant Breath . . Headaches . .  
Depression . . Lack of Energy . . Bad Skin . .  
Indigestion . .

ishes. Old age is hastened.

Cathartics may give temporary relief, but ultimately they increase the trouble. The overdose of today becomes the normal dose of tomorrow. Cathartics secure their effect by *nervous irritation* and draw water from the blood and tissues. Their continuous use ultimately weakens the intestinal muscles.

*Science shows this new way  
to better health*

**S**CIENCE today is finding ways to lessen the power of these harmful putrefactive bacteria. The simplest of these ways is the regular use of yeast. We can't all change our diet, but we *can* eat yeast.

Why is Yeast so beneficial? Yeast is a pure, corrective food, as fresh as any garden vegetable. It increases the flow of digestive juices in the stomach, rendering the digestion of other foods easier. In the large intestine, it combats putrefaction, lessens the number of harmful bacteria, and stimulates gently the contractions of the muscles which aid in eliminating waste.

Thus yeast cleanses the intestines, promotes *complete* elimination, improves digestion, purifies the blood, clears the skin, tones up the whole system.

To keep your colon clean and healthy, you

should eat Yeast regularly. Each day eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast—one before each meal or between meals. You can eat it plain, breaking a cake in small pieces. Or dissolve it in water, cold or hot (not scalding), or eat it in any other way you prefer.

If you have been a constant user of cathartics, discontinue their use *gradually* as your system is strengthened by eating Fleischmann's Yeast.

We shall be glad to send you a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet, containing authoritative information on the subject. Address Health Research Dept. Y-66, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

*For sheer joy of living . . .  
seven simple rules*

- Food:** Eat freely of green vegetables, salads, fruits, milk.  
**Water:** Drink six glasses of water daily.  
**Air:** Ventilate every room you occupy by day and by night.  
**Exercise:** Daily do "setting up" exercises, especially for the waist muscles.  
**Rest:** Average eight hours in bed.  
**Cleanliness:** Brush teeth morning and evening. Bathe *at least* twice weekly.  
**\*Waste elimination:** Secure a thorough intestinal elimination daily.

\*Whether or not you are able to follow regularly all these rules, you can at least observe the seventh and most important. Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*, one before each meal or between meals. Yeast not only promotes complete elimination; it also helps to combat putrefactive poisons, to bring about a clean, healthy condition of the intestines, to increase the vigor and resistance of the whole body. Each month you eat Yeast you should notice added benefit.

# The Water Tower

Theophilis Frederick Percival Brown  
Went on a shopping trip into the town.  
Whom should he meet while sauntering there  
But Osro Demosthenes Prendergrast Blair!  
They chatted and talked until hours had flown  
And the stores were all closed. "I forgot  
AQUAZONE!"  
Screamed T. F. P. Brown and shot himself dead.  
He was missed by his friends—was Theophilis  
Fred.



Which quite naturally leads us into consideration of Leap Year and its MEANING. Some maintain that the word "leap" applies to unattached males, is in fact a hint from some misanthropic mythological bachelor to other masculine low lives who have no sense of responsibility towards the census. Others maintain that it is derived from the Coptic root "wxeep" which has the general and poetic significance: if - you - are - about - to - pluck - a - rose - and - fear - the - thorns - there - may - come - a - day - when - these - very - thorns - will - catch - you - so - that - you - and - the - rose - are - one - and - this - is - that - DAY.

Nevertheless our records show some delightful romances culminated. No. 372,807. Miss Virginia Opt vs. John Henry Glitz. One round to a decision. Miss Opt entertained Mr. Glitz by making MINUTE JELLY for him (obtainable at Busy Bee, Gristede and Bohack Stores). She waited until he had eaten quite some and then said softly: "Would you like to have me make MINUTE JELLY for you every evening, dear?" John's coyly whispered "Yes" was the prelude to wedding bells.

No. 6,752,349. Miss Theresa Olman vs. Algeron Ekersal Peeps. Seven hundred and thirty-one rounds to a decision. Peeps had been calling on the aforesaid for two years every Tuesday night at 8:22. "Alge," said she, "you marry me next week or you'll never get a drink of AQUAZONE again in this house." He did.

No. 8,564,329. Mrs. Fifi DeGoyler Smith (widow, three brats) vs. Colonel Lee Dradish Warrenton. K. O. Said she: "Lee, will you be a father to my beautiful children if I send them to live with their aunt?" His answer was: "Madame, it will be the happiest day of my life." The bride wore a headdress of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley, gold shoes and lavender stockings. The groom was tastefully garbed in the conventional black.

How naturally all this brings us back to a discussion of Aquazone, the only mineral water supercharged with oxygen, to its excellence as a mixer and as insurance against a headache the next morning, to its sparkliness, to its deliciousness. We know it may be obtained at the Busy Bee Stores, the Daniel Reeves stores, Gristede Brothers, and other good grocers. Also druggists. Served at the best night clubs, restaurants, clubs and hotels or sent to your own home from the nearest place on a call to

VANDERBILT 6434

Advertisement

they tell of apathetic rebuffs of opposition politicians, for it may turn out in the Movietone account that the audience gave every indication of being excited. In short, news-stories will have to be written pretty much without personal coloring on the part of the reporter, for there will be a dark man coming with a bundle of film right behind him to refute his testimony if it be phoney. All of which may result in the press eventually giving itself over to the publication of comic strips and actual baseball scores.

## SOMETHING

that even the Movietone can not catch yet remains to be recorded about the results of the Pan-American Conference which ended with Mr. Hughes' slightly peevisish speech in reply to a thorough baiting at the hands of the churlish representative from San Salvador. Although we are told that the conference ended in complete harmony and that the United States won the hearts of all by its open-handed espousal of the cause of Right and Justice, there seems to be a note, even in the optimistic stories of the event, which bespeaks something less than complete success of the Good Will movement. Mr. Russell Owen, writing for the *Times*, leads off with this slightly back-handed cheer for our side:

"The Pan-American Conference will end up its sixth session tomorrow with peace and amity written on its minutes even though under the surface there is a marked demarcation between the Latin-American republics in their alliance of friendship with the United States. The United States delegates look upon it as a conference which has been highly successful in the matter of international friendship, although what has been accomplished is rather intangible and more a subject for future discussion than for written conventions."

All the papers agree that the conference was a huge success and that everybody loves the United States as a result of it. On the other hand, all

the papers agree that a great deal remains to be done. Of course, it is churlish to complain of any propaganda which has as its aim international good will, but even beneficent propaganda, when it is so obvious, defeats its own end if it makes newspaper readers suspect that they are being fed prepared pap.

One of the most unexpected flops in the great campaign of Good Will propaganda engineered by Ambassador Morrow in Mexico came at the beginning of this highly successful conference, and should make the press and the publicity machines give pause and look to their efficiency. For weeks the Mexican people had been in virtual training at the hands of the United States, presumably to the end that they would behave themselves at the Conference and not sass the United

States. Mr. Morrow went and was nice to them. Will Rogers was sent down to make them laugh. Lindbergh, the Lone Dove, flew over them and brought tidings of brotherly love and the press of the country combined in a concerted and laudable effort to make the Mexicans feel that, brown though they might be, they were really our friends. And all this at least partially so that they would not act up at the Conference.

The Mexicans welcomed Mr. Morrow for the gentleman that he is, laughed at Will Rogers for the humorist that he is, and hailed Lindbergh for the swell guy that he is, and then, on the first day of the Conference, went right ahead and sassed the United States. It is all very discouraging. Can it be that we haven't got our news and propaganda services as efficient as we thought?

THE *Herald Tribune* was the only one of the morning papers on February 13 which did not open its front page to the slick press agent's story of the beautiful Mlle. Simone Roseray who "tried to drown herself in Central Park Lake" for love of Vincent Lopez. Even the *Times* went



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# "COLCREME," COTY

THE *SUPREME* BEAUTY CREAM

*A new fresh glory to your complexion — a new, young loveliness — in a few moments a day with "Colcreme," COTY. It cleanses luxuriously — it nourishes — and beautifies — all three essentials together in one exquisite cream, perfect as all COTY creations. It changes old elaborate beauty methods.*



*"A Little Lovelier Every Day"*

COMPLETE SCIENTIFIC METHOD FOR CARE OF THE SKIN ENCLOSED IN EACH "COLCREME," PACKAGE.

IN A LOVELY FROSTY GLASS JAR  
WITH INNER DUST-PROOF  
COVER TO GUARD ITS  
DELICATE PURITY



"ROUGE"  
*how to use it for greatest beauty*  
— a booklet illustrated by  
CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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# Duo-Sette



Tissue-weight elastic, exquisite Margot lace—as used by Lily of France—bring these Duo-Settes to sculptured perfection. You'll find them at Quality Stores.

## Lily of France

after it with dignified ingenuousness and gave it a preferred position right next to the sacred Lindbergh story on Page 1. The *World*, of course, gave her a picture, while the *American* saw the *World* and raised it one picture of Lopez. The *Herald Tribune* not only put the story on Page 3 but treated it with obvious suspicion all the way through. It even was unchivalrous enough to say that "her age is not apparent from her costume and swift dance, but she is no young girl."

By the time the evening papers were out there had arisen some suspicion that all was not as it should be, but it was a swell story while it lasted and once again our hard-headed managing editors (always excepting the *Herald Tribune's*) gave evidence that, after all, men are just little boys grown up and that Monday morning's paper will always be Monday morning's paper.

—GUY FAWKES

### THE DIFFICULT PILGRIMAGE

They plead with me to pack and flee  
To any far romantic spot,  
To Avalon or Arcady,  
The Côte d'Azur or Camelot,

To sail the Seine, the Rhine, the  
Rhone,  
To cross historic mountain passes,  
To see cathedrals where the sun  
Grows eloquent with colored glasses,

Where Inca gold bore Spanish crime;  
Where souls flow out in Southern  
Seas;  
Where ivory idols deadlock time  
And their own strangely jointed knees.

How tragic that I must remain  
Untravelled and each day forlorn,  
Because these pilgrims so disdain  
The Little Church Around the  
Corner. —OLIVE WARD

Tons of rock from the bed of subway excavations in Manhattan are to be used for the first pier to be erected on the Long Beach ocean front. Senator Reynolds believes he will solve the problem of salvaging the beach and at the same time offer an attraction by providing an amusement pavilion on the pier where visitors will have the pleasure of watching the bathers in the ocean or the dashing spray of the surf over the rocks.—*Long Beach publicity.*

Or, as a careful reading of the above compels us to add, both.



## Essex Values Accumulate

In the New Essex Super-Six you get the finest performance, comfort, beauty and reliability Essex ever offered—far excelling its predecessor which outsold any "Six" at or near the price by an overwhelming margin.

Essex (4-door) Sedan, \$795

But, currently with the development of this finer car, have been built important supporting values in the great and permanent organization which distributes and services your Essex car.

Back of this Essex you buy, stands

Coupe, \$745 (Rumble seat \$30 extra)

*f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax*

Coach, \$735

one of the oldest and strongest automobile manufacturers, whose 19 years of constant growth reflect its alert leadership; and a dealer organization whose pride it is to make Essex service as outstanding as the value of the car itself.

**ESSEX SUPER SIX**

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF NEW YORK, Inc.

1842 Broadway at 61st Street

1771 Broadway at 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## THE BROADCASTING INDUSTRY

**N**OBODY in the radio business even pretends, nowadays, to know what its eventual destiny will be. But in the last year or two they have given over their old, cocksure predictions that in due time the loudspeaker would take the place of newspapers and render college lecture rooms old-fashioned. Most of them have come to the sensible conclusion that the future of broadcasting is concealed in mystery, and in the meantime they have settled down to the solid task of making money out of it.

The National Broadcasting Company—to seize upon the largest firm engaged in the trade for an example—is not really showing profits now, but its experts are full of confidence that it will show profits within the next year or two. At any rate, the aura of business efficiency hangs over the company's offices; and the young men in charge of public relations are positively eager to tell all in the mat-

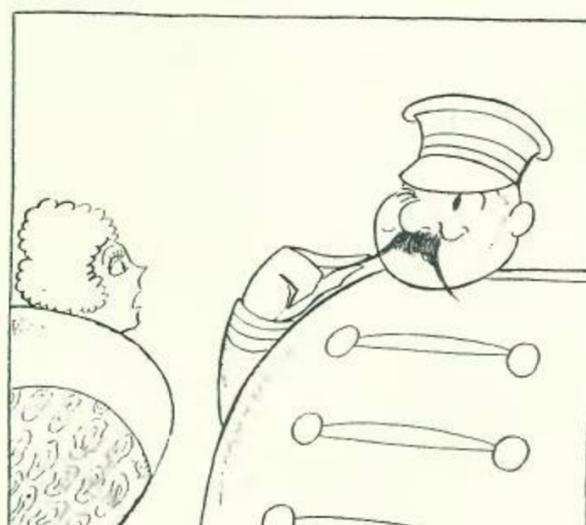
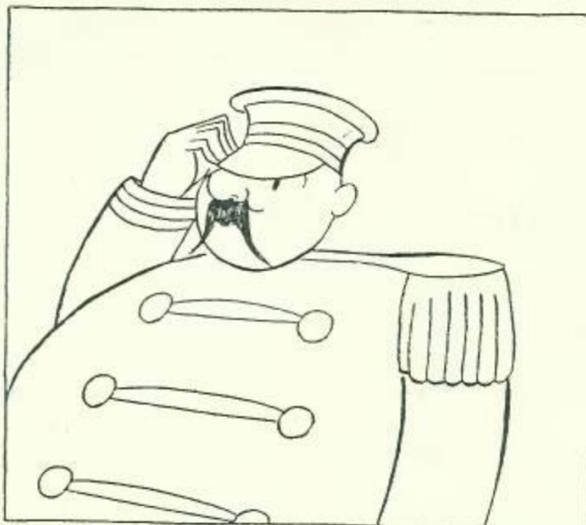
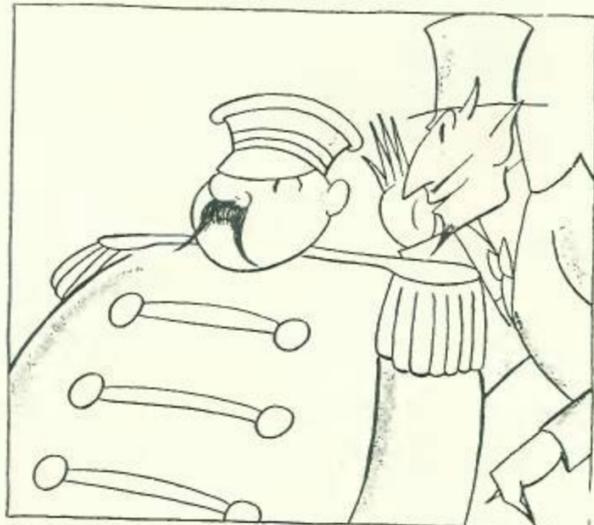
company sells—and the commodity is advertising.

There are two sorts of programs sent out from the studios in Fifth Avenue. Like most American commercial activities, these programs bear euphemistic names: the sponsored program, which is nothing more nor less than paid advertising; and the sustaining program, which produces no revenue for the company but balances an evening of entertainment that might threaten to grow monotonous, and generally thrills the radio audience. The sustaining program is not regarded happily by the gentlemen of the industry, because it is expensive.

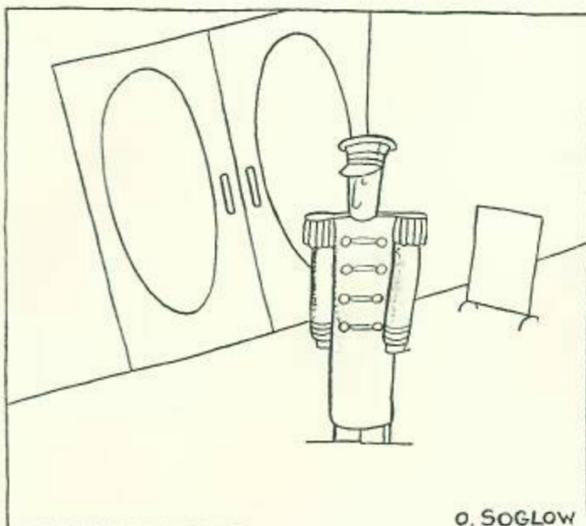
It must be continued awhile, however, because some of the most profitable advertising programs are very bad. When the number of advertisers grows, and competition among them forces them to improve the quality of their offerings, then the sustaining program will be abandoned.

As indications of expense in this matter, the company spends about six thousand dollars a week for two grand opera programs, one over the Red chain and one over the Blue. Much of this cost is returned in fees from the subsidiary stations which buy the programs, but there is no profit to the broadcasting industry except in the enthusiasm of the listeners.

Certain entertainers, such as the Roxy Gang and the Capitol Theatre group, are broadcast each week with no cash changing hands either way. These performers have become cherished familiars to the radio audience, and there is no clear way of determining who benefits most, the the-



ter of business procedure. It is learned, for example, that the company owns one station, WEAF; and that it also controls two others, WJZ and WRY. With these three as its basic enterprises, the company has contractual arrangements with nearly fifty other stations throughout the country, which are connected by wires and grouped into the familiar networks: the Red chain and the Blue chain. The two chains are operated as separate commercial units. They are the outlet for the commodity which the

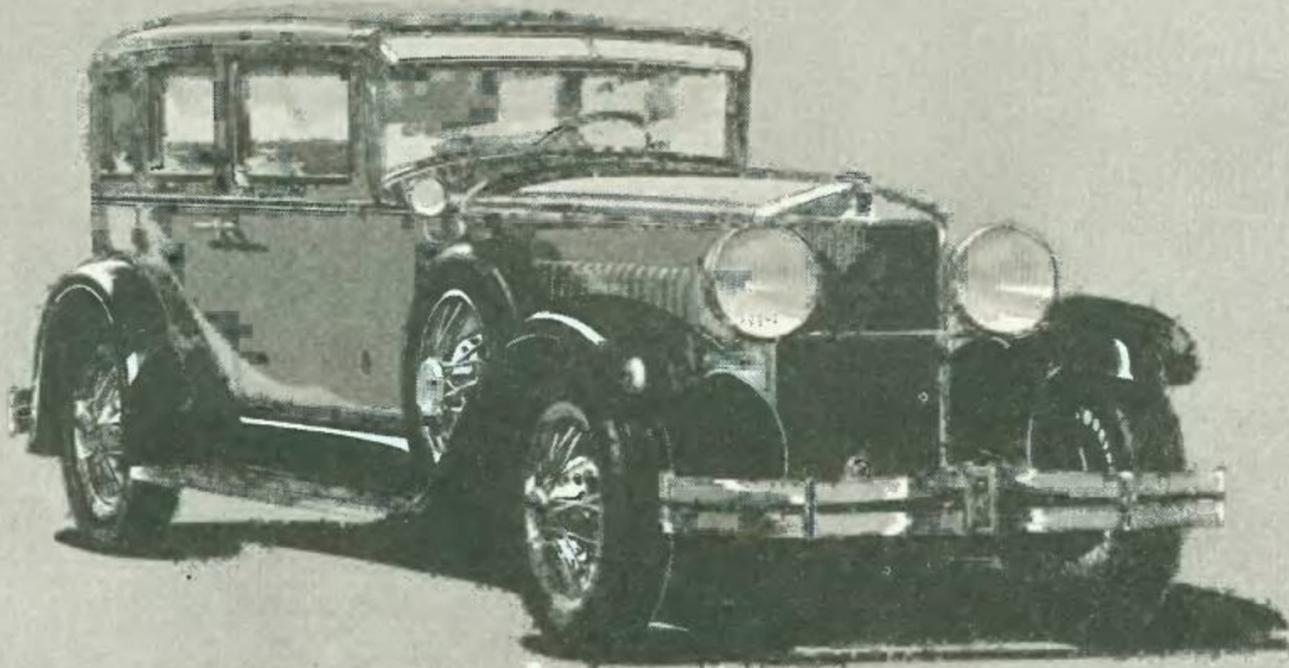


O. SOGLOW

atres which are given publicity, or the broadcaster who gets credit for good programs. Similarly, such items as a Coolidge speech, or a big football game, or the world series in baseball, are broadcast upon the "no cost, no pay" basis, much as the news columns of the daily journals are carried, not as revenue producers but to gain the attention of the audience.

Legendary figures have attached to the advertising charges demanded by the broadcasters. It is not unusual to hear that such and such a program

The NEW  
CENTURY  
EIGHT



A  
COMPOSITE PICTURE OF  
THE 1928 AMERICAN  
CAR

"Autobody", an American journal exclusively devoted to progress in motor car body styles, in its January issue refers to the new Hupmobile Century Eight as "a composite picture of the 1928 American car". This tribute confirms the verdict of the National Automobile Shows, where of all cars exhibited, the new

Hupmobile Century line most convincingly illustrated the century's great advances in beauty and distinction of body design. The confidence placed in Hupmobile manufacturing integrity over a period of twenty years is now dramatically paralleled by a new pride in appearance that is winning thousands of owners to Hupmobile.

VAN ALSTYNE MOTOR CORPORATION, *Distributors*  
1871 BROADWAY, at 62nd St., New York City—Phone Columbus 7660  
1294 BEDFORD AVENUE, Near Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn—Phone Prospect 9941

HUPMOBILE



“SO that good-looking Jones man got promoted, did he?”

“Yes; boys at the bank say he is the type.”

“Well, I’ll say he has the clothes. Perhaps if you were more careful about your clothes, and wore nice-looking, comfortable starched collars, you might some day be enrolled in the Battalion of bank vice-presidents.”

# ARROW COLLARS

THE COLLAR OF THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC.

*Makers of Arrow Shirts, Collars, Underwear and Handkerchiefs*

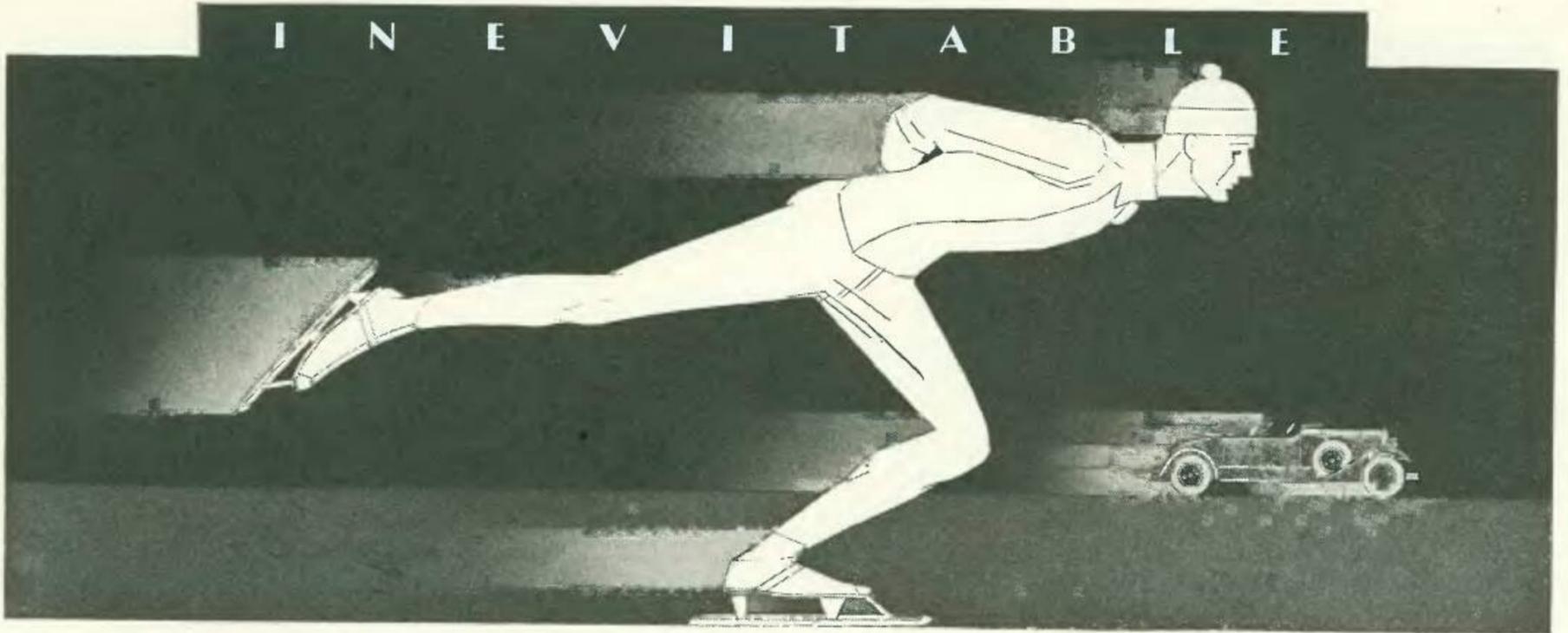
costs a thousand dollars a minute to the advertiser. These charges, as a matter of fact, are rigidly established, and are the same to all advertisers: one hour on the Red network, which includes station WEAF and powerful stations in the fourteen largest cities of the country, costs \$3,770. Of this amount, WEAF, or the National Broadcasting Company itself, receives six hundred dollars. The remainder is divided among the other stations in amounts depending upon the population of the areas they serve. If an advertiser wishes to make simultaneous use for one hour of all the forty-two stations which the company controls, it will cost him \$10,170.

Of course, these charges are based upon the assumption that the advertiser will provide his own entertainers: that he will employ the musicians, or singers, or comedians, and work out the program which they will broadcast. The company operates a program service, however, which will provide a program, complete, at cost to the advertiser.

The ideal for which the broadcasters are striving contemplates a minimum of directly advertising speech. The general rule is that the “sponsor” may announce the trade name of his product at the beginning of his program and again at the end. But of course this rule is infringed, as all of us know. Frequently an advertiser succeeds in shouting the name of his cherished product every three or four minutes.

The company is fully aware of the monotony which threatens the entertainment it sends out. Honest men in the trade will confess that no real technique—comparable to the technique of the movies or a Broadway show—has yet been discovered for providing radio amusement. One of the greatest difficulties in this regard is the extremely ephemeral nature of the programs: They must be built up for a single performance, and then forgotten. And this has the same blighting effect upon the imagination of the program makers as a musician would suffer if he were told to compose a song or a symphony for a single playing.

A great deal of work is spent upon the programs, nevertheless. The average one-hour entertainment sent over the ether requires one hundred hours of desk work. The difficulty lies in the quality of this desk work. Most of it is performed by overworked and harassed young men, whose chief con-



## Smooth as *Stabilated* Motoring

Here is news that will bring you motoring comfort such as you have never known before.

John Warren Watson—by going at the problem of easy riding from a scientific and totally new angle—discovered that it was no longer necessary to tolerate merely a checking or absorbing of rebound throws *after they had started*. He found the way to remove the *cause* of all throws. With the cause removed, throws simply cannot take place. That means vastly greater comfort than comes from throws which start and are then checked or absorbed.

The explanation is simple. The cause of a throw is *force—recoil* force. This force follows each compression of the car springs. Simultaneously with the compression of the car springs, Watson Stabilators flash to "holding" position and are thus waiting, instantly ready, to offset the recoil force. The force then, instead of having nothing to do but throw the car body and passengers, finds itself confronted by

### FOR LARGE CARS

An outstanding number of America's foremost heavy cars come with Watson Stabilators, Type C7. Tests showed these manufacturers that Stabilated Motoring is a necessity: Chrysler DuPont . . . Dodge Senior . . . Dodge Victory . . . Duesenberg Franklin . . . Gardner . . . Graham-Paige . . . Hudson . . . Meteor Packard Six . . . Packard Eight . . . Peerless . . . Stearns-Knight Nash.

COMPLETE FOR ALL HEAVY CARS \$48 . . . IN THE FAR WEST \$49

a second job—in addition to forcing upward against the car body it must also drag the Stabilators. This dragging of the Stabilators (right from the beginning of the movement) uses up a certain amount of this force and thus leaves *in* the springs, not enough force to *throw* the body and passengers, but just the proper amount to gently and smoothly *lift* them back to position.

This removal of the cause of motoring discomfort gives you true motoring comfort, for what could be truer comfort than not *being* thrown?

This new method of proportionally consuming all excess forces is to be had only in Watson Stabilators. The results obviously cannot be compared with checking or absorbing throws *after they have started*.

Your neighborhood dealer is waiting and anxious to demonstrate to you this Stabilated Motoring—*on your own car*. John Warren Watson Company, Philadelphia.

### FOR LIGHT CARS

Owners of millions of America's light-weight cars can now enjoy the new sensation of Stabilated Motoring. For the new Watson Stabilators, Type AA, have been expressly designed to conquer the riding peculiarities of small, short-wheelbase cars, such as: Chevrolet . . . Dodge . . . Oakland . . . Whippet Chrysler . . . Nash . . . Star . . . Essex . . . Oldsmobile Wolverine . . . Pontiac.

COMPLETE FOR ALL LIGHT CARS \$28 . . . IN THE FAR WEST \$29

WATSON  
**STABILATORS**

**T**HERE are those who understand the subtle pleasure, the inner satisfaction, gained from the ownership of things which the whole world approves and acknowledges to be fine and genuine.

A gown by Poiret; an etching by Whistler; an authentic Chippendale—such possessions mean far more to those of taste and discrimination than the sums they cost.

Is it strange that such people count their Packards among their most prized possessions?

Packard for a generation, has built its cars for such a clientele.

## PACKARD SIXES AND EIGHTS

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY  
of NEW YORK  
Packard Building  
Broadway at 61st Street  
and Broadway at Sherman Ave.  
(Near 196th Street)  
BROOKLYN  
Atlantic at Classon Ave.

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.  
6 East 57th Street

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

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



cern is to please the advertiser and yet avoid the displeasure of the master of ceremonies who is placed in charge of all broadcasting by the company. Under these circumstances, no way has yet been contrived to send either intimate cleverness or a feeling of splendor over the air, and so the broadcasters have fallen back upon a churchly dignity. This saves them, frequently, from being banal or ridiculous. But it does not save them from being rather dull.

A small amount of work is being done among the four hundred employes of the National Broadcasting Company in the way of experimental programs. There have been hesitant, and on the whole unsuccessful, efforts to create visual images, of setting and atmosphere, through the loudspeakers. And there have been sporadic trials of dramatic episodes, snatches of plays and such. But like most enterprises organized solely for the pursuit of money, the broadcasting industry is conservative. An experiment itself, it looks upon experiment in the entertainment it provides as something to be avoided. It has failed to recognize that radio has thus far produced not one suggestion of showmanship. It has failed to observe that the showmanship of the microphone, when once it is developed, will be a vastly different thing from the showmanship of the camera or the stage. The employes whose duty it is to keep the performance going are, in the large part, hacks. They are routine men who are not hired for imagination or invention, but for their ability to fill every hour on the air with something or other, preferably of a revenue-producing nature. There is not in all the radio world a figure comparable to the producer in the theatre or the director in the movies—and most of the gods of the trade are unconscious, apparently, of their need for such a figure. Vaguely it is realized that something will have to be done about the programs, but few in the industry appear to understand that these programs must have the touch of a creative person upon them.

**E**CONOMICALLY, there is the same uncertainty. The coming political campaign provides an example in point: Two parties will hold conventions and will fight for supremacy before the public in what promises to be the most interesting campaign of years. Yet the radio broadcasters can arrive at no economic policy upon the

matter, as far as they are concerned. They do not know whether they should pay for broadcasting rights at the conventions, or whether the political parties should pay for the enormous publicity that would accrue from the broadcasting of their debates. They have not the faintest notion who would be benefited most—nor have the political parties. In 1924, the broadcaster paid for the microphone rights in Madison Square Garden. But time has filled them with the notion that perhaps the shoe would fit more happily upon the other foot. They believe it is worth a great deal to the politicians to have their sage remarks flung upon the air of a whole continent. On the other hand, the politicians feel that even if the handsome fees of 1924 are not to be repeated, the broadcasters should expect no profit, but should at least stand in the same attitude as newspaper reporters.

This same cross-reasoning applies, naturally, to the campaign speeches of the candidates, once they are chosen. The number of radio listeners will always be a matter of doubt. They will never become a tangible entity, like the circulation of a newspaper or periodical, and the effect of broadcast propaganda will always be a matter of speculation. A sharp controversy promises in the matter of profits from the coming campaign. Its outcome will doubtless have considerable effect upon the economic policy of broadcasting.

Yet, even if the National Broadcasting Company continues to operate at a loss, the red figures are not to be taken too literally. For the company is owned jointly by the General Electric Company, the Radio Corporation of America, and the Westinghouse Electric Company. These three manufacturers supply the bulk of the receiving sets and accessory apparatus used in this country. Upon the basis of their present earnings, they could support the broadcasting industry outright.

—MORRIS MARKEY

### OUR CAUTIOUS CONTRIBUTORS

THE NEW YORKER,

GENTLEMEN: The enclosed item was culled from the *Times*. If you pay for such items (the *Ladies' Home Journal* does but probably would scorn this) you can send check to the above address. If you don't pay, I don't see any method of preventing you from using it.

ALAN WILLIAMS

We do pay, and there isn't any.



## Hardworking, thrifty and a good provider

Yet he is gambling with his family's future because he is taking the *twenty-year-savings route* to provide an estate which could be built in a day through a Life Insurance Trust.

Read the column at the right, then send for our booklet, "Have You Bought Your Family's Financial Freedom?"

### THE EQUITABLE TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

11 BROAD STREET

Madison Avenue at 45th Street

28th Street and Madison Avenue

247 Broadway

LONDON · PARIS · MEXICO CITY

Total resources more than \$500,000,000

**T**HE LIFE INSURANCE TRUST PLAN is particularly attractive and advantageous for that large group of men of moderate circumstances who are anxious to provide for the future of their families. We refer to those men who are now saving a percentage of their earnings annually but realize that they are gambling on the future and wish to provide an adequate estate at once.

The Life Insurance Trust Plan guarantees the financial freedom of your family by creating at once a large estate in insurance.

It places the estate in trust with us, enabling us to bring to its management and to the service of your heirs absolute fidelity, continuous existence and the knowledge and experience of years of similar service.

It enables you to use either a part of your annual earnings or the income from your investments to pay the life insurance premiums which maintain your estate.

Under our guidance you may carry out an investment program which can be arranged to place your insurance ultimately upon a self-supporting basis and provide a convenient emergency reserve.

If you are possessed of abundant means or even great wealth, the Insurance Trust has advantages for you. It provides a large cash sum for the immediate use of your executors in meeting inheritance taxes, debts, commissions and administration expenses.

A Life Insurance Trust may be created from your present insurance policies and may be increased to the desired size by taking out additional insurance at your convenience.

A Life Insurance Trust may be made as elastic and flexible in its provisions as you desire. It can be made revocable at any time. The powers of the trustee can be clearly defined, emergency payments specified, etc.

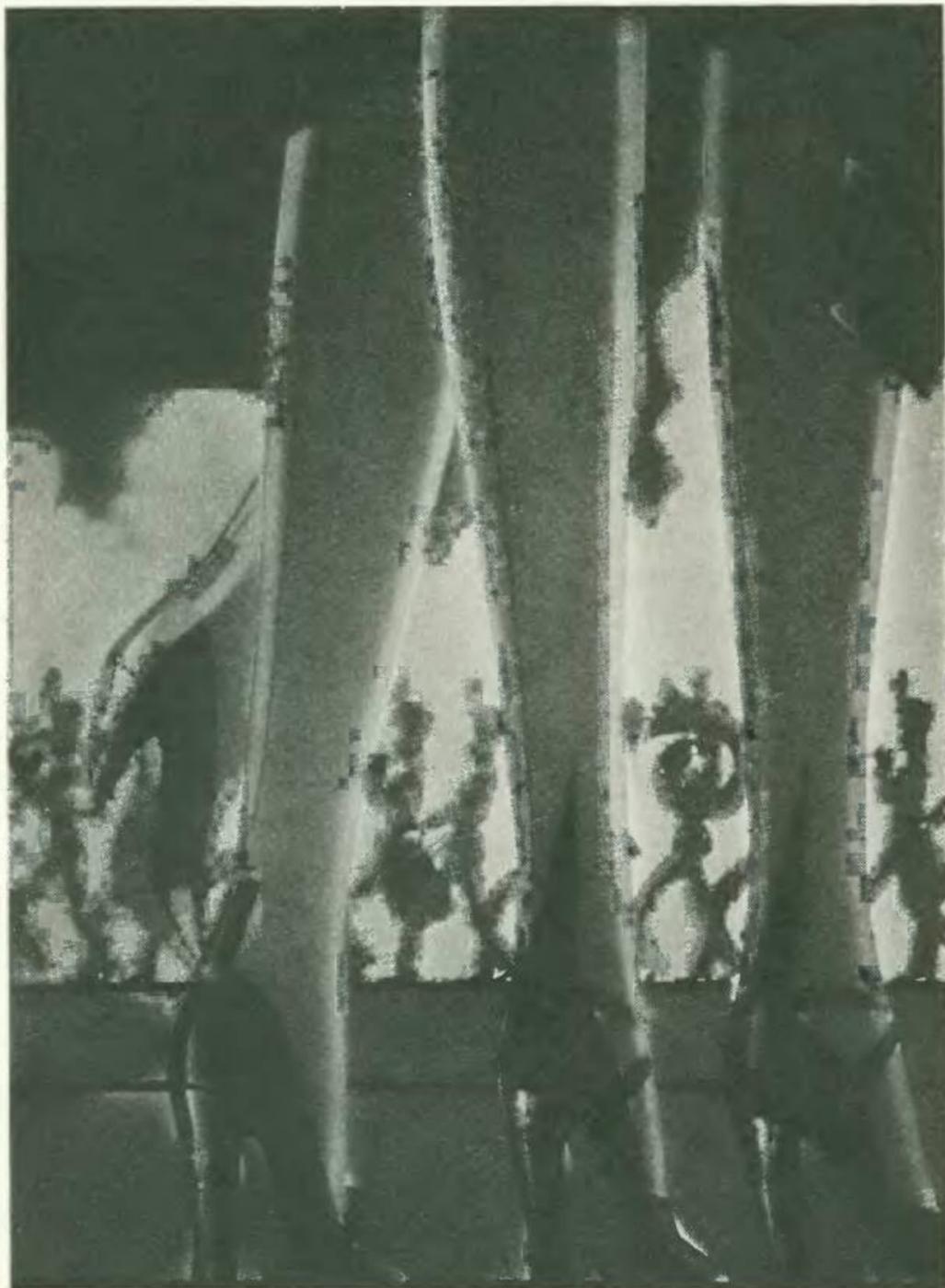
*I am interested in your Insurance Trust Plan for providing an estate now for the future protection of my family.*

*Please send me further particulars.*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

For each distinctive costume in the Spring parade of fashion, there is a new hosiery color, chosen by its sophisticated wearer as exactly right for her frock or wrap. "Haze"—gray with the charming overtone that its name suggests—for the dress or the coat of gray or grège. "Honey-beige", the color of clear skin in sunlight, for navy blue and black. "Matin" and "Misty Morn" for those beiges with a delicate tint of rose which the new season presents.



As modern accessories must, these Gordon colors contribute to the harmony of the whole costume. They are perfect in tone for the smartest silks and woolens, as well as for the materials and colors of the newest shoes.

In line as in color, the new stockings must be in step with the feeling of today. The Gordon

Narrow Heel repeats the distinguished line of the new opera pump. The Gordon V-line is the translation into modern terms of the natural grace of a beautiful ankle. Shadow-Clocks and Top Clocks are for the tailored and sports frocks whose brevity continues to be smart.

**Gordon**  
H O S I E R Y

Gordon Hosiery is shown in the smart shops in all leading cities.

## INDOOR POLO

*The Perplexing Tiger—  
Mr. Borden's Technique  
—Running Wild*



THE angular Mr. Arthur Borden of Rumson has favored us of the city with a glimpse of his Princeton polo team. Mr. Borden, who is the nearest approach to the illustrations of Don Quixote now playing polo, brought along Frank Hitchcock, Shaw and Stewart to the Squadron A Saturday soirée last week and—well, everybody's doing it—Princeton beat the Squadron.

We have seen here so far both Yale and Princeton and have heard of Harvard. What has been heard of Harvard is more imposing and foreboding than anything that has been witnessed. The Crimson is to be favored in the early betting, but rather amazing things happen in this ancient sport.

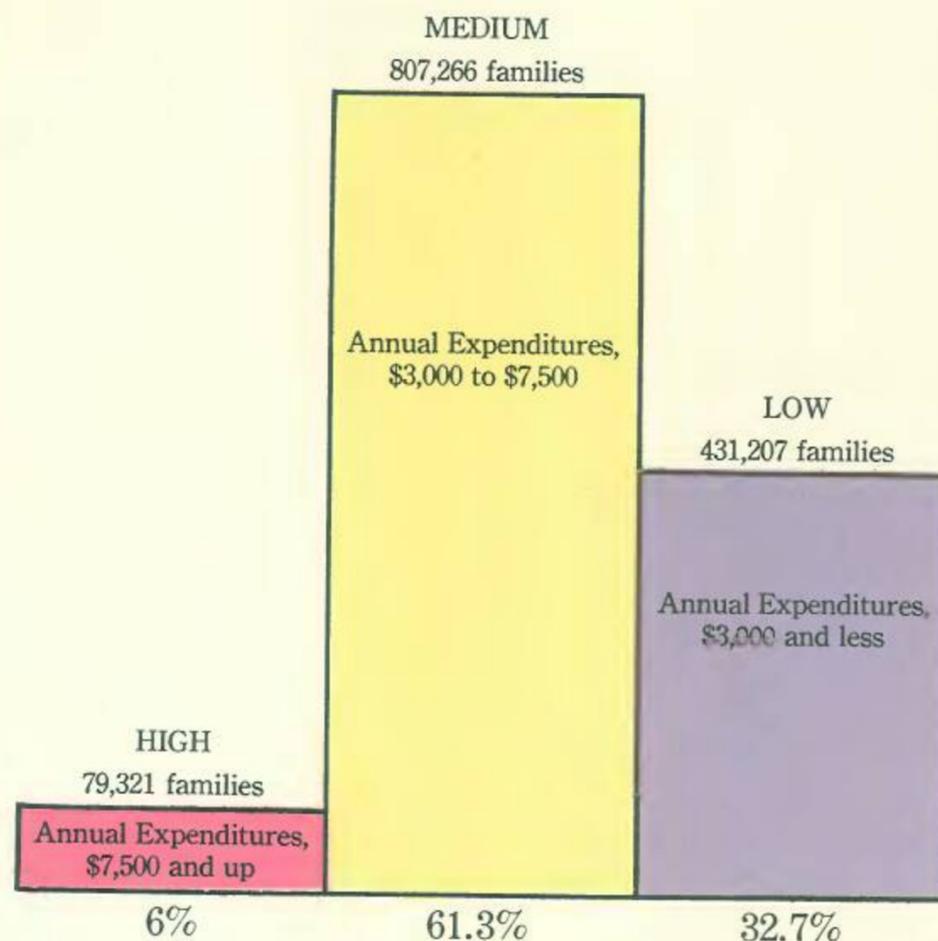
PRINCETON is a puzzling team. It does not give the observer the impression of even a normal amount of power. It looked, for a good part of its game last week, like a good average B class team in action.

But there was this Mr. Borden. There are few men playing the game around these parts who can do more with a mallet than this young Jerseyman. He arrives at the scene of a minor roughhouse and stops, apparently well out of reach of proceedings. Then he leans one of his long legs under the pony's belly, stretches out an arm and pokes the ball from under the astonished nose of an enemy player.

He had, during the course of the evening, eight goals and, if these old eyes were not deceived, he had another which was not called, as it was on the borderland of goal markings. I do not remember exactly how many the effervescent Gerry Smith had the evening that he and Brooklyn went romping up at the Squadron, but it certainly wasn't any more than that. These two scoring performances are the most impressive that an A class game has seen this season, at least at Squadron A.

Borden is not, however, a mixer. He loses his effectiveness when he is obliged to become tangled up in any-

# A Definite Yardstick of the New York Merchandise Market



**T**HIS is the authentic yardstick of newspaper advertising values in Greater New York—an accurate division of the city's population into three expenditure groups, from each of which every advertiser will draw a proportion of his sales, based upon an exhaustive survey of rentals, incomes, buying habits and newspaper preferences, conducted by the Bureau of Business Research of New York University. Such a survey was necessary to dispel the atmosphere of doubt and uncertainty that enveloped a great market served by seventeen English-speaking newspapers without any available definite data as to what service each paper or group of papers performed in the community, the trend of their influence or the "overlap" of their circulation. The first step was the establishing of the above "yardstick," accurately charting 1,317,794 families.

The information contained in this series of advertisements is but a portion of the entire findings of this survey, and additional important data will be found in "A Study of the New York Market and Its Newspaper Situation," a copy of which will be mailed on request.

**The World**

Pulitzer Building  
New York



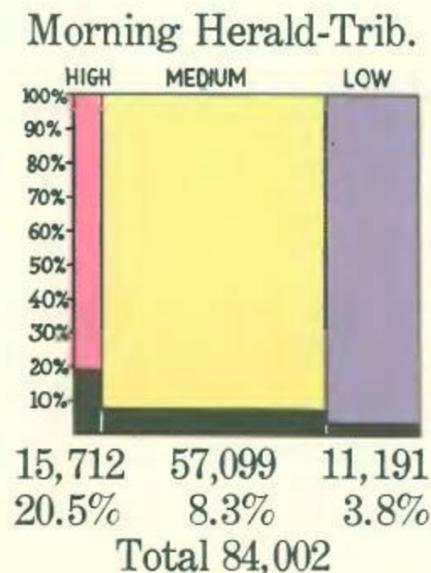
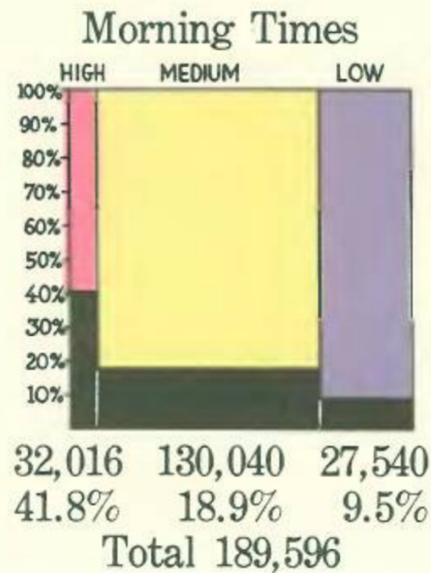
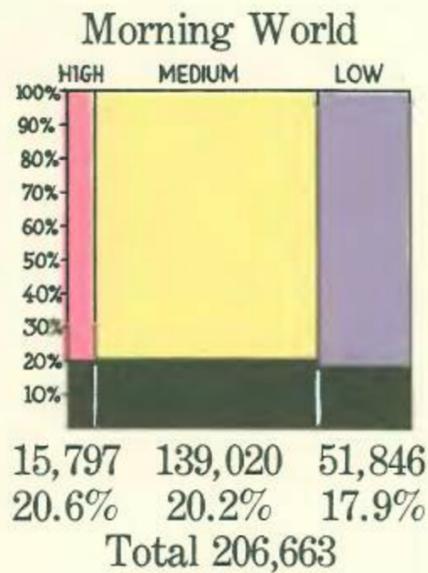
**The Evening World**

New York

Tribune Tower  
Chicago

# In the Morning Field

(The Figures Apply to New York City Only)



Here is the Yardstick reduced to area-charts, giving each of the city's expenditure divisions its proper weight. The solid areas indicate the proportionate distribution of each of the chief New York morning papers in the three expenditure groups pictured on the preceding page.

With information of this character before the advertiser, the effective coverage of the New York Market is greatly simplified.

It will be noted at once that THE WORLD is essentially a FOUNDATION paper, that it does not "peak up" in any one division but is distributed evenly across the city's population currents, ranging from a coverage of 17.9% in the LOW expenditure group to 20.6% coverage in the area of HIGH expenditures.

In the case of *The Times*, there is a decided peak towards the HIGH area, a characteristic in a lessened degree shown by the Herald-Tribune.

Since sales of nearly every type of merchandise must inevitably come in some proportion from among all classes, according to the city's ability to buy, it is evident that THE WORLD is the logical paper upon which to lay the foundation of any sales campaign. Distribution once attained, additional sales pressure can be exerted in any one division where it is required, in the HIGH, the MEDIUM or the LOW, but the groundwork must be laid evenly throughout the city in order that the advertising may be 100% effective regardless of class or buying ability.

THE WORLD is the ideal starting point in the morning field—the foundation upon which any type of campaign can be erected.

# In the Evening Field

(The Figures Apply to New York City Only)

In the Evening field, the same characteristics that apply to THE WORLD, mornings, on the page opposite, will be found true of The Evening World,—an evenness of distribution throughout the city's three expenditure divisions.

*The Sun* peaks up in the HIGH group and *The Evening Journal* takes the opposite trend, peaking markedly in the LOW group.

These three papers disregarding duplication, cover 70.8% of the HIGH area, 70.9% of the MEDIUM area and 64.3% of the LOW area, and with these area-charts as a basis, the advertiser can at a glance fit any one of these papers, or any combination of them into his sales problem with a degree of definiteness heretofore impossible.

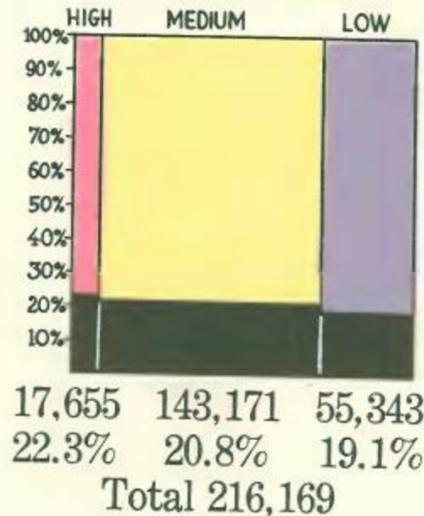
Every newspaper in New York can do a definite job for the advertiser, but the extent and character of this service can be determined only by plotting its characteristics upon exact information such as the New York University Survey revealed.

The New York market is neither complex nor does its adequate coverage entail great expense if the problem of waste circulation is carefully considered.

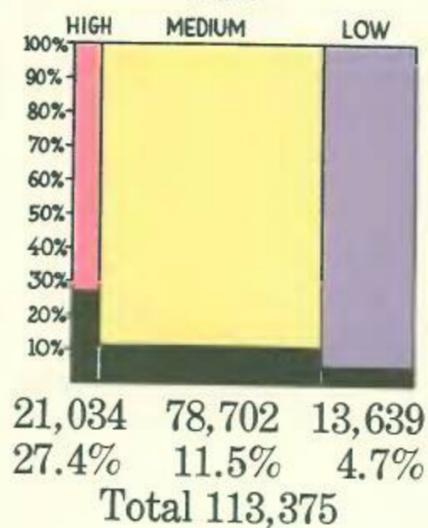
An evenly distributed circulation, covering all three expenditure groups in proper proportion, embraces little or no waste, because it is *basic*, and provides a foundation upon which additional coverage can be added as circumstances demand or funds permit.

In the evening field, *The Evening World* provides this basis at a low milline cost

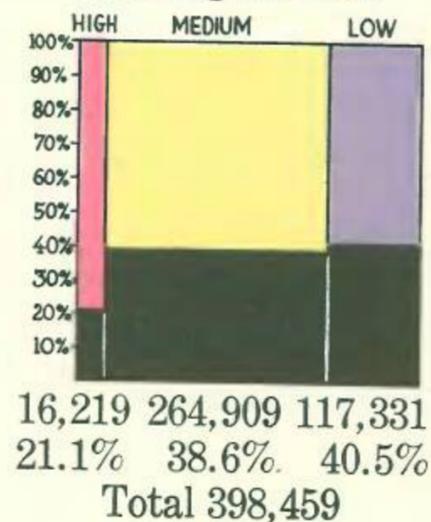
## Evening World



## Sun



## Evening Journal



# In the Sunday Field

(The Figures Apply to New York City Only)

It is in the Sunday field where The World's characteristics as a foundation paper finds full emphasis, reaching nearly one out of every three English-speaking families in the city. With more city circulation than its two principle competitors *combined*, it accounts for an average coverage of nearly 30% throughout all three expenditure groups, as against an average coverage of 25.9% for The Times and only 12.1% for The Herald-Tribune.

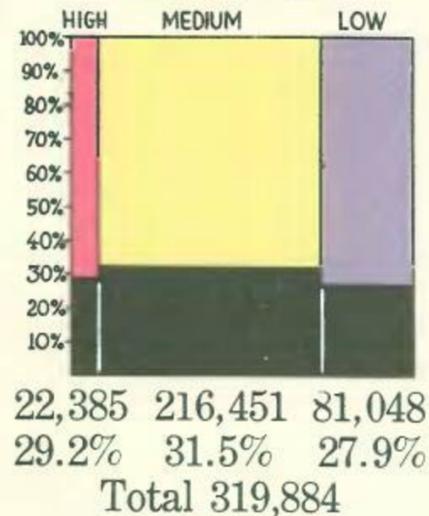
It can safely be said that no campaign can be regarded as adequately covering the New York market unless it includes The Sunday World.

Combining as it does, not only bulk, but consistency of distribution in every section of the city, it offers all the factors essential to the moving of merchandise of every character; and by the very evenness of its distribution eliminates the element of waste that so often renders the invasion of a major market a matter of great expense.

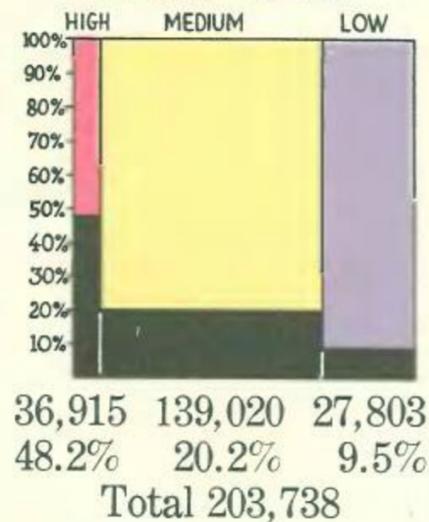
In fact, THE SUNDAY WORLD has to its credit many single-handed successes, where it has not only proved its value as a foundation paper, but has shouldered alone the responsibility of moving goods off the dealer's shelves.

*This is the first of a series of advertisements designed to simplify the distribution and sale of merchandise in Greater New York. The second of the series will discuss the matter of overlap among papers of similar appeal.*

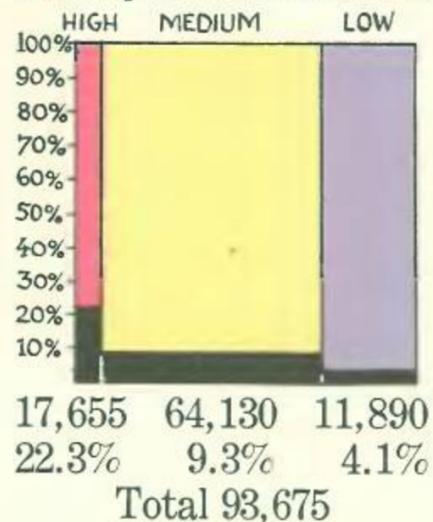
## Sunday World



## Sunday Times



## Sunday Herald-Tribune



thing at all messy. If the Tigers could find a tough, aggressive No. 1 to clear the way for Borden and his shots, they would be a mighty dangerous team. They are an interesting team now, but Shaw is a bit too small to be extremely effective in front, despite the appealing fashion in which he bounces himself against opposing players.

Stewart at back had one or two fine shots, but missed others rather badly. He is strong enough and big enough and may come along nicely for the championship.

Frank Hitchcock is apparently something like the players schooled more in the outdoor game, a bit at sea indoors.

**T**HE Harvard team, which beat Yale so decisively on Washington's Birthday, may also enter one of the classes of the national as well as the intercollegiate. It is the best-looking indoor team that the Crimson has had since the resumption of the sport up there. If Harvard and the Tigers come together in the draw, there will be the amusing prospect of seeing the two tallest polo players in captivity performing at one and the same time.

Forrestor Clark, the Crimson back, is at least as tall as Borden, if not taller. He is six four or something like that and weighs in the region of two hundred pounds. It is not hard to think of more pleasant pastimes than riding off Clark.

**T**HIS Squadron situation is growing more interesting each week. It seemed to me that they might have won last Saturday's game if they could have resisted that impulse which always seems to seize them along about the start of the second half of each game. This, for want of a better term, will be called here the berserk instinct.

When this arrives, Captain George Matthews may be seen roaring up and down the sideboards and playing quite magnificently for a time. Then George Young begins his rodeo act. This means that he rides all over the place with the utmost abandon and, at times, uses his horse for a weapon in the most interesting fashion.

All of this fine fury is inspiring and exciting, but the mysterious and annoying thing about it is that it never seems to fuse team play and lift the team into a winning stride.

—MARTINGALE

# Beauty has come of Age

**B**EAUTY preparations of magical promise do not satisfy the intelligent woman of today, nor does she look for loveliness through the haphazard use of lotions, creams and powders. She knows that she must give her skin a scientifically balanced treatment, that she must choose special preparations to meet the varied needs of her own complexion.

Each of Dorothy Gray's preparations has a specialized function which it performs thoroughly. Each is designed to answer a specific need of the skin. When they are used in the sequence precisely suited to the requirements of your complexion, Miss Gray's preparations supply the cleansing, stimulation and lubrication so necessary to its health and beauty.



Dorothy Gray's Cleansing Cream liquefies as it touches the skin and gently removes every particle of clogging dust and grime.

One of Dorothy Gray's three lubricating creams should be patted daily into

the face and throat with Miss Gray's scientifically designed Patter.

This brings up a healthy stream of vitalizing circulation and at the same time gives back to the skin the natural lubrication it needs.



Of these creams, Dorothy Gray's Special Mixture is particularly grateful to a dry and sensitive skin; for the overly thin face Special Skin Food is recommended, while for the plump face there is her non-fattening Tissue Cream.

Orange Flower Skin Tonic is a mild, refreshing astringent that removes the last

traces of the cream and closes the pores of face and throat.

For an oily skin Russian Astringent Lotion is the ideal finishing preparation; if your skin is normal, or dry, Russian Astringent Cream will protect it from exposure and hold your powder smoothly for hours.

## DOROTHY GRAY

753 FIFTH AVENUE · PLAZA 9977

# HOCKEY

*On the Air—The Bunch  
in Groggan's Store*

THE Canadiens in the Garden on a Sunday night. "Standing room only," shouts the line-up man by the box-office window. And sticking over the rail of the balcony as the referee drops the puck you see those Canuck faces, hear the Canuck voices: "Fous—Joliat—fous—le sur son col. . . . Ah, blow your whistle. . . . Shoot, shoot. . . . Ah, bon saine, batêche. . . ."

If it were a weekday Jack Fillman would be sitting in the little iron box in front of the mezzanine with a microphone in front of him. He said to me once, "If the Canadiens came out to play in New York jerseys with masks on—if I didn't know what they looked like or how they skated, I could tell before a period was over that I was broadcasting the Canadiens. I feel it in my bronchial tubes. They go so fast my throat dries up."

This is the way two minutes of the game between the Americans and Toronto sounded on the air: "They're off again, sport fans. . . . Herbert's puck goes back to Eddie Roberts playing in the wrong alley for Toronto. He passed ahead to Ramsay, the Princeton coach, and now Conacher gives him the shoulder and elbow. . . . Now Himes, the Galt kid, is in there, and he and Ramsay—pardon me, Art Duncan, are fighting it out for that puck. Dave Ritchie calls an off-side. Well, now they're lining for the face-off just to the right of Toronto's goal.

For those that care about location we will repeat that the Star-Spangled Bangers are shooting at the Ninth Avenue cage. Eighth Avenue is the scoring end of the Garden, as last year's figures prove, but Captain Billy Burch is all set to upset the dope with that back-handed shot that has hit the twine so many times on these face-offs close to the goal. There goes the puck . . . and there's the shot—there's Billy Burch's back-hand swipe, but not quite in this time. Roach gets his leg there just in time. . . . Rodden takes the rebound in the corner behind the cage and he's going to do the work horse stunt for Toronto. He's taking it down, going slowly . . . now he's in the free zone and Red Green checks . . . but Rodden has the puck back and he's going down, sport fans. . . . He's over the blue line and into the New York defence and now the crowd is yelling. . . . Rodden shoots. . . . He tries a long one off the boards and Forbes just ducks his head. The shot's

'way high, it might as well be in the bandstand. . . . Normie Himes has picked it up and the Galt streak is going down. . . . He passes to Burch and Billy's right into Laurie. . . . Roach is down . . . and Billy Burch scored for the Americans. The red light flashes, sport fans, and the crowd is standing up and yelling its head off. Billy is getting a great hand

stick. The puck is in the corner. Herberts and big Riese are fighting it out, and now . . . there goes the whistle and big Leo skates to the box for a five-minute penalty to cool his temper and his heels for swinging at the sailor's head. A major penalty. We're not giving this out to foment any publicity, but if that stick had connected, Herberts would be on a stretcher. Cooper Smeadon, who as you know,

WINTER  
TRACK  
MEET

and he deserves it because that was one of the prettiest goals scored in the Garden this year. . . . Captain Burch feinted Roach into a horizontal position before he shot. . . . They're off again and Conacher is going to try it. . . . Here comes the big train. He's over the line and Duncan gives him the trip and goes off for a two-minute rest. . . .

"They're fighting for the disk in centre ice, sport fans. . . . Bailey takes it on a pass from Rodden. And he shoots. That was a hard shot, and it almost cracked our Jakie's



J. B. GUGL

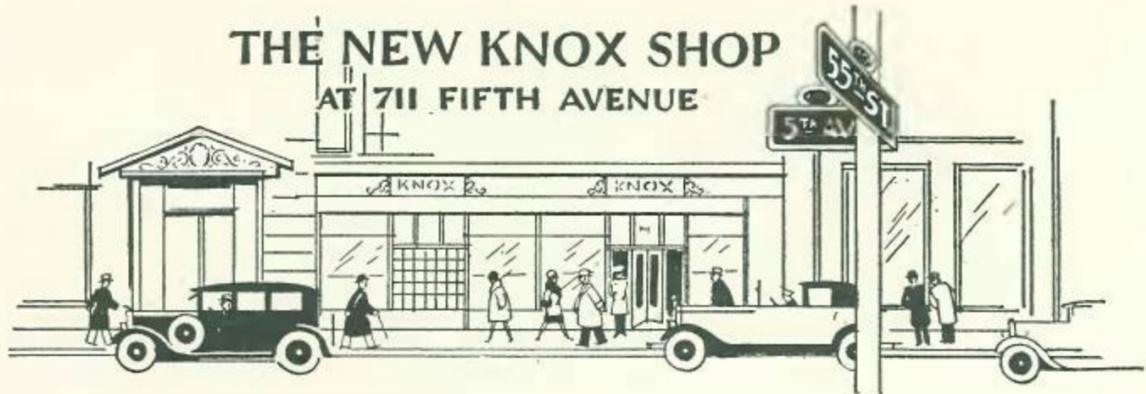
is the head man in this show and the big boss of all the referees, has got his hawk eye on them here tonight and nobody can get away with any raw stuff. And now they're off. . . ."

The broadcaster goes on. He rubs his damp hands on his handkerchief, puts the handkerchief away, rinses his throat, keeps talking. On the ice under him the players feint, pass, fight, stall, tumble, poke check, sweep check, hook shoot, fight, take penalties, faster than anyone can say what is happening; Fillman's voice, imitating the rhythm of the game, dropping in the pauses, rising with the excitement of the tense moments to jerky, exclamatory phrases of description, is always at least one play behind the players. When he says Burch is taking a pass, Burch may have shot the goal that followed the pass and when he says, "Burch scores on a pass from Normie Himes," Burch may be skating back for a new face-off. The speed of the



game makes this inevitable—you can't broadcast something before it happens—and Fillman is always accurate.

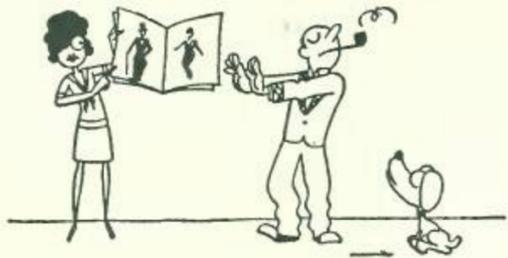
I DON'T know how many people listen to radio hockey in New York, but plenty listen in Canada. Up in Sudbury, Ontario, the place most of the Americans' team comes from,



## Written for Men, of Interest to Women

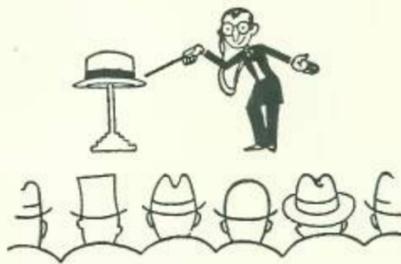
WE big, virile men are just a bit cynical and superior about the life-and-death attitude that women take towards this matter of style.

But maybe we'd be better off, and certainly we'd be better looking, if we'd tear a few pages from their book.



For instance, take this definite new note of compactness in hat style. And take a look at the way it is interpreted in the town's two most important hats—the "Knox Fifth Avenue" and "Fifth Avenue Special."

Each has a tapered crown and a narrower brim. And each has a few good touches all its own. The "Fifth Avenue" features a curled, welt-edge brim that adds three smart and symmetrical rows of stitching.



The "Special" has a snap brim—no mincing snap brim, either, but one that curls deeply and snaps decidedly. And if anyone tells you that the snap brim is out, you just have a good, loud laugh at them.

In other words, the wide-brimmed, clumsy-crowned hat has passed on to the provinces. It is a rank intruder in the wardrobe or on the head of the well dressed man. Such worthies

as Tom Mix and Will Rogers can still affect these sombreros—but they're paid for being funny.



Knox shops also show coats, canes, neckwear, gloves, mufflers, etc. And in the club-like atmosphere of the new Knox Store at 711 Fifth Avenue are some of the richest and most exclusive sports suits in captivity.



We hope that a few of the fair (sometimes naively named the weaker sex) have borne with us so far. In a fit of fairness we include, therefore, something of specific feminine interest. It's this new and lovely Knox felt hat—one of a mere hundred or more styles to be seen at any Knox Shop. \$10. Others up to \$35.

# KNOX

## THE HATTER

452 Fifth Avenue (at 40th St.)

Roosevelt Hotel (Madison at 45th)

Waldorf Hotel (Fifth Ave. at 34th)

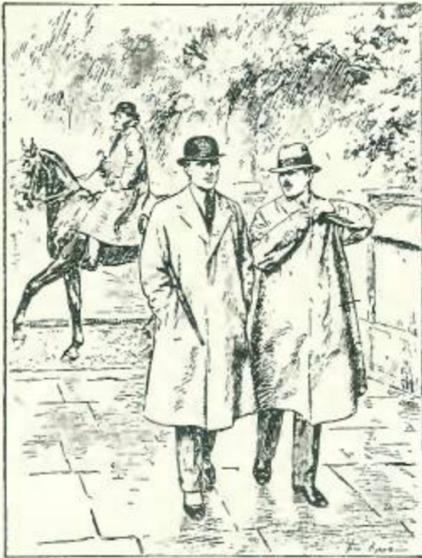
Singer Building (161 Broadway)

Paramount Bldg. (B'way at 44th)

711 Fifth Avenue (at 55th St.)



*Brooks Brothers*  
**CLOTHING**  
 Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,  
 MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET  
 NEW YORK



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Spring Overcoats

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Spring Hats

Shoes

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Send for BROOKS's Miscellany

**BOSTON** LITTLE BUILDING TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON  
**PALM BEACH** PLAZA BUILDING COUNTY ROAD  
**NEWPORT** AUDRAIN BUILDING 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE

there are two general gathering places. One is Groggan's cigar store in Sudbury. The other is Bowcher's service station, run by Clarence Bowcher and his brother. Beside the radio in Groggan's is an armchair for Pop Green, father of Red and Shorty Green. Groggan's customers never take the cork out of the jug until Pop Green sits down.

Sudbury is a cold district. They have dog-sled races there and they also have mines. The big mining companies pay for the hook-ups that bring hockey to Groggan's from Madison Square Garden.

"Ramsay stick-handles to the blue line and little Red Green throws his hip into the Princeton coach and Ramsay takes a hard spill over his head. . . ."

It is easy to imagine the bunch around Groggan's cigar store with their thick clothes and pipes, with the bulb overhead making their faces shine, heated up, probably, with a drink or two, and the warm, stuffy air of the store.

"He's going good tonight, Pop."

"Good? He ought to know more. Shorty tells him not to spill them big fellows."

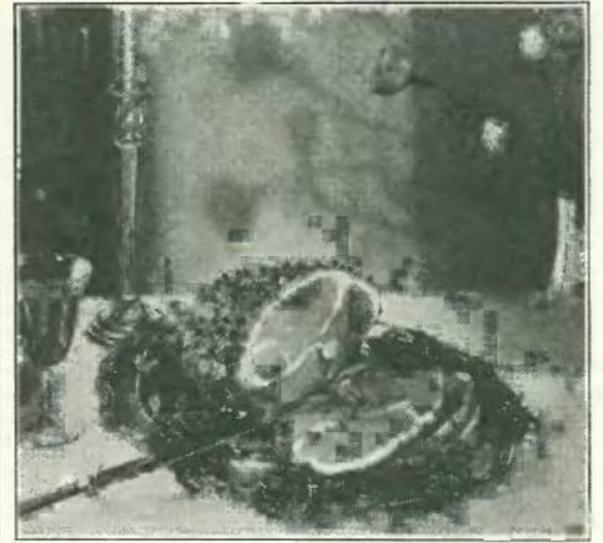
". . . And now we're off again, sport fans." —N. B., JR.

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

Golf has no conflict with religion. When one is on the course paved with greenest grass, bordered with flowers and lined with trees in which birds are singing, the man of little faith finds dawning on him naturally a realization and appreciation of some supreme being which makes all nature's wonderful gifts available to him. The same theory applies to riding in one's automobile on Sunday.—*Interview in Charleston (S.C.) paper.*

James Crites and Bado Crites have moved their families here. Bado has leased a house at Montana. He says he was surprised to see a river as large as the Monongahela in a county as small as Marion. His friends tried to get him to locate in Rivesville, but he said that by living across the river he could swim the river and get a bath in that way. Wm. (Bill) Crites says that he has not had to take a bath in any other way since coming here.—*Consolidated Coal Co. Mutual Magazine.*

Which partially explains there being a river as large as the Monongahela in a county as small as Marion.



As Rare Old Wine is Aged

The flicker of candle-light . . . . . fairy-like shadows on tapestry-hung walls . . . . . the sheen of exquisitely carved silver . . . . . sparkling crystal . . . . .

—And DECKER'S TOWN CLUB Ham, mellowed as rare old wine is mellowed! Enriched with a flavor that takes you back to the days when hams were home-cured and seasoned with deliciousness that can be secured only by weeks of patient curing and the rare, pungent smoke of real green, hickory-wood.

**DECKER'S TOWN CLUB HAM**

is made the good old-fashioned way from the choicest young porkers grown here in America's famous corn belt; cured for weeks; then given a final touch of delicacy and fullness of flavor through long real, green, hickory-wood smoking!

DECKER'S TOWN CLUB Hams are served by Clubs whose memberships demand the finest, the better Hotels, and are also available to you by ordering direct from us. They weigh between 14 and 16 pounds; the price is 50c the pound delivered. It is not a canned ham.

**DECKER'S TOWN CLUB BACON**

cured and smoked the same long, careful way, comes in a fitch, weighing about 5 1/2 lbs. and is priced at 60c the lb. You've probably never had its equal.

We suggest that you order two hams: one to slice and one to bake.

JACOB E. DECKER & SONS  
 Creators of  
 TOWN CLUB HAMS & BACON  
 Mason City, out in Iowa

We will cheerfully refund your money if you are not pleased.

DECKER'S TOWN CLUB HAM

JACOB E. DECKER & SONS, MASON CITY, IOWA

Please send me, prepaid, for which I enclose check:  
 —TOWN CLUB Ham(s), weighing 14 lbs., at 50c/lb.  
 —TOWN CLUB Bacon, wt. 5 1/2 lbs., at 60c/lb.

N. Y.

## PARIS LETTER

PARIS, FEBRUARY 23



**I**F what the Préfet officially calls "the cleansing of the capital" continues, Paris is soon to be as clean as a policeman's whistle.

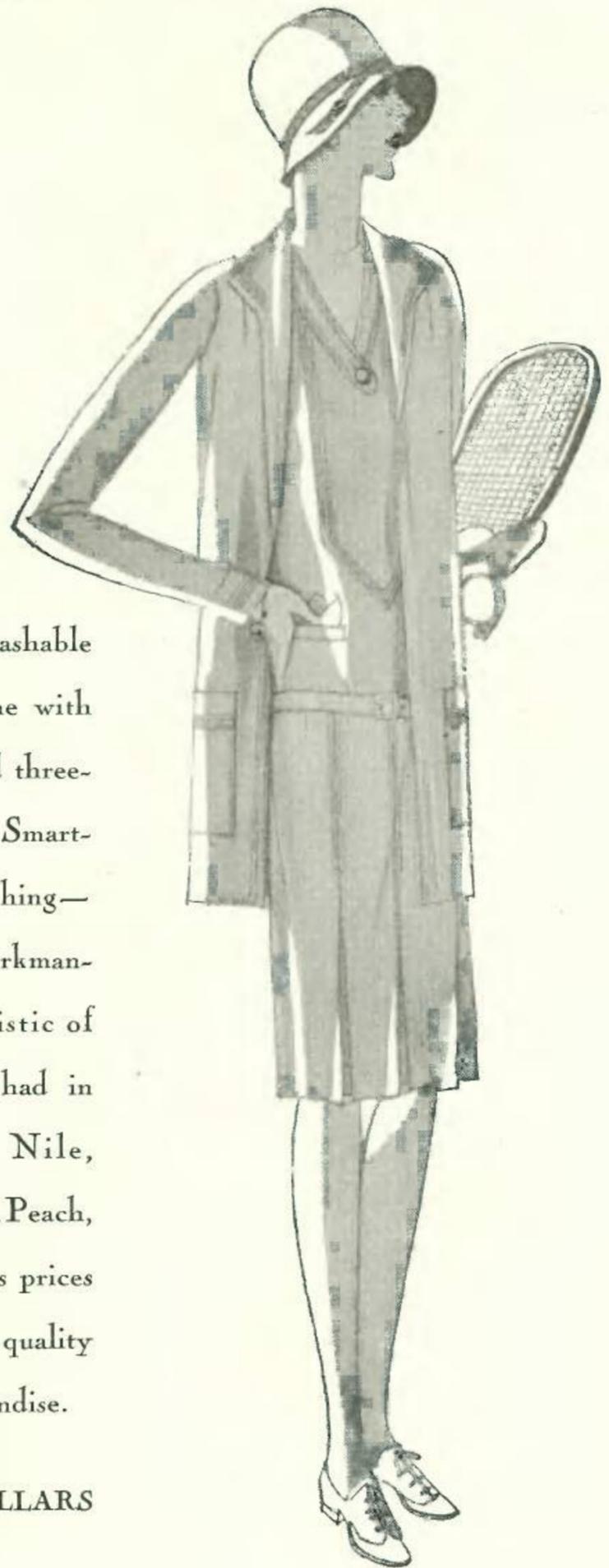
In one night's round recently the gendarmerie made more than two dozen arrests in the eighteenth arrondissement (Montmartre), eleven in the fourth (the Marais), twenty-three in the fifth (the Panthéon), and three in the third (Hôtel de Ville). There were more than one thousand five hundred verbal interrogations—drunkenness, laxity in civil or working papers and, in the case of straggling male foreigners, mere curiosity being the commissariats' reasons. In the heart of the Latin Quarter a Minnesota widow was arrested for having too loudly hailed a nocturnal taxi.

Lent is on hand. Pagan fears are felt for the safety of the great Mi-Carême and Mardi-Gras public balls. The "cleansing of the capital" has become a form of capital punishment. Le Lapin Agile, last of the tree-shaded Montmartre taverns and once patronized by men since grown great, like Guillaume Apollinaire, Max Jacob, Pierre MacOrlan, and André Salmon, is to be closed. Old Frédéric, bearded and velvet-bonneted, a patron who has drunk with the best of them, strummed his guitar, given poets credit and made the rich pay through their noses, cannot meet the Butte's new night taxes. It was at his table that Picasso proclaimed the first tenets of cubism and added his mot: "When you paint a landscape it should look like a plate." Frédéric's painter-drinkers were those who broke from Impressionism and founded modern art; his writer-drinkers, those who seceded from Le Chat Noir, first became *les symbolistes* and then eventually what they are today—living or dead but famous either way. Le Lapin Agile housed the revolutionaries who rebelled against George Moore's once rebellious Nouvelles Athènes. Both mutinies succeeded indefinitely. The death of their taverns marks the exact demise of the formulative artistic epoch.

**W**ITH the authenticity of the Glozel "prehistoric" potteries

# DOBBS

There is distinction in wearing Dobbs Clothes



Dobbs two-piece washable Silk Sport Costume with sleeveless Dress and three-quarter length Coat. Smartly tailored with stitching—the material and workmanship are characteristic of Dobbs. May be had in White, Maize, Nile, Forget-me-not Blue, Peach, Siesta Rose. Dobbs prices modestly reflect the quality of Dobbs merchandise.

SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS

*Dobbs Hat of light-weight Felt—  
in various colors*

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

## DOBBS

FIFTH AVENUE at 50<sup>TH</sup>  
New York's Leading Hatters

# THE CENTRAL BUILDING

25 West Forty-fifth Street  
New York City

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*THE Central Building is a modern, thoroughly equipped and serviced office building offering floor space at the lowest comparative rates to be found in the Grand Central zone. Its planning was done with an intelligent consideration of every present-day business need.*

*A few of the lower floors have been thrown open and are particularly adapted to showroom purposes. They are provided with specially designed illumination.*

---

*Occupancy may be made at once.  
Agent on premises*

now entering a million years late into the legal arena, a geyser of law-suits is relieving the venom of all the gentle old professors involved. First, the peasant Fradins on whose Vichy farm the disputed bi-sexual idols were found are suing M. Dussaud, member of the Institute, for saying that these rather sensual objects were fabricated by them, the Fradins, a respectable family, in their leisure hours. Second, Dr. Morlet, a violent Glozelian, is suing the archeologue Seymour-Ricci for having said that he, Morlet, pulled a prehistoric hatchet out of his cuff and not out of the Fradin field where, if any place, it should have been professionally found. Next, the Count de Begouen, pre-history professor of Toulouse and a violent anti-Glozelian (who would have thought these old men had so much blood in them?) is suing Dr. Roth, Glozelian, for being Glozelian and saying so in his lectures at the Sorbonne where the Sorbonne students, neutrally Glozelian, threw asafetida bombs at the doctor and would have thrown them at the Count except that he was still in Toulouse. As a result the bombs intended for him were used on the police, who are suing the students for breach of the peace.

In the same spirit of brotherly love, Henry Bernstein, author of the new success, "Le Venin," sued his architect from whom he ordered a cork-lined, sound-proof room, from which, within the first two minutes, he heard a neighbor loudly blow his nose. Award, forty thousand francs and costs. Lower down, the Edible Snail-dressers' Union is, if not angry, very, very hurt. In a new gastronomic dictionary, some of the book-worm snail-dressers came across this: "Never buy snails ready prepared. A large shell may contain a small snail which has been taken from his proper shell, or [and this was what cut to the quick] no snail at all, but calf liver worked into spirals and covered with inferior dressing." A lawsuit is now pending for four hundred thousand francs and may the best snail win.

**I**GOR STRAVINSKY, twice leading the Straram Orchestra in programs of his own works, provided the season's heaviest musical events. An indifferent concertizer, an indifferent conductor, Stravinsky was indifferent to all his compositions except those early ones on which he reached safety first. "Le Sacre," "Pulcinella," "Le Rossignol," with his little "Eight Easy

Pieces" as sole novelty, were offered to an audience which had wanted "Les Noces" and found there was no God.

Dozens of other first hearings have been obtainable, but signally the soundest, coldest, and most musicianly new work was the "Nocturne à Danser" of Armande de Polignac, orchestrated for five strings, four hautboys, and the four harps of the admirable Casadesus quartet whose "Honegger Blues," ironically written for those meagre ungrateful lyres, formed, with the Nocturne, the best items on an endless program.

A talented but unenthusiastic musician, pupil of Vincent d'Indy, scholar of his Schola Cantorum, composer of operas and ballets, Madame de Polignac prefers travel. In the party of the Princess and Prince Borghesi, who will be recalled among sportsmen in the early days of motoring as having driven from Pekin to Paris, she and her husband, the Comte de Chabanne, a decade ago were among the first European horseback riders to trot from Jerusalem to Bagdad.

AN interesting item for your Sunday golfers who still go to church first concerns a recent artistic union between Riverside Drive and the plains of Perche, pasture of Percheron horses and also see of the cathedral of Chartres. Five of Dr. Fosdick's and Mr. Rockefeller's windows for their new Protestant temple are to be copies of less known but not least beautiful stained glass masterpieces of Chartres, or so its sympathetic verger confided to us. The windows, we verified, are being assembled in the atelier of Lorin, coöperator of the Beaux Arts, one of the masterceramists of Europe and of recent centuries perhaps the most accurate copyist of the almost unreproducible thirteenth-century fenestrations. Under his direction the five rosace and double lancets of the south upper nave tier—all picturing early episcopal figures of the Cathedral—are now being copied in glass made in the Haute-Loire.

Three other windows for Mr. Rockefeller are also being made in Rheims. Owing to the blurring action of nearly a thousand years' wind and fog on the Chartres originals, the modern copies, to obtain similar refraction, are being bitten by acid on the under side. Thus is time imitated and medieval glazing simulated in honor of the Hudson River today.

— GENÊT

**T**hey say that you can't tell a New Yorker anything.

However, you can tell him anywhere — by his slashingly dashing, spruce-as-the-deuce Mallory.

SIX TO TEN DOLLARS

The Mallory Hat Company, 392 Fifth Avenue, New York

**MALLORY HATS**



**THE HATS OF YOUTHFUL SMARINESS**



# Your only CHANCE

*this side of the Atlantic*



**Y**OU won't have to leave your New York for long—to enjoy all the facilities of Bad Nauheim itself. For at the Glen Springs—only seven hours from Broadway—you'll find all the advantages of the great spas of Europe. Radio-active mineral waters—and the only natural Nauheim brine baths this side of the Atlantic! High in a thousand acres of fragrant pines here are all outdoor sports. Golf on one of the sportiest courses in the state—tennis on hard fast courts. Music, of course, and dancing. *A cuisine you'll marvel at, supplied by our own dairy and poultry farms.* Above all, here are specialists who *plan* your rest. Come up this month. Now in early spring you can build new vigor for months to come. And you'll return to the skyscrapers readier than ever to face the big town's raucous music. Write for illustrated booklets to Wm. M. Leffingwell, President, Watkins Glen, New York.

## GLEN SPRINGS



THE AMERICAN NAUHEIM

## HOLLYWOOD GOES TO THE LITERARY MARKET

**B**EING an insight into the commercial dealings of idealistic Hollywood based on a series of communications with a cinema god's New York buyer. Also an open letter to the trade.

MEMO.

To: Mr. Manblower.  
FROM: Mr. Goldwynberg.  
DATE: January 5, 1928.

You will depart for New York to look over the fall line in authors and purchase in the open market the following models: two first class underworld men (model Ben Hecht); three first class comedy men, keeping in mind our two stars, Lila Rush and Sam Chap. In the matter of seconds you are privileged to use your own judgment: four young ones, need not have experience, but should be willing to learn the picture game. Hold out to them the usual inducements, Hollywood parties and Hollywood girls and one hundred and fifty dollars per week, three months contract.

*Telegram from Mr. Manblower:*

Have arrived New York looked over goods stop find several good bargains, two playwrights, one song writer, one novelist stop going to Tony's showrooms tonight.

MANBLOWER

*Letter to Mr. Manblower from Mr. Goldwynberg:*

My Dear Mr. Manblower:

Looking over last year's shipments I find you have played up the playwright lot No. 455 and not given quite so much attention to the newspaper lot No. 456. While I am aware that lot No. 455 was right in price I would rather pay a little more for lot 456 they having more experience with police courts etc. This preëminently fits them for the cinema.

SUGGESTED BY Mr. Goldwynberg.  
TRANSLATED AND DICTATED BY  
Alton Barker.

*Letter from Mr. Manblower to Mr. Mr. Goldwynberg:*

My Dear Mr. Goldwynberg:

I have been on the go all the time since I've arrived in New York, the buyers from the other companies are giving us tough competition, I see them in all the showrooms, the Helen Morgan, the Don Juan, the Dizzy Club, the Jungle Room, the Algonquin and all the openings. But they

can't beat yours truly, I am so proud of my goods that I am shipping them immediately heavily insured. I hope lot No. 456 newspapers will please you.

MANBLOWER

*Telegram from Manblower:*

Since wiring saw Joe Costegan in the Harry Richman showrooms stop looks like a big bargain stop wrote two hits this year stop I bid one thousand per stop wire if O. K. stop first class model, perfect.

MANBLOWER

*Telegram to Manblower:*

First shipment arrived in A-1 condition looks pretty good stop paid too much for lot No. 456 stop overloaded on lot No. 658 novelists stop don't buy any more stop songwriter lot arrived damaged.

GOLDWYNBERG

*Letter from Mr. Goldwynberg to the trade:*

Gentlemen:

We have just received from our New York buyer a splendid shipment of first class writers A-1 goods in all models, guaranteed to turn out the stuff your folks will eat up. We spared no expense. Goldwynberg's specials means a profitable year for all of us. We got the goods. Get in on the ground floor.

Cordially,

MAURICE GOLDWYNBERG

—ARTHUR CAESAR

### MAIDEN'S CONFESSIO

Today I love you vastly, dear—  
I loved you vastly yesterday—  
But as for future days I fear  
I'm vastly unequipped to say.

—MARNE

### ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

In the year 1819, two babies were born whose lives were destined to have a far-reaching influence. One was born in a stern castle of Old England, the other in a humble farmhouse in New England.

Queen Victoria through her wisdom and kindness during a long and prosperous reign has become enthroned in the hearts of the British people. Lydia E. Pinkham, through the merit of her Vegetable Compound, has made her name a household word in thousands of American homes.—*Christian Advocate.*

## LINES TO A BAD HABIT

Oh, leave me now, and close the door  
Irrevocably, dear, before  
My self-sufficiency is gone.  
I love you, but this can't go on,  
For after all, I have to sleep  
And eat—and there's my soul to keep,  
In all of which you interfere,  
So please abandon me, my dear.

It breaks my heart that we must end  
It so, but hearts are on the mend  
Almost before the fracture is  
Apparent—so another kiss,  
And then be on your way, for I  
Am fond of you and when I try  
To emulate a block of ice,  
You seem unreasonably nice.

Good-bye. . . . But kiss me once again  
Before the desolate amen. . . .  
Ah, now I'm happier. Perhaps  
It's silly to be sounding taps  
So suddenly. I think it would  
Be less distressing if we could  
Be gradual about it. Do  
You think that seems the thing to do?  
—MARGARET FISHBACK

## SOCIAL NOTES FROM BETTER CIRCLES

"Porky" Cramer, first baseman for the Clarks, was awarded the Paige car at the conclusion of the American Legion elections for the most popular baby and lady Saturday night at Columbia Gardens.—*Butte (Mont.) Daily Post.*

The wedding of Jack Hack to Mollie Haines was an up-to-the minute affair. Beside delightful refreshments an eight piece orchestra played the jazziest of jazz tunes. No one was hurt, and with the exception of several fist fights all progressed amazingly serene. George Hickman was missed, but fortunately found in a semi-conscious condition on the back porch. It is believed in the excitement he left the house and fell down, striking his skull.—*Cadiz (O.) Weekly.*

Last Thursday the Spring Run ladies entertained the Circle ladies and their husbands at Mrs. Dick Buffingtons. There were thirty who responded to the invitation and they would have been less miserable if they had not ate so much. It surely was a feast. In the afternoon the Spring Run ladies put on a little program that all enjoyed. Every one was busy with their fingers and tongues as both societies are planning for bazaars soon.—*Columbus Junction (Ia.) Gazette.*

The Boerne Reading Club was entertained by Mrs. A. B. Vogt at the home of Mrs. Max Richter last Tuesday afternoon. A paper was given on geography, cannibalism, and cooking by Miss Hilda Hathaway, followed by round table discussion.—*Comfort (Tex.) News.*

*The PRIMER of Good Clothing*

Dinner Coat  
Silk-lined

Dignified  
Stylish

See the People!  
What are the People doing?  
They are applauding our Dinner Coat!  
Or Tuxedo, if you Prefer.  
Why?

Because it makes such a Successful Appearance. It is Famous and Popular for that reason.

It is Dignified, Handsome and Stylish:  
Silk-lined throughout.

\$60 and up is the price of our Dinner Coats, and in the interests of Modesty we throw in a pair of Trousers Free!

## 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*

# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS

PALM BEACH, FEBRUARY 28

**Y**OU can't imagine how few news notes there are to report in this hick town as far as evening fashions are concerned. They have discovered that beige and gold and white go well with sunburn. They insist on taking up floor space with long taffetas that not only look uninteresting in the main but are impractical to dance in. Gobs of Louiseboulanger printed chiffons litter the Everglades Club Thursday night supper dances, which is not news. I saw one very smart moire dress in two shades of

raspberry with a bustle-like skirt—perfect if the wearer hadn't been too short and fat to get away with it. There are the usual chiffons with trailing pieces attached. Bring on those "significant" new modes that herald the summer if you can. Evening wraps are gold brocade or lamé; some velvet capes with small cocoa ermine collars; and a few satin ones, which look really chic.

The daytime uniform is the sleeveless dress in white or a color with contrasting velveteen or angora coats in three-quarter length. Colored shoes always and balibuntl or baku straw hats to match or in natural color. A medium-sized hat is the smartest because the large ones were done to death last year. Blue is seen the most in the daytime with beige next—yel-



low is good and certain shades of green. I am all for turquoise blue, but it is hard to get and harder to wear and hardest to keep from fading in the sun. Everyone who can wear yellow or turquoise becomingly ought to do so in summer. They look simply swell, and are too trying to the majority ever to become common.

Betty & Ann are showing brilliant oranges, chartreuse, flame, lemon, sapphire blue, and turquoise—all the high shades, using two shades of the same color. They also combine plain blouses trimmed with the print of the skirts. Tat Saunders has swell triangular scarfs, two tones of the same shade with monogram. Angora sweaters with pleated or plain skirts are everywhere, though how the wearers can stand the heat I don't see.

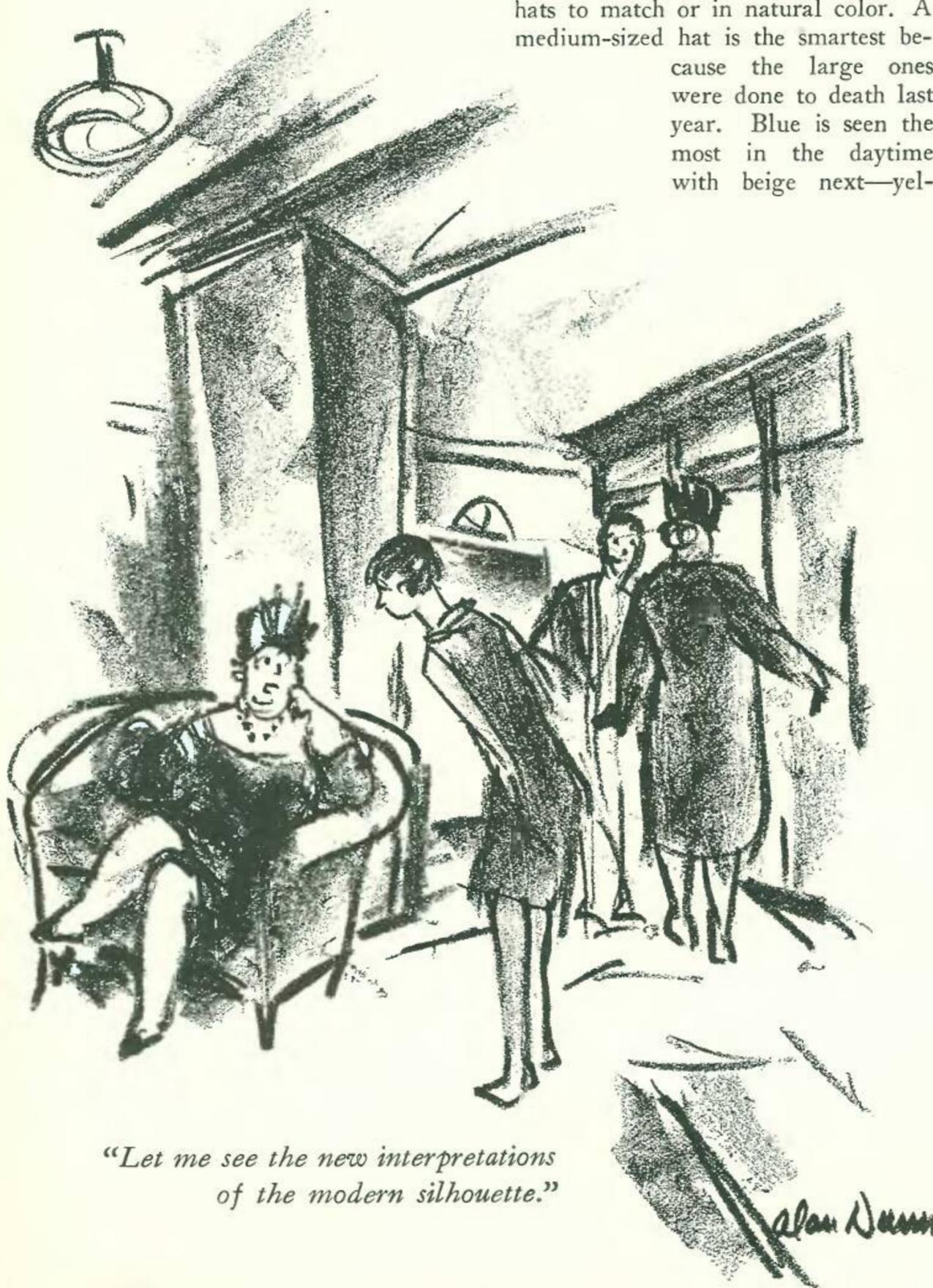
Saks for hats and shoes—lovely colored ones. For bathing suits, the lower and scantier the better. The Breakers censor is worn out trying to keep the place pure for the aged. One woman told me she had been asked to leave for wearing a white-topped suit. At the Bath and Tennis (very swank) they just live in silk pajamas.

I am sick of crystal jewelry because it is everywhere. Felt handbags in all colors are smart. And Palm Beach grass widows are as wild-eyed in their search for trouble as ever.

—IDLERICH

AND IN NEW YORK—

**E**VENING clothes are awfully dull in the main almost everywhere. Straight across, just-below-the-knee hemlines look chickenish and old-fashioned now; the uneven hemline is too terrible unless it is subtly done, and it seldom is. At the Montmartre the other night, there were wispy chiffons that looked rather sad; taffetas long in back and short in front that were tiresome and inappropriate with shingled hair; and too perky satins in beige. Those were the only chic things that I saw on that particular

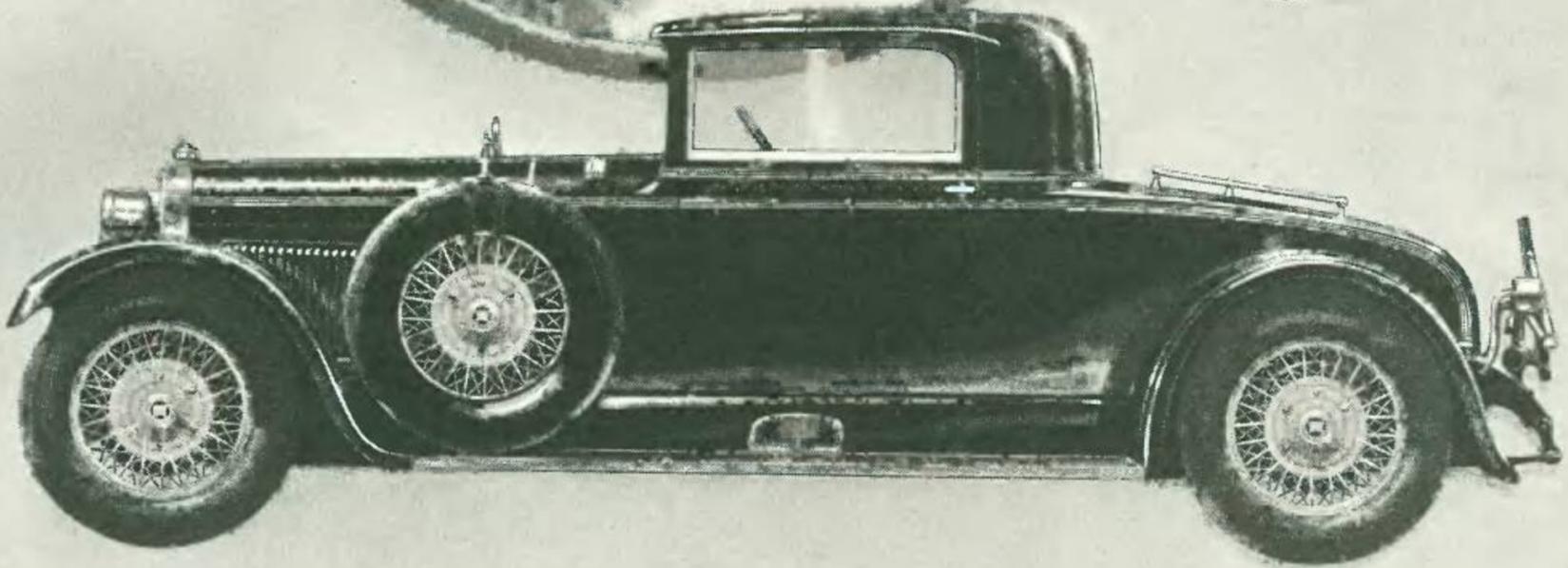


*"Let me see the new interpretations of the modern silhouette."*

Alan Watts



*Types of  
American Beauty*



*Beauty is a priceless attribute. No matter whether Nature bestows it, or Man creates it, all eyes turn in its direction.*



☞ Nash has achieved beauty, and a finer mode of motoring, in the Nash motor car. Perfection of taste in line, in color and in appointment, with painstaking care in coachcraft, lend luxury to your motoring when you choose the Nash.

☞ There is a richer lustre to your car's finish. The

Nash deep-lustre process imparts depth and sheen to color tones.

☞ Nash interiors are exquisite. Upholsteries are chosen for beauty and quality from hundreds of fabrics offered by America's finest looms. Walnut and walnut-finish panelings are liberally used. Solid walnut steering wheels have inlaid designs. Silvered interiorware is done in patterns inspired by the artistry of Early American silversmiths. Every detail is correct.

☞ Nash leads the mode in motor cars with a finer mode of motoring.

**New Reduced Prices Now Effective**

**Warren-Nash Motor Corporation**

**New York, N. Y.**

## FACING EAST RIVER AT EIGHTIETH STREET



The Yorkgate—25 East End Avenue

## In the city... but not of the city



Yorkgate, at Number 25 East End Avenue, facing the East River; combines those apparently contradictory ideals that every home seeker longs for—the convenience of a city dwelling, with the quiet, the peace, the sense of spaciousness of a country home.

Yorkgate will be a modern fifteen-story apartment dwelling of the highest type, from plans by Cross and Cross. The facade will be of Georgian design, finished in brick, limestone and terra cotta. An unusual feature will be a spacious entrance hall of imposing height. Every apartment will have an unobstructed view of the river, with every master's room an outside room, assuring air and sunlight.

Ready—Autumn 1928

Yorkgate will be ready for occupancy in the autumn of 1928, so there is still offered an almost boundless latitude in details of floor arrangement. Yorkgate offers to the prospective purchaser more than merely an apartment. It offers a *home* of three, four, five, seven or nine rooms... a home *in* the city, yet not of the city. At prices that range from \$9,500 to \$30,800 these apartments represent gilt-edge investments.

Monthly rentals as low as \$96.00.

Write for booklet and further details to Sutton, Blagden & Lynch, Inc., Selling Agts., 631 Park Ave., N. Y., Rhineland 2600.

Entirely Co-operative

# YORKGATE

25 EAST END AVENUE  
FACING EAST RIVER AT 80th STREET

Architects **CROSS & CROSS** Builders **IRONS & HOOVER, Inc.**

evening. Something must be done, and, next week, we can find out whether someone in Paris has done it.

At any rate, Bergdorf Goodman opens its new place at Fifty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue March 1, which is decidedly a boon to those who know that chic does not consist merely of the latest model of the smartest French couturier, but in the feeling and appropriateness of the entire costume. Bergdorf Goodman does just about everything well, and will no doubt continue to do so.

**T**HE TAILORED WOMAN has a knockout new tweed coat for spring sports, street, or travelling. It is the first coat that flares from the shoulders that does not look to me like an energetic Englishwoman cut out for a long walk in the rain. This is in gray tweed, with a standup collar that buttons once at the base of the throat. The selvage, applied in curved lines downward to the pockets, the diagonal tucks from the neckline downward in back, and the outward flare of the whole are new as possible and even smarter than that.

This shop also has the new Régné sweaters. These are infinitesimal in weight, and are composed of crocheted medallions in subtle variations of beige tones. How they are going to copy it in this country is beyond me, but they have confidence that copies indistinguishable from the original will be on hand shortly after you read this paragraph.

**I**N the made-to-the-head department at Wanamaker, there is a raft of Descat hats all ready for the inspection of you, Madame, who know well how flattering this designer is to almost anyone, being gifted in the art of combining youthfulness with chic. Most of the hats have crowns lower than we have been used to, and whimsical brims wider than of yore. The brims do gay things, being turned up sharply on one side; affecting a tilt that is almost Gainsborough in a modest way; rolling up slightly on one side and slightly down toward the back on the other to give a charming lost-its-shape-in-the-rain look. There are cloches of balibuntl in natural color adorned with hemstitching on the straw. And many examples of that very smart fashion—natural or whitish straw with a black grosgrain or ciré ribbon band. All of them extremely wearable, and far more practical for the limited income



"D'ALBIGNAC  
d . . . Will  
you oblige us with  
a Salad?"

**S**O spake the visiting epicures, for the skill of this old French chef in concocting savory dressings had won him a following throughout the three kingdoms . . . English gentlemen were known to remark that they'd have d'Albignac's salad if they "died" for it!

Such painful extremes are no longer necessary . . . For here, in the city's center, is Roger, chef of **THE ROOSEVELT** . . . who, with deft touch, reveals daily what the well-dressed salad should wear.

BEN BERNIE

and his Orchestra play nightly in the Grill

# The ROOSEVELT

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, N. Y.

EDWARD CLINTON FOGG  
Managing Director



than lacquered feather caps (also present) although these are almost unbearably alluring.

The Coin de Paris has a number of new Carette models, this couturier being a particular favorite around the place. She loves to make simple, unadorned bodices for day or evening clothes, and then do elaborate things on the straight skirt with rows and rows of ruffles or bands or tucks. Witness a day dress in a gay print with a black ground, the skirt being ornamented with rows of narrow circular ruffles; the evening dress of black lace with masses of pleated ruffles below the belt; and the darkish blue chiffon dancing frock covered with flat bands, applied diagonally, that become wider as they approach the hem.

—L. L.

THIS AND THAT

*Medley — No Soap — Compact De Luxe—The Turquoise Question*



LOOPING the loop through Wanamaker's is lots of fun if you are one of those homing-pigeon women who can remember

which is the old and which the new building. I was guided, and report the following highlights: Lymeogène toothpowder, created by a firm across the street from Chanel in Paris that specializes in mouth hygiene. The powder itself is pleasant to the taste, seems efficient, and is enclosed in an amusing aluminum container that, with holes punched in the top, could well be used later as a salt shaker. . . . A new Italian soap, called Flotan. This looks for all the world like a block of strawberry ice cream, weighs almost nothing, floats, lathers well, and smells nice. . . . A batteryless flashlight (I could find no other name) that contains some version of a victrola mechanism and hence generates its own electricity. You wind it up now and then and they claim it lights every time. . . . Children's ensembles, the trade name being Tribut. These are very Frenchy coats in loose-weave woollens, very abbreviated and ornamented with cross-stitch embroidery of a Russian flavor, and even more abbreviated straight sleeveless dresses beneath. Hats to match are available, too. The spirit of the



*Kurzman*  
IMPORTER

661 Fifth Ave. ~ 52nd-53rd Sts.

*original Kurzman model, designed in Rouclaire Cloth, from Roubaix Mills, Inc.*

the smartest of the new cloth coats have the "dress-maker" look — softer in line, entirely feminine in effect and too sophisticated in design to be attempted by any but the most artful of makers . . .

**\$125 to \$395**

W O M E N  
AND THE  
CYNICAL BACHELOR  
XII

"A woman," said the Cynical Bachelor, "is a woman one-tenth of her life. For the other nine-tenths she is a model for clothes."

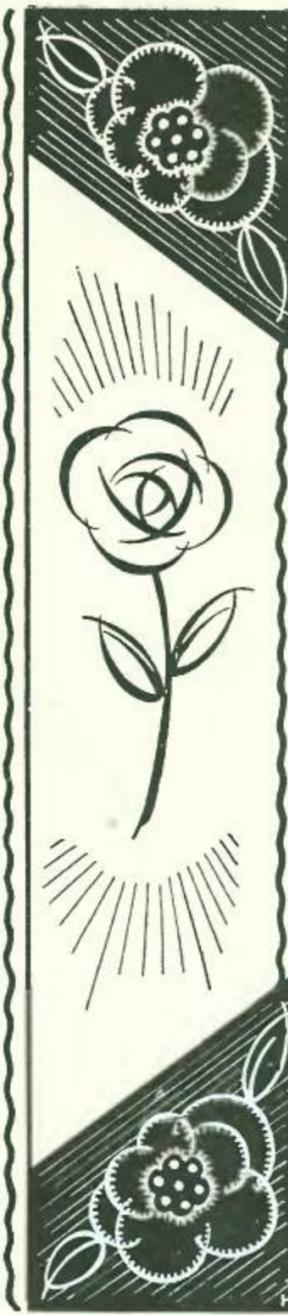
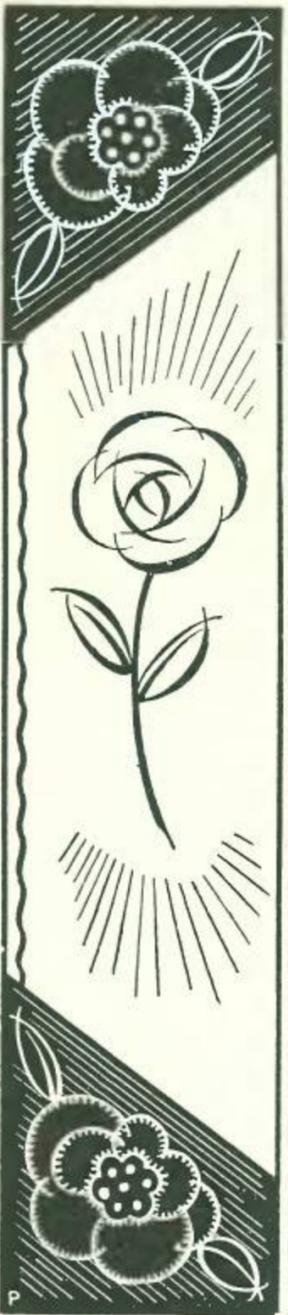
"My friend," smiled He Who is Post-graduate in One Woman at least, "your point of view is oblique. A woman is never more truly a woman than when she is concerned with clothes. For her pre-occupation with clothes is her aspiration to the ideal expression of her womanhood."

"And every woman can apply all her creative and interpretative power, unhampered, if she knows those admirable Studios for the Expression of Feminine Personality—the Emily Shops.

"Here, with all dresses distinctively smart, all prices delightfully moderate, her one problem is—which of all these desirable frocks will most completely express her."

*Emily*  
SHOPS  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE  
INC.

"FROCKS AND FRILLS FOR WOMEN"



Tuileries in New York, no less. . . . Rubber raincoats for children from two to six, either the transparent slicker type or a swank rubberized cotton edition of the trench coat.

**H**UDNUT, in sympathy for the poor American girl who must fill her handbag with new knick-knacks every day, has brought forth a really knock-out new double compact. This is octagonal in shape, the tiered border being in gold metal—the top of black, oyster white, provenche blue, or pale green enamel dotted with gold. It comes in silver or gold boxes, enclosed in more boxes in color and dotted with gold flecks. Really elegant. Hudnut might also be mildly surprised to know the number of smart women that cling to his twenty-five cent No. 8 lipstick. A color that cannot be beaten, and, though not indelible, exactly the right consistency to keep your lips soft.

**I**N a report on the new Pinaud cream that I thought positively glowing with enthusiasm, I voiced a feeling that the best elements in soap were present. I am an addict of soap for the face, if it can be managed so as not to dry the skin, but it appears that this particular product is not the solution of my problem. There is no soap present whatsoever—the triumph is that they have achieved a cream that is completely soluble in water. Technically I was wrong, but the essential fact that the results are good still stands.

**M**Y quest for that lazy man's cigarette ash tray that holds the cigarette upright so that the ashes fall downwards into the tray while the smoker, at ease, puffs at the end of a four-foot tube attached, reached a successful conclusion with the announcement that the Irving Rice Company, at 15 East Sixteenth Street, has many of them. They said that they were wholesalers, that they didn't bother with New York shops, but—oh, well, all right—they would sell direct to any reader sufficiently anxious to secure a gadget unessential except to those who like to use both hands at the piano or typewriter or something and smoke at the same time.

**T**URQUOISES, newly reputed smart and much worn in Paris with black dresses, are to be found on the first floor at Macy's, together with one or two other things. The stones

*Paris gloves,  
cunningly cuffed, delicately beautiful.*

*A New Shop, 30 West 57th Street, Open Soon*

*Nat Lewis*  
INC.

PURSES : GIFTS : HOSIERY : GLOVES

*St. Regis Shop, Fifth Avenue at 55th St.    Waldorf-Astoria, 34th St. and Fifth Avenue  
409 Madison Avenue, at Forty-eighth St.    1580 Broadway, at 47th (With Men's Dept.)*

appear in chokers, pins, ball earrings, long strings, and so on, the best of them being those blue green stones with dark tracers on them. They do not pretend to be the real thing, but the prices are incredibly low, the range of blue greens is wide—and the effect—if you carefully avoid those that have gold filigree in an attempt at antique effect—elegant.

**E**XPERIMENT with lipstick and blue eyeshadow on the nails beneath colorless Cutex liquid polish was fairly successful, but needs a more artistic eye and steady hand than mine.  
—L. L.

### ABOUT THE HOUSE

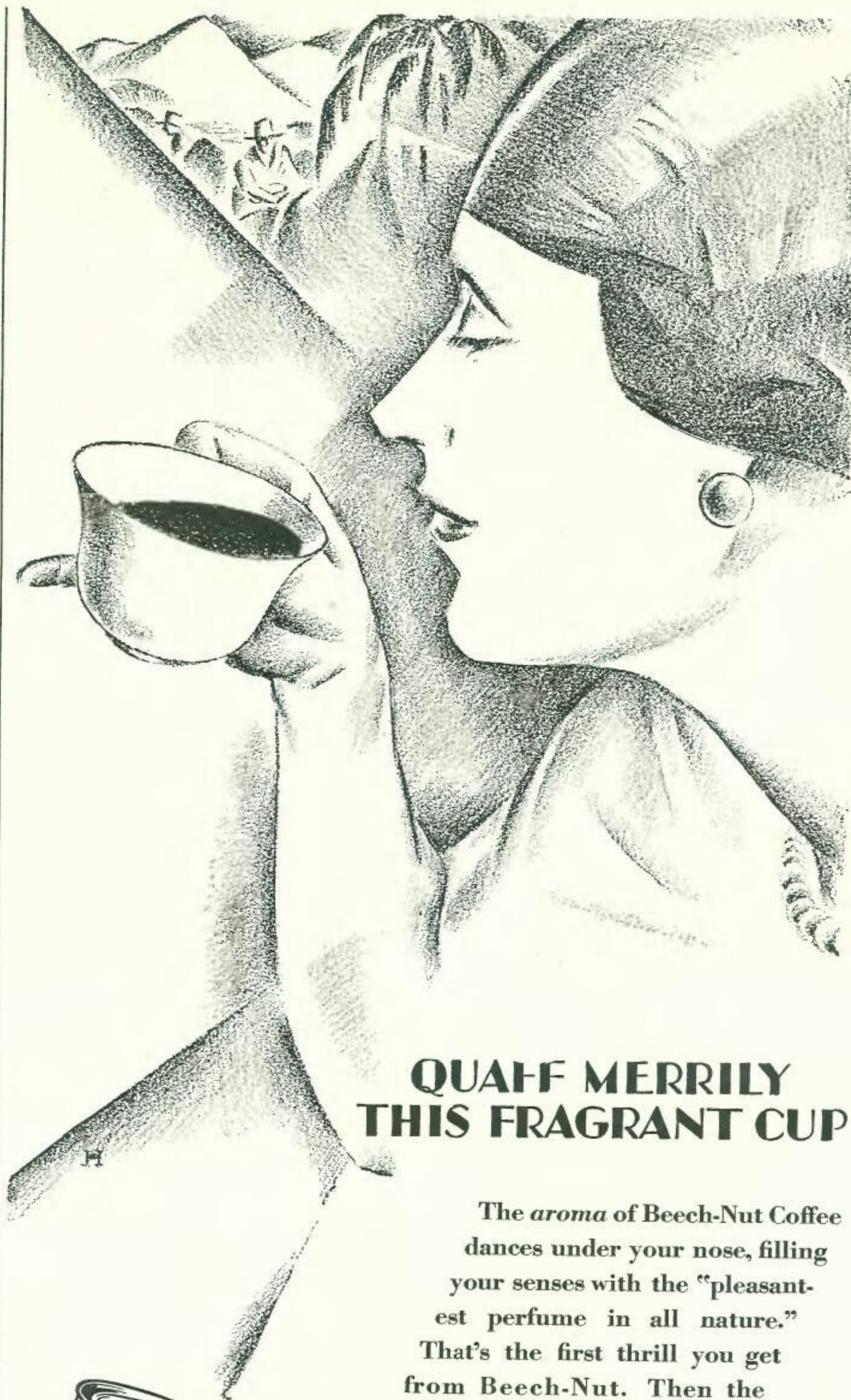
*Victoriana—Department Store Secrets — For a Dutch Kitchen*



**W**ELL, I have been to Jones & Erwin, having promised to go forth and learn all about Victorian decoration, and the result is I am more than ever convinced that anyone attempting this style must (1) be very, very sophisticated, (2) be also very sure of himself, and (3) that he ought to go and consult with Mr. Jones or Mr. Erwin or someone equally competent anyway.

As for a shopping guide to Victorian chic—you don't need one; everything for such a room may be had at Jones & Erwin, and you may use the place as a shop, selecting your own things, or as a decorator's establishment, having them selected for you. Of course it is all very well, and a lot of fun, to browse around auction rooms and Third Avenue second-hand shops, picking up a chair here and a chandelier there; but everyone likes to discover these things for himself, and I am not out to spoil anybody's fun.

All this, I perceive, does not tell you a great deal about the current Victorian trend, and to balance that lack I am moved to prophecy. I do not believe this movement will have the tremendous vogue predicted for it. Scattered groups of wags will take the earlier period to their hearts and do very nicely by it, and that is just as it should be. But the great majority has too recently sold Aunt Fanny's whatnot to a second-hand shop to buy it back now at several times the



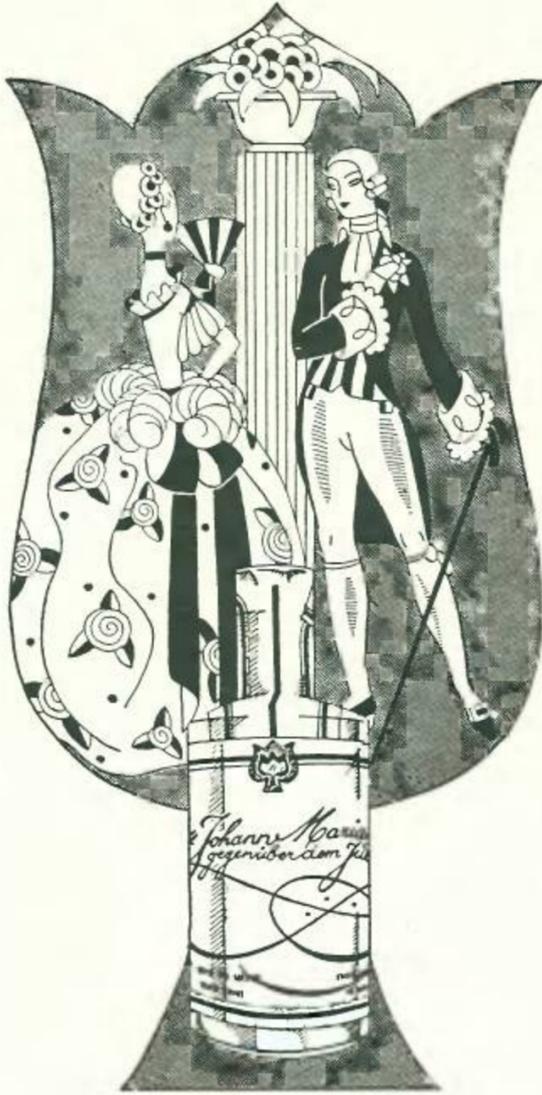
### QUAFF MERRILY THIS FRAGRANT CUP

The *aroma* of Beech-Nut Coffee dances under your nose, filling your senses with the "pleasantest perfume in all nature." That's the first thrill you get from Beech-Nut. Then the *flavor* is actually a new experience for coffee lovers. Beech-Nut owes its delightful aroma and flavor to choice coffees grown on tropical mountain plantations. You certainly will enjoy Beech-Nut.



# Beech-Nut Coffee

## For Three Centuries —the Secret of Delicacy



**I**N the golden days when DuBarry ruled as mistress of France, the gentlefolk of the time knew well the secret of personal delicacy. They knew the magic of Johann Maria Farina, originator and master blender of cologne.

Today Farina's Red Crest Cologne continues to be the favorite of fashionable Europe—the surest safeguard against olfactory offense.

Nothing else is so refreshing, so cooling, so sure to eliminate the slightest hint of perspiration odor. For the Farina secret is well guarded. Since its discovery in 1709, never have more than two men known its wonderful formula at any one time.

Farina's Red Crest Cologne is delicately scented, but is not a perfume. It is refreshing as an astringent, effective as a powder base, soothing after the shave, invigorating after the bath, and stimulating as a rub-down after exercise.

To get the true and original cologne, and to benefit by its ancient secret, be sure the Red Crest is on every bottle you buy.

Obtainable at drug, specialty and department stores. Glass bottle, 4 oz., \$1; wicker bottle, 6 oz., \$1.75; 12 oz., \$3; 24 oz., \$6.

Sole distributor—Geo. Borgfeldt & Co., N. Y. C.

Look for the  Red Crest

**FARINA'S**  
RED CREST  
**COLOGNE**  
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER

price. I am probably wrong, but that is what I think.

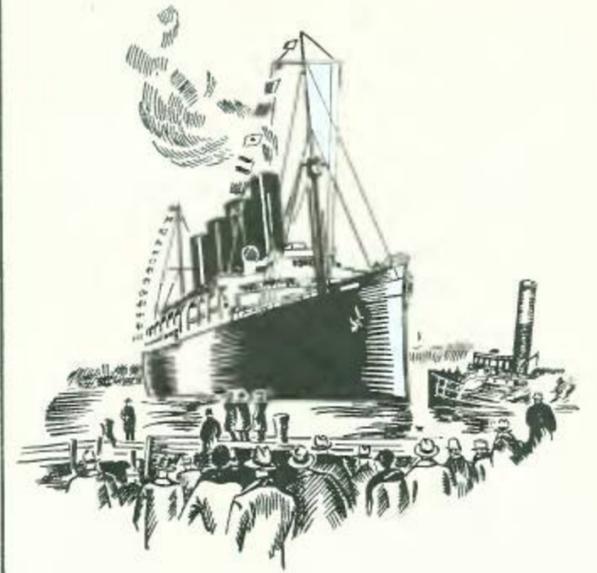
It is a long time—while we are on the subject—since anything has been said in these pages about Jones & Erwin and their perfectly swell shop at 729 Madison Avenue. You may need to be reminded that this is not alone a place to do your Victorian shopping, but that it is also full of columns and classic lines and other evidences of Directoire, Empire, and Regency influences, and that it is all as amusing as possible. There are admirable small pieces for town apartments, in these periods and probably others, and a grand collection of marvellously comfortable chairs, and silly things in tinsel glass—to say nothing of column lamps at such prices as \$20, with tin or tinsel paper shades that are really well made—a sweeping statement in this age, but I challenge inspection.

Some day Jones & Erwin are going to go enthusiastically modern, and then there will be a stir. I have seen sketches, and I have heard plans, and I am all agog.

Addenda: I have spoken before of Darnley, 395 Madison, as a marvellous place for wax flowers. You can get any known variety of posy here, painstakingly reproduced in wax. Grand for those Victorian rooms we have just been talking about.

**L**ET me remind you again that all furniture pieces in the Saks-Fifth Avenue windows are for sale, although sales-girls and elevator-boys deny it vigorously for some unknown reason. The thing to do is telephone the store—Plaza 4000—and ask for Mr. Ring. Mr. Ring has an office deep in the obscurity of the Saks basement, thence conducting the sale of such pieces of window-display as strike your fancy. So far I have been unsuccessful in persuading this otherwise remarkable store that a department should be created for the more conspicuous sale of their modern art pieces. I do not, however, despair.

**T**HE anonymous lady who sent in a plaintive inquiry about automatic silver polishers will be overjoyed to learn that Lewis & Conger, Sixth Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, have a small, compact electric motor that is pleasantly equipped with all kinds of fascinating little brushes and pads for just this purpose. In several sizes, \$50 to \$100 for the complete outfit.



**T**O share in the pleasure of Cowes, of Henley, of Ascot—one must journey to England. But to share in the pleasure of smoking the discriminating Britisher's favorite pipe tobacco—one need only call for CRAVEN MIXTURE, the tobacco which was the inspiration of Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine."

CRAVEN MIXTURE—a truly fine imported tobacco, first blended at the command of the Third Earl of Craven in 1867—can now be had at the better tobacconists in America and Canada, too. For a liberal sample tin, send 10c in stamps to Cerreras, Ltd., 220 Fifth Ave., New York.

Cerreras, Ltd., 220 Fifth Avenue,  
New York City.

I enclose 10c in stamps. Send liberal sample  
tin of CRAVEN MIXTURE.

Special  
Offer

N. Y.—3-3-28



**Craven**  
MIXTURE  
Imported from London

VAGUE floating rumors about a Frigidaire buffet-ice-box lured me at last to headquarters of the Domestic Electric Company, at 39 West Forty-fifth Street, where to my great delight I found this new model not just another decorated refrigerator, but a long buffet in very decent wood, with the Frigidaire apparatus and cooling chamber placed to one side, an un-iced cupboard to hold variously sized bottles on the other, and a drawer below for linen. The display model is catalogued as an adaptation of the Spanish, but it can be ordered in any desired style, costing very little more than the usual apartment house variety. This is definitely not a joke, and ought to be perfect for a French Provincial or a Dutch kitchen.

MCCUTCHEON reports the continued success of colored table linens for spring, particularly in the gold and green shades. Have you ever tried using gray damask? It sounds terribly cold and sombre, but what it does to the family plate is something to think about. Silver stands out against it with startling effect. Lots of flowers with this, of course.

Also at McCutcheon, some darling breakfast sets for the country in printed handkerchief linen with hem-stitched borders in a solid color. These at \$9 the set. —B. B.

I AM AFRAID

I am afraid, indeed,  
Of tables and chairs,  
Houses and walls of a room,  
Daily affairs,  
The dish and the broom,  
Suiting the time to the need,  
Matching work to the sun. . . .  
I am afraid, indeed,  
That through their screen,  
I may miss something strange  
That I might have done,  
Or rare, that I might have been!  
—DOROTHY DOW

Then here is a funny "stunt." Have some one in the party boast that he can throw the largest man in the group out of the window. Then have the man write on a slip of paper, "The largest man." He is told to read it out loud, after which the boastful one takes it and throws it out the window.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

It wouldn't do for us. We couldn't keep our face straight.



AS vagrant in its twists as a fallen piece of string, the winding Devonshire road led away from the sea to the thatched-roof tavern

with its queer little sign. In here, when the heavy mist was driving over

the fields in clouds, one could pull an old English Windsor chair close to the hearth and sketch himself pictures in the lazy flames. Indeed, it is held that

the comfortable lines, the companionable grace of the chair alone are satisfaction

enough; and just these same chairs have been brought over from England

by W. & J. Sloane. Of course, you find other English furniture here, from

Tudor and Jacobean to the more modern Hepplewhite—masterful reproduc-

tions as well as early pieces. And this enchanting store, full of so many

wonders in both furniture and rugs, boasts

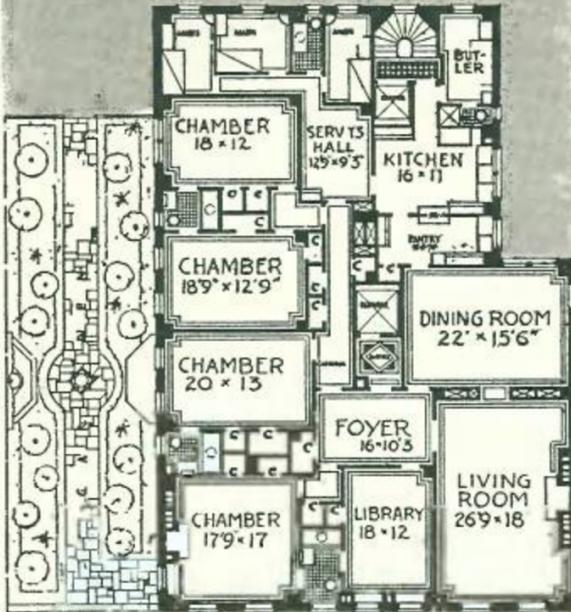
yet another wonder—the very, very rare

one of very moderate prices.



W. & J. SLOANE  
575 Fifth Avenue at 47th St.  
NEW YORK CITY

# Overlooking a Private Garden



57th STREET—SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

## at Sutton place 447 East 57

A SECLUDED garden—broad Southern exposure—complete comfort in a permanent city home of substantial value.

Now selling for occupancy this Summer

7, 8, 9 & 13 room duplex and simplex apartments and one superb roof duplex of 17 rooms—

FROM \$23,000—MAINTENANCE 10%

100% Cooperative ownership

Architect  
ROSARIO CANDELA

Supervising Architect  
SHREVE & LAMB

Builder  
EDWARD KAYE  
CONSTRUCTION CO., INC.

Selling and Managing Agent

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.

15 East 49th Street Plaza 9200

### OUR OWN BRIDGE PROBLEMS—I

NORTH

- ♠-10-7-5-4
- ♥-None
- ♦-8-7-4-2
- ♣-8-7-6-5-2

WEST

- ♠-Q-J-3
- ♥-9-8-7
- ♦-Q-6-5
- ♣-Q-J-10-4

EAST

- ♠-9-8-6
- ♥-A-Q-J-10-6
- ♦-A-J-3
- ♣-K-3

SOUTH

- ♠-A-K-2
- ♥-K-5-4-3-2
- ♦-K-10-9
- ♣-A-9

EAST deals and bids one heart, after a happy sigh at the best hand that has come his way in lo, these many moons. South, who has been going in for a little concentrated study of the finer points of the game, having mastered the rudiments, such as which suit is hearts, and which counts more, an ace or a trey, doubles informatively. West passes with a shrug of the shoulders and it is up to North. North, however, has never found the time to read a book on bridge, nor does he own a radio, so that doubles mean nothing in his carefree life. "Pass," says North lightly, and starts in dismay at the bellow that South emits.

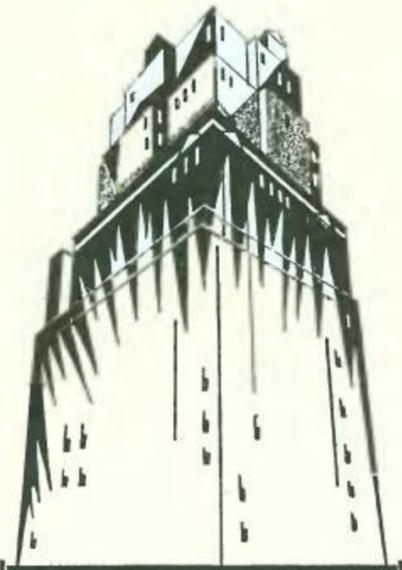
"I doubled, you fool!" yells South.

"Yes, I know it," replies North.

"I hope we set them. We need the points. Not that I have very much in my hand."

South splutters unintelligibly until West reminds him, with a few pointed, well-chosen words, that it is his lead. He leads off with his ace and king of spades, taking both tricks, but the third spade lead, which is the two, goes down before dummy's queen. East then leads the nine of trump from dummy, North throws off, and East, surprised and dismayed at North's lack of trumps, plays his six. South snares the trick with his king. South then leads his ace of clubs, East throwing off his king when his turn to play comes around, thereby causing looks of wonder to come across the faces of his fellow-players. East heard of such a play over the radio and it made a deep impression on him. In fact, so engrossed is he in admiration for himself that he is chided by South for failure to play on the latter's lead of the nine of diamonds.

East takes this trick with his jack and then, with the first clear picture



EXCEPTIONAL suites, ready for occupancy next Fall, are now being shown. Also—

UNFURNISHED apartments ready for immediate occupancy. 2 rooms and more, renting from \$2600, including maid service. Also—

FURNISHED suites for transients.

Alfred C. Ray, Manager

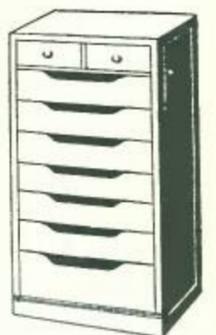
## The DRAKE

440 PARK AVE  
AT 56th ST.

"New York's Smartest Apartment Hotel!"

### To DOUBLE the SIZE of ANY CLOSET

...here is an ingenious space-saving unit, that slips right into your present closet and brings order out of chaos. Used with our other clever clothing devices it creates an ideal wardrobe for any home.



PHILIP HALL

38 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK

of a lifetime of how the remainder of the hand should be played, he leads out his four trumps, takes a trick with his ace of diamonds, and swings over to dummy with his three of clubs for the last two tricks, utilizing his queen and jack.

Overcome at his coup, East's hand shakes visibly as he attempts to write down the score: twenty-four for game, doubled, is forty-eight; fifty for fulfilling contract and one hundred for extra tricks, plus eighty in honors.

"Hereafter," snarls South, "when I double an initial bid like that, you take me out. All I want to know is, what is your best suit. Get me?"

"But I didn't have any 'best' suit," protests North. "I had a rotten hand."

But South is unforgiving and only wishes he had a mortgage on North's house so that he might foreclose it.

—JOHN C. EMERY

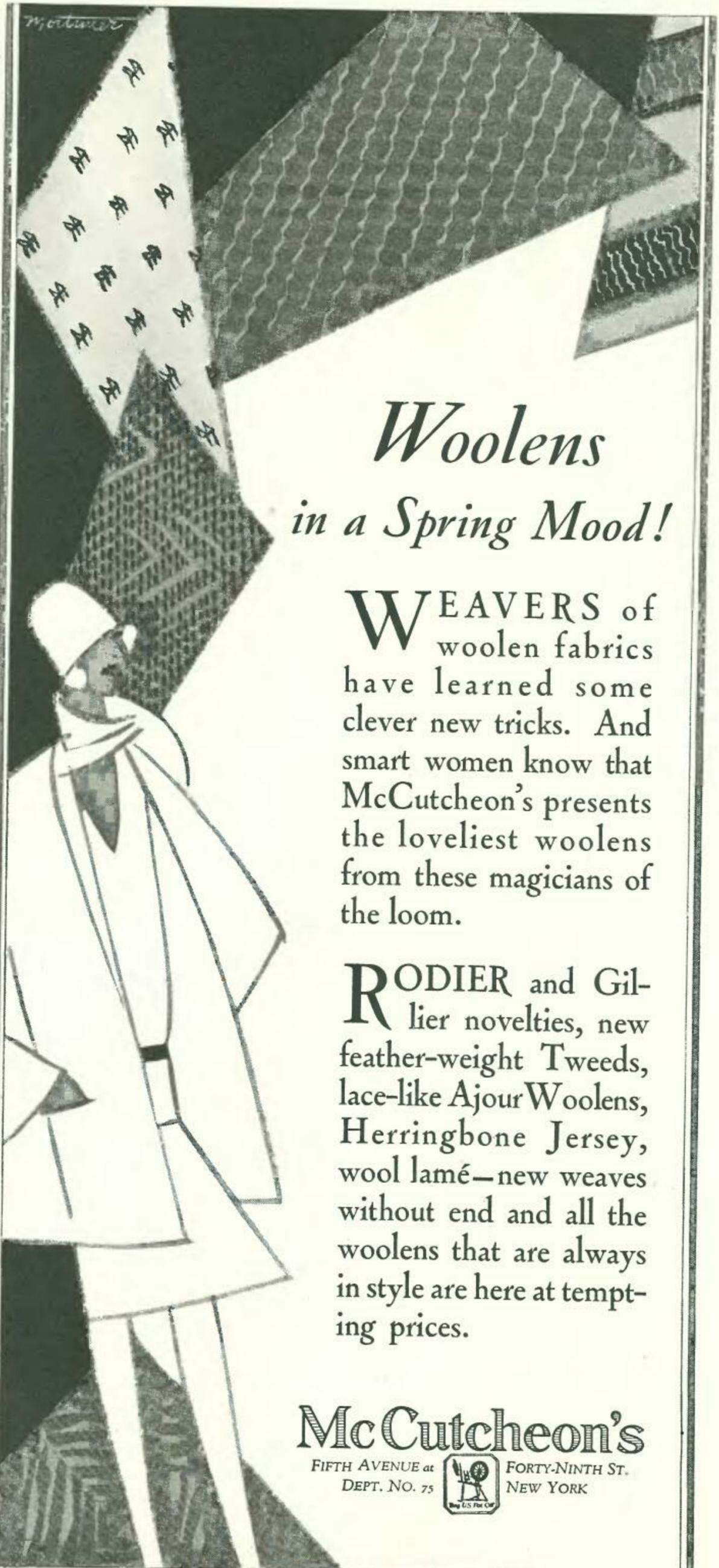
### TEMPUS FUGIT

When I was young, and oh, so sweet,  
There were four trees upon our street.  
When I was young, they cut one down,  
For this is a progressive town.  
A large apartment took its place  
With yellow bricks across its face.  
A second tree was neatly struck  
By some unsocial auto truck  
Which leaped, as though upon a prize,  
And brought it to a slow demise.

When I was somewhat older, they  
Moved the third tall tree away;  
With engines making din and blare  
They hauled it up the thoroughfare.  
And now I'm older still by years;  
One sentinel alone appears;  
Monoxide-drugged, it still is seen  
Perennially decked in green,  
A ghost in our progressive town.  
I wish they'd also chop it down.  
—P. G. W.

And then came the most fascinating woman of all. She was exotically tall and very slender and seemed to be delightfully proud of her height. She moved with a grace which was majestic and yet twined her arms about her friends with most unique and individual movements. Anyhow, she was dressed in nude satin—and a shade of nude which so exactly matched her very skin that it was hard to decide where the dress ended and the skin began.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

But it's one of those decisions you've got to make.



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Theoretically, we're brokers. Actually we scout, reconnoitre or bring up the rear. We can hunt you a home, outfit you from lease to insurance, handle adjustments with your landlord, and relieve you of all those treacherous and annoying details that unnecessarily complicate moving. Your problem, large or small, will be dealt with competently, conscientiously, courteously, without obligation or charge.

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## INFORMATION STRAIGHT

SHE was young, with a pointed, elfin sort of face. And so anxious. With each slam of the tearoom door she would raise her candid blue eyes, only to sink back in disappointment.

At last he came.

Quite late, only casually apologetic. I knew, from the way he stood, that women had told him that his profile was like Ramon Novarro's. But his tie was bad, and he wore a diamond on his little finger.

"Hello there," she said, an excited little flutter in her voice.

"'Lo. Been waitin' long?"

"No—just got here this minute. How's everything?"

"Oh, all right. Need some sleep, that's all."

"Gee, you don't look it. You always look good, Eddie."

"You ordered yet? All right, let's go—consommé or tomato?"

They ordered. Eddie gave his first, then nodded his slick black head across the table and said, "O.K. for you?"

"Yes," she invariably answered. "That's fine for me, Ed."

"What was it you wanted to ask me about?" he demanded at length, wiping his mouth. She drew a long breath and played with a piece of bread before her.

"Why—why, I just wanted to ask you, Eddie, about how a man might feel, you know, about wanting a girl's picture. I thought—you being a man, and all that—I thought I'd ask you."

"Sure," Eddie barked a short amused laugh at the ceiling. "What about it?"

She hesitated, then finally reached under her black coat and drew out two cheap cabinet photographs. Her cheeks were bright red as she fumbled with the string.

"I'd like to know—to have your advice—on which one of these a man would like best, if he wanted one at all."

"Gees," said Eddie querulously, "how do I know? Don't you know him well enough to ask him?"

"I—I don't know," a nervous little

laugh, "whether I do or not. I just thought I'd ask you—you being a man and all—which one you'd pick out, if you wanted one for a birthday, or something."

"Let's see 'em," grunted Eddie. He blew out a great cloud of cigarette smoke and regarded the knees across the room with swift, expert appraisal. She handed them over.

They were—I could see—the most banal and wooden examples of the art. A frozen smile, one hand laid against the cheek, hair frizzed—that sort of thing. Yet so anxious, so pitifully anxious. She gulped at her glass of water as Eddie squinted carelessly through his smoke. "God, I dunno," he said, his indifferent dark eyes flickering from one to the other. "You look scared green—which one you like yourself? Gees, I'm tired."

He laid them down, ran a hand over his patent-leather hair. The girl picked them up dully. She looked at them as though she did not see them at all.

"I don't know," she said, with a fine carelessness. Eddie, facing her, could not have seen her lip quiver, even had he looked. "I guess they're not so hot, either of them. I guess he wouldn't want them anyway."

"Maybe not," agreed Eddie. "Pictures just get to hanging 'round, and then you chuck 'em out. A fella wants a girl around, in person, see?"

"I guess so, Eddie. I guess maybe you're right. Well, I got to get back to the office. The boss's riding me hard today."

"No dessert?"

She stood up, pulling the tight little coat about her. Shook her head, and the blue eyes were very bright in the small, pointed face.

"Don't dare to wait, Ed. Thanks for comin'."

"Sure, that's all right. Any time. See you soon."

He inclined his shining head over the little dish of jello. And when he got up to leave, later on, he was unaware that two cabinet photographs were leaning against the wall under the table.

—STANLEY JONES



NOT TOGETHER

[A fragment from the theatre]

**B**UT, usher, these seats aren't together.

No ma'am, they're not together.

But my husband distinctly got them together. Fancy not having seats together.

They're not together.

Charlie—where is he?—Charlie, these seats are not together.

Aren't together? Why aren't they together?

Because you didn't get them together. Imagine that box office man giving us seats that weren't together!

Why aren't these seats together, usher?

They're not together, sir, that's all.

Charlie, you march right out and tell that man we want seats together.

Maybe he didn't have any seats together.

Of course he has seats together. It's ridiculous. Imagine not having seats together!

I don't think there are any more seats together, dear.

Well, we'll get them together. You get seats together or get your money back. The idea! Fancy you letting him give you seats that weren't together. . . . —JAMES THURBER

IRONY TO THE IRONICAL

Accept from me, at least, an admiration

Not cultivated too laboriously.

Most delicate shall be the situation,  
A matter of wit and wine and poetry.

You need not give me caution in exchange,

For I am self-sufficient and content.  
I think that you are beautiful and strange,

And willingly I yield to sentiment.

—HELENE MULLINS

Using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of costlier ones, the average saving is \$3 per year per person. With this a man may buy a hat, a necktie or two, hosiery, and shirts; a woman may purchase stockings, handkerchiefs, cold cream.—*Adv. in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Suppose it's a big box of jelly beans we want—what's to stop us?

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HATS



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J O H N B . S T E T S O N C O M P A N Y

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feet commanding a superb view over Long Island Sound. It contains living-room, hall, dining-room, billiard-room, five master bedrooms and four baths.

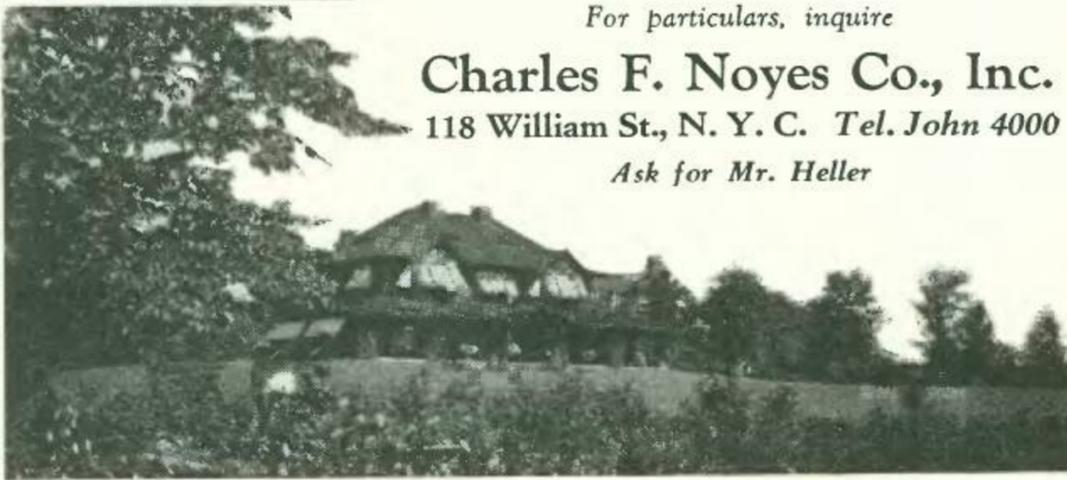
Kitchen and commodious servants' quarters are in an extension. The heated garage holds five cars, and contains chauffeurs' quarters of six rooms and bath. A completely appointed stable accommodates five horses. There is a gardener's cottage and other buildings including a greenhouse, wagon-house, tool-house, etc.

The Ox Ridge Hunt Club and the New Canaan and Woodway Country Clubs are all within a short motor ride.

A good way to travel to and from New York is on the New Canaan Express with its Club Car. The commuting service is excellent. This is by far the finest estate in New Canaan and one of the show places of the countryside. It is bounded by other private estates which form an effective barrier to encroachment.

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Ask for Mr. Heller



**BANKING** rooms offer a fine opportunity for monumental architectural treatment, an opportunity which has not been neglected on this island. I have already

spoken of the grandiose quarters of the Bowery Savings Bank on Forty-second Street where York & Sawyer have done themselves so proud with a magnificent Romanesque setting. New installations are opened daily, one of the most interesting of which is the branch building of the National City Bank at Canal Street and Broadway. The firm of Walker & Gillette has departed radically from the traditions of classic architecture. The note of modernism pervades the structure, both in its elevations and interiors, and it is splendidly successful. Superfluous detail has been everywhere avoided, but great beauty results from a careful study of proportions and the relation between wall spaces and openings. Where exterior detail is used, as over the Broadway entrance, it is vigorous and telling. In sum, it is a refreshing, stimulating building, thoroughly up-to-date yet in no way fantastic. I feel in it the best of the modern influence, something which will last and prove to have enduring beauty.

Another fine room, less novel but still impressive, is the new home of the Equitable Trust Company in its great building on the corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place. It was designed by Trowbridge & Livingston who have followed the early Italian style. The beamed and painted ceiling is a noble feature and all the metalwork, done in wrought iron, the grilles, fixtures and railings, are a joy to behold. Inspecting this noble achievement, I was again impressed with the beautiful qualities of travertine stone for buildings of this character. The color and varied texture are most gratifying and as a flooring material, travertine possesses a mysterious softness and quietness that make it admirable.

**WITH** Spring coming on, the question of gardens is much to the fore. Country dwellers are reading their seed catalogues and planning

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Y LINE

Florifying the Bird Bath  
 ivus — Noble Setback

new floral features. To them, as to all lovers of al fresco adornments, the pending exhibition of the New York Chapter of the American Society of Landscape Architects will have especial appeal. This, the fifth annual exhibition, will open at the Arden Gallery, 460 Park Avenue, on March 19. Over one hundred photographs of the members' work will be supplemented by appropriate sculpture and garden furniture.

The scope and range of landscape architecture is little appreciated by many. As the chairman of the Exhibitions Committee, Mr. Noel Chamberlain, says: "Contrary to popular legend, the art of landscape architecture, even in the days of M. Le Nôtre, consisted of more than a window-box and a bird bath. Today, race tracks, baseball fields, public parks, real-estate subdivisions, both formal and informal, and even cemeteries are the problems and the accomplishments of the landscape architect."

I have had a preliminary view of some of the exhibits and they are thrilling. It is a pleasure to recommend the show, comprising, as it does, the work of the most serious and best trained men and women in an important profession.

EVERY day new buildings are completed but when three old ones fall down, well, that is news. I walked down Eighth Avenue to view the remains of the trio of dwellings that fell into the subway. They expired most gracefully, saving the wreckers a lot of trouble. There was little in evidence but a pile of bricks with a cloud of dust still hovering over it. I was pleased with a sign on an adjoining building, "Barber Shop Moved Around the Corner." Certainly, nothing could be fairer than that.

Eighth Avenue, by the way, is on the edge of a renaissance. Big buildings are shooting up on many plots of the hitherto unimproved property. One of the largest is the new Lincoln Hotel, a fourteen-hundred-room hostelry, engineered and built by the Chanin Construction Company. In its exterior phases, it struck me as being big without being specially impressive. In my estimation, the tall steel sign on

TO GIVE A FLAME  
 TO GLOWING LIPS

A quick flick of the cap and there is your lipstick — ready to be applied in its stationary form or withdrawn, as one desires . . . Within the dainty encasement are the rouge and powder compacts and the very important mirror . . . All the requisites to make-up, snugly contained in a slim little Vanity, no bigger than — your Dunhill lighter!

New . . . utterly different . . . clever, yet practical. Available at the smart shops in rich metal and enamel finishes.

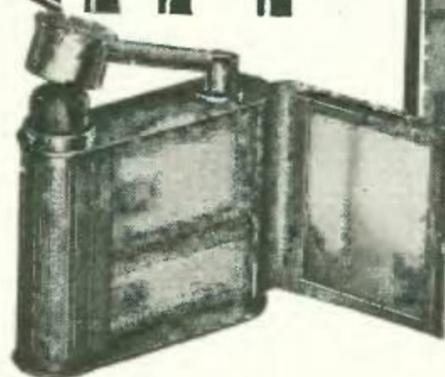
The lipstick may be withdrawn from the case, if one desires.



The exquisite cosmetics come in the favored shades and are, of course, refillable.



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Silver-plated model, \$5.00 . . . Gold-plated model, \$7.50 . . . Lacquer Enamel in plain colors, \$10.00 . . . Lacquer Enamel in fancy designs, \$15.00 . . . Sterling Silver, \$20.00 . . . Solid Gold and Enamel up to \$500.

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## THE SALAD MAKER of the REVOLUTION

THE renowned epicure, Brillat-Savarin, in his *Physiologie du Gout*, tells us about his friend D'Albignac, a French *emigre* who grew rich mixing salads for the London nobility. Attended by liveried servants, bearing his own silver and condiments in a mahogany case, he drove in royal state from mansion to mansion, practicing his fine art with grave pomp and ceremony. His fees mounted higher and higher. He retired with a fortune. Such was England's introduction to French salads.

Savarin Restaurants, too, are noted for their salads, fresh and delicious, such as Romaine, Chiffonade, Tomato, Lettuce, Fruit, Combinations, Pear Savarin.

Of the Six Savarins, serving New York's millions, the newest and most central is the

## GRAYBAR SAVARIN

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430 LEXINGTON AVENUE

Breakfast Luncheon Dinner  
Open 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.

The original Savarin Restaurant was established in 1889 in the Equitable Building, 120 Broadway, New York City



the central tower detracts considerably from the design. But I was amused and interested by the modernism of the public rooms on the main floor, the lobby, dining-room, and adjacent alcoves. It is quite successful and much of the detail is stimulating, especially the lighting fixtures in which the stab of direct lighting is avoided, but the general color scheme, particularly as related to the furniture, is confused and helter-skelter. The plans of the street level and the main floor which is above it are very ingenious, giving a large number of small shops.

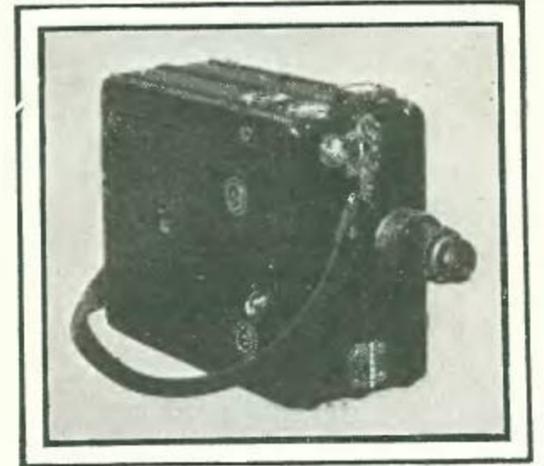
MUCH the best architectural development which I gazed at in this neighborhood is the still unfinished Piccadilly Hotel on West Forty-fifth Street. It piles up nobly. The views of it from any angle are impressive and the whole exterior design goes with a swing. It was designed by George and Edward Blum plus Walter Katz and is a striking example of the adaptation of architecture to the setback law, accomplished with fine effectiveness.

THE Committee on Arrangements of the New York Architectural League is to be congratulated upon its recent exhibition which attracted many professional and lay visitors to Fifty-seventh Street during the past month. It was a sound, workmanlike show, well arranged and diversified in its appeal without being confusing. Architecture predominated, as it should, although sculpture, mural decoration, metal-work, and other allied crafts were not neglected.

The medal of honor in Architecture went to Paul Cret of Philadelphia for his fine Museum of Art in Detroit. A large proportion of the architectural exhibits were illustrated by photographs and the development of this art as the architect's handmaiden was impressive. Of course our own modern style, the so-called "American Perpendicular," as applied to towering office buildings, was much in evidence, finely expressed by Hugh Ferriss and other skillful draftsmen. I was particularly thrilled by the beautiful grilles and gates, designed and executed by the E. F. Caldwell Company, in which the humor and playfulness of true craftsmanship were refreshing. In sum, it was a fine exhibition, the best the League has given us in some years in its coherence and a sort of logical integrity of character.

—T-SQUARE

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## THE CURRENT CINEMA

Go to See "The Crowd" and There Is No Maybe to That Advice—Two Weeks



THE picture that the movies have been going to make for the last ten years, the picture that intelligent people could see and like, and that is aimed at the intellect and not the emotions, has been made. It is "The Crowd," now at the Astor Theatre, and it deserves your consideration as fully as any other worth-while work of creation. As a piece of honest realism "The Crowd" can stand comparison with its type in any field of effort. If the infant art keeps up the pace it need nevermore feel shame in the presence of the theatre, or literature, or painting. It was made by a big producer, Metro-Goldwyn, and in Hollywood: two facts not to be ignored. So successful was it at the Capitol that it was installed in the Astor as a road show, which means that, given the opportunity, the average movie audience will take and like a good film. In the manner of speaking of such things it is Art, good Art, and the fourteen-year-old minds we hear so much about ate it up.

The story, if any, is of John Sims who is born, so his father tells him, to be president. He goes to New York and becomes clerk Number 137 in a mammoth business place. Some day he thinks his ship will come in. Some day he will rise above the crowd. He gets married and goes to Niagara Falls on his honeymoon. With the birth of his first child he achieves distinction, but he discovers at the hospital that he is one of many fathers, his wife one of many mothers, and his baby an item in a vast crowd of babies. His second child, a little daughter, is run over by a truck and while she lies dying he pleads with the world for quiet. He does not get it. If you don't drop a tear during these scenes, then weeping is well out of your line. John loses his job. His wife is about to leave him, but she changes her mind when he comes home with a few coins

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The All-American Musical Comedy  
SHOW BOAT  
NORMA TERRIS HOWARD MARSH  
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Eves. only, 5:30 sharp.  
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"The Doctor's Dilemma"  
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"The Doctor's Dilemma"  
GUILD THEATRE, W. 52d St.  
Evenings 8:30. Mats. THURS. and SAT.

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By DuBose and Dorothy Heyward  
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Seats to March 17 now Selling

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DIR. A. L. ERLANGER  
The Great American Song & Dance Show  
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150 SINGING AND DANCING COMEDIANS

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DAVID BELASCO presents  
"The Bachelor Father"  
A NEW COMEDY  
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Mark Twain's  
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE  
Adapted by FIELDS, RODGERS and HART

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WHITE'S Mats. WED. and SAT.  
GEORGE WHITE presents  
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in MANHATTAN MARY  
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and some theatre tickets. The picture ends by dropping them back into the crowd of a theatre audience, a vast collection of laughing forms.

All this is told with brutal detail, and with no effort to soften the telling. All the tiny happenings of John Sims' life are laid out. His tragedies, his happy moments, are probed into by the camera without pity. You may be occasionally hurt, but you will never be bored by the film. The obvious comparison for it is "Saturday's Children" and I hold "The Crowd" to be the superior of the two works. The camera could give greater scope and more patient detail to its story than could the stage.

King Vidor directed, and to him probably most of the credit must be given. John V. A. Weaver wrote the story. Between them they have allowed no incongruity to creep in, no little motion to go unseen, no nuance to escape. Eleanor Boardman and James Murray act the part of the young couple and they are superb. Freddie Burke Frederick takes the part of one of the children splendidly.

I could go on for several hours and babble superlatives about "The Crowd." Go and see it and take any of your friends that shrug their shoulders and say, "Oh, the movies." Let them shrug that off.

AT the Roxy last week was "A Girl in Every Port." It was a sentimentalized account of love by land and by sea on the part of a sailor played by Victor McLaglen. The main theme was along the lines originated by Damon and Pythias. A girl broke up the happy friendship of two men but when she turned out to be what one of them described as a tramp the two pals walked happily out of the end of the picture.

The Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse has been taken over by the Fifth Avenue Playhouse group, and this theatre reopened with "The Trial of Donald Westhof." Unfortunately for the film it was presented with a super-enthusiastic blurb preceding it that was not warranted by several good stretches of the imagination. However, the movie was about the best of foreign artistic films to come around in a long while and you can afford to see it.

The Paramount had "Love and Learn," with Esther Ralston. It was a mild comedy with a few good laughs in it. Miss Ralston looks different in every picture she plays in.

The Strand had a sermon on the

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fish got  
to swim,  
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to fly, people bound



to love the films till they die, politely paraphrased the clever cinema customer, and why not, for what is life without the movies, and what are movies without

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where in "the showdown," paramount's powerful picture, george bancroft and evelyn brent, late of "underworld," sternly battle tropic heat to make a soul and save a woman



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power of faith and prayer called "The Shepherd of the Hills." I lost some of my faith in prayer during its showing because I prayed for half an hour for it to end before I got any result. On occasions of such a nature I add a plea for quick action in my prayers.

THIS week things were rather at a low ebb. The Capitol has "The Latest from Paris," with Norma Shearer. It wasn't even bad. The doings concerned a travelling saleswoman who fell in love. For a few minutes it looked as if she were in love with her brother and I was about to walk out as a protest but it developed that the early impression was wrong. She got a gent, and then a wicked scheming woman almost took him away from her. A lot of gags that were put to bed with a fever some years ago were up and around again in "The Latest from Paris."

Bebe Daniels came to the Paramount in an innocuous bit called "Feel My Pulse." Miss Daniels as usual was pleasant. The story, and don't try and stop me if you've heard it, was about a girl who thought she had heart trouble and when she went to a sanitarium run by rum runners the excitement cured her. She also got a husband, who wasn't a rum runner but was an old newspaper man himself, who was out getting the facts of the bootlegging trade. Surprise, surprise.

Madge Bellamy goggled through "Soft Living" at the Roxy, which was about her ordinary standard only maybe a squeak better. Some of it was funny, and a lot of it wasn't. It was all about divorce and there was a cynical woman in it who made all sorts of cracks about marriage and men.

—O. C.

Just imagine buying a full-sized bed, a dresser, a chest of drawers, spring mattress, pair of feather pillows, clothes tree, chair and blanket, all in solid walnut veneer.—Adv. in the Allentown (Pa.) Morning Call.

We simply can't.

Here is an evening prayer for the lithe ones, and to me it is very sweet and solemn:

Saviour, tender Shepherd hear me,  
Bless thy little lamb tonight;  
In the darkness be Thou near me,  
Keep me safe till morning light.  
To remove rust from window glass, dip cloth in coal oil and rub hard.

—The Kansas City Star.

It is sort of sweet and solemn.

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## COURT GAMES

*In the Alger Manner*  
—Mr. Pell Carries On



IN the year 1922 M. Jacques Worth, then the amateur court tennis champion of France, set out from Paris on a special trip to the Basque country in search of a promising young player to take the place of the ageing Ferdinand Garcin as *maitre paumier* at the Jeu de Paume. Some weeks later he returned from his mission, and accompanying him was a dark, wiry little Basque, some five feet four inches in height and twenty-nine years of age, whom he had found at St. Jean de Luz.

The young man had never laid hand to a court tennis bat. It is doubtful whether he had ever seen the game played. But he was the champion of his native country at pelota and schistera and possessed the inherent instinct of his race for any game played with a ball. That, in the eyes of M. Worth, was qualification enough for the job, and so Pierre Etchebaster was installed as *maitre paumier*.

Eighteen months later this young Basque was over in London defeating the professional at Prince's Club. Shortly after he made another trip across the channel to convince the most skeptical that not even the great Covey could afford to concede him a handicap, and so he became known everywhere as "Pierre" and took his place in the history of courtes-paume along with Biboche, Garcin and other masters of the game.

Today, Pierre Etchebaster stands as the professional champion of France and the United States, and in the opinion of no less a master than Jay Gould it is only a matter of time until he will succeed to the throne of George Frederick Covey, professional to the Hon. N. S. Lytton at Crabbet Park, Sussex, as the world's open champion.

Here, in brief, you have the remarkable history, as told to me by Mr. Elbridge Watson of Paris, his manager, of the player who defeated Jock Soutar by the stunning count of seven sets to one in their challenge match last week at Philadelphia. Any one who has played this highly complex game

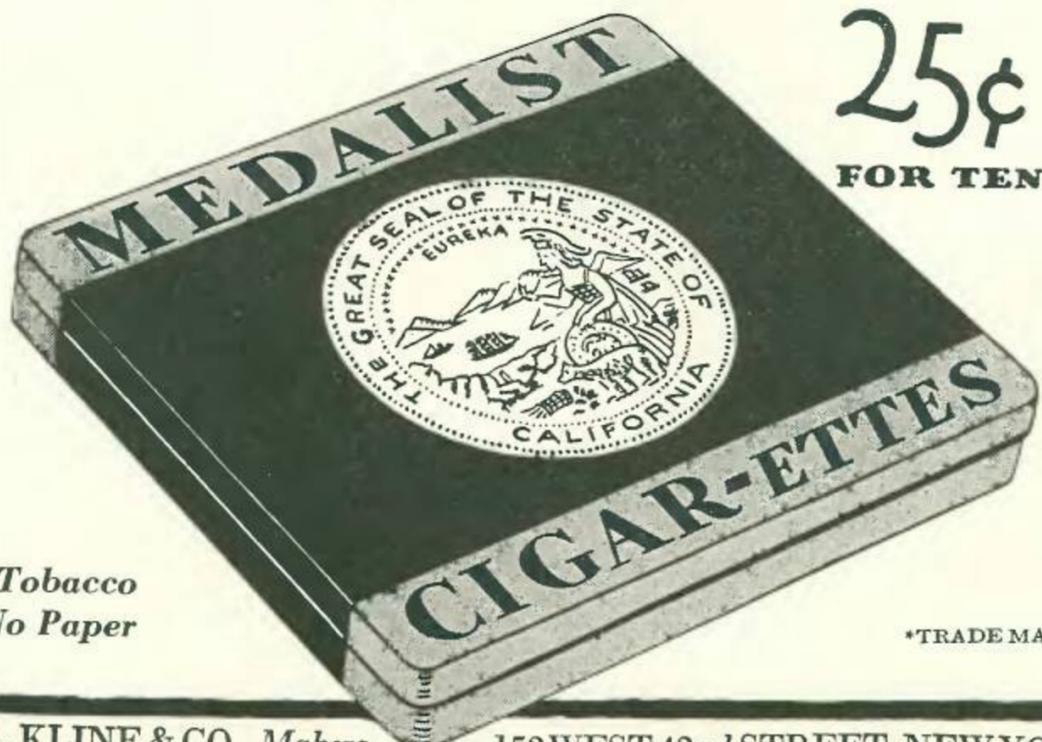


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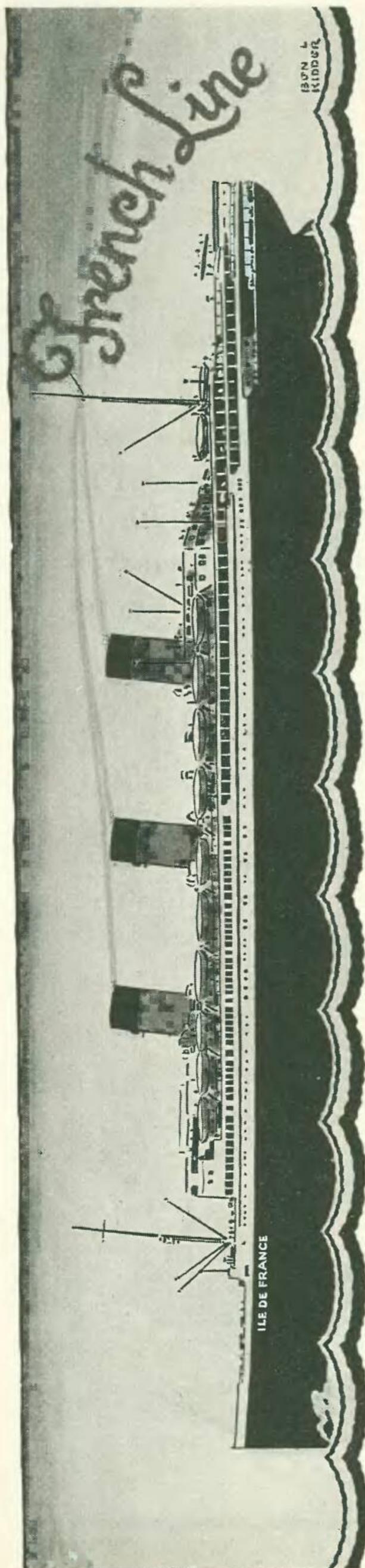
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of court tennis will tell you that it is incredible that a man could advance so far in five short years. That is hardly time enough in which to learn what it is all about, and I'm here to say that after close to ten years of observation of championship play I'm just beginning to understand that when the marker calls "Chase the door" it doesn't mean to play tag.

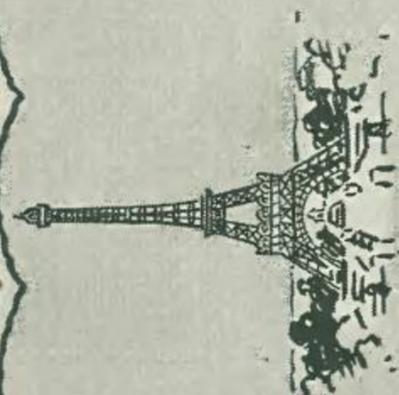
So convinced were the American professionals that it was hopeless for a man of Etchebaster's limited experience to cope with a past master like Soutar that they ridiculed the idea of the championship leaving the country. Such also was the prevailing opinion at Philadelphia, where they backed the bald little Scotsman at odds as high as two to one.

At the start of the match it looked as though they were right. It didn't seem as though the Basque could "live" in the same court with a killer like Jock. But after the score had reached 4-2 in the defender's favor and Etchebaster had become oriented it was a match of another complexion. With each game thereafter it became increasingly apparent that Soutar was not in the same class with his challenger, that his withering speed was lost against a stroke artist who played the floor with such deadly accuracy and unflinching generalship as to give the title holder never a moment's rest.

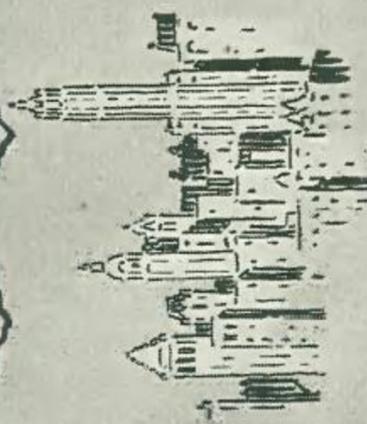
A force for the dedans or the grille is a fine shot, if you make it. If you don't you either give your opponent a loose set-up or at best lay down a chase that is pie to beat. When you play the floor you don't score strokes outright, but you lay down chases of a yard that are just as good, and in addition you run your opponent unmercifully to prevent the chase from being marked. That is, you do if you are as uncannily precise as Etchebaster. Soutar is forty-three years old and he could scramble for only so long. After that his legs gave out.

With all the machine-like regularity and concentration of Lacoste, the Basque cut down his strokes from one side of the court to the other, and seldom was the chase laid down worse than two. Those chases, which the challenger crossed over to defend, were one reason why Soutar played the openings so much. There was no other way he could beat them, though his game is a "boasting" one anyway.

In service, too, the Basque had the better weapon, for he has the knack of getting a drop off the penthouse close to the wall better than any play-



If you do not know the Ile de France, you have not seen "Strange Interlude" -- you have not read "Trader Horn" and you have not grasped at the exotic exoticities of Van Donegan. You prefer Gody's Lady's Book to The American Mercury and prefer Atlantic City to Nice. Pier 57, north river, March 15<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup>. At home to the discriminating



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er seen in this country since Gould was in his prime. The only way Jock could return it was to boast it to the side wall. I was sitting in the winning gallery on the hazard side, but I won't sit there again when Etchebaster is serving and Soutar is boasting, not if my nose knows it. Jock's service was a much looser ball, and to give Pierre a loose ball is suicidal.

As to the Frenchman's sense of anticipation there was one instance in particular when he pulled off as breathtaking a maneuver as I have ever seen in any game. He had played the ball to Jock's forehand in the corner in front of the dedans. As Soutar lifted his racquet, like a flash Etchebaster darted to the right extremity of the net, leaving almost the entire hazard side of the court exposed. Soutar, with his head down, failed to notice this move, boasted the ball to the main wall and it caromed off straight at Etchebaster, who volleyed it into the dedans. When asked after the match why he had taken this daring post he stated that he saw from the position of Soutar's hand how he was going to play the shot and the net was the place to receive it.

**VICTORY** for Clarence C. Pell in the racquets championship has been the accustomed thing since 1915, but nevertheless his triumph at Boston was not altogether expected. At Tuxedo the Hon. C. N. Bruce defeated him in three games, just as he had done in the English championship last year, and it seemed that the Englishman had the kind of game that the American could not beat, although the style of J. C. F. Simpson, the English champion, was made to order for him.

In their meeting in the final at Boston, Pell adopted the strategy of putting everything on Bruce's backhand and played for the last inch of length so that the Britisher had to scrape the ball off the back wall. These tactics, combined with the effectiveness of his service, which usually does not go so well in the Boston Racquet Club court, enabled Pell to prevent the singles title from journeying across the sea with the national doubles. —A. D.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY—"Up in Mabel's Room." Notice: An officer will be at the door to take the slingshots from the children. They shoot at the screen.—*Theatre adv. in the Largo (Fla.) Sentinel.*

Criticism, trying to come into its own.



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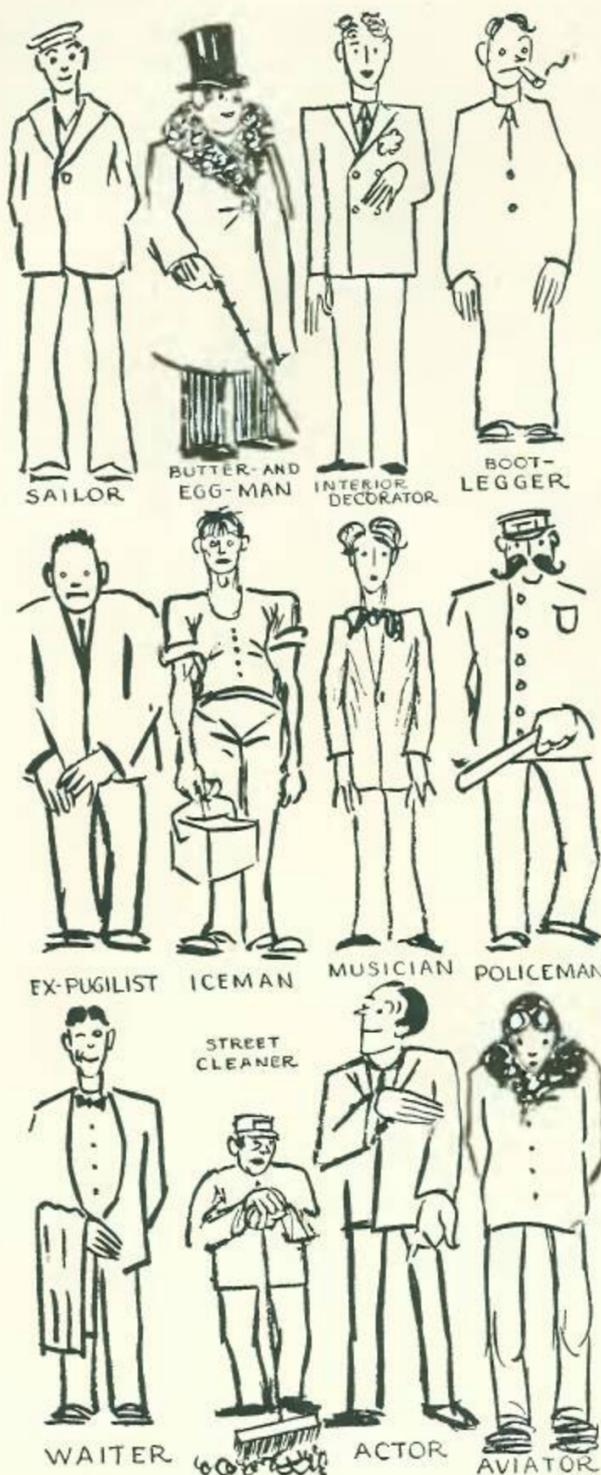
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## MUSICAL EVENTS

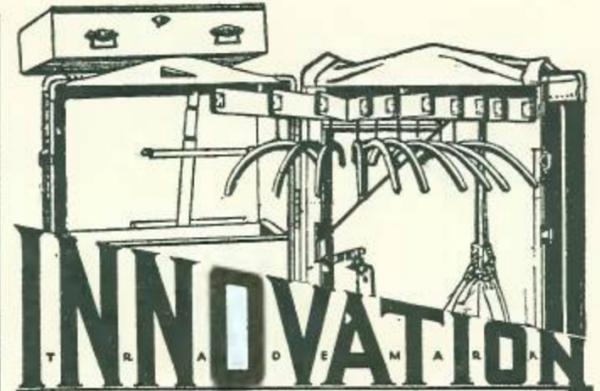
*Johnny Does His Stuff—  
 The Fine Italian Hand  
 —Back to the Piano—A  
 Little Opera in Brooklyn*



SUCH being the fashion, and a piano score of Ernst Krenek's "Jonny Spielt Auf" being to hand, let us look ahead at this "jazz" opera, which is now listed officially for production next season by the Metropolitan forces.

Admirers of Mr. Klemperer may remember some of the instrumental evocations of Krenek. One of them, as we recall it, prompted a hissing party in Mecca Temple of a Sunday afternoon. Those who frowned on the sibilation upheld the composer as one of the splendid, acrid voices of an unsettled generation. This strange eulogy has been handed in turn to almost every worker in atonality, and consequently it is absolutely safe to hitch it to Krenek. "Jonny Spielt Auf" (which could be translated as "Johnny Strikes Up" or even "Johnny Does His Stuff") is not quite so prevailingly dissonant as some of Krenek's orchestral productions, but it is no "Trovatore." There are distinguishable melodies and many transparent passages, yet we fancy that the effect of the music, in performance, will be one of traditional modernism. The rumpus, we think, will centre on the libretto, which is the work of the composer.

Librettist Krenek's hero is Jonny, a colored jazz king. Jonny is a purely fantastic figure, although some of our solemn confrères may be tempted to accept him either as a realistic presentation of his race or as the embodiment of a new era. Krenek himself tries to sell this last notion in his finale, but there is no reason for buying it merely because the librettist adds it as a sort of philosophic epilogue to his opera. Krenek's Jonny is a European concept only and has no relation to such valuable entertainers as Fletcher Henderson. There is a definitely false note struck (apart from harmonies which sound that way) when Jonny indulges himself



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in a near-spiritual, vaguely reminiscent of "Deep River," or goes Mammy in a bit which includes:

"Ich werde Alabama wieder-schauen

Und meinen lieber Swanee River nie mehr verlassen."

Does Krenek quote "Swanee River" here? Yes, ma'am!

Jonny, a scheming amorist, is plausible enough as an individual, except when Krenek gets beyond his depth. Anybody who takes Jonny as a type is just a trifle simple-minded, but if some of the lines, beginning at the bottom of page 40 in the piano score (don't rush out to buy one on that account!) are not modified, there will be plenty of controversy.

The story is effective theatrical stuff involving a singer, Anita, and three men who want her—a composer, a violinist, and Jonny. Jonny steals the violinist's instrument to avenge himself for a bit of unethical work. The rest is good melodrama which resolves itself with Jonny sitting, literally, on top of the world, doing his stuff on the stolen fiddle. For all of its pretentiousness, the libretto is bound to be a good show and unlike anything that the Metropolitan has produced. The music cannot be judged fairly until it has been heard in its orchestral version. However, the jazz—which is spread throughout the piece—lacks authenticity. Krenek does not seem to feel at home in this idiom.

Whatever the shortcomings of "Jonny Spielt Auf"—and this sketch does not pretend to exhibit them exhaustively—the opera is live stuff, and we don't think that Signor Gatti will have much occasion to regret its inclusion in his repertoire.

WHEN Mr. Toscanini performed the Second Symphony of Brahms, there were complaints that he had "Italianized" the work—complaints that were answered ably by Mr. Chotzinoff with the comment that if Mr. Toscanini's treatment was "Italian," then Brahms was "Italian" when he composed the Symphony. Similarly, when Mr. Serafin made his debut as a Wagnerian conductor in a brilliant performance of "Siegfried" at the Metropolitan, some of the critics who do not write demurred against what they considered an excessive lyricism which was attributed to the fact that Mr. Serafin is Italian.

It seems to us that the nationality of the two conductors is not the determining factor in their work. Both



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are relentless seekers after the *melos* of a composition—and for a fine discussion of *melos* we refer you to a recent Saturday article by Mr. Henderson, who clarified in a column the whole problem of the melodic line. Dr. Muck, whom no one ever has thought of calling Italian, operates on the same principle. We are fortunate in having with us two conductors who are spectacularly successful in the exploitation of the *melos*—and they happen to be Italians. And yet there have been many Italian conductors who have been quite as dry as if they had been born in . . . take your choice!

THE obvious furore of Mr. Horowitz is attributable not so much to his technical genius and his vitality as to his piano playing. This sounds silly, perhaps, but we think that much of Mr. Horowitz's way with an audience lies in his handling of the piano as a piano rather than as an imperfectly condensed orchestra or as a medium for abstract intellectualities. He plays wrong notes and he does curious things with the pedals, but the result almost invariably is piano music. He has helped to restore to the piano its own quality, and the response has been startling.

It also is a pleasure to welcome back Mr. Orloff, who, like Mr. Horowitz, is a piano pianist, as the inventor of art artists might have said. Mr. Orloff works in a smaller scale than Mr. Horowitz, and he is more precise about his passages, but he also permits the piano to speak for itself.

OVER in Brooklyn, they are having a season of opera in English at the Brooklyn Little Theatre. The performance of "The Elixir of Love" that we heard was not an especially expert job except in the handsome settings of Rudulf Brooks, but the company manages its text well and the stage direction is at least competent.

The version of the Donizetti opera was made by the late H. O. Osgood, who converted the recitative into clear and amusing dialogue. This sensible simplification made life easier for the singers, for the alert Mr. Reddick, who conducts a none too brilliant orchestra, and for the audience.

The Little Theatre Opera Company is starting modestly, but it shows every evidence of intelligent management—for which Kendall K. Mussey is to be credited—and it is an institu-

tion which may develop within a few years into a worthwhile opera intime.

—R. A. S.

CONCERT MUSIC RECORDS

*Fresh From Bayreuth—  
Consider the Odeon—  
Tschaikowsky Again—  
Smaller Units*



COLUMBIA Masterworks Set No. 79, containing eleven recordings made in the Wagner Theatre, at Bayreuth, is the album for which hungry Wagnerians have been waiting.

The twenty-two sides offer the Transformation, Grail, and Flower Maidens scenes from "Parsifal," conducted by Dr. Karl Muck; the third-act Prelude and the Good Friday music from the same opera, led by Siegfried Wagner; three Siegfried excerpts, directed by Franz von Hoesslin; the entry of the Gods into Valhalla from "Rheingold" and the Valkyrie Ride, also conducted by Herr von Hoesslin. The vocal contributions are by the Bayreuth chorus, Alexander Kipnis, a splendid baritone who is familiar to most opera-goers here, and Fritz Wolff, a German tenor who is a German tenor.

The recording, except for an occasional veiling, is first rate. Dr. Muck's records are the most stirring, but all have merit. Here is a highly recommended investment in Wagner preferred.

Tschaikowskians will be pleased to hear that the E minor Symphony is now ready on six records, by Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Stock offers a sane version which still is stimulating. Victor is the sponsor of this set.

Victor also does its bit for Wagner with two choral excerpts from "Meistersinger," by the State Opera Chorus and Orchestra of Berlin. This record is so good that it just means another \$1.50 out of the Wagnerian's income.

But the Wagnerian isn't through spending! Odeon is now ready with flocks of Wagner, and all of the new Odeon records are worth hearing. The whole bridal duet from "Lohengrin" is available on three records. Emmy Bettendorf is the soprano, and the tenor is Lauritz Melchior, late of the Metropolitan, whose singing here is

surprisingly easy. There also is the "Meistersinger" Quintet, with Michael Bohnen as Sachs, thrown in for good measure.

Single discs from the month's output include:

SONG OF THE FLEA and LA CALUNNIA (Barber of Seville)—Feodor Chaliapin. Just a natural. (Victor)

MOLLY ON THE SHORE and CRADLE SONG—Percy Grainger. The pianist records brightly his transcriptions of a reel and a Brahms air. (Columbia)

DER ROSENKAVALIER — Eduard Moerike and the State Opera House Orchestra, Berlin. The waltz themes, well put together, and intoned vivaciously. (Odeon)

FLEDERMAUS OVERTURE — Dajos Bela and his Orchestra. A dazzling effort, with rather an unusual treatment of the waltz motives. (Odeon)

—R. A. S.

LADY LOOKING OVER CALENDAR DAYS

Chrysostom and Bonavent—  
These gentlemen I'd scarce lament  
Nor Blasius and Theobald.  
—I might, perhaps, discreet Oswald.  
Philibert sounds rather mild,  
Dionysius almost wild.  
But here's a name at last for me,  
Who heretofore was fancy-free.  
What day, think you, would be propitious

To meet the pale and pure Sulpitius?  
—LESLIE G. SHAW

A FEW GENERAL FACTS ABOUT RIDGEWAY, MISSOURI: 3 cafes. 1 hatchery. 2 dentists. 1 elevator. 4 physicians. 1 undertaker. 1 chiropractor. 2 veterinarians. 1 beauty parlor. 5 cream stations. 2 national banks. 2 freight trains daily. 1 exclusive gents store. 4 passenger trains daily. 1 roller skating rink, one of the best in the state. The most accommodating station agent on the Burlington lines. 2 churches, Christian and Methodist, both of which have large congregations. An auctioneer who "knows his mules" and besides being a whale of a good fellow, is an honest to goodness booster. 2 carpet weavers. An old-fashioned music orchestra. Ridgeway has lodges that are active—Masonic, Woodman, and Odd-fellow lodges, and is home to nearly half a hundred of live wide-awake American Legion members, all belonging to the Opdyke Post, No. 244, of Missouri.—Circular advertising Ridgeway, Mo.

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## THE ART GALLERIES

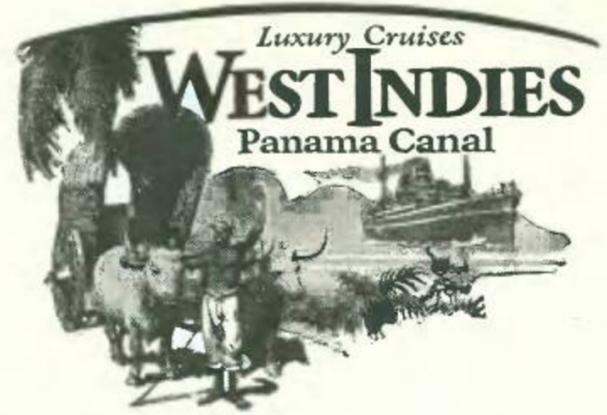
*A Public Art Museum  
Turns to Art*



THE Metropolitan Museum unbends for a month and squanders some of its acres, usually devoted to mummies, in a showing of the masterpieces of Spanish art. Just why it feels, now and then, an urge to enter this strange field of endeavor we do not know. We imagine that some of the picture dealers must feel a little jealous to see their province overrun by so rich an establishment that can put pictures so handsomely before the public. We beseech them to be patient, however—the big museum wants to do this only once a year. Soon the dissemination of aesthetics through showing beautiful paintings free will drift back to the commercial dealers, and the museum will return to its dodos.

"From El Greco to Goya" is the title of this year's annual show. We would like to substitute "and" for the "to" in the title but, aside from that, we found complete satisfaction in the masterly collating and intelligent handling of the exhibit. There are sixty-seven numbers in the show, representing the best of private collections and museums in America. As it is no easy matter to beg and borrow so many millions of dollars' worth of oil paintings from a materialistic country, we urge you to grab your opportunity and see the show. We even found great delight in the catalogue and the sane, judicious foreword, a custom not always followed in the sacred Metropolitan.

Putting aside for the moment (as if we could) our small-boy delight in seeing so many persons gasping and enjoying the ultra-modern El Greco because he was ticketed and presented as a safe and sane classic, we found a more substantial thrill in the founder of the Spanish tradition than in any show for months. Here are paintings that the student can visit every day of the exhibit for many hours at a time and learn more than he could in a lifetime of academies. Fortunately the museum has hung "The Repentant Pe-



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ter" very near Murillo's "The Immaculate Conception, with a Mirror." If you look at the two drapes, the cloak over Peter's shoulder and the robe that adorns the Madonna, and get their lesson, you might well be excused from classes for a month. To us, these two contrasting pictures are the Alpha and Omega of the age-old fight of the mere journeyman painter and the artist of soul.

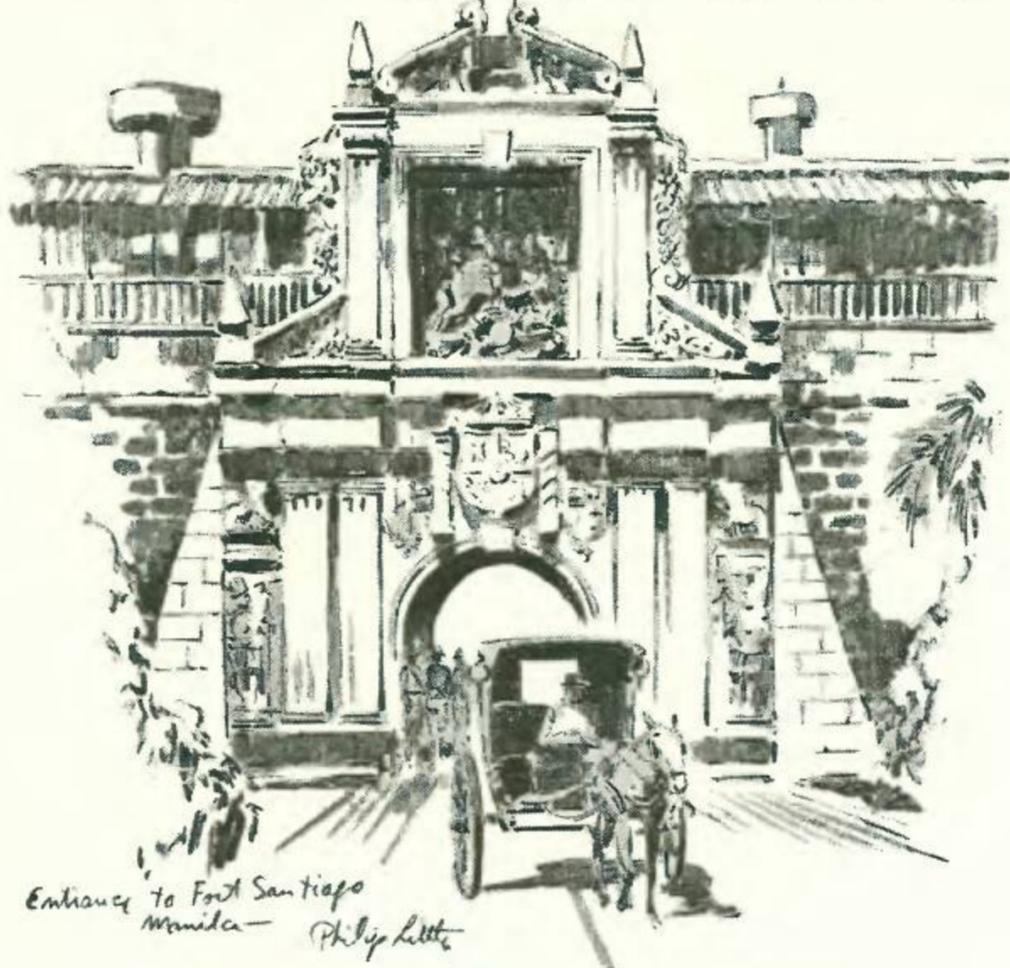
In all the El Greco things we were immersed in the study of his perfect realization of the spaces of a picture. No one else seems to have had that innate sense of design coupled with that perfect sensitivity to values. We imagine that a delicate machine could locate the highest value in an El Greco as the true focal point and, radiating from that, the ever-diminishing tones of the composition.

As for Goya, he is a little too near the actual bridge over which Delacroix and Manet crossed not to be suspect. Even the Metropolitan can afford to be snooty about him. They sneak him on the tail-end of their sacred kite with a note of apology. Here too the student, after his bow of reverence to the gentlemen that came between the one who began and the one who ended Spanish art, can find enough for a life-time emulation. In the six panels of "The Capture of the Brigand by the Monk" (less than twelve by sixteen inches) is about all that we have learned about painting. One of our country's best artists was overheard to say that he would rather have the "Binding of the Brigand" than the remainder of the Spanish show. And we felt that we would like to have come to that discovery first. The cats and the magpie in the Don Manuel portrait are also a day's work. If we can ask the question, however, we would like to know who painted the "Portrait of a Lady," attributed to Goya. Not our Mr. Goya, we will take oath.

The show, as we so often have to say of such collected enterprises, may never pass your way again. Thirty-eight individuals and museums have opened their generous hearts for this gathering. It runs until the first of April.

THE fifth Opportunity Gallery has come up for air. We hear reports of actual sales. By such brave efforts the cause of the unknown painter is advanced. In the current knock of the lady who raps but once, we would even buy the "Providence

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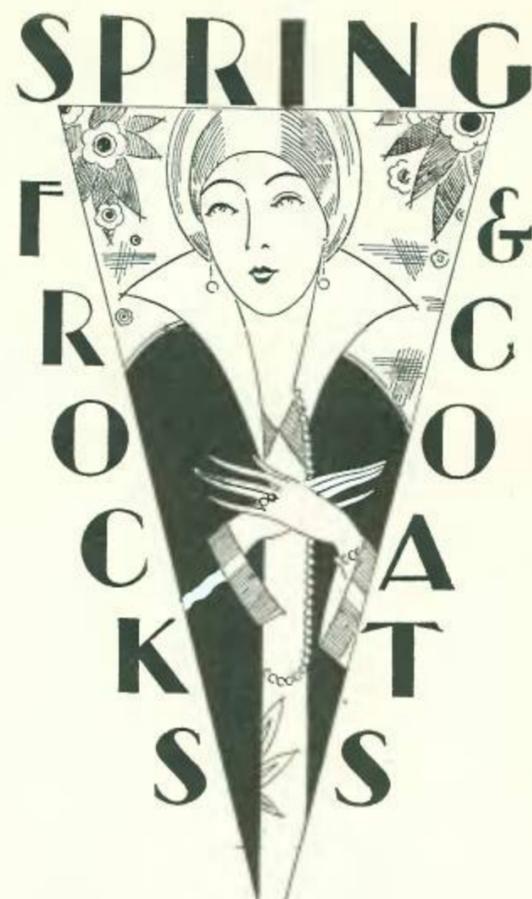
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Harbor" of Mazie White, except that she is way above our ante. The show has been selected by Henri and of course runs toward the sane expression of sane things. But it is not all Henri, as a Luks show is all Lux. Gregorio Prestopino seems to have found escape in his Maine landscapes. Leslie Powell in his window group, and Francis J. Costa in his life, show some merit.

THE generations of boys who were forced by Puritan *mores* to resort to the expedient of writing with chalk on the back of the schoolhouse wood shed, and later to the reading of "Contes Drolatiques," have come into their own. For now a brave publisher of all sorts of things has brought out an illustrated edition, and a brave picture dealer has been found who will give them display. The drawings for the forthcoming volume of Balzac, done by Ralph Barton, can now be seen at Kraushaar's. If you don't happen to get into the show, we will report that it is the gentlemen who prefer blondes, all dressed up for the Beaux Arts Ball, and little Lorelei and her girl friend Dorothy without any clothes on at all. Or if they do have clothes, they are pulled up to some naughty angle by the wind. As the absolutely perfect embodiment of what a publisher wants for his Balzac to make it sell, we would say that the pictures are successful. We might add that they might err on the side of successful pictorialization of bawdy whimsy. We know our Freud well enough to guess that the publishers may well beware of overtraining their readers. To read the word is to imagine, to see the graphic representation is to eliminate one of the processes that makes our little reveries what they are today.

WILDENSTEIN has an interim show of drawings from the French. They are all classics, starting with the Picassos and then working back through the delightful Guys, Renoir and Cézanne to Oudry and Greuze. We were glad to see some Hubert Robert, new to us, a Prud'hon and some Louis Moreau. It is an exhibition for the experts and those who know their stuff.

GANSO is one whose career we have followed with some interest. Time being an arbitrary thing, it is not so easy for an artist to mark off his phases by the simple expedient of a yearly show. We would say that



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Ganso has gone ahead further in the past twelvemonth than in the preceding three years. We would think that it might even startle Mr. Ganso to compare the still life of burning zinnias of this year's vintage with the set piece of apples and jug of a year ago. His memory of having done the two canvases is the only link. The new Ganso, then, we find a deal more rich and a great deal deeper. The fact that he has trained so well with Pascin does not bother us so much. For we feel that he has taken what he wanted from Pascin and will now go on being Ganso again. His landscapes have more life and color and have been simplified in composition. In his graphic examples, Ganso is about where he was last year. Or we should rather say that he was pretty good then, and has managed to make his color catch up to his drawing and lithography. The exhibit is at Weyhe Galleries.

Sharing the same show is Alexander Calder, who makes wire sculpture, almost while you wait. Only geniuses should take art seriously. The others should have more fun with it. Mr. Calder points a moral to those who spend a life hewing stone and then have nothing more than a frog or water baby. Calder is a deep satirist and whether it is Cal Coolidge, a laughing policeman or a flat cat, he shows a human insight missing from ninety-nine per cent of the sculpture turned out today. If you liked Hidalgo, or Arno, or even Hogarth, we think you would like Calder.

SOME big shows will be yours when this appears. With drums, press agents, committees of society women and free sandwiches for newspapers, Lord & Taylor will follow the long line of department stores which have devoted space to the modern French art. . . . The Associated Dealers of America bring out their wares to show their strength. Last year's show was noteworthy for one artist in a group of several hundred painters—Ryder. . . . Those who like John Sargent can find his drawings at the Grand Central Galleries. . . . William Zorach will have his sculpture on at Kraushaar's. . . . Early American miniatures will be shown at the Nevard Galleries. . . . Warren Davis etchings and drawings can be found at Harlow, McDonald. . . . A small intimate show of the Société Anonyme is on at the Arts Council room. The artists are distinguished but the rooms are not always open, so better phone



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first. . . Alfred Stieglitz brings on twenty-eight new paintings by Oscar Bluemner. . . The G.R.D. Gallery, at 58 West Fifty-fifth Street, is a new addition to our art life. It is in memory of Gladys R. Dick, who was one of the best of the younger women painters. The first show will be of Besson, Donnelly, Lewis, and Picken. . . Elizabeth Curtis is having a show at the Durand-Ruel Galleries. . . Henry S. Eddy and George H. Clements are having exhibitions at Babcock's. —M. P.

## PORTRAITS ON THUMBNAILS

### I—*Cross-town Bus Driver*

Enthroned behind plate-glass and regally

Mounted upon a dais of solid leather,  
Paying small heed to gods or passersby,

He muses on the changes of the weather.

Cynical, little giv'n to idle gossip,  
He nods but never answers when addressed.

The crowds affect him not, nor graceful ladies;

He guides his kingdom east and guides it west.

### II—*Lady Into Saks*

She steps from running board to curb  
On polished patent-leather toes,  
Adjusts her wrap with flawless pride,  
With flawless grace assumes a pose;  
Nods to her chauffeur to remain,  
Surveys the Avenue, uncertain,  
And then with matchless, crystal scorn  
Enters the gilded portal. . . . Curtain.

### III—*Afternoon in a Mansion*

Four lackeys and a Belgian maid  
Attempt to calm the heir apparent  
Who wants another macaroon.  
And they would choke him, but they daren't.

The hostess rests. The week-end prince  
Pockets a trifling diamond bangle,  
Sniffs at the warm champagne and sets  
The Rembrandts at a proper angle.

—IRMA BRANDEIS

There were no occupants in the house, which burned to the ground without assistance from the fire department.—*Warren (Pa.) Tribune.*

Who apparently were letting well enough alone.



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## BOXING

*Ace of the Ring —  
Champion Frog-face —  
Training at Stillman's*



TRAINING for their fight last week, Sergeant Sammy Baker and Ace Hudkins worked out in the same ring at Stillman's gym on Eighth Avenue. The boys from the poolrooms who stand around in Stillman's in the afternoons had a good chance to compare them and the wise ones were picking Baker who looked good at five to nine. They had a recent memory of Hudkins in action in the Garden on that evening which the Ace spent trying to keep Lew Tendler from falling down after he had hit him—old Lew Tendler with a beer-belly, looking very little like the man who once matched speed with Benny Leonard.

I hadn't seen Baker since the night at the Yankee Stadium last spring when he scored a technical knockout over Hudkins. Quite a few fans thought the referee was making a mistake—that Hudkins, even with one eye closed and the other on the way, could have kept coming on the way he always does. Of course, he might have been able to, but he looked pretty sick. And there was another reason for stopping the fight—Hudkins had to be on his feet for a little ceremony which was to take place afterward.

It was one of those public presentations the appropriateness of which depends on the outcome of an event which, when the ceremony is planned, has not yet taken place. If the principals have guessed wrong the whole affair goes flooey. Hudkins' guess had been way out.

Ace Hudkins is not a shrinking violet. He is full of confidence and rhetoric, as perhaps all good battlers should be. He was sure that he would beat Baker, and to celebrate his prospective victory he thought some kind of public function was only appropriate. He invited Charles Lindbergh to come up and see him fight.

This was just after Lindbergh had gotten back from Paris. If Hudkins had invited King George of England to come up and see him fight no one would have been nearly as interested.

Hudkins and Lindbergh are friends. Anyway, that was the story that got out. Hudkins comes from Nebraska

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and it was said that there he went to school with Lindbergh.

The night was warm and full of mist. Under the pour of light in the middle of the ball field the little roped square with the mist over it looked like a block of white stone in which the figures of the fighters and referee had been carved by a sculptor and somehow set in motion. Hudkins kept rushing Baker in his usual style while the Sergeant backed away and countered with a hard jab and a straight right that shook Ace Hudkins to his heels. Hudkins' eye had already closed when Lindbergh in a tuxedo with Mayor Walker and a cordon of cops came through the east gate and started toward the ring.

I mention the fact that the Mayor was in the party as a way of saying that it was late. That was what made the trouble. If Lindbergh had paid his tribute to Hudkins before the fight everything might have been all right. As it was he had to get in the ring when it was over and give Hudkins his present—a pair of nice new boxing gloves with a card inscribed: "From the Ace of the Air to the Ace of the Ring."

Hudkins, groggy with his blue eye and puffed face, must have wished that Joe Humphries hadn't yelled this presentation quite so loud. But a little while later on the Pacific Coast he revenged himself by getting a decision over the Sergeant.

"Two great club fighters," the posters said announcing the Hudkins-Baker argument. That is an understatement. Either man might be welterweight champion if Joe Dundee would work.

**N**OW that Tony Canzoneri has a title let us hope he won't follow the example of Dundee or Mickey Walker in ducking the logical contenders in his class. Not that there is much danger of that. Canzoneri has always been ready to meet all comers. In the last three months he has fought oftener and developed faster than any fighter in any class.

It was only two years ago that Goldman, Canzoneri's manager, matched his man to meet Bushy Graham in the Commonwealth Sporting Club in Harlem. Jess McMahon, who now makes the Garden matches, was running the Harlem club then. He liked Canzoneri right away. The Harlem crowd liked him too, and nicknamed him "frog-face."

Before that they say Canzoneri

had been shining shoes in an office building in New Orleans. One of the New Orleans sports who came to him for shines was Pete Herman, then bantam champ. When Herman heard that Canzoneri wanted to fight he sent him to Goldman, his own manager, who brought him to New York.

Tony Canzoneri came on fast. He drew well and got all the matches he could handle. Since he was under twenty-one his bouts were limited by law to six rounds but that was all the time he needed to beat Georgie Mack, Young Montreal, Archie Bell, Sammy Nabel, and Jacinto Valdez.

Women seem to like featherweight fights. There were a lot of them in the Garden when Canzoneri won Benny Bass' title. They all stood up and screamed, drowning the voice of Scoodles Rheinfeld in Bass' corner yelling, "Six—seven—eight" when Canzoneri dropped the champion for a count.

That fall in the third round broke Bass' collar-bone. Through the next twelve rounds he didn't know he had a right arm except when he was looking at it; it was numb to the forearm, yet this right, always balanced for a knockout, was what kept Canzoneri away and evened up the later rounds till the decision might have gone to either man. Canzoneri is a great fighter but the next time they meet I'm going to get two dollars down on Bass. Don't bet on fights.

Like Baker and Hudkins, Canzoneri trains at Stillman's. If you've never seen it this place is worth a visit. It is a big wooden loft made into two floors—upstairs, a room fitted with light and heavy bags and space for rope-skipping and shadow-boxing; downstairs, two rings and a row of benches. Behind each ring is a mirror which enables the spectators to see from every angle what is going on. As you look from the rings to the figures flickering and stabbing in the mirrors you have a sense of watching a fight and the movie of a fight at the same time. You get both for a quarter. It would be worth that just to find how good the air tastes when you get out on Eighth Avenue. —N. B., JR.

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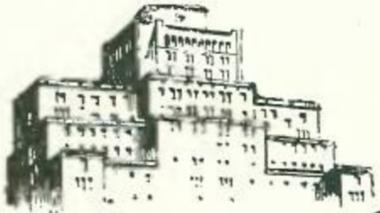
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THE amiable Mr. Douglas Goldring has a most decided flair for passionate diatribes against certain groups which have annoyed him. His talent for describing with angry accuracy and commendable vividness the foibles

of London's literary sets has been exercised in turn on Chelsea, Bloomsbury and Hampstead. "Nobody Knows" was bitter about studios and Chelsea, while "Façade," his latest, starts with a party in Hampstead and takes in a hectic Michael Arlen turn in Mayfair with all its attendant cocktails and moonlight swimming parties described with loathing instead of love. Mr. Goldring, I repeat, can make these gatherings painfully real. The interminable talk, drink, smoke and silliness seem as tiring and disintegrating to the reader as to himself.

But I cannot understand how his sense of consistency can square his fanatical and crusading horror of a bunch of inebriates and degenerates in London with a cooing tenderness for exactly the same kind of group in Paris, the same kind of group and in many cases the same individuals who, a few chapters back, we have been told are lepers in the sight of any decent South Englishman. Mr. Goldring must spend a great deal of his time in the Bohemian racket he finds disfigures London; one wonders why, since he hates it all so much, he cannot tear himself away to the seclusion of Minorca or Majorca permanently.

"Façade" is the story of a poet of genius, who has forced himself into novel and playwriting to support his young and frivolous wife, obliged to play "ghost" for a glib journalist dramatist because he has not the necessary assurance or appearance to put his own stuff across successfully. The slick and shallow dramatist swipes his play, his fame and his adored young wife. Rex, the hero who lacks what Mr. Goldring calls "Façade," disappears from London and is finally killed, after writing poems which are a guarantee of post-

humous honors. We leave the puppets of this tragi-comedy dancing from Mr. Goldring's intentionally ironic fingers in their appointed places. Rex, now dead, is deified and hung with laurels even by formerly distrustful Philistines,

his widow has married her lover, the dramatist, and together they are joining hands to build a monument to the fame of the man they tricked out of life.

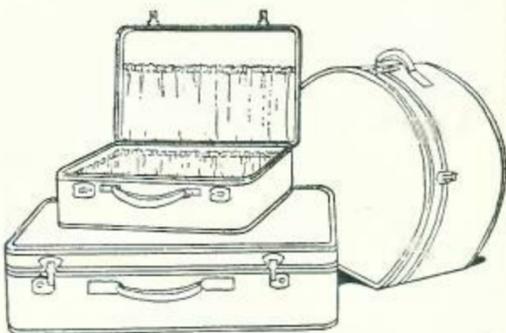
It would have been a grand book if some restrained and powerful writer had inserted each sling and arrow into the St. Sebastian hero, without pushing them in with Mr. Goldring's violence. Had the story been handled with Leonard Merrick's sentimental cynicism, "Façade" would be a pleasant tale of life's irony, but Mr. Goldring's regrettable passion for preaching destroys many of his points by over-emphasis. From Socratic dialogues, from the hero's soliloquies and from little asides to the reader we learn all of the author's prejudices. Most violently he dislikes America and the Americans. Like the highbrow parties he excoriates, they seem to be familiar annoyances. Again, I wonder why, since Mr. Goldring hates us so, he should continue to see us.

To those few readers who like to collect anti-American slurs by English authors much given to lecturing, visiting and gathering royalties in these United States, I commend the first mild salvo on page 55, contrasting the fine comradeship between English men and women with the American attitude to women which our English author condemns as "completely character rotting." The two prime character rotters he claims are the filling of hot water bottles and the making of tea for ailing wives. There is something pretty disgusting to Mr. Goldring in these cherishing attentions.

The "filthy promiscuity" of American women, the "profound insult and injury the romantic gallantry of American men really was," the little quips and inaccurate attempts at cap-



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turing the American vernacular are a few rounds of ammunition which lead up to the roar of anti-American cannon that thunders from pages 133 to 136. He sums up everything with the simple comprehensive statement (placed in italics lest you should miss it) that there is no American code of honor. Other nations have different codes, yes; the Americans, none at all. I like the last cannon-ball, particularly: "As an Englishman . . . you have a subconscious distrust of America of which you are scarcely aware." From this sentence the reader passes on to "In regard to the War and the Peace, America has 'slipped one over on you,' it only entered the War to safeguard its investments, and having secured its loot with the minimum amount of bloodshed, has proceeded to extract its pound of flesh from its gallant Allies, whilst administering schoolmasterish admonitions to them about the advantages of good behavior." Now that's not so bad for a subconscious distrust of which a fellow is scarcely aware. If that's the way he feels subconsciously, isn't it lucky Mr. Goldring has just left our shores before full realization smote him? There's lots more in "Façade" against and anent us but these bits will do for my own collection of anti-Americana.

POST-WAR German literature is just a little confusing to this simple mind. There is something about it, something awfully good, but I can't quite catch it. I need a Morleyphone or a small ear-trumpet or a new pair of spectacles. All the way through "Maria Capponi," by René Schickele, I floundered, feeling as if I were reading it in the original and missing at least half the words; it was like a Reinhardt production when one can't understand German. I can remember how "difficult" the first translations I read of Dostoevski and Turgenev seemed. Perhaps it was the first person singular which was distracting. I don't like "I" books very well. Even my woolly lack of appreciation faded, however, at the reading of the excellent last chapters which record the feelings of an Alsatian family—half French, half German in sympathy—when the French troops reentered the country. But the love affair of the children in Venice didn't get me at all, not at all. This isn't a book review, but a confession of failure. I have a sneaking suspicion that any real highbrow would like this bulky novel tremendously.

—N. H.

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## AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

### FICTION

Uppermost in our mind are:

- THE WAY THINGS ARE**, by E. M. Delafield (*Harper*). A leisurely novel about the English countryside. Always readable and often extremely funny.
- MRS. CRADDOCK**, by W. Somerset Maugham (*Doubleday, Doran*). A new and slightly revised edition of an early Maugham novel. Still remarkable for its freshness and vivid portrayal of human emotions.
- THE BONNEY FAMILY**, by Ruth Suckow (*Knopf*). A placid naturalistic novel about rural Iowa, in characteristic vein.
- TWO FORSYTE INTERLUDES**, by John Galsworthy (*Scribner*). Slight links in the Forsyte chain.
- THE BLESSING OF PAN**, by Lord Dunsany (*Putnam*). Eerie pipings from the hills prove irresistible to the ladies of Wolding. Dunsany's usual cake with a bit less frosting this time.

And we still recall with pleasure:

- THE LAST POST**, by Ford Madox Ford (*A. & C. Boni*). **NOVEMBER NIGHT**, by the anonymous author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out" (*Bobbs-Merrill*). **CITIES OF THE PLAIN**, by Marcel Proust; translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff (*A. & C. Boni*).

### THE CRIME WAVE

Mystery stories that mystify:

- THE MONK OF HAMBLETON**, by Armstrong Livingston (*Henkle*). A thoroughly unpopular man meets his Maker. We didn't guess the murderer. Recommended.
- THE OLD DARK HOUSE**, by J. B. Priestley (*Harper*). Storm-bound travellers in the Welsh mountains spend a hectic night in an ill-omened house. Recommended.
- TRAGEDY AT RAVENSTHORPE**, by J. J. Connington (*Little, Brown*). Robbery and murder in an English country house by a writer of mystery stories who knows how.
- SHOT ON THE DOWNS**, by Victor L. Whitechurch (*Duffield*). If we may generalize from this exciting story, Canon Whitechurch's congregation stays awake.
- THE PROFESSOR'S POISON**, by Neil Gordon (*Harcourt, Brace*). A rather dull story of the efforts of international crooks to steal the formula for a powerful new poison gas.
- THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO**, by Henry Kitchell Webster (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Read it for yourself. It's good.
- THE HORSEMAN OF DEATH**, by Anthony Wynne (*Lippincott*). This is not up to the author's other Dr. Hailey books. Confused and often absurd.
- MR. FORTUNE, PLEASE**, by H. C. Bailey (*Dutton*). Reggie Fortune is almost our favorite detective. Six first class short stories.
- TRACKS IN THE SNOW**, by Lord Charnwood (*Dial*). A good plot and good writing combined in this novel by the distinguished biographer of Lincoln.
- THE DEVIL OF PEI-LING**, by Herbert Asbury (*Macy-Masius*). Devil worship and a few murders provide ample shudders.

### GENERAL

Our immediate enthusiasms are:

- NEW YORK IS NOT AMERICA**, by Ford Madox Ford (*A. & C. Boni*). An English-

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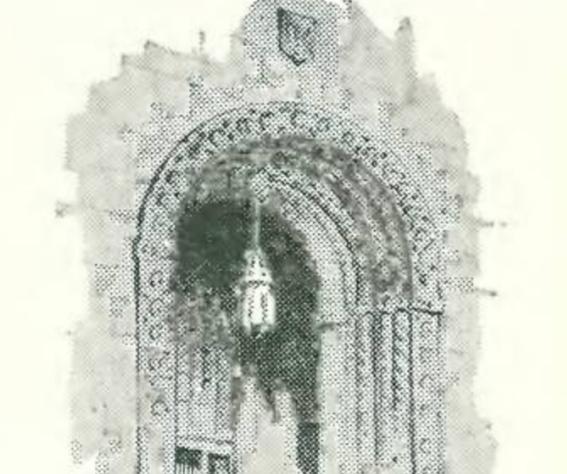
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man writes with a disarming urbanity about New York, which he likes, and about the rest of America, which he misunderstands.

DEFENCE OF THE WEST, by Henri Massis (*Harcourt, Brace*). European culture militantly and eloquently upheld against Spengler and the current intellectual invasion from the East.

PROPER STUDIES, by Aldous Huxley (*Doubleday, Doran*). Illuminating slants at some modern problems and idiosyncrasies in characteristic Huxley style.

THE GREAT AMERICAN BAND WAGON, by Charles Merz (*John Day*). The American state of mind reported with skill, and with a fairness and good humor that makes an unusually effective satire. Corking entertainment.

DISRAELI, by André Maurois (*Appleton*). Sympathetic biography that is never as brilliant as its hero.

OTHERS ABIDE, by Humbert Wolfe (*Doubleday, Doran*). Some rare jewels from the Greek Anthology reset in graceful English verse.

JULIE DE LESPINASSE, by the Marquis de Ségur (*Dutton*). Once again the Eighteenth Century, and a brilliant woman unlucky in love.

A MAN OF LEARNING, by Nelson Antrim Crawford (*Little, Brown*). A satirical portrait of a go-getter university executive.

ON A PARIS ROUNDABOUT, by Jan Gordon (*Dodd, Mead*). Amiable anecdote and incident culled in Parisian byways.

Less recent:

AUBREY BEARDSLEY: THE CLOWN, THE HARLEQUIN, THE PIERROT OF HIS AGE, by Haldane MacFall (*Simon & Schuster*). FLEMISH ART, by Roger Fry (*Brentano*). ROBESPIERRE'S RISE AND FALL, by G. Lenotre (*Doran*). OLIVES OF ENDLESS AGE, by Henry Noel Brailsford (*Harper*).

SUNLIGHT

The narrow street is awash with light;  
Window and doorway, glittering bright.

Snow in the gutter, cold as a star—  
Lord, what idiots you and I are!

CANDLELIGHT

I will remember this if I can,  
The candle, blown by your quick breath's fan,

Your eyes, dark with shadow or pain,  
And at my door, the sound of rain;  
The smell of your overcoat, rough and wet . . .

And did you kiss me? I forget.  
—ELSPETH

Henry Ehrman, N & W brakeman, is the proud father of a lively little baby girl which arrived at his Kendall Avenue home. Mrs. Ehrman is visiting relatives in Jeffersonville.—*Portsmouth (O.) Times*.

Seems as though in this case his pride is justified.

OVERLOOKING THE RIVER



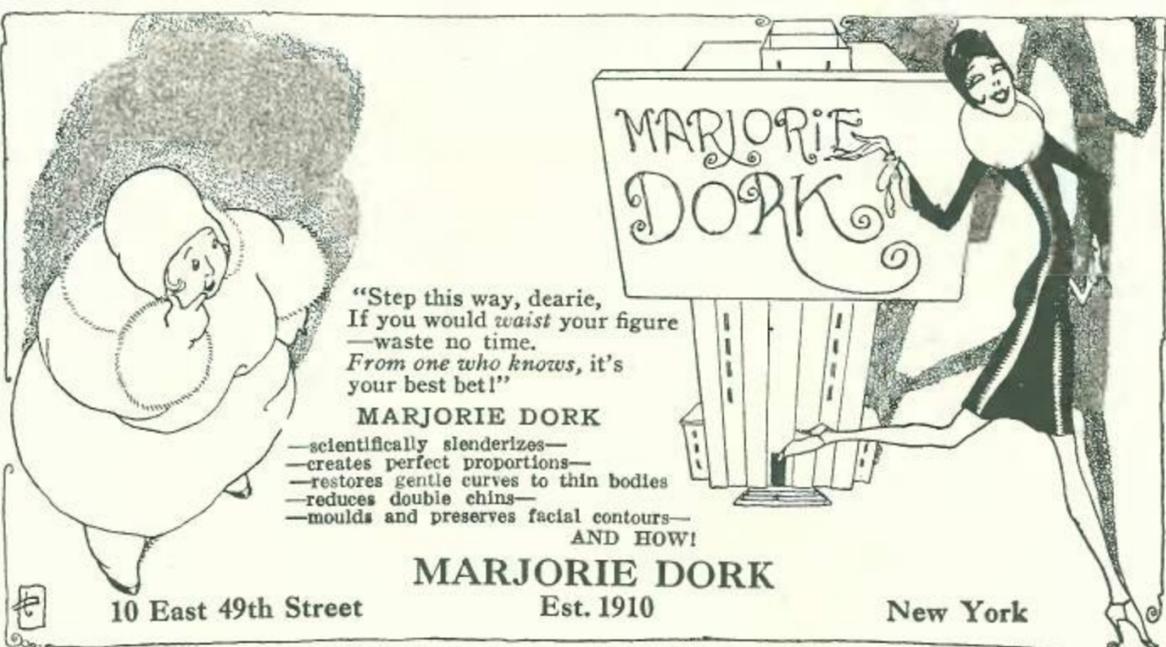
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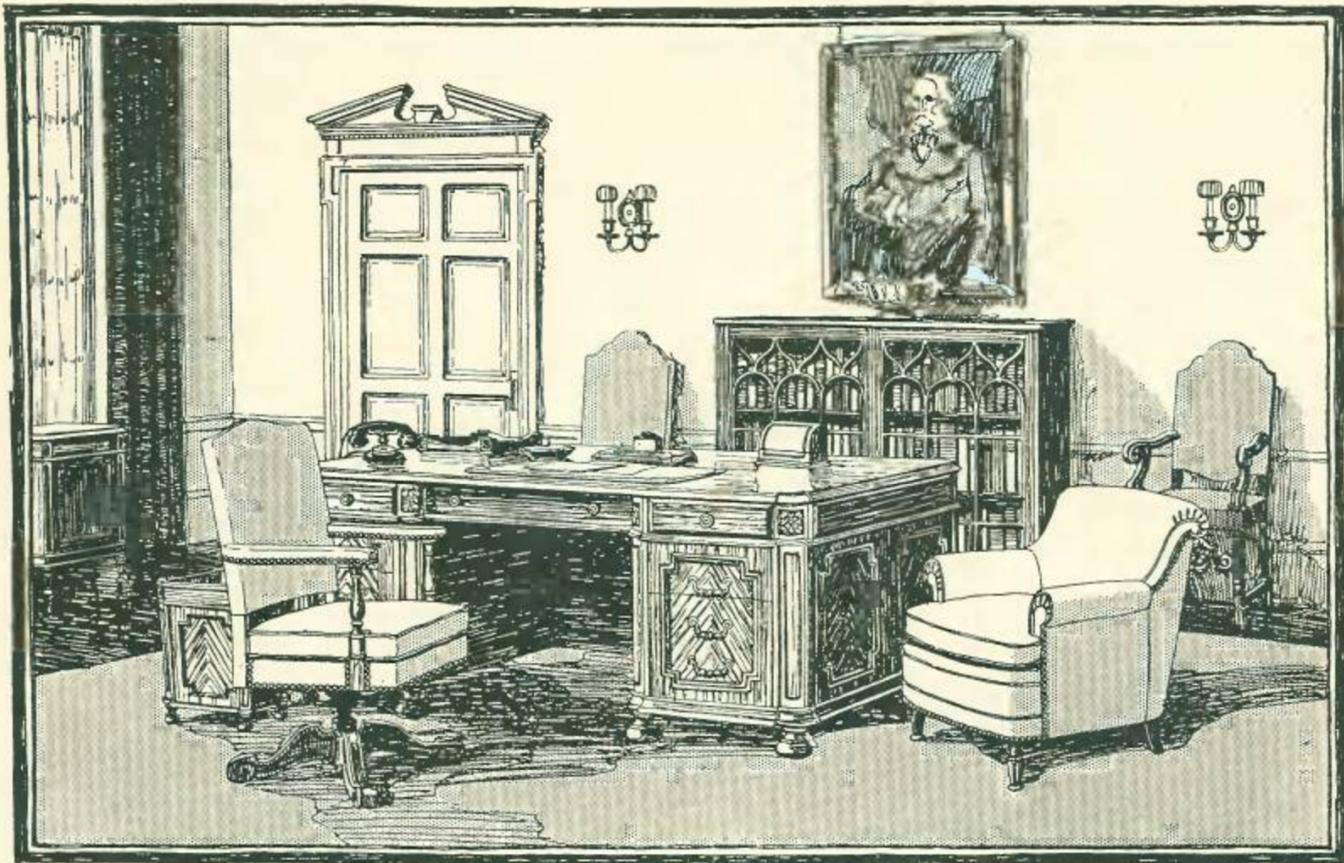
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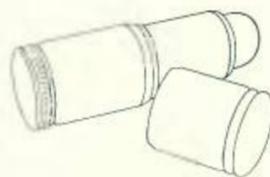
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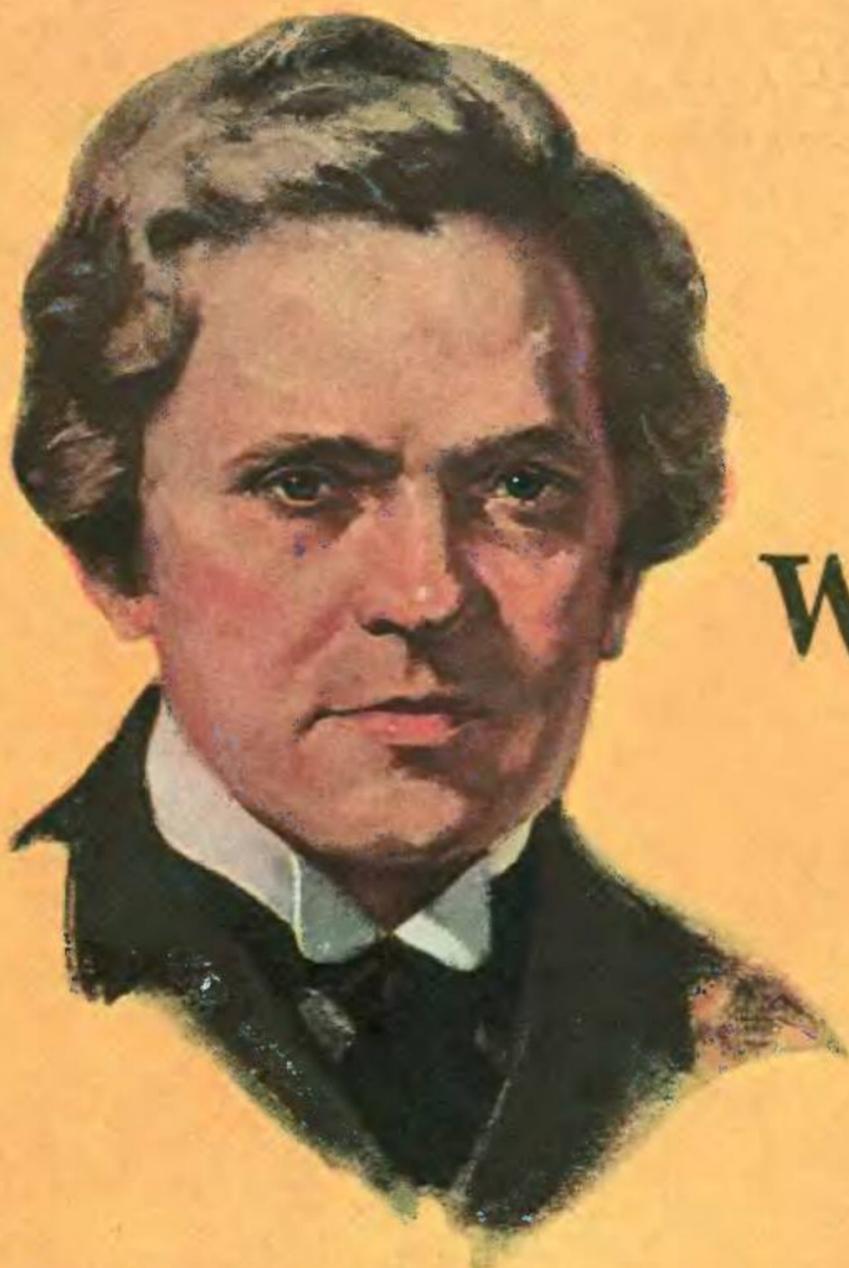


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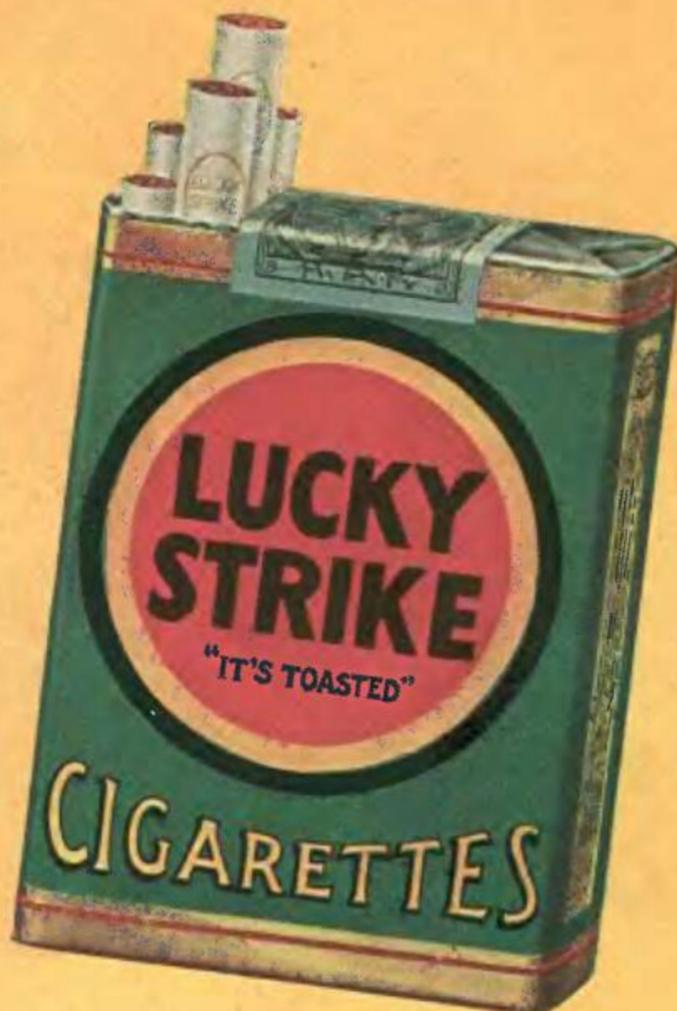
Franklin Simon  
 Stern Brothers  
 John Wanamaker



# DAVID WARFIELD

“Take care of  
your voice  
— *smoke*  
LUCKIES”

*David Warfield*



## “It's toasted”

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.