

Nov. 3, 1928

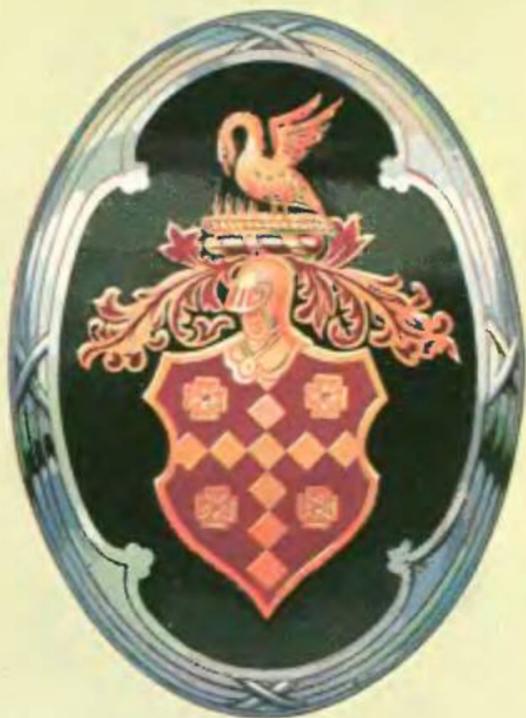
THE

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NEW YORKER



P A C K A R D



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So, in the language of Ancient Heraldry is described the Coat of Arms and Crest of the old English Packard family, first transplanted to the new world by Samuel of that name in the year 1638 via the good ship Diligent from Windham.

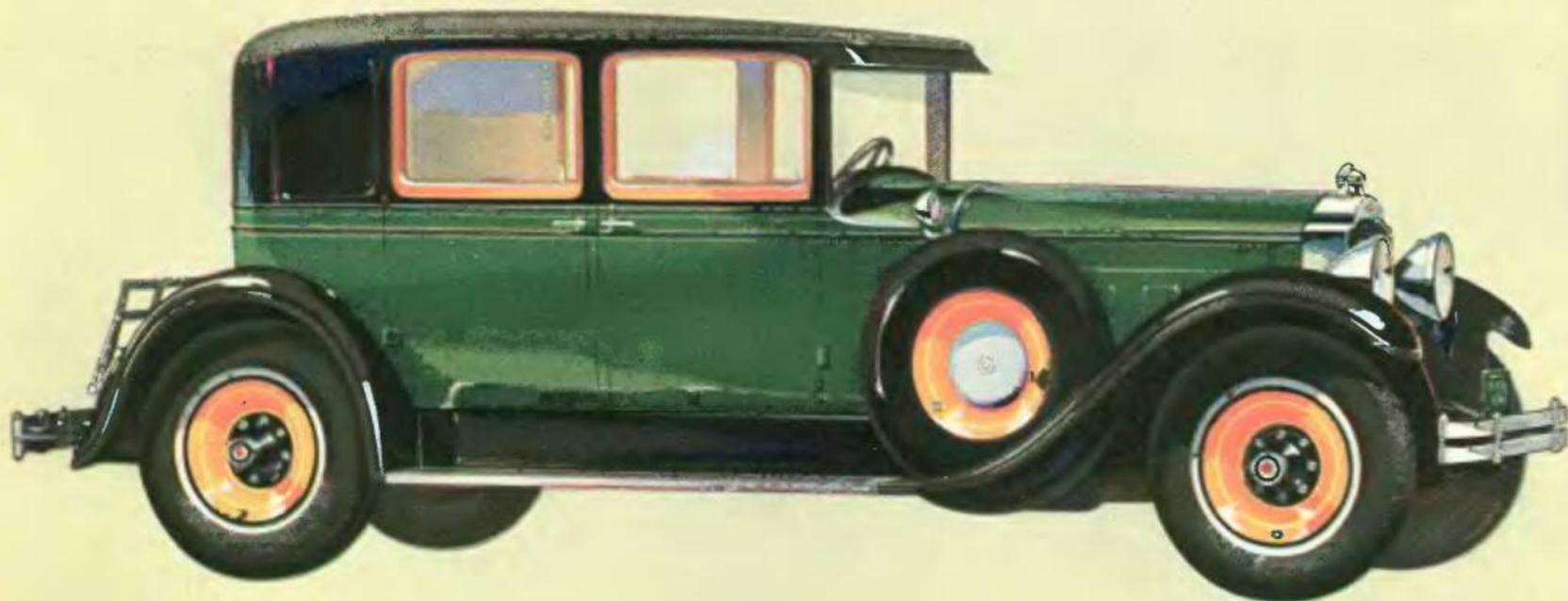
It was to be 290 years before that device was shown and known to fame in America—adopted with pride and as a mark of respect to James Ward Packard, and his brother and co-worker William, by the great company which they founded and lived to see win world leadership in the manufacture of fine cars.

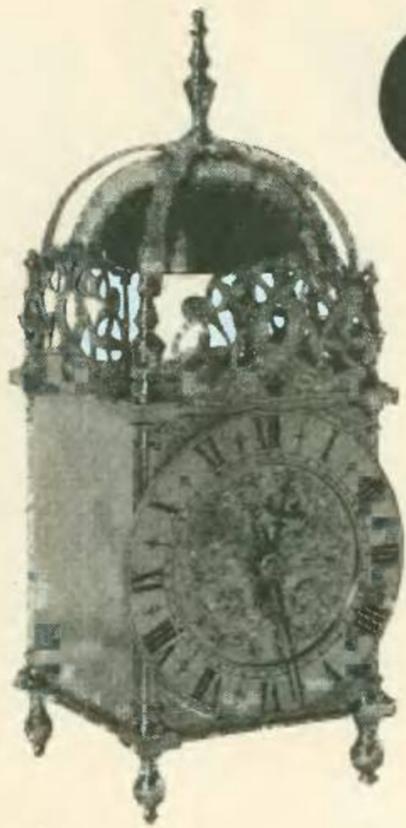
For it was not in the Packard code to adopt a crest without meaning or significance, and the Packards were not the men to press their personalities or family in the public eye. So for thirty years the characteristic Packard radiator has neither borne nor needed a distinguishing symbol.

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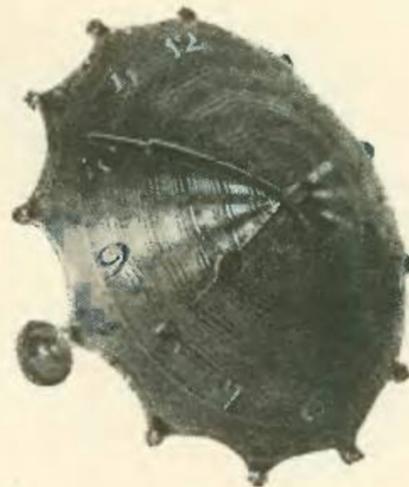
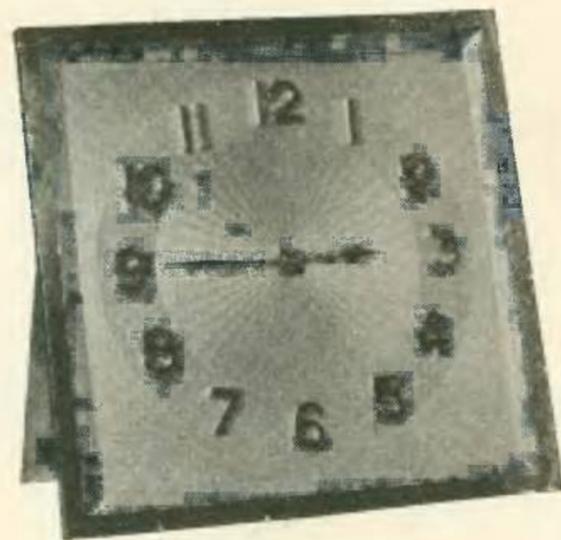




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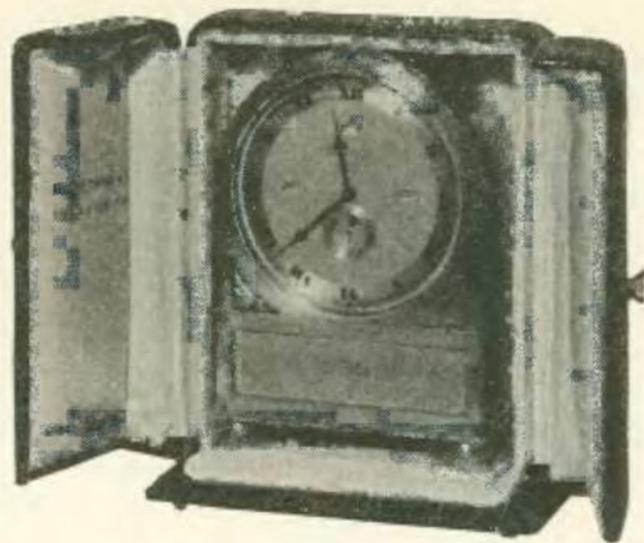


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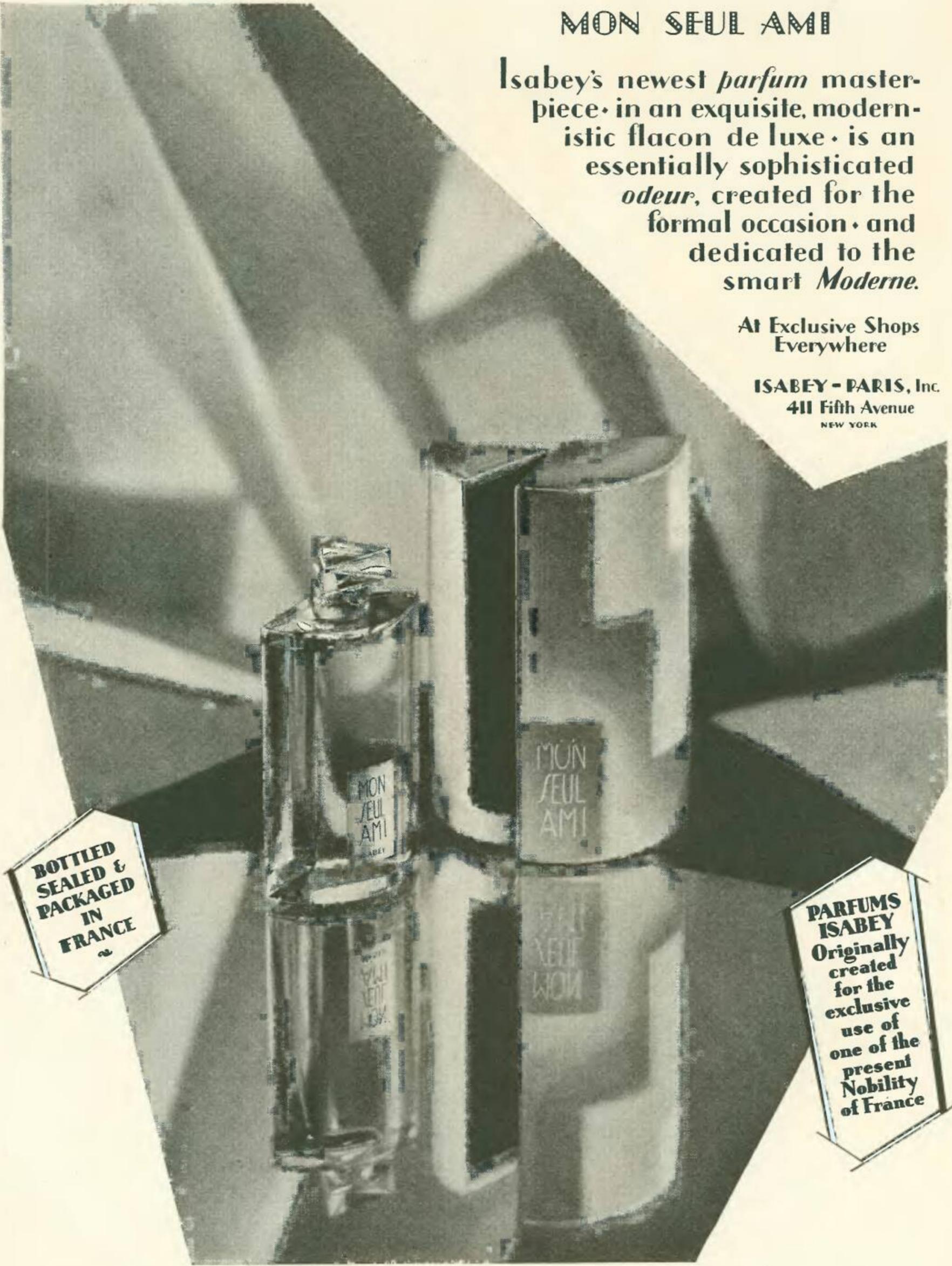
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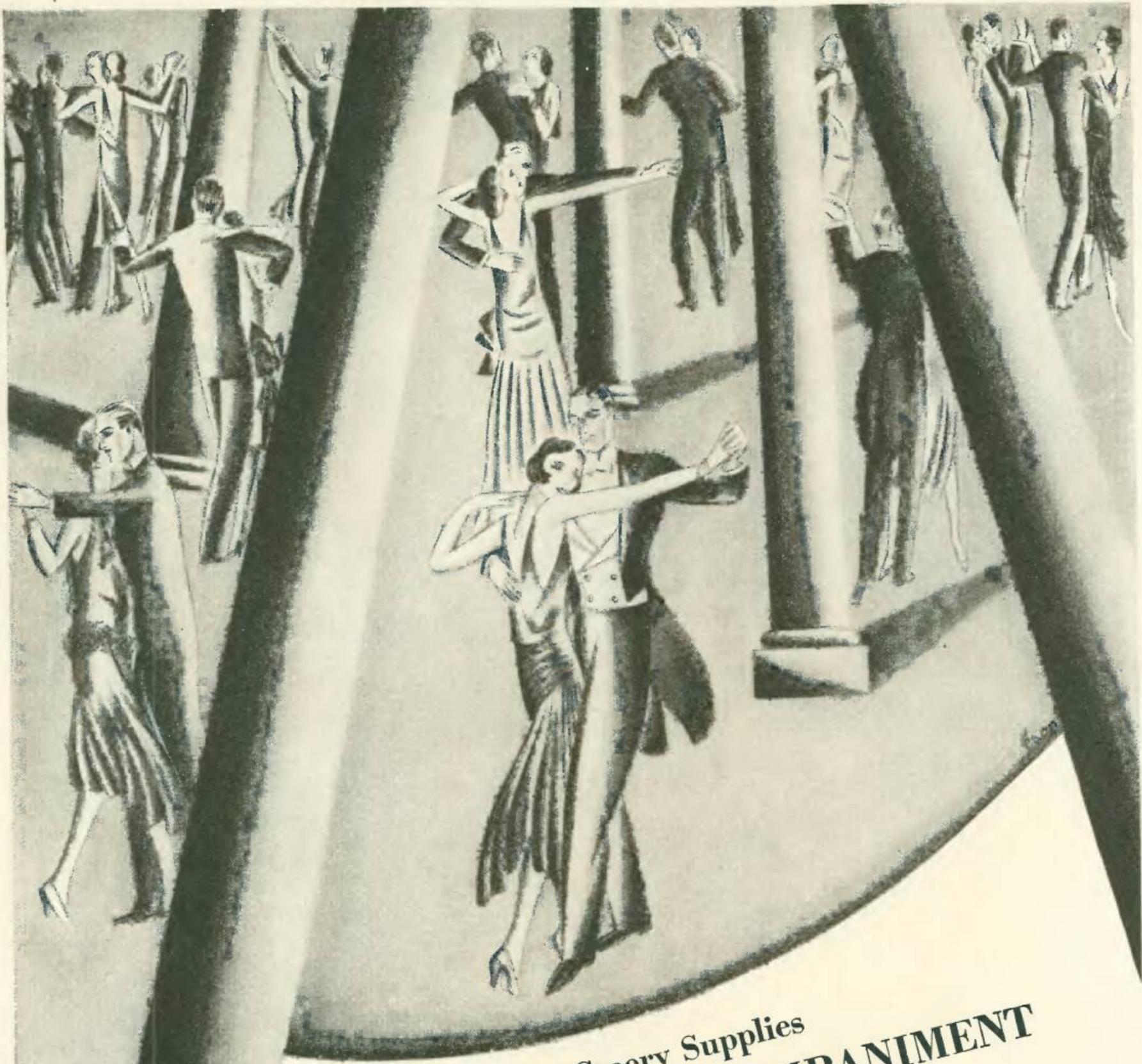
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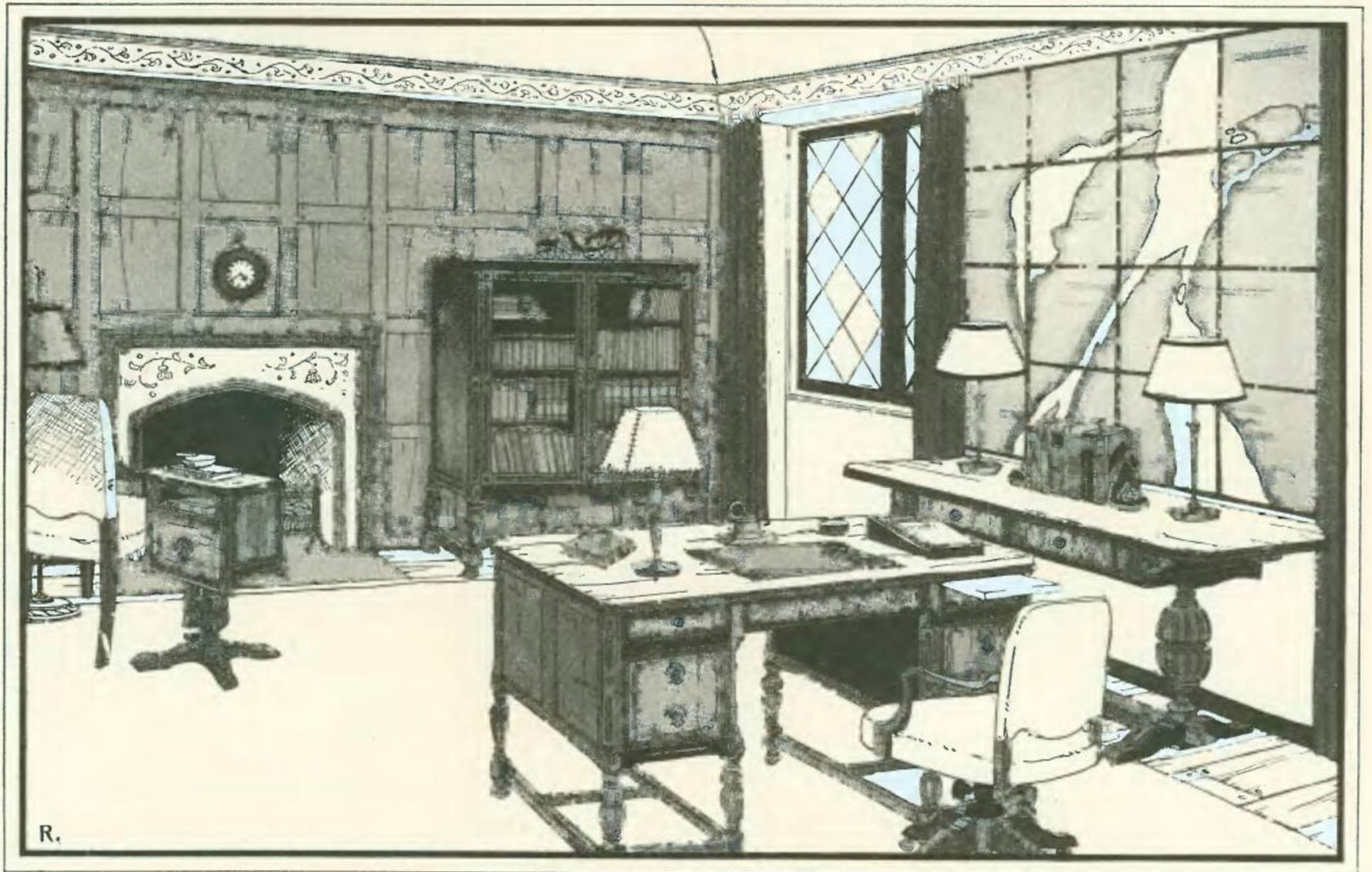


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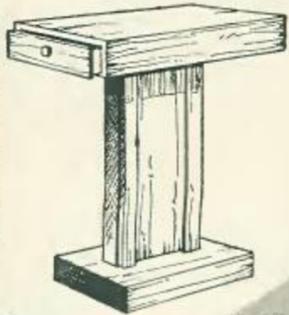
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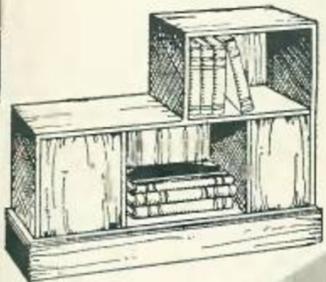
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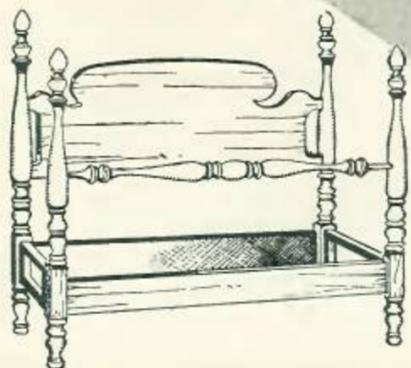
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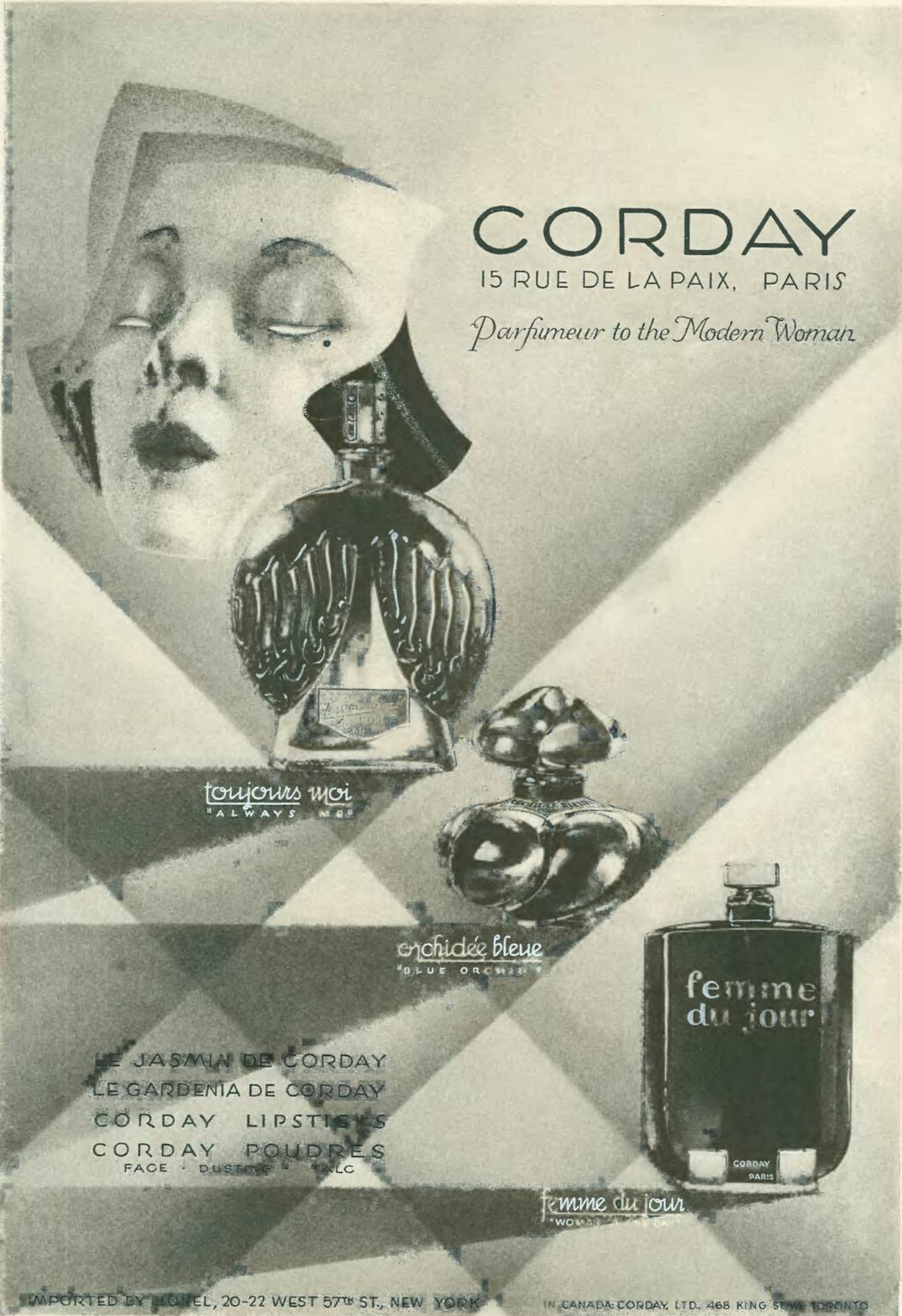


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

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



THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. Election Day and other midweek matinees are listed below. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

CIVIC REPERTORY—"The Cherry Orchard," with Nazimova. (Fri. Mat., Nov. 2, Sat., Mon., Wed., and Fri. Evs., Nov. 3, 5, 7, and 9). . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière translated. (Fri. Eve., Nov. 2, Elec. Day Mat., Nov. 6, and Thurs. Eve., Nov. 8). . . . "L'Invitation au Voyage," a study in repression. (Sat. Mat. Nov. 3). . . . "La Locandiera," eighteenth-century funny business. (Tues. Eve., Nov. 6). . . . "Hedda Gabler," revival of Ibsen's tragedy. (Sat. Mat., Nov. 10). . . . "Improvisations in June," the American millionaire in Europe satirized. (Sat. Eve., Nov. 10.) (Civic Repertory Theatre, 14, W. of 6 Ave.)

THE COMMON SIN—A wife's villainy brought home to her by her unmarried predecessor. (Forrest, 49, W. Mat. Elec. Day.)

DIAMOND LIL—The Bowery as father used to know it. A fine, rowdy piece, by and with Mae West. (Royale, 45, W. Mat. Elec. Day.)

FAUST—A dull evening, even though it is a Guild venture. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Elec. Day.)

THE FRONT PAGE—The miracle of how papers get the news. Another Jed Harris hit. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Wed.)

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS—Sentimental story of a rewrite man, made plausible by a good performance. (48th Street, 48, E. Mat. Elec. Day.)

GODS OF THE LIGHTNING—The Sacco-Vanzetti case made into a tragedy with a strong radical bias. (Little, 44, W. Mat. Wed.)

THE HIGH ROAD—Edna Best and Herbert Marshall bring enchanting moments to a Lonsdale society play. (Fulton, 46, W. Mat. Elec. Day.)

JEALOUSY—Fay Bainter and John Halliday as the entire cast make an absorbing evening of an offstage *crime passionelle*. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Wed.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—The gay aspects of Floyd Dell's novel, "An Unmarried Father." (Morosco, 45, W. Mat. Elec. Day.)

MACHINAL—The beautiful Zita Johann as a young woman who seeks freedom and commits murder. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mats. Elec. Day and Thurs.)

MR. MONEYPENNY—Channing Pollock proves in an expressionistic way that money isn't all-important. (Liberty, 42, W. Mat. Elec. Day.)

NIGHT HOSTESS—Further report by Philip Dunning on the seamy side of life. Pretty exciting. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. Mat. Elec. Day.)

OLYMPIA—Two princesses are caught in a droll trap, and we wish Fay Compton and Ian Hunter wouldn't be so serious about it. (Empire, B'way at 40. Mat. Elec. Day.)

PARIS—Cole Porter's very special tunes and Irene Bordoni singing them in a routine farce. (Music Box, 45, W. Mats. Elec. Day and Thurs.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—O'Neill's remarkable nine-act prize-winner that one should see if only in self-defence. With Judith Anderson and a Guild cast. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

THIS THING CALLED LOVE—How Love crept into a sensible business marriage and got things all mixed up. (Bijou, 45, W. Mat. Wed.)

THE WAR SONG—George Jessel doing his best in a play dripping with emotion. (National, 41, W. Mat. Elec. Day.)

WITH MUSIC

ANIMAL CRACKERS—The Marx Brothers in a furiously funny show which would fail any sanity test. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Wed.)

BILLIE—A pleasant enough show of the Cohan pattern. (Erlanger, 44, W. Mat. Elec. Day.)

BLACKBIRDS—A colored revue and a good one, with some swell tap dancing by Bill Robinson. (Eltinge, 42, W. 2:45 and 8:45 P.M. Special performances Elec. Day and Thurs., at midnight.)

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—The comic genius of W. C. Fields almost makes you forget Mr. Carroll's extravagances. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Lavish as usual, and

graced by plenty of talent, including Ann Pennington and Harry Richman. (Apollo, 42, W. Mat. Elec. Day.)

GOOD BOY—Lots of scenery to marvel at, but not much comedy. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53. Mat. Elec. Day.)

GOOD NEWS—The boys and girls still fighting for Old Tait after a year of triumph. (46th Street, 46, W. Mats. Elec. Day and Wed.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Professional pugilism set to music. Swift, funny, and handsome. (Broadhurst, 44, W. Mat. Elec. Day.)

THE NEW MOON—Roaring romance in old New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W. Mats. Elec. Day and Wed.)

RAIN OR SHINE—Well, there's Joe Cook—isn't that enough? (Cohan, B'way at 43. Mat. Elec. Day.)

SHOW BOAT—The highly satisfying product of Edna Ferber's novel, Jerome Kern's music, and the talents of Charles Winninger and Helen Morgan. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave., at 54. Mats. Elec. Day and Thurs.)

THREE CHEERS—A typical Fred and Dorothy Stone show gloriously obscured by Will Rogers substituting for Fred. (Globe, B'way at 46. Mat. Wed.)

THE THREE MUSKETEERS—Sword-play from Dumas and music from Friml, with Dennis King as D'Artagnan. (Lyric, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

UPS-A-DAISY—Some hot dancing. (Shubert, 44, W. Mat. Elec. Day.)

WHITE LILACS—How Chopin and George Sand carried on, according to the Messrs. Shubert. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mat. Elec. Day.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

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

TREASURE GIRL—Gertrude Lawrence in a new musical comedy, with music by George Gershwin. Opens Mon., Nov. 5. (Alvin, 52, W. Mat. Elec. Day.)

THIS YEAR OF GRACE—Noel Coward's revue, with Beatrice Lillie and Mr. Coward. Opens Wed., Nov. 7. (Selwyn, 42, W.)

THE MAN WITH RED HAIR—A dramatization of Hugh Walpole's novel. Opens Thurs., Nov. 8. (Garrick, 35, E.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

AMERICANA—J. P. McEvoy's revue. (Mansfield, 47, W. Mat. Elec. Day and Thurs.)

YOUNG LOVE—A comedy, with Dorothy Gish and James Rennie. (Masque, 45, W.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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BRYANT 6300

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Rhineland 9000)—Pleasant and Park Avenue.*

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191)—A noisy meeting place in the Village; very good fun.

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Rosita and Ramon entertain a smart after-theatre crowd.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50. (Circle 6673)—Where everyone seems to know everyone else. Emil Coleman's orchestra.*

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Harry Richman and Frances Williams to amuse you, and Aaronson's Commanders to play for you.*

HEIGH-HO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Naive decorations, nice food, and Rudy Vallee's jazz. Formal dress.

PLAZA GRILL, 5 Ave. at 59 (Plaza 1740)—Re-opening on Mon., Nov. 5, with the old Pall Mall orchestra; dancing until 2 A.M.*

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—The Roof closes for the season on Sat., Nov. 3, but the new Seaglade Room opens on Mon., Nov. 5: Joseph Urban decorations and Vincent Lopez music; dancing until 2 A.M. Must dress.

VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 6000)—A favorite with the younger set. Must dress.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only a few of the more interesting of this type—there are many others: The Mirador, 200 W. 51, Meyer Davis music and a floor show; Chez Florence, 117 W. 48, colored entertainment; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, Jack White is amusing.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—With that certain touch, and not very expensive, are: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—The best places do not welcome unknown whites, but you will enjoy Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave., at 131. Go late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Kavkaz, B'way at 53, is one of the best, particularly on Saturday nights.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57. (Regent 4900.)

MOTION PICTURES

THE CAMERA MAN—Buster Keaton in an amusing comedy. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 6 and 7; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

FOUR DEVILS—An excellent Murnau picture about acrobats and love. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE HOME TOWNERS—Vitaphone all-talking picture, taken from the George M. Cohan play; interesting as an example of the new art but not so much as a movie. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat., Sun., and Elec. Day, 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

MOTHER KNOWS BEST—The Edna Ferber story about the private life of a popular star. Fair picture, with some spoken dialogue. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; Fri., Nov. 2; performances continuous from noon.)

OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS—A lively picture of the younger set, with Joan Crawford. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat., Nov. 10; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

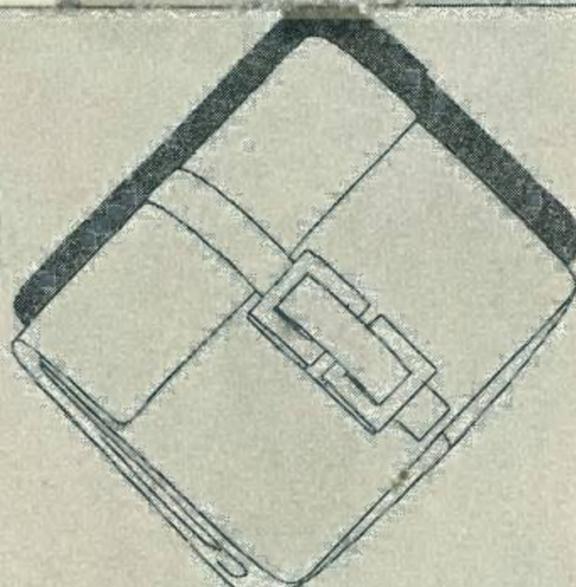
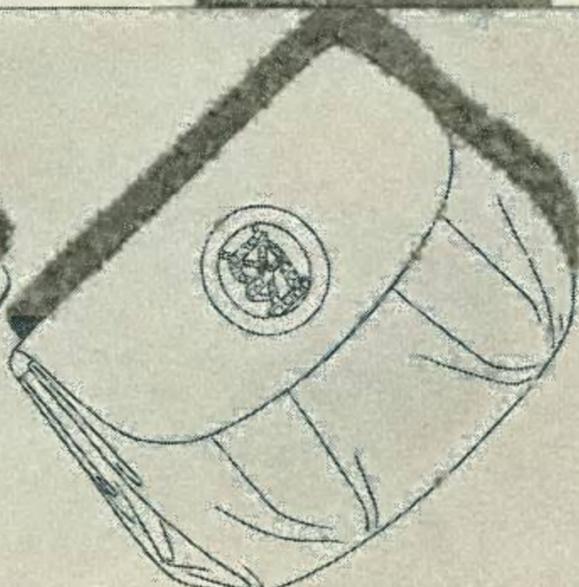
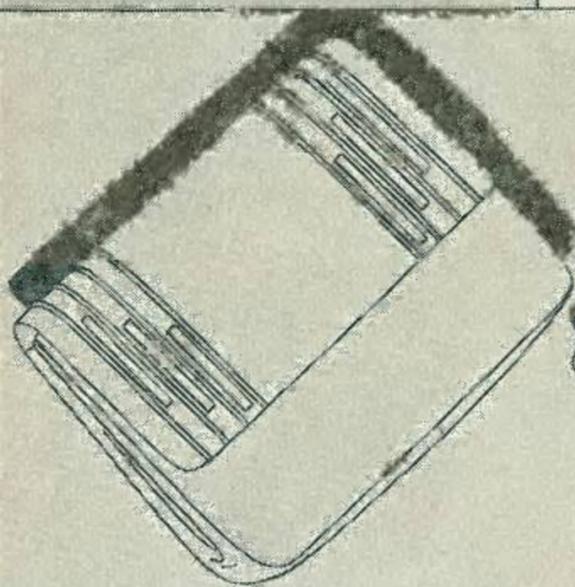
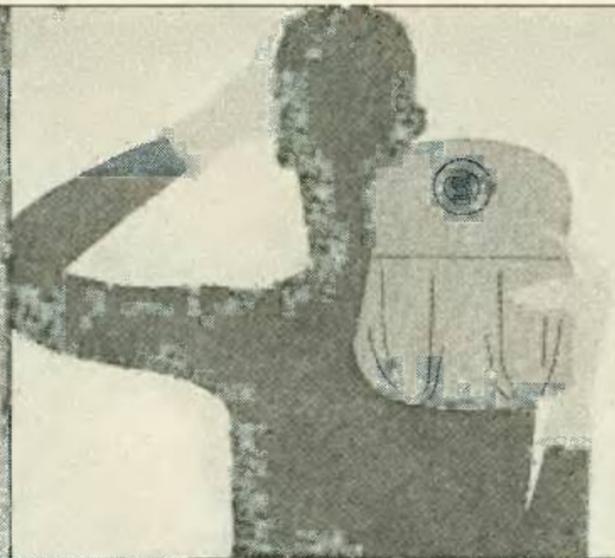
THE SINGING FOOL—Al Jolson songs well done on the Vitaphone. Rather thin as a story. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat., Sun., and Elec. Day, 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE WEDDING MARCH—Love in pre-war Vienna, especially portrayed for the sentimentally inclined by Von Stroheim. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10:15 A.M.)

WHITE SHADOWS—The sorry influence of white civilization in the South Seas. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

WINGS—No, this veteran aviation film hasn't closed yet. It has merely changed theatres. (Rialto, 7

(Continued on page 12)



The Newest Phases of the Frameless Bag

The frameless bag with
stitched and metal bars

12.75

The frameless bag with
monogram design

16.75

The frameless bag with
strap and buckles

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Smart people returning from Paris are carrying these bags with their initials hot pressed in the Vionnet manner. This Service is available in the Bag Shop

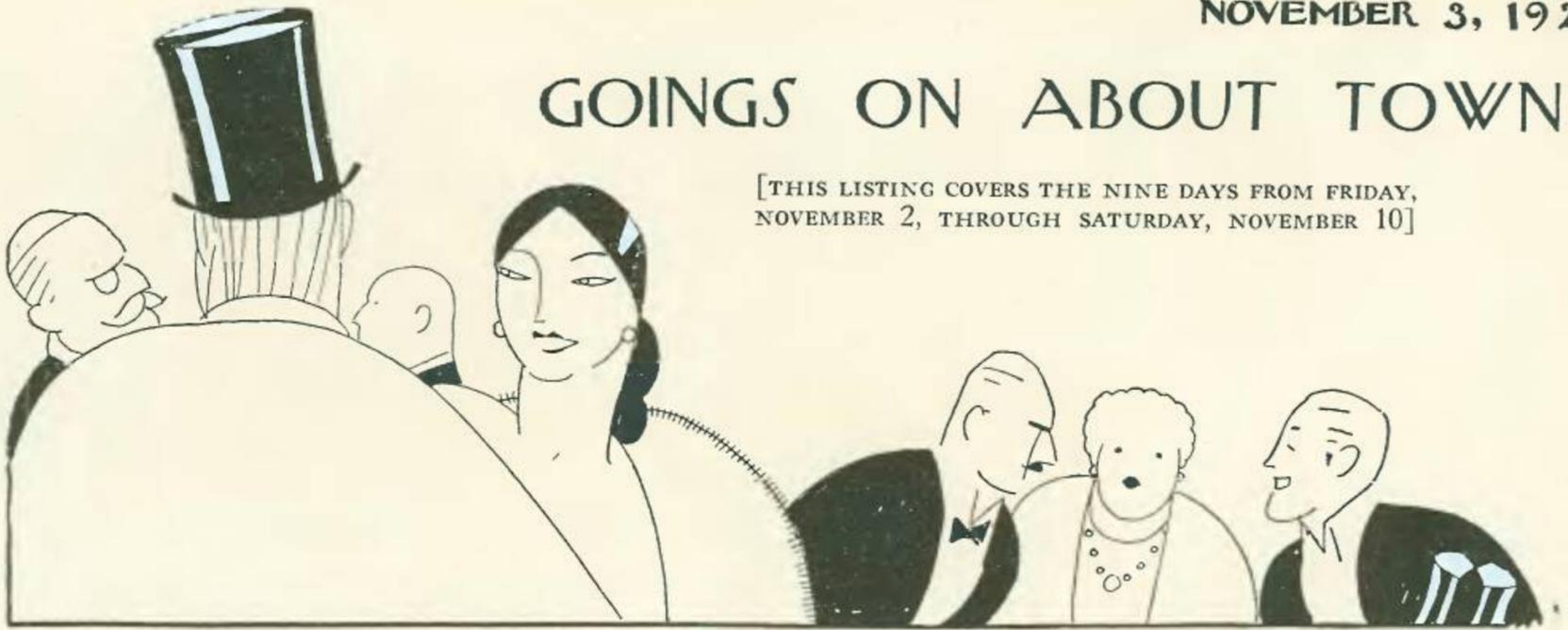
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(Continued from page 10)

Ave. at 42; performances continuous daily from 10 A.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Beggars of Life," hobo picture, with Wallace Beery; "The Docks of New York," waterfront doings, with George Bancroft; "Lonesome," fine camera work, with Glenn Tryon and Barbara Kent; "Me, Gangster," fairly good underworld stuff; "The Patriot," Jannings in one of his best; "The River Pirate," more waterfront doings, with Victor McLaglen; "While the City Sleeps," Lon Chaney and gangsters.

ART

- GEORGE BELLOWS**—An exhibition of his lithographs: Hackett, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 3.
- BEST AMERICANS**—First big show of the summer work of America's finest; Dickinson, Spencer, and Kuniyoshi among them: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 10.
- FRENCH**—Last two days to see one of the best collections in this country of the modern painters; on view for the benefit of the French Hospital: Wildenstein, 647 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 3.
- GANSO**—Remarkable progressing painter with a new crop: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, above 61. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 10.
- GOYA**—Etchings and other works: Metropolitan Museum, Galleries K37-40. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.
- LURCAT**—One of the young Frenchmen having his first showing here: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.
- MODERNS**—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.
- RUBENS**—Also Van Dyck. Good examples of the proved masters: Van Diemen, 21 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 10.

MUSIC

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

RECITALS

- VLADIMIR HOROWITZ**—Last year's piano sensation returns. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 2.
- BENIAMINO GIGLI**—Songs and arias you know. Century Theatre, Sun. Aft., Nov. 4.
- REINALD WERRENATH**—The eminent baritone in person, not a broadcast. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 4.
- SAMUEL GARDNER**—One of our good fiddlers. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Nov. 4.
- MUSICAL ART QUARTET**—Among the best of our chamber-music organizations. Golden Theatre, 58, E. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Nov. 4.
- MAX ROSEN**—A leading Auerite. Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 5.
- ERNEST HUTCHESON**—One of the master pianists. Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Nov. 7.
- HAROLD BAUER**—Second recital by another master pianist. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 10.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

- AMERICAN SYMPHONIC ENSEMBLE**—Nobody conducting. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 3.
- FRIENDS OF MUSIC**—Bodanzky conducting. Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 4, at 4.
- PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**—Mengelberg conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Nov. 2, at 2:30; Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Nov. 4; Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Aft., Nov. 8, at 2:30, and Fri. Eve., Nov. 9 Damrosch conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Nov. 3, at 11 (Children's Concert); and Sat. Aft., Nov. 10 (Young People's Concert).

PHILADELPHIA—Stokowski conducting. Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 6.

OPERA

- METROPOLITAN**—"Aida," Fri. Eve., Nov. 2, at 8; "Haensel und Gretel," and "Pagliacci," Sat. Aft., Nov. 3, at 2; "La Juive," Sat. Eve., Nov. 3, at 8; "André Chenier," Mon. Eve., Nov. 5, at 8:15; "Norma," Wed. Eve., Nov. 7, at 8:15; "Il Trovatore," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 8, at 8; "La Tosca," Fri. Eve., Nov. 9, at 8:15; "Africana," Sat. aft., Nov. 10, at 2; "Lohengrin," Sat. Eve., Nov. 10, at 8.

The American premiere of Richard Strauss' "Die Aegyptische Helena," with Jeritzka, will take place at a non-subscription performance, Elec. Day, Nov. 6, at 8:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

- PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**—Mengelberg conducting: Sun., Nov. 4, at 3 P.M., over WOR.
- GRAND OPERA**—Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah," Fri., Nov. 2, at 10 P.M., over WOR Victor Herbert's "Natoma," Mon., Nov. 5, at 10:30 P.M., over WEA.
- LIGHT OPERA**—Sir Julius Benedict's "Lily of Killarney," Sun., Nov. 4, at 10:15 P.M., over WEA.
- REINALD WERRENATH**—Stephen C. Foster's songs: Sun., Nov. 4, at 7 P.M., over WEA.
- FOOTBALL GAMES**—Sat., Nov. 3: Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, 1:45 P.M., over WEA; Princeton vs. Ohio State, at Columbus, 1:45 P.M., over WJZ; Northwestern vs. Minnesota, at Evanston, 2:45 P.M., over WOR and WABC Sat., Nov. 10: Army vs. Notre Dame, at Yankee Stadium, 1:45 P.M., over WEA, WOR, and WABC; Navy vs. Michigan, at Baltimore, 2:15 P.M., over WJZ.
- POLITICAL**—Hoover, speaking from St. Louis, Fri., Nov. 2, at 8:30 P.M., over WEA; Smith, speaking from Mad. Sq. Garden, Sat., Nov. 3, at 10 P.M., over WJZ; Hoover, speaking from Palo Alto, Cal., Mon., Nov. 5, at 9 P.M., over WJZ. Smith, Mon., Nov. 5, at 10 P.M., over WJZ.

SPORTS

- COLLEGE FOOTBALL**—(Many of these games are also broadcast—see "On the Air.") Sat., Nov. 3, at 2 P.M.—Columbia vs. Cornell, Baker Field N. Y. U. vs. Georgetown, Yankee Stadium Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven. Tues., Nov. 6 (Elec. Day), at 2 P.M.—Fordham vs. West Virginia, Yankee Stadium. Sat., Nov. 10, at 1:45 P.M.—Army vs. Notre Dame, Yankee Stadium at 2 P.M.—Columbia vs. Johns Hopkins, Baker Field N. Y. U. vs. Alfred, Ohio Field C. C. N. Y. vs. Norwich, Lewisohn Stadium Harvard vs. Penn., Cambridge Yale vs. Maryland, New Haven Princeton vs. Washington and Lee, Princeton At 2:30 P.M.—Navy vs. Michigan, Baltimore. Directions to fields—Baker Field, B'way at 218; take B'way-7 Ave. subway to 215 St. . . . Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Ohio Field, University Ave. at 181; take East Side subway to 180 St. . . . Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136; take B'way-7 Ave. subway or Bus No. 3. The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for New Haven, from Grand Central, 12 noon (you can get lunch on the train); for Cambridge, from Grand Central, 6 A.M. (otherwise it's an overnight trip); for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 11:15 A.M.; for Baltimore, from Penn. Sta., 10:10 A.M. (lunch-en route).
- PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**—N. Y. Giants vs. Philadelphia, Polo Grounds, Sun., Nov. 4, at 2:30 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)
- GREYHOUND RACING**—Celtic Park, Long Island City: races weekdays at 8:30 P.M. (Take I. R. T. Flushing subway or B. M. T. subway; get off at Bliss St.)

HUNT MEETS—United Hunts Racing Association, Belmont Park, Sat. and Tues., Nov. 3 and 6, at 2 P.M. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at 12:30 and 1:30 P.M.) West Hills Racing Association, Huntington, L. I., Sat., Nov. 10.

The Fairfield and Westchester Hounds are holding hunter trials on the Sterling estate, near Greenwich, Conn., Sat., Nov. 3.

OTHER EVENTS

- HORSE SHOW**—National Horse Show, Mad. Sq. Garden, Thurs., Nov. 8, through Wed., Nov. 14.
- PUBLIC BALLS**—Actors' Equity Ball, Astor, Sat. Eve., Nov. 10 (limited to Equity members and their guests) Victory Ball, Waldorf, Sat. Eve., Nov. 10.
- DANCE RECITAL**—American debut of Antonia Argentina, Spanish dancer, Town Hall, Fri., Nov. 9, at 8:30 P.M.
- SMITH**—Democratic Rally, Mad. Sq. Garden, Sat., Nov. 3, at 8:30 P.M.; Smith will speak about 10 P.M. (Also broadcast—see "On the Air.")
- AUCTION**—Etchings by Bone, Cameron, McBey, and others: Anderson Galleries, Park at 59, Thurs., Nov. 8, at 8:15 P.M.
- NOTE**—Remo Bufano's Marionette Theatre will give Saturday morning performances at the Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall, beginning Nov. 3, at 11.

Election Day is Tues., Nov. 6.

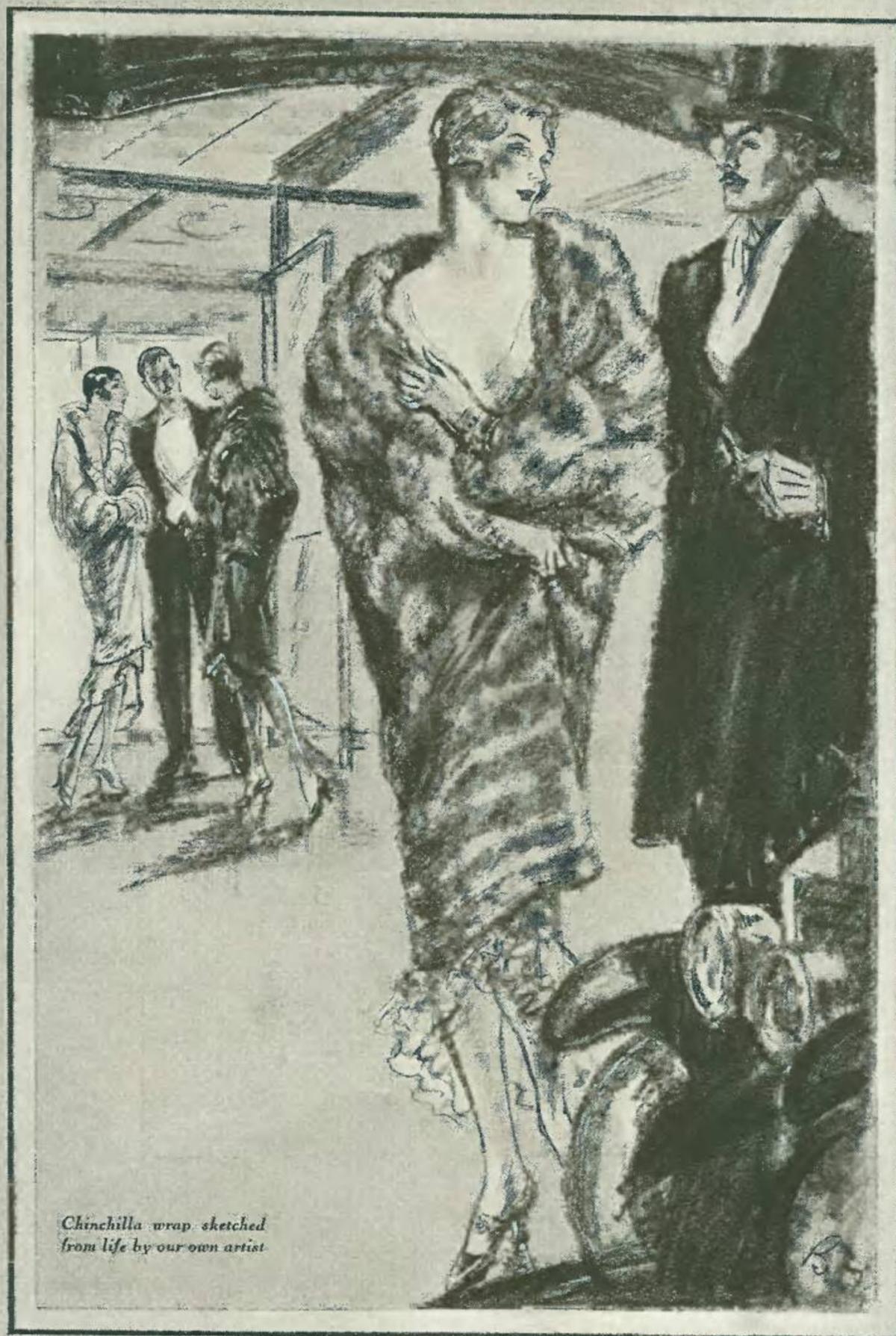
COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

- ART**—National Academy Fall Show, Nov. 27-Dec. 16.
- FOOTBALL**—Nov. 17: Princeton vs. Yale, Princeton; N. Y. U. vs. Missouri, Yankee Stadium; Penn. vs. Columbia, Philadelphia; Dartmouth vs. Cornell, Ithaca. . . . Nov. 24: Yale vs. Harvard, New Haven; Army vs. Nebraska, West Point; Princeton vs. Navy, Philadelphia; Fordham vs. Georgetown, Polo Grounds Nov. 29 (Thanksgiving Day): Columbia vs. Syracuse, Baker Field; N. Y. U. vs. Oregon Aggies, Yankee Stadium; Penn. vs. Cornell, Philadelphia Dec. 1: Army vs. Stanford, Yankee Stadium.
- HOCKEY**—Professional season opens, Mad. Sq. Garden, Sun. Eve., Nov. 18. Play thereafter every Tues., Thurs., and Sun.
- HUNT MEETS**—Monmouth county, Red Bank, N. J., Nov. 17.
- MUSIC**—Orchestras: Philharmonic-Symphony, Mengelberg conducting, through Dec. 14; Damrosch conducting, Dec. 15-23; Mengelberg conducting, Dec. 27-28 Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Nov. 27; Gabrilowitsch conducting, Dec. 18 Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Nov. 22 and 24. (All at Carnegie Hall.) Important recitals: Roland Hayes, Nov. 15; Mischa Elman, Nov. 20; Geraldine Farrar, Nov. 25; Kreisler, Nov. 29. (All at Carnegie Hall.)
- PUBLIC BALLS**—British War Veterans' Ball, Plaza, Nov. 12.
- THEATRE OPENINGS**—Ethel Barrymore in "The Kingdom of God," Ethel Barrymore Theatre, Nov. 12. . . . Moissi in "Redemption," Century Theatre, Nov. 18. . . . "Macbeth," production designed by Gordon Craig, and with Margaret Anglin, Knickerbocker Theatre; Eddie Cantor in "Whoopie," New Amsterdam Theatre; Jane Cowl in "The Jealous Moon," Majestic Theatre; "Major Barbara," a Shaw revival by the Guild: all on Nov. 19. . . . Other November possibilities: "The Age of Innocence," from Edith Wharton's book, with Katharine Cornell; "Mima," a Belasco production, with Lenore Ulric; a Somerset Maugham play, with Clare Eames.
- OTHER DATES**—Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29 Six-Day Bike Race, Madison Square Garden, Dec. 1-8 Automobile Salon, Hotel Commodore, Dec. 2-8.

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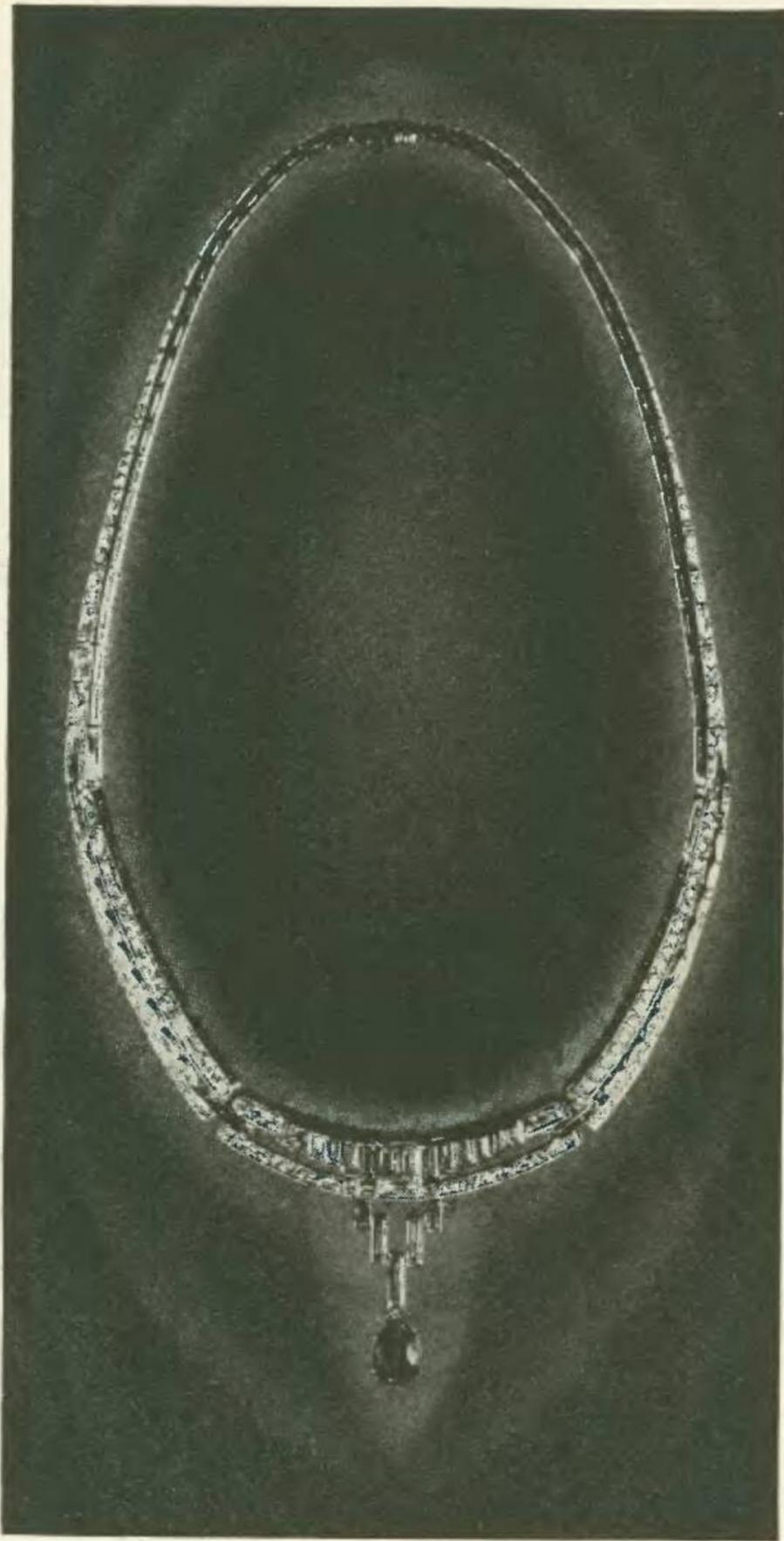
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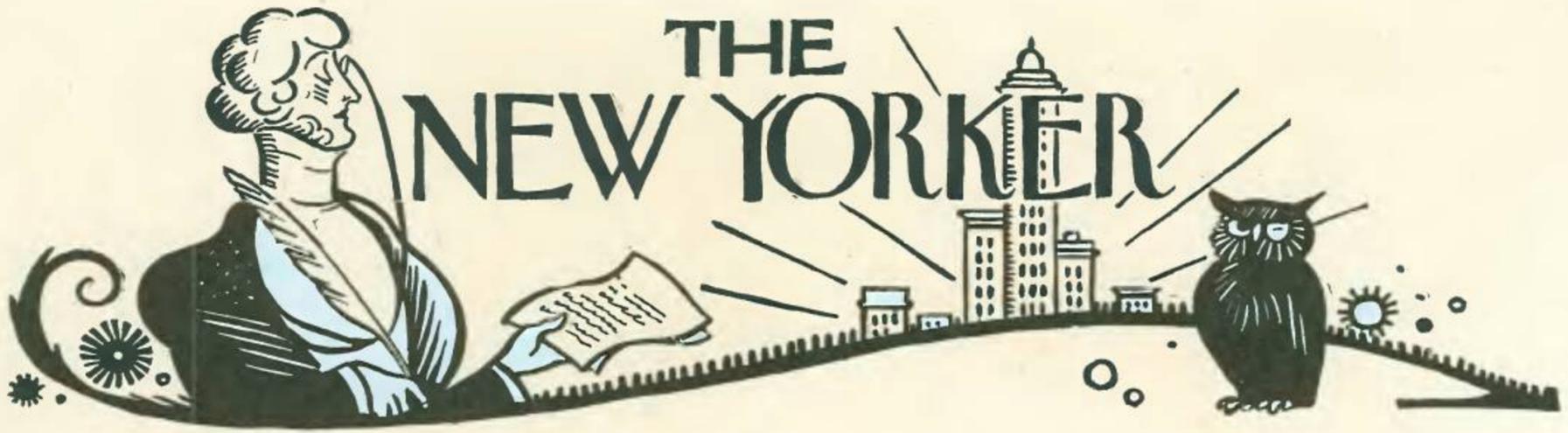
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NEW YORK



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AFTER the stenographers go home, the office becomes habitable. The heat goes off, and in the gloomy halls the charwoman clanks her bucket, scuffs her chairs. She pokes her head through our door, hastily departs, embarrassed. The clock we bought with cigar coupons ticks audibly. In a remote uncertain corridor a phone rings, feebly crying in its wilderness. We insert a sheet of paper in our typewriter. "Notes and Comment" we write hopefully, in the upper left-hand corner.

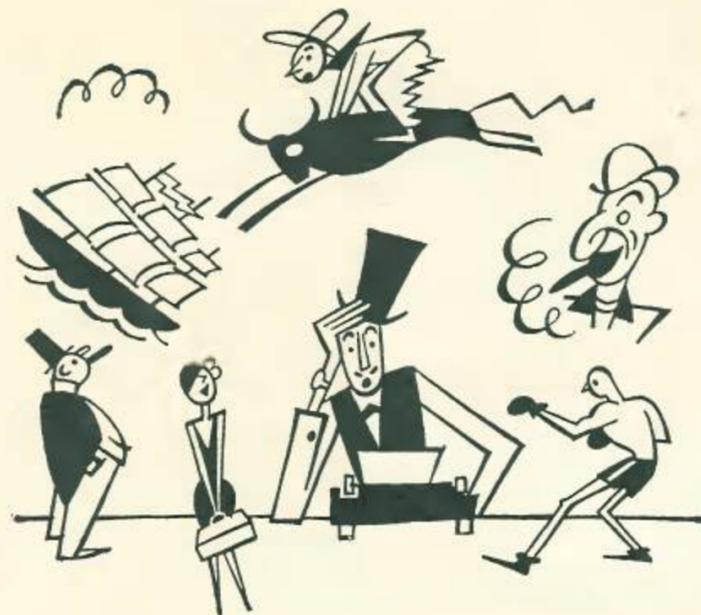
Notes? We always lose our notes. The city scribbles thousands of jottings on the cuff of our memory, but they become illegible. Here is a note: ninety per cent of the executives of the Stock Exchange are cigar smokers. Here is a note: refillable toothbrushes are on the market. Here is a note: the Mazola sign across the River was still on Daylight Saving time when we last saw it.

The mind does nothing but take notes. Popcorn is on sale at Broadway and Forty-third Street. We always thought it should be. Gene Tunney has wired Mr. Raskob he is for Smith. Note: it is now Tunney and Babe Ruth versus Helen Wills and Lindbergh. While the nation votes for a president, a man in Dallas, Texas, holds meetings urging that America be made a monarchy. The American Monarchy. Note taken by the mind: if this were the American Monarchy, it should have a green cover. It would be a George Jean nation. Note: that isn't funny, but it is the way the mind works, in the disorder of a nervous city.

Fifty books have been published

today. Note: people now have time to write books. Electric devices give people more time. Note: at the Electrical Show we saw how the need for outdoor life has been entirely obviated. For the sun you substitute a lamp; for a horse you ride an electrical animal in the safety of your own bathroom; for wind and snow and the buffeting of the elements you place a strap around your belly and are electrically invigorated. All this is supposed to make a man of you. Unfortunately the Electrical Show came to town at the same time as the Rodeo. We went directly from the one to the other. Puffy salesmen, sitting on electric horses beneath electric suns, talking sales talk; lean cowboys, riding the horns of flesh-and-blood steers, saying nothing. The contrast, duly noted.

A bootlegger returns from abroad.



He sends us—who have never heard of him—an engraved card, announcing that he has returned and is "prepared to do business" with us on the "same satisfactory basis as in the past." Bootleggers, returning from abroad, sending engraved cards, signing a fictitious

name to an engraved card. Also returned from abroad: Dorothy Dix, advisor in matters of love. She has been to Araby. A rather elderly lady, touring the Syrian desert. Newspaper headline: LOVE CONSULTANT STUDIES BEDOUINS.

In our desk: a joint invitation from Columbia University and the Institute of American Meat Packers, to a conference, long since ended. A note saying please reply to Nicholas Murray Butler. Roundelay: how much meat could Nicholas Murray Butler pack if Nicholas Murray Butler packed meat. How much . . .

Fifty books published in a day. Note: people are searching for truth—truth about themselves, truth about other people. Publishers have discovered this, and are icing the truth with caramel icing. The titles of books, and the blurbs of publishers, from a book page in a newspaper: "At last the truth! 'Rasputin: the Holy Devil.' Here at last is the whole truth about the most spectacular figure of modern times." . . . "Does a big job scare you? You can learn to take stock of yourself in Albert Wiggam's new book 'Exploring Your Mind.'" . . . "The Doctor Looks at Marriage and Medicine." Dark half-truths, evasions, vanish in the clear light of Dr. Collins' courage and common sense." . . . "If you were to choose a lover for twenty centuries, would Salome be your choice?" . . . "To the Pure—a

study of obscenity and the censor." People now have time to write books, also to read them, because electricity squeezes lemons, winds clocks, freezes ice cream, mends stockings, makes toast and coffee, lights the hearth, tans the skin, does everything except make

you fit to ride a horse in a rodeo, rope a calf, throw a steer.

Note: it is easy to get a sandwich named after you.

Another note: the Seamen's Bank in Wall Street has a nautical scene over the door—an antique sailing vessel spanking along before a following breeze, in the stern a man rowing the ship in the opposite direction.

It is eleven o'clock. A red engine has just drawn up noisily under our window. Six men tend it. It is an air drill, and six men are busy making a hole in the pavement, working steadily under a bright full moon, under the hunter's moon.

These are illegible notes. We have no comment.

The Sign of the Stars and Stripes

TWO gentlemen dropped in the other afternoon at a midtown establishment. They found a strange man at the door and several others sitting around inside, talking to a morose and discouraged waiter. Out

on a table, in rather startling publicity, was a large quantity of whiskey and wine. "Are you customers?" asked one of the seated strangers rather harshly. "We intended to be," the callers responded with mildness. "Well," said the stranger, "this place has been raided. The United States government is now in charge. We are not selling anything"—then, after a pensive pause, "at present."

The Horseshoe

ALTHOUGH death has removed many of the notable figures who bought boxes in the diamond horseshoe of the opera in the nineties and earlier, a conspicuous majority of these parterre strongholds have been handed down to descendants of the original owners. This we learn from a person who takes a mournful interest in tabulating the ravages of time in old-established institutions. He points out that the Goelet family still has Box No. 1; the Wetmores, 5; the Astors, 7; the Morgans, 35; the Juilliards, 2; the Clews, 12; the Whitneys, 30; the Kountzes, 32; the Haggins, 34; and the Vanderbilts, 31. This last is that

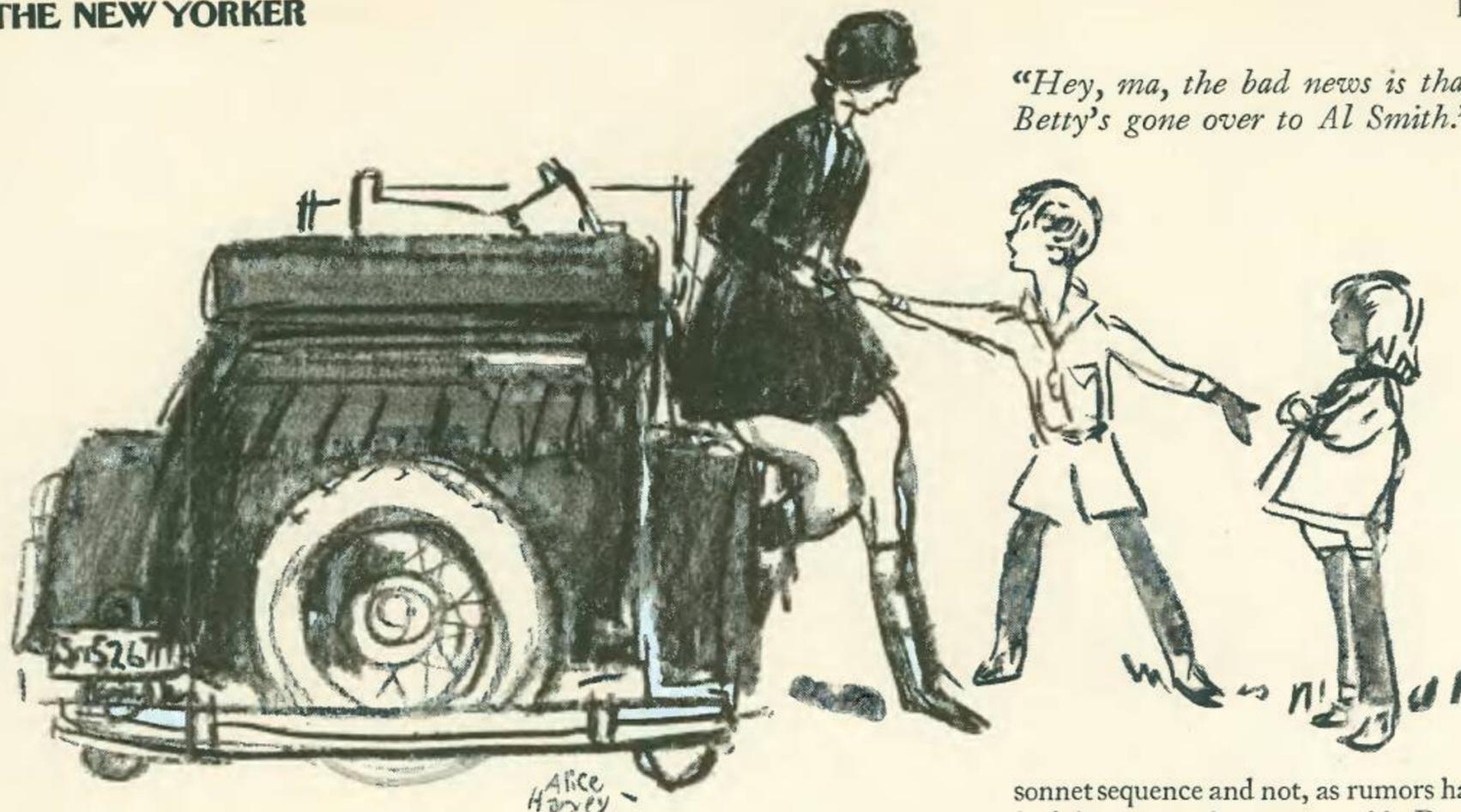
of the dowager Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and is the sole survivor of several boxes originally in the possession of that family. One of these, the William D. Sloane and H. McK. Twombly box, passed out of the hands of those branches of the family by a rapid succession of deaths, into the possession of Mr. H. Edward Manville. The original W. K. Vanderbilt box, No. 6, now bears the name of Mr. Frazier Jelke.

Of the diamond-horseshoe boxes which have come into new ownerships in fairly recent years, that of Mr. George Henry Warren, No. 14, now belongs to Otto Kahn, Mr. Warren having moved, for those esoteric reasons which govern changes in the famous circle, into No. 13. In the past ten years or so Mr. John North Willys, Mr. E. F. Hutton, Mr. Walter J. Salmon, and Mr. C. E. F. McCann have acquired parterre holdings. Boxholders of earlier days whose names have passed from the rolls include Henry C. Frick, whose No. 19 now belongs to the Gary estate; Thomas Hitchcock, James Van Alen, Hermann Oelrichs, James Stillman, and James Speyer. The Stanford White box, No. 9, is the present E. H. Harriman box. There are two Rockefellers in the present list, Percy and W. G., but the records as far back as the eighties

• •
"Really, Lionel, I think
you philosophize away
your happiness."



C.W. ANDERSON



"Hey, ma, the bad news is that Betty's gone over to Al Smith."

show no tenancy by the elder, or younger, John D., nor by the Carnegies, Clarence Mackay, Charles Schwab, and many another who might commonly be presumed to have been entrenched in the horseshoe.

The parterre boxholders are, of course, also stockholders in the opera company and can sell their boxes only by transferring their stock at the same time. Varying sums of money are involved in such a transaction because stockholdings are of different amounts, but the main consideration always is sentiment, which commonly holds out against everything except death or loss of fortune. One must look to the grand-tier boxes, which are governed by a less stern tradition, for more frequent fluctuations in ownership. Here may be felt the pulse of latter-day business success, for here is represented the movie world and a variety of other industries which have grown up since the opera house was created. This is where the girls' schools own boxes, which are put forward in their advertisements as among the "cultural advantages" open to their pupils. Here sit Mr. John J. Raskob, Mr. W. F. Kenny (he'd "give his shirt for Al"), Mr. George E. Ruppert the brewer, and Mr. Samuel Minskoff the builder, and here Signor Gatti himself gazes ruminatively over the scene from the shadows of box 48.

The Way the Wind Blows

ONE of the duties intrusted to a clerk in a large downtown corporation is the distribution of incoming mail. The other morning he found a

letter addressed to himself among five or six hundred similar envelopes addressed to employees of the firm. Opening his own, he found that it contained a ballot to be returned to the *Literary Digest* showing his preference for president in the coming election. Being an ardent Smith supporter, the young man calmly appropriated all the letters and has been busy sending in fifty to sixty votes a day for Al Smith. He says he knows this is a Pyrrhic victory, but that it satisfies a natural maliciousness.

Poetess

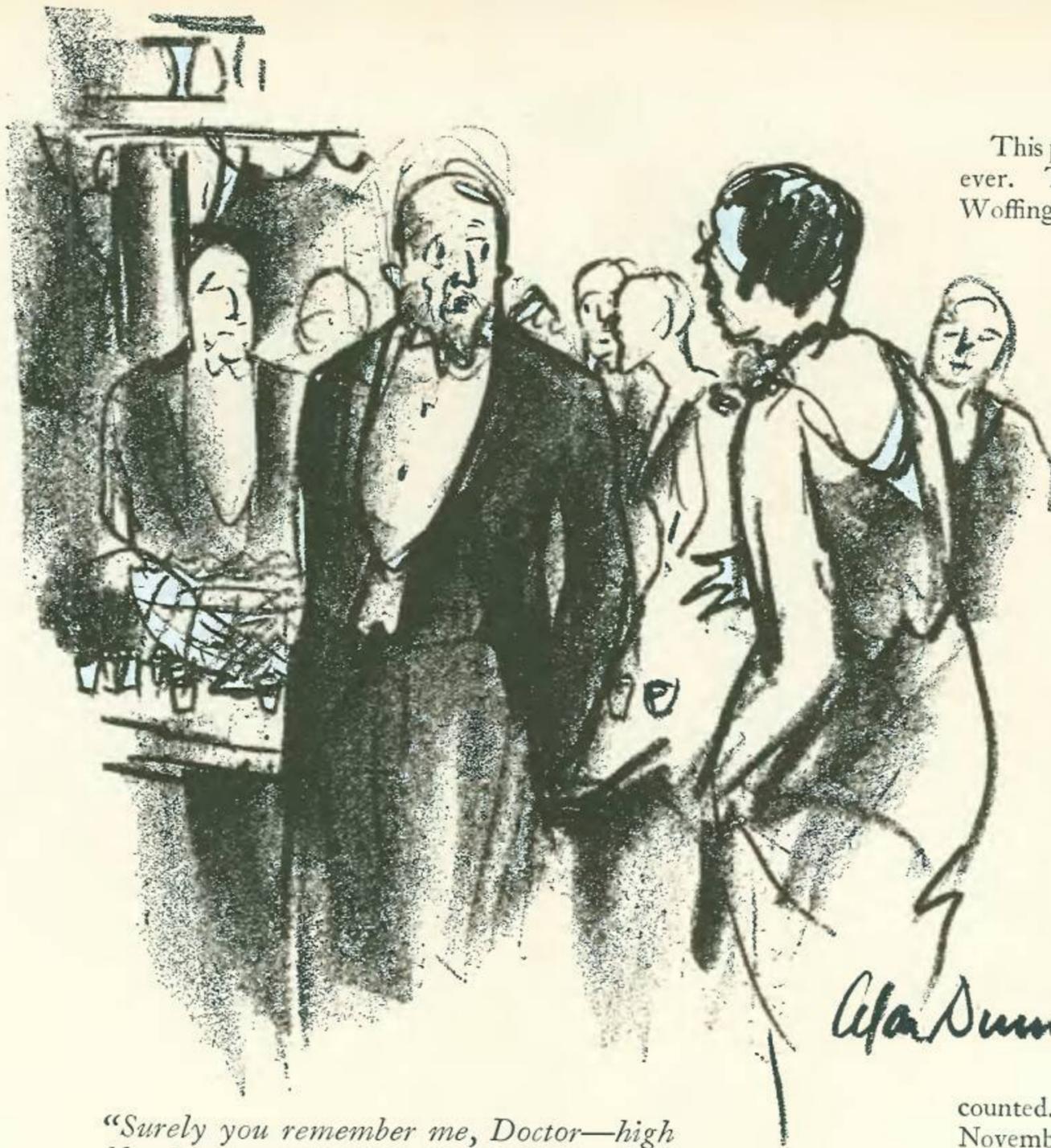
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY wrote most of the poems for her new book in her studio on a farm near Austerlitz, upstate. The studio adjoins an old barn across the road from the poet's farmhouse and is built into a tree-top, the flooring resting on the branches. From her windows the author can see fields of buckwheat and other crops which her husband has planted. The Boissevains have settled pretty permanently in the country; three tiled bathrooms have just been installed in their farmhouse, which is near the Massachusetts line. Miss Millay and her husband have their eye on a flock of sheep which they are about to buy. Since the production of "The King's Henchman" Miss Millay has spent almost all of her time "tilling the uplands"—references to the farm are frequent in the new book—riding horseback, planting hedges, working in her studio.

Just now she is busy on an ambitious

sonnet sequence and not, as rumors have had it, on another opera with Deems Taylor. She works at no set hours, but only when she feels like it. Her husband seems to think this is too often. She writes with great care, revising poems after she has typewritten them, often making further changes in proofs, which she holds for a week or so before attacking, in order to have a fresh viewpoint.

Her main contacts with city life are weekend visits from friends, short visits to Boston, and a great lot of mail which arrives daily. Letters come from all over the world. This winter she will make her usual reading tour, since reading aloud has always been one of her delights. Her public appearances are rather quietly advertised, as she doesn't like fanfare. She doesn't even like to be photographed. In sending out the formal announcement of her new book, Harper had to use a picture of her taken several years ago.

The new book, "The Buck in the Snow," has been out only about a month, but the regular two-dollar first editions are already quoted as high as five dollars. A new volume of hers now always creates a flurry in the book market, a rare thing for poetry to accomplish. She is unquestionably the best-selling poet. Since her first book, "Renaissance," appeared eleven years ago she has received royalties on the sale of a quarter-million copies of her works—nine in all. Interest in the new book has sent up dealers' prices on first editions of her earlier works. Several of the fifty-dollar copies of the limited printing of "The King's Henchman" have sold recently for a hundred and fifty dollars each. A first



"Surely you remember me, Doctor—high blood-pressure and generally run down."

Alva Sweeney

This plan doesn't always work, however. This year a gentleman named Woffington or something, with a fine Park Avenue number, turned out to be the janitor of the apartment building at that address. It seems that many employees of the sort find comfort in being entered in some directory or other as living at a swanky address.

No actual appraising is done for this tax. An arbitrary valuation, based upon the neighborhood the taxpayer lives in, is made by a man sitting at a desk, chewing a pencil. These valuations are always outrageously high because, having made a valuation, the officials must adhere to it, even if they later find out they are hundreds of thousands of dollars too low in their estimate.

The city will make only about three and a half million dollars this year by this tax, after the cost of bringing in janitors on wild-goose chases is dis-

counted. You have until the end of November to go down and swear off your assessment if you got one and it is too high. If you neglect this, the original guess stands and a judgment can be had against you on that figure good for twenty years, or longer than the average adult taxpayer will survive, even when not harassed by judgments.

Parking Device

TRYING to ease her coupé in between two other cars parked in West Fortieth Street, a girl with red hair succeeded in getting the front wheels of her machine up to the curb, but the rear of the car stuck out into the roadway, blocking traffic. A huge truck lumbered up and stopped, unable to get by. Two huskies on the front seat, taking in the lady's distress, dismounted, armed with a long-spouted oil can. They squirted a quantity of thick green motor oil under the two rear tires of the coupé and then, with a heave, neatly slid the car to the curb.

Ouafi

EL OUAFI, the little Algerian, winner of the Olympic marathon, now over here on a tour sponsored by Tex Rickard, dislikes people who call him

edition of "A Few Figs from Thistles" is now worth a hundred dollars.

A short while ago Miss Millay's mother brought out a book of poetry about childhood. "Vincent" read the proofs aloud to her friends on several occasions—with evident delight.

IF you ride in the taxicab operated by Mr. Albert Bibulu you will notice, framed and hung up where you can read it as you creep through traffic, that speech from "Hamlet" which begins: "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason!" It is given in full to the last line: "Man delights not me: no, nor woman neither."

Exclusive

THE city has been causing indignation among some of the townspeople for the past month or so, as it does every autumn, by sending them personal tax assessments which are usually from two to two hundred times the actual value of their property. Enraged taxpayers, going down to the

Municipal Building to have someone fired, as a rule have been mollified by righteous adjustments and also considerably set up to hear that the receipt of such a notice proves that one is considered by his city to be Somebody. Only about forty thousand of these notices, as a matter of fact, were sent out this year—to names taken from the *Blue Book*, the *Social Register*, rosters of clubs, and so on.

It is all admittedly guesswork and all done in a high-handed and somewhat half-hearted manner by the tax officials on the ninth floor of the Municipal Building. It seems that this old tax on personal belongings has been pretty largely abandoned, because most of the items it embraces are now provided for in separate special taxes—such as the automobile tax. No effort is made to summon the taxpayers at large, because the majority could swear they came under the thousand-dollar exemption. The city merely hopes, by assessing people whose addresses indicate that they live in more or less elegant surroundings, to get a few million dollars' return on household furnishings.

"Woofey." The right pronunciation is "Waffey." After he had beaten Joie Ray the other night, breaking the indoor twenty-six-mile record, we watched him hop lightly on one foot while he stuck the other into a suit of full-length, striped silk underwear.

François Quillars, his trainer, interpreted our questions; Ouafi speaks no English. He said he had never served in the Rif, but he had been in the French army. He was conscripted—that was how he came to leave home. In Algeria his father was a dragoman, and Ouafi went with him on trips; he liked to run beside the camels, twenty, thirty miles a day. Then he was in the French Army of Occupation at Coblenz and then in the Renault automobile factory at Billancourt. It wasn't true that the Renault Company paid him \$1.50 a day. He made \$1.40. If his father read that he made \$1.50 he would think that he, Ouafi, had cheated the family every week. Now he has a guarantee of ten thousand dollars from Rickard for his series of races in various cities, with a percentage of the gate receipts for everything he earns above that figure. The greatest luxury he has experienced to date was his trip from France in the first cabin of the Paris.

While he was in town Ouafi ran sixteen miles a day and spent most of the rest of his time at the movies. He likes all movies, but the talkies best, although he doesn't understand the words. One evening he got away from Quillars and went to a night club, where he jumped



on a table and gave an imitation of the hostess. After that his trainer slept in the same room with him to keep him from getting out at night.

Ouafi eats no meat, does not smoke or drink, is shy with women and fond of ice cream. He wasn't tired after his race with Ray and the others; later he sat talking till two in the morning in his hotel, a French pension in Forty-eighth Street. In training, as in a race, he uses a short, flat-footed stride; he never changes his pace and never sprints. Quillars shouts "Allez" to start him and waves his arm when he wants him to stop. The Algerian is kind-hearted. As he passed groups of staggering athletes on the long course at Amsterdam last summer he called out encouragement to them in French.

Precaution

AT a late supper party the other night in one of the more restful restaurants, a bell began to ring insistently. The sound was traced at length to a middle-aged gentleman who had dozed off over his coffee. It seems that this fellow has for the past year or two been inclined to nod after dinner, and to meet the situation, when he set out for this gathering, he put a small alarm clock in his pocket, having set it for a little after eleven o'clock—which is past his bedtime anyway. He relied on it to wake him up, should he be napping, and had hoped to be able to shut the thing off quickly. But with the coffee, the conversation had turned toward the fine arts, and the bellwether, as his friends now call him, had sunk into a stupor.

Photographer to a Cathedral

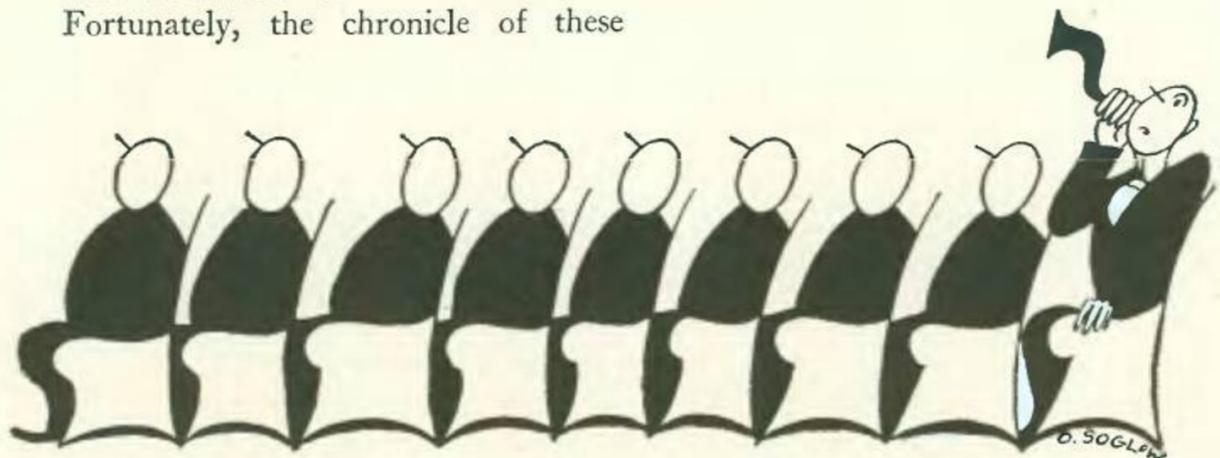
IN shifting weathers, the appearance of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine goes through strange and lovely changes. New moons for twenty years have played upon its stones in different ways. The sun has cast novel shadows with the advance of construction work. Fortunately, the chronicle of these

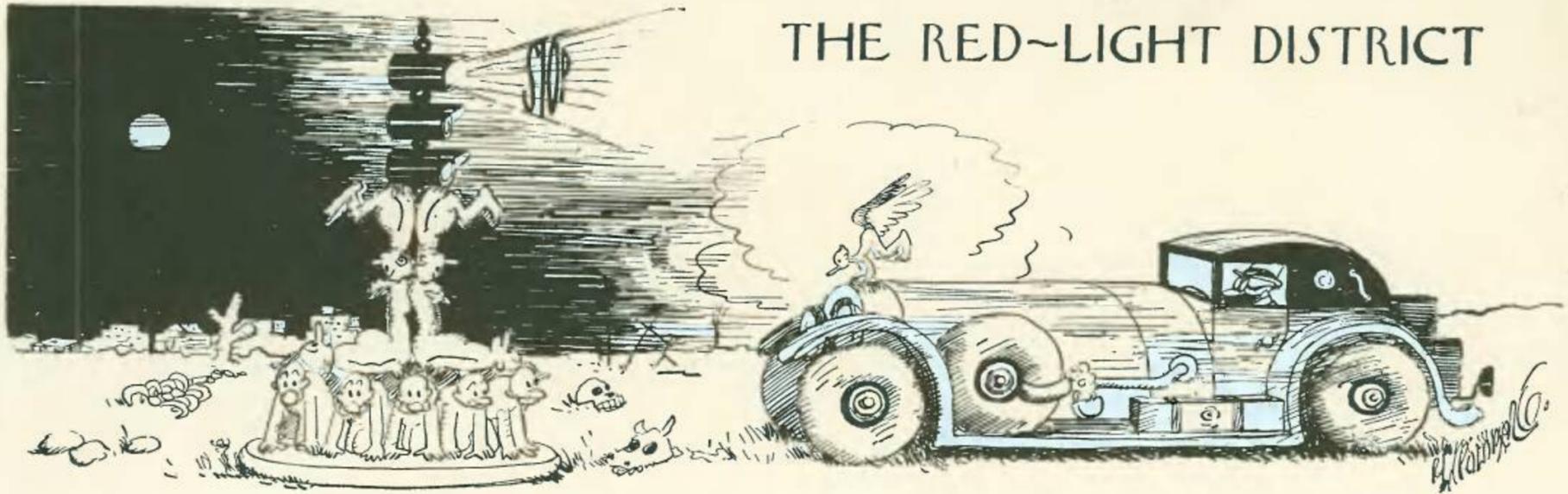
ephemeral beauties and of the cathedral's growth has been kept, in the form of several thousand photographs. About twenty years ago, Mrs. Walter L. Hervey, who has lived for thirty-five years in an apartment facing the cathedral, noticed that a high arch under construction looked like a magnificent ruin. She took a photograph of it, and went on to take further photographs from various angles. She has made pictures from the tops of neighboring buildings, from scaffolds in the wind, from precarious perches high up in the chapels. The transfigurations wrought by the moon she has recorded by placing her camera in a window, setting an alarm clock, and getting up in the middle of the night to close the camera shutter. She waited five years before she caught a certain light she wanted for photographing a part of the nave.

Mrs. Hervey's collection has been accepted as the official record of the construction of the cathedral and is said to be rivalled only by a portfolio of similar views of the Cathedral of Chartres. Mr. John Angel, the English sculptor, who is doing the statues in the St. John Baptistery, has Mrs. Hervey photograph his work, and not long ago Canon Jones asked her to solve a special problem. Two men, sent down from Boston by the firm which supplied a fine grilled gate for the baptistry, had announced that, because of its situation, it was impossible to take a picture of the gate after it was installed. Mrs. Hervey got one—"by twisting and turning," she explained to the men from Boston.

No plate ever leaves her hands, for she develops and prints, enlarges and mounts all of her pictures. This summer with her husband, who is one of the Board of Examiners of the New York schools, she studied French and English cathedrals, took photographs and gathered notes and material for a collaborative book.

—THE NEW YORKERS





THE RED-LIGHT DISTRICT

AESOP J. WHIPPLE, First Selectman of Patsburg, N. Y., named after the big trouser factory on the hill, stood up, bit a few splinters off his jauntily poised toothpick, and addressed the board of Selectmen as follows: "Gentlemen, we are facing a crisis. If we do not take action immediately Patsburg will cease to be looked upon as a municipality. We lack the one thing by which motorists are informed that they are passing through a centre of civilization. We have no traffic signal!"

"But," broke in Selectman Raspberry K. Gish, a small man who had been on the board for forty years and had never won an argument, "we have no crossroads. Our town is practically dead. Why should we have a traffic signal when we have no traffic?"

"Every other community," continued Selectman Whipple, completely ignoring the intrusion, "has bought one or more of the concrete traffic pedestals from the Blink Stop-Go Traffic Company of which the Hon. Jefferson T. Blink is President, and here we are, a town of three hundred and seventy-two souls less than thirty miles from Forty-second and Broadway, New York City, without a single thing in the middle of the street to prove our existence. The whole state, yea, the whole nation, is festooned with red and green lights softly ogling the passing motorists and bidding them, alternately every half-minute, stay and then continue on their way. I have even heard that in some of the large centres of population they have one-way streets. But I will not be unreasonable. We can overlook the one-way streets for the present. Nevertheless, we must have a traffic signal to keep our self-respect. It was I who introduced the ash can into this town eleven years ago. And now it is I who, still keeping abreast of the times, demand that we place a

traffic light in the middle of our beloved Main Street."

There was a murmur of admiration, a quick vote with Raspberry K. Gish the only dissenting voice, and First Selectman Whipple was authorized to purchase one of the latest models of Blink's Stop-Go Traffic Kiosks.

The next day Mr. Whipple telephoned the salesman of the Blink Company and asked him to call. The salesman came, took the order, and slipped Whipple his \$34.29 commission. Patsburg was the last of the small communities within two hundred miles of the metropolis to succumb to the red and green light urge. These concrete sentinels of obstruction stood there like malevolent ogres ready to crush the disobedient motorists upon the slightest sign of disrespect. When the myriad red lights flashed their warnings in their deserts of loneliness, passing motorists stopped in their tracks. There was no sign of moving civilization for miles around. There was no danger of bumping into anything because there was nothing there to bump into. But a strange fear bade them obey the signals lest Lon Chaney or Mussolini jump out of the concrete base and summon them to justice.

JEFFERSON T. BLINK, president and sole owner of the Blink Stop-Go Signal Company, lay sick unto death at his country estate in Pancake Falls, sixty-two miles from New York. He was suffering from acute iffritis, a strange disease that had proven baffling to science. There was only one doctor in the United States who knew how to treat iffritis—Dr. S. Darius McGoitre of 739 East Fifty-fifth Street, New York City. It was one-thirty in the morning and Mr. Blink was in terrible shape. His acute iffritis was rapidly developing into galloping iffritis. Im-

mediate action was necessary. It was a matter of minutes. There was a quick consultation among the bedside attendants and it was decided to call Dr. McGoitre at once.

"Hello," answered the famous iffritis specialist over the phone after being awakened from a sound slumber.

"Oh, doctor," came the nervous voice on the other end, "please come to the country home of Jefferson T. Blink at Pancake Falls right away. He is desperately ill with iffritis and you are the only doctor who can pull him through. It is just sixty-two miles from New York. Please."

"I'll start immediately," answered the great physician, true to the heroic traditions of his noble profession. "In my new Belgian Palooka I should make it in less than an hour at this time of the morning, with nothing on the road to stop me." A sigh of relief came from the other end of the wire.

Doctor McGoitre jumped into his clothes, dashed around to the garage half a block away and in no time was speeding up Broadway, past 125th Street, along Van Cortlandt Park, through Yonkers, and out into the open country.

Suddenly a red light, like a rocket of distress, appeared directly in front of the car. Across its savage face were inscribed the letters s—t—o—p. The doctor pulled up so suddenly he was almost catapulted through the windshield. He was a law-abiding citizen and had been reading the recent campaign speeches with the diligence of an honest voter wishing to be enlightened. Phrases like these stuck in his crop: The chief girder in the national structure is obedience to the law—The law must be obeyed no matter what your personal opinion of its justice may be—Above all things, I am for law enforcement—When you

disobey the law you strike at the very life of democracy—The law is paramount.

So naturally, in view of all these sterling pronouncements, when the red light said "Stop!" the doctor stopped. Jefferson T. Blink might be dying. But what was the life of one man compared to the life of the democracy? It seemed ages before the green light beckoned "Go" and the doctor was speeding on his way again feeling that he had not sacrificed his God-given heritage of respect for the law. Soon he came to another red light popping its terrible command out of the darkness. He stopped again. A muffled curse passed his lips but he did not move on until the green light cleared the way. His fast car hardly got under way when another red light appeared. In fact, he encountered so many red lights and stopped so often he completely lost his patience. After all, hadn't he proven a sufficient number of times that he was worthy of the American blessing of liberty made possible for him by Washington, Lincoln, and Wilson? He had done the right thing purely through a sense of honor, for he had encountered no living thing in that wilderness of red warnings that irked and encompassed him like a blanket of eczema.

Ahead of him blinked another scarlet monitor. He saw red not only ahead of him but in the subconsciousness of his brain. A man lay dying. His sense of duty to the law lapsed for a moment. He dashed past the red light.

TWO blocks away, in a dimly lighted window, sat Selectman Aesop J. Whipple with a shotgun across his lap. The traffic pile he had bought from the Blink Stop-Go Traffic Signal Company had been standing in its place for five months and had netted the town not one single penny. No lawbreaking motorists had been summoned to the courthouse to pay tribute for ignoring its command. The rest of the selectmen would soon start to question the expediency of Mr. Whipple's improvement. He must catch somebody with the goods or be completely discredited. Besides, any investigation might bring out the fact that his sole reason for recommending the traffic light was the \$34.29 commission.

So when those two headlights sped

past the red stop signal in the quiet of the night he lifted his gun and fired. His aim was true. The charge blew off the doctor's hat, punctured two of his tires and woke up the whole town, including Justice of the Peace Croucher. The machine skidded up against the gasoline station in front of Jed Little-neck's drug store and came to a dead stop.

In no time at all Dr. McGoitre found himself standing before Justice Croucher. The justice always slept in his red flannel underwear, so it was no trouble for him to slip on an overcoat and rush to his court without catching cold.

"Listen," protested the doctor, "I have been stopped by sixty-eight red lights already and thought—"

"Never mind what you thought," broke in the Justice of the Peace. "You disregarded the red light. It seems like a small thing. But little things lead to big things. If you ignore traffic signals you may ignore the ten commandments and the eighteenth amendment and property rights and the Monroe Doctrine. I fine you one hundred dollars and sentence you to spend the night in our hospitable jail." Selectman Whipple, his gun still smoking in his hand, wiggled his Adam's apple in a gesture of satisfaction.

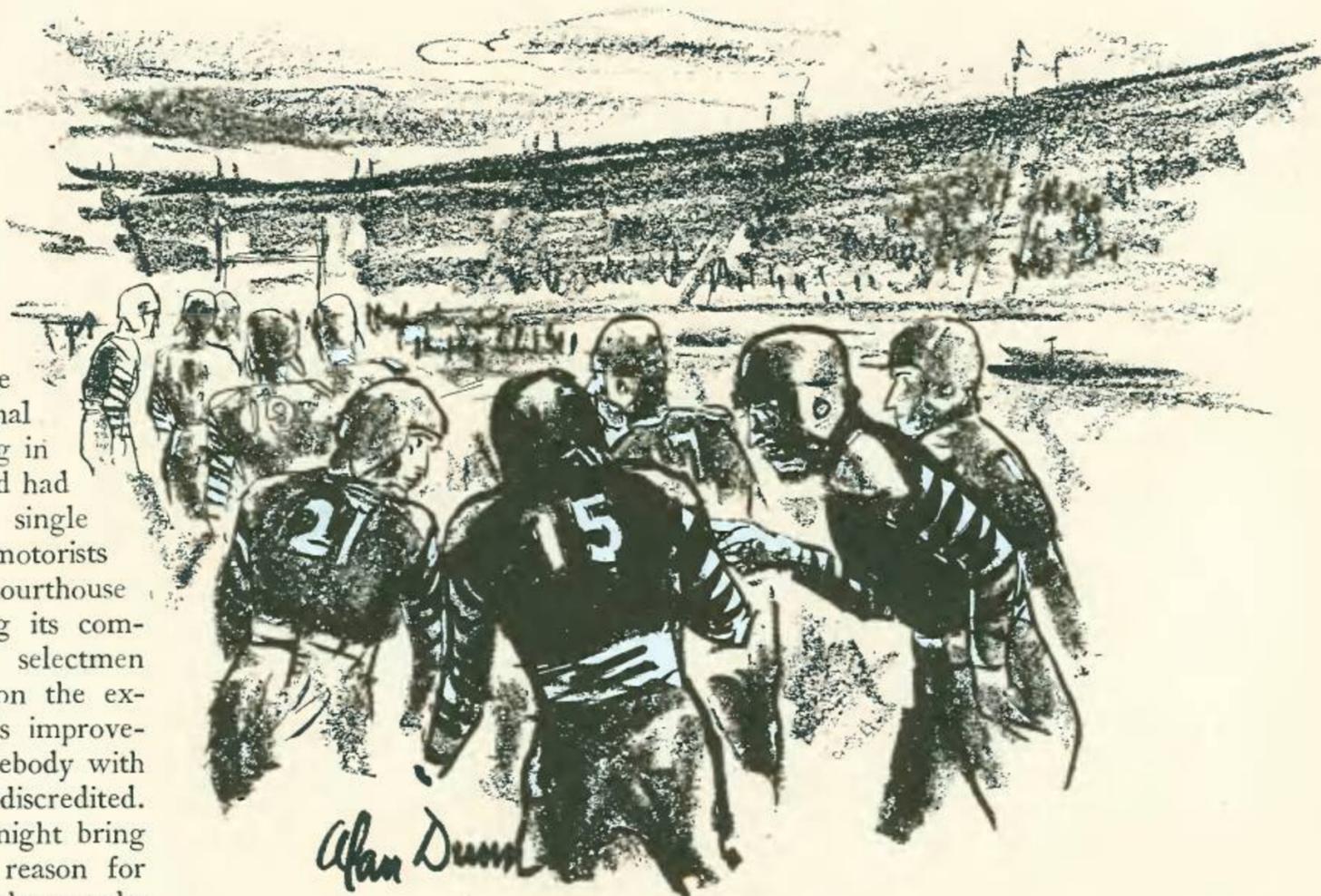
The assembled citizens shook hands all round and Sheriff Rumbleseat

started to lead the culprit away. "You people don't know what you are doing," yelled the doctor in a panic. "You are committing murder. I am on my way to save the life of a dying millionaire and this delay will mean sure death. Jefferson T. Blink is dying of iffritis at his country estate only thirty miles from here and I am the only doctor who can save him. You—"

Selectman Whipple's face turned purplish gray. Jefferson T. Blink dying! Why didn't the doctor say so? If anything happened to the head of the Blink Stop-Go Traffic Signal Company they might go out of business and there would be no more fat commissions for selectmen who sought to make further improvements in the name of civic pride. Beads of perspiration stood out on his corrugated forehead and mingled with the soil that had gathered there during the weeks of watchful waiting.

"Justice Croucher," he whispered hoarsely, "perhaps we have been too hasty. Maybe it would be right to let the doctor go to his patient. After all, we must be broad-minded. A hundred dollars will buy a new coat of gold paint for the city hall dome and that will be a sufficient offering at the altar of justice."

So the doctor paid his fine, hurriedly had his tires fixed at a nearby garage, and hastened on his way. The whole



Alan Dunn
 "Now remember—the minute I give the date of Shelley's birth, Benton drops back for a kick."

proceeding from the time he passed the red light to the moment he got started on his way again took exactly one hour and fourteen minutes, a sufficient lapse of time for galloping iffritis to reach the heart and stop all further activity in the human power station.

But when the doctor burst into the sickroom, exhausted and bedraggled, he found the attending physicians smiling and shaking hands with one another and the patient sitting up in bed

smoking a big fat cigar. One of the doctors rushed over to the astonished consultant who had just entered and exclaimed: "Dr. McGoitre, we have wonderful news for you. Mr. Blink didn't have iffritis after all. It was only a severe case of hives. But he feels much better now and your visit is entirely useless."

"Useless nothing," answered Dr. McGoitre. Whereupon he pulled out a gun and shot Mr. Blink dead.

—RUBE GOLDBERG

PIONEER BOLOGNA

I AM not a born home-maker. Usually there are damp umbrellas in my bathtub; always there are dust balls beneath the chairs. I try to keep things spick and span. I pitch in and do my best. But I don't know; perhaps I don't get the hang of it.

That is why, when a copy of "Buckeye Cookery and Practical Housekeeping" fell into my hands, I opened it with a glad cry. It was published in Minneapolis in 1877. Out West, I reasoned, where life is rugged and dangerous, women have always stayed home and tended to housekeeping. This will be pioneer-woman-to-pioneer-woman stuff. Furthermore, in 1877, people were too busy fighting Indians and inventing the cotton gin to have many books, except, of course, Bibles, and these were fetched through all kinds of weather and read by flickering firelight, often injuring the eyes. This will be a valuable, authoritative book. Here I shall get the dope. *Allons!*

"Housekeeping," I read, "whatever may be the opinion of the butterflies of the period, is an accomplishment in comparison to which all others are trivial. It ought to be absorbed in girlhood, by easy lessons taken between mathematics, music, and painting. If girls were taught to take as much genuine pride in dusting a room well as they feel when they have mastered one of Mozart's or Beethoven's grand symphonies, there would be fewer complaining husbands and unhappy wives."

Here was I, my girlhood flown.

True, I knew my sines and cosines with a reminiscent thrill that gave me the head-staggers; I could recall the day I mastered Mozart's Symphony in E Flat Major and Beethoven's Ninth. I could paint, too, darn it. One year I made my own Christmas cards. Labelled with the triple stigma of a butterfly, I was directed, plain as a parcel-post package, for a complaining husband. I settled down in a corner of the sofa with "Buckeye Cookery and Practical Housekeeping."

"BEFORE beginning fall housecleaning," I read, "all the dirty and heavy work for the winter, such as getting in coal and wood, should be completed, and the cellar made clean and sweet."

The janitor, always somewhat angry, was furious when I telephoned down to ask about the coal and wood.

"What's the idea?" he wanted to know. "What are you—plastered?"

"Before I start housecleaning," I replied, "the cellar must be clean and sweet."

"What?"

I repeated what I had said.

"Listen, lady," he said. "Listen to me. Whatever goes on in this cellar ain't nobody's business, see? And particularly it ain't none of your business, see? Do you get me?"

I turned back to my guidebook.

"Have all tools on hand and in good order, and provide lime for whitewashing, carpet tacks, good soap, sawdust, and carbolic acid."

This I disregarded. Simply no one has tools

any more. I did ask the elevator man if he knew where I could get lime or sawdust; he said I must have the names wrong. Right there I had a hunch that "Buckeye Cookery and Practical Housekeeping" was the bunk. Still, I persevered. I called the Jap boy and read aloud to him the paragraph on carpets.

"Fold carpets by lifting one side, carrying it over to the other, and laying it down carefully, thus preventing the straw from the under side from soiling the upper. Carry out of doors, hang on a strong line, and beat thoroughly."

The boy was all attention. He folded the rugs precisely, looking eagerly for straw. There was none; there were only invisible hairpins. He balked at carrying the rugs out of doors, though. He said he might meet someone. He suggested the vacuum and I gave in, on condition that he follow the next instruction to the letter. The next was:

"Take one or two pails of sawdust, wet thoroughly and scatter well over the floor; in this way a very little dust will arise when you sweep. If you cannot get sawdust, use moist earth instead."

I believe he used the earth from the window-boxes. I wasn't watching. I was hunting for "trumpery."

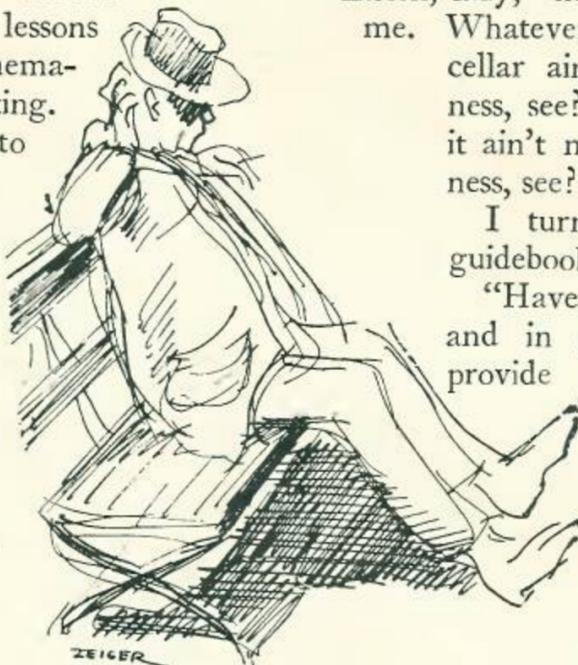
"Clothes, carpeting and 'trumpery,'" according to the book, "must be thoroughly dusted and aired in sunshine and wind."

You know my little marron tulle? I was a chump to hang it outside the window. The last I saw, it had banded itself around a radio aerial.

THE Jap boy called me into the living-room. "Buckeye Cookery" had gotten him completely. All pioneer spirit, he showed me how he had sprinkled cayenne pepper "in every crack and crevice, to drive out mice, rats and other vermin," how he had labored to "mix black pepper with camphor and strew thickly to prevent moths" and to "rub spots on window panes with hot, sharp vinegar." He asked for "rotten stone and sweet oil" to polish the furniture, "linseed oil to polish the hearth." He asked for whitening, gallstone, camphene, and sand. Heaven knows what he asked for.

Well, I asked him to go away. I asked him to take "Buckeye Cookery and Practical Housekeeping" with him. Buckeye, indeed! Cockeye! The hell with pioneering.

—FRANCES WARFIELD





THE HERALD TRIBUNE WRITER WHO VOTED FOR SMITH

DOWN-TOWN LYRICS

THE NEW SUBWAY

Parapets, and planks for paving,
Trucks, and noise, and signal-waving—
Shovels, calls,
Naked walls,
Beams, and traffic misbehaving.

Diggings open for inspection,
Rows of clerks in mild reflection—
Cables bared,
Cellars aired,
Quite a civic vivisection.

Shacks, with placards all devised,
Tops of man-holes, concrete-iced—
Roaring drills,
Latent thrills,
Dust, and vistas newly sliced.

—BURKE BOYCE

OF ALL THINGS

PERHAPS somebody should have warned Mr. Hoover against taking any advice from New York leaders upon the best way to attack Smith at Madison Square Garden. Their hearts are in the right place but their batting average is something terrible.

The Governor says that if he is a socialist, so are Hughes, Miller, Borah, and Lowden. Politics makes strange red-fellows.

If everything turns out well the Fourth of March will be a fine day for a party. That, as every good Hooverite knows, will be the eighth birthday of prosperity, progress, industry, science, and climate.

It is proposed at Geneva that statesmen who create wars be made to serve in the front ranks. One can imagine enthusias-

tic cries from the soldiers of "Author! Author!"

Bernard Shaw says he would consider an invitation to become Emperor of America. Maybe after all it was a mistake to let him play Mussolini in a talking movie.

St. John Ervine, the *World's* guest conductor, does not think that the jokes of the Marx Brothers are funny. This brings up the tiresome old question of whether an Englishman can tell in anything under six months.

There is to be a road company of "Strange Interlude." It was felt that life in the provinces would be finer and richer if the people had something to take dinner between.

A few weeks ago English scientists were about to decide whether or not man has a soul. Our papers have been

so full of politics we never heard how it came out.

According to the figures of the National Industrial Conference Board, the average male wage earner of New York City has a weekly income eleven cents above the cost of living. The full garage we have been hearing about must belong to a couple of other fellows.

Our farewell address to the electorate: vote the straight ticket with a straight face. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

AT FILENE'S a beautiful room to wait in while your furs come out of storage. A huge room—with Oriental rugs—with dozens of chairs and divans—with a fireplace—a desk to write your check or a letter while you're waiting. You can put your fur coat on right there—have the coat you're wearing sent home—give your nose a dash of powder at the dressing table and you're off for the game or a motor trip. We'll take your coat from the freezing vaults and warm it for you. —*Adv. in the Boston Globe.*

Will you also please slip it on and go to the game in it for us?



"But Astoria don't want the seven-cent fare."

"Oh, hang the expense, old fellow, if it's going to keep out undesirables."

* * PROFILES

CAMERA SHY

A SPARE, gray little man with thin lips and a look of certainty in his eyes, lives in a great house on ten landscaped acres in the heart of the city of Rochester. He is seventy-four years old, a celibate and amazingly wealthy. He is living out his remaining years in measured magnificence and shrewdly cautious luxury. His joys are good health, extreme comfort, perfect food, the beauty of flowers and music. He wears precisely tailored clothes on the merry side of conservatism and is positively aggressive in scarves; he smokes many cigarettes—the toasted brand—in a black onyx holder with a trick ejector of gold. He is reserved, disciplined, and primly crystalline—as orderly as a row of gleaming test tubes. His days begin with a pipe-organ solo at his awakening hour of seven-thirty o'clock, and end with orchestral concerts, as often as not in his own home.

Millions know the name of George Eastman, the *deus ex machina* of this pictorial age, the inventor of the Kodak and its name (the word "kodak" has been in the dictionaries, as both noun and verb, these many years), but almost no one knows the man.

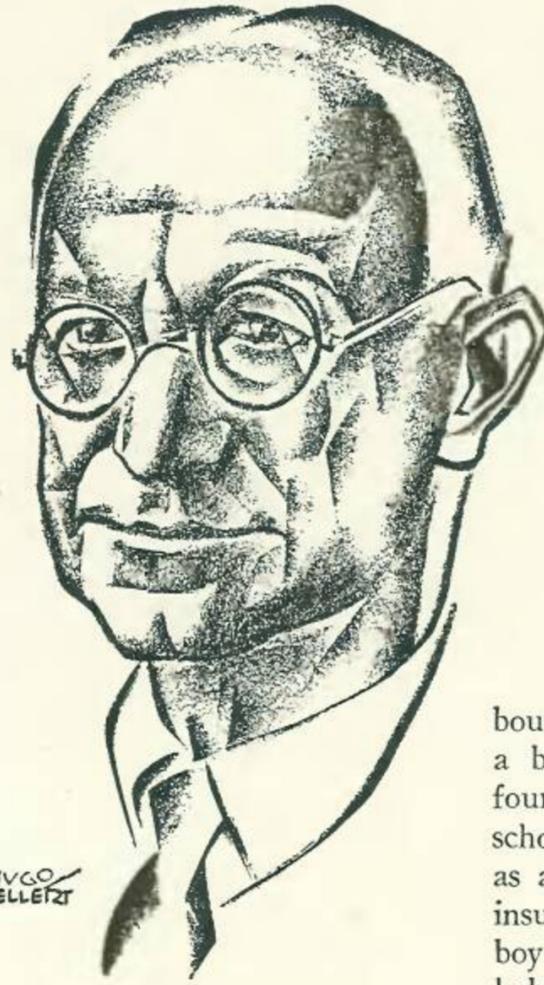
The Eastman factories, dotted around the world, have poured out countless millions of feet of motion-picture film and the material for billions of photographs, but Eastman himself remains a very amateur photographer, with an incurable tendency to over-expose his negatives. Moreover, he is himself camera-shy and insists on control of every snapshot for which he may consent to pose, although he has made the camera a universal instrument and the vehicle of fame for the many, through screen and press. His wares are behind the effulgence of motion-picture Broadway, he is largely responsible for the fact that the cinema dominates the world's amusement industry, yet he is an unknown figure on the Rialto. Not a headwaiter in New York would trouble to find him a good table in a crowded café.

EASTMAN is not a recluse, however. He puts up no high walls about him; his name is listed in the Rochester telephone book as is any other citizen's; he has no public birthdays, no formal in-

terviews, and issues no pronouncements on politics, morals, religion, economics, or the birthrate. He is merely too busy, self-contained, and practical to be famous. In fact, although he was born at Waterville, New York, he is a real Yankee, both from inheritance from his first American forbear, Roger Eastman of the Massachusetts Bay colony of 1638, and in his own Yankee characteristics of ingenuity and cold caution.

THE Eastman company represents something between a quarter and a half billion dollars, and George Eastman's personal fortune has been guessed at a hundred and fifty millions. He has admittedly given away some sixty-odd millions, chiefly in the causes of technical education, music, and medicine. Once, as a "Mysterious Mr. Smith," he gave eleven million dollars to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and kept his secret for years. He has given fifteen millions to the University of Rochester's College of Medicine and Dental Dispensary, and in his own city, also, founded the Eastman School of Music. Most likely, if the facts could be revealed, it would be found that he has donated for such purposes the greater part of his fortune, retaining only a living income of a million a year. Two years ago, it was said that he had given away the last of his stock holdings in the Eastman company.

Officially, Eastman has retired. A few years ago, when he resigned from the presidency of the Eastman Kodak Company, retaining the chairmanship of the board, he said: "The remaining years are very precious to me, and I am now doing what the movies call a 'fade-out.'" The fading has not become apparent at the company offices yet. He still runs the business.



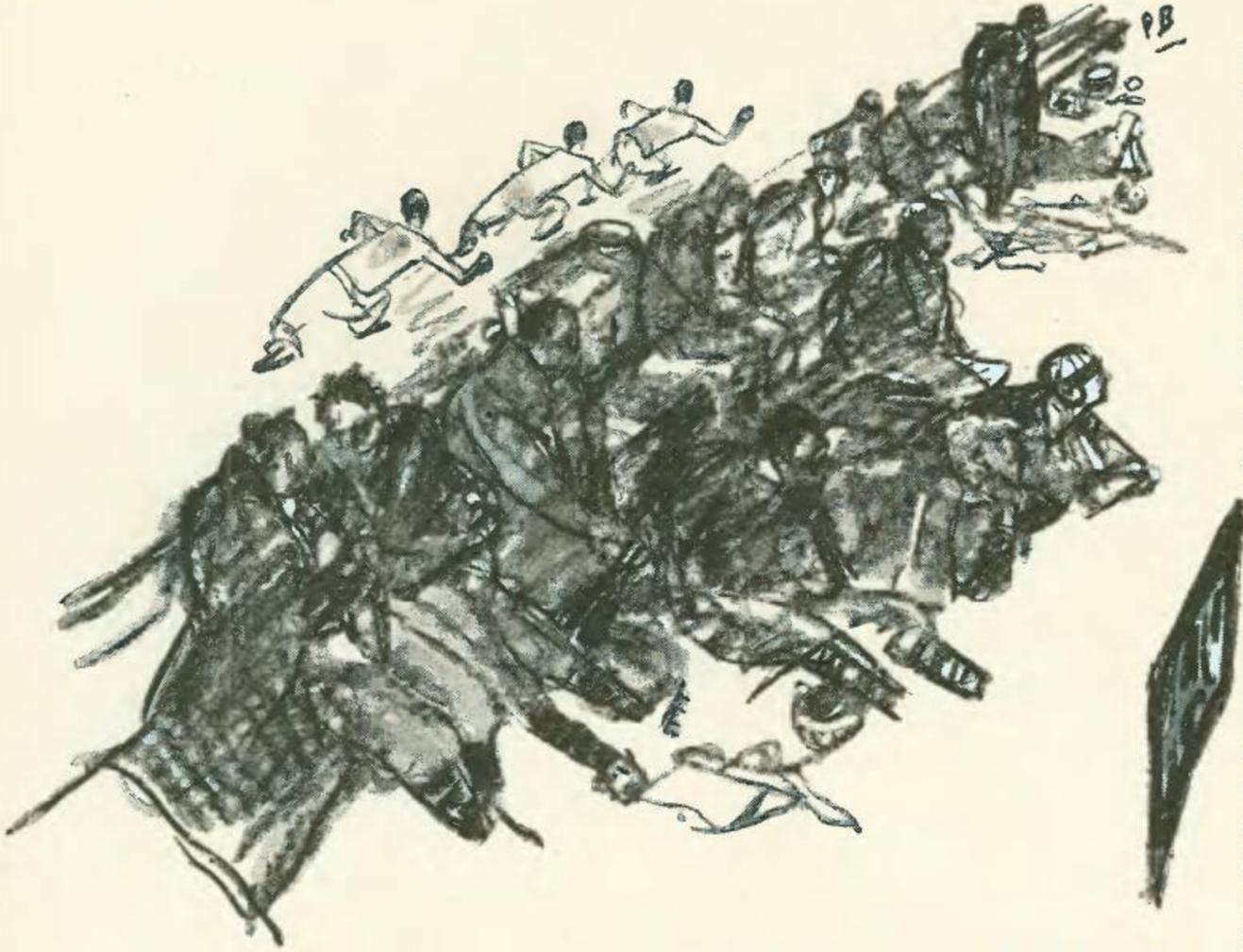
George Eastman

EVERYTHING started wrong for Eastman. Six years after his birth in Waterville, his father, George Washington Eastman, removed to Rochester, where he founded a business college and an orchard nursery, and died soon after, leaving almost nothing. The widow, Maria Kilbourn Eastman, started a boarding house. At fourteen, her son left school and went to work as an errand boy in an insurance office. The boy set out to learn the habits of money. By night he studied accounting. At twenty, he

became a bank clerk at a salary of eight hundred dollars a year. Seven years later, having saved three thousand dollars, the hard-driven youth yearned for travel and adventure. Just at this time, there came a flare of publicity for San Domingo, where President Grant projected a naval base, and Eastman decided to splurge on a vacation there. A friend in the bank suggested that he take a camera. Eastman bought one and paid the only other amateur in Rochester five dollars to teach him to use it. He was at once deep in the intricacies of the clumsy wet-plate processes of the day, and instead of going to the West Indies he immersed himself in photochemistry. Reading, by chance, of dry plates, which were then beginning to be made in England and were much easier to manipulate, he set about making some. It was then that he laid the foundation of his fortune—in the kitchen sink.

Eastman worked by day at the bank and labored by night in a dark room at home, took his sleep in broken doses, and many nights did not sleep at all. When Saturday night came, he started to make up his sleep for the week. Sunday was a long drowsy blank with three slight breaks when his mother awakened him for meals, but Monday morning found him charged for another six days.

Two years later he emerged from the darkroom with successful dry plates,



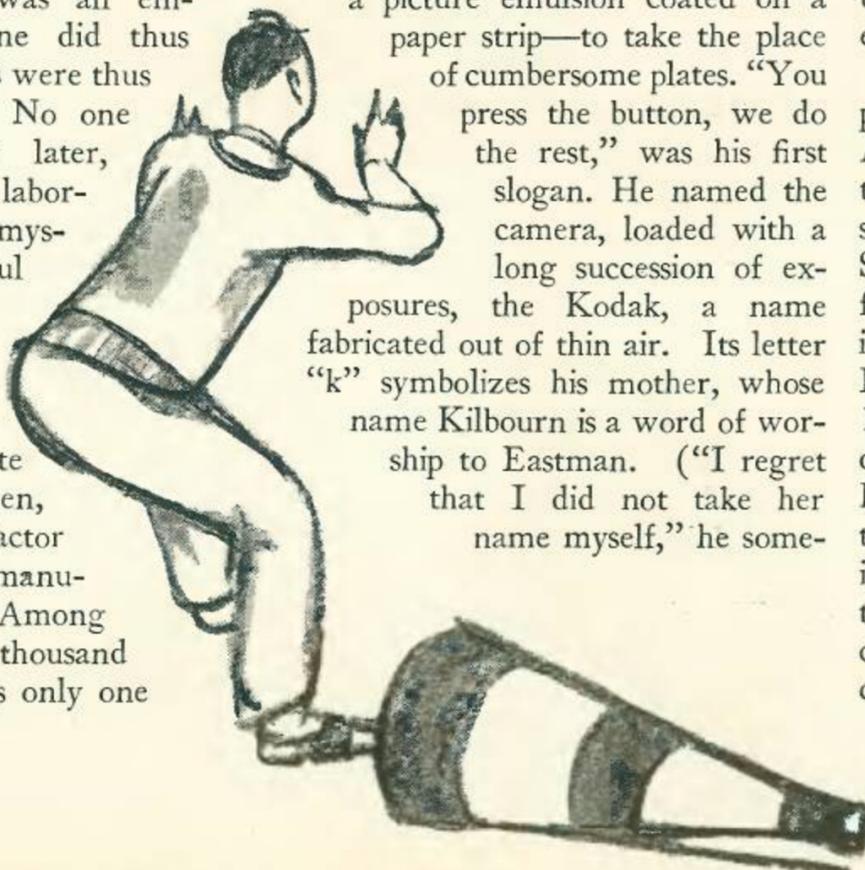
the best that ever had been made. He quit the bank job and plunged his capital into a little two-man plant for making the plates. That autumn, a jobber placed a large order; through the winter, Eastman delivered plates which went into storage against the coming season's demand. Then, in the spring, the plates were found to have spoiled. It looked like ruin. "Ship them back to Rochester," he ordered. He knew he had to make good, although there had been no guaranty. Going to England, he studied anew in plants there, and bought a formula, but when he returned to Rochester this formula failed to work. At home he started over again with his experiments and won.

PHOTOCHEMISTRY was all empirical then. One did thus and thus and the results were thus and so—sometimes. No one knew why. Years later, the Eastman research laboratories found that the mystery of a successful formula lay in the complexities of a frivolous, whimsical colloid—the gelatine used in the plate coating. Secrecy was then, and still is, a large factor in the photographic manufacturing industry. Among Eastman's twenty thousand workers today, there is only one

man, Dr. Charles E. K. Mees, head of the research laboratory, who knows all Eastman's chemical secrets.

Eastman, the celibate, made a mistress of his business from the very start and gave it all of his devotion, and long after he became prosperous he worked in his factory. In the early days he rode to work on a high-wheeled bicycle and carried his lunch. He was ruled by the exactness of his business, and also learned some basic facts about the human race. He observed that the consumer is lazy and impatient; he saw the rise of the great American demand for results, automatically delivered and ready-made. Therefore his constant effort was to make photography simple and foolproof. One of his first efforts in this direction was his invention of "roller photography"—

a picture emulsion coated on a paper strip—to take the place of cumbersome plates. "You press the button, we do the rest," was his first slogan. He named the camera, loaded with a long succession of exposures, the Kodak, a name fabricated out of thin air. Its letter "k" symbolizes his mother, whose name Kilbourn is a word of worship to Eastman. ("I regret that I did not take her name myself," he some-



times says. "George Kilbourn Eastman would have been better.")

When first invented, the paper-roll kodaks had to be returned to the factory for development of the negatives and reloading. This complication stood in the way of big business. Eastman wanted volume. He sought a better material for "roller photography." A chance mixture of a cellulose solution which dried into thin, flexible transparent sheets gave him what he wanted.

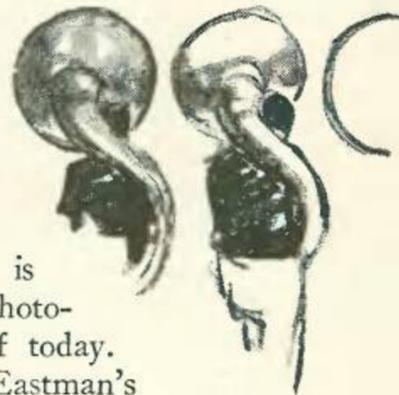
In August of 1889 he began to make kodak film.

ONLY about twelve years ago Eastman settled with the heirs of the late Reverend Hannibal Goodwin of Newark in an out-of-court adjustment terminating a litigation of nearly two decades over the invention of film. It is said the settlement was for three million dollars. This does not, however, preclude the probability that the origin of Eastman film was entirely independent of the labors of the New Jersey clergyman.

When Thomas Edison, struggling with the invention of the motion picture, heard of Eastman's new material, he sent for a sample, fifty feet long and one inch wide, and on September 2, 1889, he mailed a money order for two dollars and a half to pay for it. Out of that strip the motion-picture industry was born, and with it millions more for Eastman, for movie film is about half the photographic industry of today.

It is typical of Eastman's detachment that he did not meet Edison, the inventor of the motion picture, until four or five years ago, at a luncheon of the movie industry at the Ritz.

The Motion Picture Patents Company, formed in 1908, combining all American producers in the first screen trust, made a contract for the exclusive use of Eastman film in the United States. Newcomers and independents, forced to rely on foreign-made film of inferior quality, bought and bootlegged Eastman film by strange devices. In 1912, Jules Brulatour, a New York dealer in photo supplies, including Lumière film made in France, negotiated with Eastman in behalf of the independent customers. The screen trust, under heavy legal fire in federal courts, released Eastman from his exclusive contract under a special royalty



agreement, and Brulatour became the Eastman agent to the trade and has in the intervening years accumulated millions in commissions.

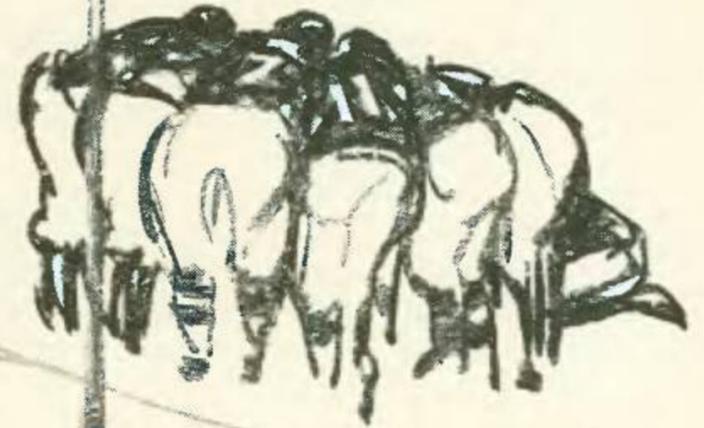
As far back as 1898, Eastman found he was rich. Incident to a visit to London in connection with the affairs of the British Kodak concern in that year, he discovered that he had a million in detachable profits.

"I hurried home to Rochester to see my mother," he relates. "'I've got a whole million,' I told her. She said, 'That's nice,' and never mentioned it again. It did not impress her much."

BY 1906 Eastman had many more millions and proceeded to put one of them into his imposing Rochester residence in East Avenue. From the street it appears a strictly formal city place, but the wide area behind it is a real farm, curiously contrasting with its urban setting. Eastman keeps cows and chickens on these city grounds because he likes their products for the table. He has always had a scholarly but practical interest in food, and can, and frequently does, cook for himself. His masterpiece is a thickly frosted chocolate cake. In his big house he lives in unostentatious luxury, with an air of comfortable utility everywhere. The house is filled with flowers, renewed in unending succession from his large greenhouses. Each important room has its fireplace, and the master of the house has a finicky notion of how he wants the fire laid; most

often he is disposed to do it himself. His playtime of recent years has been devoted to far-ranging hunts, in British Columbia, Alaska, and Africa. He likes the chase and he can shoot accurately. The business of outfitting is one of his delights. Preparing for an Alaskan expedition, he personally packed all the supplies, weighing them into parcels balanced to the fraction of an ounce, to eliminate uneven loading which makes saddle galls on packhorses and trouble on the trail.

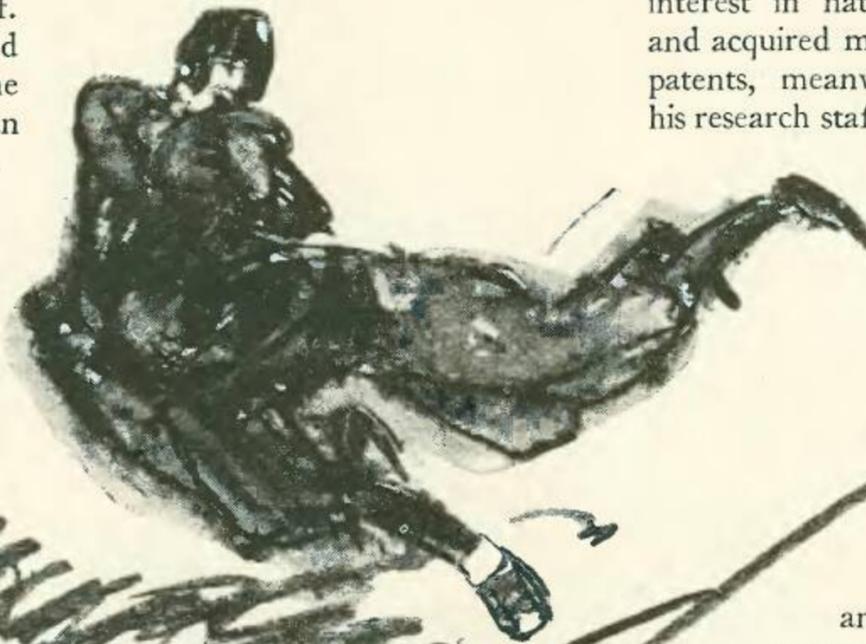
The attic floor of the Eastman mansion is devoted to his diversions. It includes a trophy room, a photographic darkroom, and a carpentry workshop, for he is a whittling, tinkering Yankee and always carries a jack-knife. The attic includes a movie-projection room where he shows friends his own pictures made on a ciné-kodak in the course of his African hunting expeditions with Daniel Pomeroy and Martin Johnson. The attic show of African pictures has more recently been supple-



mented by an array of the Eastman Kodacolor pictures, made by a new color process for amateurs, the attainment of many years of effort. Long ago, Eastman evidenced an aggressive interest in natural color-photography and acquired many color processes and patents, meanwhile diligently urging his research staff to a study of the problems involved. The Kodacolor process, so recently launched with the greatest publicity fanfare the Eastman concern has ever indulged in, was perfected while he was on his last African safari and held for announcement until his return. It is recognized as his valedictory contribution to the art of photography.

GEORGE EASTMAN'S philosophy of living and giving is dominated by a stern practicality. His millions for education have been carefully distributed, part for the training which will enable workers to make money for themselves, part for the art of music because of "the emotional need of the workers of this machine age." His stock dividends to his workers have totalled some ten million dollars, and many of his employees have grown wealthy by investing in the concern.

It is in keeping with Eastman's flair for perfection and efficiency that he



PA



is now devoting himself considerably to the reform of the business calendar, making a clumsy year of twelve irregular months into a neat sequence of thirteen periods of exactly four weeks each. He carries a pack of cards bearing the new calendar and hands them out to callers. He would conserve the time that is so valuable to his business, and to him.

Eastman has never married. No woman's name has ever been mentioned with his. He offers the brusque opinion that sentiment was left out of his make-up. However, there are seven pictures of his mother on the mantel over his living-room fireplace.

—TERRY RAMSAYE

HEARING THE RETURNS

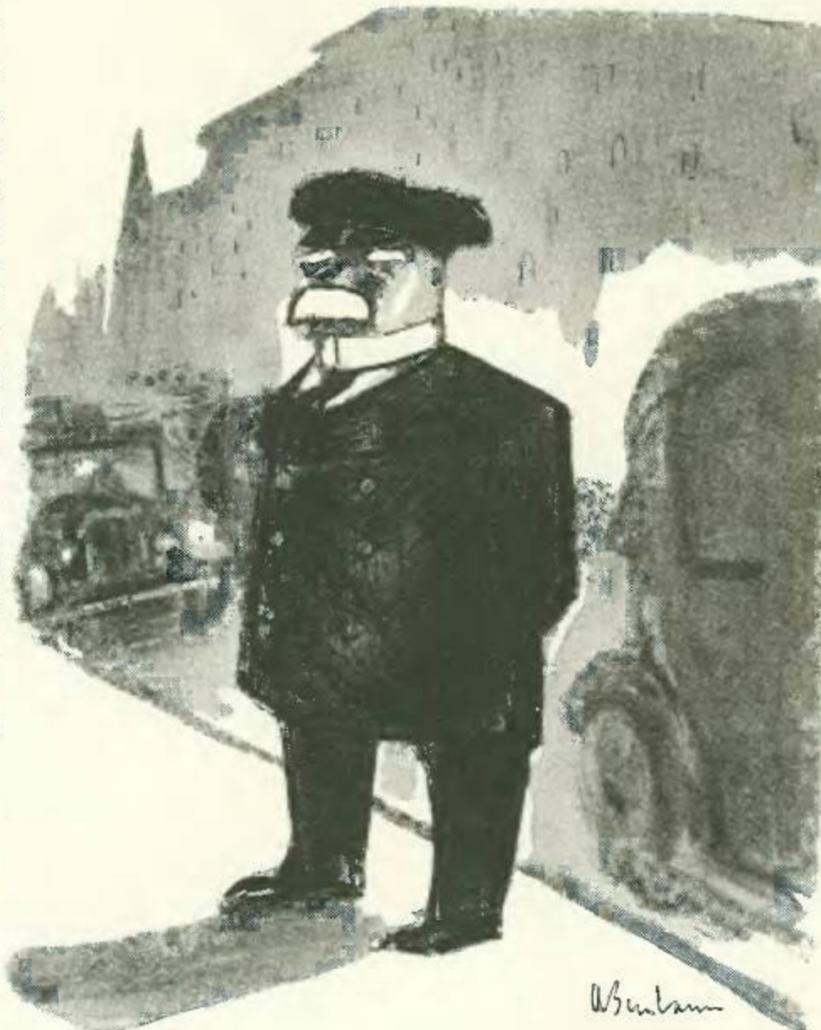
SOME blame it on prohibition; some say that the radio is responsible; but this much is certain—the old-time carnival spirit has vanished from New York life. Merry-making used to be a communal affair. Election night particularly was always a gay and boisterous occasion. We do not recall that grief for the defeat of our candidate ever dampened our ardor or affected the broad vulgar gusto of our celebration. There were, we suppose, many timid inhibited souls who were content to hear the results of the election in the quiet seclusion of their homes and clubs. But for most of us “going downtown to hear the returns” was an inflexible annual rite.

Can anyone ever forget emerging at Times Square into the seething, jostling mob, the street hawkers clamorously vending confetti and ticklers, the tooting of horns, and the gay, reckless good humor that shames the attenuated merrymaking of today? There was the pretty girl who brazenly shoved a

tickler into our face, and the courtly old gentleman whose derby we joyously bashed in. We can still taste the confetti thrown into our incautiously opened mouth by the selfsame old gentleman.

We all spoke to one another as we stood and cheered before the bulletins—great canvas screens suspended from poles. Shouts of joy would go up from the Republican supporters as the glad tidings were flashed on the screen in a black scrawling handwriting that six election districts in Kansas City, Missouri, had given Roosevelt a majority of sixteen over Parker. And what an answering shout from the Democratic ranks at the announcement that practically cinched the election: “Little Rock, Ark., 7 Election Districts—Parker 615—Roosevelt 209”!

It was our election. We stood in the bleachers and rooted for our team; we cheered whenever our candidate made a first down, and we groaned when he was thrown for a loss. Perhaps it could not have changed the result; the votes must have all been in by that time. But we felt that it might. The spirit of carnival was in the air; horns were blowing, confetti was flying, perhaps if we yelled loud enough—“Hold 'em Teddy!” “Hold 'em Parker!”—well, who could tell?



OUR DISTINGUISHED DOORMEN
The Fifth Avenue Bank

There were the interludes—gaudy-colored magic-lantern pictures and, later, crude primitive movies. These intermissions were often used for advertisements. Somehow they are associated in our mind with installment furniture. Then once more the tension would be relieved; a wild shout would go up; the Fifteenth Congressional District of Idaho had gone Democratic!

All this has vanished. This year we will visit a friend of ours who will have had his radio fixed up in the morning so that the reception will be good. We will sit about drinking his rye whiskey and discussing life, love, and the immortality of the soul. From time to time our friend, who is statistically minded, will call in from the adjoining room where he will sit, pencil in hand, tabulating the returns. The Fifteenth Idaho District may go Smith and seven districts in Little Rock may go Hoover, but we shall not care.

Out in the deserted streets the searchlight from the tower of the Times Building will flash North and South to announce a Smith victory, East and West for a Hoover landslide, and perhaps some fourth dimensional direction to announce the election of Norman Thomas, but we shall sit sadly beside the fireplace and mourn the passing of the carnival spirit and the good old days that have vanished in the *ewigkeit*. —HAY

NO DUELS, DRAMA, OR BLOODSHED TO SPEAK OF

If I were beautiful I would
Not bother much with being good,
For beauty seems sufficiently
Attractive in itself to me,
And righteousness a rather silly
Calcimining of the lily.

But if I were as good as gold
And wholly free from all the old
Familiar weaknesses, I guess
I'd curl my lip at comeliness,
And find my satisfaction in
The state of being free from sin.

But since I'm neither this nor that
Nor good nor bad nor thin nor fat
Nor beautiful nor plain as some,
But just a happy medium,
I have a very pleasant time
And never get involved in crime.

—MARGARET FISHBACK



Peter
Arno

*“Morris, don’t forget
to order another box tomorrow.”*

THE OPPORTUNISTS

Under the sea
Where the great tides run,
Hardened by time,
Mantled with slime,
Lies the coal of jungles that grew in the sun,
And fish
Ice-cold and staring-eyed
May rub their fins along the side
Of some great mammalian skeleton,
And never stop in their sway and swing
At the touch of so alien a thing.

And high upon some momentous peak
That measures itself against the sky
A bird may pause to clean its beak
On a fossil shell,
And peer and twitter,
Cock its head and stretch its wing
Till every feather must shine and glitter,
And never pause as it comes to sing
At being so near an alien thing.

I cannot sufficiently praise the mind
That duly accepts what it happens to find.

—ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

SPEAKEASY NIGHTS

THE Basque Speakeasy is run by three young men from the Pyrenees who take turns as bartender, cook, and waiter. If the place is crowded, all three cook and wait, running with perspiring faces along the corridor from the kitchen to the dining-room, all wearing their ordinary street clothes and keeping their coats on, for since all are managers and owners equally they feel it would impair their dignity to be seen in a waiter's or a

chef's rig-out. At these busy times the guests who want highballs or cocktails go behind the bar and mix the drinks themselves.

The decorations of this place are numerous, striking, and mixed-up. On the mirror of the bar is the conventional dollar bill; on the opposite wall is a collection of butterflies in a glass case, some signed photographs of dancers and other well-known people, including one of Charles Lindbergh signed "With luck to the boys." It's true that this testimonial doesn't fit with the familiar idea that Lindbergh is a teetotaler, but there is the photograph and the signature.

Another person almost as celebrated as Lindbergh, a prizefighter who once chopped wood near the same town in the Spanish mountains from which the three managers came, visits this place when he is in town. He is said to have donated the set of pictures which

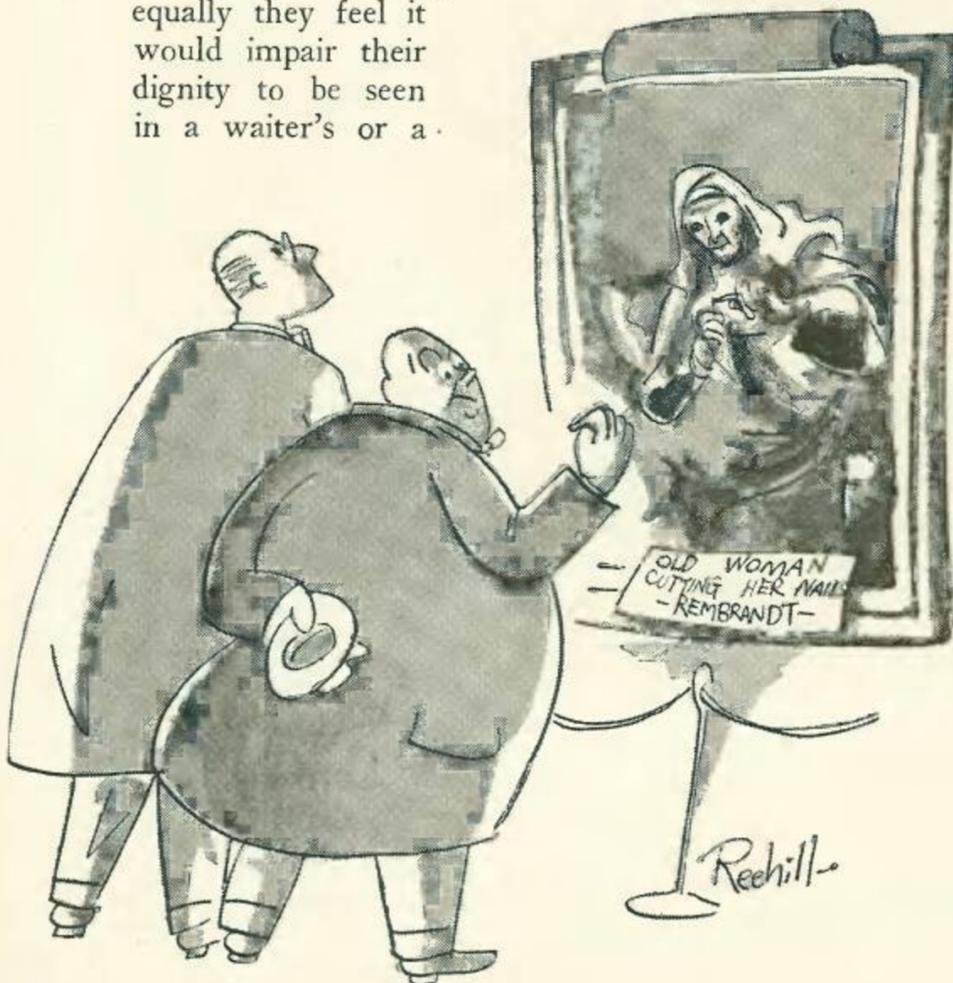
hang on the walls of the dining-room—pictures illustrating the dances of all countries, how they dance in Holland, in Turkey, India, Germany, Japan. These pictures are painted in bright colors and are educational but not offensive. And in case anyone wants to practice the illustrated dances there is a nickelodeon that plays "Among My Souvenirs" and "Ain't She Sweet?"

Dinner is a dollar and a half. If you have been in the Basque country this dinner will not bring any reminiscences. Except that the chicken à la King has a taste of rum about it, which might have been caused by some confusion in utensils resulting from the way things are done here, there's nothing on the menu that you could avoid in Greenwich Village. The wine is in the same class as the food, but it goes down all right, and everything is well cooked, and the place somehow puts you in a good humor.

AT intervals when the nickel piano isn't working a sad-looking, thin, dark man with a hook nose comes in and plays the accordion. He is all right as long as he sticks to Broadway tunes but every once in a while he mixes in a Basque tune for the sake of atmosphere. Then he is terrible; Basque tunes on the accordion sound like someone practicing on the bagpipes. I know the Basque country is famous for something, but it can't be its music.

The way to get around this gloomy musician is to give him fifty cents and tell him what you want him to play. Don't tell him the name of any tune you don't like because he won't be satisfied with playing it once; he's likely to play it all evening and he'll remember it and play it the next time you come. And the next time you come the three young men from the Pyrenees will run around the way they always do; one will bring you your soup and another your fish while the third is out cooking the entrée. And if you want a drink you can mix it yourself, and the Basque who happens to be the waiter at that minute will grab a bottle as he rushes by and the accordion player will come in with his gloomy air, looking scornfully at the electric piano, and after tasting the chicken à la King with rum in it, you will decide once more that after all it doesn't matter whether Lindbergh ever really came to this place or not.

—NIVEN BUSCH, JR.





CLOWNINGS AND THUNDERS

THERE came blaring up from Philadelphia the rumor that "Animal Crackers," by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, an extravaganza involving the Four Marx Brothers, was the very concoction for which the word "wow" had been coined. Thousands down there had laughed till they moaned. Press-agentry itself blushed to reveal the extent of the triumph.

Then "Animal Crackers" opened at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, and by the Lord Harry it proved to be all true. People have been known to object that in stellar reality the Four Marx Brothers are only two, Harpo and Groucho. Which is as captious as to complain of a numerical deficiency in Joe Cook's six "Hawayans." That pair can be the twenty Marx Brothers if they want to.

"Animal Crackers" is just the right rubber ladder for them to storm up and tumble down, and their ruthless madness has never been in fresher frenzy. When they hold the stage it becomes such wild, unrelenting funniness as to leave the spectator exhausted. There takes place a kind of chiropractic of the spirit. The elderly or the muscle-bound in soul should never be exposed to it. It's too violent. They'll sit taut and expectant and realize with self-satisfaction that they've been able not to like it. For the rest of the world I should advise constant treatments. The right method is to relax and let the Marx Brothers thump and trample you. Every time you go you'll get more good and enjoyment from it.

When Harpo and Groucho aren't present there's excellent dancing, an adequate score, and Chico's piano-playing.

IT is rare that a producer evinces for a play the unswerving passion that A. H. Woods has shown for "Monsieur Lambertier," by Louis Verneuil. He has spared neither time nor effort in getting it ready for Broadway. Several adapters have worked on it, two well-known actresses have been tried out in the feminine lead, and no less

than five actors of note in the male. This is not entirely incomprehensible, however, nor does it connote a wholly aesthetic passion. "Monsieur

Elliott. In it Fay Bainter plays Valerie, and John Halliday, Maurice.

I admit to a little reluctance before I went to see "Jealousy." That any



"MACHINAL"

This is the dark, troubled lady who hurls a bottle into the machinery of life and produces the unusual and affecting results to be seen on the stage of the Plymouth Theatre. The lady: Zita Johann

two people compassed by one setting, and twanging on the string of one emotion, could provide a tolerable evening in the theatre seemed doubtful to me, and the chance seemed even less good when one of the people was so mannered an actress as Fay Bainter.

I was wrong. "Jealousy" is of course a stunt, with a stunt's disadvantages, but its technique is so remarkably expert that for long stretches one is able to forget that fact and sit absorbed.

Valerie is a lying, tricky, adoring woman who has married Maurice, concealing from him her relations with the offstage Monsieur Lambertier, whom Maurice nevertheless suspects of having been her lover. She learns that M. Lambertier has been murdered, and on Maurice's insistence confesses that she killed him "to save her honor." This betrays only too much to Maurice, who is himself the murderer, as he confesses in turn. Two confessions! Hell, they've got to have something to talk about.

For two acts Miss Bainter sustains the burden of the play magnificently, with variety, charm, power. Fortunately, the last act is Mr. Halliday's. He rises to it nobly, but Miss Bainter

has done all she can by then. One grows conscious of her manner, and her fatigue. That's carping, for Miss Bainter deserves credit for a fine job, but it's true.

"GODS OF THE LIGHTNING," by Maxwell Anderson and Harold Hickerson, at the Little, is a dramatization of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, seen as a crying disgrace, which is the view many of us accept.

In it two radicals, one stormy and argumentative, the other gentle and dreamy, are railroaded to the chair on a thin charge of murder, a theme as disturbing and horrible, in the light of what seems to have happened, as one could ask.

The emphasis of the play seemed to me faulty, however. The story appears to engage one's sympathy, not for men unjustly executed because of their impractical economic views, but for great workers in a Cause stopped in the performance of their mission. We seem to see not martyred unreason, but martyred truth. The spectacle is less moving.

The play begins in a lunchroom in a town in the grip of a strike. Macready and Capraro, two strikeleaders, are arrested for the murder of a paymaster.

In the next act, one sees the Interest-driven district attorney forcing witnesses to testify against them, and playing on the prejudices of the jurors, and one hears the complacent judge pass sentence of death after magnificent speeches by both men. In the last act, back in the restaurant, one waits with Macready's sweetheart for the moment of execution. There is not one hint of a storm of protest shaking the country, of a question of the sovereignty of a state tribunal being involved.

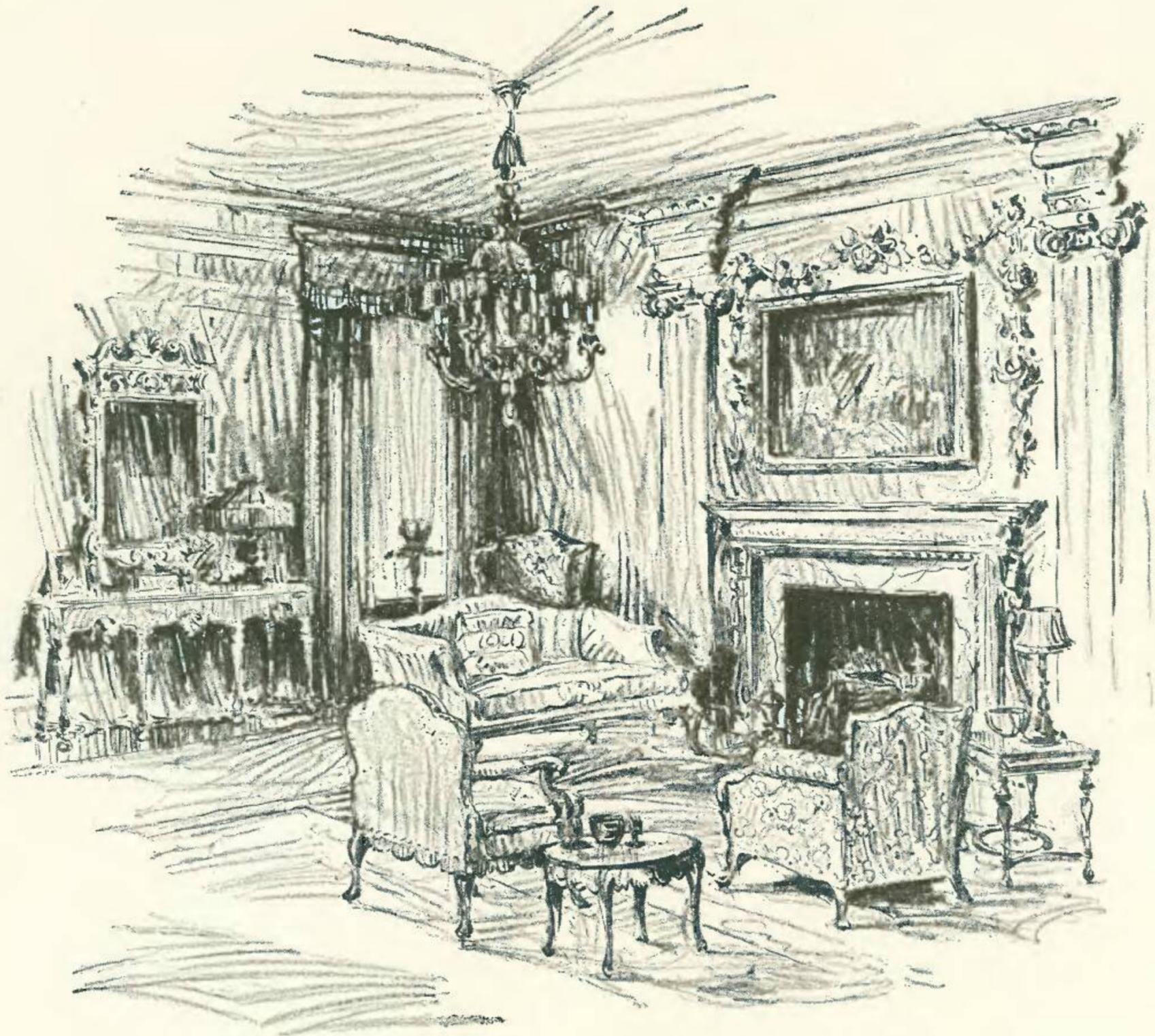
"Gods of the Lightning" would be a better play if some of the inhuman lack of prejudice for either side which marks the early Galsworthy plays were apparent in it. As it stands, the speeches of the radicals are offset by nothing and, since they have a stirring sound, the audience is apt, at the moment of their delivery, to accept them as revelation instead of half-baked theory.

The play has little action, but makes up for it in emotion and superb dialogue. Charles Bickford as the belligerent Macready and Horace Braham as Capraro both score one hundred. Sylvia Sidney as Rosalie dresses too smartly but plays the part well, except for the final scene, which she fell upon like a terrier on a rat.



Little Master Dukes has expressed a desire to jump in a pile of autumn leaves

AT the Playhouse, "The Grey Fox," by Lemist Esler, is about Machiavelli. Machiavelli, it reveals, began by being just a sentimental boy, and was tempered into such subtlety and cunning as he was ever able to achieve by the treachery of Caterina Sforza, for him the Only Woman. He was never very good at those things, though, and as for relentlessness, you could always see the great heart beating under his chain mail, and right after doing something



A DRAWING-ROOM INSPIRED BY
SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN (1632-1723)

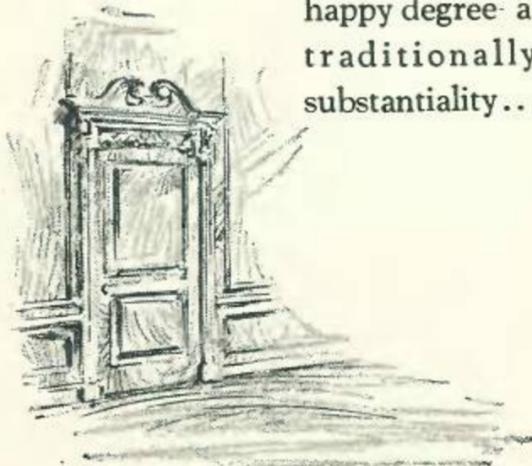
New York Galleries, Inc., Decorators

SYMMETRY of proportion and refinement of detail characterized the interiors designed by Sir Christopher Wren—qualities of restraint and dignity well worthy of emulation today. ∞

Q Interpreting the genius of Wren, the drawing-room above combines in a happy degree a note of grace with the traditionally English feeling of substantiality...creating an atmosphere

of culture in an environment that is altogether livable and charming. ∞

Q This room, with its walls of mellowed pine and carved overmantel, is typical of the manner in which we complete an interior in harmony with any historic precedent . . . coordinating each detail of the lighting, furniture and other appointments with the background, ceiling and floor. ∞ ∞ ∞



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CABINETMAKERS DECORATORS ANTIQUARIANS
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PACKARD
AN UNUSUAL
OFFERING
of Six Distinctive
Motor Cars

WE have six new Packard Eights, custom-built, to be sold at reductions of from \$1000 to \$2000 from their original prices. If you are interested in effecting a remarkable saving in the purchase of a genuinely superfine motor car, we urge you to see these Packards now.

DIETRICH FOUR-PASS.
SEDAN, \$5700

A town and country closed car in a handsome blue with rich leather upholstery to match

HOLBROOK FOUR-PASS.
SEDAN, \$5235

A similar model to the above, presented with a different flair, in gray with broadcloth upholstery

JUDKINS SIX-PASS. SEDAN
LIMOUSINE, \$5250

JUDKINS SIX-PASS. SEDAN
LIMOUSINE, \$5360

Two ideal formal cars, each treated differently, but both unmistakably marked with this designer's individuality

MURPHY SIX-PASS. SEDAN, \$5685

Rakish and powerful looking, simply and effectively presented in green

MURPHY ROADSTER, \$5485

One of the swankiest cars you've ever seen, with pigskin leather upholstery and a top that disappears when lowered

PACKARD
MOTOR CAR CO.
of New York
PACKARD BUILDING
BROADWAY and 61ST STREET
NEW YORK

Ask the man who owns one

hard he was practically sure to go into a crying spell.

"The Grey Fox" doesn't purport to be a serious historical study and those inaccuracies are justifiable in the name of romance, which it provides, off and on, in generous helpings. A graver fault, however, is the fact that its intrigue is so complicated, and so incompletely explained, that often in a scene where two people are trying to out-smart each other, one isn't sure what either of them wants.

The production and costumes are superlatively beautiful, and Chrystal Herne gives a glowing performance as the treacherous Caterina. After his first scene of boyish disillusion, I thought that Henry Hull, who plays Machiavelli, lacked weight.

AT the Belmont, "Girl Trouble," by Barry Connors, is about Jimmy Lockhart, a boy from Columbus, Ohio, who has been dragged out of an early marriage by his fond mother, and has thereupon written a book about women, or perhaps I should say that book about women; so many shy young men in farces have written it. He and his mother move to New York. He sees his one-time bride on the street and leaves the maternal apartment to follow her, but she will have nothing to do with him. He starts a flirtation with Cissy Willard, a bold minx from the theatres. A nice girl is imported from home to distract him. In a last act he is tossed from one eager female to another to end . . . well, you can guess where.

To play this mooncalf, the management has engaged the mature services of Allan Dinehart, who gives every indication of knowing his urbane way about and none of being Jimmy Lockhart. Sara Haden strikes a pleasant note as the girl from Columbus.

The farce spends most of its time ambling down irrelevant little bypaths, but has its jaunty moments.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

Miss Alzena Teresa Grossman, the beautiful daughter of Mrs. Lilyan L. Grossman and the late Dr. H. A. Grossman, and Carroll Curleo, a Pennsylvania boy of 24 years, were united in marriage in a quiet wedding recently, due to the fact that Rabbi Rosenfeld, cousin of the bride's deceased father, offered to make them a wedding in the near future at his synagogue.—*The Idaho Statesman.*

No good Pennsylvania boy of 24 could let a chance like that go by.

Where are "They" going this Winter? . . . To Havana, naturally! . . . on the Caronia, of course!



HAVANA . . . the newest, gayest mecca of the world . . . with its tropic nights turned into days . . . its days filled with the fascination of horseracing, amusing national sports, of casinos, of the famous Jai-Alai game!

The world may travel to Havana with all the comfort to which they are accustomed in the Caronia . . . famous transatlantic liner . . . with the usual Cunard First Class service . . . real beds instead of berths . . . with hot and cold running water . . . glass-enclosed deck . . . verandah café . . . a ventilating system that puts all the zephyrs at one's command! . . . delicious food delicately served.

Beginning January 5th . . . the Caronia will leave New York every Saturday . . . returning from Havana every Tuesday . . . Advance hotel reservations, if you desire, made in Havana . . . special 13 day trips . . . all expenses \$210 up. For the perfect New Year's Eve . . . leave on the Caronia Dec. 27th on a 9 day cruise . . . all expenses . . . \$175 up.



See Your Local Agent

CUNARD
HAVANA SERVICE
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St. Moritz, society's winter playground in the Swiss Alps, crowns the world, like a glittering jewel.



AN
AMERICAN-BORN MARQUISE
*animates Europe's most brilliant
 Winter Playground*



The Marquise de Polignac, formerly Miss Nina Crosby of the exclusive Newport set, married into an aristocratic French family. Here she is ready for skiing, but hatless—the latest vogue at St. Moritz.

EVERY SEASON at St. Moritz, one of the most piquant and striking personalities is the Marquise de Polignac. Her wit and verve make her an acclaimed favorite in this colony of cosmopolitans who, in the snow-clad Alps, enjoy winter sports under the ardent sun.

Madame de Polignac is an indefatigable sportswoman. Like the rest of the smart world, she is all day in sports attire, skating, skiing, "bobbing" in the sun-drenched snow.

Fascinating though this life is, the contradictory delights of blazing sun, sweeping winds and exhilarating cold, brown all skins rapidly—burn them black. Yet the Marquise de Polignac

manages to keep her complexion fine, clear, smooth.

When asked about it, she said:—"I like to take part in all the winter sports. But the cold, dry air would draw and chap my skin unless I carefully protected it and kept it soft and supple. For myself I prefer Pond's Two Creams. They give swift, dependable results. In warmer countries, I also use Pond's Skin Freshener to tone and liven up my skin.

"In fact," she concluded with a flashing smile, "I have got the Pond's habit completely."

THIS is how Madame de Polignac uses her invaluable Pond's:

FIRST—she spreads Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, to cleanse deeply every pore, twice a day, and when retiring.

SECOND—with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues she removes the cream, carrying the dust with it.

Madame de Polignac, who spends two months of the season at St. Moritz, the popular winter resort of fashionable Europe, dances as gracefully as she skis. Her lithe figure, well-poised head, sincere grey eyes and sun-tanned skin make her a striking example of a fine type.

On her dressing table the Marquise keeps Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener in choice green jars. You can buy Pond's in the familiar containers at all department and drug stores.

THIRD—she dashes on the Freshener—Pond's tonic which leaves the face with that gorgeously fresh feeling.

FOURTH—she lightly applies Pond's Vanishing Cream before she powders—a film of perfection like the frosted bloom of untouched grapes.

Follow yourself, Pond's four steps to beauty.

MAIL COUPON WITH IOC—For Pond's 4 delightful preparations.

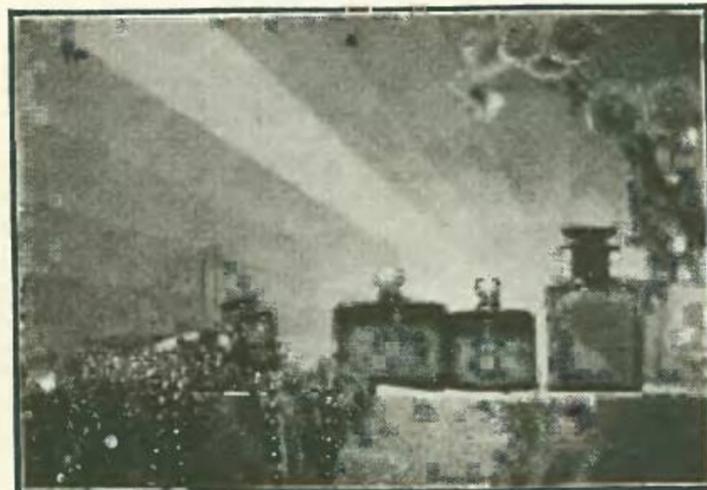
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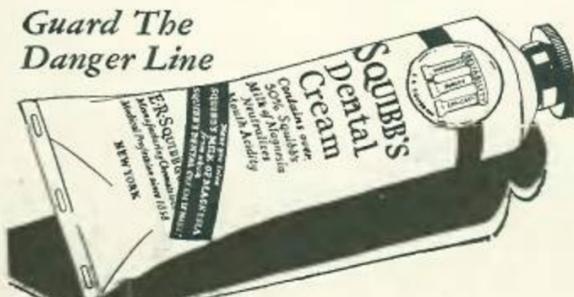
that
first smoke
in the
morning

Is THAT first smoke ever something of an experiment? It shouldn't be—not if your mouth is healthy and free from that woolly, tepid taste.

Before that first smoke, tone up your mouth with Squibb's Dental Cream. It neutralizes acids and soothes the gums. Above all, it leaves tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia in your mouth that help to keep your smoking taste lively and pleasant.

Use Squibb's in the evening, too, after smoking. The fresh cleanliness of your mouth the next morning will delight you.

**Guard The
 Danger Line**



Copyright 1928 by E. R. Squibb & Sons.

NOVEMBER EVENING

The gold chrysanthemum of the moon
 Is crisp and curled with frost.
 The long streets glimmer in its light
 Like satin ribbons crossed;

And where they hold the Park in leash
 Midway between the rivers,
 I watch the searchlights give and take;
 For they are Indian givers

And now reveal and now erase.
 But with the moon in flower
 The stubborn line along the sky
 Persists in latent power

And promise till I somehow feel
 Everything begin,
 And the whole city tautly strung
 As any violin.

—GENOVA CHARLOT

MAKING IT EASIER

FOR THE MAN WHO DROPPED THE
 PUNT AND LOST THE GAME

"WELL, what of it? Good Lord, it isn't going to blast the rest of your whole life, is it?"

"No, they don't think any such thing. It was a perfectly excusable error—forget it!"

"Why, say, this time next week nobody'll even remember who played football and who didn't! It's just an incident in a game men are supposed to play for sport, anyway."

"It's a wonder to me that you only muffed one. Why, up where we sat it was so doggone cold that Bill Stedman's fingers froze to his flask!"

"Well, if you think *that* way about it, you're as cuckoo as the sports writers say most college men are. Can't you remember that it's only a *game*, and hence constantly open to mistakes?"

"No, he didn't yank you out of the game because of *that*, you poor sap! He simply took you out to put in that drop-kicker. Why, sure . . . everybody could see *that*."—STANLEY JONES

He also termed ridiculous reports that Gov. Smith had been intoxicated at the Collier camp. The reports were spread by a woman who quoted a Boy Scout as her authority.

Miss Lillie, who will be starred in "This Year of Grace," had no comments.—*Ship notes in the Sun.*

She probably doesn't know any Boy Scouts.



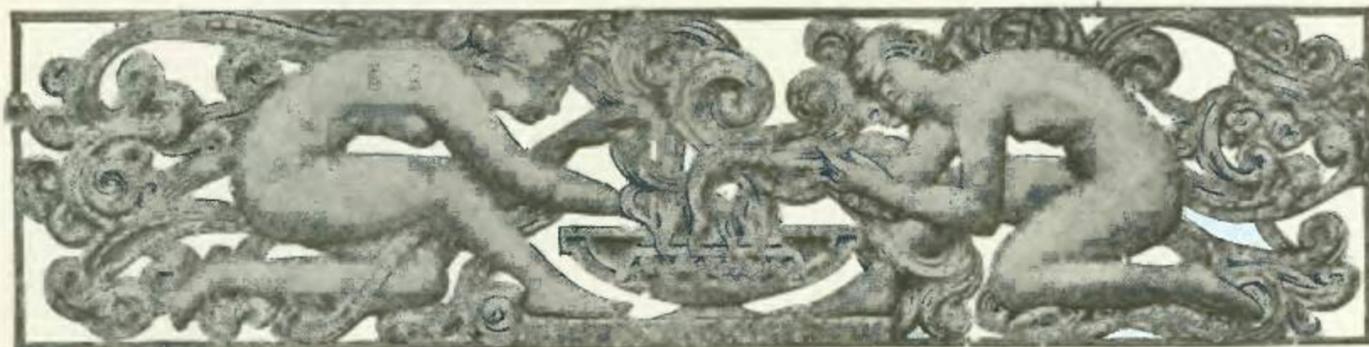
MEN'S SHOES

OUR stocks include this distinctive wing-tip oxford of black or tan calf. U. S. made on a smart English last, with all-English characteristics, even to the rubber "plug heel".

\$15

ROGERS PEET COMPANY

New York - Boston



"L'AIMANT,"

|| THE MAGNET ||



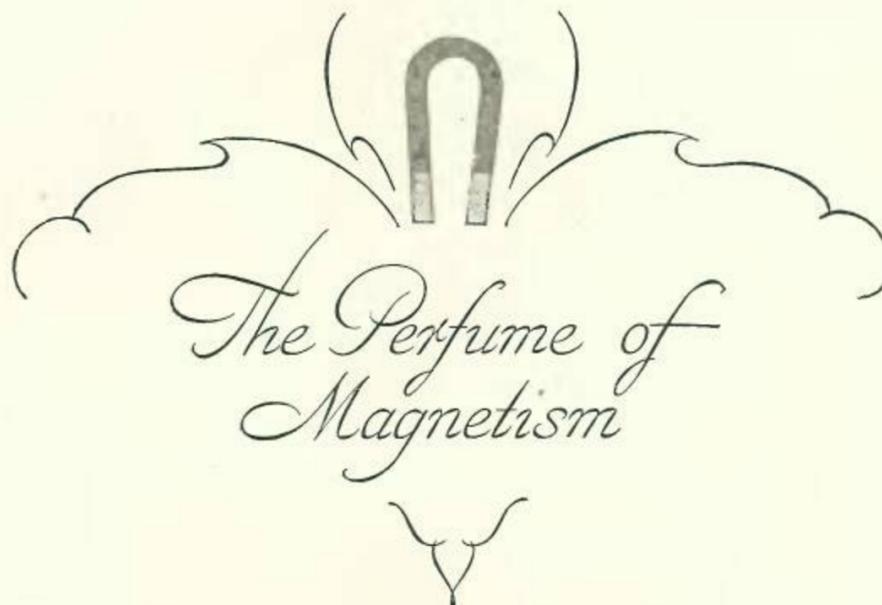
COTY

NEWEST CREATION

FIVE
DOLLARS

—
BOX OF
SHARK-SKIN
DESIGN

HALF OUNCE \$2.00
QUARTER OUNCE \$1.00



*The Perfume of
Magnetism*

"L'AIMANT," IS RECREATED IN FACE POWDER, COMPACTE, DUSTING POWDER, TOILET WATER, TALC, SACHET, SOAP AND BRILLANTINE



A REPORTER AT LARGE



THE PHILOOLOOLOO BIRD

I WOULD say that the most interesting side of the prizefights in Madison Square Garden is the crowd that attends them. When I am trying to get somebody to go with me, I always hold this out as an inducement: "Wait till you see the crowd there. The spectacle is worth the price of admission alone." This is a lie.

By the Crowd I don't mean that little group of stony-faced neighbors in whose midst one always finds oneself—on the main floor. What I mean is that distant and mysterious blur of faces that roars and bellows and boos like something in a dream and that you look at between rounds with the slightly nervous hope that nothing will happen to offend it too greatly.

It is one of my political notions that if such an array of people could ever get a good look at itself and see how dreadful and intimidating it seemed, it would storm the City Hall at once and overturn everything.

This vague and symmetrical mon-

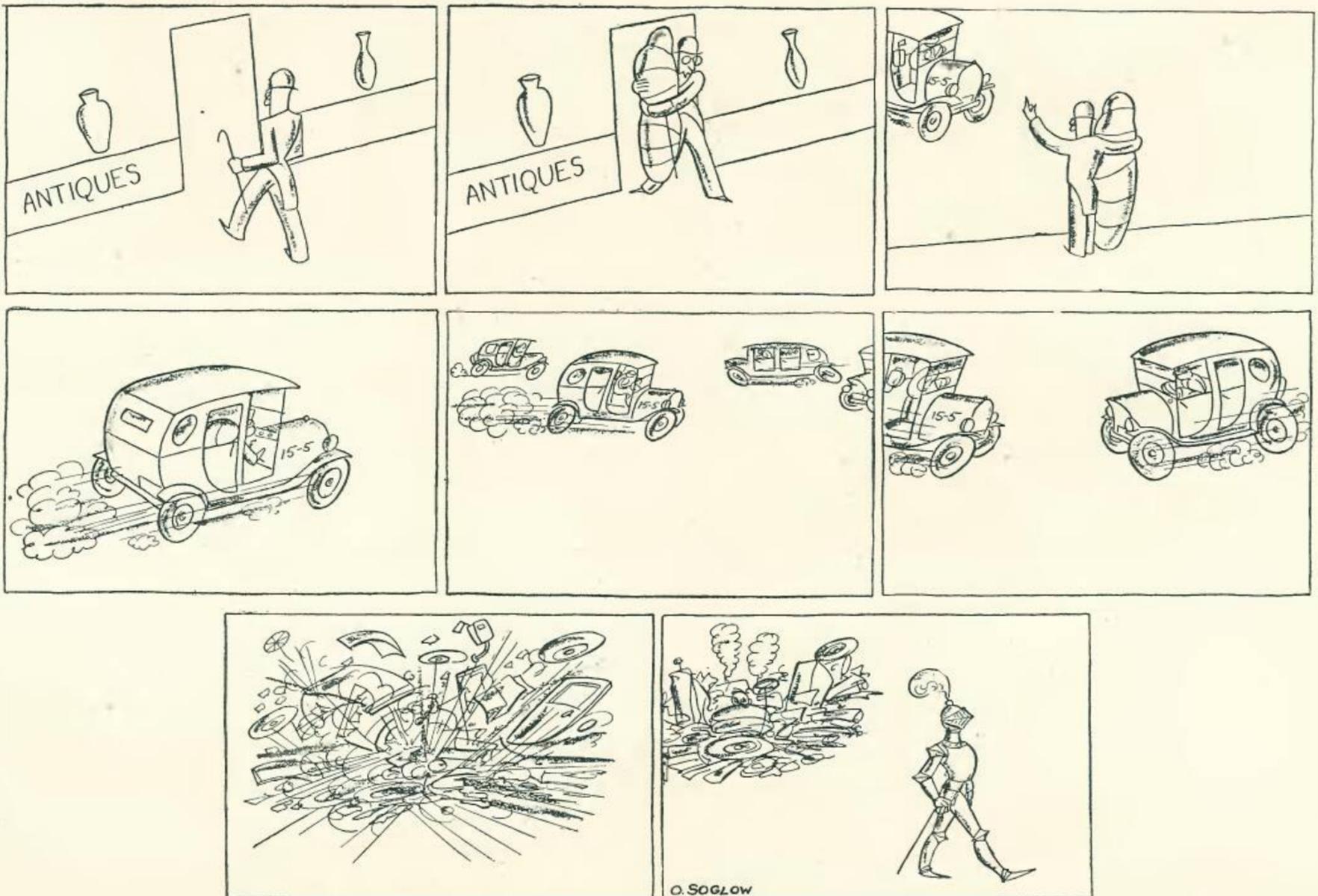
ster perched in the rafters is—at least this is my new theory—the Public. I have never gotten nearer to it than the mezzanine floor. But since I have been going to the Garden, whenever I read that the Public is doing something (like writing in to the Editor, or having a Calamity, or that somebody has found out what It wants, or that It is going to have a discussion, or that It refuses to buy a certain stock, or that Its feelings are running high somewhere), whenever I read such a notice I have a clearer picture of the situation than I used to have. This is because formerly my notions about the Public were somewhat influenced by the movies.

In the movies the Public is always waving its hands in the air as if it were being counted or wanted to leave the room, and making faces as if it had hydrophobia. For instance, in "The Last Command," all the people spit in Mr. Jannings' eye and stick their tongues out and have fits. A few visits to the Garden will convince you out-

right that that sort of thing is not Realism but merely Art. (Art in Hollywood, if I may digress, is something which shows the Beast in Man.)

TO return—now when I read about anything in re the Public I behold at once the Garden gallery full of little paper cut-outs in a nightmarish quantity that Mr. Rickard or somebody works with a string. One pull on the string and they all boo. Two pulls is to scream and two long pulls and a short one is for clapping hands in unison. This must be the explanation—that somebody gives them signals of some sort. Or else how would they all know when to boo simultaneously and for no reason, or to break into frantic cheers apropos nothing?

(In watching a fight in the Garden the first ten or eleven times the impression will grow on you that there are two fights going on; viz.—one which you are watching from the fifth row and following with great interest, and then a second mysterious



“**OUR ANALYSIS**  **OF AMERICA'S MARKETS**
REVEALED THESE AMAZING FACTS”

this agency executive says

“A RECENT study of markets . . . of newspapers, . . . their coverage and costs, revealed these amazing facts,” writes an agency executive.

“Philadelphia is the only large market in America where nearly every home in city and suburbs can be reached through one newspaper.

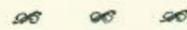
“In this territory of six hundred thousand homes, The Bulletin goes into nearly every home.

“We found this circulation solid, permanent, and result-producing, because it grew entirely through reader confidence—without premium, prize or contest.

“This desirable circulation is available to advertisers today at a rate that is unusually low.

“We have adopted Philadelphia as our test market; our advertising laboratory, in a sense. Here sales and advertising experiments can be conducted, and results determined,

before widespread distribution is attempted. All at a low cost.”



Advertising coverage is simplified in Philadelphia by a unique newspaper situation.

In 1895, The Bulletin had six thousand circulation; today a daily average of 549,148.

A great growth! An enormous increase! Yet a careful one, spread over a third of a century.

Accomplished by making a newspaper that reflected Philadelphia:

Edited with care . . . moderation . . . accuracy. Avoiding scare-heads and sensationalism. Gaining readers by merit.

All of this is important to the advertiser,—whether he has a test campaign, or a day-after-day sales problem.

It explains why one newspaper effectively covers Philadelphia—the third largest market in America.



3RD LARGEST MARKET



600,000 HOMES



OVER 500,000 CIRCULATION



*The Confidence of a Whole People
 A Tremendous Newspaper Asset*

IN Philadelphia, the early acceptance of The Bulletin in a few homes spread to many homes. Today its circulation is far larger than that of any other Philadelphia news-

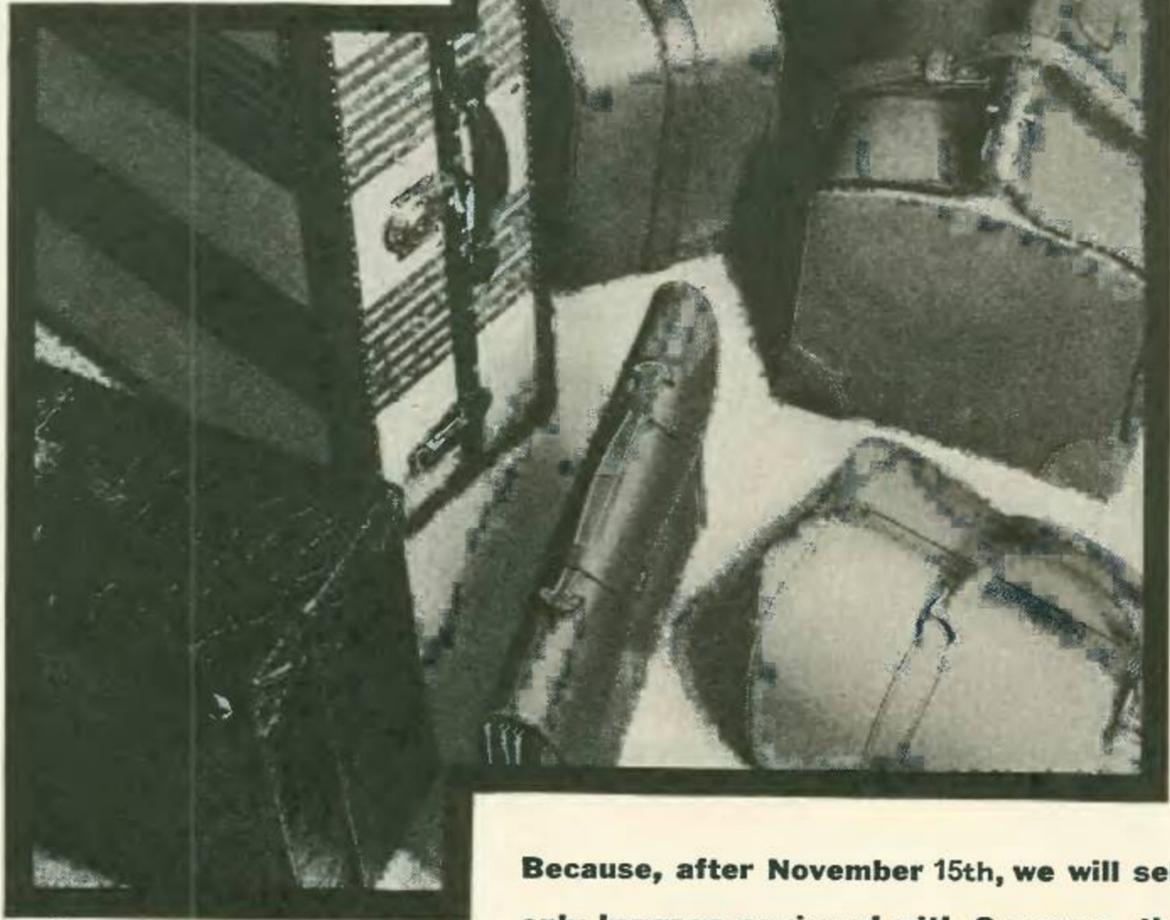
paper — is one of the great newspaper circulations of America. With a net paid daily average of 549,148 copies, The Bulletin reaches nearly every home in Philadelphia and suburbs.

The Evening Bulletin

City Hall Square

ON ALL KEY-LOCKED LUGGAGE

**1/3
OFF**



Because, after November 15th, we will sell only luggage equipped with Sesamee, the modern keyless lock. All our key-locked luggage is now priced 1/3 off for immediate disposal to connoisseurs of good luggage. All of it is new; some just delivered to us—high quality pieces ordered for this year's Christmas trade. Included are Oshkosh trunks, Pullman Wardrobes, Ladies' and Gentlemen's fitted cases, Wardrobe hat boxes, overnight cases, dress suit cases, gentlemen's dressing sets, Revelation suit cases, Gladstones, Briefcases and all our imported English luggage—all 1/3 off their marked price.

DALE

MODERN LUGGAGE
369 MADISON AVE.—in the Roosevelt Hotel

fight which the little paper cut-outs are watching.)

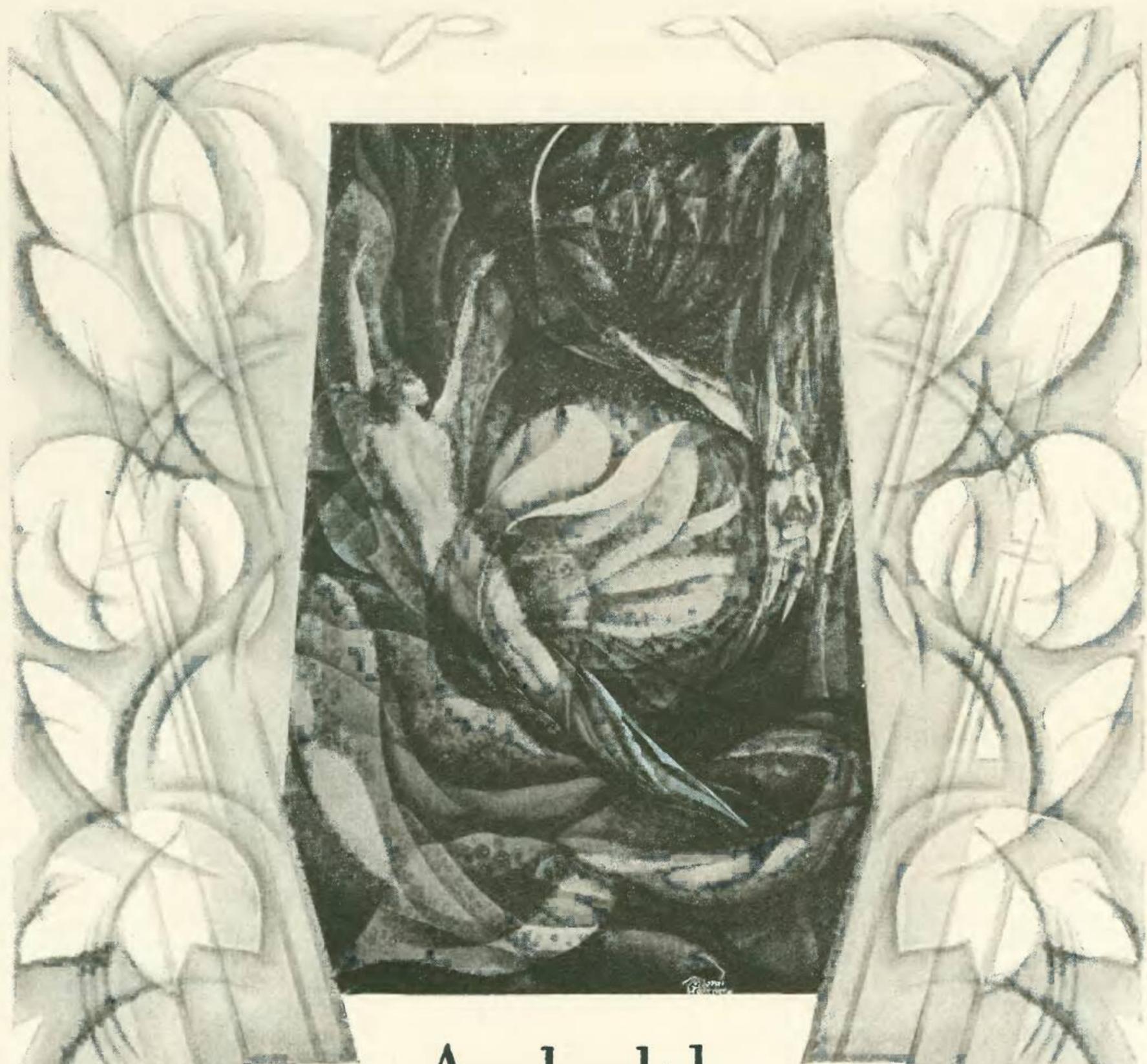
More interesting than the booing and cheering signals which somebody gives, are the sudden waves of boredom which overcome this inexplicable monster near the roof. Just as one begins vaguely to get the hang of its moody cries and illogical yodelings it falls abruptly asleep, and the effect is as if somebody had walloped a howling, fretful child on the head with a huge club.

But in an instant or two it becomes apparent that it is not asleep but bored. A look into the ring offers no explanation of what made it bored. There the two boys, one with blood pouring satisfactorily out of his mouth, the other with an eye gone, are to be seen trying bitterly to murder each other. But boredom settles down apace and after sulking for a moment the little cut-outs all begin to clap hands in unison, which is their way of saying, "Make them lousy bums fight or we'll come down and cut their livers out."

ANOTHER very interesting side to this public is the capriciousness of its critical instincts. For instance, if Mr. Risko slips and Mr. Sharkey steps aside and refuses to take advantage of Mr. Risko's contretemps, then Mr. Rickard's little cut-outs all cheer Mr. Sharkey for his gallantry. But if, in the next round, Mr. Risko slips again and Mr. Sharkey honorably refrains from socking the Cleveland Rubber Man while he is thus off balance, tremendous boos go up for Mr. Sharkey. And at the end of the round Mr. Risko is cheered for having slipped.

Then again [1] if Mr. Delaney rips open Mr. Renault's nose with a swift poke the Public cheers; [2] when Mr. Renault tries to keep his nose out of the way for two rounds by holding his gloves in front of it and running from corner to corner with Mr. Delaney after him, the Public boos Mr. Renault; [3] in round six, when Mr. Delaney finally manages to land another sock on Mr. Renault's nose (which you would fancy was what the Public wanted) it turns on Mr. Delaney like a snake and hisses him all through the rest period.

At times I have figured out that the whole secret of this cuckoo in the rafters is that he is with the winner. He will change sides with every punch without pausing to catch his



Asphodèle

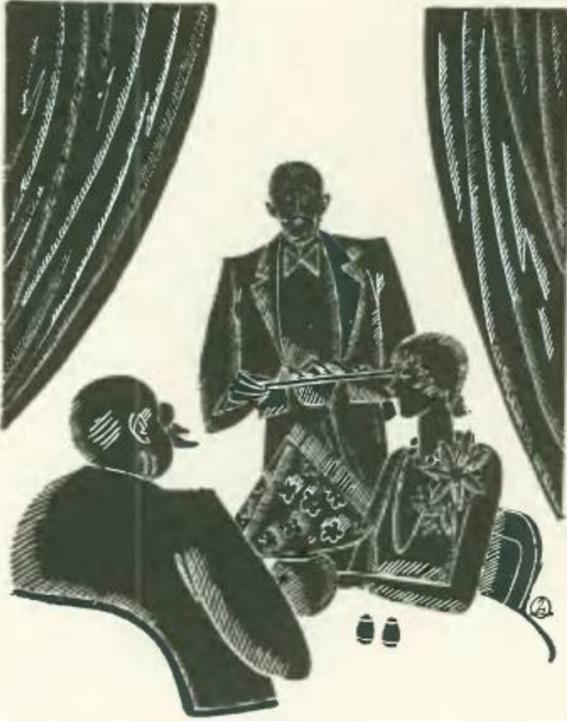
a Gardenia touched with Moonlight

Frankly romantic, delicately provocative—this new perfume by Lenthéric touches the heart. One recognizes in Asphodèle the gardenia, unmistakable in its yielding loveliness. Gardenia, but touched with a sparkle like a half-promise—a capricious invitation eternally feminine . . . Like all Lenthéric perfumes, Asphodèle possesses a priceless secret—it *lasts*. Fresh and delicate its beauty lingers upon a lovely skin like an immortal fragrance of living flowers . . . Now in the finer shops as well as in Salon Lenthéric, Savoy-Plaza.

Lenthéric, Paris

Parfums · FIFTH AVENUE AND 58TH STREET, NEW YORK
245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ, PARIS, FRANCE





"filet of sole"
and she thought it was
fish..the girl was right

IMAGINE her embarrassment and the first time out with Mr. Feidelbaum, head of the ladies and misses ready-to-wear. After she had tasted it she said, "I thought I ordered fish." Then when Mr. Feidelbaum (bless his old bald soul) had explained that it was fish...filet of sole Marguery...she had told him that never had she tasted such a wonderful dish, fish or no fish.

You, too, can prepare this amazing dish right in the privacy of your own home. No long, tedious study, no heart-breaking failures. All you have to do is to go to a leading grocer and get a bottle of Guasti Sauce a la Bercy. Of course, you will need a fish! There are other Guasti Cooking Aids. Guasti Cooking Sherry for instance, is the same fine old sherry that has made the name of Guasti famous for years... with enough salt added to remove it from the beverage class yet just enough to season food for the average taste.

It is now legally available at leading grocers. There are other Guasti Cooking Aids too, including Guasti Sweet Sherry Flavoring, Guasti Sauce a la Bercy, Guasti Sauce a la Bordelaise, Guasti Sauce a la Newberg, Guasti Sweet Port Flavoring, Guasti Sweet Sauterne Flavoring.

Send to Dept. 504 for free copy of "Treasured Flavors," a new kind of recipe book containing favorite recipes of famous chefs.

GUASTI

(PRONOUNCED GWAH-STEE)

COOKING SHERRY (SALTED)

(Permit No. L. A. Cal. H10033)

ITALIAN VINEYARD CO. at Guasti, Cal.

[Operating the largest vineyard under one ownership in the world. Established 1883]

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Home Office... 1248 Palmetto Street, LOS ANGELES

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breath. When Mr. Kaplan pokes M. De Vos in the slats he (or it) halloos rapturously for Mr. Kaplan and calls M. De Vos a yellow frog and prophesies that one more poke and M. De Vos will fold up like the coward he is. Then when M. De Vos, twenty seconds later, whales Mr. Kaplan in the kisser, the huzzahs that rise for the Belgian are even more stirring and heartfelt. This tendency to whoop for the winner is what we psychologists on the main floor call projection. (Look it up.)

The goof in the gallery, hampered by no loyalties, principles or consistencies, desires only to glow with the victor—so much seems apparent, however mysterious his other mannerisms may be. Yet even this is untrue. For after the fight is over the little paper cut-outs, impelled by a single emotion, will frequently cover the winner with howls of derision and cut loose with ecstatic chirps over the gent who is picking himself out of the canvas and wabbling to his dressing-room.

One might say that the loser then was the Favorite. But one would be very wrong. The only attitude I have been able to discover in the Public toward its Favorite is a desire to see him get his head knocked off so it can have another and better Favorite. Sid Terris, for instance, came into the ring as the close personal friend of all the little cut-outs, and the cheers that went up for Mr. Terris when he shed his kimono in his corner were Lindberghish in their intensity. Exactly two minutes later all the little paper cut-outs were jumping up and down in a fit of happiness and blowing kisses to Mr. MacLarnin because he had knocked Mr. Terris out.

INSTANCES of this sort could be multiplied for pages and pages, including of course the time Mr. Dempsey—who had never been cheered in his life to speak of—became suddenly a great favorite because Mr. Tunney had licked him (in Philadelphia). Trying to solve, guess, analyze or even tabulate the behavior chart of this moody and inexplicable monster in the rafters offers the same hopeless problem which the zoölogists in Darwin's time faced when they met in London to discuss the habits of the Philoolooloo bird, who every morning before breakfast (if you recall) walks twenty miles out into the water and twenty miles back again—why, God only knows.

—BEN HECHT



GENIUS CAN IGNORE CONVENTION

A GENIUS gets away with a lot of bad form and actually is *admired for it!* The rest of us must strictly comply with Convention's every mandate. Otherwise we find ourselves the hapless subjects of ridicule or derision.

For instance, we must observe the correct form in evening jewelry: studs, vest buttons and links cannot be of assorted styles. All must *match!* As well, when we dress in tuxedo, our tuxedo jewelry should be either black enamel or dark mother-of-pearl; and only white mother-of-pearl for full dress.

Krementz Dress Sets help one to meet the requirements, as they come in full sets that are *matched.* To satisfy the individual taste there is offered a wide variety of designs and styles. And Krementz quality has placed Krementz Dress Sets on display in the smartest shops the world over.

For yourself—for the gift—buy Krementz Evening Jewelry.

KREMENTZ & CO., Newark, N. J.

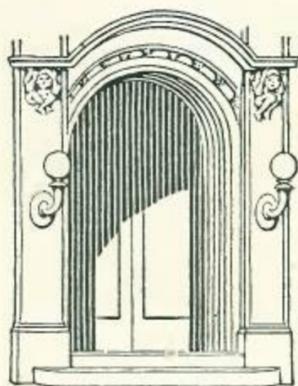


Newark office
Mulberry 0640.
New York office:
Lackawanna 3123.

No. 2082—Full Dress Set. White mother-of-pearl centres; Krementz Quality white metal rims. Complete, \$7.50. Other sets to \$50.

Krementz

CORRECT EVENING JEWELRY FOR MEN



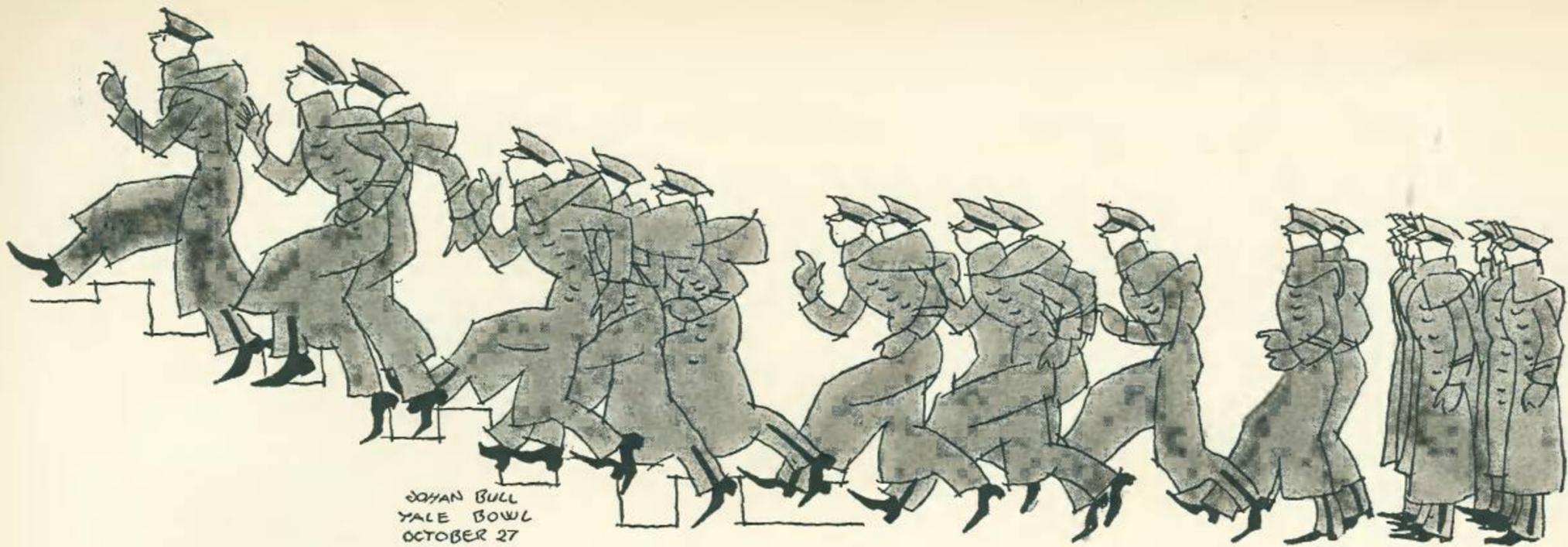
PIERCE - ARROW

opens new showrooms

NOVEMBER the first ushered Pierce-Arrow into new and more commodious metropolitan headquarters at Broadway and 57th Street.

A special showing of the Pierce-Arrow line, in its very latest expressions, marks the opening.

The showrooms on West Fifty-fourth Street, for twenty-one years the home of Pierce-Arrow, henceforth will be devoted to Used Car display.



FOOTBALL

The Tables Begin to Turn—A Few Post-Mortems—Rivalry Among the Side-Shows—Water-Cart Hospitality and a Grin

ONE week can make a lot of difference in a football campaign. A few days ago Yale and Dartmouth were on the top of the world. Very little was thought of Harvard; it was called "a doltish, slow-witted team."

The verdict was premature. Today, Horween can smile as he thinks of his detractors. Harvard looks forward confidently to a happy November ending, and, conversely, the Yale-Dartmouth game has become a consolation prize. Hawley has lost some of the

discussions about the best way to stop Yale's cut-back inside tackle. Hawley rumples his curly hair and listens. He chews a cigar stub. Someone asks what chance Dartmouth has against Yale.

"Football games are won in the first five minutes." Hawley bites his words off very crisply. "I've drummed that into the boys all week. Last year

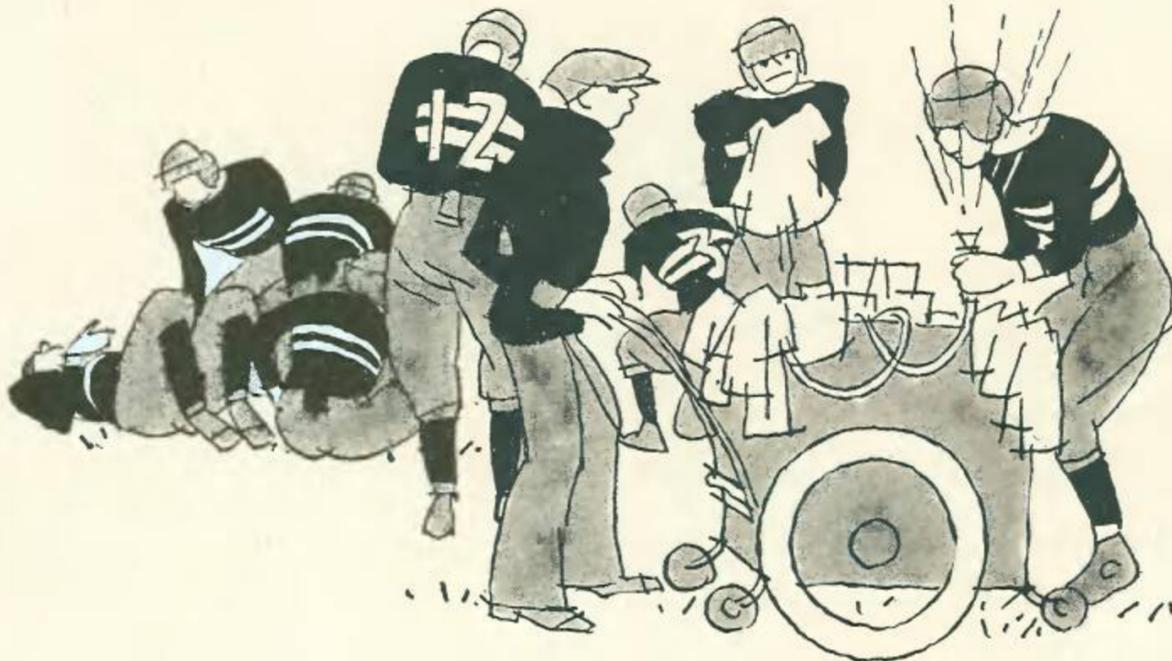
"We beat Columbia two weeks ago by hitting 'em hard at the start. The shoe was on the other foot at Cambridge. Harvard crowded us. We lost our mental balance. 'Hit 'em first,' is a winning motto. Give 'em the works before they get the feel of the turf under their cleats."

Hawley makes his men take the Binet test each fall. Dartmouth must be intelligent, even if only to lose intelligently.

WHEN Walter Camp ruled Yale in the nineties, the board of strategy used to confer in a smoky room of the Old New Haven House. This tradition was perpetuated in the newer Hotel Taft. It was here that Tom Shevlin overhauled the Yale scheme of defence a week before the 1915 Princeton game. He had been called in as a deathbed consultant.

Shevlin kept the hotel room-service hustling black coffee to his room as he sat through the night covering sheets of paper with cabalistic figures. There was nobody like him for these last-moment repair jobs. He could bring the football dead to life, and he did it that time, beating a great Princeton team 13-7.

A week later, Harvard's smartly

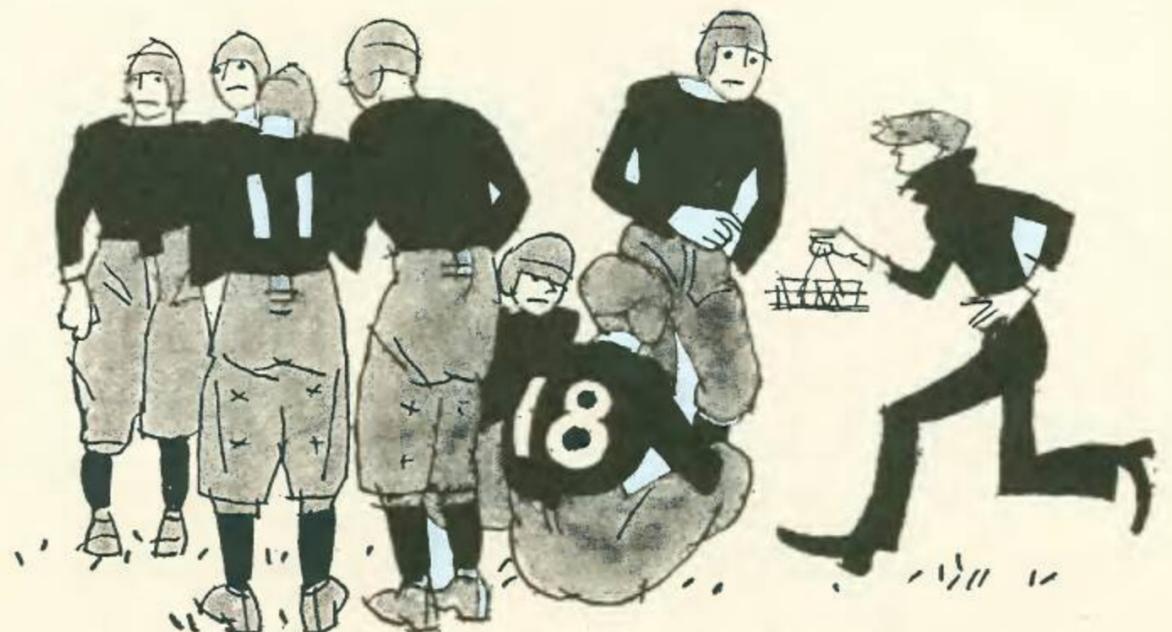


aura of invincibility that surrounded him for the past few years. He now seems less the "miracle man," more the human coach.

Yale's line jumped us at the opening whistle. They beat us to the charge.

A GOOD many decisions involving Dartmouth football strategy are made in Room 203, Hanover Inn. Custom has dedicated it to the coaching staff. Hawley comes here, after practice. Members of the football committee drop in. It hasn't been a happy place this week, after that unanticipated drubbing at Cambridge.

Post-mortems of the Harvard rout gave place, these last few nights, to





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Please send me further particulars.

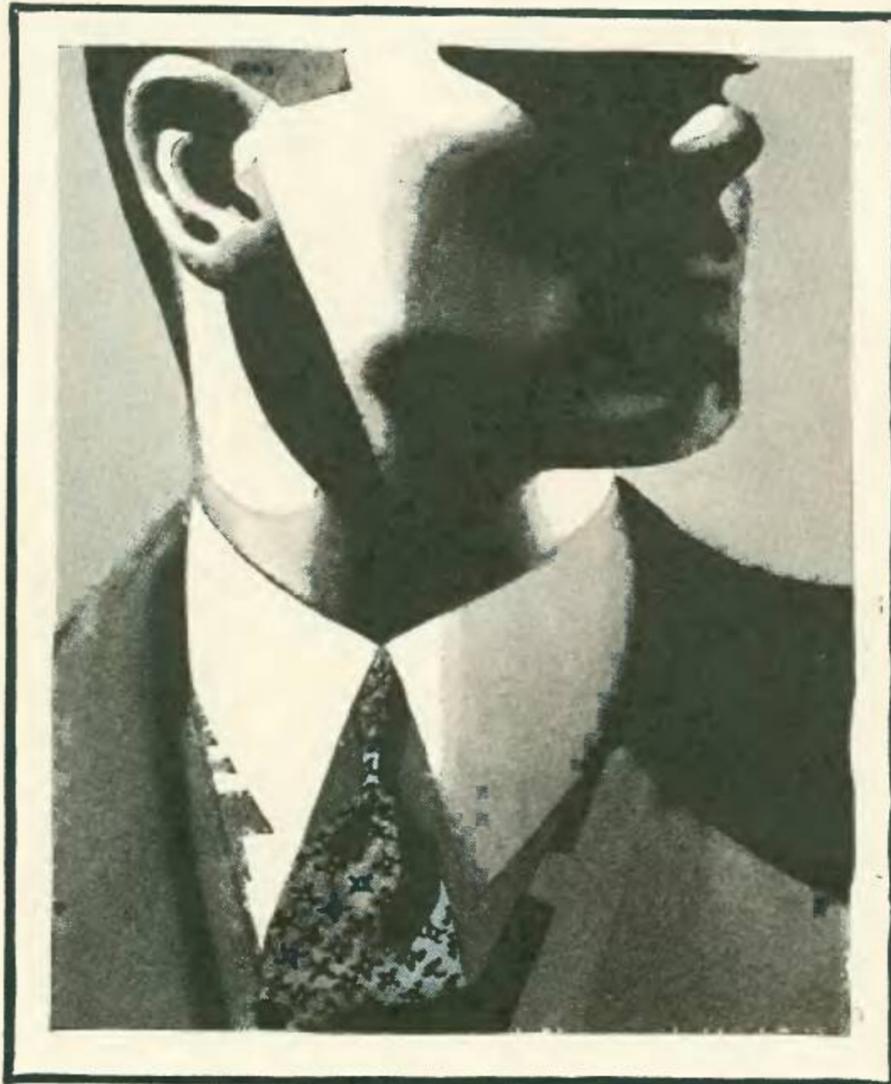
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 → but **CIVIL, CERTAIN, NEAT**
 → a young man's collar



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is the newest and finest of all the famous Arrows—a wholly new type of gentleman's collar—the first in history, in fact, which looks as well as it feels, and actually feels as well as it looks . . . All the better men's-outfitters in New York have it, in five up-to-the-moment styles . . . It is made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., of Troy, New York.

35 cents
 3 for \$1



drilled eleven rolled up forty-one points against the Elis.

"What happened to the inspiration, Tom?" one of Shevlin's friends asked after the deluge.

"Just this," snapped Tom. "You can't make two lemonades out of one lemon."

LAST Saturday a Cornell football team visited Princeton for the first time since 1905, but as entertainment the game was not much. There are no thrills when two well-drilled teams mill around between the thirty-yard lines, kicking the ball to and fro like small boys on a sandlot.

This year's Princeton line is made up of hulking youngsters without any nimbleness on the offence. Cornell's forwards conceded thirteen pounds weight to the man, but were agile enough to offset their opponents' brawn. Princeton's quick-darting backs were hampered by their own ponderous line.

The Cornell band, in vivid scarlet tunics and blue Glengarry caps, furnished the one touch of color in a dark brown afternoon. The undergraduates raised the money for this giddy equipment by a room-to-room canvass. Apparently they thought the Pennsylvania band had been walking away with the Franklin Field show long enough.

ROPER was quite obviously saving his first-string backs for this week's Ohio State game. Bennett, who Roper secretly thinks will surpass Slagle, sat on the sideline all afternoon. He kept Bennett with him last summer at his camp in Maine. After breakfast each morning, the coach would catechise Bennett on tactics. "Third down, five . . . Our ball on Yale's fifteen-yard line. What do you do?"

ONE suspects that the scrimmage Roper ordered on the Wednesday preceding the Cornell game took some verve out of the players. Curious to



BE A BEACHCOMBER in Hawaii this winter—with time off for bridge and tea and golf!

Enjoy long drifting days of delicious irresponsibility. Forget the cares of the busy world. Forget to go home! It may be the middle of winter, but flying fish skim over a warm sea of amethyst, indigo and jade. Or, if you come when the golden shower and flame trees bloom in spring or summer or autumn, you'll play golf where the thermometer never goes above 85°.

Hawaii's hotels range from a \$4,000,000 palace on Waikiki Beach to quiet cottages that nestle under the palms and *hau* trees. It's only a step from their ultra-modern comforts to the

primitive ways of the South Seas—from dress and bridge and dancing to torch-fishing on a coral reef at midnight, with an old Hawaiian to point out the shapes of strange-named painted fish.

Golf on scenic courses everywhere; inter-island cruising among the fairy islands of Kauai, Oahu, Maui and Hawaii; deep-sea fishing for swordfish, *ono*, *ulua* and tuna; Oriental bazaars; swimming, surfboarding, outrigger-canoeing;

trips to volcanic wonderlands where forests of giant tree-ferns lie along the motor roads. You must stay long enough to see it all!

The round trip from the Pacific Coast, 2,000 miles each way, need not cost more than \$400 or \$500, including all steamer fares and your hotels and inter-island sightseeing for a two weeks' stay. You can even go for less—or stay longer—or, of course, pay whatever you like for de luxe accommodations equal to those of Europe's most renowned resorts.

Ask your local ticket man. He can book you direct from home, via San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle or Vancouver without passports or formalities—this is U. S. A.

LASSCO LINE FROM *Los Angeles*

Sailings every Saturday over the delightful Southern route on Lasso luxury liners and popular cabin cruisers. De luxe accommodations; also economy tours on all-expense tickets. Ask at any authorized agency or at offices of the Los Angeles Steamship Company: 730 South Broadway, Los Angeles; 505 Fifth Avenue, New York; 140 South Dearborn, Chicago; 685 Market Street, San Francisco; 217 East Broadway, San Diego, California.

HAWAII

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MATSON LINE FROM *San Francisco*

Sailings every Wednesday, and every other Saturday, over smooth balmy seas on famous Matson ships. Fast de luxe steamers and popular one-class liners. Regular sailings also from Seattle. Attractive all-expense shore trips. See your travel agency or Matson line: 215 Market St., San Francisco; 535 Fifth Ave., New York, 140 So. Dearborn, Chicago; 510 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles; 814 Second Ave., Seattle; 82½ Fourth St., Portland, Ore.

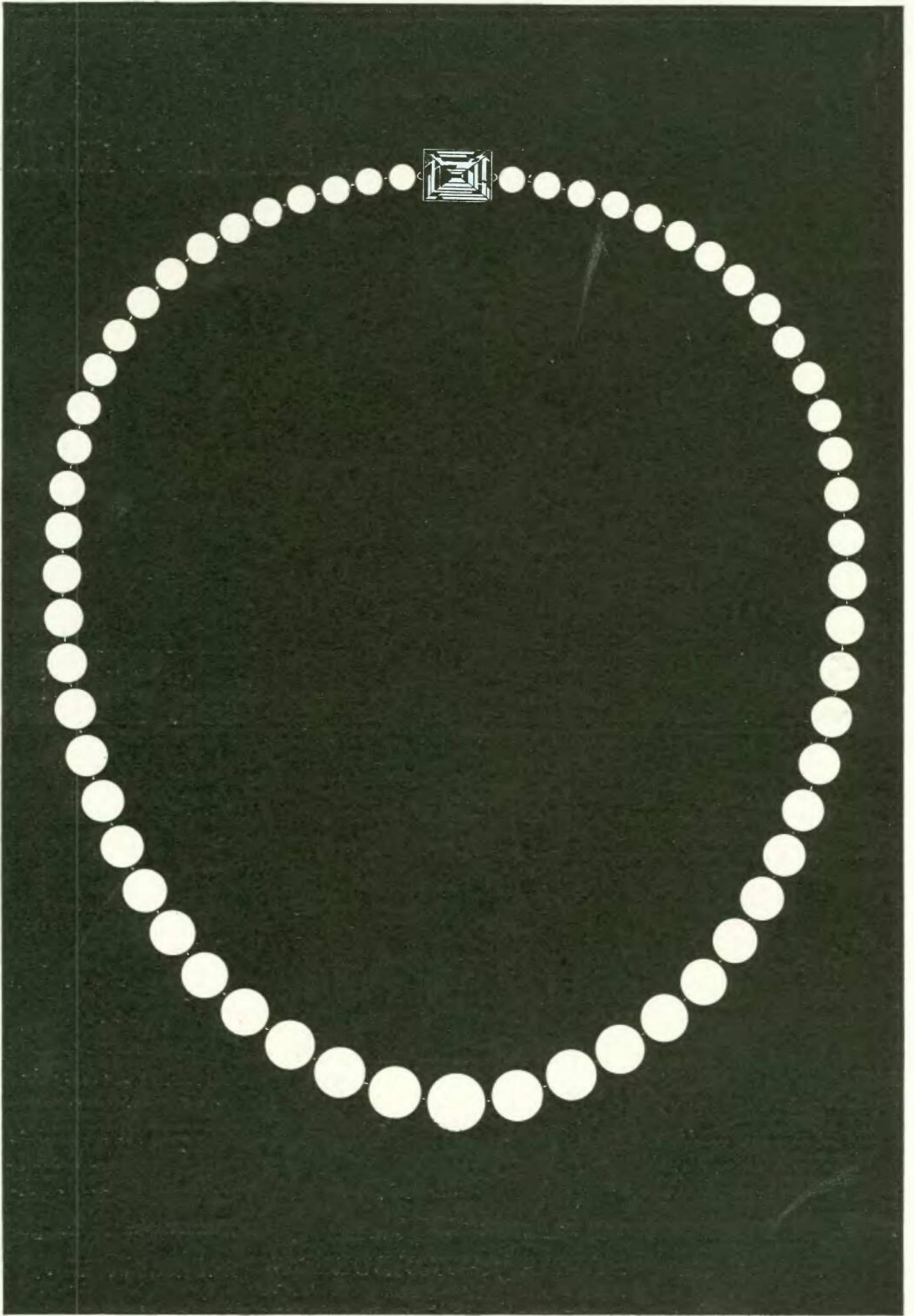
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... for more than one hundred years it was believed impossible
to assemble a large single necklace in which each individual pearl
would have the highest lustre and be perfectly, exquisitely matched
... and now, as the culminating achievement of our history,
we have reached this goal.*

*This necklace is conceded by experts and connoisseurs to be
the finest in existence Price \$685,000*

THE NECKLACE ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE IS APPROXIMATELY DRAWN TO THE
ACTUAL SIZE . . . EACH PEARL IS ROSE PINK, OF THE DEEPEST HUE AND THE HIGHEST LUSTRE



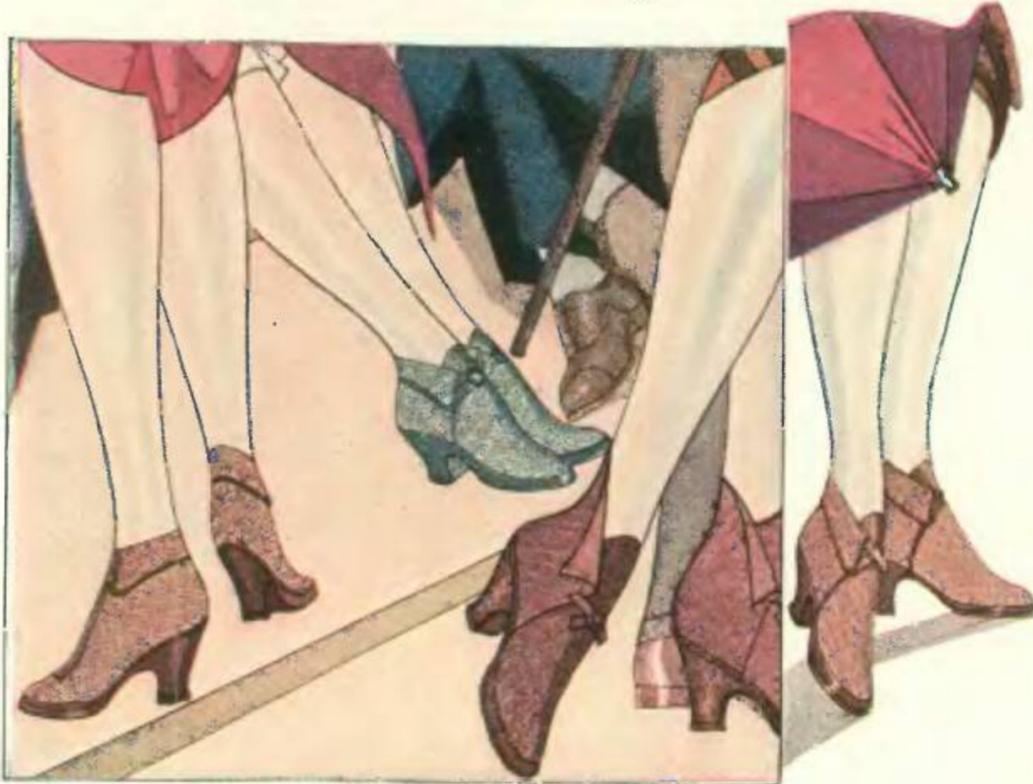
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JEWELERS IN NEW YORK FOR 118 YEARS

FIFTH AVE., COR. 48TH ST., NEW YORK . . . PARIS . PALM BEACH




Slim ankles *now* walk in beauty and comfort in any weather



See what trim, slender lines the new Gaytees have.
Wear them whenever you carry an umbrella!

*New Models! New Fabrics! New Shades!
New and Smarter Lines! New and Lighter Weights!*

The 1929 Gaytees
have six new features!

1. New styles! Cross straps; turn-down cuffs; a new pointed back style.
2. New colors! The new rosy browns and tans; the tannish grays; black.
3. New fabrics! Wools. Rayon-and-wool mixtures. All-rubber.
4. New lasts that fit the new Fall shoes! New heels—four heights!
5. Lighter weight in every pair—yet full protection.
6. Fast color linings!



Adjust this style to the weather. Turn cuff smartly down when streets are damp or you go indoors for shopping. For snow or slush, see above right.

This style has a turn-up cuff for real weather.
For shopping or damp street wear, see below left.



New Gaytees, utterly different from the heavy, clumsy overshoes of other years! As different as your smart, stubby little red and green and purple umbrellas are from the black, gangly affairs that used to make rainy days even darker!

When you choose your Fall shoe wardrobe, ask to be fitted with Gaytees to match your new Fall ensemble.

Wear your Gaytees to football games; for shopping; for parties. Wear them, just as you carry your umbrella—when there's a threatening cloud in the sky. Ask of them smart protection against even a suspicion of bad weather!

We think you will be surprised to find that these smart new Gaytees have the low price range of \$2.50 to \$6 the pair.

Look for the name "Gaytees" inside the cuff of every pair. Made only by

United States Rubber Company

Gaytees — the Tailored Overshoes

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

see if his big linemen could stand up under pressure, he set them against a squad of coaches that included such men as Keck, Neidlinger, and Wittmer. Keck has a tremendous build. Neidlinger, the old Dartmouth tackle, is as thick as Keck and much taller.

As an experiment, it was pretty conclusive. The line proved it could stand the pressure, but the backfield was not the same afterwards.

IF the Cornell-Princeton game seemed to lack life, the Army-Yale match had as much as you could want. Newspapers had advertised this game as "a duel between Chris Cagle and John Garvey." Cagle won decisively on points scored and yardage earned.

West Point managed to shake him loose; Yale couldn't do as much for Garvey. Cagle ran sideways almost the full width of the field on the play that gave him his first touchdown. It was "high-school stuff," but Hickok was taken out smartly and Yale's backs were outrun.

Cagle's second touchdown sprint was a close copy of Slagle's great run in 1925. The Princetonian started a few yards farther back, otherwise his plunge outside tackle, his sharp pivot, and his zigzag route to the Yale goal paralleled Cagle's maneuvers. The West Pointer outwitted Hoben, who cornered him near the sideline. Hoben thought he had driven Cagle out of bounds, but the latter ducked under the quarterback's arm, veering to the inside.

SEEN at the Yale Bowl: a bulldog that actually barked and played tag with a football. . . . Yale resurrecting the phantom snap-back from centre to a nebulous carrier—the play that caused their graduates so many heartburnings in 1925 and 1926. . . . Loud jumping up from the Yale bench every time Garvey was a bit slow in picking himself off the ground. . . . Army craftily calling time out whenever Yale's attack had worked up cumulative momentum. . . . Elis trying to rush a score on a signal-less shoestring sequence with only thirty seconds to go. . . . Frank Wandle and his baseball cap playing chauffeur to Army's rubber-tired watercart. . . . Yale men refreshing themselves from it at Wandle's invitation. . . . Sprague getting another bump on his nose. . . . Walker, just promoted from the Yale scrubs, playing without a number. . . . Biff Jones coming through the players' portal with a grin on his amiable face. —G. S. T.



THIS DAY'S VOGUE IN JELLIES

*Jellies . . . brandied and ported
and otherwise deliciously wined. Clear jellies
with a jewel lustre . . . which Sherry encloses in
steamer or convalescent baskets as luscious
surprises . . . which Sherry also supplies
for the smart private tables*

of Sherry patrons.

Individuals, except brandied, 50c.

Brandied, 65c.

Parcel Post extra.

Louis Sherry

...TABLE DELICACIES

300 PARK AVENUE

FIFTH AVENUE at 35th

FIFTH AVENUE at 58th

and in the WALDORF-ASTORIA



*You can't
do that, young girl*

—you simply can't go to a football game and let the team get all the time and attention!

The smart thing to do is to run over and buy one of these "WALNUT" knitted suits; electric blue — or a sunny yellow one — you'll like the clever design.

Made to your order . . . and unbelievably moderate: twenty-nine fifty to seventy-five dollars.

**CHARLES
WALNUT**

*A new shop at 72 West 50th Street
Telephone. Circle 0657*

MADAME POLOUEKTOFF, Manager
NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

THE RACE TRACK

*Radio in Racing—Dots,
Dashes and Wig-wag—
Joyner Keeps his Word*



DISSEMINATION of racing information is highly specialized, and conducted on the most modern lines. By racing information I do not mean tips from touts but that racing intelligence which keeps the bigger betting men informed of the way the money goes. It always has amused me to hear men high in the councils of racing associations protest against the printing of post positions, or of jockeys, on the race cards because it would give aid and comfort to the poolrooms; although, as a matter of fact, the poolrooms know hours before the track gates open who the riders of the horses are and, what is more to the point, which are the live ones.

ON one of those drab, chilly afternoons that marked the close of the season at Empire City, I was looking across the infield in the direction of Mount Vernon, but not looking at anything in particular, when a flash of light in the trees attracted my attention. Then came another, and after that a series of dots and dashes. Someone was signalling with a flash lamp or a blinker. It was Continental Morse, part of it in code; but I managed to gather, with the aid of a telegrapher, for one's knowledge of heliography gets a bit rusty after ten years, that someone in the upper story of a stable was telling someone inside the track that Tipperary II was a hot horse, which in the vernacular meant that the animal in question was heavily supported in the poolrooms. Then followed orders to back the horse. It was shortly after a rainstorm and I dare say the weather conditions prevented any use of a portable short-wave-length sending apparatus.

RADIO came into racing at New Orleans last winter. There was a war on among the various combinations that send racing information. One of them had bought the privilege and insisted that the others be barred. However, this did not bother the opposition, for they continued to send out post posi-

Seen at
Reuben's

AL JOLSON,
just when we
felt that we
simply had to
"press the flesh"
in person, after



seeing your latest Hollywood effort, you all but trip over us! "Singing Fool's" luck, we calls it! And then—you proceeded to make us fairly chortle, gurgle and beam with delight, by ordering our pride and joy—a *Reuben's Al Jolson Special!* Oh rich, flavorful, treasure among sandwiches, how nobly you earned your niche in Reuben's Hall of Famous Figures, that night!



WE take no chances on you Gentlemen of the Press, S. JAY KAUFMAN, when you "darken" our doorway. We bow the head and bend the knee, muttering the while, "Now what's *this* bird up to?" Why didn't you tell us in the *first* place that you intended to leave your shrewd pencil on your ear for once, and concentrate solely on the golden mellow fragrance of Scrambled Eggs, tender fried onions and the blushing savoriness of plump, smoked Nova Scotia Salmon!



IF ever we set our menu to music, we'd call in RODGERS AND HART—but we'd be afraid lest an adoring populace devour the menus and forget to order our food—and then our heart *would* stand still! Fortunately, you two had no such designs on us the other fine large evening—though we *did* hear an odd melodious paean or two in praise of the incomparable variety of the Reuben's Hors d'oeuvres proudly placed before you!

REUBEN'S

Always Open: Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre
Madison Ave. at 59th — Broadway at 81st
Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street
from a sandwich to a National Institution



He: *Git offa there.*

She: *My dear man, I know I don't belong here, but my chauffeur has eloped with my French maid in the Hispano, the party starts in ten minutes and my Kolster has not arrived. Just imagine, perfect reception, gold-leaf selectivity, even a kiss can be . . .*

He: *Git offa there. You shoulda bought one last year when all us music-lovers did.*

1 1 1

COMMANDER BYRD selected Kolster Radio and Kolster Radio Compasses exclusively for his South Pole expedition . . . *What finer tribute could be given to Kolster dependability?*

IMPORTED

to

Bring Youth to the Skin

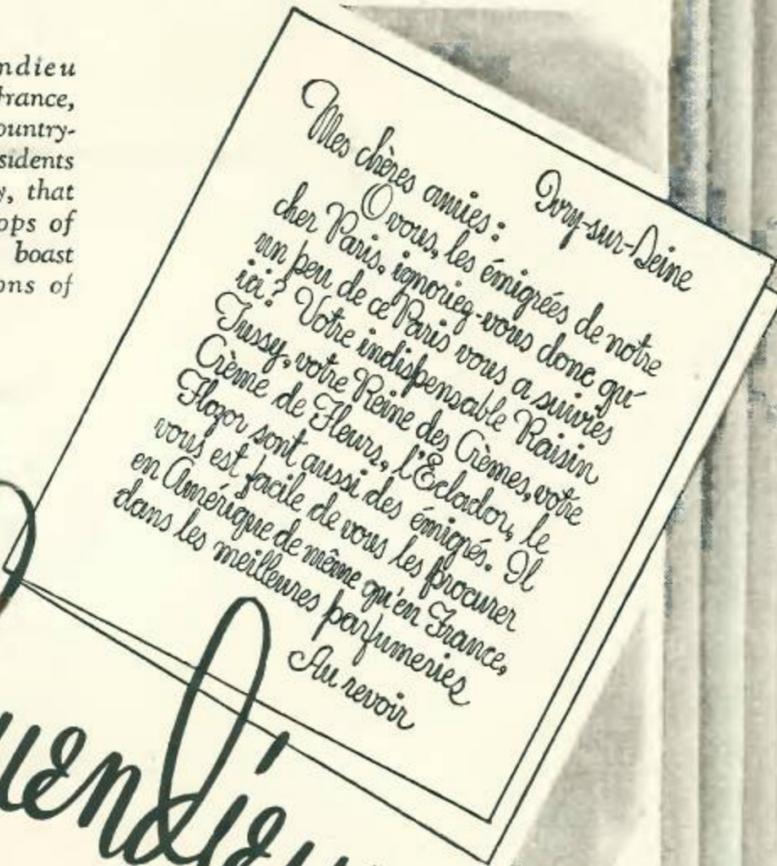


LA REINE des CRÈMES

SINCE 1881 the smart Parisienne has chosen La Reine des Crèmes as her favorite foundation cream. For it is the ideal toilette requisite to smooth, to whiten, to nourish and protect. So light and feathery, so quickly vanishing, La Reine des Crèmes is indispensable in the fastidious care of the skin. Powder clings smoothly to it for hours. La Reine des Crèmes is one of the famous Lesquendieu creations direct from Ivry-sur-Seine, France. In five sizes of quaint porcelain crocks. In traveling tubes, too.

Write for an interesting illustrated booklet—
"A French Facial in a Home Treatment" by
J. Lesquendieu—translated from the French.

M. Lesquendieu writes from France, to assure his countrywomen now residents of this country, that the smart shops of America, too, boast of the creations of Lesquendieu.



J. Lesquendieu

PRONOUNCED
LES-KAWN-DUH

Howard L. Ross
President

J. LESQUENDIEU, Incorporated, 45 West 45th Street, New York City

tions, scratches, jockeys, and paddock tips via wireless, and to receive instructions to back horses, with one of the most compact and cleverly constructed sets I have seen. It was carried in a case made for an oversize binocular, and it took the race-track police several days to run down the owner of the ingenious device.

On one track there is a young woman who sends out messages in her own wig-wag code, read by men with powerful binoculars stationed outside the track. She gets one hundred dollars a week—and she never bets on the information.

SINCE the big poolroom clearing houses in Jersey have been closed as a pre-election gesture, and the countless handbooks have been placed at a disadvantage, the racing-information combines have been taxed to capacity, for they must handle a larger amount of business in comeback money—large wagers that are made away from the track so as not to affect the odds. It may be said, in passing, that a big bet always comes back with more.

IT will be quite like old times to close the season of racing on the New York tracks with the two-day meeting of the United Hunts at Belmont Park, though I must admit I liked the more intimate touch of the Hunts meeting at Aqueduct in the spring. What price the ticket on Jolly Roger in the Gwathmey Sweep?

JACK JOYNER is a man of his word. He told me he was going to win the Yorktown Handicap, the last stake of the season, with George Widener's Arcturus, and he did. Fourteen pounds and a mile and a furlong were a bit too much for Mrs. Payne Whitney's Excalibur. The Hon. George says it's not true that the placing judges were taking the blindfold test at that finish.

THEY say the Empire City meeting has been a successful one for the purveyors of alcohol. . . . We saw Al Jolson wearing his favorite blue raincoat . . . and Mae West looking over racing material—they say she'll rename all her new purchases . . . and John McGraw braving the coldest weather without an overcoat . . . and seventeen Westchester politicians wondering if Sham Battle was short—they were after the race . . . and the Hon. George packing up his form charts and the red and the blue figures, off for Maryland. —AUDAX MINOR

T H E H U N T



Karess
Face Powder

Packaged especially
for the boudoir \$2.00

*Endorsed by
Women of
Discrimination
and Refinement
Everywhere*



WOODWORTH

Creators of Exclusive Face Powders since 1854
NEW YORK ~ PARIS

The Surest SAFEGUARD



DELICATELY SCENTED
BUT NOT A PERFUME



SINCE its discovery in 1709, Farina's Red Crest Cologne has been smart Europe's favorite precaution against perspiration odor.

Nothing else is so soothing, so refreshing, so sure to eliminate any trace of perspiration odor, for Farina's ancient secret has never been duplicated. It is the true and original Farina Cologne.

For Men: A luxurious rub-down. A general refreshment.

For Women: A gentle astringent. A general toilette complement.

Available 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 for U. S. A.
Geo. Borgfeldt & Co.,
New York City

Now! A really luxurious
Shaving Lotion

Soothes—smooths—heals the nicks.
As fine as the cologne which forms its
base. Ask the better shops for Farina's
Red Crest Shaving Lotion. Price \$1.

Look for the  Red Crest

FARINA'S
RED CREST
COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER

COURT GAMES

Three Oldsters Step Down



IN squash, Yale and Harvard have monopolized victories quite as much as they formerly did in football, so when both of them are counted out simultaneously, along with Princeton, there is reasonable cause for excitement.

Not only did all three of these clubs lose their opening matches in the Class A tournament, but Harvard and Princeton each had to remain content with merely one victory out of seven. It was Reid's Crescent A. C. team that trounced Harvard. Yale fell before Rowland Duffton's pupils at the New York A. C., and the Fraternity Club took out Princeton.

IN the case of Yale and Harvard there were what are known as extenuating circumstances. Harvard, against the lambasting B. H. O'Connor, E. R. Larigan, and their teammates, presented a line-up from which were missing Fillmore Hyde, William Rand, Jr., Hewitt Morgan, and Morris Phinney. In other words, Harvard was represented by what was practically a Class B team, and it looks as though the club will continue to be so represented for the greater part of the season, unless Rand and Morgan abandon the court-tennis courts and rush to the rescue. Hyde and Phinney (who now resides elsewhere) are not to be counted on.

Yale faced the New York A. C. without Tom Coward and Otis Guernsey, and even though H. S. Thorne filled in nobly at No. 1, the Elis could not overcome the handicap. They could have if Auguste Cordier or Jack Davidson had risen to the occasion, but Cordier is definitely on the decline and Davidson probably will never fulfill the promise he showed two years ago.

However, Yale has less reason to be depressed than Harvard, for the absence of Coward and Guernsey is only temporary. But even at full strength Yale is going to meet with the toughest sort of going, and it is very doubtful whether she can hope to regain the Class A honors.

RIGHT now it looks as though the competition will develop into a

kurzman



the sweater-knit turban

as elastic as the tricot you've learned to love; draped with a subtly new line; soft enough to fold away in your purse; the most flattering, the most wearable turban of them all!

plain-color sweater-fabric, or to order in designs to match our sweaters, \$20.

Kurzman

IMPORTER

661 Fifth Ave. 52nd-53rd Sts.

What...! ..Another Survey?

The Herald Tribune Proves a Point for Us!

The Question Asked Was:

"Which Publication Do You Read Regularly?"

First Paper.....**THE SUN**
 Second Paper..Herald Tribune
 Third Paper.....Times
 Fourth Paper.....Post
 Fifth Paper...Morning World

Sixth Paper...Wall St. Journal
 Seventh Paper.....Telegram
 Eighth Paper..Evening World
 Ninth Paper.....American
 Tenth Paper.....Journal

*Number of families included in the investigation—5,878.
 Number of replies received and analyzed, 1,576—or 27 per cent. of mailed questionnaires.
 List used consisted of all the tenants in more than 100 of the most prominent high-grade apartment houses in New York.*



The wealthiest residential district in the world. The best customers for all high-grade commodities. Which paper reaches the largest number of these families? The Sun. This fact is firmly established by the Herald Tribune survey made by Huber Hoge, Inc.

There have been surveys and surveys lately. But this is a survey we didn't make. We didn't have it made. We did not know it was being made until it was completed. But we want every advertiser to know about it.

This particular survey was made for the Herald Tribune by the Huber Hoge Advertising Agency. It was made to determine which newspaper in New York is most widely read among people of means—which newspaper is the most effective medium

for advertisers of high-grade commodities.

The letter mailed out was signed by the Herald Tribune with the request that the enclosed questionnaire postcard be filled in and returned to the Huber Hoge Agency for tabulation purposes.

This survey confirms the statement which The Sun has frequently made regarding itself—that among the prosperous, intelligent people it has the largest home circulation in New York. That is why advertisers have found it so profitable to use The Sun.

The  Sun
 NEW YORK



**EMOTIONAL MOMENTS
IN THE LIFE OF A FLAPPER**

When the morning mail contains nothing but a lot of annoying bills except a proposal from an aged and rich beau, and you are at your wits' end to solve your problems . . . *Light a MURAD.*

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

three-cornered affair between Columbia, the Crescents, and Fraternity, and it wouldn't surprise me at all to find it narrowed down in the final stages to a neck-and-neck race between Columbia and Fraternity, the kind that Harvard and Yale have had so many times in the past.

THIS Fraternity team is worth watching. It is playing in Class A this year for the first time, and its effectiveness lies not in individual stars but in evenly distributed strength. At the time these lines were written it had not yet met Ernest Clark's veteran Columbia combination, but even if it should take an unanticipated bad beating from the champions, I expect it to show continual improvement through the season.

I said that there are no individual stars on this team. The highest ranking man on it is No. 8, but it is quite probable that he is going to be the next national champion after Rowland Haines. Milton Baron is his name, and in the matches last week he defeated Dr. Mixsell, who ranks second, a repetition of his victory in the national championship last season. The Princeton veteran was far off his game, as might be expected so early in the season. Baron, on the other hand, played in mid-season form, which means whirlwind squash, and he very seldom is out of form. —A. D.

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[Headlines in the Times]

LAYS TUNNEY TITLE TO HIS READING; Friend, in Atlantic Monthly Article, Says Books Gave Winning Poise.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

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

Please enter my subscription to THE NEW YORKER for one year. I enclose check for \$5.00.

(POSTAGE: Canada 50c; Foreign, \$1.00 additional a year)

Name

Address

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





“What...no moving parts?” my little son screamed. “There goes my career!”

Dear Sirs:

I am afraid you will have to take back your Electrolux. The trouble is my little son and his mechanical turn of mind. His mother has him cut out for an engineer.

We used to own one of those old-fashioned mechanical refrigerators that made a lot of noise and contained all kinds of machinery. I never understood this machinery very well, but my little son took to it like a duck to water. He was always tinkering among the dirty parts, never happier than when taking them out and putting them back again. Sometimes there were a few parts left over, and the food spoiled. But my little son remained happy.

Then one day I bought an Electrolux, little dreaming what I was letting myself in for. When the Electrolux arrived and my son saw that it had no more machinery than a vacuum bottle, he flopped on the floor, kicked his heels, and screamed.

Since then we have bought him an Erecto

set, we have installed a complete machine shop in the basement, we have tried everything. But it's no use. He takes no interest in anything. He cannot eat or sleep; he is losing weight—and his temper is so bad we can't do a thing with him any more.

Do you think it would be possible to install a set of dummy machinery on the Electrolux, exactly like that which he used to play with?

• • • •

Unless you, too, are afraid of spoiling the budding engineering career of some member of your family, you'll be delighted with the Electrolux. There is absolutely no noise—not a single moving part to wear out, to need oil, to cause trouble.

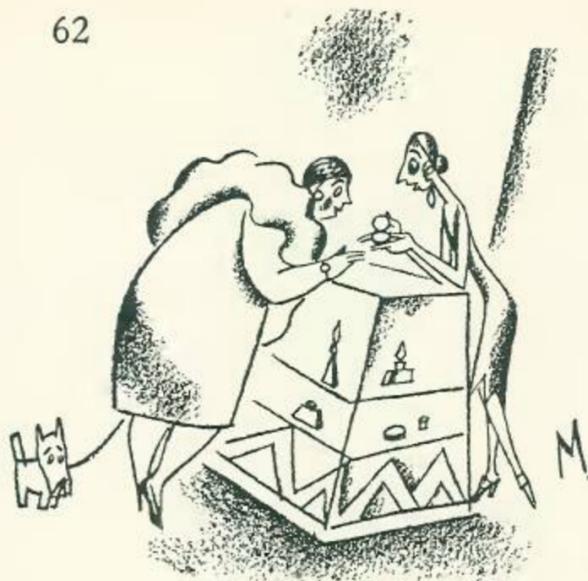
And, best of all, though you'll always have plenty of ice cubes, a continuous low temperature for food, you won't have a big bill for operating expense. The monthly cost of the Electrolux is ridiculously low—less than that of any other refrigeration system.

Scientists can find no good reason why the Electrolux should ever wear out, any more than your kitchen table. A tiny gas flame and a trickle of water—there's little else to this refrigerator. If you do not yet know the remarkable story of how the Electrolux makes ice from heat, write or wire for booklet today, or call at your own gas company's nearest display room to see this marvel for yourself. Servel Sales, Inc., 51 East 42nd Street, New York City.

ELECTROLUX the **GAS** refrigerator **MADE BY SERVEL**

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



NOW that I have seen the whole aftermath of the late Paris openings, there remains one announcement more: The midseason is already under way in several Paris houses, and I will soon be able to start all over again. In the meantime, the present fashion situation has me convinced of several noteworthy if not entirely unexpected facts: Even hemlines are rare on evening dresses, but refreshing when they happen. . . . That vogue for brocade (lovingly sponsored by several shops) has not, to my knowledge, come up to expectations—though the dowagers may still force it upon us. . . . Earrings are universal. . . . Hair, at least some part of which is long—ditto. . . . Velvet (stiff or semi-stiff more often than transparent), satin, and taffeta are very much in the picture, as promised by all the smart houses. Moire is a close follower, thanks to Augusta Bernard, and tulle has by no means died the death, with Jay-Thorpe reproducing Lelong, Lord & Taylor copying Paquin, and Best duplicating Premet, in ever-abundant clouds. You find chiffon and lace wherever the devotees of Chanel foregather. . . . Sable or its first-string cousins look infinitely newer than fox on evening wraps, and ermine is way ahead of the field with those who lead. . . . There are more glittering sequin jackets in shops than on

people. . . . I have to admit it: those dark colors are looking awfully smart, particularly blues, reds, and—big idea!—black.

SOME of these thoughts were corroborated by a visit to Joseph, he of the strange steely violet-blue, the great numbers of beautiful evening wraps, and the clothes designed and made for—is there no subtler way of saying this?—ladies. When Joseph shows a succession of black velvet and chiffon evening dresses, usually with touches of flesh chiffon, and all liberally beaded with rhinestones, I, who loathe rhinestones, capitulate, and call them lovely. Perhaps it is the lines of the dresses, perhaps the singularly delicate designs in which the beads are applied; at any rate these are distinguished clothes. Joseph's evening wraps appear in an amazing variety of color, design, and fur. As a collection, and individually, they are way above the average. One sleeve he uses repeatedly is thickly shirred from the shoulder to the wrist; I have often

disliked this before, but here it appears only on wraps that are otherwise of stringently simple design, and so there is no gingerbread. There are a number of metallic velvets which have much more life than the usual plain fabric, and brilliant jewel colors are the delight, obviously, of this designer's heart. One is a sapphire-blue velvet, with three flaring tiers below the snugly wrapped elbows (somewhat in the Chéruit manner) and a narrow roll collar of chin-chilla lapin. A pet trick in this shop is splitting a double fox collar right at the back of the neck, and inserting a big bow of velvet, the color of the wrap, with ends that flutter and flare. Another Joseph touch is the use of pale cream, instead of dead-white fox, where such banal fur as white fox is expected; the difference is intense and gratifying.

Before I left Joseph's, and while I was still in a warm, glowing mood, I was inveigled into looking at a number of fur hats. Now, you know what a series of fur hats is apt to do to one's sense of humor, but these never got



"Can you imagine? He thinks my stockings are beige—he's never heard of Ecstasy."

What landscape or seascape wouldn't be enhanced by these impertinent pajamas of Mary Nowitzky's, which Charles Martin has drawn for us so piquantly?

Where could one find such magnificent pages of costumes to wear, beautiful advertisements to read, smart things to do, and fashionable cars to ride in?



Who wouldn't be amused at the story of a girl who won a great deal of money in a puzzle contest, and went to the Riviera to spend it?

Why don't you seek the nearest purveyor of magazines, and exchange one half of one of your dollars for this epitome of smart life?

Harper's Bazar for November



as subtle proof that her ticket for the opening of the opera was socially—not merely legally!—come by, many a lovely woman wore this shoecraft sandal. In black or white, \$20; dyed within 24 hours to match one's gown, \$22.

SHOECRAFT

SALON: 714 fifth ave
between 55th and 56th streets:
FITTING THE NARROW HEEL.
• SIZES 1 to 10, AAAA to D



**FOUR DOLLARS
THE POUND**

Verlaine

Chocolats Distingues

The choice of New York's *haut monde*. And for a genuine Thanksgiving feast, Verlaine FRUITS GLACÉS...wholepineapples, oranges, apricots, pears and other luscious *fruits de rareté*

imported from Nice. Visit Salon Verlaine or—

ORDER BY MAIL

Chocolats Verlaine, exquisitely packaged in 1, 1½, 2½ and 5 pound boxes. Fruits Glacés in any quantity from one pound up. Please send money order for the amount of purchase (\$4.00 per lb.) plus insured parcel post charges 18 cents for first pound and 6 cents for each additional pound.

Verlaine

771 FIFTH AVENUE
SAVOY-PLAZA HOTEL, NEW YORK



out of relation to reason at all. The best is a béret-turban-toque sort of thing, fitted around the head, cut up slightly over one eye, and pinched into two funny little flaring ears at the sides of the head. It comes in gray, beige, black, or—I am serious—fuchsia-purple broadtail, and is all right in any of them, though you have to have a manner to wear the last one. There are others too, mostly copies of Descat and Alphonsine, of flat caracul combined with felt or velvet. Surprisingly good.

THIS column has seemed to avoid mention of the short fur jackets that are being earnestly promoted with the chic; but I saw some awfully nice short lapin jackets at Best that softened my prejudice against them. These are all made to go with certain Chanel sports dresses, and are lined with the wool of the dress. So, with the famous black-jersey-white-linen-et-al. frock comes a jacket of white lapin; with the dull-green wool bow-dress comes a beige jacket; and with another bow-dress in bright red comes a black dyed-kid jacket, which I don't like so well but which is good for the young and slender. The jacket is being heavily played at Best; the Nada (trade-marked, special name, \$65) suit of velveteen is good. The one I like is of bottle green, with a soft mint-green jersey blouse, a skirt with a snug hip section to which a pleated flaring bottom is attached, and a jacket more a dressmaker's than a tailor's type. Another Best specialty, the Glenconner sweater, appears for late fall in something related to Navajo patterns, about which I have never thrilled; but these are hand-knit, in just the right colors for country life.

ANOTHER reminder: on the sixth floor Best will shortly open the Fortmason Shop, devoted exclusively to the jolly English products bearing that name, and featuring in particular boots and shoes. Do not get your Aiken and Pinehurst clothes together without seeing the Fortmason golf Oxford; it is good. It has a plain soft toe, broad leather heel, strong lacings, is waterproof and comfortable. Or, if you prefer it, the Fortmason golf shoe in the Prince of Wales version is





Unaffected simplicity . . . delicate vigor

— and certainly a thorough spirit of femininity pervade this furniture for the modern boudoir : : Typical *Dynamique Creations*, all . . . where neither comfort nor practicality is in any way sacrificed. (Note the cleverly contrived compartments in the vanity table . . . the generous space in the slimly-proportioned beauty of the chiffonier!) : : *Dynamique Creations* are all authentically modern in design . . . flawless in taste . . . and with a restraint that permits of their being used with furniture of other definite periods : : And natural woods in all the beauty of the polished grain contribute much variation and interest : : Shown by the outstanding stores throughout the United States and Canada.

The complete bedroom suite, a part of which is shown above consists of twin beds or full size bed, night table, chiffonier, dresser, vanity table, cabinet-desk, chair and chaise longue.

JOHNSON FURNITURE CO.
JOHNSON-HANDLEY-JOHNSON COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

DYNAMIQUE CREATIONS



All you have to do is remember the name—our designs have done the rest—for Van Raalte Singlettes are the perfect underwear you've dreamed of. Caressing luxury in the touch of it! Designer's magic in the cut of it! Clever economy in the laundering and amazing wear of it. Of course you'll remember to ask for them—Van Raalte Singlettes.

VAN RAALTE CO.
Dept. A
295 Fifth Avenue, New York City

VAN RAALTE
Singlettes

also available. Lastly, a word about Best's rumble-seat coat. It is made over here, is all that its makers claim for it, and is a perfectly knockout value at its price. —M. C.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING
For Travellers—The Art of Monogramming



FROM now until Christmas this department is dedicated to the solemn task of listing all the possible gifts to be had in New York.

So we modestly suggest that you keep your copies of *THE NEW YORKER* for reference; we earnestly plead that you do not telephone us for back information; and we announce that we have absolutely no ambitions to act as gift commissionaires.

This is not the first whisper of our intentions; we have already said our say about Christmas cards and the advantages of getting ready early. Christmas forebodings hang heavy on the minds of those who want to give exquisite, carefully thought-out gifts and don't know where to start the search. Our suggestions to these troubled souls are embodied in the present column, and have to do with things that must be ordered well in advance: all varieties of made-to-order luggage, leather, and sporting goods, lingerie, and personal linen. More will appear next week.

A FEW generalizations about fitted cases will do as a beginning. Most women prefer one of such proportions that, in addition to the space occupied by their favorite jars, bottles, and brushes (about which you should know when ordering), there will be room as well for nightie, slippers, and sundries. Be awfully particular about the quality of the bristles in the hat, dress, and hair brushes, and don't get combs with fine teeth unless you know they are preferred. Toothbrush holders should be large enough for two or even three brushes—we are all so hygienic nowadays. A large, detachable mirror in the lid of the case is preferable to an ordinary hand-mirror. Sterling silver fittings look well, but en route they tarnish immediately, unless a maid goes along and is equipped to polish. If a gilt-wash is applied over the silver, tarnish is avoided. The strange current custom of omitting either the

Apartment homes by the Tishman Organization are notable for the dividends they pay in comfort, in convenience and in luxury.

◆
Now Ready for Occupancy

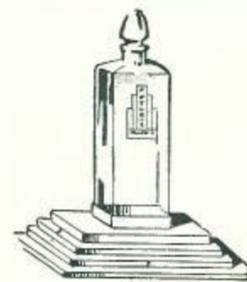
941 PARK AVENUE
N. E. cor 81st St.
Duplex Apartments of
8-12-13 Rooms

◆
410 EAST 57th STREET
Adjoining Sutton Place
6-7 Rooms

Send for Booklet of Our Apartment Homes

TISHMAN REALTY & CONSTRUCTION CO., INC.
285 MADISON AVENUE
Owners and Builders Since 1898

RAFFY PARFUM FUTURIS



If You Call Yourself A Modern

you must try Parfum Futuris. Especially created for you moderns who are always seeking something different to express your own daring spirit. There has never been any odeur like Futuris. Sample it at your favorite store. In four sizes—\$2, \$4, \$7, \$10.

buttonhook or the shoehorn should be crushed by including both. Incidentally, most of the ordinary soap-dishes for travelling are totally inadequate.

HARDENED travellers appreciate the inclusion of such extras as a thermometer, a corkscrew, an atomizer, a clock, an eyecup, and folding photograph-cases. One or two leather boxes, rubber-lined, are enormously convenient. Austrian and German enamel, in pastel colors, is frowned on, and rightly, by smart people; so are the varieties of bright-colored shiny cases that those fittings come in. Black or brown, or, at the extreme, tan, gray, and dark green leathers are best; and while moire-silk linings look so sweet under the Christmas tree, fine dark-leather linings last and last, don't spot, and don't fray. The average stock nailfile is trash; select a good one.

THE gentlemen, I am told, detest large bags with fittings in the lids, and almost always prefer cases or rolls of soft leather, adapted to their pet peculiarities in razors and soap, and small enough to tuck in a corner of a Gladstone or kit bag and tote to the Pullman dressing-room in only one hand. Above all, be sure of your friend's shaving habits (the pocket that holds a can of shaving-powder will lose a tube of shaving-cream); find out whether he uses face-lotion, powder, or fresh air after shaving, and have the case made accordingly.

ARTHUR GILMORE, of 16 East Fifty-second Street, knows practically all there is to know about custom-made luggage. He makes his rigid cases on light basswood frames, rivets the handles in evenly, and hand-sews all his seams and corners. He has a nice conceit in a tool of which one end is a shoehorn and the other a buttonhook. He also has large, squat, round, glass pots with lids, for cold-cream or powder. He uses a very fine Morocco (but real Morocco) leather on women's cases, and buffalo or pig on men's. He has, also, Louis Vuitton trunks from Paris, too perfect for words inside; special orders for these can still be made, but should be given almost immediately.

Lastly, a suggestion for those who have their own pet group of bunged-up luggage from which they wouldn't part for anything: Gilmore will make new canvas covers for the whole out-

Distinctive Handkerchiefs!

A MONOGRAMMED Handkerchief is almost sure to be returned to its owner! Of course, monograms are very smart and they solve that age-old Christmas gift problem.

YOU MAY ORDER your supply from these smart monograms or send for our leaflet which shows many other styles and order from it. For Christmas delivery, send in your order before Thanksgiving.

	<i>For Women</i>	<i>For Men</i>
N-1.	\$12.75 a dozen	N-4. \$29.00 a dozen
N-2.	24.00 a dozen	N-5. 16.00 a dozen
N-3.	7.50 a dozen	N-6. 26.00 a dozen

McCutcheon's

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-NINTH ST.
DEPT. NO. 75, NEW YORK



DEMEYER

WHEN you use Elizabeth Arden's Preparations according to the methods carefully evolved by Miss Arden herself, the health and clear beauty of your skin are as assured as if you were working under Miss Arden's personal supervision. To secure perfect results be sure that you use every cream, lotion or tonic exactly as intended. Cleanse with *Venetian Cleansing Cream*, whose melting purity penetrates every least little pore. Wake up your sleepy tissues, give them new

zest with *Skin Tonic*, or if they are unusually sluggish, brace and invigorate them with *Special Astringent*. Smooth away every tiny roughness with *Velva Cream*. Fill out depressing hollows and weary lines with *Orange Skin Food*.

Come to Elizabeth Arden's Salon for a personal consultation and to be advised as to the best method of caring for your skin

Telephone for an appointment Plaza 5847

ELIZABETH ARDEN

673 Fifth Avenue, New York

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at the smart shops everywhere

LONDON

BERLIN

MADRID

ROME

PARIS

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BARROW MANOR CONVALESCENT HOME, INC.

A Private Home for Convalescents
Chronic cases, Semi-Invalids
and Elderly People

Restful Exclusive Accessible
1 BROADWAY • DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.
Telephone Dobbs Ferry 2274



No. 2180
Metal Girl
Fountain Pen
Holder

RENA ROSENTHAL
520 Madison Avenue New York

fit. Some would rather have them on their old favorites than get a new set of trunks, bags, suitcases, and boxes.

MARTIN & MARTIN, 45 West Fifty-seventh Street, offer, for trips around the world, made-to-order fitted luggage that includes everything from nail-polish to a camp-stove, and is good-looking as well. Here they will make every variety of woman's purse, bag, passport-case, or carryall, of just the size and shape to satisfy any whim; and also trick brief-cases for men—sometimes combined with suitcases, sometimes with files inside for unruly papers, sometimes with drinking paraphernalia. There are golf-bags, for protracted trips, that will hold all manner of extra togs and cheer, and good travelling cocktail-sets; you can have your own pet shaker fitted in.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE have very fine custom-made luggage; they like to make up cases for women who use a single beauty-specialist's articles, and a lot of them. Elizabeth Arden, Marie Earle, Helena Rubinstein, Dorothy Gray, or anyone, can be the favorite; and the bags are all fitted with the extras that don't come in ready-made lines. They specialize in Louis Vuitton. Some of their beautiful French luggage is of fine black leather, lined with dark-green Morocco, and fitted with silver. These can be made up on demand, but must be ordered very soon.

MARK CROSS should be remembered, though custom-order work is not stressed very sharply; this is a good place for trunks. Custom-made trunks are easily available; it seems to be universally conceded that Winship, Hartmann, and Oshkosh are among the best of the American makers. We will have more to say about leather later, when you want to know the places where you can rush in and perform a miracle of gift-giving without having ordered in advance.

MONOGRAMMING is a problem pretty nearly everywhere. All the lingerie and linen houses say they aren't a bit eager to take such orders



after the middle of November. The subject is entirely too broad a one to permit our being specific about the offerings of every house, but we give a list of at least some of the best ones.

ALTMAN: Few if any surpass their quality of linen, and they have unusually desirable low-priced things as well. Never disturbingly original, but I love their stuff.

ASCHER-LE VIN, 500 Madison Avenue: Good for cocktail napkins and original handkerchiefs; very snappy monograms.

M. COLLART, 21 East Fifty-fourth Street: Most lovely lingerie; particularly good for very beautiful batiste with fine cotton lace. Men's and women's handkerchiefs, excellent workmanship and designs.

COLONY LINGERIE SHOP, 664 Madison Avenue: Lingerie ditto, made and monogrammed to order; robes, and what they call intimate apparel, and handkerchiefs.

C. AND M. FORSTER, 25 West Fifty-seventh Street: Lovely lingerie with gobs of real lace, and very sheer French lawn or German Appenzell handkerchiefs, with real lace and monograms.

DAISY GARSON, 14 East Fifty-fifth Street: Lingerie, robes, exquisite boudoir apparel; monogrammed, if you wish.

MAX LITWITZ, 7 East Forty-seventh Street: Conservative and fine house, mostly household linens, but particularly good colored handkerchiefs, with single initials or monograms.

LORD & TAYLOR: Another infallible place; they take great pains with monogram orders.

MCCUTCHEON: Old standby that gets better and better and is almost another name for handkerchiefs.

MOSSE, 730 Fifth Avenue: The art of monogramming brought to perfection; handkerchiefs for all the family, and other linen, but no lingerie.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: Very charming evening handkerchiefs of lace, lawn, or chiffon, smartly monogrammed; lovely Appenzell work.

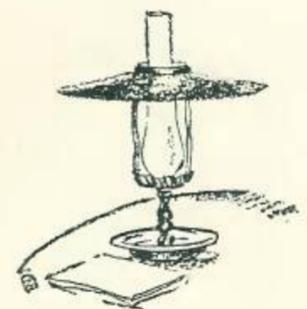
NOTE: All of this, as you notice, makes no mention of household linens, blankets, spreads, or table linens; that subject is covered below. —M. C.

IF you have set your heart on handing out monogrammed house linens and similar special work for Christmas this year, you had better include these orders on the very day you arrange about handkerchiefs and all such personal frippery as my colleague has



LONG before these times of ours—back in the days when the curfew pealed its petulant song not much after sundown—the lighting problem was largely one of keeping a discreet distance from the smoke of a Betty lamp or a bayberry candle. Later, pewter lamps—and then pressed and blown glass lamps that burned oil and used wicks—became known; and, to some extent, difficulties decreased.

□ These creations were quite as quaint as all other things of their time, and now, with the wonder of wire and bulb replacing the worry of oil and wick, reproductions of the same table lamps will be found at the store of Sloane. To keep them company, tall Colonial candlesticks of hand wrought iron have been skillfully adapted and reproduced as bridge lamps. ■ And certainly it goes without mention that the astonishingly low price of each lamp is but another enlightening instance of our very fair markings of furniture and rugs and carpets and draperies.



W. & J. SLOANE

575 Fifth Avenue at 47th Street
NEW YORK CITY



IN NEW YORK

the débutante, the young woman and
matron find Paris expressed
in Hollander ateliers.

L P
HOLLANDER
552 FIFTH AVENUE **CO**

CHICAGO

WASHINGTON

BOSTON



JEWEL LAMPS

THIS exquisite pair of carved green jade lamps is typical of the extensive Yamanaka collection. The mingled qualities of beauty and usefulness are built on solid principles of line and color. The collection comprises lamps of jade, crystal, coral, turquoise, amethyst, carnelian, and rose-quartz, all exquisitely mounted and with individually designed shades.

YAMANAKA & COMPANY
680 FIFTH AVENUE **NEW YORK**

been warning you about in the foregoing columns.

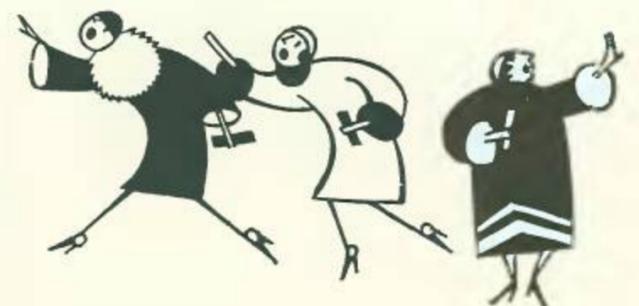
A few soft words of general advice about monogramming house linens:

(a) Don't rush into the subject without a pretty thorough knowledge of the taste and requirements of the recipient. There are all sorts of monograms—florid, simple, swirling, angular, "period," modern; if you can bear to forego the surprise element, it is wise to have the lady in question, probably a January bride whose Christmas gift from you is to do double duty, select the style herself. Prosaic but practical, and she will thank you.

(b) I am one of those who admit machine embroidery is just as good as anything else for bath sets; but never, never let a handsomely machine-monogrammed mat lead you into having the same workmanship applied to bed or table linen. It's not a success. The fuzzy bath-towel and wash-cloth material does a lot for machine work, but place it on a flat linen or cotton surface and you might better do without entirely. I mention this because two ladies of taste and discretion tried recently to beat the market in this fashion, and who knows how many more may be standing on the brink?

(c) Before you order monograms stitched into colored sheets and pillow slips for your married girl-friend with twin beds, find out just how much color her husband will stand for in the bedroom. There isn't any compromising with colored bed linen—you use it on both beds or you use it on none; neither is there any post-holiday exchanging once monograms have been applied.

(d) Even your favorite shop, which has always been so nice about making deliveries in two weeks or so, is likely to disappoint you if you wait until December gets under way before placing your order. Devoted customers at the Grande Maison de Blanc, for instance, are urged to set this magazine down and run over to settle the business without further delay. . . . McCutcheon reminds you that a month is a fair time-allowance for their uniformly excellent embroidering, hemming, and laundering. . . . Mosse, 730 Fifth Avenue, hopes you won't wait until



after the first few days of December on bed and table linens. . . . Those guest-towels with appliqué in color and monograms to match, at Max Fertig, 2 East Thirty-fourth Street, should be ordered without a day's delay. . . . Stores like Altman, Lord & Taylor, and McGibbon, although experience has taught them that very few shoppers think of monogramming until the day before Christmas Eve, nevertheless want to go on record as having issued warnings that orders placed in November are the ones that won't get mixed up with the Christmas rush.

BEFORE bringing this harangue to a close, I offer what discoveries I have made in the bath-set situation, which threatens to be serious this year.

All shops have sets of mats, towels, and wash-cloths, in white with colored borders or in two shades of a color; these take kindly to machine monogramming in the conventional French-knot style, with or without dark outlines. Personally, I have a feeling for the un-outlined kind, on the ground that they bear a closer relation to hand-work; but the others are popular.

MOSSE varies this program with a special machine monogram that works out beautifully on the more delicately swirled type of monogram design, a thing which French knots cannot always be depended on to do. This is pleasantly unlike most machine work. The same shop contributes also a bath-set monogram in a heavy, hand-done cross-stitch, very handsome. . . . At Lord & Taylor, the current show-piece is a modernist set—solid color with borders in the modern manner. I liked this in green and yellow, but not so well in other colors. A special monogram is being designed for it. . . . McCutcheon favors a set with a two-colored sun-burst pattern, the rays radiating from a central monogram.

WELL, monograms are off my mind. That leaves just a few odd items for discussion—like furniture, and pillows, and blankets, and boxes. . .

THE Esmond Blanket Shop, Fifth Avenue at Forty-seventh Street, can promise delivery in two weeks, provided orders are placed now; later there will be no telling—and no promises. Blankets with applied college letters are a good Christmas item for boys at school; these are a durable sort and cost \$7.50, including the letter, for application of which you must allow

DOBBS

IN THEIR NEW BUILDING
FIFTH AVENUE AT 57TH STREET



Dobbs formal coat of black Drape Sedan, a lustrous woolen of the Kasha family, is trimmed with a softly flaring Medici collar and triangular Tuxedo front of black Persian Lamb. The furless cuffs and fine detail in the back yoke contribute much to its air of good breeding.

• •

The new Dobbs Building is planned and arranged for the smart woman who prefers to select an entire wardrobe from the Dobbs collections. Here she will find costumes for every hour of her day, designed with a sure knowledge of her needs and conveniently accompanied by their appropriate accessories, lingerie and hosiery. Frocks for Sport, Street, Daytime and Evening, an extensive fur department to provide the complimentary wrap. Important innovations include exceptional facilities for tailoring to order exclusive materials and modes in Dresses, Suits, Coats, Riding Habits and Furs.

NOW IN THEIR NEW BUILDING

DOBBS FIFTH AVENUE AT 57TH STREET

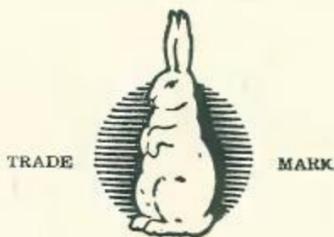


Many Thanks for that extra blanket at the foot of the bed

WHEN the chill of early morn wakes you from a sound sleep what a feeling of utter comfort there is in drawing around you that extra blanket someone has so thoughtfully placed at the foot of your bed.

If it isn't there your whole night's rest is ruined. No one can ever remember where the blankets are kept. And only mother really knows. Bad enough for the family but a tragedy for the helpless overnight guest. The considerate way is to keep a soft, warm Esmond Blanket neatly folded at the foot of each bed.

In this interesting shop you can get lovely Esmond Blankets in any color to harmonize with your bedrooms... in all materials, weights and sizes... at all prices. The most complete assortment of blankets ever shown in one place.



ESMOND Blanket Shop

FIFTH AVENUE at 47th STREET

at least two weeks' time. An otherwise excellent lightweight basket-weave wool blanket here is bound in sateen; it is worth the small amount of extra time and money involved to have it bound again in satin.

BOX orders—shoe boxes, hat boxes, all sorts of boxes—should be placed this month at The Box Mart, 25 East Fifty-fourth Street. . . . The Old Arts Shop, 753 Madison Avenue, requires three weeks' notice for the covering of various household objects with antique fabrics—yours or its own. . . . The Mayhew Copley Shops, Ltd. (The Copley Shop and The Mayhew Shop rolled into one, at 540 Madison Avenue), can cover in your selected materials, and within two to three weeks, any of the small upholstered chairs from their excellent collection—provided you make the selection soon enough. . . . Special orders should be placed immediately at unfinished-furniture houses like Hearthstone, 224 East Fifty-seventh Street, which caters largely to the high-grade Colonial furniture public, and The Herter Looms, 509 Madison Avenue, where new furniture is painted in such manner that you need the eye of an expert to tell it's not antique.

ORDERS for boudoir luxuries at Carlin Comforts, 528 Madison Avenue, require a strictly modern attitude toward Christmas and the gifts thereof, in that the process here is to send a measurer to the very premises before a constructive step is taken. . . . Catalon rugs at Alice Lewis, 151 East Forty-sixth, must be ordered directly, since they are made to your color order in Canada. . . . Eleanor Beard's quilted spreads, than which I defy you to uncover an item more truly luxurious, require an entire month for completion.

WITH advance orders thus out of the way (and you will be no happier when yours are than I am at this moment), this department is all ready to plunge into breath-taking lists of gift suggestions, all nicely catalogued for simple deciphering. —B. B.

The size of the new and smaller United States paper currency, to be issued probably about July 1, 1929, has been finally fixed. The paper is to be 6 5/16 inches long, or almost the exact measure of three columns of the *Herald Tribune* from column rule to column rule.—*The Herald Tribune*.

There's a bit of luck!



Margery Sill Wickware decorator

announces the opening of an antique department under the direction of

MRS. STRINGFELLOW BARR

presenting French, Spanish, English and Italian furniture, portraits, china, glass, etc., from the collection of Comtesse de Bellissen.

19 East 47th Street
New York City

MOHAWK NURSERY RUGS

DESIGNED by TONY SARG

Three lovely patterns to choose from! Full of color and interest. Created in the very spirit of childhood by America's master children's artist who has delighted millions. Woven by Mohawk in a staunch and long-wearing fabric. Boxed in the quaintest doll house containers. Priced very moderately. At leading stores—everywhere! If your store doesn't carry them, write direct to: Mohawk Carpet Mills, Amsterdam, N. Y.

In attractive doll house containers



SEND FOR BOOKLET ON NURSERY RUGS

Four Miles from WESTPORT, CONN.

New House Old Barn **FOR SALE**

Right on Saugatuck River

AND Modern Improvements
Summer Home Sites

Cobb Estate Development

Dyke & Wallace Tel. Westport 544, Ring 5

OLD NUMBERS ARE BEST

JANET and I moved only a short time ago, and already we're pretty much discontented, because we found at the last minute we'd have to leave our old phone number behind. All along we had planned on taking it with us; in fact we used to talk about how nice it would be to have it when we got over to West Twelfth Street.

In the course of a year and a half we'd got tremendously attached to it. I suppose it really wasn't much, as phone numbers go; it was hard to remember at first, and several people near us had numbers almost like it, but we were fond of it. There were ever so many numbers in our neighborhood with the same first name, and that probably caused all the confusion. Sometimes someone would go to all the trouble of phoning us, just to ask what number ours was.

"Hello," they would say, "what number is *this*?" And then we would smile proudly and say, "This is Raymond Seven-Nine-Eight-One." One thing about Raymond *always* bothered us a little; we couldn't tell what gender it belonged to. At times it would seem masculine, and then sometimes it would do all sorts of little feminine things, so we never could quite tell. Finally we compromised on "it."

I SUPPOSE we were rather foolish about it, but it was a good bit of a jolt when we found we'd have to leave Raymond behind. Janet insisted I put on my hat and go down to see the phone company about it personally, but they wouldn't do anything at all. The man down there said Raymond would be out of place on West Twelfth Street, and that we'd want a new one named Algonquin Something-Or-Other. Out of place indeed! I told him *we* weren't the kind of people who gave up our old friends and phone numbers, just because we'd moved to a better neighborhood. We always thought Raymond would look nice anywhere, because he wasn't a bit shabby, and had splendid manners for one so young. But the man couldn't understand at all.

"Do you," I asked him, "think for a minute this Algonquin number can take our Raymond's place? Can't you understand that however fine this new one is it can never replace our own Raymond, that we've brought up from infancy, and taught not to be a wrong number?" No, he said, he couldn't,

30 SECONDS of WONDER

"IT'S incredible—but it's true!" say the dermatologists of two continents. This amazing new preparation by Pinaud actually Cleanses, Tones and Supples the skin in one brief half-minute!

First Pinaud's Cream *cleanses* your skin as it has never been cleansed before. For it has a magnetic attraction for dirt exactly ten times stronger than the magnetic attraction the skin has for dirt.

It *supples* — exquisitely, naturally, for its delicate oils resemble more closely the fine natural oils of the skin itself than any ever prepared for a cream before.

It *tones*—till the whole fretwork of tiny blood vessels and glands under the surface is stirred to normal activity. Alive, young again!

Yet the whole amazing process takes less than a minute! Just smooth on Pinaud's Cream—then WASH it away. For — amazingly — it dissolves in water! Now how satin-smooth your skin feels, how radiantly young it looks! . . . Ask for Pinaud's Cream at leading drug and department stores. It comes in both Jars and Tubes. . . Pinaud, 220 East 21 Street, New York.

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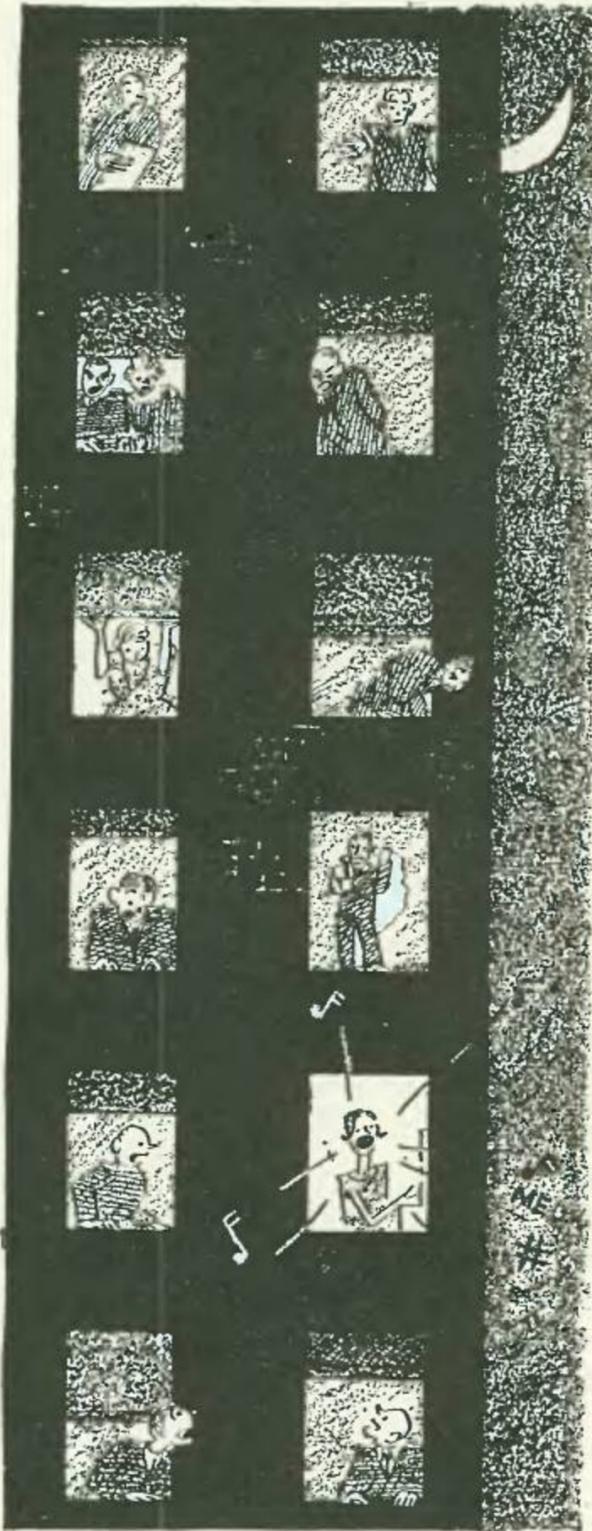


SMOOTH Pinaud's Cream gently *smooths* on your face. The very second it touches your skin it "floats" all the day's dust and powder from the pores, like a magic magnet. Next take a cotton pad or washcloth, thoroughly wet, and just WASH both cream and dirt away. How young and radiant your face looks! How velvety it feels! Now just a whisk of powder, a touch of rouge — for you need no "base," and no astringent either, after a scientific Pinaud treatment!

Pinaud

PARIS — NEW YORK

Makers of French toilet preparations for more than one hundred and fifty years



Moonlight Madness

- "Broken-hearted Baby"—There's pep to this fox trot by the Arrowhead Inn Orchestra
 "Moonlight Madness"—Fox trot 4053
 "All of the Time"—Another fox trot that you can't resist. Colonial Club Orchestra
 "Flower of Love"—Fox trot 4049
 "Nola"—A great piano duet by Phil Ohman and Victor Arden
 "The Glow Worm" 4056
 "The Nut Tree"—(Der Nussbaum)—Soprano solo by Elisabeth Rethberg.
 "Ave Maria"—Schubert. Violin obligato 15145 by Max Rosen

Always something new on
Brunswick Records



There's new snap, rhythm and pep in
 Brunswick Records

Brunswick

PANATROPES·RADIOLAS·RECORDS

and if I didn't get the hell out of that office he'd throw me out. I gathered from that he wouldn't do anything to save Raymond, and so I went back home feeling pretty glum.

Janet met me at the door, looking anxious, and asked me what the verdict was.

"The worst," I said, trying to muster up a brave smile.

"You mean . . ."

"Yes," I said. "It'll have to be left behind, but don't cry. Be a little Stoic now, and try to work out a philosophy about these things."

"But I want that number," she wailed. "Think of little Raymond in that old bare place, with no one to answer the phone and tell people what number it is."

"Maybe the company'll find a good home for it," I said. "Maybe they'll find some nice, kind people who'll treat it just as we did." I knew they wouldn't, but I thought there was no harm saying that, just to comfort her.

IN the end we left it behind, along with some old curtains, and a can of paint. The telephone people expect us to take another number, but we won't. Probably just about the time we got attached to this Algonquin thing they want us to take, why we'd want to move again, and then we'd have to go through all that again. As it is, we keep a dummy phone on the mantel, and we just pretend our number is Raymond Seven-Nine-Eight-One. Janet made a little sampler, which we keep hanging beside the phone. It has Raymond's name in red yarn, and a little poem underneath:

When the day is almost over,
 And all the work is done,
 I like to pause a minute
 And think of Raymond Seven-
 Nine-Eight-One.

I'm not sure if it's a very good poem; there seems to be too much of something in the last line. If you run the Raymond and the Seven together a little it comes out *almost* right, and anyway it's the number we care about. Not an old poem.

—REED JOHNSTON

ON THE LOOSE

[From the Jackson (Ga.) Herald]

Mrs. R. E. Everitt, Miss Jule Stillwell, and Mr. William R. Stillwell motored to Atlanta Thursday where they spent a very pleasant day. Mr. Stillwell attended a meeting of funeral directors at the Atlanta Casket Company.

are you planning a party?

favors... entertainment... what to do after the last tail is pinned to an arrogant donkey...

let the party factory take over the worry... the fuss... the disagreeable little last-minute jobs

make it the nicest party your bright-eyed little guests ever attended... and enjoy it yourself

for everything from sending the invitations... to picking up the last broken balloon...

consult
 the party factory

(children's entertainment bureau)
 plaza 4000, extension 165

saks - fifth avenue
 new york

NEW IDEAS for BRIDGE



Fancy Bridge Covers—Charming hand-made prizes... so delightfully quaint... so attractively different! A welcome departure from the usual. See these delightful articles in our Fancy Work Department and solve your Bridge Problems for the season. And they are NOT expensive... Bridge Case containing Cover, Cards and Score Pads \$9.90.

NEW YORK EXCHANGE

FOR
 WOMAN'S WORK

541 Madison Avenue New York



HE WILL APPRECIATE
 FLOWERS MORE THAN ANYTHING
 YOU CAN SEND. AND YOU WILL
 FIND THE LOVELIEST BLOS-
 SOMS AT THE GREENHOUSE.

the GREENHOUSE
 FLOWERS

62 EAST 34th ST. ASHLAND 3543

MUSICAL EVENTS

A Double Bass Says "Uncle"—Recitals Sans Casualties—This Symphonic Jazz Age

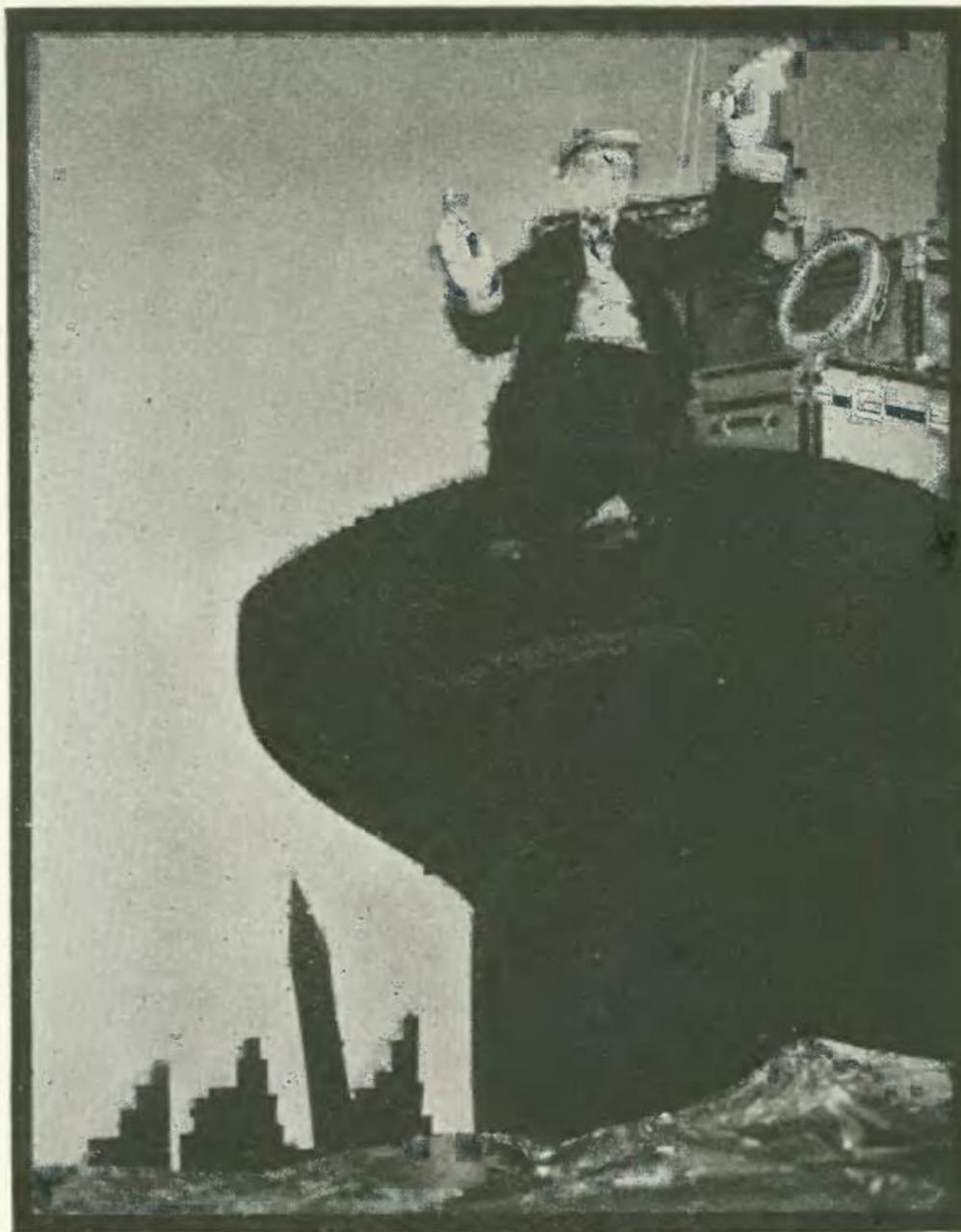


ALMOST all of the orchestra conductors were at one time solo instrumentalists, but most of them have put their virtuoso careers behind them.

Mr. Mengelberg occasionally directs from a pseudo-harpsichord, and Mr. Damrosch illustrates his lectures with a bit of piano-playing, but up to last week Mr. Gabrilowitsch was the only licensed director whose solo performances were something more than excursions from his regular business. Mr. Stokowski used to be an organist, but he has not been heard here in that capacity since his early days. I never heard him perform during his term of service at a New York church, but I have learned from a gentleman who directed many funerals in the Stokowski régime that few organists of his acquaintance were so helpful.

This, as you may have surmised, is by way of prelude to a report of Mr. Koussevitzky's local début as a double bass virtuoso, and I might as well set down now that Mr. Koussevitzky's virtuosity with the bull fiddle is as great as his virtuosity with an orchestra, and perhaps greater. His concert, in which he had the assistance of M. Henri Casadesus, who played viola d'amore, and Mr. Pierre Luboshutz, whose piano accompaniments were the best that I have heard so far this season, had the air of a great artistic revelation; but it actually was merely a demonstration of Mr. Koussevitzky's ability to make his Amati bass say "Uncle." "Uncle" is a pretty good transcription of the sound that a double bass makes when it is treated to some vigorous bowing on the lower strings.

THE music of the evening was of no importance. The Big Event was Mr. Koussevitzky's home-made concerto for double bass, a twenty-six-year-old work which did not betray its composer's predilection for modernism, and which might easily have been mistaken for a collaboration between



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Tschaikowsky and Paganini. Somebody might rearrange it for violin and have a highly serviceable concerto to add to the small group of show bits that fiddlers enjoy playing. There are two themes in it that must have been stimulating to any popular songwriters in the audience, and it gave Mr. Koussevitzky every possible opportunity to demonstrate his agility and his skill in making a double bass sound almost as canorous as a slightly hoarse 'cello. The duos with M. Casadesus proved again Mr. Koussevitzky's musicianship and taste, but the whole evening was more interesting as a show than as a musical adventure.

There was one fine piece of theatricalism which deserves special attention. The double bass was brought on by a young man who obviously was in awe of the instrument and who handled it delicately with white gloves at least eight sizes too large for him.

EXCEPT for Mr. Koussevitzky's legerdemain, there has not been much excitement in the early recital season. Mme. Hempel returned in fine voice and with a program hardly worthy of an artist who has to her credit so many fine achievements. Mme. Hempel is much more interesting as Mme. Hempel than as a postponed Jenny Lind. John Charles Thomas, who has been singing in opera almost everywhere except in New York, gave a concert which indicated that he is growing constantly, not only in vocal skill but in program-making as well. The Beethoven Association began its season by celebrating the Schubert death centennial with a characteristic mélange of well-rehearsed



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and almost impromptu chamber music and songs.

Mr. Damrosch's first session with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, which is more Philharmonic than Symphony, was marked by a genuinely jazzy performance of John Alden Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" music. The jazz of the score is rather academic, but Mr. Damrosch went Ben Bernie with it and made more of it than any of his predecessors. The only other noteworthy event of the pre-opera week was a demure bit of drollery by a somewhat weighty lady who sang "Would God I Were The Tender Apple Blossom." —R. A. S.

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The episodic story of "La Bohême" would seem to make it particularly adapted for division into twelve-inch sections, but the scarcity of "set" numbers has brought about a few unfortunate breaks—notably the interruption of the little aria for the tenor in the second act. The lack of action in the story also makes the opera less effective on the discs than "Rigoletto." Puccini's theatre music requires stage business to point it, and to many listeners, the first act, up to the entrance of Mimi, will seem shreddy and patchy. From there on, however, except for a stretch at the opening of the second act, the continuity is excellent merely as music, and the last act comes off best of all.

I AM unable to relay much information about the principals in the Victor "Bohême." The conductor, Maestro Carlo Sabajno, may be recalled as the director of Victor's "Rigoletto," and members of the Scala Orchestra provide the instrumental background. The Scala Chorus does its brief duty handsomely. Maestro



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Sabajno hurries over a few passages that usually get more lush treatment, but on the whole he does no violence to the score.

Confirmed researchers in odd records may recognize the names of Giorgini and Badini, the Rudolph and Marcel, respectively, of the album. Giorgini is a wiry tenor, whose "white" tones fall not too ravishingly on the ear. Badini, who is, presumably, the baritone who participated in the old Victor acoustic version of "Pagliacci," also is addicted to "whiteness," and sometimes he sounds like an incomplete tenor.

Signorina Torri, who sings Mimi, is the best of the cast, with the exception of one Baracchi, a baritone who does a striking Schaudard. The Musetta, Signorina Vitulli, sounds as if she might have been selected for the rôle for her appearance—which isn't much cheer for record-buyers.

The individual shortcomings, nevertheless, do not detract from the excellent ensemble of the records, and if your ears have not been spoiled by hearing Miss Bori and Mr. Martinelli as Mimi and Rudolph, you will enjoy the album. In any case, it is a pleasure to hear the opera without a claque.

FRITZ KREISLER, who has already recorded the Beethoven and Mendelssohn violin concertos for Victor, has added to his catalogue the Brahms, the accompaniment being by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Leo Blech. The Brahms is far and away the best of the series, both as a performance and as a reproduction. There is little of the out-of-tune fiddling that marred the Beethoven and Mendelssohn discs, and the balance between the solo violin and the orchestra is better than it usually is in most concerts. The phonograph laboratory has its advantages over the platform in that a single instrument can be brought out sharply by mechanical means.

It is needless to hold forth on Mr. Kreisler's playing of the concerto. Here, at last, is the first really satisfactory recording of a complete major work for the violin. For good measure, there is the Beethoven Romance in F, which fills a spare disc comfortably and uneventfully. —R. A. S.

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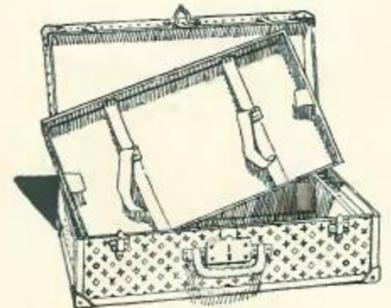
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DEAR ELLEN:

I'VE been thinking about our little conversation all week and it seems to me that you have about the sanest and healthiest point of view about things of anyone I know. *Of course* love and passion are the same thing! It is ridiculous for your roommate to say that you have a cynical outlook on life because you apply cold hard logic to things instead of just blindly accepting a lot of romantic blah that no rational person believes any more. You can't dodge facts by putting your head in the sand like the proverbial ostrich.

It doesn't seem to me that an adult point of view necessarily takes any of the beauty out of sex either. A fellow I know had a poem in *The Advocate* the other day that began:

"There comes a time when all the things we know
 "How sorry wisdom is, conspire to show;
 "And every fact in Life's long ledger found
 "Is one more chain to hold us bound."

Now I don't think that is necessarily true. It seems to me that one of the most profound things ever said was that only *truth* can make us free. Of course we probably do lose a little meretricious glamour with our illusions and it isn't altogether pleasant to reflect that in the last analysis love is only a biological device to keep the world populated, but just the same I believe it can still be quite lovely. It seems to me too that the loss of our illusions is amply compensated for by the absence of the morbid way of looking at things our fathers and mothers used to have. Sex had an unhealthy fascination for them because it had been surrounded with all sorts of taboos, *because it was a mystery*. They used to brood about it. How much better it is to be able to recognize it for what it is and accept it casually!

MY family often object to the flippant way I have of mentioning things that were taboo back in the days when legs were called limbs. It seems to me though that that's really the only healthy way to look at the thing. Nothing can do you much harm if you can laugh at it, can it? It's the same way about "necking." It seems to me that it's terribly hypocritical for a man and woman to pretend to ignore sex because everybody knows that a true Platonic

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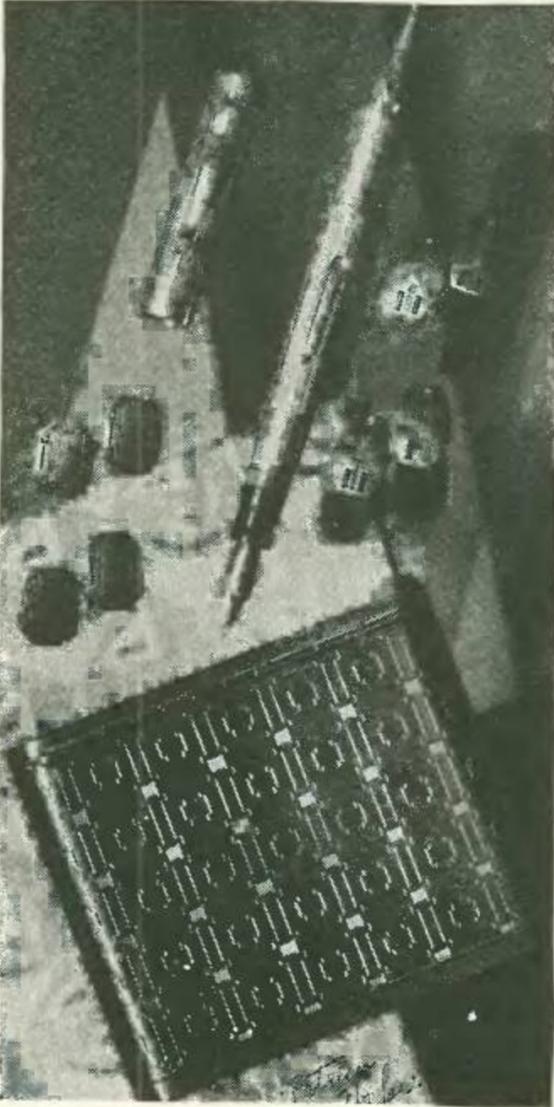
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relationship is impossible except in *very unusual* cases. Of course I don't think a woman should go too far, but I do believe that it's just as weak and silly to pretend to ignore our instincts as it is to be afraid to face facts. Don't you think I'm right?

Jim and I are driving up to Vassar this weekend and I certainly hope we can have another good long conversation. Your ideas interest me a lot.

Love, Bob
—WOLCOTT GIBBS

ON THE SUB OR UNCONSCIOUS MIND

NO, my dear, I don't *actually* believe in dreams, and, yet, there must be some sort of a connection between the conscious and subconscious mind. . . . I told you the one I had last week, didn't I? . . . Well, listen to this, my dear, and see if you don't think there's something in it. I dreamt I was in this pansy bed picking a bunch of pansies. . . . No, my dear, I hadn't been eating cheese or anything. . . . Well, listen, I was in this queer pansy bed, and the funny part of it was that this pansy bed was on the Chapins' tennis court, and there I was trying to serve through the pansies, and every . . ."

"Good Lord! That sounds like the dream I had about golf only I was trying to drive with a salad fork instead of a driver and . . ."

"But, about this pansy bed: listen to what happened after . . ."

"Did you ever dream you were sort of floating through the air, sort of? I don't mean floating exactly. You know you're asleep but you keep saying to yourself, 'Now, I can't really be floating through the air, because I'm only dreaming—I *know* I'm dreaming.' Every time I eat pie at night I get this 'floating through the air' complex."

"But, *imagine* a salad fork instead of a driver!"

"Well, about this pansy dream I had: I'd go to serve and instead of saying 'Ready,' I'd say 'Whoopee;' and every time I said 'Whoopee' my partner



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HANS FLATO

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would eat a tennis ball. I know it sounds sort of ridiculous, but I'll bet there's a hidden meaning in it somewhere. And, who, my dear, do you think my partner was? You'll die!”

“I keep walking down Park Avenue in my underwear. Do you think that means anything? I mean, would you worry about it?”

“You *would*, Kay. . . . You'll die when I tell you who I was playing with. . . . Sonny Chapell. . . . Can you imagine Sonny eating tennis balls? Of all the men I know, why should *he* be the one to eat tennis balls? I know why I dreamt that, though. . . . He's always talking with his mouth full at the dinner table and that must have been in my subconscious mind. I believe that if you trace these things back you can find a lot of real truth and everything like that.”

“Sometimes I dream that I'm dreaming. Do you know what I mean? Sort of a dream within a dream. When the dream is over I say, ‘Why, that wasn't a dream—I was only dreaming it was a dream.’ . . . Ever do that?”

“I know if I ever walked in my sleep I'd head straight for Park Avenue in my underwear. It's a terrible thing to admit, but I leave my things right next to my bed in case . . .”

“WELL, in this dream about tennis, after we got playing Sonny started eating the tennis net and then suddenly everything began to turn upside down and I wasn't in the pansy bed at all—I was in a canoe underneath our dining-room table playing contract with our chauffeur. That was because the other day I sent him to the village to get some cards and they had sailboats on the back and I suppose in my sleep I got thinking about the boats and that suggested canoes, don't you think? Anyway, I see a sort of auto-suggestion there, between the waking and sleeping mind. I mean, it isn't as dumb as it sounds when you really analyze it.”

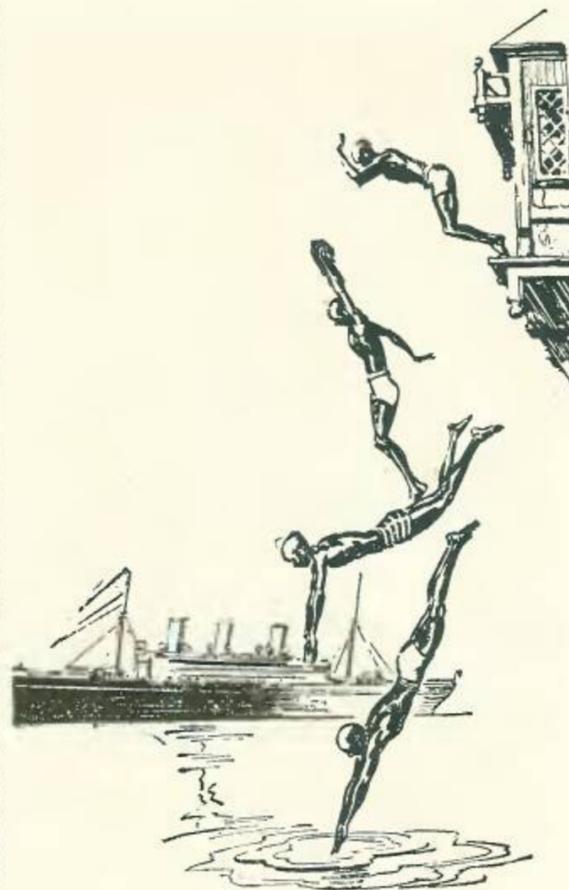
“Would you be worried if over and over again, night after night, you dreamt that you had to work for a living? More like a nightmare, sort of. I mean, would you sense an impending disaster, sort of?”

—JACK CLUETT

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 with **MARY BOLAND**
 EDNA HIBBARD — WALTER CONNOLLY

ERLANGER THEA., W. 44th St. Eves. at
 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
 GEO. M. COHAN'S COMEDIANS
 with
POLLY WALKER
 in the hit of all musical hits
"BILLIE"

[JED HARRIS PRESENTS]
THE Front Page
 A NEW PLAY
 By Ben Hecht & Chas. MacArthur
 Staged by Geo. S. Kaufman
 TIMES SQ. THEATRE, W. 42 St.
 Eves. at 8:30 Matinee Wednesday & Saturday

EARL CARROLL Thea., 50 St. & 7th Av.
 Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30
W. C. FIELDS IN THE NEW 7TH EDITION OF
EARL CARROLL VANITIES
 with RAY DOOLEY—JOE FRISCO
 DOROTHY KNAPP and 56 BEAUTIES
 VINCENT LOPEZ (Himself) & HIS BAND

A. H. WOODS presents
FAY BAINTER MAXINE ELLIOTT'S
 in "JEALOUSY" THEATRE, W. 39 ST.
 with JOHN HALLIDAY
 Eves. at 8:30, Mats. Wed & Sat. at 2:30

Arthur Hopkins presents "MACHINAL,"
 a new play by Sophie Treadwell, at the
 Plymouth Theatre, W. 45th St. Production
 designed by Robert Edmond Jones. Staged
 by Arthur Hopkins. Evenings 8:30. Matinees
 Thursday and Saturday.

PATTERSON McNUTT Presents
 THE BRILLIANT COMEDY
THIS THING CALLED LOVE
 A New Comedy by EDWIN BURKE
 with VIOLET HEMING, MINOR WATSON
BIJOU THEATRE W. 45th St. Eves. 8:30
 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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DOROTHY STONE
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"THREE CHEERS"
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 THE
HIGH ROAD
 A Comedy by Frederick Lonsdale
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A new American Comedy
by FLOYD DELL and THOMAS MITCHELL
"Packed with laugh wallops." *MIRROR*



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EV. SHOWS 8:30
MATS. WED. & SAT.

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOW
With the World's Greatest Cast

48th St. Theatre Evs. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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Heywood Brown, Telegram

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A NEWSPAPER COMEDY By WARD MOREHOUSE
Staged by GEORGE ABBOTT

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Sat. Nov. 3, "Home James" with Laura La Plante, Sun. & Mon. Nov. 4 & 5, "The Foreign Legion" with Lewis Stone, Tues. & Wed. Nov. 6 & 7, "THE MICHIGAN KID" with Renee Adoree, Thurs. & Fri. Nov. 8 & 9, JOHN BARRYMORE in "Tempest."

LEXINGTON

Nov. 3, 4, 5: Ronald Colman & Vilma Banky in "Two Lovers", with SOUND;
Nov. 6, 7: "The Crash" and on Vitaphone: Giovanni Martinelli, Gus Arnheim & Ambassadors; Clyde Cook;
Nov. 8, 9: Bebe Daniels in "Take Me Home."

51 ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Main Stem vs. Main Street—Authentic Jersey Gothic — Antiques — Back to the Movies



IT has been no week of miracles in the movie world, and no wonder-picture has appeared. "The Home Towners," at Warner's Theatre, is the only film worthy of especial comment, not because of its pictorial quality but because of the use made of the Vitaphone. Even more than "The Singing Fool," this picture depends upon the spoken dialogue for its full effect. It heralds that time to come when we shall be able to enjoy a movie with our eyes shut, and also the gay future when our poor little tympana will have to be treated for Vitaphone-trouble. Unless the experts achieve some modulation in their instrument, whole audiences are going to be deafened gradually but surely by the din of screen talk. The dialogue of "The Home Towners" would resound across wide western plains; in an ordinary auditorium it crashes without mercy upon our ears.

THE photography is decidedly below par for a feature picture of a big firm. That is another threat of the eloquent novelty. You are to listen and not to watch, and the old sets of discarded plays are good enough for you. The presence of the Vitaphone apparently is supposed to excuse any indifferent qualities of the picture.

To be sure the dialogue in this particular comedy is good, and the picture has a substantial idea. It's the film adaptation of the George Cohan play of a year or so ago, the play which was Mr. Cohan's eloquent defence of the New York mind as against the mind of Main Street. A Wall Street broker sends for his old pal back in South Bend, Indiana, you may remember, to be best man at his wedding—"to stand up with him," the script has it—and old South Bend messes up everything with his suspicions and his provincial irascibility. The idea of the story of course delights New Yorkers, and

the song is ended



said the clever cinema customer, for you can't buy it for a song, these days—but it's cheap at half the price—that grand and glorious entertainment

at the paramount



where



one sees pola negri's last american effort "the woman from moscow"—from russia to paris, from paris to russia—in a paramount picture with not a lenin in the world

and



on the stage is boris petroff's "blue revue" with shades of st. louis, memphis and beale street—plus eddie peabody and the paramount stage band in person

and



at the organ is mister jesse crawford and possibly his spouse in solos and duets something more than marital

at the rivoli—united artists



is norma talmadge in the united artists picture "the woman disputed"—not about peggy joyce—but some other gal much sought after

at the rialto



"wings" that paramount aerial opus soars serenely in the rosy skies of success, aided by the gentle breeze of popular prices

luxurious and comfortable, these are public theatres

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The Aristocrat of the Cinema

146 W. 57th St.

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from noon till
midnight. The
group of amuse-
ments assembled for
this remarkable new
theatre offer an *entire eve-*
ning's entertainment from
an after-dinner demi-tasse
to a last midnight dance in
the ballroom. Although it
is essentially for the youth
of New York, there are no
age limits for its exciting
sports and luxurious
relaxations

MICHAEL MINDLIN, *Director*

it is ably presented by Richard Bennett
and Robert McWade.

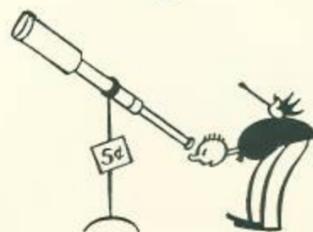
"VARSITY," at the Paramount, is
the Princeton picture with Ches-
ter Conklin and Buddy Rogers. The
film was taken at Princeton, as some
glimpses of Jersey Gothic prove, and
is vouched for, according to report,
by the authorities as an authentic study
of undergraduate life in that university.
It's about a student with an inherited
tendency for drink. He gets into all
sorts of trouble with various under-
world characters, but is pulled out of
scrapes by the janitor of his building
who is also, as it happens, his father.
This should be of especial interest to
President Hibben.

THE occasional Vitaphone se-
quences in "The Midnight Taxi,"
at the Strand, are doubtless supposed
to justify the banality of the plot and
action. A gang of crooks in the boot-
legging game runs its midnight taxi-
loads of liquor over the Canadian
border; but under the comparatively
respectable screen of this industry it is
involved in more sinister activities. All
the hack accessories of the early cinema
art are here: the scenes on the express
train with the clambering about on the
outside of the cars, the uncoupling of
cars from the train, the stolen papers
sewed in the lining of the coat, even
the heroine in pursuit of these papers,
on account of which her lover pines
in jail.

FROM the days of long ago, before
the Vitaphone was known, comes
"The Legend of Gösta Berling," pre-
sented for the first time in America at
the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, and fea-
turing Greta Garbo. It's a badly put-
together film of Lagerlöf's novel, but
Greta is beautiful in it. Go only if
you are one of those who say with
the poet: "Open my heart, and you
will see graved inside of it, 'Greta
Garbo.'" —J. C. M.

C. COUDERT NAST TO WED DAUGHTER OF
DONALD W. BROWN; Publisher's Son and
Deputy Attorney General Engaged to
Charlotte B. Brown.—*Headline in the
Herald Tribune.*

May the best man win!

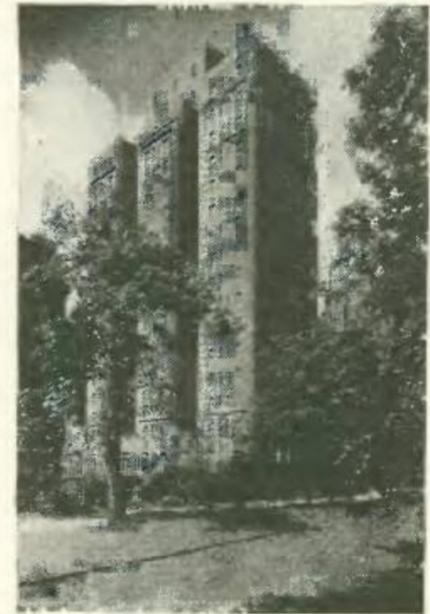


*Debutantes
all of them...*

With the fall, the new
Vanity models make
their debut into New
York society. Vanity who
fostered so many of last
year's successful debu-
tantes, this year again
offers many new original
models which are certain
to win their way into the
hearts of smart New Yorkers.
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"A LITTLE BIT OF SPAIN"
SPANISH DINNER \$2.00
SOUTHERN DINNER \$1.25
or a la carte
DANCING 'TIL TWO
WASHINGTON SQ. SOUTH on SULLIVAN ST.

A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ABROAD

[ED. NOTE: The following is a translation of a report of the detective assigned by the Paris Police Department to protect an American celebrity during his stay in Paris. It was first printed in a Paris weekly under the heading "Dry America," with a note that it was published exactly as it was written by the detective, except for the concealment of the dates and the proper names. This Paris weekly said that the document had been found in a taxicab, but we wouldn't know about that.]

MR. X arrived at 3:10 at the Hotel Crillon. He was accompanied by his wife and four other persons, one of them being Doctor Y, who served as his interpreter. At 7 P.M. Mr. X and Mr. Y went to the Hotel Ritz together, where they dined. They afterwards went to several night clubs, among them Zelli's, 16, rue Fontaine, and did not return to the Hotel Crillon until 10:45 the following morning. Mr. X appeared to have drunk more than a reasonable amount.

At twenty minutes past noon Mr. X and Dr. Y went to the Arc de Triomphe, where they visited the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. They afterwards made a short visit to the offices of the American Legion in the Cours Albert Premier; then, at 1:45, accompanied by his wife and some members of his suite, Mr. X lunched at the restaurant Drouand, rue Gaillon.

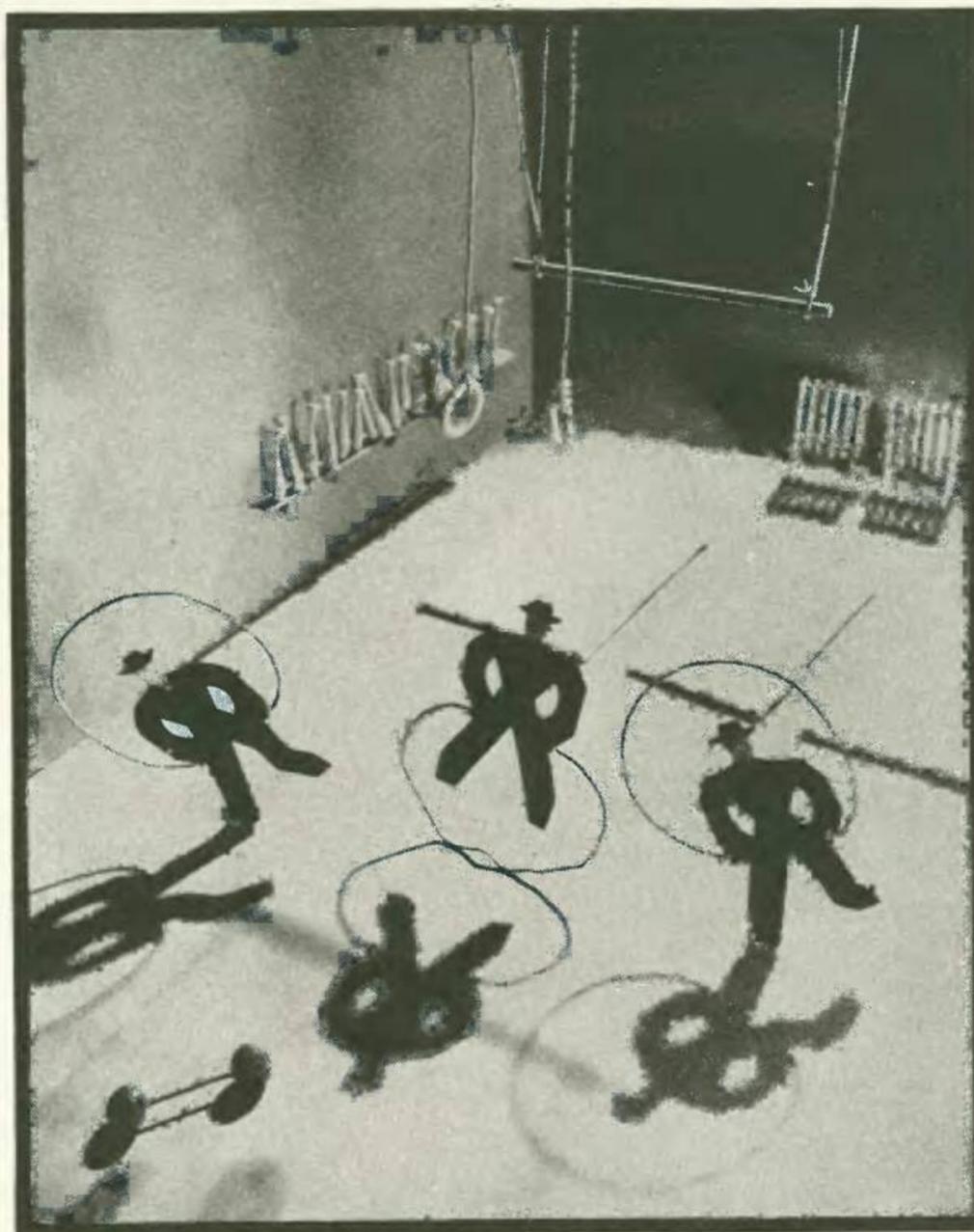
Leaving the restaurant at four o'clock, Mr. X and five of his companions went on foot to the Red Star Club, 15, rue de la Paix, where they remained till 7:45.

When Mr. X left the restaurant he was slightly intoxicated and, on his return to the Crillon, he was quite inebriated, so much so that he was unable to walk alone. During the promenade from the restaurant Drouand to the club, 15, rue de la Paix, Mr. X and his suite caused comment by their incorrect behavior.

Yesterday evening Mr. X was present at a boxing match at the Salle Wagram. Arriving at 9:20, he was presented to the public by the "speaker," after which he stood up in the ring and spoke several words in English. He was loudly applauded by the crowd.

Mr. X left the Salle Wagram at 10:55, and accompanied by four of his compatriots, he got into a taxi which went off in the direction of the Etoile. During his stay at the Salle Wagram,

THE FABRIC GROUP AT HOME No. 51

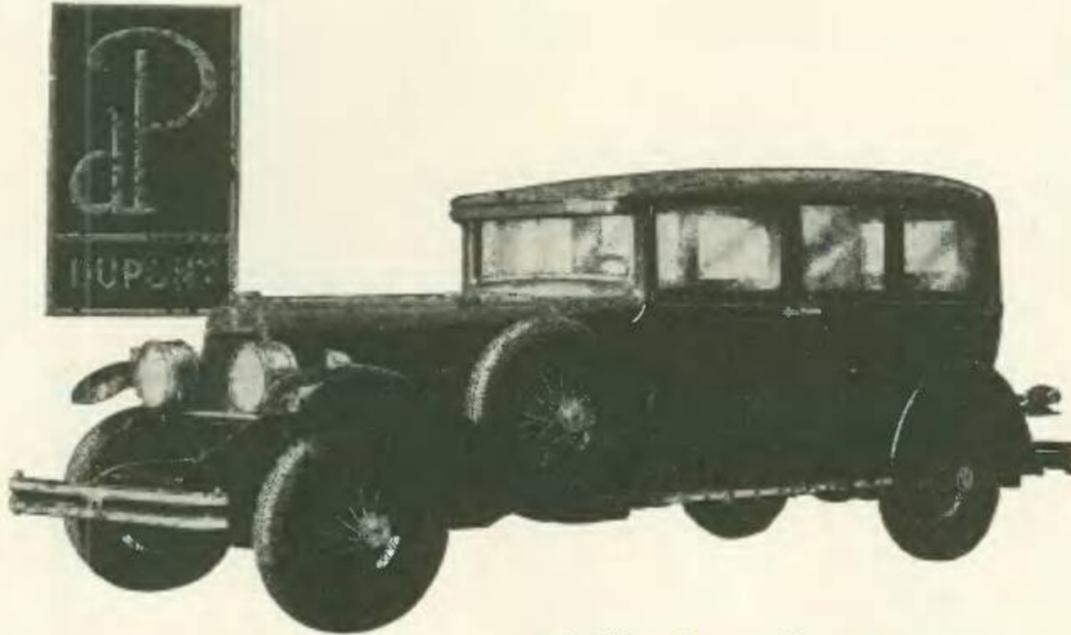


ANTON BRUEHL

“One, two, three, four... oh why did we eat all that roast duck in Paris and those whipped cream tarts in Vienna?” “Keep at it. We've got to lose at least twenty pounds apiece.” “Or give up Fabric Group suits and go back to a custom tailor.”

For those who prefer the luxury of a silk lining, we have special Fabric Group suits at \$50. Others \$35, \$40 and \$45 at Weber and Heilbroner stores.

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Philip Hall
LUGGAGE

PHILIP HALL
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NEW YORK

Mr. X gave the impression of being slightly intoxicated.

It is extremely difficult to exercise an effective surveillance over Mr. X, as he is very much of a lunatic; sometimes he wishes to be followed by the Paris detectives and then a few moments later he prefers to be left alone.

It has been learned that at the moment of his arrival at Cherbourg, Mr. X, on board the boat which brought him [to France], received some local functionaries in a state of intoxication, dressed in pajamas, and supported by two persons.

THE TALKIES

I'M glad you've come here to see us today, Mr. Wright, I'm glad you are so prompt in realizing that in the talking moving picture we have a New Art. Because that's what Talkaphone is, let me tell you.

"Sit down, Mr. Wright, and we'll talk this thing over because we believe that we should talk it over with you, one of our country's greatest dramatists. Have a cigar. Now here's the whole thing: Before they only had four or five Arts—they had seven, you say, Mr. Wright? Well, then, before they only had seven Arts. But now with Talkaphone they've got eight. Yes, sir, Talkaphone's the eighth Art, Mr. Wright. Why? Well, let me tell you why: We think it's the eighth Art because it's a combination of two other Arts, it's a wonderful combination of the Art of speaking and the Art of the moving picture.

"And you ought to have something to do with this two Arts in one, Mr. Wright, you ought to have a lot to do with it. Because this New Art is going to revolutionize the moving-picture industry. It's going to revolutionize it from beginning to end. And it ain't going to do just that; it's going to revolutionize the whole theatrical industry. From beginning to end. Why, Talkaphone's only in its infancy, Mr. Wright, only in its infancy.

"Huh? Sure the moving-picture industry has been in its infancy a long time. And sure it has to start growing from an infant all over again, but it's got Talkaphone to help it this time, let me tell you. And Talkaphone



will make it grow like Jack in the Beanstalk, just like Jack in the Beanstalk. And with you writing plays for us it will grow even quicker than that, Mr. Wright. And here's the question I want to ask you: How can you be satisfied with a little success here and a little success there in the legitimate? You work on a play half a year, nine months, maybe you even spend a year on it. Then you get production in some place like the Little Theatre. The next day you get a couple of bum notices and where are you? You ain't any place, that's where you are. But I guess you know that from experience, Mr. Wright.

"IT'S different with Talkaphone. You can write us some dialogue in a month, maybe in only three weeks. Then all we've got to do is put it in a tin can and send it anywhere we want. Just put it in a tin can and send it to Albany, or New Orleans, or Paris, or even Rome. What about the languages? Why, that's a mere detail, Mr. Wright, a mere detail that we'll solve in no time at all. The thing I want to bring home to you is that we can send this tin can anywhere we want, and as many times at the same time as we want. Every night you can think to yourself, 'My play is showing fifty times all at once tonight.' Now that's nothing less than elegant, Mr. Wright, nothing less than elegant. That's the kind of a thing you want to get in on. You ought to get in on the ground floor. And this is the ground floor, Mr. Wright, this floor right here that I'm talking on now—Hey, wait a minute, Mr. Wright, wait a minute. . . ! Now why did he go like that, I wonder . . . ?"

—THEODORE PRATT

MIMI STARTS THE FALL TERM

Her hair is swept behind her ears,
Her eyes are wide and shallow;
She listens, but she never hears,
Her mind's a pink marshmallow.

(How lovely in a frock of green!
How fragile and appealing!)
The cover of a magazine
Has equal depth of feeling.

And if she graduate by chance,
From private school or college,
She'll manage every circumstance
With sex—instead of knowledge.

—PATIENCE EDEN



The Ruby Returns

THE RUBY, SYMBOL OF ANCIENT WRITERS FOR THINGS PRECIOUS, HAS AGAIN COME INTO THE HIGHEST FAVOR AS WITNESSED BY THE SUPERB EXAMPLES IN THE UDALL & BALLOU SALON

Udall & Ballou

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NEWPORT, R. I.

PALM BEACH, FLA.



in our Kitchen

There it lay on the kitchen table—a very large, elaborate gold-plated can-opener!

"What is this", we thundered. "Have our orders been disobeyed?"

"Mais, non, Monsieur", stammered the Chef. "All our vegetables and fruits are straight from the garden. That object—it was a present from my wife, and I could not hurt her feelings."

"All is well, then", we smiled at him. The Chef blushed happily.

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THE ART GALLERIES

*Another Art Machine—
One Flight Up—Oasis
of Quiet—Notes*

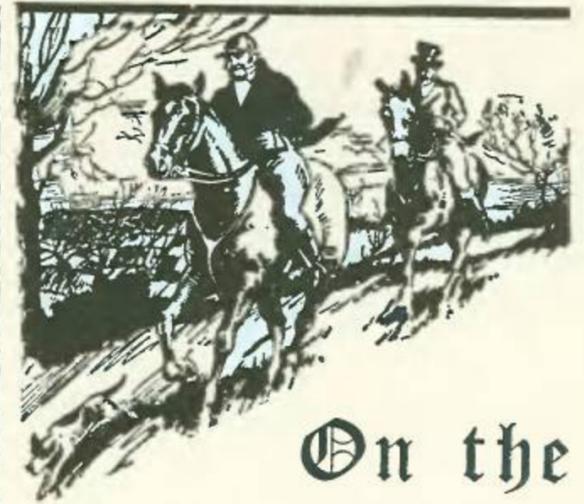


MR. EMIL GAN-
so always gets a paean or two out of us on his annual show. For some reason it comes

much earlier this year and can now be seen by the curious, the lecherous, and the general sightseers who go in for gallery-traipsing. It is at Weyhe's, the inventor and patent-holder of Ganso.

This Ganso has become a pretty fine machine, and its product is bewildering. All you have to do is pour a little paint, leisure, and encouragement into the hopper, wait for warm weather, and out comes as neat and fancy a product as you may well find on Manhattan Island. Being a thoroughly prejudiced person, all we can object to in this arrangement is its very fecundity. We know that if we met a Ganso, vintage 1928, on a museum wall, we would gaze with admiration, and say, "What a slick painter." The fact that he learns so readily, that he does so well with his time, in some perverse manner always makes us pause and brush up the yardstick a bit. It is amazing how fast he learns. Take the flower piece of last year or, better, of the year before, or the still life of fruit, and put it alongside the glimmering peaches and the air-enclosed flowers of today, and you will see what we mean.

WHEN it comes to the portraits of ladies, Ganso is even more prodigal. Here he still shows the deep imprint made on his technique by the year spent with Pascin. This year he has added a florid backing to the nudes, thus leaving the Pascin trail and going in a bit for the more colorful French method. In all respect to Mr. Ganso, we will say in his defence that his heritage of peasant stock is a great asset. It has allowed him to fight along through the years with a lusty zest and love for the business of painting. He has not been dismayed and has not turned aside through the lean years of recognition. He has known that his goal was out there beyond him, and if strength and trying would ac-



On the Chase

BEHIND the hounds—or after the elusive dollar—man must be fed.

And what food is more acceptable than *Shefford Snappy Cheese*—in sandwiches, a rarebit or with a cracker.

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comply with this purpose, he would make it. He can shame in many ways the native stock who have a too precious attitude toward their output.

We have no doubt that Ganso's show next year will be as startling as this. He is still young and possessed of an insatiable appetite, and doesn't care where he learns so long as he enriches his painting. With the oils, there are many drawings and lithos of his favorite subject—the nude.

"PARIS BY AMERICANS" is the title of the show at The Downtown Gallery. It would be more apt to make it, "What Paris Did to the Americans." A majority of the dozen men represented in the exhibit have been almost bowled over by the art centre of the universe. Pascin, of course, would not be burned by the Newcastle coals, and Kuniyoshi had pretty definitely set his way before he took on new scenes.

We found the greatest surprise in John Carroll. Always a facile young painter, Carroll has liked some of the modes of Braque, Picasso, et al. His "Café Select" is a departure from any of his native series; it also is a fine character study. Arnold Wiltz, too, has looked upon the line when it was spread and has deserted the tight little primitive handling he had used heretofore.

Among the paintings we liked best was the rather good color piece of Clement Wilenchick. Reginald Marsh is coming along, following the trend he had decided upon last year: a Marinesque treatment of forms plus a Whistler representation. The show contains, besides these, things by Charles Locke, Richard Lahey, Paul Burlin, Adolf Dehn, and Stuart Davis.

THE Van Diemen Galleries are having a refined show of old masters, a quiet oasis from the raucous manifestations of the day we live in. If you seek solitude or like your art sure and pedigreed, the exhibit will have interest for you. There is the stunning "Portrait of Brigitta Spinola of Genoa" by Rubens, and Van Dyck's "Head of a Youth." Each painter is represented by three other pictures, and several of the early Flemish are included. The exhibit will run through November.

MANY of us feel that in his lithographs George Bellows made his greatest contribution to American

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Words you'll hear on many lips at Christmas! And a second or third Rumidor is just as welcome, for they are used wherever smokers smoke.

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Genuine 12 year old Rum in the cover cap keeps your smokes in perfect condition. Among the best stores selling Rumidors and Rum Refills are: Frederick Loeser, M. & M. Importing Co., Park & Tilford, Jas. B. Russell, Stern Bros., Wanamaker's, Wellby Gift Shop, Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

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NO MORE DRIED OUT SMOKES

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the better
BATH SCALE
\$10

(if you use the coupon)

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As an introductory offer, before launching a national sales campaign through the usual retail shops, the WAY-A-DAY will be sold to you, by mail only, at \$10—a price considerably lower than asked for any other standard scale.

Our offer to you:- Send us the coupon below, with \$10. You will receive the WAY-A-DAY Scale, all charges prepaid, for a thirty day trial. If after comparing its superior features with other scales at higher prices you are not more than satisfied, your money will be refunded. (But the scale is so perfect, so superior and so necessary that you will keep it for life. It's that kind.)

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Enclosed find \$10. Please send me a WAY-A-DAY all charges prepaid. If for any reason whatever I do not want to keep the scale, I can return it within 30 days charges collect, and my money will be refunded.

Check Your Favorite Color

White Cream Orchid Blue Green

Name.....

Address.....

art. Every year there will probably be a showing of his drawings until such time as the collectors have secured the remaining prints; and every year the price will advance, according to the economic laws of supply and demand. This year's show is being sponsored by the Galleries of Helen Hackett, 9 East Fifty-seventh Street. The rooms hold forty-one of the Bellows works, which include nearly all of his subjects, from the prize-ring to the quiet portraits of family and friends. The sale of the Bellows book indicates that there is a considerable following for this painter's graphic pieces.

WE are somewhat confused by the work of Richard Lahey in the Kraushaar Galleries. In no one of the eleven oils displayed is he in any particular mood. In the "Luxembourg Gardens" he has reached some sort of cohesion both as to color and form; in "The Circus," and in one or two others, he has become enamoured of color but has not become its master. The portraits and the nudes have no particular inspiration. The water colors are a bit lighter, and some of the drawings have come off better.

WE have made our first visit to the comparatively new gallery, the G. R. D. Studio, founded by Mrs. Philip J. Roosevelt in memory of Gladys R. Dick, and find it much to our liking. It is small and pleasant and has the earmarks of being one of those places intent upon helping the beginner. You will find it at 58 West Fifty-fifth Street, one flight up. Ring



Instantly!
EYES ARE LOVELIER



... it's the eye-silhouette

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the bell and don't come before one or stay after six. The current show, closing this weekend, features Howard Ahrens, Helen Glaentzer, Harold H. Graeter, Leslie Lintemann, and William Taylor.

Ahrens looks as if he might be a pupil of Benton. His figures have that sculptural quality and the same sort of fealty to form. We do not like anything so low in tonal values as the Ahrens canvases, but they do have strength and hang together well. The "Evening Stroll" is quite a picture. William Taylor we would judge as second. The Graeter pictures are a little sad, and on certain days we can stand only one sad show. The whole affair seemed rather alive and earnest, and we wish the gallery well. With the passing of the Whitney Club, there is even more need of outlets for the modest moderns.

THE Academy of Arts and Letters will hold a memorial exhibit of the works of Edwin Austin Abbey, beginning November 8 and continuing until March 21. . . . Misha Resnikoff has paintings and drawings at The Studio-on-the-Roof, 127 Riverside Drive. . . . Edna Sterchi is at the Arden Galleries. . . . William Yarrow, well known among the younger set, will have a show at Anderson November 26. . . . H. M. Rosenberg has landscapes at the Milch Galleries. . . . A. F. Levinson is at the J. B. Neumann Print Room. . . . H. H. Newton, an English painter, comes over to exhibit at Durand-Ruel, until November 14. . . . Lurcat, one of the newer Frenchmen, will be at the Valentine Galleries. . . . Lucien Abrams will be seen at Montross. —M. P.

MAKING IT UNANIMOUS

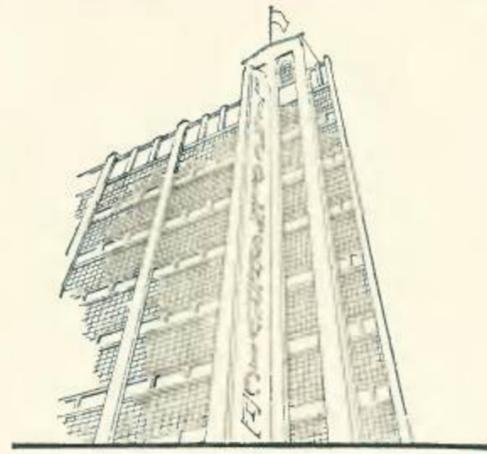
It is easy enough to be pleasant
When luck runs your way at life's tables,
But the girl worth while is the girl
who will smile
When a Boston bull chews up her
sables.

BENNETT TO EASTON TO WELLS

[Newport society note
in the Herald Tribune]

Mr. I. Townsend Burden jr. has had his tonsils removed at the Newport Hospital by Dr. Walter A. Wells, assisted by Dr. Thomas L. Bennett and Dr. Charles D. Easton.

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And speaking of "What's What," you should try their Planked Lobster Casino (\$1.00). Magnifique! . . . What lobster that is! . . . and what a picture of perfection it looks!

Dainty little cubes of live boiled lobster . . . blended in a rare sauce of butter, cream and Sherry . . . sprinkled with fresh-grated Parmesan cheese . . . broiled to a lovely golden hue . . . then garnished and served with asparagus tips, grilled tomatoes and pommes purées en bordure. Taste it, and learn the real reason why "you can't keep 'em away from Broadway".

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THE SKY

Some New Giants—Al



THE central point for New York's tallest towers would seem to be Forty-second Street and its environs. There two majestic monuments have recently removed their last scaffolds. On the corner of Lexington Avenue the huge Chanin Building, now practically complete so far as the exterior is concerned, is an interesting design of the decidedly modern school. On the lower levels the large-scale arabesques graven in the material have long diverted the sidewalk critics. The up-soaring masses of brickwork above are unadorned, depending for their effect on the arrangement of setbacks. At the top there is an outbreak of deep buttresses which give the termination of this pinnacle a vigorous, toothed appearance. The upper corners are given an interesting if somewhat meaningless silhouette by slenderer buttresses applied to the exterior angles, while over some of the upper windows are projecting hoods, which look as though they might contain the sonorous bells of a carillon, but which probably are designed to flood the flanks of the building with light for night display. We sense a slight feeling of affectation, a straining for the picturesque, in parts of this design, but the main elements of the composition are restrained and effective. The designers are Sloan & Robertson.

A MARVEL of expedition has been the erection of the neighboring Lefcourt structure on the former synagogue site at Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street. Shreve & Lamb have designed a fine, simple building. Its color is unusually cool, but the gray of the superior brickwork contrasts effectively with the darker gray of the stone used in the lower stories. The rams' heads which break the polished surface are sturdy bits of detail, beautifully designed. The side elevation is particularly effective, for the larger dimension of depth has given the designers a chance to break the plain surfaces with recessed areas and projecting masses that cast interesting shadows. The building makes a fine finish at the top, with a graceful, curved parapet between the piers.

BYOND Third Avenue in Forty-second Street, simpler and in the

LINE

s Not Ultra-Modern

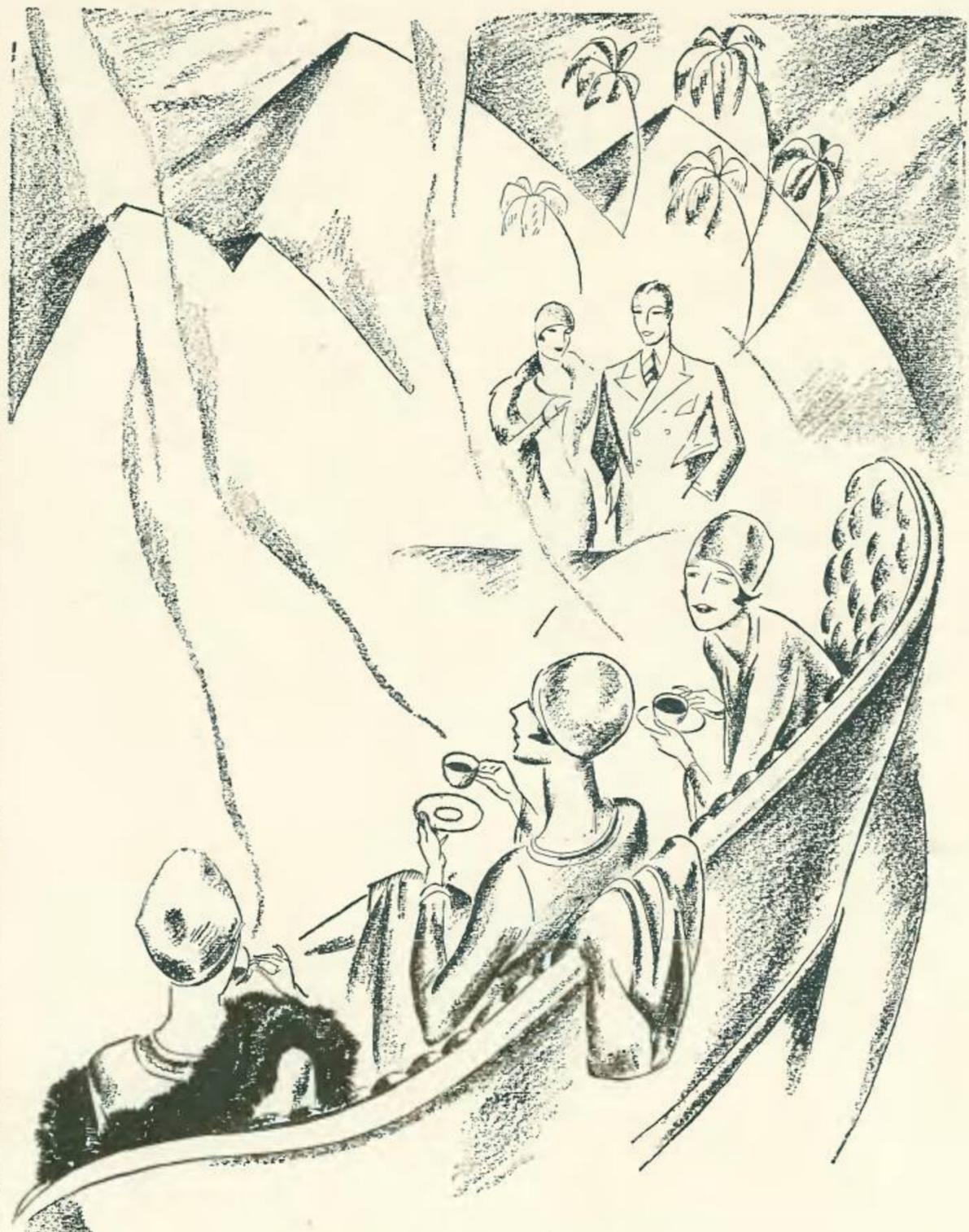
unadorned, modern style, is the Bartholomew Building, designed by Starrett & Van Vleck. This is an all-brick structure, save for the stone-work around the main entrance. It is marked by a careful avoidance of any spurious ornament, and of course the setbacks give it considerable life and interest. We are impressed with the fact that unpretentious designs of this sort, made with economy in mind, are usually more effective and more enduringly good than those in which an attempt is made to bowl over the observer with trickily picturesque detail.

AND now it is officially announced that Walter Chrysler will erect the giant of them all in the projected sixty-eight-story building at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Forty-second. We have not had a glimpse of the designs, which have long been prepared by William Van Alen, but it is safe to assume that they will follow the modern trend of simplicity for which we New Yorkers of today should be devoutly thankful. The contrast afforded by turning from any of the better new skyscrapers to the creations of ten or twenty years ago, with their strong horizontal lines, their box-like masses, and their creeping, crawling ornament, causes us to call the present-day architects blessed.

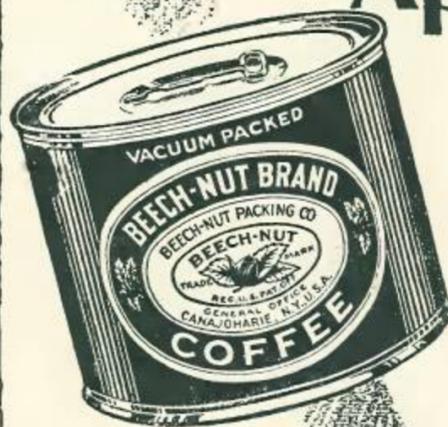
QUITE a gala event was made of the opening of the new Dobbs Building. We have commented on this simple and effective marble structure in previous issues. It was designed by Buchman & Kahn, and is a restful feature of the Avenue. Its new tenants have fitted out a sumptuous installation in the Italian Renaissance manner, with a really charming foyer on the Fifth Avenue side, the ceiling of which is especially pleasant. These interiors were designed by the S. S. Silver Company. It is pertinent to observe that a store may still be splendidly effective and not be in the modern French mode. —T-SQUARE

Governor Smith, who like Mrs. Smith is very fond of his children, called in his little two-headed grandsons to see us and asked them to sing "The Sidewalks of New York."—*Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.*

In duet formation?



ROXY'S Patrons Apparently Agree



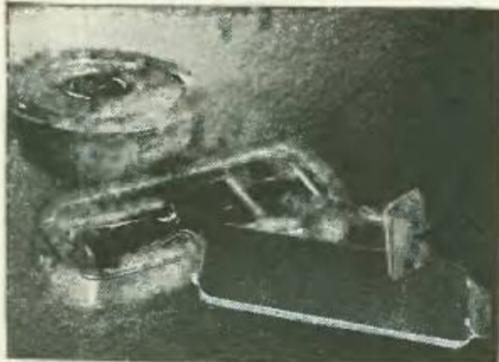
When Mr. Rothafel first tasted Beech-Nut Coffee . . . he liked it. He thought patrons of his theatre might like it too . . . and Beech-Nut was brought into the Grand Lounge.

That was way back in February . . . and the innovation has long since matured into a pleasing tradition.

Score another for Roxy . . . and

Beech-Nut Coffee

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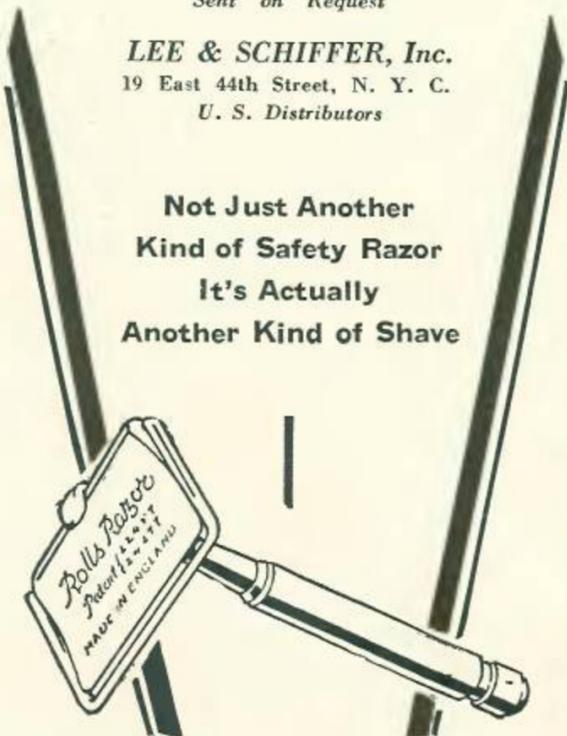
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 It's Actually Another Kind of Shave**



A GLOSSARY OF TAXICAB WORDS AND PHRASES

(AS GATHERED IN AN INTERVIEW WITH A LICENSED HACK DRIVER)

- ACCORDION PLEAT**—The ripple a driver puts in your fender when you get in his way.
- BACK TO THE YELLOWS**—The Yellow Taxicab Corporation is popularly supposed to employ only beginners. "Back to the Yellows" is synonymous with "Go back to school."
- BURGLAR**—A driver who takes a stranger from Forty-second Street to Seventy-second Street by way of Canarsie, Hoboken, and Van Cortlandt Park.
- CHISELLER**—A driver who cuts cross-ways through traffic.
- COPPING THE CARDS**—Confiscation by the police of a hacking license, for some infringement of the regulations.
- COWBOY**—A taxicab driver who makes speed through traffic and around fenders; term used derisively.
- CRUISER**—A taxicab that has no official stand, and depends on picking up fares en route.
- CURB CRUISER**—A girl waiting for a lift, but not in a taxicab.
- GLIMS**—Headlights.
- HACK**—A familiar and affectionate term for a taxicab.
- MUZZLER**—A driver who crosses over from one traffic lane to another and faster line, in front of you. Particular habitat, Fifty-ninth Street Bridge.
- POUND**—A pound is five dollars. Used in offering a cop "his bit," instead of mentioning cash, which would be bribery. Three pounds is sometimes said to get rid of a speeding ticket.
- SEA-GOING HACK**—A taxicab that stays out all night.
- SOFT FARE**—A passenger picked up on the way back from a long trip out to Bensonhurst or Flushing.
- SUNDAY DRIVER**—Any operator of a pleasure car causing a minor collision.
- TEN-DOLLAR COLLISION**—When two taxicab fenders kiss, some lawyer gets the case, and generally settles the case with the insurance company for ten dollars.
- TOURIST**—A passenger who is taken for a ride by a "burglar."
- WEASEL**—A driver who cuts in between another taxi and a prospective fare.

—PAUL GOULD

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RECENT BOOKS

For the Pure and the Not Too Pure—A Bit So-So

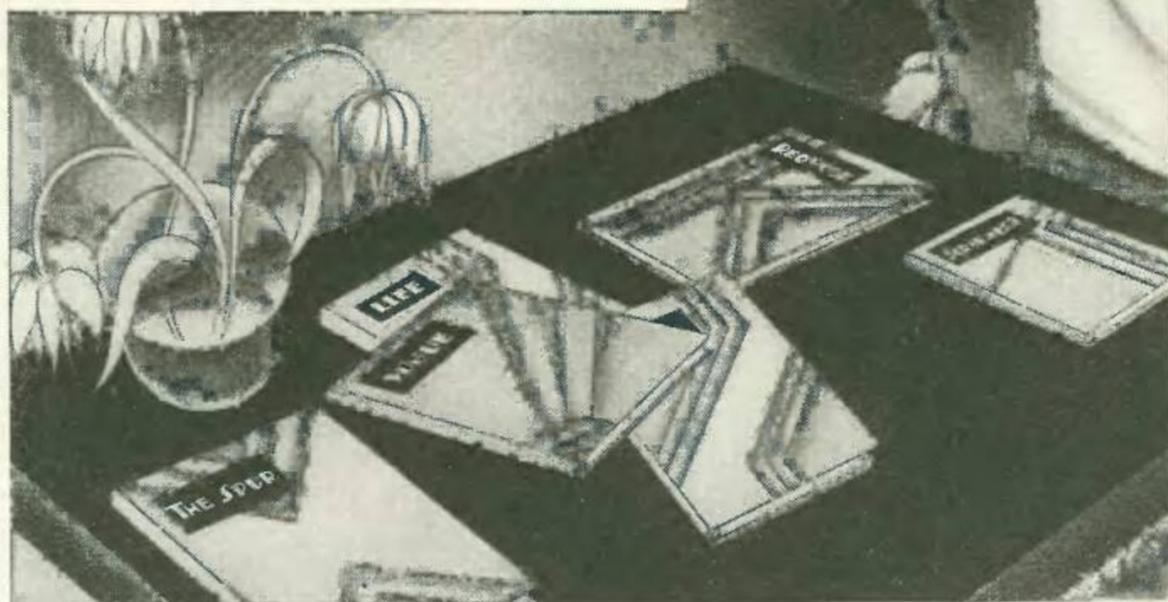


IT is a pleasure to report enthusiastically on "Perfectly Scandalous," because it is the first play of William Gerhardt, one of my favorite writers. How the piece would go on the stage I cannot say, but it is uproarious reading, and has the most arresting beginning since that startling contribution to the conversation made by the famous duchess who had up to that time taken no part in it. Gerhardt's opening line is: "The Grand Duke's gone off his head again. It's perfectly awful. I really do think—*Shots*. Put out the light. He'll shoot us dead if he sees us. Perfectly gh—*Shots*." The scene is a Tyrolese pension, and the characters have that delightful cosmopolitanism which Gerhardt does so well.

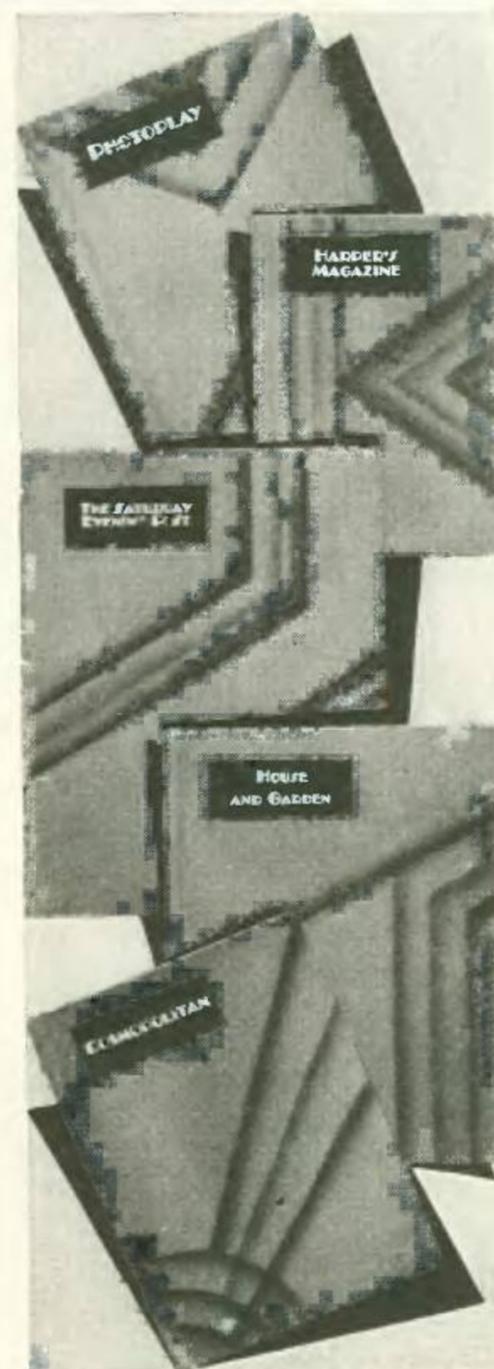
THE literature of medicine, neurology, psychopathy, etc., fascinates me, so I read with pleasure Joseph Collins' "The Doctor Looks at Marriage and Medicine," which is pretty well explained by its title. The advertising for this book says that it brings into the light of lay discussion matters which have usually been kept to the clinic. The advertising also says that the book contains many startling statements, one of which I am sure must be: "Early in life I had the good fortune to come under the influence of a real physician who would occasionally get drunk with his patients, but he did not lose caste with them or with the community." I learned a good deal that was interesting, if true, about both marriage and medicine, and the suggestion that husband and wife should be of the same cloth but not of the same pattern might come in handy some day as a theme for a novel.

"TO THE PURE," by Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle, is a study of obscenity and the censor. You will quit it feeling like a lily. It is written by two lawyers who have made a serious study of the subject, and is dedicated to the perplexed booksellers who, "under the unknown rules of literary decency, cannot insure them-

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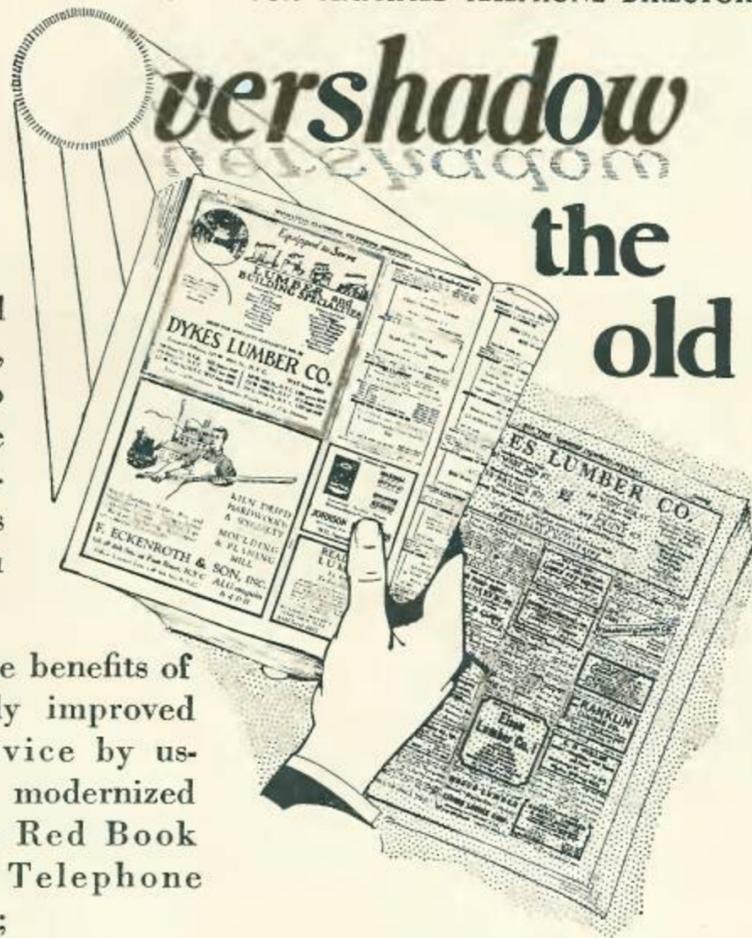


A BIT of magic—this wonderful transforming of a discordant batch of magazines! Merely slip these lustrous new Guild Covers over the magazines in your living room . . . your library. Their simple, modern designs . . . their soft blending pastel shades . . . will harmonize with every decorative scheme. Made of genuine duPont Fabrikoid—more durable than leather—they will not fade or scuff. And should the slightest dust gather, a damp cloth will renew their brightness at once. Choose them for hard-to-please friends at Christmas . . . and delight your next guests with so wanted a bridge prize. Made in five designs, five colors and five sizes to hold any magazine . . . also for books and telephone directories . . . and very modestly priced at \$1 to \$3 . . . All the better stores now have Guild Covers.



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selves against imprisonment." That such a book could have been written from such a wealth of material is a comment on the state of polite civilization in America which should make us burst out crying, but the presentation of the problems involved and the arraignment of the follies of our vice-crusading should at least make us more intelligent about what we are up against, since obscenity is a relative matter, dependent for its definition on all sorts of things, from national traditions to rainfall. The authors have set down a lot of glistening information about both literature and life.

THE title of "Idle Women," by Dorothy Black, lured me, but it was a trap. I might have been wary at the outset and saved my time, because two characters were starting on the first page for a dinner at Government House, and the only thing duller than going to a dinner at Government House is reading about one. It turned out to be a so-so novel, with one leading lady haunted by one of those loves-of-a-lifetime which never quite come off, and the other a stupid thing with too much money and a mania for husband-snatching. "An idle woman has to be in love with some one before life can be any fun for her at all." I quote that to cheer up you working-girls.

I CHOSE Lesley Storm's "Head in the Wind" because I liked her first novel, "Lady, What of Life?" Of course it is a little hard for us old-timers who were quietly and carefully brought up to credit the terrific "vortex of strong feelings and difficult situations" in which the youngsters of today, especially in England, are always getting caught. Yet I feel that Miss Storm faithfully and sympathetically reflects certain phases and temperaments which surround her. This new story cross-sects the Lucas family after the father has been jailed for malpractice in attempting to shield his son, and lays special emphasis on Stephanie and the effect on her life of her great loyalty to her father. It is better than the average of its type. —B. L.

Besides selecting Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Farley as vice-chairmen to work with him in the campaign, Raskob also kicked Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City.—*Local paper.*

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

HEAD IN THE WIND, by Lesley Storm (*Harper*). A good, unimportant story of conflicting loyalties in an English family of today.

IDLE WOMEN, by Dorothy Black (*Lippincott*). Another one of those yarns centering about Government House in Rangoon.

HEADLINES, by Mildred Gilman (*Liveright*). About some of the half-Americanized foreigners who make so much copy for the tabloids. Good reading.

APPLAUSE, by Beth Brown (*Liveright*). A typical story of burlesque life.

THE CHILDREN, by Edith Wharton (*Appleton*). A distinguished novelist on the most evil consequence of our lax attitude toward divorce.

GOTOBEDDE LANE, by Marian Bower (*Bobbs-Merrill*). An absorbing and highly recommended novel based on a miser's fanatical attempt to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

GIANT KILLER, by Elmer Davis (*John Day*). Lively narrative of the life and times of David.

THE LADY OF STAINLESS RAIMENT, by Mathilde Eiker (*Doubleday, Doran*). The effect on a splendid young man's life of unintelligent family principles. Fair enough, if you can stand the Southern altitude.

THIS WAY OUT, by Philip Littell (*Coward-McCann*). Playful excursion into the Garden of Eden, proving that Eve ate the apple because Adam took up golf.

POINT COUNTER POINT, by Aldous Huxley (*Doubleday, Doran*). The Literary Guild selection for October. Hard reading.

NOTHING IS SACRED, by Josephine Herbst (*Coward-McCann*). A highly endorsed novel in the vernacular, giving another slice of American family life.

THE BABYONS, by Clemence Dane (*Doubleday, Doran*). The chronicle of an English family with all the highlights of an old wives' tale. Highly recommended.

THE COMING OF THE LORD, by Sarah Gertrude Millin (*Liveright*). A sombre, well-told tale based on religious fanaticism and racial prejudice in the Transvaal.

Less recent:

COSTUMES BY EROS, by Conrad Aiken. THERESA, by Arthur Schnitzler. BRIGHT METAL, by T. S. Stribling. THE STRANGE CASE OF MISS ANNIE SPRAGG, by Louis Bromfield. WHEN THEY LOVE, by Maurice Baring. TRICKS OF WOMEN, and Other Albanian Tales, translated by Paul Fenimore Cooper. WHEN THE TURTLES SING, by Don Marquis. CRESCENDO, by Henry Bellamann. GOOD-BYE, WISCONSIN, by Glenway Wescott. THIS SIDE IDOLATRY, by C. E. Bechhofer-Roberts. ENTER THE GREEK, by Anthony Gibbs. DAY'S END, by H. E. Bates. DESTINY BAY, by Donn Byrne.

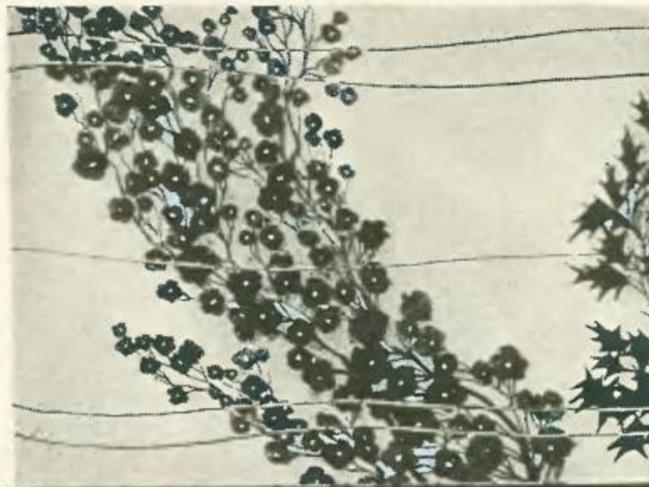
MYSTERIES

ROGUES FALL OUT, by Herbert Adams (*Lippincott*). Kidnapping and killing complicated by a crooks' quarrel.

MURDER WILL OUT, by George E. Minot (*Marshall Jones*). Stories of actual murders—most of them in New England.

THE GHOST HUNTERS, by Collin Brooks (*Sears*). An ancestral ghost is invoked by a contemporary criminal and the results are entertaining.

BLIND CIRCLE, by M. Renard and A. Jean



OPENING NUMBER FOUR . . . The Seaglade. For those same exacting New Yorkers who spent summer evenings on the Roof . . . a brilliant new locale for this winter's fête-nights. Another fantastic Urban setting, a bower of the tropic seas, shimmering with emerald-gold and silver fin . . . another scene for the ebb and flow of Lopez dance-melodies . . . another background for the established graciousness of the St. Regis.

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(Dutton). Too fantastic to be really breathtaking. All about the manufacture of corpses.
THE MASTER MYSTERY, by Austin J. Small (Doubleday, Doran). We liked this. Everything red in the house is stolen—including the rubies.
THE DOOR OF DEATH, by John Esteven (Century). Some horrid murders in the medieval manner. Makes one timid about weekending in Westchester.

GENERAL

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT MARRIAGE AND MEDICINE, by Joseph Collins (Doubleday, Doran). What the title indicates, and fascinating reading.
TO THE PURE, by Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle (Viking Press). An absorbing and well-conducted study of obscenity and censorship.
PERFECTLY SCANDALOUS, by William Gerhardt (Duffield). A gay comedy in three acts by a writer whose cosmopolitan touch is splendid.
SQUAD, by James B. Wharton (Coward-McCann). A war chronicle which men who fought in France place high on the list.
GEORGE SAND AND HER LOVERS, by Francis Gribble (Dutton). A warmly personal biography containing some material which is usually left out.
THE STORY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, by Isaac Goldberg (Simon & Schuster). Good news for the fans, with abundant quotations and pictures.
SPORTS, by John R. Tunis (John Day). An interesting arraignment of our national sports psychology.
THE STAR SPANGLED MANNER, by Beverley Nichols (Doubleday, Doran). A young Englishman rushes in and looks us over.
THE BON VIVANT'S COMPANION, OR HOW TO MIX DRINKS (Knopf). The famous Jerry Thomas' formulas, with an introduction by Herbert Asbury. Swell.
FORGOTTEN LADIES, by Richardson Wright (Lippincott). A fascinating album of nine women who had their day. An engrossing contribution to Americana.
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With his spotless culinary
Reputation, his cuisine
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Do not praise to me the frugal
Snacks of Alice Foote MacDougall,
Nor extol the gustatory
Super-excellence of Mori:
I am one of those old die-hards
Turning up a nose at Maillard's—
Really I prefer to munch
Any standard drugstore lunch.

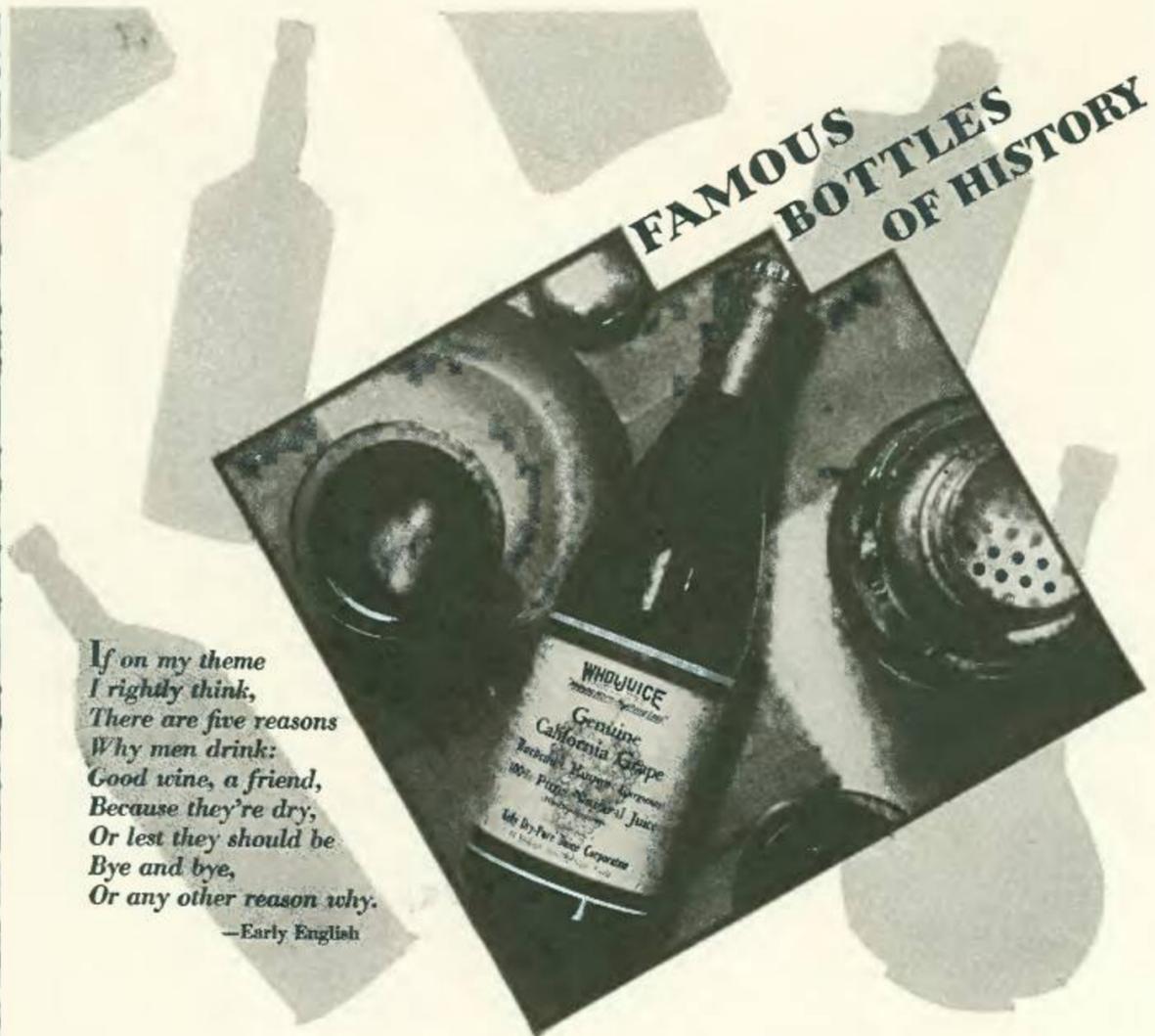
Quite by choice it is that I
Slake my soul on ham and rye,
Stale and tasteless and unsalted,
Followed by a chocolate malted;
Happy I to watch the clerk
Seize a soapy glass and jerk
Nectar from a dripping tap,
While the foam runs down his lap.
China? Mine the paper cup,
Dribbling when you tip it up.
Linen? Mine the marble slab,
Full of little pools and drab.

Biltmore, Plaza, or St. Regis?
Waldorf, under Oscar's aegis?
No, I thank you. I would rather
Leave them to the Smiths and gather
With the Pratts and Remsen Schuylers
Round the soda bar at Huyler's.

—JOHN OGDEN WHEDON

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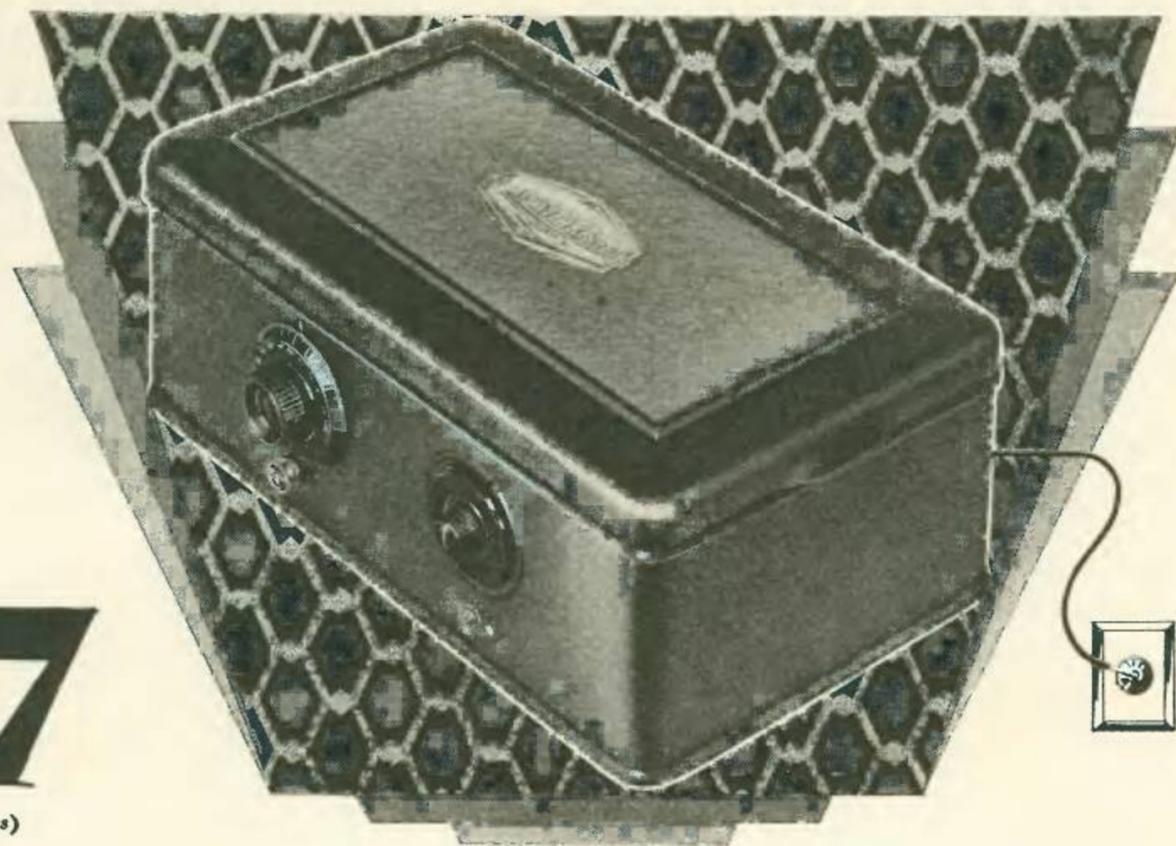
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