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# THE NEW YORKER



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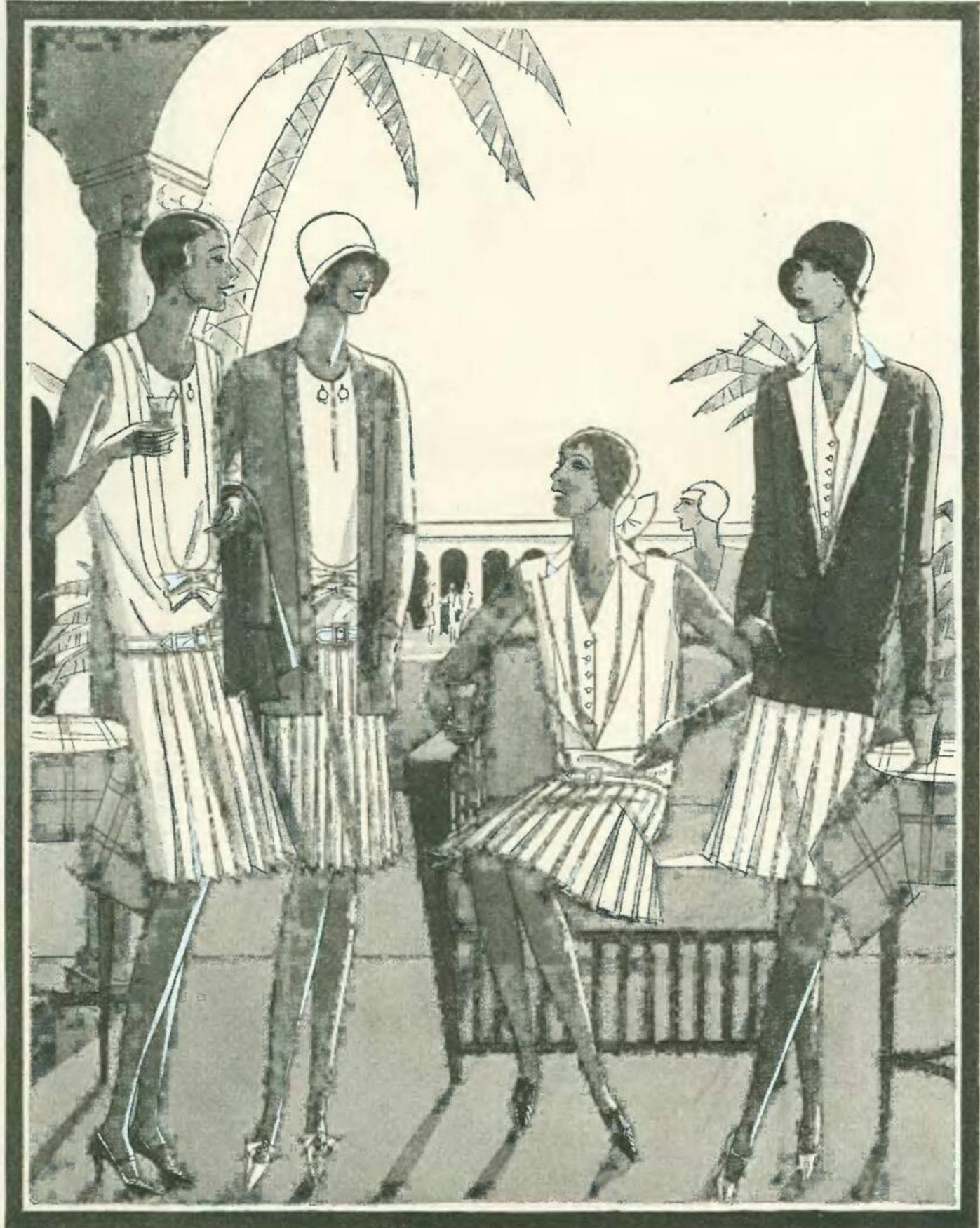
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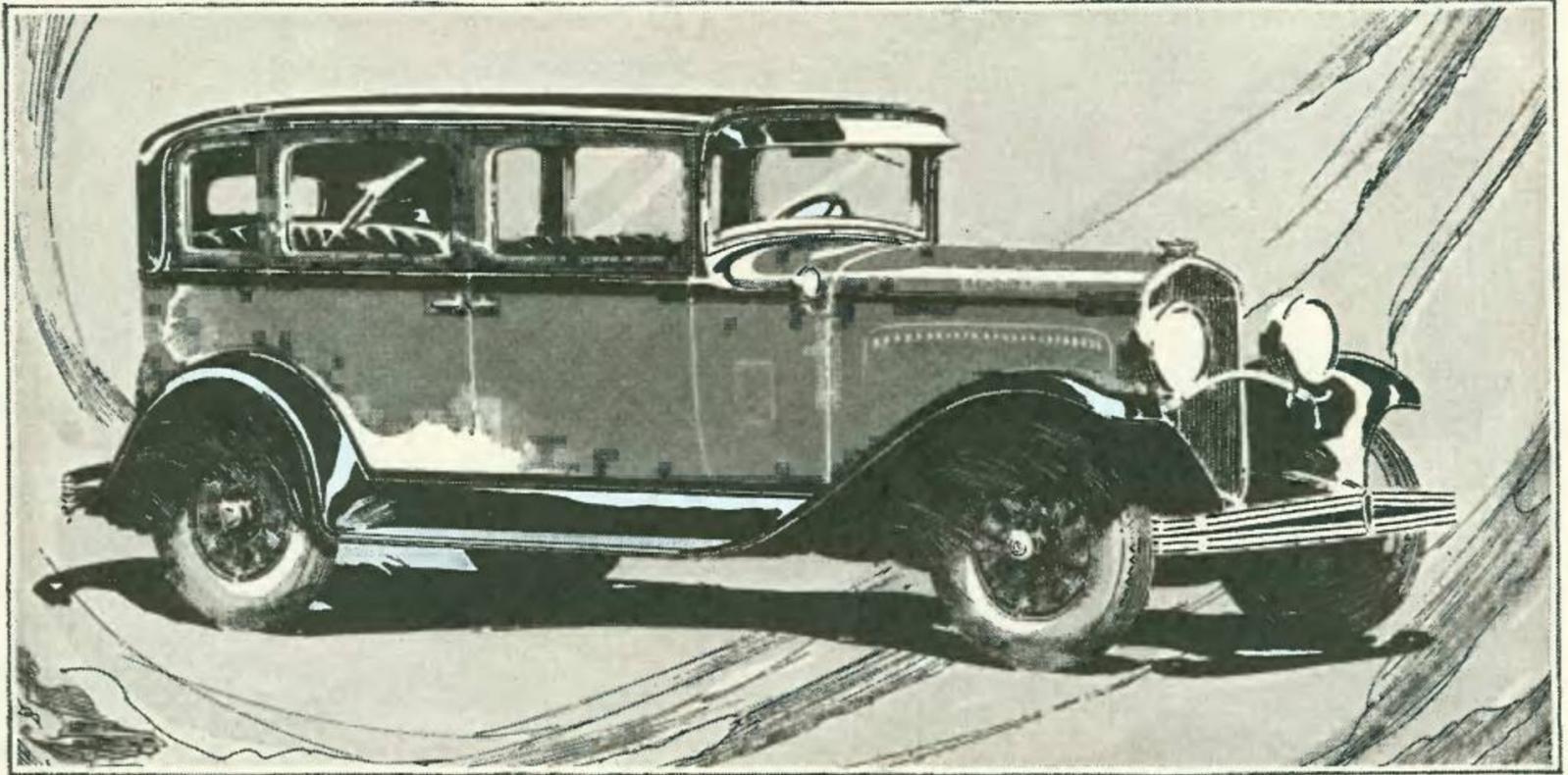
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GOINGS ON



ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE

(Curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., and the midweek matinee will be on Wednesday, except as noted below. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

**THE AGE OF INNOCENCE**—Thwarted love in the day of the bustle, played in waltz time. With Katharine Cornell. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

**CIVIC REPERTORY**—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Hedda Gabler," revival of Ibsen's tragedy. (Fri. Eve., Dec. 21.) . . . "Peter Pan," good production of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mat., Dec. 22; Mon. Eve., Dec. 24; Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sat. Mats., Dec. 26, 27, 28, and 29.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English. (Sat. and Wed. Eves., Dec. 22 and 26.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," Nazimova in Tchekov's exquisite play. (Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., Dec. 25, 27, and 29.) . . . "The Good Hope," a Dutch tragedy of the sea. (Fri. Eve., Dec. 28.) (Civic Repertory Theatre, 14, W. of 6 Ave.)

**DIAMOND LIL**—Mae West on the bold, bad Bowery of the nineties. Good unclean fun. (Royale, 45, W.)

**THE FRONT PAGE**—Jed Harris sponsors a better newspaper show than you've ever seen. (Times Square, 42, W.)

**THE HIGH ROAD**—The magic of Edna Best creates enchantment out of an ordinary comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. Mats. Wed. and Fri.)

**HOLIDAY**—Philip Barry's delightful comedy about the daughters of a stuffy plutocrat and a young man who feels the joy of life. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mats. Thurs. and Fri.)

**JEALOUSY**—Only two people and one emotion, but exciting nevertheless; expertly played by Fay Bainter and John Halliday. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M.)

**LITTLE ACCIDENT**—A charming comedy proving that fathers have their feelings too, even if they're not married. (Morosco, 45, W.)

**MACBETH**—A production less remarkable for its acting than for its magnificent settings by Gordon Craig. With Florence Reed and Lyn Harding. (Knickerbocker, B'way at 38. 2:15 and 8:20 P.M.)

**MAJOR BARBARA**—Uneven Shaw revived in a workmanlike manner by the Guild. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

**A MOST IMMORAL LADY**—Alice Brady, well worth seeing, lends importance to a mild play. (Cort, 48, E.)

**NIGHT HOSTESS**—Love and dark deeds against a jazz background; by a co-author of "Broadway." (Vanderbilt, 48, E. Reopens Christmas, Dec. 25.)

**PARIS**—Irene Bordoni in an inoffensive farce, with superb songs by Cole Porter. (Music Box, 45, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

**THE PERFECT ALIBI**—The heroine solves a murder mystery, and you'd know how she was going to if you were bright enough. A. A. Milne wrote it. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Fri.)

**A PLAY WITHOUT A NAME**—Peggy Wood in a tender play about young married troubles. (Booth, 45, W. 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

**THE SIGN OF THE LEOPARD**—The fairly entertaining Edgar Wallace mystery which captured London. (National, 41, W.)

**STRANGE INTERLUDE**—O'Neill's prize marathon. Pauline Lord and a second cast, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 21 and 22 only. Judith Anderson and the regular cast will resume on Mon., Dec. 24, after their week's vacation. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

**THIS THING CALLED LOVE**—Showing that marriage is better off without love, but that love is indispensable in marriage—if you can figure that out. Amusing enough. (Bijou, 45, W.)

**TONIGHT AT 12**—A love-note probe provides the best guessing game in town. (Hudson, 44, E.)

**THE WILD DUCK**—The Actors' Theatre revives its excellent Ibsen production, with Blanche Yurka. (49th Street, 49, W.)

**WINGS OVER EUROPE**—A Shelle scientist masters the atom in the dismay of the British Cabinet. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29]

**YOUNG LOVE**—Dorothy Gish in an unpleasantly sexy, but sometimes amusing, comedy. (Masque, 45, W.)

WITH MUSIC

**ANIMAL CRACKERS**—The frenzied humor of the mad Marxes. (44th Street, 44, W.)

**BILLIE**—George M. Cohan's "Broadway Jones" made into a folksy musical comedy. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

**BLACKBIRDS**—Maybe you don't like colored revues, but have you ever seen Bill Robinson's tap-dance? (Eltinge, 42, W. 2:45 and 8:45 P.M. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

**EARL CARROLL VANITIES**—W. C. Fields in a show distinguished only for his great comedy and Joe Frisco. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Reopens Mon., Dec. 24. Mat. Thurs.)

**GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**—Ann Pennington, Harry Richman, and other favorites in what is otherwise just another "Scandals." (Apollo, 42, W. Mat. Christmas Day.)

**GOOD BOY**—A bagful of scenic effects with no more than enough comedy and music to see it through. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

**GOOD NEWS**—Last few weeks of the popular musical show with a campus setting. (46th Street, 46, W. Reopens Christmas, Dec. 25.)

**HELLO YOURSELF!**—This season's collegiate musical; fast and noisy, but undistinguished. (Casino, B'way at 39.)

**HOLD EVERYTHING!**—The prizefight theme in a swift musical comedy. (Broadhurst, 44, W. Mats. Wed. and Fri.)

**THE NEW MOON**—A musical show threatening to

go operatic; the scene is colonial New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W.)

**SHOW BOAT**—Last season's epic and still a favorite, Charles Winniger and Helen Morgan are in it, and the score is Jerome Kern's best. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

**THIS YEAR OF GRACE**—A not-so-lavish but much wittier revue than the native variety. With Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mats. Thurs. and Fri.)

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

**TREASURE GIRL**—Gertrude Lawrence in a show that has good dancing and music but very little cause for laughter. (Alvin, 52, W.)

**WHITE LILACS**—George Sand, Chopin, Heinrich Heine, Meyerbeer, and Debussan caught in a Schubert operetta. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Reopens Christmas, Dec. 25. Mat. Thurs.)

**WHOOPEE**—Beautiful but not dumb; Eddie Cantor is the star. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

**FALSTAFF**—A comedy based on the Shakespearean character, with the Coburns. Opens Christmas, Dec. 25. (Coburn, 63, E. Mat. Thurs.)

**THE HOUSEBOAT ON THE STYX**—A musical comedy based on the John Kendrick Bangs stories, with John E. Hazzard and Blanche Ring. Opens Christmas, Dec. 25. (Liberty, 42, W.)

**HELLO, DADDY!**—The new Lew Fields musical show, staged by John Murray Anderson. (Mansfield, 47, W.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

**THE KINGDOM OF GOD**—Ethel Barrymore in Sierra's play. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

DANCE RECITALS

**LA ARGENTINA**—The supreme Spanish dancer: Gallo, 54, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Dec. 23, at 8:30; Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 26, at 8:30, and Fri. Aft., Dec. 28, at 3.

**DUNCAN DANCE FESTIVAL**—Irma Duncan and the Duncan Dancers: Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of B'way, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. Eves., Dec. 27, 28, and 29, at 8:30; Sat. Aft., Dec. 29, at 2:30.

FOR CHILDREN

**BUFANO'S MARIONETTES**—In puppet-play repertoire: Mon. through Fri. Afts., Dec. 24-28, at 3; Sat. Morns., Dec. 22 and 29, at 11. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St.)

**CHILDREN'S THEATRE**—Annual performance by the Little Players of Greenwich House: Sun. Aft., Dec. 23, at 3. (Golden, 58, E.)

**SUE HASTING'S MARIONETTES**—Presented by the Theatre Guild: Wed. through Sat. Morns., Dec. 26-29, at 11:30 A.M. (Martin Beck, 45, W.)

**HECKSCHER THEATRE**—Dorothy Gordon, song recital in costume: Sat. Morn., Dec. 29, at 11. . . . "Racketty Packetty House," Sat. Aft., Dec. 29, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

**NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE**—"La Boutique Fantasque," music by Rossini-Respighi, and "Kolyada," a Russian folk scene: Wed., Fri., and Sat. Afts., Dec. 26, 28, and 29, at 3. (Neighborhood Playhouse, 466 Grand St.)

**TONY SARG'S MARIONETTES**—"The Adventures of Christopher Columbus:" Fri. Aft., Dec. 21, at 3; Sat. Morn., Dec. 22, at 11; Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri., and Sat. Afts., Dec. 24, 25, 27, 28, and 29, at 3; Tues., Wed., and Sat. Morns., Dec. 25, 26, and 29, at 11. (Lucille La Verne, 39, E.)

**NOTE**—The Civic Repertory Theatre's performances of "Peter Pan," listed above, are also suitable for children.

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

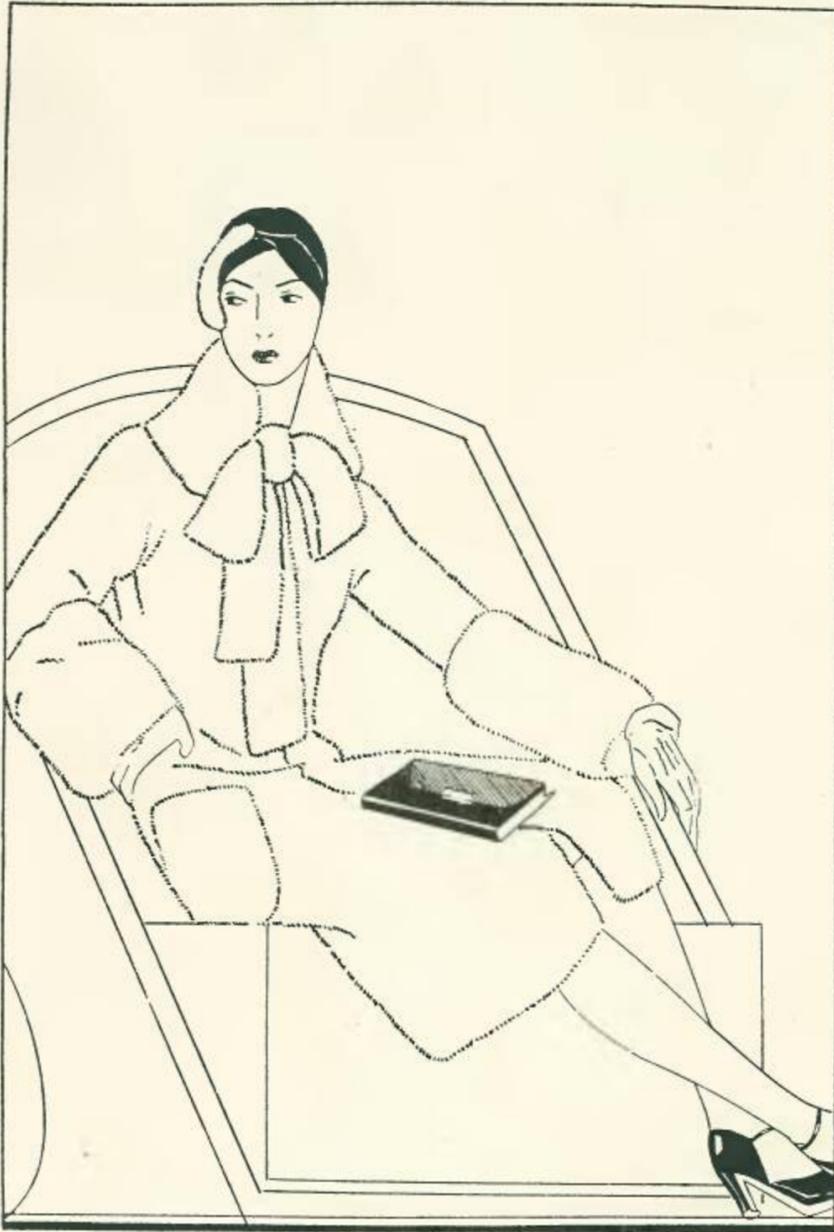
\*Better dress, but not obligatory.

**AMBASSADOR GRILL**, Park at 51 (Rhinclander 9000)—Park Avenue atmosphere, with this season's debutantes.\*

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But it Bores Me”

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29]



(Continued from page 4)

**BARNEY'S**, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191)—As agreeably informal as ever.

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

**CLUB MONTMARTRE**, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Top-notch, as usual; Emil Coleman's orchestra.\*

**CLUB PLAZA**, Hotel Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (Plaza 1740)—Dancing to the old Pall Mall orchestra. Must dress.

**CLUB RICHMAN**, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Harry Richman, Frances Williams, and Aaronson's Commanders. Isn't that enough?\*

**HEIGH-HO**, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Don Dickerman decorations and excellent food, accompanied by Rudy Vallee's band. Must dress.

**MIDNIGHT FROLIC**, New Amsterdam Roof, 42 W. of B'way—Opens Fri. Eve., Dec. 28, with George Olsen's orchestra, Eddie Cantor, and a Ziegfeld show.\*

**SEAGLADE**, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Dancing to Vincent Lopez music in a startling setting by Joseph Urban. Must dress.

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

**BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE**—Running to type; a few characteristic places are: The Mirador, 200 W. 51, with a Meyer Davis orchestra; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, you will find Jack White amusing; Casanova, 151 W. 54, has a good floor show.

Texas Guinan will open her new place at 203 W. 54., Wed., Dec. 26.

**HARLEM**—Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131, are among the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go very late.

**RUSSIAN MOTIF**—Kavkaz, B'way at 53, is always good, particularly Saturday nights.

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

## MOTION PICTURES

**ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE**—The well-known play of the safe-cracker made into an amusing picture, with some successful talking scenes. William Haines and Lionel Barrymore are in it. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

**THE BARKER**—Milton Sills in a fairly entertaining movie of the circus play. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

**THE END OF ST. PETERSBURG**—A savage Soviet film of riot and revolution. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; Fri., Dec. 21; performances continuous from noon.)

**FOUR DEVILS**—Some thrilling moments in circus life. The big Murnau picture. (Gaiety, B'way at 45; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; closes Fri., Dec. 21.)

**INTERFERENCE**—Last year's play of blackmail and murder made into an all-talking picture. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

**THE MASKS OF THE DEVIL**—A John Gilbert movie with the usual moments of thrills and tears. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 22-24; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat., Dec. 29; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

**THE SINGING FOOL**—For the Al Jolson public, with the Vitaphone at its best. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat., Sun., and Christmas Day, 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat., at 11:45 P.M.)

**THE WEDDING MARCH**—Von Stroheim's lavish picture of pre-war Vienna. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat., Dec. 29; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

**THE WOMAN DISPUTED**—Norma Talmadge doing good acting in a pretty ham war picture. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 22-24; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Behind the German Lines," the war from the German side; "Craig's Wife," George Kelly's play, well acted by Irene Rich; "Homecoming," another fine German picture; "Lonesome," Glenn Tryon, Barbara Kent, and distinguished photography; "Me, Gangster," good underworld doings; "Mother Knows Best," Edna Ferber's story; "Our Dancing Daughters," Joan Crawford in an attractive film; "The Patriot," brilliant Jannings; "Show People," burlesque of Hollywood life; "Ten Days That Shook the World," revolution in Russia; "While the City Sleeps," Lon Chaney and gangsters; "The Wind,"

Lillian Gish in a drama of the western plains; "Wings," war in the air, well photographed.

## OPENING OF NOTE

**MY MAN**—Fannie Brice in a Vitaphone talking-picture that features her songs. (Warner, B'way at 52; opens Fri., Dec. 21, at 8:30 P.M.; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. daily thereafter.)

## ART

**ABBEY**—Memorial show of the man who made the Boston Library famous: American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way between 155 and 156. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

**ARNO**—You all know the Whoops Sisters—well, here's their originator's show of drawings in black-and-white, and color: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Dec. 29.

**DECORATIVE**—Modern interiors and furnishings, by Joseph Urban, Henry Varnum Poor, and Donald Deskey, among others: American Designers' Gallery, 145 W. 57. Open weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

**EIGHTEENTH CENTURY**—Beautiful examples of eighteenth-century French and English prints: Keppel, 16 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

**FRENCH**—Paintings by Pissarro and Sisley: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Dec. 22.

**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.; through December.

**KUNIYOSHI**—Strong lithographs of women in Paris; also fruit: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Dec. 22.

**MARIN**—Fine showing of the American genius: Stieglitz, Room 303, Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

**MODERNS**—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.

**PRINTS**—Best Americans of today: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

**RUSSIAN**—Remarkable light effects of Iwan Choultse: Jonas, 9 E. 56. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M., through Sun., Dec. 23.

## MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

## RECITALS

**ENGLISH SINGERS**—A perfect last-minute Christmas gift. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 22.

**BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION**—A group of stars gathered mysteriously to entertain with chamber music. Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 27.



**ANDRES SEGOVIA**—Last year's novelty prize-winner and his guitar. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 29.

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**—Damrosch conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 21; Sat. Morn., Dec. 22, at 11 (Children's Concert); Sun. Aft., Dec. 23; Sat. Aft., Dec. 29, at 2:30 (Young People's Concert). . . . Mengelberg conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 27, and Fri. Aft., Dec. 28, at 2:30.

**MOUNT HOLYOKE CAROL CHOIR**—Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 21.

**WELLESLEY COLLEGE GLEE CLUB**—Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 22.

**ADESDI CHORUS**—Charles Hopkins Theatre, 49, E. of B'way, Sun. Aft., Dec. 23.

**PAUL WHITEMAN'S ORCHESTRA**—Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Dec. 23.

**HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"**—Presented by the Oratorio Society of New York, Stoessel conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 26.

**WILLIAMS COLLEGE MUSICAL CLUBS**—Ballroom, Hotel Roosevelt, Fri. Eve., Dec. 28, at 8:15.

## OPERA

**METROPOLITAN**—"Tosca," Fri. Aft., Dec. 21, at 2; "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Pagliacci," Fri. Eve., Dec. 21, at 8; "Manon," Sat. Aft., Dec. 22, at 2; "Die Meistersinger," Sat. Eve., Dec. 22, at 7:45. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

**LITTLE THEATRE OPERA**—"The Bat," by Johann Strauss; Fri. and Sat. Eves., Dec. 21 and 22, at 8:15; Sat. Aft., Dec. 22, at 2:15. Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.

## ON THE AIR

**GRAND OPERA**—"Romeo and Juliet," Fri., Dec. 21, at 10 P.M., over WOR. . . . Chicago Civic Opera, "Tales of Hoffmann," Wed., Dec. 26, at 10 P.M., over WJZ.

**NATIONAL ORCHESTRA**—Damrosch conducting: Sat. Eves., Dec. 22 and 29, at 8 P.M., over WEA.F.

**PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**—Damrosch conducting: Sun., Dec. 23, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

**REINALD WERRENATH**—Christmas songs and carols: Sun., Dec. 23, at 7 P.M., over WEA.F.

**CHRISTMAS QUARTET**—Olive Kline, soprano; Elsie Baker, contralto; Arthur Hackett, tenor; and William Simmons, baritone; in Atwater-Kent Hour: Sun., Dec. 23, at 9:15 P.M., over WEA.F.

## SPORTS

**BOXING**—At Madison Square Garden: Jim Maloney vs. Con O'Kelly, heavyweights; and Tuffy Griffiths vs. Charlie Belanger, Fri., Dec. 21, at 8:15 P.M.

**AMATEUR HOCKEY**—At Madison Square Garden: Kent School vs. Morristown School, Sat., Dec. 22, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Yale vs. McGill, Sat., Dec. 22, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Dartmouth vs. McGill, Wed., Dec. 26, at 8:30 P.M.

**PROFESSIONAL HOCKEY**—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Americans vs. Detroit, Sun. Eve., Dec. 23. . . . N. Y. Rangers vs. N. Y. Americans, Tues. Eve., Dec. 25. . . . N. Y. Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 27.

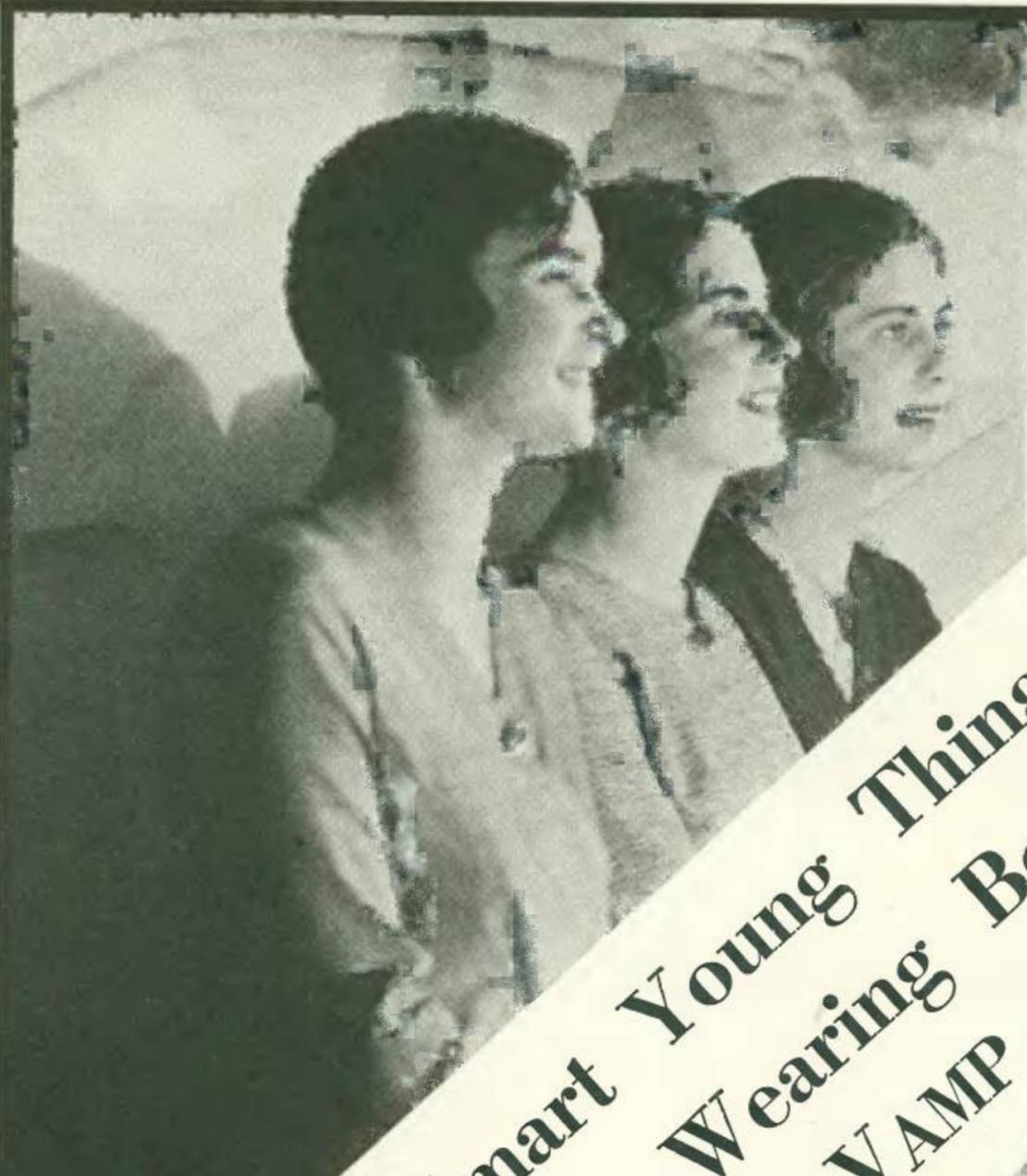
**INDOOR POLO**—Games at Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, at 8:30 P.M.: N. Y. A. C. vs. Squadron A, and 101st Cavalry vs. Squadron A, Sat. Eve., Dec. 22. . . . Brooklyn Riding and Driving vs. West Point Officers, 101st Cavalry-1st Sq. vs. Squadron A, and Brooklyn Riding and Driving vs. Squadron A, Sat. Eve., Dec. 29.

## OTHER EVENTS

**RUTH DRAPER**—In her original character sketches: Comedy Theatre, 41, E. of B'way; Tues. through Sat. Eves., Dec. 25-29, at 8:30; Thurs., Fri., and Sat. Afts., Dec. 27, 28, and 29, at 2:30.

**SOPHISTICATED PUPPETS**—The Guignol Studios present their unusual marionettes in ballet and revue: Little Theatre, 44, W. of B'way; Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. Afts., Dec. 24, 25, 27, and 28, at 2:30; Wed. and Sat. Morns., Dec. 26 and 29, at 11.

**SUPPER DANCE**—"A Night in Wonderland," with a debutante show directed by Ward Fox: Salle-Cathay, St. Regis, Fri. Eve., Dec. 21, at 10.



SHOE fashions are changing and smart young things are wearing shoes as young and "cute" as themselves. Best's short vamp specialties with their stubby French toes and frivolous French heels are favorites

*Below—brown or black suede opera pump 15.00  
Brown kid with lizard ankle strap pump 15.00  
Black or brown suede oxford 15.00*

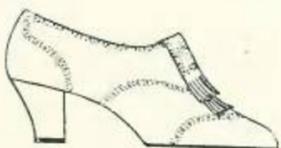
Smart Young Things  
Are Wearing Best's  
SHORT VAMP SHOES



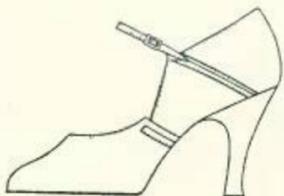
*Silver brocade or white crepe (dyed any color to order) with silver kid. 15.00*



*Illustrated above—Paisley brocade with gold kid strap. 18.50*



*Illustrated above—brown or black calf with fringed tongue. 12.00*



*Illustrated below—brown or black suede with tiny strap. 15.00*



**Best & Co.**

Fifth Avenue at 35th St.—N. Y.  
Paris Palm Beach London



## Individuality

“**S**ONFORMITY to the dictates of fashion is one thing,” says the Major, “but mere regimentation is something that no gentleman can countenance!”

There are few questions on which the Major feels with such intensity—and rightly so, for it is to the note of restrained individuality that he owes his fame. He has graciously attested that at Saks-Fifth Avenue one is best able to express impeccable taste—in overcoats, in suits, in shoes, in headwear and in haberdashery.

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# SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK



## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

OF the many invitations we have received for holiday parties, one alone has touched us deeply. The majority of the invitations were



perfunctory, some dull. This particular one was neither, for it arrived on a special Christmas letterhead and had what we regard as a distinct bearing on our social progress. It was a note requesting the pleasure of our company at the twenty-second semi-annual outing of the Guarantee Exterminating Company.

WHEN we read Henry Ford's advice to boys—not to save money—we knew he was getting himself in hot water. He did, too. Alarmed at his heresy, bank presidents wired him for a retraction, and the chief executive of the Boy Scouts called his speech "pernicious doctrine." Mr. Ford is probably used to having an organization like General Motors against him, but now he's bucking the Boy Scouts. In his hour of need, we are happy to throw our weight on his side: money is the most stultifying thing there is, being even more difficult to live with than a dull woman. There would be no harm in a young boy devoting his time to saving money were it not that it actually produces results; the first thing the thrifty boy knows he is the proprietor of a large parcel of Long Island and is an old man, giving away dimes. This is a six-per-cent country, and our Boy Scouts should be warned about it—the same as about starting forest fires.

THE Ritz is really the hardest place in town to get into on account of its revolving doors which, although golden, are very stiff. They are so stiff only a person of superhuman strength can push them. Even with the help of the doorman they are almost immutable. Effete fool that we are, we got halfway through the other day and were too exhausted to go on. The doorman was otherwise engaged, and only the timely arrival of a very large woman who entered another sector and threw her magnificent bulk into the task, enabled us to gain access to the inn. There must be some reason the Ritz thus fortifies itself behind such mighty bulwarks; but whether to effect an exclusiveness or whether, by giving them some exercise, to save the



townspeople from complete physical decay, we dare not say.

THERE is a line in Philip Barry's show which we find hard to forget. Linda says: "We're all swell at seventeen—it's after that that the sickness sets in." Probably we haven't tried very hard to forget the line, and we don't intend to, at least until after Christmas. The adult state, at any season of the year, is a dull fate for a person who recalls that he was once a child; and at Christmas time, maturity is inexcusable. In the time of the red berry and the white thought, it is a hard cross to bear.

Therefore, you will excuse us if, in the midst of a merriment that is insecurely built of greeting cards and taxi horns and Salvation Army kettles, we seem to go back twenty years and hear

a German band playing "Heilige Nacht"—playing with a wobbly sincerity, in the snow of a street in a suburban town. The gas lamp at the corner, as though approving of the holy music, throws a yellow radiance on the



serenaders, and the snow sifts softly down into their faces and into the bell of the bass horn. Ever since morning the parlor of the house has been shut off behind two heavy oak doors that are never closed at any other time of year, and the mere fact that one room in the house has been dedicated to mystery is about as much excitement as the heart can stand.

Across the hall from the parlor—in what was called the reception room, for a reason that was neither understood nor questioned—is the prickly smell of holly, the green smell of fir, the red promise of a paper bell. The front doorbell rings: one of the musicians appears, his horn under an arm. As he stands there, grinning and cold, a little parcel of snow comes whispering in through the door. The stranger is rewarded from the left-hand trouser pocket of the Good Provider. "Merry Christmas!" he says, and leaves. From the window he can be dimly seen joining the others in front of Billy Denman's house.

It is time to go to bed and leave the



prickly smell, the green smell, and the mystery. The stair landing affords the last perfect view of the hatrack in

the hall, on which are ten paper parcels of known content. They contain ten varieties of hard and soft candy, which are to be mixed into a kind of candy punch and introduced with the provision that they must last until New Year's Day. They will have entirely disappeared, as is well known throughout the household, by the afternoon of the twenty-seventh: the small round chocolate ones with the white trimmings will be gone by the morning of the twenty-sixth.

That was twenty years ago. It occurred to us this afternoon that a person essentially doesn't change much. Twenty years ago we wanted, above all earthly boons, a bicycle equipped with a New Departure coaster brake. After considering the thing carefully, we find that that is still what we want—the only difference being that then, as we went upstairs after a final inspection of the hatrack and looked out from the bedroom window at the whitened roof and the weathervane on top of the barn, there seemed a strong

likelihood that we would get our wish. This year the chances seem very thin.

### Forecast

THERE is a possibility that taxicabs will be electric not long hence. The Edison Company recently sent a man to Yellow Cab to experiment with operating costs of gasoline cars, with the idea of learning whether electrics might not be more economical. We don't know yet what the results were, but we hear that Yellow is interested.

One big factor is that, with traffic gone completely to pieces as it has, most of a cab's time is spent waiting in traffic jams, not moving—and the engine of course is running. Therefore, although a gasoline car is cheaper in the long run, an electric may turn out to be cheaper in the long wait.

Another bit of news is that the new Checker cabs, soon to be seen, are going to be even more strangely beautiful than the Paramounts. They

will look something like a Lincoln town car that has gone Broadway.

### Soviet Director

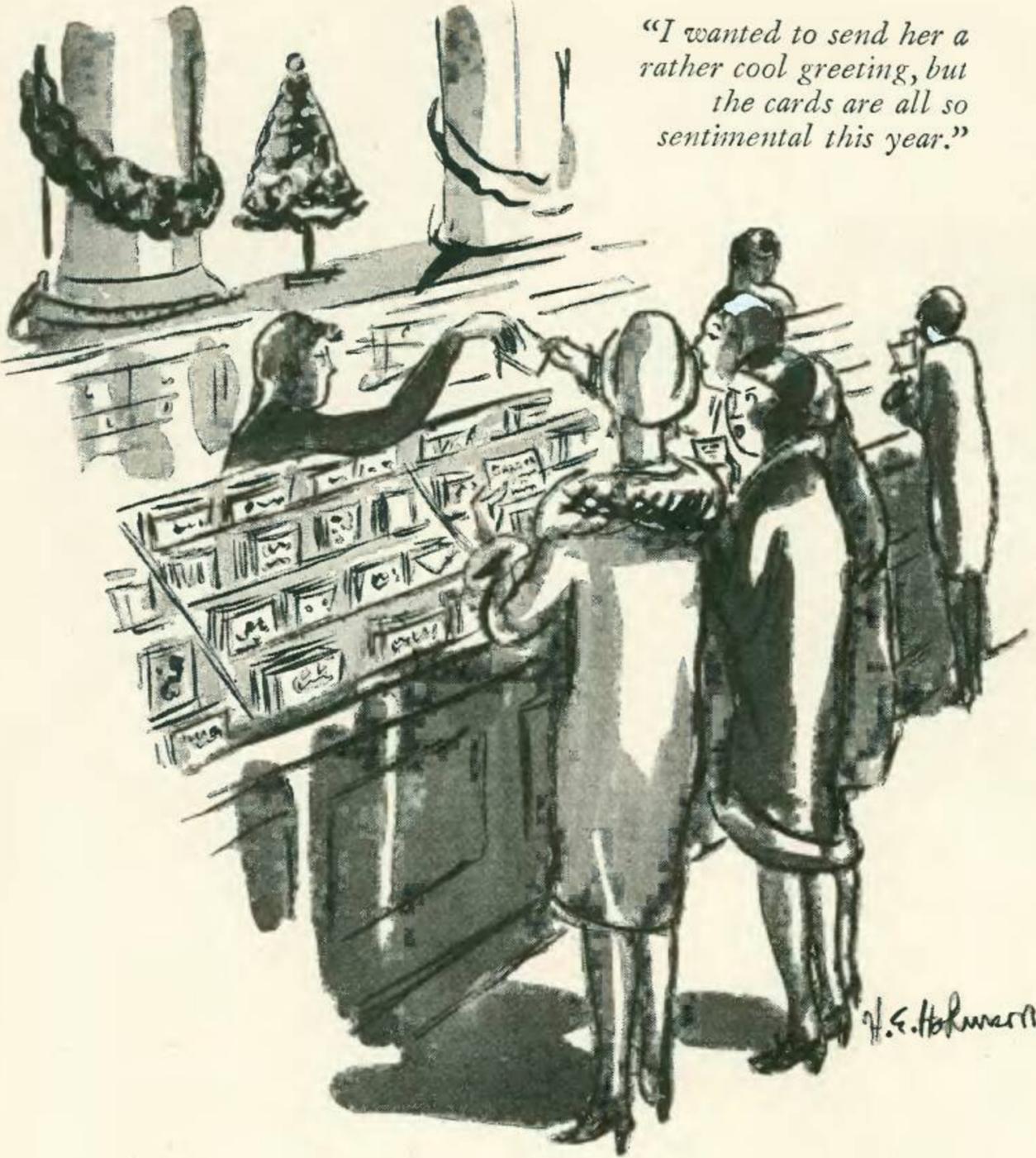
THE next European moving-picture director to try his luck on the American scene will be S. M. Eisenstein, who made "Potemkin" and the recent "Ten Days That Shook the World." We have this from an American who visited him last month at his studio in Moscow and who reports that the Russian is eager to work in this country because of the great technical equipment and resources of the American studios.

Eisenstein is only thirty, and of smooth-shaven, red-cheeked, untroubled face. In Russia he makes his pictures under difficulties. His studio is little more than a shed. He made his first picture, "The Strike," in 1924 in bare surroundings, and it won the first prize in the cinema section of the Paris Exposition of Decorative and Industrial Arts the next year. He be-



"Do you remember the night of the hay ride, when you wore that little white muslin dress?"

*"I wanted to send her a rather cool greeting, but the cards are all so sentimental this year."*



### *Quest of the Golden Fish*

THE glow of Christmas in his heart, a kindly, rotund businessman went into a shop after lunch and bought a bowl of goldfish for his niece. After he had motored toward his office with it, it came to him that making an entrance with a bowl of goldfish would be embarrassing, so he decided to leave the bowl somewhere for the afternoon. He selected a garage. In the gloom of a December twilight, when the gentleman returned for his fish, all of the garages on the block looked alike and it was the jolly fellow's luck to hit first the wrong place.

"Did I leave my goldfish here?" he beamed at a mechanic, a hard, materialistic fellow with no feeling for fantasy. This man thought it was the intelligentsia's idea of spoofing, and reached for a wrench. The kindly businessman promptly departed, and gave up the quest. He just went to a shop and bought some more fish.

### *Broadway Marionettes*

WE were asked to a dress rehearsal of the puppet show which had its première Sunday at the Little Theatre. The marionettes, more adroitly fashioned than any we ever saw, amused us. The brave plan to establish a permanent puppet-repertory company on Broadway, which will put on plays and revues and, later, political satires after the Continental manner, with such things as a wooden Coolidge and a wooden Jimmy Walker, is appealing because it sounds progressive and irreverent.

The rehearsal was staged in an enormous room in an old building in Twenty-third Street, where the puppeteers had been working day and night for weeks. Puppeteers have amazing vitality. Tired, but happy, they put on a complete show for a group of only two or three persons. As the show began a lady at our side turned to us and said, "Woooo." We moved away slightly. "Don't mind me," she said, "I am the Voice in the Pool." Later she rang a gong in our ear. "I am also," she whispered consolingly, "the Bell in the Sea." Each of the puppeteers is a number of things. One of them handled the strings for a crab, a monkey, and a mouse in one play. We were awed by the men who worked the Yaller Gals—a pair of colored dancers—for each puppet is controlled

came immediately eminent in Europe. The rumor was that he got his actors from the Moscow Art Theatre. Then the startling revelation was made that he had not used professionals at all. He has never yet used professionals. The cast of "Potemkin" was picked up in the streets and factories. The man who played the ship's surgeon was a fellow the director came upon shovelling coal into the furnace of a hotel in Sebastopol. Eisenstein prowls into all sorts of places looking for likely characters. The priest in "Potemkin" was a gardener by profession.

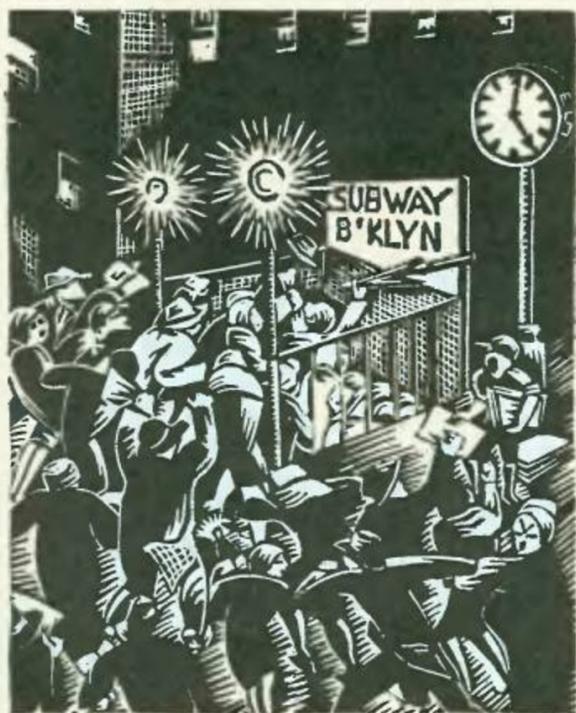
For a year the Russian has been working on a film dealing with agriculture in Russia which will feature, among other things, a cream separator, a tarantula, a grasshopper, and some flies. When he couldn't find the right kind of grasshoppers and flies in Russia, he imported some from this country. This film probably will be exhibited here next year.

Eisenstein lives in one room in Moscow, the space allotted him by the government. He also has a bed on the

floor in one corner of his studio where he takes naps between the shooting of scenes. He frequently labors far into the night. Although he works with the proletariat, he comes from a higher social stratum. His family owned ships and was wealthy, but lost all in the overthrow of the government. The movie director studied engineering in his teens, and during the revolution designed and built fortifications for the Red Army. He spent his spare time about the theatre and eventually became director of various proletarian theatrical groups. Once he directed a play given in a gas house, the employees at their work forming a part of the cast. He took up movies because he thought they gave him wider scope, and has become such a figure that last year Douglas Fairbanks called on him and urged him to come to America. He thinks that German productions, except "Metropolis" and "Faust," are a cross between pornography and sentimentality. He touches but lightly on the subject of art in American movies, preferring to dwell on our superior studios.

by twenty-two strings. Their languorous swaying dance was a fine achievement.

Before we left we met the man who designed the puppets, Mr. Robert Hestwood. He is a Californian, as are many of his associates. Hearing that a rehearsal was going forward, he got out of a sick bed to attend. He had fallen ill while working late into the night on a bunch of gollywogs. He is six feet four inches tall and a sculptor by profession. These are the first marionettes he has designed. The actual



manufacturer is a man who makes scientific instruments for the Carnegie laboratories in California. The materials used are wire screening and plastic wood.

Puppets are, surprisingly enough, temperamental and frequently will not act in certain parts. For instance, there is a cockney woman puppet designed to do a sober character part who refuses, however, to act otherwise than drunk. The skit written for her had to be abandoned. The man who pulls her strings made her go through a few steps for us, and she was plainly as tight as a tick.

### Fortitude

ONE thing we learned this week was that the New York Central every year turns down astonishing offers from concerns that want to rent advertising space on the little information booth in the main room. People who meet their friends by the clock there are probably quite unaware of the pangs of self-control the railroad suffers in order to keep it a homey little spot, free of slogans. Just the other day a firm offered fifty thousand dollars to be allowed to paste up something or other there. The executive of the Central just smiled quizzically, and despatched another train.

### Crash Two!

IN connection with our mention of the new Graf Zeppelin Coffee Shoppe, we have been told of an even closer

tie-up between food and aviation. When you order fried eggs at The Flying Inn, which occupies an unpainted shack next to the Sikorsky hangar on Curtiss Field, the waiter calls out "Loop two!" An omelet is called a crash and an order of bread and butter a side-slip. Other dishes and their symbols are ham and eggs, three-point landing; sausage, ground-loop; lamb chop, tail-skid; and wheat cakes, wing-overs.

The Bremen fliers ate at The Flying Inn after their arrival here and Baron von Huenefeld pronounced the coffee "most delicious." Now only the greenest student asks for a cup of coffee. Those in the know call for a "most delicious." The German fliers autographed a paper cup for the proprietor, a young lady, and it was proudly on exhibition in the restaurant until some aviation enthusiast purchased it for a thousand dollars. He said he intended to present it to the Smithsonian Institution.

### Mrs. Claus

A READER has taken us to task for not mentioning the wife of the Santa Claus at Bloomingdale's in our recent piece about that place. It seems that the young man who plays Saint Nicholas said he would come to work only if they would find something for his wife to do too. Bloomingdale's was in a fix at the moment as they had fired their first Santa Claus because he was too mean to the kids. They asked what the wife could do. "She has a fairy costume and she could be a fairy," said the husband. This accounts, then, for the unsmiling young woman we saw helping Santa hand out gift boxes to the children. What fooled us was that she didn't have a wand with a star on it.

### Tree Farm

THE Christmas trees which bloom in light every December in Washington Square and Times Square are bought from a lady in whom we

became interested when someone told us that she sold many trees, but never used to send bills because she thought it was dreadful to take money for them. It turned out that that was twenty years ago. She got over her squeamishness and now is one of the wealthiest tree growers in the world. Her name is Evelyn Smith and her estate is at Amawalk, in Westchester County. If you have motored up there—above Pocantico Hills—you have driven by her six hundred acres of tree-planted land. A double lane of maples before her house is, in autumn, one of the loveliest sights in the county.

Miss Smith inherited her Amawalk grounds and a love for trees from her father, who was Major Orlando Jay Smith. He collected fine specimens as a hobby. Left with the tree farm on her hands when she was just out of finishing school, Miss Smith hardly knew what to do with it, and used to send trees to her father's friends, who had to urge her to sell them rather than give them away. She finally went into the business seriously and now the trees on her land are valued at seven millions. There are some famous ones, such as a boxwood originally planted by George Washington in Virginia. When she was in Washington some years ago arranging for the shipment of the National Christmas Tree, which every year comes from her place, Miss Smith heard of the Washington tree going on sale and bought it, over the protests of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Many trees in Central Park and along Riverside Drive were supplied by her, and two years ago she flew down here with one of them in René Fonck's plane—he planted the tree as a memorial along the Drive. Memorial trees are a specialty with Miss Smith and those set out here, in Washington, and elsewhere, by the Prince of Wales, Marshal Foch, the Queen of the Belgians, and most other visiting celebrities, came from her farm. The Rockefellers and Fords are customers.

Most people with estates now haven't the patience to wait for saplings to mature. They want full-grown trees at once—thirty or forty feet or thereabouts. The transplanting of big trees was a problem, but Miss Smith solved it in various ways. She worked out, for instance, a scheme of building an underground barrier about the base of a tree, thus confining the roots so



## OPEN REPLY TO MRS. MENDELSON

I AM in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Frances Mendelson, who is after my laundry. "Dear Mrs. White," she writes, "I can wash and iron your table and bed linens and also your dainty underthings—handling your belongings apart from everybody else's—and do it the right way. Everything will be laundered by hand and dried out in the open air and sunshine. May I send for a trial bundle? I look forward to hearing from you."

Well, Mrs. Mendelson, that was a welcome letter, even though it was addressed to Mrs. White. There is no Mrs. White, Mrs. Mendelson, and from the looks of things there never will be. Where did you get the idea there was? Sometimes I think there should be, and I often sit here alone by the radiator, wondering how it would be to see Mrs. White watering the rubber plant, feeding the goldfish, and picking up grape skins after me. Did you know I had three goldfish? Sinkin, Drinkin, and Cod are their names. And no Mrs. White to feed them! No dainty underthings hanging on the chair in the bedroom. No chair in the bedroom, as a matter of fact. You know, I believe it's really the thought of having dainty underthings around the place that has kept me from getting married. Marriage at best is difficult, and if I had to add to my many other duties the care of a lady's dainty underthings, I'm afraid I would never get off to business in the morning. There is a faint fragrance, Mrs. Mendelson, that adheres to a lady's dainty underthings, and they are soft to the touch, and I am not at all sure I could go away and leave them in the morning: whereas it is no trouble at all leaving a rubber plant.

AS for my own underthings, they are no daintier than they should be. Let's not have any misunderstanding on that score. I wear a two-piece ensemble: a regulation athletic shirt, size 38, which I buy at Spalding's, and a pair of B.V.D. drawers, size 30, which I buy at my haberdasher's

(together with a preposterous necktie that the clerk manages to sell me on the way out). You are a woman, and if you choose to regard my underthings as dainty, very well;

but I'll fight the first man who says they're dainty!

In regard to drying them in the open air and sunshine, I say: "Fine!" There has been little enough sunshine in my life lately, due to an emotional condition which is nobody's business, not even my laundress', and so

I say that if my undershirt can get a little sunshine for itself, so much the better.

I WAS really terribly glad to get your letter, Mrs. Mendelson. It is not often that I receive letters any more. In fact, there are only three people in the world who continue to write me, and you are one. The other two are men—a man named Charles Decker, who is, I believe, the county clerk of Westchester County and who sends me an automobile-registration renewal blank once a year, and a man named Arthur Rosenberg, who sold me a suit of clothes nine years ago when I was a sophomore in Cornell and had money. Mr. Rosenberg writes me quite frequently in regard to buying another suit. Except for these two loyal men and yourself, my friends have more or less dwindled away. I do not know why that is. When I go downstairs in the morning for mail I see the letters that other people in this apartment receive, and they look so interesting—personal letters from friends, relatives, perhaps lovers. Sometimes even a Special Delivery. Then I look in my own letter box and turn sadly away.

If there should ever be a Mrs. White, I will discuss the matter of laundry with her, and perhaps I can throw it your way. If you have any preference in washing dainty underthings, as between blue and pink, drop me a line and I will keep that in mind, too. As for my own laundry, while

we may be able to get together at some future date, at the present I feel morally obliged to continue with the Parisian Hand Laundry, 130 Lexington Avenue, partly because I owe them a bill of \$22.08, but mostly because they were the first organization in the city to manifest the slightest interest in the initials E. B. W.

## NUIT DE NOËL

THE five-o'clock rush to the nearest department store for a forgotten present. The choir in the balcony singing "Silent Night." The embittered salesgirl who says that if they kept the store open long enough customers would bring their beds and sleep in the aisles. Your request for beige stockings, size nine and a half. Your meek acceptance of pearl gray, size ten. The return home.

The doorman who is affable. The elevator man who is positively tender. The radio on the fourth floor playing "Silent Night." The victrola on the sixth floor also playing "Silent Night." The addressing of the final Christmas card which should reach its destination some time before Easter. The depressing thought that all the people you particularly like have left town for Christmas.

The little group of people you don't particularly like who keep referring to other Christmases when they really had a good time. The guest who wants to play jazz and dance. The guest who wants to sing carols. The girl who is overcome by emotion and retires to the bedroom in tears.

The suggestion that you go to the midnight mass at St. Patrick's. The doorman, now a trifle subdued but still able to wish you a Merry Christmas for the seventh time. The reflection that his good wishes are likely to come high.

THE darkness. The wind. The lonely reveller who needs the whole sidewalk. The little dogs out for their final airing. The overstuffed angels in the doorway of the church across the street singing "Silent Night." The reflection that it's a very pretty idea but that you'd enjoy it more if they had learned another hymn.

The arrival of the bus. The stout lady who doesn't care whether Muriel likes her present or not. The morose gentleman who hopes it will snow before morning because a green Christ-



mas makes a full graveyard. The jolly young people who had a perfectly swell time at Bob's and expect even more fun at Genevieve's. The seven other passengers who probably agree with you that they'd just as soon talk, only every time they open their mouths their teeth start chattering. The arrival at St. Patrick's.

THE pleasing discovery that the church is full and that there are already several hundred people standing. The fur evening coats, the shiny shirtfronts, and the smell of Caron's perfume. The cloth coats trimmed with rabbit, the bulky sweaters, and the smell of garlic. The woman in a knitted stocking cap who tries with enthusiasm worthy of a better cause to pick your pocket. The chimes which, having finished a sketchy rendering of the "Adeste Fideles," launch briskly upon "Silent Night."

The unconfirmed rumor that the candles are lighted. The procession which is unfortunately invisible. The cold breeze playing coyly about your galoshes. The organ. The anthem. The indistinguishable murmur. The woman in the stocking cap who, having found nothing in your pockets except three dishevelled handkerchiefs and an expired transfer, props herself against you for a little much-needed rest. The ignominious and difficult retreat. The reproachful glances of your friends.

THE darkness. The desolation. The thought that freezing to death may be pleasant but

the preliminary stages are certainly painful. The welcome though unheated taxi. The long and cheerless ride.

The doorman awakened from a sound sleep, and the Merry Christmas which lacks conviction. The elevator man who with enthusiasm still undimmed wishes you a Happy New Year. The warmth. The lights. The cheering drinks. The open fire. The rebound. The intimacy of hard-

ships shared and the sudden tide of congeniality and brotherly love.

The cordial, belated farewells. The ashtrays. The cups. The plates. The glasses. The inevitable breakage. The blessed quiet. The difficulty in going to sleep because of your great benevolence toward all mankind and your insensate and irrepressible craving to sing "Silent Night."

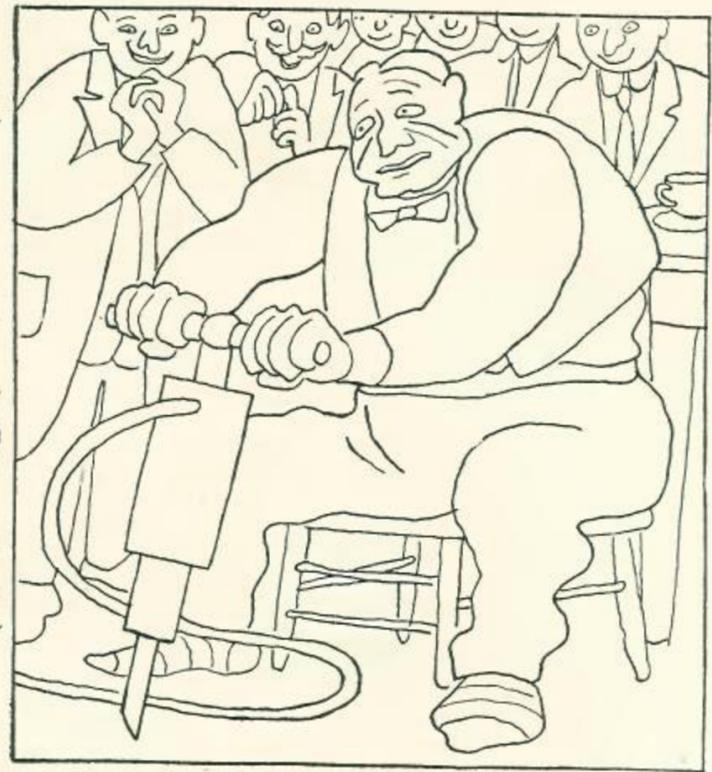
—ALICE FRANKFORTER

## XMAS CHEER SPREADS

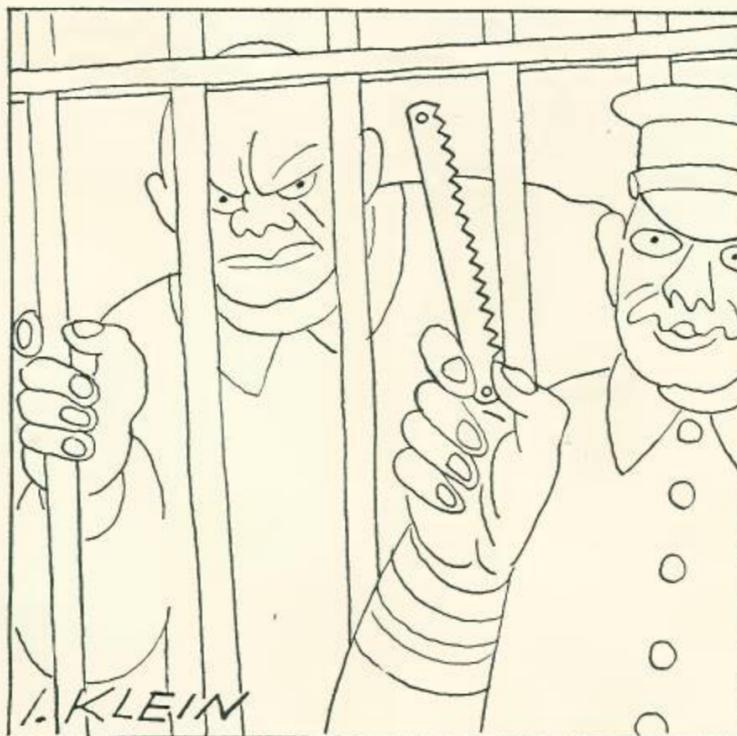
*Useful Gifts Bring Joy to Many*



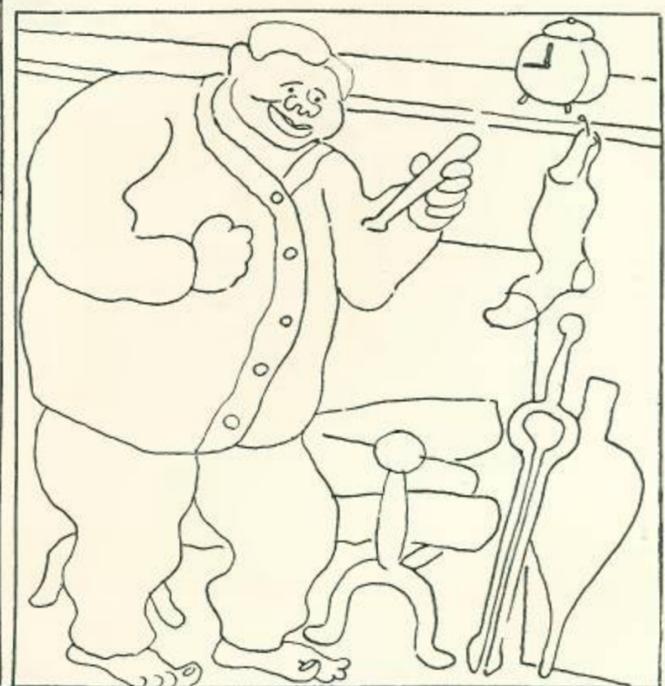
Gold Eversharp Pencil. Pat Kreeler, talented traffic cop, received gold Eversharp Pencil as Christmas token from a group of ticket holders who belong to Officer Kreeler's personal clientele.



John Rusticano, laborer, receives electric drill from thoughtful friends. The drill is to replace his old pickaxe which Mr. Rusticano is now using. "Life will be much easier now," says Rusticano.



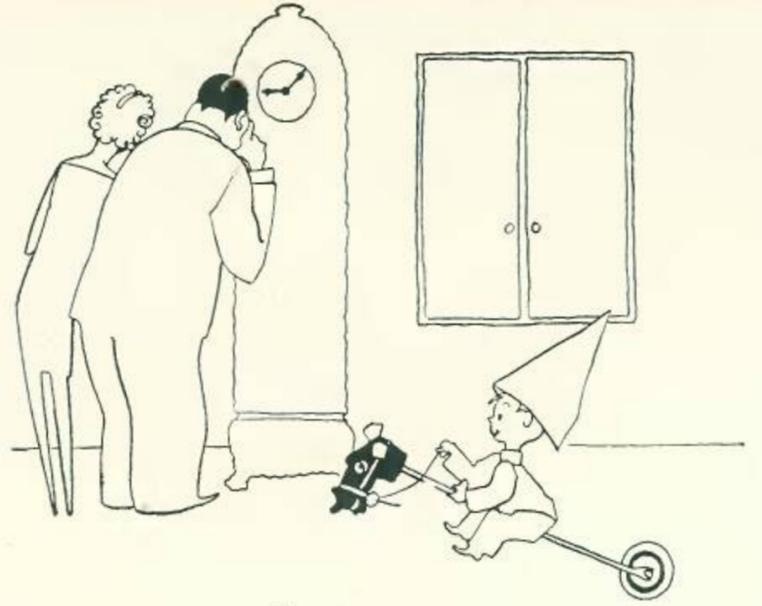
Nice new hack-saw blade was presented to Percy Cilly of Blackwell's Island by an unknown friend. But it was necessary to relieve Mr. Cilly of his gift. Percy is figure on left in above picture.



Pretty paper knife. Early Christmas morning Babe Ruth found a pretty paper knife in the shape of a baseball bat, in his stocking. He says he doesn't know anything he'd rather have.



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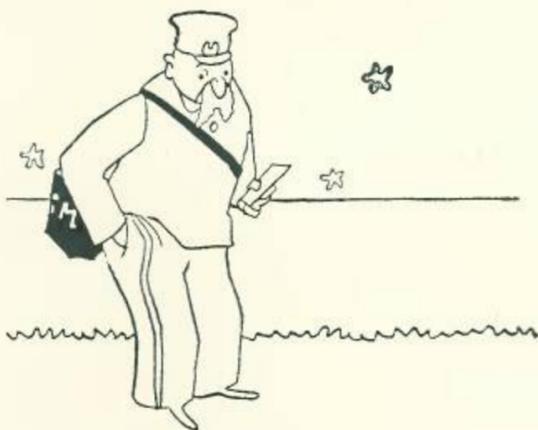
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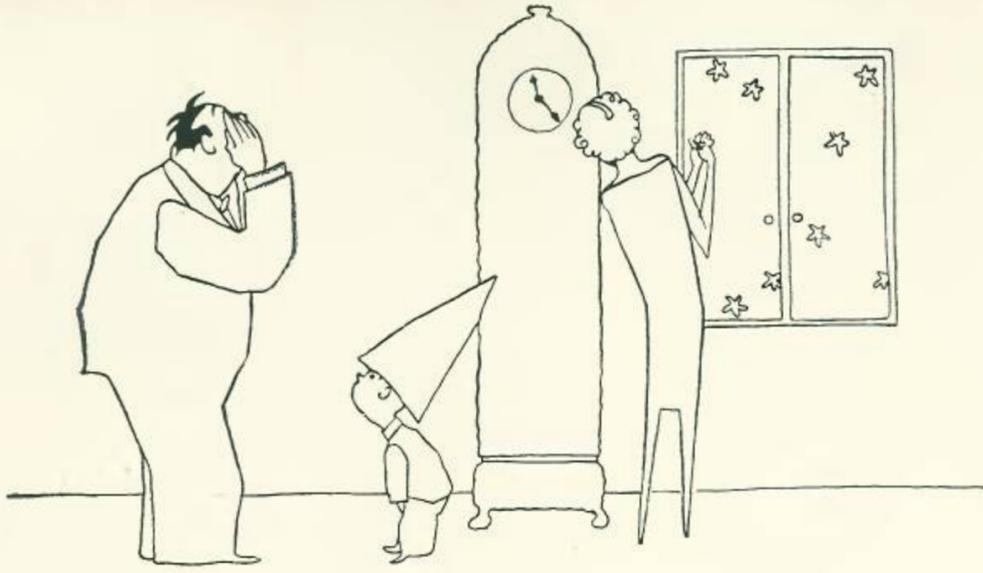


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THE CHRISTMAS CARD THAT



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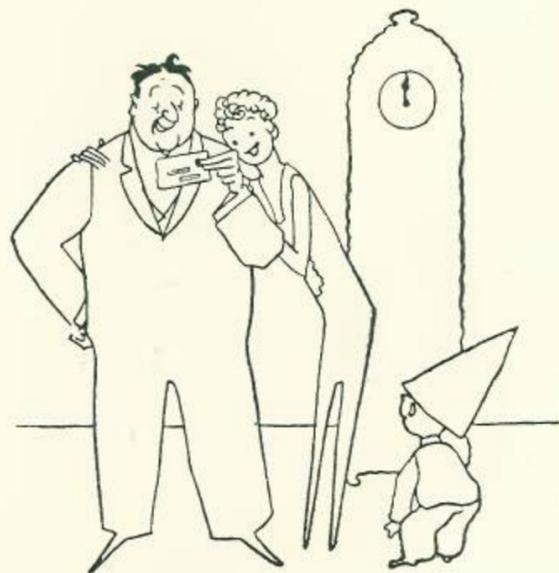
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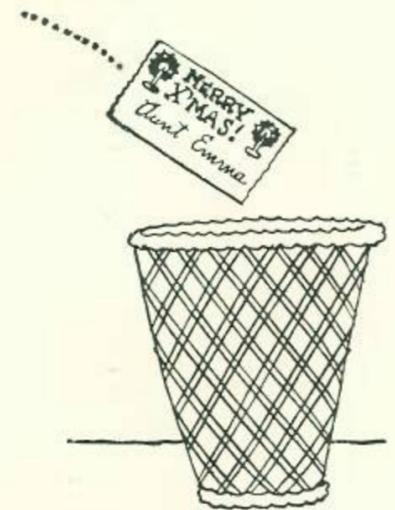
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ALMOST CAME TOO LATE

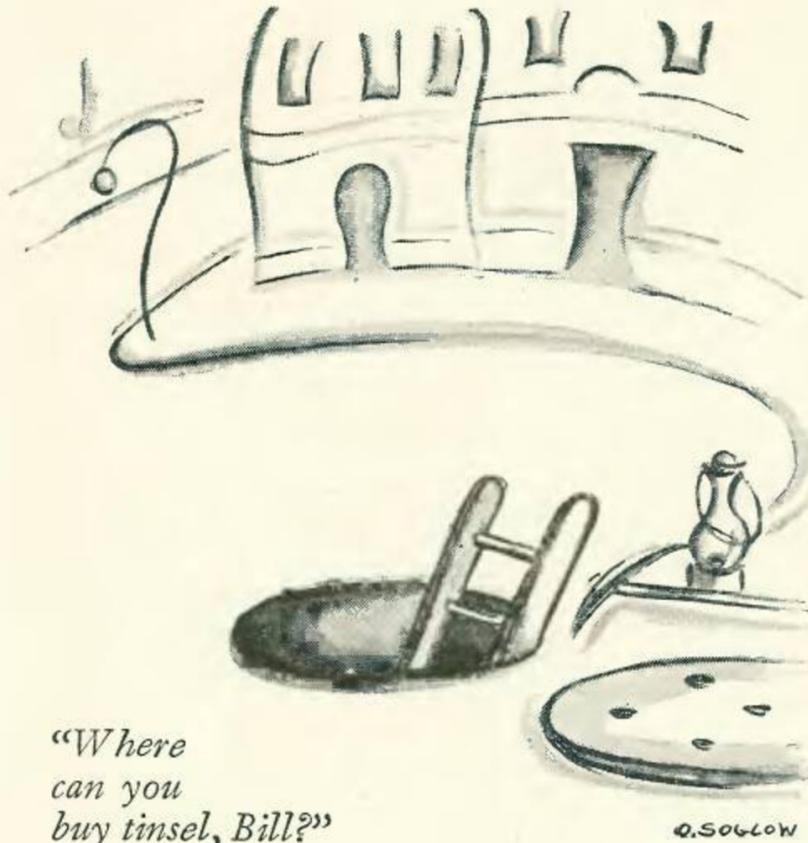
## THE MAN AND THE MYTH

**S**ANTA CLAUS was born in Latvia on May 8, 1831. As far as we can learn from history there was nothing particularly remarkable in the circumstances surrounding his birth. His parents were poor peasants, eking out a miserable existence by growing eggplants in the thin Latvian soil. Some authorities, of course, contend that the mother was in reality a duchess of the royal blood who had been abducted by wolves a few hours after her birth and then left on a mountain side by the languid animals. Apparently, however, there is nothing to substantiate this theory; my own research indicates that it was just made up out of whole cloth by a neurotic woman tired to death of putting eggplant seeds in holes.

The Clauses were damn poor people. Since their marriage they had been downtrodden literally as well as figuratively by a rapacious nobility who used to come riding through the fields, taxing people and stepping on eggplants and stealing kisses from the comely peasants. As there is nothing in history to indicate that Mrs. Claus was comely, even at the top of her form, however, it seems likely that we can dismiss any idea of a bar sinister in the child's paternity.

**N**OR was there much in Santa Claus' early youth to indicate the tremendous destiny for which he was destined. He went to school in the morning with the other children, but except for a rather precocious talent for zoölogy he was even a little backward. In the afternoon he helped his parents by carrying the smaller eggplants and fooling around with the kindling. In the evening he studied by the fire, scratching pictures of strange animals on the bottom of the coal scuttle with one of his mother's hairpins. In the light of his future career it is perhaps significant that most of these drawings

took the form of horned animals. His father and mother, tired by their work in the fields and the incessant frivolity of the nobility, took little interest in the child's pastime. Every now and then his father, emptying the scuttle into the stove, would glance casually at the bottom and say, "Well, that's a hell of a looking cow," but in the main they were indifferent. The significant thing about this story, of course, is the fact



"Where can you buy tinsel, Bill?"

that there are no reindeer in Latvia and, while it may be that the youth really was drawing cows—well, there are things in this old world that the wisest of us know very little about. Take ferris wheels, for instance.

**T**HE boy grew older. He developed into a stocky youth (in later life he was to be stout) with a short brown beard and eyes alight with mischief. He also developed into a pronounced zoöphile, bringing home and caring for many curious Latvian animals. At one time, we are told, he had a whole bathtubful of limpets, which he fed through straws. It was in fact this passion for fauna which led to his break with his family and perhaps first set his feet on the trail to greatness.

It seems that one day when he was up re-thatching the roof, which had burned off the previous night (a favorite practical joke of the nobility, by the way), his attention was attracted by a strange peeping and yammering. In-

vestigating, he was amazed to find a family of red-winged blackbirds comfortably ensconced in a nest built into the side of the chimney. Here was a piece of luck! The young man leaned over to capture his prize, but in doing so his foot slipped and he and the nest were precipitated down the chimney and onto the Claus hearth. The eggs were broken but young Claus paid little attention to them. He sat on the hearth and stared blankly up at the opening far over his head.

"Well, I'm damned," he is said to have murmured. "Some little aviator!"

He had acquired a new interest in life. From that moment his time was divided equally between his animals and sliding down the chimney. The elder Clauses had become more or less resigned to finding animals in the most unexpected places, but this latest phase of their son's development proved a little too much.

"Snakes in my bed I can stand," Mrs. Claus would say plaintively, "and them lizards in the bathtub, but when it comes to him popping down the chimney every time a body turns her back—well, frankly it gives me the jimmies."

The young man promised to reform, but his mother was adamant.

"Either you leave this house or I do," she said firmly.

Santa Claus left the house. He left Latvia and established himself in Paris which was then, as it is now, the Mecca for the hot young blood of the world. Ah, Paris!

**U**NLIKE most of the valiant, pitiful army of young dreamers who yearly besiege the City of Lovers in search of fame and fortune, Santa Claus was not long in want. He soon found a field for his unique talents in the employ of a collection agency which, when it had exhausted all the usual means of approach, would lower young Claus down the chimney on a rope. Usually when the occupants had recovered from their astonishment, they would find that they had paid their bill and the young man had vanished.

From time to time he was also a go-between in many intrigues and was on terms of the greatest familiarity with some of the most notorious demimondaines of the period. It was about this time, possibly in a revulsion of feeling against the loose standards of the nobility, that he married a girl of the

people, a girl as poor as himself but with the light of high dreams in her eyes. There were no children.

HIS fortune was not really established, however, until he entered the employ of a great department store which had recognized a highly lucrative source of publicity in this novel method of delivery. It was this firm which conceived the idea of some distinctive conveyance to run on a network of wires above the city. Santa Claus himself, still smarting from the memory of his parents' contempt for his "cow" pictures and with the love of animals firmly rooted in his heart, suggested papier-mâché reindeer and a sleigh, an idea which was enthusiastically adopted by the merchants.

The rest—the uncanny spread of the legend of a great red sleigh soaring over the world loaded with toys and driven by a stout, white-haired little man in a red coat—is largely the result of intelligent publicity. It is, in fact, another story about another and perhaps even greater man. It is the story of Ira Dedletter McGee, Public Relations Counsel. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

MOTHER'S HOME AGAIN!

'Twas on the Eve of Christmas  
A face against the pane  
Peered in at the firelight;  
'Twas worn with vice, and plain;  
But all the children shouted:  
"Mother's home again!"

*Mother's out of jail, Dad!  
Let us ask her in!  
Make her Christmas merry,  
With food and fire and gin!  
Mother's out of jail, Dad,  
Let us ask her in!*

She's watching through the window  
Her babes in happy play;  
Do not call a copper  
To club the Jane away—  
Remember, ere you strike her,  
That once her hair was gray!

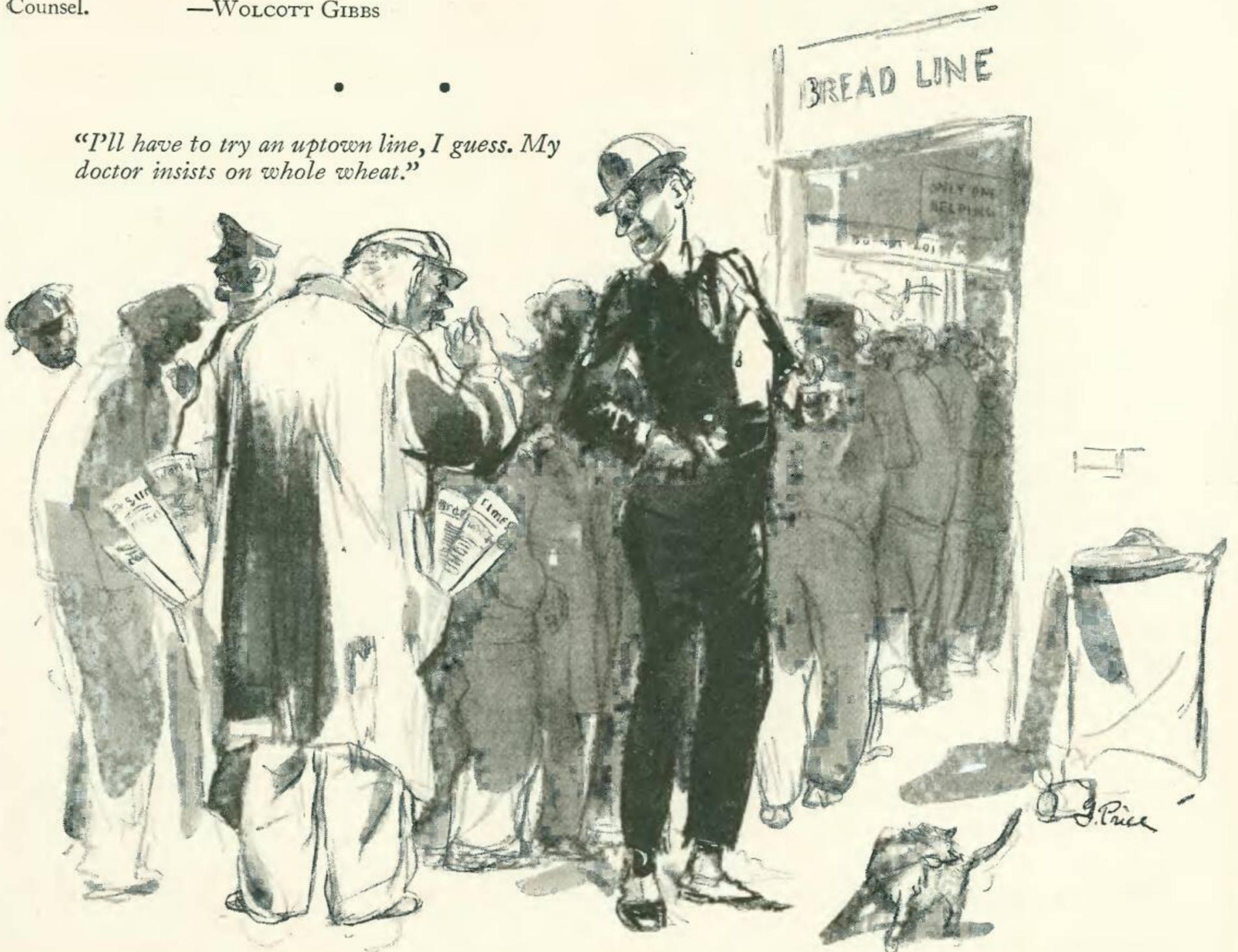
*Soon at some new night-club  
She'll be pinched again,  
For Mother is so popular  
With all the dancing men—  
Invite her in to visit,  
Mother's home again!*

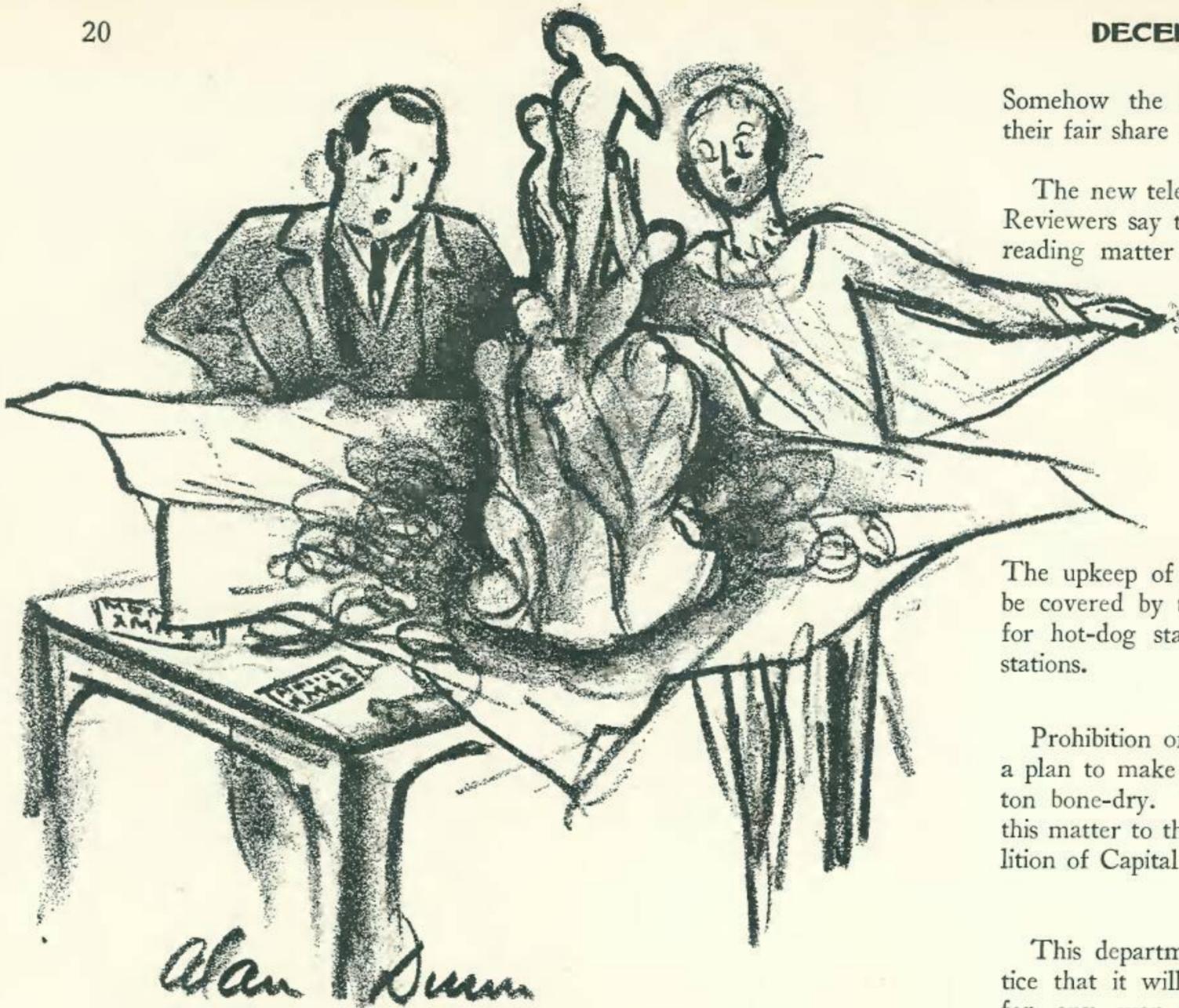
She's staring through the window  
At the Yuletide glow!  
Oh, do not throw the old wife  
Back into the snow!  
She bore you all your children,  
And oft has told you so.

*Mother's in the street, Dad!  
She is out of jail!  
Put morphine in the needles,  
And some ether in the ale,  
Mother's home for Christmas,  
Mother's out of jail!*

—DON MARQUIS

*"I'll have to try an uptown line, I guess. My doctor insists on whole wheat."*





"This speaks pretty well of the Phillippes, doesn't it, dear?"

### OF ALL THINGS

THE most serious problem that will confront this country in 1929 is the grave unemployment situation of Smith and Coolidge. Everybody is worrying about this matter with the possible exceptions of Al and Cal.

We are now ready to swallow our words and admit that Mr. Hoover's South American trip is of far-reaching importance. Anything that makes as dull reading matter as this trip must be practically cosmic.

The editor of the London *Daily Express* says, after a visit to America, that prohibition is a tragic joke. At any rate, nobody can call it a practical joke.

The smaller dollar bills will not be ready for circulation until next July. By that time some towering genius may discover something that can be bought with one.

The *Saturday Evening Post*, née

*The Universal Instructor in All Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette*, recently celebrated its two-hundredth anniversary. Philadelphia did not hold a fair on this subject, so a good time was had by all.

The Metropolitan Museum was duped by a fake Greek statue by Dossena of Rome. We trust that this revelation will put an end to the complaint that the Metropolitan will not admit modern art.

Among the things we cannot understand is our navy's demand for a lot of new cruisers. We already have too many boats per sailor.

We have reached the conclusion that there is no virtue so hideous as promptness. The most objectionable people one meets these days are those who got out of the stock market on time and those who did their Christmas shopping early.

The *World* thinks the *Literary Digest* ought to stop having straw votes.

Somehow the Democrats never get their fair share of the prophets.

The new telephone directory is out. Reviewers say that it is at least better reading matter than most Christmas gift books.

Mr. Coolidge is in favor of establishing a country White House where a president can go when he wants to get away from it all.

The upkeep of the place could easily be covered by the sale of concessions for hot-dog stands and other filling stations.

Prohibition officials are working on a plan to make the City of Washington bone-dry. We respectfully refer this matter to the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

This department hereby serves notice that it will save no prune seeds for any war between Bolivia and Paraguay. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

### CHRISTMAS EVE WOOLWORTH

"Little town of Bethlehem. . ."  
"Come, let us adore. . ."  
Shepherds watch by phonograph,  
Tinsel on the floor.

Hark! a child is crying  
Who should be in bed;  
"Little town of Bethlehem. . ."  
Candy, white and red.

Holy Night by phonograph,  
Cheap and fragile toys,  
"I will wrap it, lady"—  
Tired little boys.

Wrap me up a shepherd,  
"Come, let us adore. . ."  
Bag of colored popcorn  
Leaking to the floor.

Little town of phonograph,  
Fragile, painted toys,  
"Shall I wrap it, lady?"  
Hark! the herald boys.

Little town of popcorn. . .  
"Now, you've broke the cover!"  
Blesséd Mother Mary,  
Let the day be over.

—FRANCES PARK

THE men who murdered the silent drama are the four Warner brothers—Harry, Albert, Jack, and the late Sam Warner. History will hold them equally guilty.

They were not the first to make the pictures talk. Years before, Edison, de Forest, and others had caused the screen to soliloquize in empty houses, but the Warners were the first to make the public listen.

The modern talking-picture mechanism was developed in the laboratories of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company in 1925. The telephone engineers, who saw the motion-picture industry revolutionized overnight and "Hamlet" in the talkies by Christmas, called in the biggest man in the movies to witness the birth of a new art. The headliner at that premiere of the modern talkie was a full-length talking portrait of a gentleman with an impediment in his speech. Immediately after the performance the biggest man in the movies left without making any comment and was never heard from again.

That was in February, 1925. In March another man was the biggest man in the industry. The apparatus was tuned up again and the new biggest man was invited to see and hear. He said, "Gentlemen, this is horrible."

The show was then strengthened by a comic act, written and staged by two telephone engineers and a physicist, but the April and May crop of biggest men in the motion-picture industry were still unimpressed. By this time every big concern except Warners had decided that the public would never like talkies. The Warners—and this is no idle figure—bet their shirts they would make the public like talkies, and mortgaged everything down to their personal belongings to launch the Vitaphone. The heads of the other big companies had made fortunes gambling against the fickleness of the public, but they did not want to

# \* \* \* PROFILES \* \* \*

## KINGS OF THE TALKIES

risk their winnings. "Stabilize" and "standardize" were their watchwords, and they hated the thought of experiments and innovations. They had everything to lose by a revolution in the industry; the Warners had everything to gain.

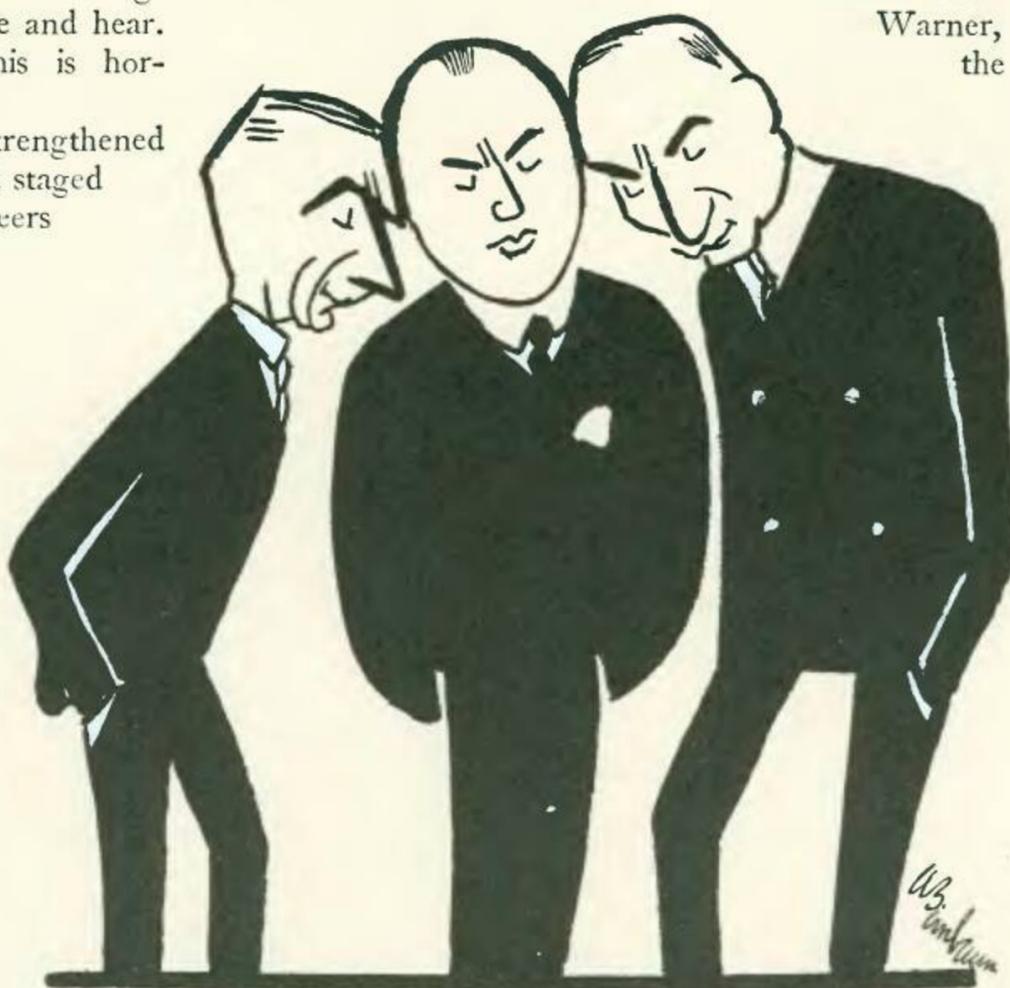
THE history of the Warners explains everything. From the start they had to be enterprising to live. Their father came here from Poland and set up a cobbler's shop in Baltimore, but it would not support a family of twelve. The boys had to sell papers as soon as they were old enough; before high-school age they were all working. When he was twelve years old, Sam was running a portable gambling hell in a street fair. The customer put a nickel down and spun an arrow. He could not win less than one cigar for the nickel and he might win any number up to seven. Nevertheless, there was a cruel percentage against the public, because Sam bought the cigars for a cent apiece. The combination of a moral wave and grafting local authorities ruined this enterprise. At the

age of thirteen Sam was barking for an egg-dodger, and at fourteen he was managing an intemperate snake-eater. He later ran a bicycle-repair shop, had a brief career as a boxer, and became a locomotive fireman on the Erie.

Harry went on the road with meat products, and developed charm in the course of making himself agreeable to the delicatessen and retail-butcher trades. Later he sold apple vinegar, and perfected a deferential and courtly bearing in making his contacts with the grocers of Western Pennsylvania. A few years on the road is a great finishing school in manners, and Harry Warner could easily win a competitive examination for one of his own usherships. All the brothers have mellow ringing voices—the late Sam Warner spoke as melodiously as Caruso sang.

BACK in 1903, when Harry Warner was twenty-one years old and Sam was sixteen, they decided to go into the pictures. They happened to be together in Pittsburgh and dropped in at a nickelodeon, where they saw a one-reel Western. They were overcome. Hardly able to speak, they silently clasped hands and cast their lot with the silent films. Albert Warner, twenty years old at the time, quit selling soap and joined them.

They began by putting a projection machine and a screen in a warehouse at Newcastle, Pennsylvania. At the start they were embarrassed by a scarcity of chairs when they were showing a popular feature, but next door was an undertaker, who was similarly embarrassed when he was holding important obsequies. This situation was a set-up for the combining and consolidating talent of the Warners. They merged the bereavement and amusement interests of the town. The chairs were pooled,



The Warner Brothers

Harry

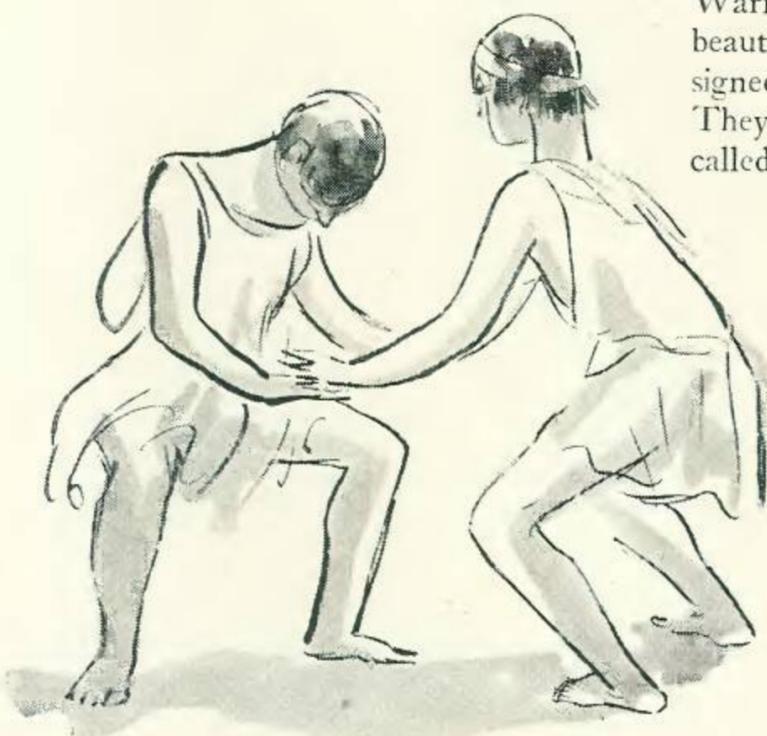
Jack

Albert

and it was agreed that when there was a good film, the funeral must wait, and vice versa. The Warners rented a piano, which Rose, a sister, played. Jack, then twelve or thirteen years old, sang illustrated songs.

Sam Warner went on tour with that epoch-maker, "The Great Train Robbery," which he showed in barns and halls all over Pennsylvania. The brothers roadshowed other films in the same manner, and by 1910 had built up one of the most profitable agencies in the industry. In 1910, however, the industry was in the grip of an octopus. There were no films but the General Film Company's films. The octopus decided to run its own agencies, and it put the Warners out of business.

"IF you break us, you'll break yourselves," Harry Warner told the head of the General Film Company. This was prophetic. The Warners and other independents began making their own pictures, and in five years the General Film Company had failed. The Warners' first picture was "The



Two cave men lifting a rock in a dance: "The Evolution of Man"



"Come all Greek youths and maidens, come on soft summer breezes."

Covered Wagon" with only one wagon. They called it "The Peril of the Plains." They made several other successful four and five-reelers, but in their haste to expand, went outside of the family to take in partners. The new partners knew copartnership law. The Warners did not, and one day they found that they were no longer connected with Warners. Their company was doing beautifully, but the four brothers had signed away everything but the debts. They not only sold their homes, but called in the old-clothes man. After discharging their own obligations, they raised eighteen thousand dollars to pay off the losses of friends who had invested in the wrong issue of securities, but they compelled the new owners to change their title by giving up the name of Warners.

When their affairs were wound up, the four Warners had one dollar and sixty-five cents left. They soon found a backer, however, and started to distribute foreign-made pictures, making money with the French film "Redemption," but

losing everything in 1917 in a futile effort to educate the public to appreciate "The Glass Coffin."

Then they began to look about for a new start. Passing a bookstore window, Sam saw a picture of a fly with the face of Ambassador James W. Gerard in a web surrounded by spiders with the faces of the Kaiser, Bethmann-Hollweg, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and others. It was an advertisement for "My Four Years in Germany." Sam and his brothers were never greatly interested in reading matter. They did not stop to inquire what was inside the book, but wired the Ambassador an offer of twenty per cent of the profits in return for the film rights. The Ambassador agreed, but remarked that he did not believe his book would make a successful film. He was right. His book would not have made a successful film, but it was a great war-time title. Harry Warner and Charles Logue, the scenarist, wove in a corking romance in which pure affection and guilty love were contrasted, greatly to the detriment of the latter. A backer put up forty thousand dollars, while Sam and Jack went to Hollywood and built a studio and print laboratory with their own hands, and Albert Warner began to sell the picture in advance as the greatest ever made. First exhibited while the war

was still on, "My Four Years in Germany" was a sensation, grossing eight hundred thousand dollars. The Warners followed it with their great morality film, "Why Girls Leave Home."

Jack Warner stayed at Hollywood in charge of the picture-making, while Sam shuttled from Hollywood to New York and toured the country as the field marshal of the picture-selling campaigns. Albert and Harry remained in New York to oversee the distribution and to hold the bankers' hands. They built homes in Westchester, took Thursday boxes at the Metropolitan, subscribed for the Hundred Neediest Cases, and otherwise regularized themselves. The brothers are heavy subscribers to Jewish charities, and no theatre in New York gives as many benefits as Warners. Jack has been in Hollywood so long that, at thirty-eight years of age, he is one of the patriarchs.

**T**HE Warners are equal partners in the business. Not only that, but they have all had the same bank accounts, and their possessions are pooled absolutely. When Sam Warner died a year and a half ago, he

provided for his wife, Lina Basquette, and his child, with trust funds, leaving the residue of the estate, including his interest in the company, to his brothers. Their confidence in each other is complete. According to Jack Warner, the greatest advantage of their company has been its entire freedom from jealousies among executives and from inside politics. He says that the other companies are handicapped because the big executives waste too much time in worrying about what their fellow executives are doing.

In spite of their successes, the Warners have always been troubled by a scarcity of capital, a sore embarrassment to a rapidly expanding company. They have been saved several times by the quick administration of oxygen by New York bankers, but their fundamental difficulty was the fact that the big motion-picture houses in the large cities were nearly all in the hands of rivals. They tried to rush the theatres of their competitors with "Main Street," "Babbitt," "Brass," and other popular titles. Then they tried to force their rivals to open their houses to "The Marriage Circle," "Lady Winder-

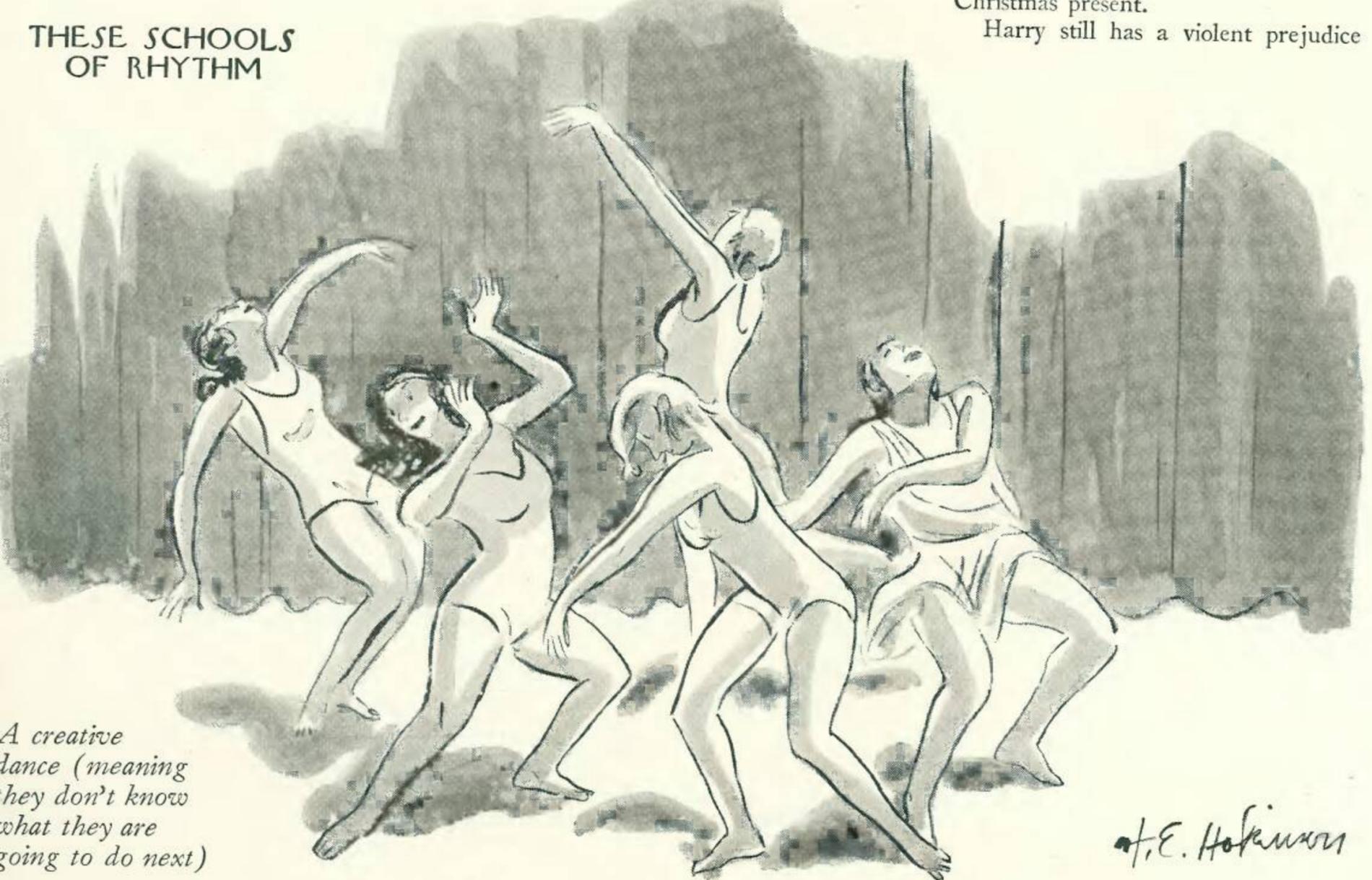
mere's Fan," and other Ernst Lubitsch masterpieces. Their one consistent money-maker, however, was Rin-Tin-Tin, who is still the one star which thousands of small-town motion-picture houses can not do without. That splendid animal has performed many heroic rescues on the screen, but his greatest has been that of leaping over rivers of red ink with the Warners on his back.

**T**HEIR position in the industry was again precarious in 1925 when they took up the talking pictures. Sam heard about them in Hollywood and telegraphed Harry, who reluctantly consented to inspect the telephone company's talkies. Like the other moving-picture men, he found the sounds terrible, but he was the first to appreciate their possibilities.

A congress of all the Warners was called. Their method is to hold unlimited debate, but to leave all decisions to Harry. In this case they were unanimous in favor of going into the talkies. After the humiliations suffered at the hands of other picture men, the telephone company let the Warners have the device on terms which are said to have been equivalent to giving them a Christmas present.

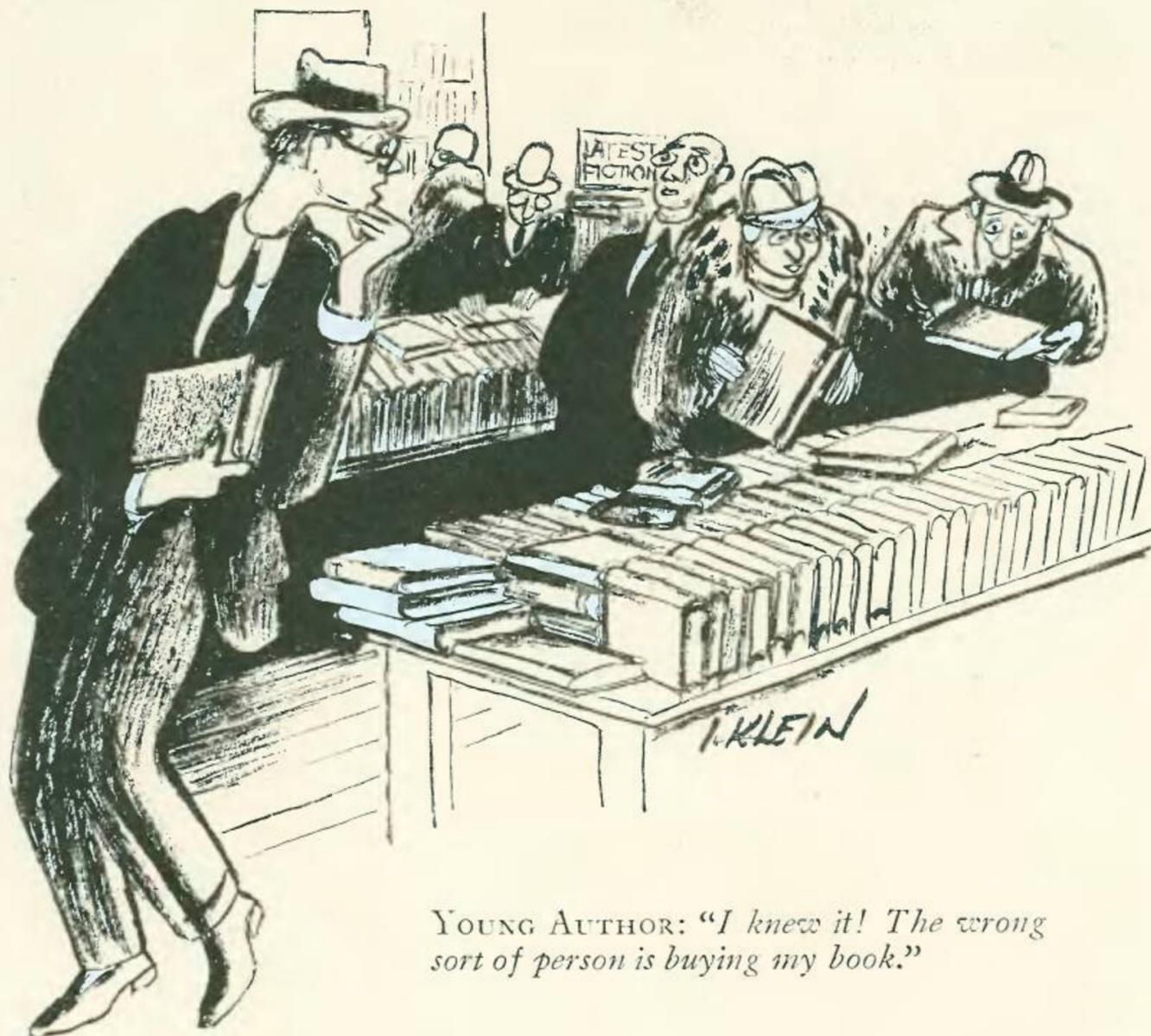
Harry still has a violent prejudice

## THESE SCHOOLS OF RHYTHM



*A creative dance (meaning they don't know what they are going to do next)*

*A. E. Hoffmann*



YOUNG AUTHOR: "I knew it! The wrong sort of person is buying my book."

against such words as "talkies," "speakies," and "talking films," and, according to employees, it is almost a firing offence to use such phrases in his presence. He wants the world to join him in adopting the elegant Graeco-Roman word "Vitaphone," and the Warners are now spending one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a month in advertising for that end.

**E**ARLIER talking-picture devices had been killed at the start by timorous showmanship. They had been used to reproduce third-rate vaudeville acts, equally objectionable in canned or human form. The Warners threw all their resources into their first show, which opened in New York on August 6, 1926. Martinelli, Elman, Anna Case, Zimbalist, Bauer, and the Metropolitan Opera chorus were on the first program; Al Jolson, Eugene and Willie Howard, George Jessel, and Elsie Janis on the second. Otto Kahn said, "If Martinelli could sing like that at the Met, he would be a greater star than Caruso." As the New York success was duplicated in Atlantic City and Chicago, War-

ner common stock jumped from eight to sixty-five.

Then came bad news: The Vitaphone not only flopped in St. Louis and Los Angeles, but nearly ruined the houses that introduced it. The

response elsewhere was spotty. In some communities Vitaphone bill-posters had the power of small-pox signs in quarantining theatres, and Warner stock receded from sixty-five to nine.

The talkies were making gradual progress when the sensational success of Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer" won the fight. In less than a year Warner stock jumped from nine to one hundred and thirty-two. All the other big producers had to fall in line, and seven out of eight of them are now paying royalties to the Warners, who recently bought the Stanley and several smaller chains of theatres and obtained control of First National, the film-producing organization. They were on the market with ten talking features before their competitors could enter the field. For the next

two or three years, anyway, they are the reigning kings of the talkies.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

FEATHER MATTRESSES made from your own feathers. We call and deliver. —*Omaha (Neb.) Bee.*

And to think that we're moulting!

### EXAMPLES OF PURE POISE

*Remarkable illustrations of coolness under trying circumstances, as set forth in the current press*

LOCALE	EXPONENT	ILLUSTRATION
New York	Robert Davis	Confronted with cheque he had forged, he promptly swallowed the evidence.
Hankow, China	Native Boatman	Extracted a promise of ten dollars' reward from drowning man, before saving him.
New York	Peter Bedrick	When a fifty-dollar roll of bills he had lost was returned to him, he gave the lad a lecture on honesty—and five cents in cash.
Isle of Wight	George Hanskyn	During three-day water shortage, he used beer suds for shaving.
Reading, Pa.	John Domenico	Charged with driving while intoxicated, he claimed he had been eating garlic and the police had misinterpreted his breath.
Constantinople	Zaro Agha	On the death of his eleventh wife, Mr. Agha, at. 155, at once advertised for a twelfth.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



## HOT, COLD, AND MEDIUM

"WINGS OVER EUROPE," by Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne, which the Theatre Guild has put on at the Martin Beck, is a play preoccupied with matters other

than the relationship of one human being to another. I refuse to regard that as an advantage per se, but when a play manages to hold one's interest in an impersonal problem it is certainly a

of poetic genius. Otherwise he is Shelley to the life, all wild, impractical idealism, and a logic very close to madness, both clothed in great beauty of language.

relief. "Wings Over Europe" does.

For Francis Lightfoot, its protagonist, the authors have stolen from time one Percy Bysshe Shelley. They have made him live, not yesterday but tomorrow, and they have equipped him with scientific instead

of poetic genius. Otherwise he is Shelley to the life, all wild, impractical idealism, and a logic very close to madness, both clothed in great beauty of language.

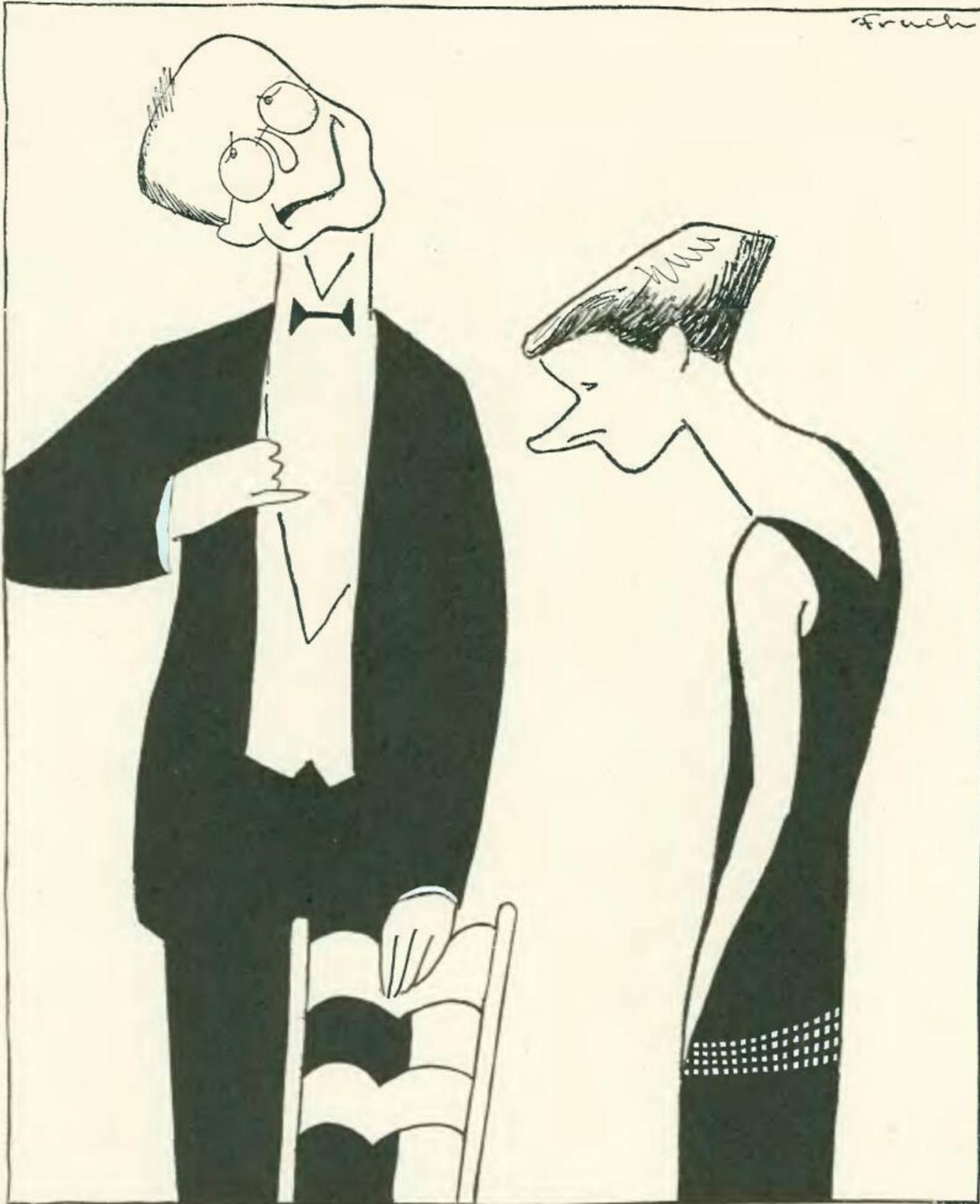
Francis Lightfoot, at twenty-four, has mastered the atom. That mastery has given him the power to change matter from one form to another at will, or to destroy it utterly. Uncertain at first what to do with his discovery, he has concluded to turn it over to the British Cabinet, a proceeding made easy for him because his uncle is Prime Minister.

The play all takes place in the great room at No. 10 Downing, where the Cabinet meets, and the cast includes not a single woman.

The Cabinet members, confronted by Lightfoot's amazing discovery which can revolutionize human life, are at first incredulous and, until they realize its destructive power, disclaim any interest in it. The Secretary for War realizes its martial possibilities, but Lightfoot says it is to be used to promote human happiness, not destroy it. When the Cabinet members demur, he tells them he will give them a week to decide how it can be used for such ends; if they fail to think of a way he will blow England off the map.

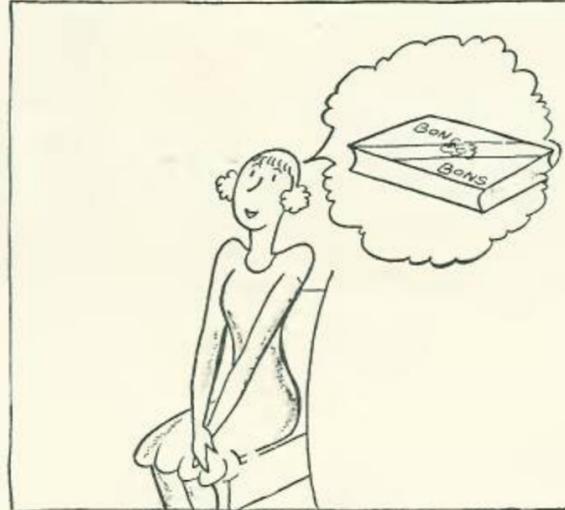
At the end of the week the Cabinet have decided to ask Lightfoot to suppress his discovery entirely and, if he refuses to do so, to imprison him for the public good.

Lightfoot has been



## "HOLIDAY"

Mr. Barry's comedy at the Plymouth Theatre deals with the heartaches—and the light banter—which result when two daughters of a certain rich man fall in love with a grocer's son. Here we have Hope Williams, as the lovable daughter, and Donald Ogden Stewart, as a bantering friend.



warned by their earlier reception, and not only refuses to suppress his knowledge but tells them that their reaction to his gift has been so ignoble that it has proved the experiment of human life a failure, and therefore he has decided to blow the world to bits in twelve minutes. He goes into the park to pass the twelve minutes, leaving the members to their hysteroid reactions.

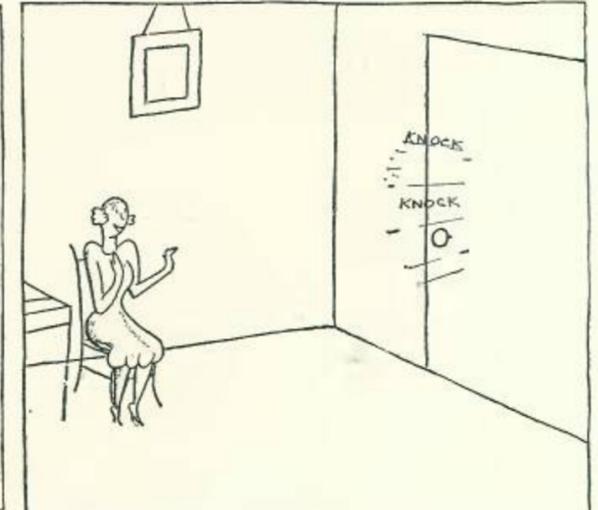
In a series of jerky speeches, some good, some incredibly bad (e. g., a revelation by one member that he has been intimate with the wife of the godly Chancellor of the Exchequer), the Ministers reveal themselves.

When Lightfoot returns to die with them, the Secretary for War, who has been crying that something must be done, shoots him.

Lightfoot dies, breathing the mathematical formula for light. On him is discovered the watchlike control of the destructive mechanism and it is turned off.

At that instant word is brought to the Cabinet that the Confederated Scientists of the World have duplicated Lightfoot's discovery and that a conference is to be held in Geneva to determine to what use it shall be put. Arming himself with Lightfoot's apparatus, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs starts out for Geneva, for what purpose I am in doubt.

"Wings Over Europe" is not as clear-minded a play as one could wish. One philosophical cockney is introduced who could only have had his genesis in a too profound admiration for the works of George Bernard Shaw. On looking back one can't help being annoyed that not one Cabinet member had the idea of supplying humanity with needed commodities in small but increasing quantities until it could educate itself to the new order of things. Perhaps irritation at their stupidity explains Lightfoot's otherwise rather pointless

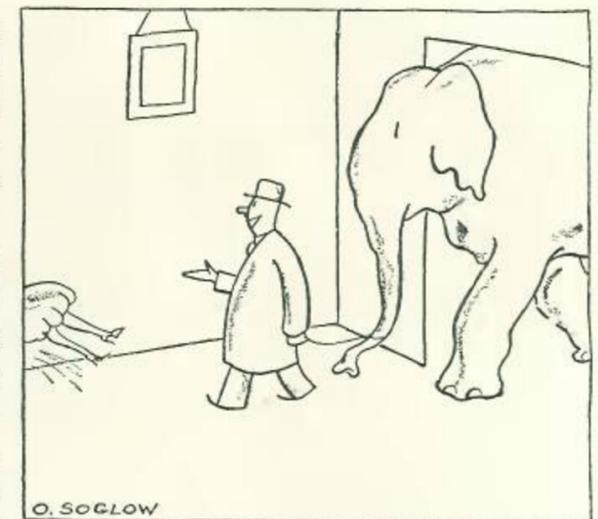


project of blowing the world to bits, a bad job which could do no good and might injure the solar system. But that really doesn't need to be explained; Shelley would have been quite capable of it.

In Francis Lightfoot the authors have achieved an extraordinary creation. He is Francis Thompson's "beautiful, ineffectual angel" made dramatic by having a terrible effectuality placed like a toy in his hands. The rôle is played by Alexander Kirkland as only a preposterously optimistic author could have dreamed it might be played. He is so convincing that one finds oneself marvelling that such a young man should be a mastermind of science, but never doubting it.

The play weakens perceptibly when it hasn't Lightfoot to centre upon, but always gives the Guild ample opportunity for its favorite benefaction of making subscribers think they are thinking. Also it has those "moments of rare beauty" about which we critics can be so tedious.

There are no specially impressive performances except Mr. Kirkland's. Ernest Lawford is inaudible as the Prime Minister; Frank Conroy, glazed and opaque as the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Nevertheless one must grant the Guild a great deal on having drawn up a very creditable-looking and sounding British



O. SOGLOW

Cabinet in a season when English actors are at a premium.

MR. DAVID BELASCO too has felt the urge to do something profound. He writes of "Mima," adapted from "The Red Mill," by Ferenc Molnar, which he has produced with heartbreaking care at the Belasco: "I have sensed the public's demand for a play dealing with the basic rather than merely surface emotions." The only trouble is that "Mima" has about as much to do with the basic emotions as had those ashtrays, popular in my youth, presided over by a small leaden devil painted red, and which the opus rather resembles.

If genius be an infinite capacity for taking pains Mr. Belasco has demonstrated that he has it, but I fear that the definition implies a certain amount of discretion in choosing the matter



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 "We wish you a merry Christmas."  "A happy New Year."  
 "And a wardrobe full of Fabric Group Suits in the New York manner!"

People being what they are, it is silly to hope that someone will be clever enough to give you a Fabric Group suit for Christmas. So you might as well hurry right out and buy one for yourself. \$35, \$40, and \$45 at Weber and Heilbroner stores.

# The Water Tower

Tommy wants a Cadillac,  
Mary wants a Pierce,  
Billy wants a Mercedes—  
Gee, ain't Christmas fierce!  
Father wants a single thing,  
Wants it bad, you bet,  
Lots and lots of currency—  
Well, bills are what he'll get.



## WISEMAN'S CHRISTMAS LIST

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Adorée	Hunk of jewelry, say	<del>100.00</del>
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Sister	<del>Theatre tickets</del>	<del>15.00</del>
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Janitor	<del>Cash</del>	<del>10.00</del>
	1 doz. pts. Aquazone	2.40
Doorman	<del>Cash</del>	<del>10.00</del>
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Stenographer	<del>Order for merchandisc</del>	<del>20.00</del>
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		\$268.20

And a very wise list indeed, especially after the corrections had been made. It's time that everyone knew, if they don't know it already, that Aquazone, the only mineral water supercharged with oxygen, is not only the best of mixtures but also a guarantee against headaches the morning after the night before. Always sparkling, delicious; it may be bought at the Busy Bee Stores, the Daniel Reeves Stores, Gristede Brothers and Charles & Company. Served at all good clubs, restaurants, hotels, inns and road houses. Sent to you from the nearest place on a call to LEXington 5953

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about which to take pains. Let me describe to you Mr. Belasco's choice.

Magister, a devil, has a red mill, for the manufacture of psycho-corrupters or (as you may have guessed) soul-destroyers. His masterpiece is Mima, the likeness of a woman, equipped to ruin any man brought in contact with her. The King of Hell has been summoned to a demonstration of her accomplishments. He troops up the aisle of the Belasco Theatre with all his court, and sits in a front-row seat.

To test Mima's powers a good man must first be found. A telescope is turned on earth and shows, in three inferior revue sketches: (1) a fretful husband, (2) a passionate poet, (3) a politician. To all these men the devils, who are ever so like a lodge on a lark, roar out witty comments such as "We'll get him anyway," or "His Majesty don't want any more politicians down here."

Then Janos, a young husband, is discovered, whose goodness is revealed by an anecdote he tells to his wife. He was in the woods when he saw a naughty young countess who had leered at him ride up, and he hid in a tree. This pleases his wife, who is happy anyway, because though she has quarrelled with her mother-in-law, she has just received a forgiving letter enclosing a violet. Everything is therefore rosy in their household.

The young man seems to the devils perfection itself. He is seized and brought down to Hell and exposed to Mima, and in no time at all he has taken money which doesn't belong to him, deserted his wife and unborn child, promoted watered stock, and sunk to working a badger game with her. Finally he is about to shoot Mima for betraying him when he is deterred by her tearful insistence that his mother has forgiven her. She proves this by showing the letter with the violet. "But that was my wife's," he protests.

"It doesn't matter. It's the same thing. If an angel like that could forgive a thing like me, couldn't you forgive me?"

Janos forgives her. Hell rocks.

"No, no. He musn't forgive her," Magister cries. "Set the time clock back." So one has to see the bathetic scene three times, but each time Janos forgives—and then the great red mill collapses, and the Spirit of Man has proved victorious over the devil.

To promulgate this yawp the Belasco Theatre has been done over in tin so that every box looks like a boiler,



# Keep that morning SPARKLE

ISN'T it a grand, fine feeling to come from the shower, singing, to stow away a hearty breakfast, and light up for the first smoke? You feel sparkling all over. But—do you keep that morning sparkle? Just about noontime, do you find that smoking, at least, isn't quite as pleasurable?

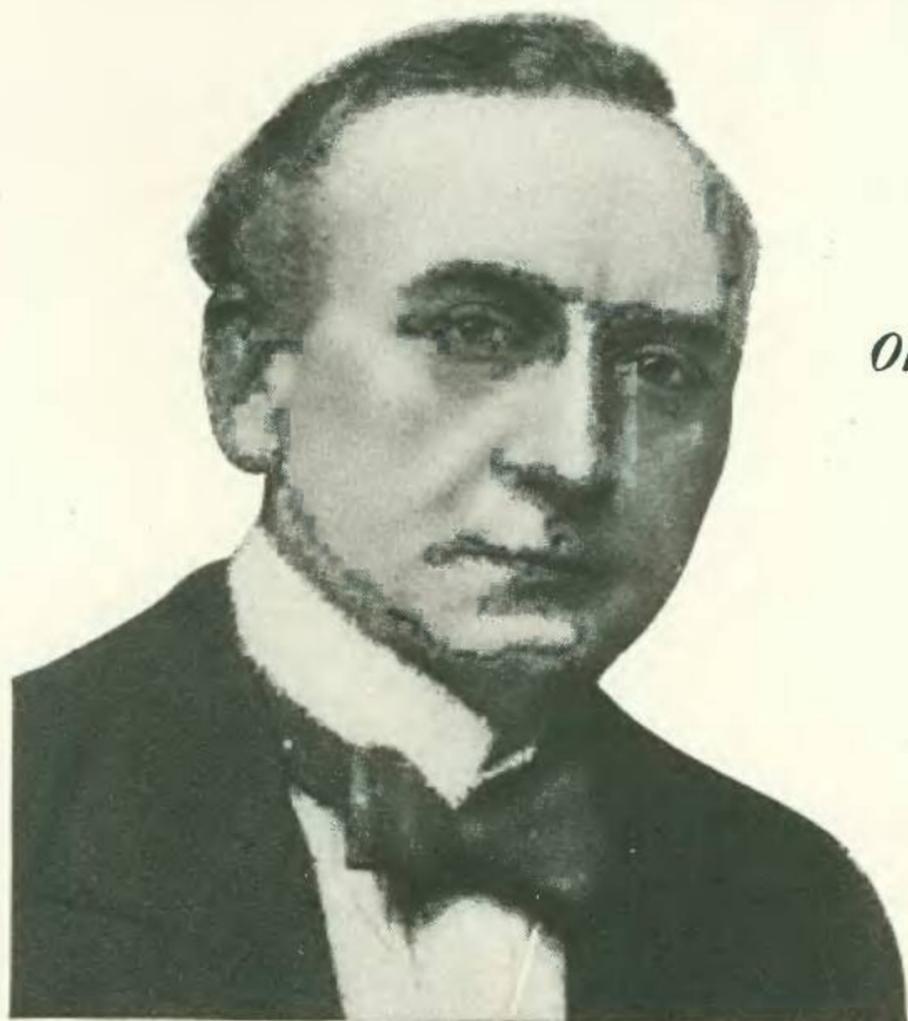
There's a preventive for a waning smoke appetite—Squibb's Dental Cream. Squibb's puts the sparkle in your mouth and keeps it there. The minute, clinging particles of its Milk of Magnesia swallow up mouth acids at The Danger Line, and keep your mouth brisk and fit, your breath always pleasant.

Use Squibb's in the morning and evening, anyway. At any other time during the day when you can. 40c at any druggist's.

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*recommends yeast  
in place of the  
old-fashioned cathartic*



Famous Harley House, where Dr. Leonard Williams has his office . . . Fellow of British Royal Society of Medicine; Corresponding Member, American Climatological Society and Hydrological Society of Paris; has served as physician at the Metropolitan Hospital and the Millar Hospital and the Princess Hospital for Soldiers; author of *Minor Maladies*, *The Science and Art of Living* and other works.

*"Yeast possesses a power of physical purification superior to all the purgatives. It rouses the system to full physiological efficiency.*

*"A large number of persons at or about middle age have forgotten what it is to feel perfectly well. They are not ill but they ail . . . For such I should like to prescribe less feasting and more yeasting."*

*Leonard Williams*

IN THE words of Dr. Leonard Williams, famous British authority on glandular and intestinal disorders, *Yeast is superior to every known cathartic.*

To quote his exact statement, yeast "rouses the system to full physiological efficiency."

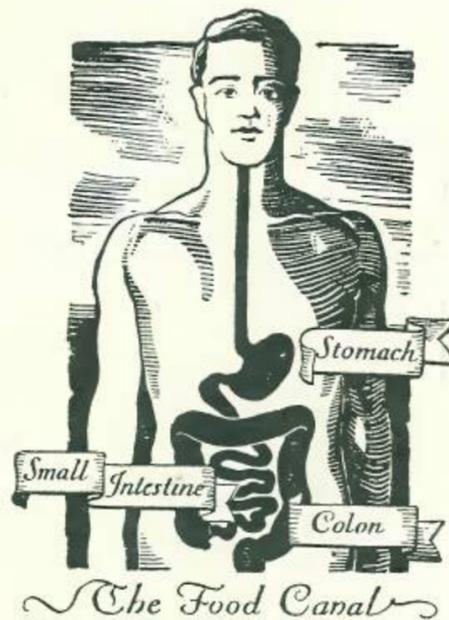
Nobody escapes constipation completely. Between "not being sick" and being really healthy and vigorous

there is a vast amount of difference.

For keener spirits, renewed vigor, a clearer complexion, and protection against colds, headaches, sore throat—eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. In a recent survey half the physicians reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As they pass through your intestinal tract daily they combat harmful poisons and gently, naturally purify the whole system.

Start now! Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, one cake before or between meals. To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time. It will keep in a cool, dry place. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. Y-87, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.



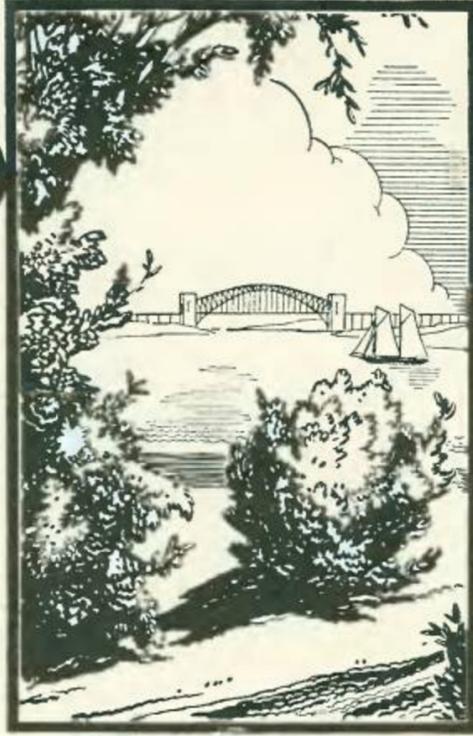
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and the gallery like some long, new-fangled radiator. The whole stage is a vast machine, with a machine's exciting beauty, and its ruin—by that word of forgiveness—is one of the most gorgeous spectacles a stage can ever have held.

Lenore Ulric plays Mima. I think she's as good in it as Lillian Lorraine, for whom it might well have been written, would have been. It's a shameful waste of talent.

**"THE SIGN OF THE LEOPARD,"** by Edgar Wallace, at the National, seems to show the Thames as more inflammable than the Hudson, for it set that storied stream on fire and leaves our upstart river flowing chill and undisturbed. It is a crook melodrama quite entertainingly told but so stereotyped in its focal points that it is impossible to work up any excitement about it. Also it's only moderately well-produced.

"The Sign of the Leopard" begins in what I—schooled by "The Front Page"—concluded was the press-room of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but which proved to be the city room of a brisk London daily, the *Post Courier*.

Collie, a reporter, is late with his story of the Squeaker Murder. It's only an hour before going to press. Collie strolls in. His editor insists that he dictate his story to a typist immediately. Collie begins, the lights go out, and there we are, seeing the story happen.

The Squeaker (*Am.* "squealer") is a criminal who has been informing Scotland Yard of the authorship of various crimes. He is thought to be a famous fence who uses this method of revenge when not employed by thieves. One peeps in at the offices of Mr. Sutton, who does an importing business with sidelines. A handsome Captain Leslie, who has a prison record, is employed by Sutton. Sutton is about to be married, but his fiancée is interested in Leslie. Leslie is arrested for dealing in stolen goods. Collie pops in and out being mildly funny with a Scotch burr.

Sutton, Sutton's more-than-secretary, Sutton's fiancée, her guardian, who is an ex-convict, and Captain Leslie go through a mazurka of complications including a murder in a night club, while Collie goes on supplying comedy relief, assisted by Bill, the proprietor of the night club, who is occasionally really funny. It all leads up to the father of all dénouements for detective plays.—CHARLES BRACKETT



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*At the crossroads of the World . . . .*  
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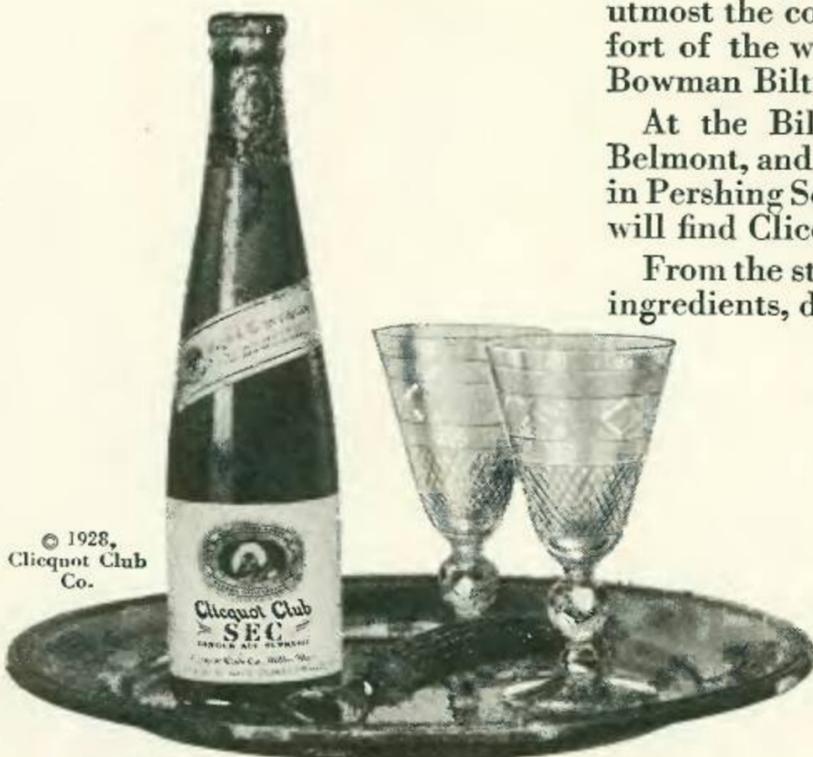
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**DELIGHTFUL ALONE . . . . . BLENDS WITH FRIENDS**

## A REPORTER AT LARGE

**I**N a long room off a dark corridor, on the second floor of the Barge Office, the ship news reporters work. The grimy windows look out upon faded brick walls. The sounds of the waterfront enter faintly. No place could well seem less romantic; only the framed photographs of ocean liners on the yellow walls reveal that here men deal with shipping and the sea.

Usually the room is deserted except for an elderly watchman, dozing in a chair. Nominally, his sole task is to guard the room during those long periods when its occupants are away, to inform querulous ladies whether the Olympic has left Quarantine, or to stall off insistent city editors demanding why their ship news men missed the menagerie-ship story the New Jersey papers have been carrying all afternoon on Page One. But actually he has a more vital duty.

"Jack," calls a blond young man at a typewriter, "what was the name of that ship that sank off Fire Island about ten years ago?"

"Princess Anne," comes from the encyclopedic memory that runs back thirty years. The guardian of the room teeters forward excitedly. "Did I ever tell you . . . ?" he begins.

"Yes, you did," is the abrupt answer, and the young man bends to the machine.

**T**HE men at ship news are merely impatient of interruption while at work. Like other newspaper reporters, they work in contrasting periods of inaction and rush. Their gloomy headquarters sees them at only three brief intervals daily, when they are either working with loud intensity or idling.

In the early morning, between seven and eight, the evening newspaper men congregate, and a few of their morning paper associates. Talking noisily, they wait for the gray-haired customs officer, Cassidy, to poke in his head and announce that the revenue cutter is ready to go down the bay to Quarantine. Cassidy rules the cutter; he has been known to leave old friends behind, because they were thirty seconds late or lacked a Treasury Department pass.

Between one and two in the afternoon the ship news men gather again. Nearly all are there; some have come up the bay on vessels boarded at Quar-

### AMBASSADORS OF THE EARLY CUTTER



antine, while others, usually morning newspaper men, have met the ships at their piers. The rest are those who have just arrived for work. Throughout the afternoon there is a desultory coming and going. While the evening men write or telephone their stories, their morning paper associates get the morning's news from them. At three o'clock the evening men quit work, as a rule, having completed an eight-hour day. The others lounge about or drift away to cover this story or that until they gather again about five o'clock if a late cutter is due to leave for Quarantine. Sometimes they must be at the piers of liners sailing or docking at midnight.

The principal work of the ship news men is covering the arrival and departure of the large passenger ships. Twenty years ago the steamship companies, ignorant of the virtues of publicity, barred reporters from their ships and piers. Now they welcome them; no longer must a ship news man have a stentorian voice with which to hail passengers from a chartered tug. Instead, he travels to Quarantine on the cutter, boards there the vessel which offers the best prospect of a story, and

gathers his data while the ship makes its way up the bay.

It is a job which men may make almost as difficult or as easy as they please. In theory each ship news man is assigned to cover the entire port—a theory which has led to the breakdown of several conscientious fellows. Their more reasonable associates work together, sharing their news. Even so, there is probably more untapped news every day in the lower bay than in any news centre in the city. The seas are broad and full of other stories than interviews with notables. Moreover, the ship news man is not encouraged to greater industry by the attitude of his city editor. In newspaper parlance, ship news is a beat or routine post. When it produces a story of more than ordinary interest, the papers assign general-work reporters to it, and the ship news men play second fiddle.

**A**MONG the hundred and more reporters who boarded the Berengaria to meet the Prince of Wales a few years ago not twelve were ship news men. When Caillaux, Queen Marie, and Lindbergh arrived, the ship news men were lost among the army of specials. On such occasions the ship news man is reduced to assistant or leg man for the staff man who writes the story. But the ship news man maintains a considerable contempt for those who thus supersede him. He calls them word-slingers, and nurses a real pride in his own technical knowledge. While the special writers, men and women, lose themselves on shipboard, most often it is the ship news men who find the traveller all are seeking, pose him for the photographers, and then lead him to the smoking-room to face his questioners.

In that ridiculous affair, the group interview, the ship news men play a minor part. They profess little knowledge of the nuances of diplomacy, of art, philosophy, or human interest. They are routine workers and consider it folly to go much further than "Where are you going?" or "Did you have a good voyage?" They say, with some justification, that it is the special reporters who have won for ship news a reputation for stupid questions. "What do you think of our skyline?", "How do you like Prohibition?" and "What is your opinion of American girls?" are no creations of the men of



Alfred Cheney Johnson



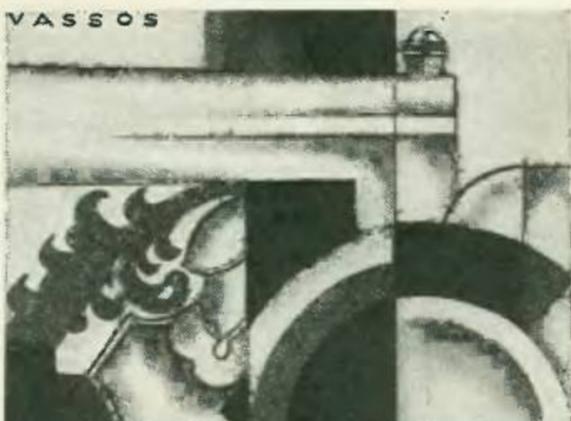
MY DEAR, I've had the most INTEResting exPERi-ence. I was taking TANG for his daily DOZEN and I was acCOSTed. By a strange MALE! I mean I actually WAS. But he was only fif-TEEN, and has a secret PASSION for Dorothy STONE, and he thought for just a MOMent that I was SHE. Because Dorothy and I really DO look quite a LITTLE aLIKE. Because we both use Lux TOILET Soap and have AWfully good-looking SKIN. I mean we actually DO . . .

*DOROTHY STONE, famous daughter of a famous father, is giving a sparkling performance this season in "Three Cheers," at the Globe. Dorothy Stone is not only an extremely talented young actress, but most charming to look upon. She says: "I find that Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin wonderfully immaculate and smooth!"*

**U**NDER the strenuous life of the stage, loveliness must be so well cared for! The stars of the Broadway successes, like 98% of the stars of the screen, use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin smooth and refreshed. Leading theaters over the country have placed this white, fragrant soap in their dressing

rooms, at the actresses' request.

In New York alone, of the 79 legitimate theaters, 71 endorse Lux Toilet Soap, and all the great Hollywood film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms. Lux Toilet Soap—10¢. Lever Brothers Company, Cambridge, Massachusetts.



The "season"....  
The cars that roll up to the entrance, pause for the descent of the smart and the elect, and slip back so surely and easily into the maze of traffic.

It is pleasant to linger in the foyer and watch the brilliant procession. And as you go in for the curtain, you probably remember best among all the motors those splendid, graceful Packards. What cars!

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Ask  
the man  
who owns ONE

ship news. It was not a ship news man who demanded of the Prince of Wales, "Would you marry a commoner if you loved her?" Nor was it one who asked Caillaux, imprisoned during the war for treason: "Monseer, what was it you were convicted of?" Those were the offerings of special reporters, but because of them the public laughed at ship news.

SO also the literary gentlemen cried out in anguish over the interview aboard ship with Joseph Conrad. It had been a reverent proceeding. Not merely star reporters but also book critics and art-conscious editors went down the bay. The interviewers gathered solemnly in the Conrad cabin. During the long hush, while a columnist of domestic prestige prepared to ask the first respectful question, a hoarse voice from deep in the crowd, close to the cabin door, interrupted with: "Who's the old goof? Conrad? How yer spell it? What's he do?" The odium was laid to ship news. The shocked specials made clear to the newspaper public that only the ignoramuses who cover ships regularly could be capable of such lèse-majesté. The ship news men were left to growl in the grimy Barge Office that it was a photographer who had committed the sacrilege. Yet it was one of themselves who once asked John McGraw how to spell "Frankie Frisch," and demanded of Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador, if the Arnold family he was to visit were the descendants of Benedict Arnold.

NOT entirely without reason do they feel a bit superior. Their tradition sets them apart. Not the City Hall reporters, nor even the political writers, show such group solidarity. Dean of ship news is a post of honor. When "Judge" Smith wrangled over seniority with "Skipper" Williams of the *Times* their fellows jeered and egged them on, but not even the youngest assumed it didn't matter.

Now "Judge" Smith is dead. "Skipper" Williams reigns alone. For twenty years he has covered ship news without interruption, except for his vacation voyages. He irritates his associates but they recognize in him the virtues of tradition. Time and again they have sought to exclude him from their pooling of news because he takes all they offer and gives nothing in return, but to exclude the "Skipper" it would be necessary to shut out also the two ship news reporters of the City

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 NORMA TERRIS HELEN MORGAN LUELLEA GEAR  
 MADGE KENNEDY ONA MUNSON VIVIENNE SEGAL

**HELEN CHANDLER** is the young actress who so charmed discerning New Yorkers by her interpretation of leading rôles in "The Silent House" and "The Constant Nymph." Recently she has been playing in the Theatre Guild's production of Goethe's "Faust," and to the part of *Marguerite* brings intelligence, an appealing wistfulness that is rare—and a loveliness long to be remembered.

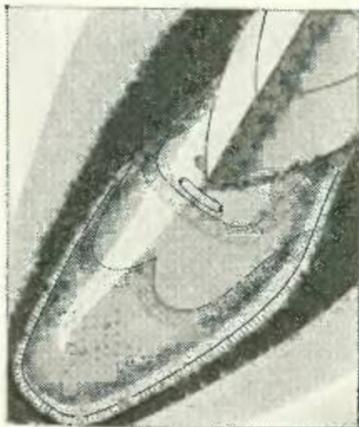
*She says:* "I have never found a better way to keep my skin freshly smooth than with Lux Toilet Soap. I am devoted to it."

All the Broadway stars whose names appear on this page—and so many others—use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin lovely and smooth, just as 98% of the screen stars do. At their request, leading theatres throughout the country have placed it in their dressing rooms. In New York alone, of the 79 legitimate theatres, 71 use this delicately fragrant white soap. And all the great film studios of Hollywood have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.



The news cameraman caught Mr. and Mrs. F. De Ford Halstead as they were walking on Park Avenue. Mr. Halstead is wearing John Wards.

## You can pick out these shoes . .



The smarter the place, the more distinguished the event, *the more likely* you are to find the best-dressed men wearing John Wards.

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# John Ward

## MEN'S SHOES

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News Association, which serves the "Skipper's" paper as well as others. This has proved all but impossible. Besides, the "Skipper" has methods of his own. When the rest think they have cleaned up all the news on a liner, with the "Skipper" out of it, he will appear casually. A fleshy gentleman, of benign countenance and marked English accent, he will ask: "Did you talk with Congressman So-and-So?" "Naw," is the answer; "couldn't see anything in him." The following morning all their city editors will want to know why they didn't get the story about So-and-So which the *Times* carried as the most important news of the ship's arrival. The ship news men have learned at some cost to live in armed truce with their dean. There are other frequent feuds, however—most often the evening newspaper men against their morning paper rivals. The war continues until they are confronted with a common enemy. Then they unite.

WHEN the officers of one ship sought to withhold the story of a storm and of injuries to passengers, the ship news men joined in printing the passengers' version as all they could obtain. Fifty-four reservations were cancelled for the vessel's next voyage. When the captain of a liner failed to put over lifeboats to save the crew of a freighter, the newspaper stories sent him into obscurity on an Australian refrigerator ship. Another captain refused to talk with ship news men after a collision; he learned his lesson, and when he ran down a fishing smack he called the reporters in. His change of front so won them that their stories took on a tender note and gained him promotion to a larger ship. Now he greets them almost tearfully. Only two lines still refuse to give out information. Not long ago the press agent for one line sent out to newspapers the detailed story of a murder and suicide on one of its ships, incidents which a few years ago would have inspired prodigies of secrecy.

DURING the war and while the troop ships were returning, two men or more covered ship news for each paper. Those were bonanza days; men paid by space could average a hundred and fifty dollars or more a



week, which is singularly high pay for reporters. Peace cut down the ship news staffs to one man for each paper. Salaries dropped. But the ship news men never lost the sense of their own importance lent by the war.

They feel it only fitting that they are not like hard-boiled police reporters, for instance, who suspect of weakness any man known to have read a book. Old "Judge" Smith was the one man Elbert H. Gary would permit to interview him on ship-board. The North Atlantic regards "Skipper" Williams as a man of substance. One ship news man's hobby is water-color painting and another collects Napoleonic literature. Furthermore, George Harvey was once a ship news man.

Not for nothing do the portraits of old-time ship news men adorn the walls of the dark room in the Barge Office. Not without significance is the framed picture of a galleon, on which is pasted the photograph of "Judge" Smith, and his pious wish: "May the blessings of Almighty God rest upon the Ship News Office and guide and direct its ways." It was "Judge" Smith who said to them, as he stood on deck bound on his first voyage to Europe, which was to prove his last: "The ship news reporter is an ambassador for his newspaper. Because he is the first person met he makes a lasting impression. No paper should send a man to do this important work unless he be well versed in the happenings of the world, because he does not know at what time he will be called upon to talk intelligently with some of the world's leading statesmen."

Perhaps the most revealing thing about the ship news men is that they solemnly noted down all he had to say and wrote it for their papers.

—OLIVER H. P. GARRETT

THOUGHTS OF  
LOVED ONES

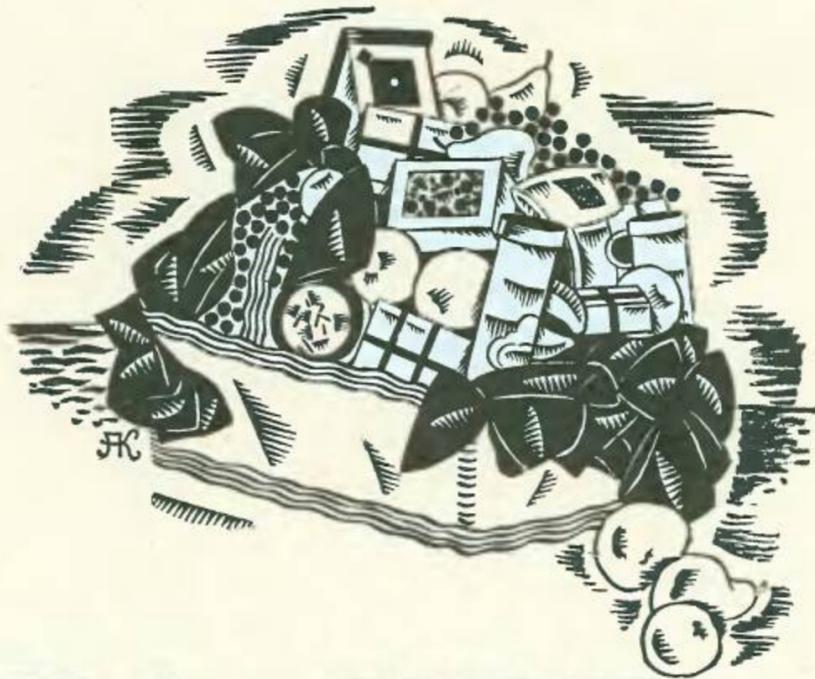
WHILE EATING CHRISTMAS DINNER  
IN A RESTAURANT FAR FROM  
HOME AND MOTHER

Will lightning strike me if I take  
Some mushrooms and a juicy steak  
Instead of turkey? Probably  
If I can keep the family  
From hearing how depraved I am  
The gods won't give a tinker's dam  
About my Christmas bill of fare.  
I'll have the steak and have it rare.  
But Mother . . . she must never know  
That I have sunk to depths so low.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

# REUBEN'S

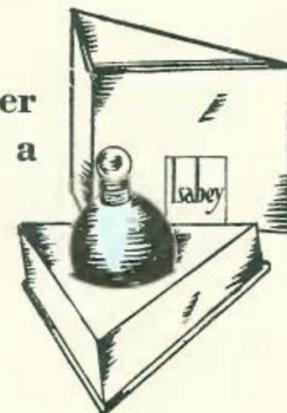
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T • BASKETS • S

**T**HREE DAYS to go! Shopping backs to the wall! Has the zero hour got YOU pop-eyed with desperation? How silly—when it is a known fact that Reuben's is ironing out the stubbornest gift wrinkles with their bulgingly bountiful Fruit Baskets of good cheer!

Make no mistake about it—you've never run across such a Fruit Basket as a Reuben's Gift Basket...Such cunningly contrived potpourris of rare fruits, delectables, Isabey perfumes, toys, and exquisite what-nots (available *Singly*, if you wish!). Chosen, arranged, packed and decorated in superb good taste. Really remarkable examples of the old-fashioned Christmas spirit in its most personal form!



ISABEY PERFUMES

Now listen while we talk fast! Slip us the Five or Ten (or \$500, if you wish). That's a detail. Whisper to our discreet Basketeers the recipient's sex, age, and inhibitions if any. Slip in your fervent greeting. Slip out again into the bracing air. And look forward to turkey and plum pudding with an elated feeling of a duty well done. *Pop in today!*

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TABLES

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Sauces—Some Grand Blue*



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**RENWICK** *AND* **HOLLOWAY**

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9290

(PLENTY OF ROOM TO PARK YOUR CAR?)



NOW is the time to talk about New Year's Eve reservations for those of you who haven't been inviting yourselves to the series of private parties that are boiling up all over town. Of course, the catch is that, ten days before the event, people not known to the management haven't much time to make their reservations; the petted darlings beloved of headwaiters have proved over and over again that they can get a table almost at the last minute.

Probably the most spectacular way of proving that you are Somebody in night life this year would be to be present at the New Amsterdam Roof, now definitely announced as opening on December 28. This has been decorated in a big way by Joseph Urban and has a huge dance floor that runs way back of the cabaret-stage line. In fact, it is claimed that this will be the largest dance floor in proportion to the seating space in all New York City. There is room for exactly three hundred and seventy-eight people. There will be Eddie Cantor. There will be Helen Morgan. There will be the Eight Most Beautiful Show Girls in the world and the Twelve Best Dancers. As if these aren't enough to keep you happy doing anything at all, they will receive reinforcements from the Ziegfeld ranks every so often. Ziegfeld vouches for all the girls, even at close range. Add to this Olsen music, and you may well imagine that you won't be able to get near the place.

You reserve tickets in advance at the box office, and pay for a definite table in a definite place. I have been clamoring for this innovation in night-club life for years and years, as a means of preventing headwaiters from giving away all the good tables to any one in evening clothes who arrives at their places early.

THEN, Texas Guinan, the indefatigable, who claims that every night is New Year's Eve at her place, has went and decorated the dining-room of the Hotel Harding all special, and opens December 26. Being as how there are fifty rooms at least attached to the premises, whoopee will continue until breakfast time without fear of the

FOR TWO

*With Proper Reverence for  
and Very Inferior Whites*

law. She will have new gorgeous girls, and the usual type of show which, for some reason, specializes in dancers who do splits and whirl about close to the dance floor, when nothing but high kicks are ever visible to ninety-four per cent of the patrons. You should send your reservations as fast as you can, as Texas Guinan's headwaiters were never ones to view any empty space without acute pain.

Barney's is a great place for high carnival. So also are the various brain children of Don Dickerman, who has a waggish gaiety particularly suited to your holiday frame of mind and doesn't believe in twenty-dollar covers as a regular thing. His offerings are the Heigh-Ho, youthful and slightly Park Avenueish; the County Fair in East Ninth Street, which is for a somewhat jauntier time; and the Blue Horse and the Pirate's Den, Greenwich Village resorts particularly beloved of collegians.

**I**F you want to be a little tony and refined, though gay withal (for confetti has been purchased everywhere in quantities, and it was discovered long ago that streamers and confetti were marvellous for creating an atmosphere of hysterical joy) you can go to one of the hotel grills, like the St. Regis, the Ambassador, the Plaza, Park Lane, Villa Venice, or the Ritz. Ben Bernie will hold forth in the Roosevelt Grill.

The Club Lido and the Montmartre, both of them having a smart and attractive clientele and superb dance music, will burst forth after the theatre, as you must know.

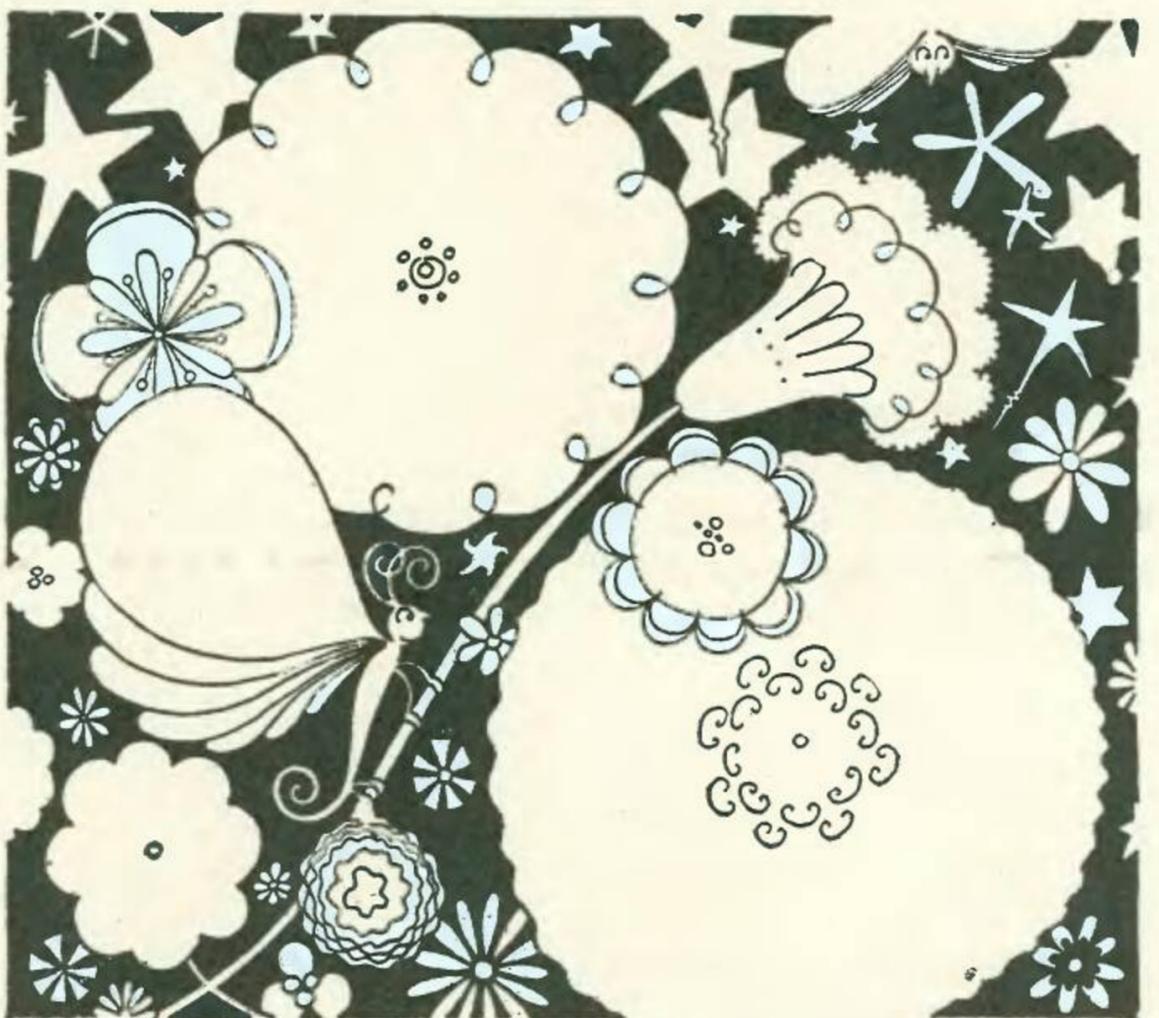
The Club Richman reigns as king undisputed of the Broadway places, and Harry Richman, Frances Williams, and the Commanders orchestra are my idea of seeing the New Year in properly. Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, cockeyed clowns extraordinary (if this department ever takes up the profession of discovering Great Artists in low life, this is where it will start) have opened on the site of the old Plantation. This has gone through so many reincarnations in my jazz lifetime that I cannot keep track of all of them. Suffice it to say it is now called the Rendezvous, and is all dolled up in heavy red plush, with magnificent columns here and there



“HEIGH-HO”

THE OLD LIDO VENICE

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**SHALER and MOFFETT**

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OF THE GAY NINTIES?

AT SUPPER  
OPENING SATURDAY DECEMBER 22

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.. of all things! ...

## A Scotsman

Gave us this information free: "I ha'e tried a' the ither hotels in Edinburgh, but I aye retur-rn to *The Prince's*. I consider it the brawest place to dine in Auld Reekie."

Similarly, New Yorkers will go out of their way to recommend *The ROOSEVELT* ... especially when ciceroning out-of-town guests, with intent to impress.

In the Newly-Decorated Grill  
**BEN BERNIE**  
 and his Celebrated Orchestra  
 entertain nightly during dinner and supper  
*Manhattan's Merriest Musical Melange!*  
 BEN BERNIE  
 on Brunswick Records, exclusively

## THE ROOSEVELT

MADISON AVE. at 45th ST.

EDWARD CLINTON FOGG  
 Managing Director



around the dance floor. The inimitable trio cavorts there at intervals, and its own orchestra plays there all the time.

AND now to a restaurant, new to me, which exists for any one who is really a gourmet and doesn't mind paying for the privilege of consuming exquisite French food, some of it not even attempted elsewhere. The location of the Caviar, at 128 West Fifty-second Street, among a lot of garages, does not in the least impair the real sophistication of the place.

The caviar, of course, is marvellous. Also, a specialty of the kitchen is game, either domestic or imported. If you love me, try pigeon all fixed up with little vegetables and white grapes. Crêpes Suzette are a delight; all sauces and garnishings are treated with the careful reverence that is their due, and there is no distraction to impair your delight in your repast. There is no music, most of the tables seat four at the most, and the decorations are inconspicuous and restful. The people who go there are a fifty-fifty mixture of frightfully chic people and gourmets.

ABOVE 125th Street, the latest place visited was one called, quite simply, the Club Harlem. Your first impression is of very pleasing decoration—acid yellow walls with huge, foggy, dark-blue silhouettes of barbaric negroes and palm trees. The second impression is of a grand blues orchestra, principally brasses; and the third is of probably the most inferior collection of white people you can see anywhere. Possibly they are hired by the management to give the colored race magnificent dignity by contrast, but I dunno.

The revue is very good, lots of tap dancing and hootch business, and has a high-yaller chorus and a swell woman low comedian. The place, however, is definitely a lure for downtown whites, but you might stop in there to see the revue, anyway.

Also, anyone interested in jazz should go up and hear the orchestra at the Cotton Club.

And don't forget that the Lonely Hearts' Ball begins on New Year's Eve, and don't think for a minute that there will be any tickets left when you reach the door. —LIPSTICK

Beatrice Lillie says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves one's skin so softly smooth."—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

And until we hear her say it, our life is strangely hollow.

## L'Accompagnement Piquant

LA TOURAINE CHEESE WAFERS TO SERVE WITH SALADS—CON-SOMME — SOUPS — BISQUES — AND AT THE COCKTAIL HOUR.

BAKED Mist—Savory, transparent and golden—formed on little wands and pressed together. Seven flaky layers, toasted, crisp and tender.

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## MUSICAL EVENTS

*An American in Carnegie Hall—  
The "Finished" Symphony and "Karma"*

WHEN George Gershwin came to Aeolian Hall about five years ago to accompany a group of popular songs for Mme. Eva Gauthier, he was greeted by the heavy celebrators almost as a talented but laughable intruder from the mysterious precinct known to short-story writers as Tin Pan Alley. When he played his Rhapsody in Blue with Paul Whiteman, he was taken more seriously by the depth-plumbers, although the early history of the Rhapsody is one of the most illuminating passages in the chronicle of musical snobbery. After Mr. Gershwin had performed his Concerto in F with Mr. Damrosch for the fifth or sixth time, it became obvious that this young man was going to get somewhere, and the same gentlefolk who had snickered at him in Aeolian Hall began gushing over him at teas. He could not have become more popular had he been a fifth-rate European musician.

It is a trifle entertaining for one who made somewhat of a zany of himself by shouting hosannas over the Concerto in F to find Mr. Gershwin's new "American in Paris" accepted immediately as an important native work. "An American in Paris" is important because it is a charming combination of urbanity and naïveté—really a highly desirable blend in a young composer—and because its writer is not afraid to express himself with melody; but read over some of the reviews of the Rhapsody in Blue, if the matter interests you, and you will know why I find something comic in the reception of "An American in Paris."

The new Gershwin production is an amusing and euphonious experiment in moods. It is a light-hearted ramble among five themes, although the scoring is frequently unnecessarily rich. The magnificent program note supplied by Deems Taylor lends enchantment to the sketch, and I can recommend it safely as a work which will divert almost anyone, including musicians. It is easy enough to light on various flaws in its orchestration

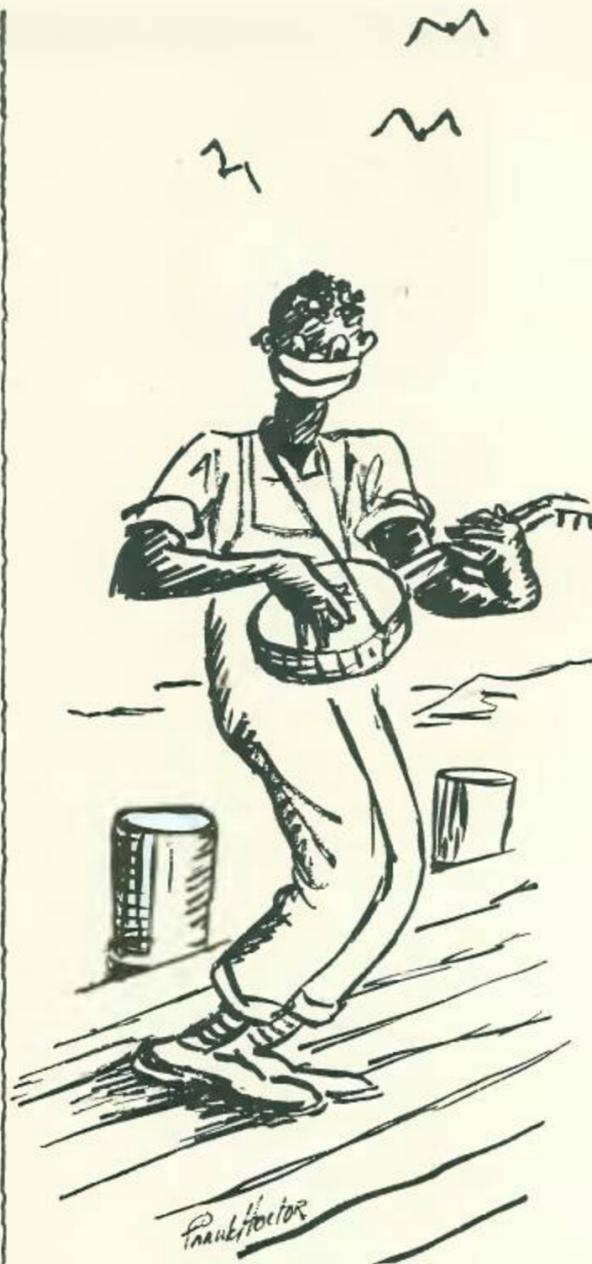
and to point out pontifically that a more experienced manipulator of melody would have used one "walking theme" and varied it instead of employing three, but "An American in Paris" is not an exercise and should be taken simply as something that obviously was fun to write and just as obviously is fun to hear. Come to think of it, only dull pieces call for a lot of explaining.

IN the uproar over the jocund Kurt Atterberg's Schubert Centennial prize symphony—which, by the way, probably will be known hereafter as the "Finished" Symphony—no one has bothered much about the work which gathered in the first award among the American offerings in this historic set-to. Charles Haubiel's "Karma," which has this distinction, was to have been performed by Mr. Zaslavsky and the late Beethoven Symphony Orchestra, but since the evaporation of the Beethoven ensemble, no other has announced it for a hearing.

The Columbia Phonograph Company, however, has done right by Mr. Haubiel and issued his "Karma" on three double-faced records, and although I cannot recommend this set for the seeker after diversion, it is full of surprises. The greatest surprise is not that "Karma" is at least ten times as good as the "Finished" Symphony, although the judges declined to give the American winner even an honorable mention in the international tourney. The greatest surprise is that any competition should bring forward so sincerely written a composition.

It is a set of variations on a sturdy theme, and Mr. Haubiel's skill, taste, and ingenuity in handling his material and his instruments are the noteworthy part of "Karma." The record, conducted by the composer, probably makes the orchestral coloring sound more monotonous than it would be in a hall, for there is no great finesse in the wax performance. In any event, our resident conductors might do worse than give "Karma" a trial, and probably will.

—R. A. S.



## DUSKY STEVEDORE

"Guess Who's in Town"—Snappy Razaf-Johnson Fox Trot by the Clevelanders with some snappy banjo playing. Also Dick Robertson in the vocal chorus of

"Dusky Stevedore" 4109

"Roses of Yesterday"—Some Glen Wick crooning of a Berlin hit, and the tenor and orchestral favorite

"Forever" 4111

"I'm Sorry Sally"—A slow, sensuous Fox Trot arrangement with vocal chorus; Ray Miller and his Orchestra

"Mia Bella Rosa" 4108

"Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time"—Theme song of the picture "Lilac Time," organ solo by Lew White, and Irving Berlin's

"Roses of Yesterday" 4102

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Brunswick Records*



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## "Give this book to the janitor"

says John Riddell in VANITY FAIR

"After all", he adds, "he doesn't read".

Some people, however, do read.

Among them is William Rose Benét who writes the following review of Beverley Nichols' book in The Saturday Review of Literature.

"There is nothing 'smart-alecky' about this book. It is amused and amazed, but also deeply interested and sympathetic. It is full of high spirits and good temper and delight in the novelty of an American sojourn; but it is also shrewd in its criticisms. No one has written more tellingly concerning the spectacle presented by Aimee Semple McPherson. Even Coolidge comes to life for Mr. Nichols. The 'Big Bill' Thompson interview is most entertaining. Nichols' Harlem is awfully good film. That is, Harlem's awfulness, in the true sense of the word, is vividly impressed upon one. It will take us quite a while to forget it.

"Beverley Nichols writes swiftly, impressionistically. He has a natural gift for phrase, effervescence, epigrammatic statement which is not in the least froth or bubble. His observation, even when he is apparently trifling, gimlets right through preconceptions. This was exactly as he saw it—he may be wrong but this was precisely as he saw it.

"We began by saying that his book is light and ephemeral. It is. But it is artfully written and induces quite a bit of thought concerning our contemporary public characters. And while completely preserving the writer's own integrity of opinion, its manners are perfect. We greet the author as a most entertaining interpreter of ourselves to us."

## THE STAR SPANGLED MANNER

by Beverley Nichols

\$2.50 at all bookstores

Doubleday Doran

## OUT OF

Everything Gala—No



IF you want them, I know two good reasons for considering Havana right now: it's a soothing antidote to Christmas, and Havana is in for a record tourist season (according to better authorities than guide-books and hotel prospectuses). Messrs. Bowman and Flynn, benevolent exploiters of Cuba—to whom the natives in this instance are sincerely grateful and devoted—have all their activities going at full tilt. Oriental Park, the racetrack of the Havana-America Jockey Club, opened on December 15 for ninety days of racing. You join the Jockey Club when you arrive, and after that you spend your days on the club veranda—from which you have a perfect view of the whole track, drinking whatever and however much you please, and sauntering between races to the gaming-rooms, where roulette and hazard are the favorites. They're going to get it from you some way or other. . . . With rum, roulette, and horses all under one resplendent roof, many people don't care what else happens in Havana, though the Casino Nacional has just been remodelled and glorified, and opens on December 29 in the most gala way possible. Many Havana families go there, and whether or not you know them you are not likely to have poor evenings, for the Casino includes all the popular indoor and terrace pastimes.

FROM what I gather, Havana vies with Atlantic City (no slur intended) in the number and variety of its hotels, but the following list is cold-bloodedly compiled, and includes only places that make a real bid for notice on distinctive grounds.

Almendares: About five miles from the centre of Havana. Exclusive, patronized by cosmopolitans, and used by Cuban aristocrats for their own entertaining. It has its own golf course, one of the two in Havana, the other being at the Country Club.

Cecil: In the residential section; dignified and quiet, if that's what you're going to Cuba for.

Florida: An old, and old-fashioned, favorite with habitués.

Inglaterra: The leading Spanish hotel.

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Columbia University FIVE YEARS

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1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City  
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

## TOWN

*Trees and Nervous Fish*

Has a wonderful cuisine and atmosphere worth going for.

Maison Royale: The only French hotel in Havana, and considered very good by those with French tastes.

Pasaje: A very old Spanish place, patronized by Cubans and Central Americans.

Perla de Cuba: The same type as the Pasaje.

Plaza: Quite entirely American. It has a popular roof-garden, and the well-known Fausto Simon is manager.

Presidente: Brand-new, opens this season, and is the Spanish version of the big, booming resort hotel, on the seashore.

Regina: More old-fashioned quiet. (Personally, I see lots of reason for going to hotels of this type.)

Ritz: The hotel—almost exclusively—of smart, wealthy Cubans.

Sevilla-Biltmore: The Bowman-Flynn masterpiece, where most Americans go, and where everything is very modern and expensive.

Telegrafo: Real, native, tropical atmosphere, and food famous the world over.

**T**HERE is another way of sojourning in Havana, too. Did you know that you could rent a perfectly tiptop furnished apartment there, with all conveniences and a whole lot of privacy, at about seventy-five dollars a month for six rooms; and that servants are abundant, efficient, and inexpensive? You see about this after you get there; if you are really at a loss, your best bet is to call at the Chamber of Commerce and get a list of responsible real-estate offices.

There are plenty of miscellaneous diversions in Havana, about which I could go on like a guidebook, but it is enough to say that the town is full of bars and sidewalk cafés where the best of everything abounds, and where everybody has a sense of humor.

If you asked me, I'd advise you not to take your own motor to Havana. It's simpler and even cheaper to rent one there, either through your hotel or through the New York agency that makes bookings for you. And—in passing—you don't have to have a passport for Cuba, but you do have to pay duty on returning here.

All the West Indies cruises (a sub-

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## Verlaine Chocolats Distingues

FOUR DOLLARS THE POUND

INSTANTLY the gift vogue of every true New Yorker...exclusively the choice of those ultra cosmopolites whose talent in selection is ever a compliment to the discriminating...these newest of confections have created an entirely new significance in candy giving.

Packaged exquisitely, of course—in one to five pounds, each size box being distinctively different in design—or in special Gift Bonbonnières by Lalique, Daum, Mansard, Robj and Battut of Paris, wrought in etched glass; Capo di Monte; hand painted porcelain; delicate silks, satin and velvet; in varying prices up to \$300.



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# RESTAURANT CRILLON

A thoughtful present for a gentleman to give a lady (or his wife) is a Crillon Christmas or New Year's Dinner. Special at three dollars.

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ject for future dissertations) stop at Havana, and there are various steamship routes that go directly there from New York. The United Fruit Line ships ply between Havana and New Orleans, as well as to New York. Among the steamship companies that run direct steamers to Havana are:

Clyde Line: Excellent Havana service with a stop at Miami.

Cunard Line: The Caronia has been put in the Havana service, leaving New York every Saturday, Havana every Tuesday.

Panama-Pacific Line: Two new ships, the Virginia and the California.

Spanish Royal Mail Line: Some of their best ships in service, during the winter, from New York to Havana. That atmosphere you want right from the start.

United Fruit Line (Great White Fleet): Mentioned above.

Ward Line: Splendid steamers and good food. Inclusive trip of from ten to seventeen days.

THEN there are the land routes to Havana: The Havana Special to Key West, Atlantic Coast Line, leaving from the Penn Station. This connects with the Key West boat, and the trip to Havana takes about six hours. Or, you can go by train to Miami—taking, for instance, the Miamian, and get a Clyde Line steamer from Miami to Havana. Or you can fly from Key West, a little matter of something over an hour. Your own particular travel agent will make reservations for you on any of these routes, but do it soon if you mean to go at all.

APROPOS of making reservations soon, you can't be too early, any more, about reservations for Palm Beach. The Orange Blossom Special (crack Seaboard Air Line train) starts on January 2, but reservations are pouring into the offices now, and the Gulf Coast Limited to St. Petersburg is reported to be well booked. By January 15, even the few leaning trees that remain to mourn the October hurricane will be replaced with sturdy new ones, and everything points to a big and noisy season. I hear the tarpon are fairly perturbed about it. —FOOT-LOOSE

It is estimated that within the next 50 years the United States will have 200,000 inhabitants.—Portland Oregonian.

Or roughly, one per filling station.

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE SAFFRON TAXI CORPORATION Offers for sale, under yearly contract, advertising space in all its cabs.

Hitherto, the value of taxi interiors for advertising display has been overlooked.

Taxi space is the choicest space available for the man with a message for the super-public.

It is infinitely more desirable than subway space, because taxi patrons are not concerned with a five-cent fare. Or even with a ten-cent fare.

That they have money to spend is proven by their presence in taxis. Automatically, your message reaches a preferred class.

AN ADVERTISEMENT ON THE CEILING OF A SAFFRON TAXI WILL BE READ NOT ONCE BUT OFTEN

Consider the number of traffic stops to the mile, in New York City. A taxi patron has leisure. Otherwise, he would not be a taxi patron.

The day when men in a hurry "hopped in a taxi" is past. They now take taxis to rest, to meditate, or because it is raining.

You catch them relaxed and receptive. They lean back. Their eyes seek the ceiling of the cab.

AND YOUR MESSAGE HOLDS THEM  
—ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[From an article in  
Author & Journalist]

And when a manuscript is mailed and the transaction recorded, it is recommended that the writer turn his attention to a new story. Then if the one that is mailed comes back, you can make a new sending entry on the index card and forget your disappointment in the joys of preparing a new manuscript.



# The UNUSUAL in GIFTS

**A LOT of people are halving their shopping time and doubling the pleasure of their Gifts, by bringing their Christmas list to Park & Tilford.**

Luxury Hamper \$35—Fruit Baskets \$5 to \$50—Pierrot and Columbine Candy Box \$30—Ciro Candies \$3.50—Partagas Cigars \$27.50.

*If you wish to send to a British friend merchandise similar to that carried by Park & Tilford, you may leave your order at any of our stores and it will be cabled to Fortnum & Mason, Ltd., Piccadilly W1, London, for Christmas delivery.*

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Fifth Ave., at 57th St.  
Fifth Ave., at 37th St.  
Madison Ave., at 44th St.  
Grand Central Terminal

## ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS



**A**FTER a despondent lull, the town has suddenly burst forth in an orgy of Palm Beach clothes, and since there are only eight hours in the day of a conscientious working girl, this, the first installment of reports, must necessarily be telegraphic in its curtness.

The sleeveless tennis dress, in every possible silk and cotton fabric, is more in evidence than ever. The beret is omnipresent. All bathing costumes are done in the ensemble fashion, with capes, coats, pajama trousers, or tunics to prevent sunburn accompanying every suit worth a fashion writer's notice. All skirts or trunks are worn outside the jumper. To proceed:

**T**HE bathing-suit department at Saks-Fifth Avenue is glorified by the following new or newish features: Beach hats, in gob style, of jersey in various colors, that may be turned up all around or made to shield the face and neck. Berets of pebbly rubber for bathing caps. Espadrilles (flat shoes with lacings over the instep) of duck in the brightest colors imaginable. Beach coats of towelling, really the most practical fabric for this type of thing, with huge, rubber-lined pouch bags to match. Duck trousers in bright colors to wear outside the jersey bathing suit, according to the dictates of Antibes. A pajama suit, moderately priced at \$35, having a beret, cardigan, wide trousers on a yoke, a scarf of bright jersey, and a sleeveless-jersey top of white with stripes of color. You should have trunks made to accompany the jumper and be complete. I am in favor of having trunks made to order, anyhow. They always bulge otherwise.

You might look at handkerchief-linen tunics, of all things, over jersey tights for feminine bathers; alpaca, another newcomer to the beach, fashioning coat and trunks to accompany the familiar jersey bathing top. And, for those who wish to sunburn thoroughly, there are crêpe tunics, cut straight across and very low in back, having shoulder-straps forming in a V in front. There is also Vionnet's tunic suit of polka-dotted china silk,

cut low and square-necked, with a short circular cape buttoning on in back.

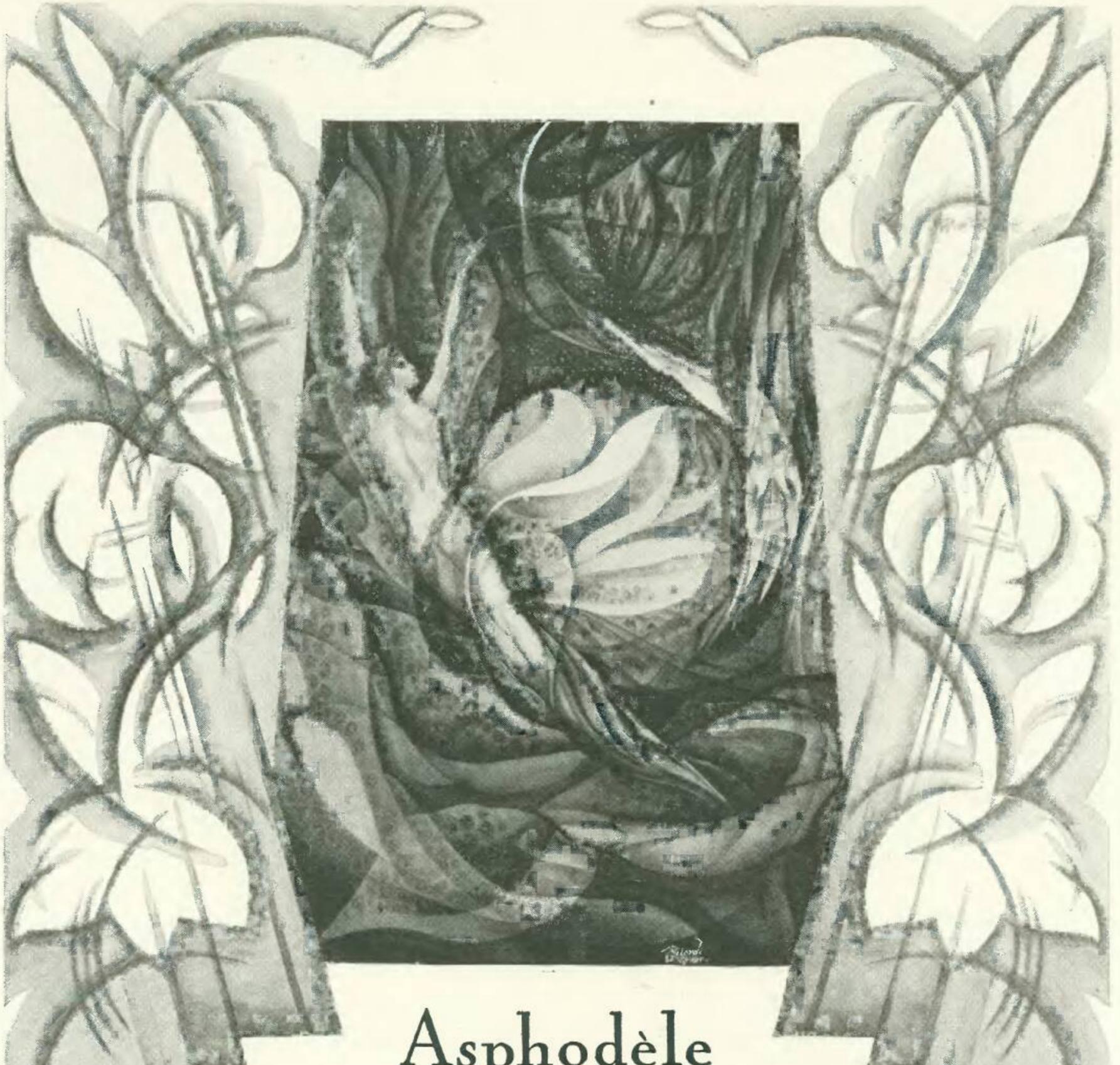
In the sports department, on the same floor, you will find exercise suits, suitable for tennis on your own preserves, with cotton gabardine in any color making the sleeveless blouse with the middy tie and the shorts worn over it. The same white-cotton gabardine idea is developed in a golf suit, very inexpensive, having a jacket, circular skirt (worn outside the jumper), and sleeveless jumper in any soft, clear color. You can wear shorts to match beneath and have a variety of combinations if you desire. Also, you may find there Gertrude Lawrence's low-backed tennis dress of white crêpe de Chine worn—surprise, surprise!—with a vivid, striped blazer jacket.

**B**EST & COMPANY, who are particularly adroit about fashioning summer clothes that make every woman look sixteen, are doing great things with Anderson checked gingham. This appears in little suits with white-linen blouses and in simple dresses with touches of white piqué here and there in collars, belts, and so

on. There is a combination silk blouse with shorts attached (if nothing else the shorts fill the purpose of keeping your jumper inside the skirt during vigorous exercise) with a skirt that goes over it, and a coat that goes over the ensemble. A novelty for young things who love to drop everything and break into the modern equivalent of the Black Bottom on winter-resort lawns. The Antibes fashion of wide, floppy trousers worn over bathing suits is developed here in rough homespun, with berets to match. Homespun, also, in yellows, reds, and browns, is utilized, in the manner of Chanel, for short jackets to accompany the sleeveless tennis dress. Best also has some white-linen Oxford suits, which are extremely chic with sunburn. For wear with all daytime costumes, this shop recommends hats of white panama, the band to be changed in color according to the prevailing note of



*"What about this amusing number for a—ha, ha—gift, madam?"*



## 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



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR GOOD TASTE



*Fur Fashions of a  
Distinguished Elegance*

Coats and wraps developed in pelts of rare quality and beauty—for those who would have the distinction of possessing the unusual.

**HJAECKEL & SONS**  
546 Fifth Avenue New York

ESSENTIAL FURRIERS SINCE 1863

your ensemble. And you will find perfectly charming jackets of tie silk with bandeaux to match as another means of glorifying the tennis dress.

A Chanel sleeveless coat-dress, with six buttons over the double-breasted closing, is to be seen in wide wale piqué. All of these things are chic and youthful and, as is the lovable habit of this shop, very inexpensive.

WHOEVER swooped down upon the midseason Paris collections in the name of Lord & Taylor managed to pick out a variety of clothes that have the definite quality of being not only chic, but chic in an unusual way. Some of them are very difficult to wear, but if you have any enterprise at all, I recommend a good, long look. The descriptions are of original models; copies will undoubtedly show more variety in fabric and color.

Schiaparelli sends a dress of natural-color shantung, so stiff that it resembles sailcloth, the dress having a peplum effect over the hips and a corded belt. Over this goes a coat of natural chamois. (And have you ever tried an art-gum eraser as a simple means of cleaning this most soilable of leathers?) She also contributes a sports suit of tweed for any climate, with a collarless jacket fastening with one button at the side of the neck, and the skirt (worn outside the tussore blouse, silly) slightly circular and fastening with one large button at each side of the stomach. There is a sports costume from Louiseboulanger, utterly divine, the dress of a fleecy beige-wool falling in box-pleats from the high yoke and having a high collar buttoning in the back of each shoulder; the coat of unlined tweed falls perfectly straight. There are divine Vionnets, all cut up to flatter the figure to the utmost and, in effect, simple as usual. I fell completely for a printed day dress with a six-inch belt across the front and a scarf finish at the neckline, and for her this-year's version of the off-white clinging evening dress of crêpe or satin. You will see Boulanger printed-chiffon dresses, trailing and full and feminine as usual, some of them with panties beneath; or in heavy faille, with the familiar poufs around the hips and in back. And those who are leaving for Lake Placid and want to create a stir, should look at a Schiaparelli skating suit, hand-knit, with sweater, gloves, aviation hat, socks, and so on, carefully divided exactly in the middle—one side black, one white. And you simply must examine her long coats of real sheepskin with the raw

skin on the back lacquered in brilliant colors. The wool is worn next to you, be it known. —L. L.

### THE LAST WORD

THERE'S nothing left for us to do, at this point, except exhort you to shop at cockcrow on the two days that are left and to note, for your convenience, those items from our previous lists that might possibly be of use at this late date.

December 1 . . . Department-stores, for children (Part I), ready-made haberdashery.

December 8 . . . Specialty shops, music and similar gadgets, sporting gifts, for the motorist, servants' presents, Christmas wrappings, for children (Part II), places to buy books.

December 15 . . . Groceries and delicacies, candies and sweets, drinking accessories, gifts for the sick, smokers' gifts, flowers, trees, and things for stockings.

You can always fall back on books, and lists of titles are to be found in our regular department, "Among the New Books," on page 68.

A miscellany of men's gifts, for belated shoppers, begins on page 51.

AND NOW: One resource remains that has helped avoid many a last-minute catastrophe—WOOLWORTH, where you'll find:

Hosiery and utility boxes, in sections.

. . . Shoetrees, hatstands, and coat-hangers. . . . Candles and candlesticks. . . . Lampshades. . . . Coin-boxes, to give gold-pieces in. . . . Atomizers and smelling-salts. . . . "Nips" of Coty, Houbigant, and other good perfumes. . . . Manicure articles.

Toy portions of good soaps—Pears, Fracy, and others—and of good shaving accessories; for the traveler's stocking.

Ashtrays, pottery, and colored intaglio glass.

Children's rubber bath-sponges, with ducks and drakes prancing.

Pencils, erasers, leads, crayons, rubber bands, glue. . . . Gadgets—keyrings, corkscrews, etc. . . . Little silk or suede purses for the gold-piece in the toe. . . . Bone candy-forks, for spearing figs.

Diceboxes that look like lipsticks; four dice inside. . . . Bridge pencils. . . . Playing-cards. . . . Initial match packs. . . . Snapping-crackers and table favors.

Christmas cards, seals, wrapping papers, twine, ribbon (silk, rayon, or metal), tags and stickers. . . . Also Christ-



## Gentlemen's Clothes

FOR INFORMAL EVENING WEAR

*Our gentlemen's dinner suits for informal evening wear are made with utmost distinction from the finest dress worsteds*

*Tailored for us by Hickey-Freeman in correctly styled models of character with exacting regard for the fine details which give personality to the garments*

## F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

*Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886*

MADISON AVENUE AT 46<sup>TH</sup> STREET · NEW YORK



## Mr. Worthington Ames presses the wrong foot

**WHEN** Mr. Ames tasted the Duchess Soup he put his foot in it. Here was that wonderful flavor he had told his wife about. He wanted to call her attention to it. However, one must observe the social amenities. But under the table all is different. So he aims a foot pressure wifewards, which translated into husbandese means, "This soup is flavored with that Guasti Cooking Sherry I was telling you about." The lady who looks at him askance is not Mrs. Ames and she thinks Mr. Ames a gay dog.

**GUASTI** Cooking Sherry 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. 511 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 ]

11 Hubert Street - New York City  
 Home Office... 1248 Palmetto Street, LOS ANGELES  
 Branches... NEW YORK, CHICAGO, NEW ORLEANS

mas boxes of all shapes and sizes. Japanese water flowers: Foolish, but everybody plays with them.

Toys: I never heard of a rubber, tin, celluloid, or wooden toy that couldn't be found on these counters—endless dolls, tiny trains, motors, and other vehicles, bentwood doll furniture with chintz upholstery, dolls' tea-sets, balloons, picture-books.

Christmas-tree trimmings: Everything, from fancy reflectors and bulbs to balls, angels, stars, tinsel and paper ropes, glass icicles, bells, animals... Pliable wires for attaching them to the tree.

Glass animals: Dainty little futuristic things filled with perfume. You can ignore the perfume and use them as table or mantel ornaments.

Bulbs: Narcissus, hyacinth, and others, complete with bowls and pebbles. They really grow.

**LAST-MINUTE TIPS:** A few places that will be open until ten Christmas Eve:

M. GOLDFARB, Third Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, Plaza 8720: Flowers.

H. HICKS & SON, 675 Fifth Avenue, Plaza 5453: Candy and fruit.

HUYLER'S STORES, all over town: Candy.

LAMBERT BROTHERS, Third Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, Regent 6100: Jewellers.

LANDAY BROTHERS, 104 West Forty-second Street, Wisconsin 3050: Radios and everything musical.

LIGGETT'S DRUG STORES, all over town.

MIRROR STORES, all over town: Candy.

MUNSCH-PROTZMAN, chemists; the Ritz, Ritz Tower, Barbizon: Imported toilet preparations in special boxes; also their own Elysée brand, and Charles-of-the-Ritz preparations. Open until midnight.

REUBEN'S, 622 Madison Avenue (Regent 7420), and 2270 Broadway (Trafalgar 9362): Food to revive you after the tree-trimming.

MAX SCHLING, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, Regent 8060: Flowers.

SCHULTE CIGAR STORES, all over town: Remember they have Dunhill articles here.

UNITED CIGAR STORES, all over town: Christmas cartons of popular cigarettes.



a bigger and gayer scene for

your new permanent

bigger because we've just expanded to twice our former size. gayer because we're more modern than ever, with our sleek-and-sunny reception room, our spacious new booths, our sophisticated restfulness of decoration.

all this merely to add to the pleasure of what will be the greatest pleasure of all—a permanent as wonderfully becoming, as perfectly suited to your hair and your face, as only a *jean permanent* can be. *phone for an appointment.*

## G. JEAN

32 west 58th street, plaza 1470



## When the Play is Over...

From Lobster to Waffles, there are 40 and 1 tempting—titillating—tongue-teasing—treats awaiting you at Rosoff's. All new! All thrilling!

Planked Lobster Casino \$1.00

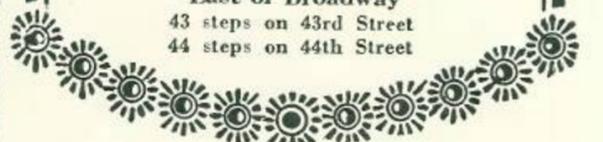
Introduced to New York only two months ago, this fragrant, mouth-watering dish was an instantaneous success. Thousands who know their lobster say it is Rosoff's crowning achievement.

"Let's go there tonight!"

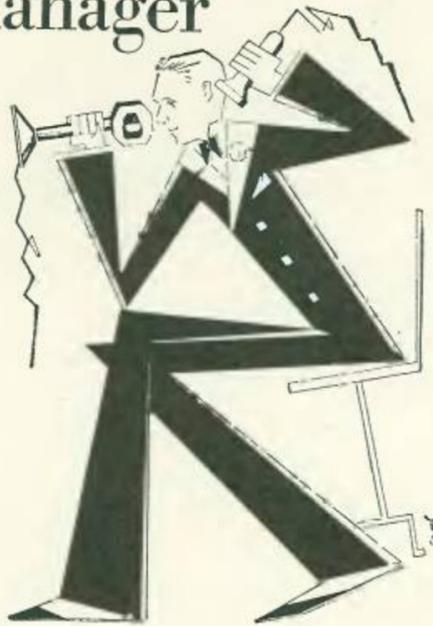
## Rosoff's

AFTER THE THEATRE

East of Broadway  
 43 steps on 43rd Street  
 44 steps on 44th Street



# London calling the manager



—renew my lease at  
The **NAVARRO**

*A Residential Hotel*

112 Central Park South  
(West 59th Street)

AND IN THE PARK PLAZA SECTION

**HOTEL WYNDHAM**

42 West 58th Street

*Built, owned and operated by SAMUEL MINSKOFF*

*at the shoecraft salon*  
*in palm beach, florida*

watteau damasks head the list of fascinating footwear fashions to be launched at palm beach by the new shoecraft salon at 323 worth avenue, opposite the everglades club. the slipper illustrated is \$22.50.

**SHOECRAFT**  
SALON: 714 fifth ave  
between 55<sup>th</sup> and 56<sup>th</sup> streets:  
FITTING THE NARROW HEEL  
• SIZES 1 to 10 • AAAA to D

A. R. WOMRATH STORES, all over town: Books and sundries.

WOOLWORTH: The big downtown and midtown stores (in the district around Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets) open until six. The others until nine.

Note: There may come a moment when a messenger will save your reason. To get one, call the nearest branch office of the POSTAL TELEGRAPH-CABLE Co., or the WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH Co.

Cheerful thought: You may blow out a fuse fussing with the lights on the tree. Call Watkins 3000—trouble department of the EDISON Co.

Warning to smokers: The mess around a Christmas tree is inflammable. With which admonition we wish you all the blessings of the season.—M.C.

## AS TO MEN

IT is too late to search for unusual gifts, so this is frankly catch-as-catch-can. Note: Most of the items below are not exclusive at the shops where we found them.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street: Unfitted toilet boxes and rolls. . . . Magnifying shaving mirrors; \$5. . . . Ring-and-stirrup necktie holders. . . . Man's manicure set in cowhide case. . . . Key cases. . . . Magnifying paperweight; \$2. . . . Compact shaving kit—articles fit into sectional tube; \$5.

BROOKS, Madison Avenue and Forty-fourth Street: Shoe-cleaning sets in leather cases; \$2.50 to \$100. . . . Six folding coat-hangers, clothes brush, hat brush and buffer in pigskin case; \$26. . . . Stocking forms. . . . Sectional glove forms. . . . Air cushions in leather cases. . . . Letter scales, sterling; \$17. . . . Perpetual calendars. . . . Oxford-cloth dressing gowns, washable; \$17.

BROWNING, KING, several shops: Snake key chains and wrist-watch straps to match. . . . Cabochon cuff links; \$3.50 to \$35. . . . Leather dress-shirt case with pockets for accessories—fits in suitcase. . . . Dunhill razors. . . . Pullman slippers in leather case.

JOHN DAVID, all over town: Combination Kent clothes brush and hanger—folds into leather case. . . . Colored kid slippers with hard sole and a heel. . . . Irish-linen handkerchiefs with single initial in white, rolled edge—box of six; \$3.50.

THE MAN'S SHOP, 25 East Forty-

# JOHN DAVID

*The Smart New York Fashions Of The Day And Night*

STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES  
KNOX HATS

MEN'S FURNISHINGS  
MALLORY HATS

## Look The New Yorker!

Dine at the places where he dines. See the shows he sees. Wear the sort of things he wears. Get them at the shop where he gets them. John David is the recognized purveyor to the well-turned-out New Yorker



EXCLUSIVE, BUT NOT EXPENSIVE  
**COMPARE!**

Broadway At 32nd Street, Facing Greeley Sq.  
1268 Broadway Exchange Place At New  
338 Madison Avenue 62 Broadway, Below Wall  
125-27 W 42nd Street Nassau At Maiden Lane  
Broadway At Warren Cortlandt St. At Church

*Two Convenient Shops In Brooklyn*  
Court St. At Remsen Fulton St. At Smith



# GIFTS

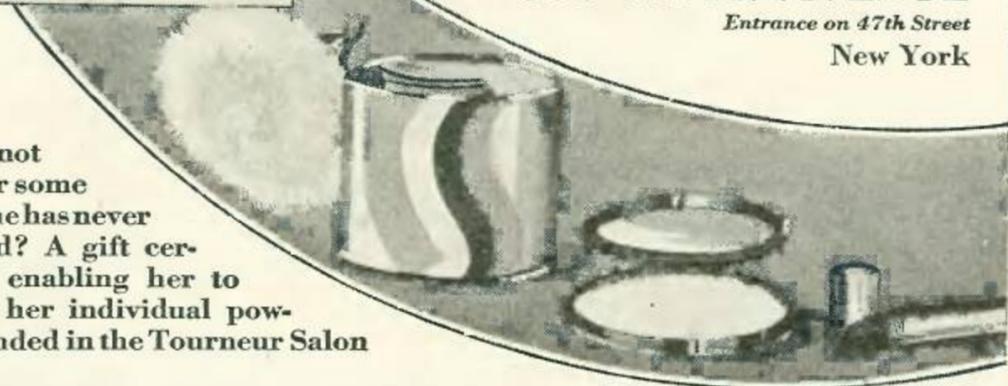
## To Charm and Gratify Every Woman

**Tourneur has gifts to please the most capricious feminine tastes. Exquisite toilette accessories, piquant little powder puffs...novelties of rare beauty imported from far lands...fragrant and refreshing cosmetics...no woman can resist them.**

# TOURNEUR

**580 FIFTH AVENUE**  
Entrance on 47th Street  
New York

**Why not give her some thing she has never received? A gift certificate enabling her to choose her individual powder blended in the Tourneur Salon**




## A LOGICAL PREFERENCE

Most people have formed certain definite preferences—based on experience—which perhaps explains why for nearly a century foremost New Yorkers have chosen their luggage and leather goods at Crouch & Fitzgerald.

A visit to our new Fifth Avenue shop will reveal a wide selection of travel accessories.

**CROUCH & FITZGERALD**  
CORPORATION  
**FINE LUGGAGE**  
( SINCE 1839 )  
**345 FIFTH AVENUE**  
BETWEEN 33<sup>RD</sup> AND 34<sup>TH</sup> STREETS  
NEW YORK

eighth Street (second floor): Things in very good taste—a shop for those who are not sure of their judgment. Evening scarves—great squares of plain white crêpe de Chine with hand-rolled edges; \$15. . . . Plain colored-linen handkerchiefs. . . . Moonstone evening sets; \$40.

PECK & PECK, several shops: Seven-fold baratheas ties in eleven plain colors; \$2.50. . . . Polka-dot foulard robes—red, navy, butcher's blue, and green. . . . Mufflers—silk squares in small, geometric weaves. . . . Plain colored cashmere sweaters with socks to match.

ROGERS-PEET, four stores: Agents for Plew's cold-cream shaving soap. . . . Bill-folds with a new catch. . . . Rolls razor—a safety with a hollow-ground blade; \$10. . . . Schick repeating razors. . . . Fifty Gillette blades in Christmas box; \$4. . . . Swank collar clasps—look like safety pins, gold plate; \$1.

TRIPLER, Madison Avenue and Forty-sixth Street: Twenty-inch shoehorn of bone; \$4. . . . Tub-silk dressing gowns with slippers to match. . . . Cravat pressers. . . . Tie-pins and clasps. . . . Bill-clips. . . . Combined fountain pen and pencil. . . . Suspenders—a great variety. . . . Spital-fields ties.

WALLACH BROTHERS, all over town: Man's jewelry box with compartments for various items. . . . Evening suspenders of plain white or black moire. . . . Tie racks—several types. . . . Bridge set in pigskin case. . . . White crêpe de Chine muffler.

WANAMAKER, Broadway and Ninth Street: Extraordinary assortment of imported toilet preparations including their Redleaf things, made in England. . . . Shaving soap and bath soap in wooden bowls.

WEBER & HEILBRONER, fourteen stores: Fitted leather toilet pouch with zipper fastening. . . . Elastic suspenders in plain colors. . . . Imported woollen socks. . . . Pull-on gloves—no fastening. . . . Striped suspenders and garters to match.

—G. McC.

Dr. Straton said he would ask for Federal protection, as the local police departments did not seem to take much interest in his safety. "While I believe the Lord will take care of all that," Dr. Straton said, "Mrs. Straton is naturally nervous."—*Local paper.*

O ye of little faith!

## YOU CAN'T LOSE

IT seems to be the vogue to indulge in erudite criminal exhibitionism. The *American Mercury* prints the reminiscences of a bank robber. A notorious murderer has just published, post mortem, his autobiography right up to an hour before electrocution. The motion-picture art gives us "Me, Gangster." Although the warden has just asked me to make a complete translation of "The Dialogues of Luisa Sigea" (Nicolas Chorier—1428) for his little girl, I will postpone the effort for the nonce, and write my own "De Profundis." "Habet et musca splenem," Tacitus used to write in the little book I was never without. . . .

WELL, me and Gorilla lamps de U. S. sub-treasury and makes up our minds to stick it up! After all, New York City is only a village like the rest, but larger, and Wall Street is only Main Street, but narrower. We guns the mob, and picks out Mug Davis, The Pansy, and Skeleton Joe. That makes five artists in crime.

Youse guys have no idea of the intense emotional preparation for a crime of this sort. We meets up in The Rat's. There were nineteen young girls, Ladies of the Mob, present, in variations of erotic costume. I sat next to a type—that sulphurous-eyed, passionate, dark-haired, olive-complexioned Jewish girl, who has the sleepy mysteries of centuries in her burnished-mirror eyes. I gave her a five-hundred-dollar bill.

"I love you," she said.

I gave her a whole wad of five-hundred-dollar bills.

"I love you," she said.

This ain't getting me anywheres, I thought, and I turned to the Swedish Flame. Just as I was pulling out the roll, Gorilla came in.

"My God!" he shrieked, "I can't stand this. I'm going nuts—bugs—coo-coo—"

"Gorilla," I says.

"What?" he says.

"Just don't think of it."

"Jeest—I never thought of that."

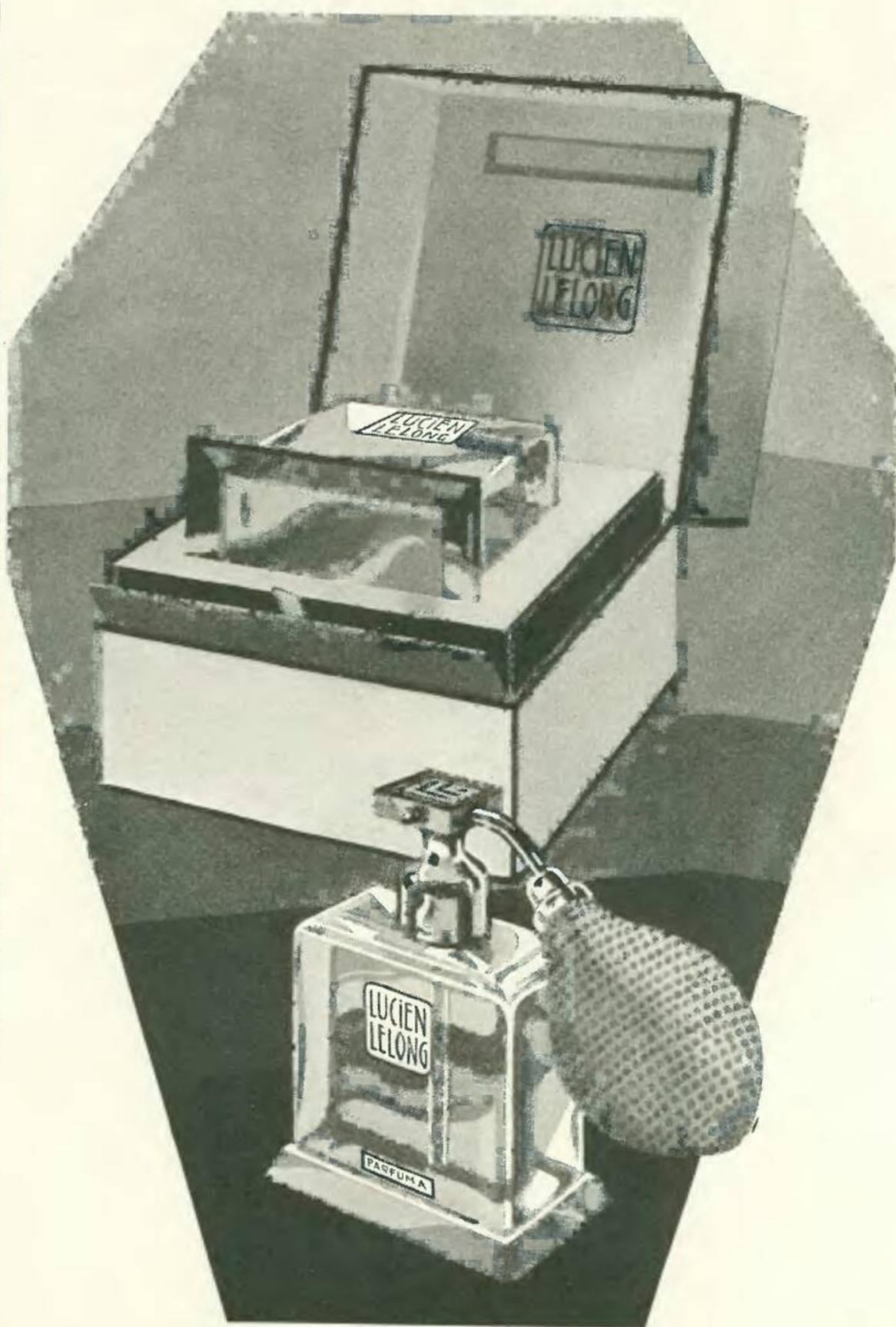
The Swedish Flame had gone into the bedroom with The Rat.

SKELETON JOE stands at the southeast corner of Nassau and Wall Streets, with a machine gun turned north. He controlled the police precincts from Traffic Division A to the Seventy-first Precinct. Mug has his machine gun pointed west, taking care of the New Jersey State Troopers, the

Many a gentleman finds himself in the two-days-before-Christmas-and-The-Gift-not-chosen predicament. Let him be at peace. There is an easily-chosen-at-the-last-minute gift which is far more acceptable than others harder to shop for. It is

## PARFUM LUCIEN LELONG

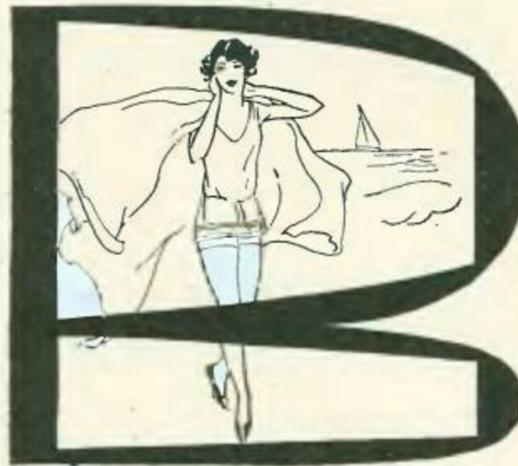
PARIS



*Lucien Lelong parfums, compacts, lipsticks, lotions and other produits de beauté on sale at leading department stores and exclusive perfume shops*



*Havana, smartest city in America, offers you thirteen daily hours of sunshine for sport, horse-racing on the prettiest track you've seen, a Jockey Club where you may play, dine, dance or watch the races—Jai-Alai, fastest game on earth—and the Casino, luxurious shrine of a fickle goddess, with the best cook this side of Paris.*



And, of course, you must see the wondrous Isle of Pines—the valley of the Yumuri—the Valley of Vinales—Matanzas—Pinar del Rio, home of "burning romance" in leaf.

*Information from Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana, or from any Cuban Consulate or Tourist Agency.*

**Havana**  
 SMARTEST CITY  
 IN AMERICA

Holland Tunnel policemen, and the Bayonne Boy Scouts. Gorilla tosses away his two gats, rolls up his sleeves, and stands looking south.

Parked up in front of Weber & Heilbronner's is a new Stutz hundred-and-ninety horsepower, with special copper hood and robin's-egg blue body. We had disguised it by painting "15 & 5" on all the doors. The Pansy is at the wheel. Seventeen Ladies of the Mob are inside, reading detective stories.

I walks up the steps of the sub-treasury—alone. I thought of a quotation from "The Knocking at the Gate in Hamlet," by DeQuincey. Then I thought of F. P. A. I decided to let the quotation alone. As I ascended the last step a man came out. He had on a light-brown overcoat and smoked glasses. I mean he *wore* smoked glasses. As we passed his gaze plunged into mine. I felt an immense desolation, as if, looking into his eyes, I contemplated infinite vistas of bleak ice. It may have been the smoked glasses. Or it may have been that caviar and grouse at The Rat's. I close my eyes now and still see that man's eyes. Everything goes black.

I RAN quickly down the steps, crushing wads of fifty-thousand-dollar bills into my pockets. There had been no fight, no shots fired. As I levelled my two blue-steel forty-five automatics at the United States sub-treasurers, someone pulled a lever. They simultaneously sank slowly out of sight, like a Roxy orchestra, leaving the piles of money in front of me. I thought of the Swedish Flame, and took only fifty-thousand-dollar bills. I left all the other money. What crimes are committed for women.

Gorilla says, "It's O. K.?"

I says, "O. K."

"How did you make out?"

"O. K."

OUT in Hollywood, three weeks later, we were disporting ourselves with the slim-bodied *bacchanae*. This may help some nervous chap who contemplates taking up a life of crime. Don't do it. You can't win! Learn to write about it. *Más vale ser necio que porfiado.*—CAMOENS.

—PAUL GOULD

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Petrie, Friday. A trained nurse from Cleveland is suspected.—*Pomeroy (O.) Democrat.*

Uh, huh. Cleveland, eh?



*Tina and Ghirardy*

ENTERTAINING DANCERS  
 Every Evening and at Tea  
 Wednesdays and Saturdays

*The*

BILTMORE SUPPER ROOM

Good Music ~ Bernie  
 Cummins and His Orchestra  
 Daily at Tea and Supper

HOTEL BILTMORE

Madison Ave. and 43rd St.  
 New York



*Sail*

"a million miles"

in only 2 days—to

**BERMUDA**

on the Luxurious 19,000-ton  
 Ocean Cruising Liner

"AVON"

Sailing Every Thursday

A visit there is a complete change—a "different" vacation. The S. S. "AVON" affords transatlantic comfort and pleasures for the delightful 2-day voyage.

WEST INDIES

14-Day Cruises as low as \$140

For reservations or illustrated  
 booklet apply to

**THE ROYAL MAIL  
 STEAM PACKET CO.**

26 Broadway, New York  
 Or Local Agents

# THE ART GALLERIES

*Two of the Hardy Pioneers,  
and a Disillusioned Romanticist*



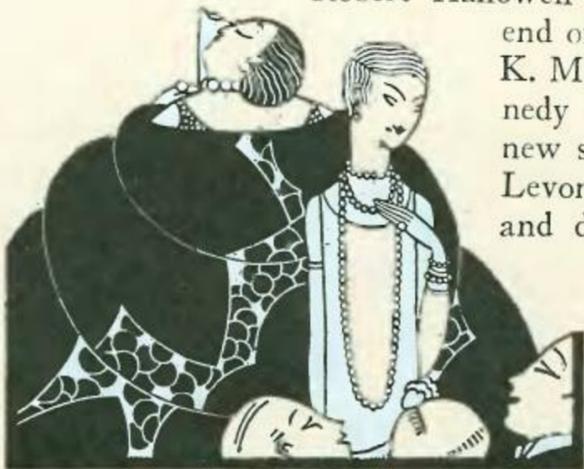
OUT of their endless store-rooms Durand-Ruel seem able to draw any number of pieces by the men who set up a new school of art and made this house famous. Two of these giants—Pissarro and Sisley—are now on view there, and can be seen until the end of the month.

There are twelve examples of the work of each painter, and so hung that the interplay of their inspiration and talents is nicely balanced. You can trace, if you are so minded, their growth from the accepted manner of their early lives to the moment when they discovered Turner's sun and Monet's reaction to it.

In comparison with some of the present-day fireworks, the pictures of Pissarro and Sisley are quiet and unobtrusive. They were made in an age when shorthand was not one of the handmaidens of the arts and a statement had to be clear and definite. We find a great deal of compelling charm in Sisley, and as we stand in front of "L'Inondation, Route de St. Germain" or the "Chaumières à Pontoise" of Pissarro, we wonder if what they had to say will not be more lasting than some of the raucous manifestations of the present century. The show is a rare opportunity for students, providing many pictures that have long been in private collections and that do not often come to view.

THE drawings of Peter Arno are now on view at the Valentine Galleries. Here you may find the originals of many of the cartoons that appeared in this magazine during the last three years.

Arno is a spiritual descendant of Rowlandson and Hogarth, though his heart is set on Constantin Guy. These two strains are constantly warring in him, and only now and then does the romantic spirit have its brief holiday. In such pictures as "Central Park, 1870," and "The Parade" he is on his happy



hunting ground, revelling in the glamour of a lost century, but most of the time he is back on Fifth Avenue and Broadway, recounting the antics of a world he is not to blame for. Now and then, as in No. 27, he achieves fine composition, but most of the time he is forced to rely on narrative. Mr. Arno's drawings are enormously liked—we suppose the witness always remembers that these are not pictures of himself but of the other fellow. Thus does Mr. Arno escape burning at the nearest stake.

KEPPEL has turned to the eighteenth-century color prints for this season of the year. We suppose the intrusion of the printing process into these pieces has robbed them of some of the distinction they might otherwise hold. Some of them are printed in several processes and some of them are hand-tinted after printing. It is an art, nevertheless, and we feel that it does not often get its due.

Whether or not you own a pink coat or know a foxhound from a great Dane, we think you would like the prints of Grenier, Achille Deveria, Jean Jacques Chalon, or Samuel Howitt. There is a charm about the early French prints and lithographs that is not found in these days of multiple production. There are one hundred and thirty-four pieces in the exhibit, arranged for all temperaments.

SEVERAL shows will break the Christmas drought: The Opportunity Gallery has its third opening. . . . The Downtown Gallery has a show of the American Print Makers. . . . There is still a day or two to see Rubin, a brilliant painter of Palestine, at the Guarino Galleries, once known as the Hellman New Galleries. . . . Robert Hallowell will be on till the end of the month at Frank K. M. Rehn's. . . . Kennedy & Company have a new series of etchings by Levon West. . . . Pastels and drawings by Robert Brackman at the Babcock Galleries. . . . Weyhe has a show of most of the artists he sponsors. —M. P.



## Poem

*(or something) in praise of  
practically nothing  
but **FLYING TO  
HAVANA***

WHILE speeding high in splendor  
Above their tossing ship,  
Our Feelings will be tender  
For those with ocean pip.  
And soon in bright Havana  
We'll raise a glad hosanna  
When drops of heavenly manna\*  
Shall touch our parching lip.

\*Extra Dry!

Good poem, what? But it hardly does justice to the subject. Doesn't even mention that the air trip from Miami to Havana takes just two hours and fifteen minutes.

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Let's have a go at the shaker now. Oh, do you think it's dirty? I thought that was the silver smell, but maybe you're right. Better wash it out, then, eh? All right, you give it a swab; you're an old hand at this racket, I'll say, haha! By golly, it does smell better, at that. Oh, what the hell, a little soap and water won't hurt your suit; here's a towel. . . . There, you'd never know it now.

How about oranges? Think we'd better strain the juice? All right, might as well do it up right, eh? I'll cut 'em in half and lay 'em right here handy for you.

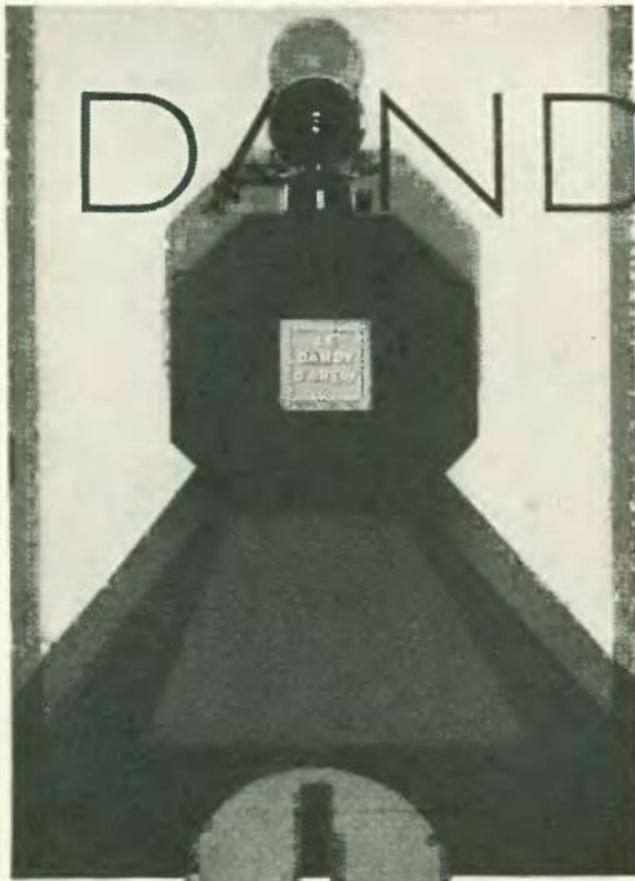
You'd better measure out the gin. You know a lot more about how much we should use than I do. Sure, that looks about right to me, but you're the doctor. How about chipping some ice, George? Every time I try it splinters up into nothing. The pick? Well, if it isn't on top there it must have fallen down behind. You can get down on your knees and reach it easy enough, then, George; that's *one* good thing about these small iceboxes. You couldn't possibly reach the damn thing underneath one of those big boys, could you? Here, brush off your knees, old man, this floor isn't as clean as it might be.

Now, then, what next? Vermouth? By golly, I don't believe there's a drop in the house! No, sir, there isn't. I wonder—would it be asking too much of you to step out to the delicatessen and get a bottle, George? I'd go myself, but these people are apt to start coming in any minute now, and—thanks a lot, old man; I'll just hold everything here until you get back. . . .

WELL, you certainly made time, all right! Here's a corkscrew—I always seem to drive the cork down into the bottle when I try to get it out. That's the boy, neat as a whistle! You measure it out, now, and we're all set, eh? Shake 'em up, that's the stuff—by golly, it's a gift, George! What's that? Well, I'd give her one more whirl—there's nothing worse than a lukewarm cocktail, is there?"

—STANLEY JONES

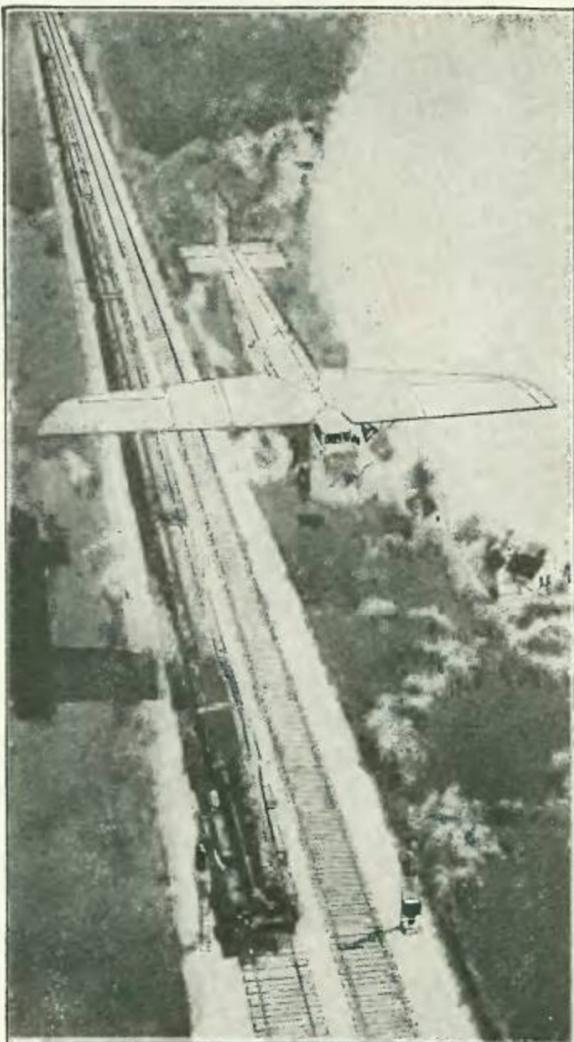
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## PARIS LETTER

PARIS, DECEMBER 12



THIS is the first Christmas since France's return to the gold standard. As the last great power in Europe to stabilize the currency, her fiscal health is at the moment receiving an especial amount of attention, since festivals, to be at their best, unfortunately depend on finance as well as on faith. With Poincaré, to everyone's relief, now in the saddle once more a general air of permanent prosperity begins cautiously to prevail again, despite the recent official ruining of the *rentier* class by the fixation of the franc at one-fifth its original value.

The government's present to its people will be the long-awaited new coins, of which forty million gold one-hundred-franc pieces and one hundred million silver ten-franc bits are to be struck. No news has been given out as to their design, and the populace unhappily knows, without being told, that their size will be small. The ten-franc coin will be less than half the size of the old five-franc silver *écu*, which has long since disappeared into the peasants' socks. And with the mint's refusal to strike a new twenty-franc piece in the series, the *louis* will disappear, even from *faubourg* conversation.

PARMA violets and guinea-hens, two special contributions the Midi makes to the festive season, are already fading or ripening in their various shops against Christmas Day. In the butcher's door the goose hangs high, a little higher than this time last year. The livers, by the way, have had a bad season. From the Department of the Dordogne, where the great flocks are one of the sights of the countryside, comes discouraging news. The dry summer faded the lush lowlands where the birds fed. Good privately tinned foie-gras is therefore rare. Truffles from the Périgord district were also scarce, the white variety being almost unfindable, even by the most redoubtable pigs. However, the woodcocks are unusually fat, and excellent teal from the Arras marshes are available. One is thus able to continue believing in Santa Claus after all. *A tout le*



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# NASSAU BAHAMAS

Richard V. Brown



*monde, un joyeux Noël et une bonne année.*

IDA RUBINSTEIN has been an important figure in the theatrical novelties of Paris. At the period when Bakst, Debussy, and d'Annunzio worked for her, she had as sponsors and restrainers three great men. She has recently appeared on her own at the Opéra, in a four-night ballet series containing six first auditions by six of the leading modern musicians—Ravel, Stravinsky, Borodine, Sauguet, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Auric—but managed to score one of the greatest artistic failures of a lifetime. The failure seemed principally to spring from the fact she still cannot dance, and that the corps de ballet, the décor, the direction of the orchestra, and the ensemble were all bad. The audience, however, was good and smart and derisory.

IT would also be kinder to say nothing about Sacha Guitry's much-touted spectacle "Charles Lindbergh." It would be kinder, but duller. The leading rôle is taken by the discovery, Chantraine, who resembles the fier fantastically and, we believe, used to be a window dresser. The show is housed in the Châtelet, home for generations of thrillers and extravaganzas.

M. Guitry is one of the best showmen in France. His idea of utilizing, and above all at the Châtelet, mechanical realities such as fliers and planes to take the place of the older magic of witches' wands was capital. Only he never utilized them.

THE third theatrical accident concerns "The Return Journey," presented with aplomb before the Anglo-American colony by the English Players. Were the play not written by Arnold Bennett and running at the St. James' Theatre in London, with Sir Gerald Du Maurier as star, we would say it was a rotten play. Since it is written by Mr. Bennett and stars Sir Gerald, we shall not say it is a rotten play. But we shall think it. Its plot concerns—stop me if you've heard this one—an old man who, offered youth by the Devil, accepts, and ruins a young lady, usually called Marguerite. In the Bennett version she is called something else—as is the old scholar, who becomes Mr. Fausting—while the Devil turns out to be a doctor high up in the Voronoff gland syndicate. Otherwise the play



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is according to Goethe, though not so good.

**I**N opposition to these three leading and regrettable theatrical offerings, the Izzy Schwartz-Spider Pladner fight in the Velo d'Hiver was perfection. It was the most important struggle since the war and drew the biggest Parisian gate ever known, topping the Carpentier-Siki fight. The spectators numbered thirty thousand and the receipts mounted to eight hundred thousand francs, which would make Mr. Rickard yawn but satisfied the American promoter, Jeff Dickson, who does not seem to be hunting the philosopher's stone, and is apparently contenting himself with having revived boxing in Paris profitably and made it one of the most reliable and frequent pleasures of the town.

**M**ISS MERAUD GUINNESS of London is showing her paintings at the Van Leer Gallery. She studied in England under Tonks, at the Slade, recently in New York with Archipenko, and has taken refuge in France under the aegis of Picabia.

A more professional art item concerned the sale of Pissarro's personal collection, which included his own works, augmented by a few favorites among his contemporaries. The importance of such a sale consists in the prices paid and the country to which the objects will go, the aesthetic worth of the canvases being no longer of primary interest. The price for the Pissarro pieces was roughly about one hundred and fifty thousand francs each—"Jardin à Pontoise" (1877) being the only one that went to three hundred thousand francs, pushed by competition among the merchants Durand-Ruel, Bernheim Jeune, and Paul Rosenberg, the last being not the least in his bid. Knoedler of New York was the only American merchant buyer, taking the "Pommiers à Eragny" (1903) for seventy-five thousand francs. A minute Cézanne went for forty-eight thousand one hundred and a smaller Seurat for fifty-eight thousand francs. —GENËT

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[Adv. in the World]

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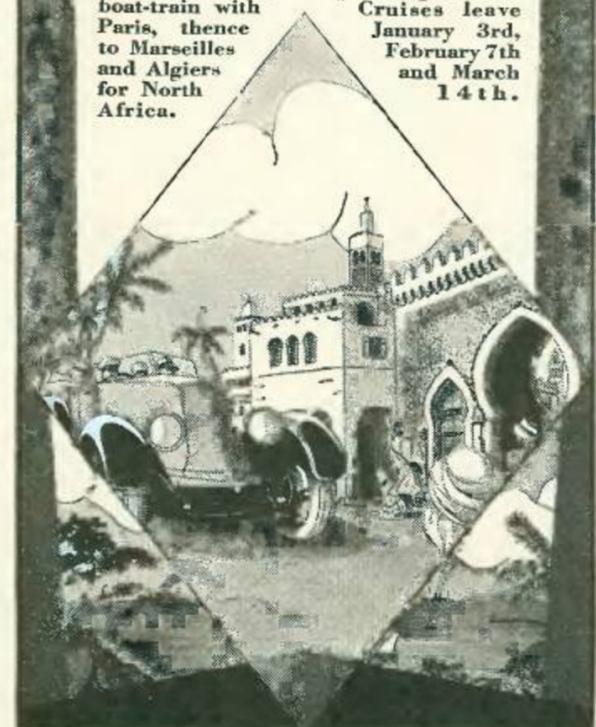
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## HOCKEY

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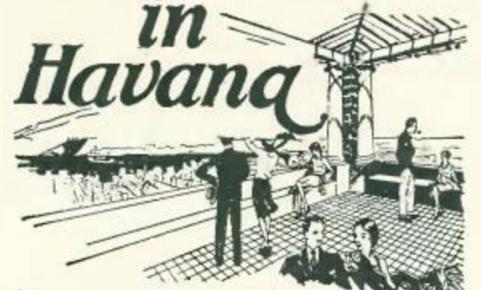


THE way hockey players are traded around causes some funny situations. When the Americans played the Maroons, Clint Benedict was in the Montreal net. If Benedict had been hurt, Flat Walsh, taking his place, would have been working against the team whose goal he had been guarding less than a week before. The Ranger-Toronto game was another in which men who had recently been on the same team were opposing each other. Goalie John Ross Roach obviously enjoyed the chance to kid his Toronto friends. After stopping one of their shots he would straighten up and say, "You're on the wrong side now, boy."

In his first evening with the Americans Roy Worters showed that in spite of his long hold-out he is still probably the best goalie in the league. According to official records he made more stops last year than anyone else. He isn't always, of course, the best goalie in the league, or anything like it. Nobody is on his game all the time.

I WOULDN'T want to be a goalie. Everyone knows that the player in front of the net is the most important man on the team; if he is perfect, his side can't lose; it is a painful responsibility. Roach is the only goalie I ever saw who looked as though he was enjoying himself. But in spite of his grins and wisecracks he is as highstrung as the rest of them. Like all goalies, he chews gum. While the puck is being centred he leans back against the posts, then he bends forward anxiously, watching the play. At any moment, perhaps from far down the rink, he may see the brief, peculiar motion of a stick that means a shot is rising toward him. He squares his shoulders, staring, lifts his broad stick half an inch. His body is tense. The puck is somewhere in the air, a small blur made lopsided by speed; it is lost for a fraction of a second against the smoky, light-and-dark pattern of faces along the sideboards, the striped sweaters or stockings of the players. He sees it now, and his motions become automatic; his knee or stick comes to his rescue, moves

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with great speed, without directions from him, or his gauntleted hand catches the puck as country boys catch a bee, and he holds it for two or three seconds until one of his own team is ready to take it. It is a moment for relaxation; he takes a spit and shifts his gum to the other side. "You know what team you're playing, don't you, friend?"

THE periods of waiting must be hardest for a goalie. Flat Walsh, who is about as good as any of them, shows this strain by talking. He delivers fervent and prolonged harangues to hypothetical supporters. The play may have moved to the other end of the ice. Nobody is near the goal but a defence man, loafing warily along the blue line. All by himself, Flat Walsh exhorts and encourages. His lips move without stopping. "Get in there, Conny. Take it down. Watch it, Bill, watch it. Shoot!"

Other goalies have their own mannerisms. Some get nervous unless both defence men are in front of them all the time. If one moves away they whack the ice with their sticks for protection. Chabot, because he is tall, rests his elbows on top of the net between plays. Tall goalies are at a disadvantage; they have to telescope their bodies somehow, so that their ribs and shoulders will fill part of the four-foot space that they must guard. Miller moves his skates restlessly. In the ice between the posts he chips out a little alley for them to slide in.

BENNY LEONARD and his brother sent out a form letter to the managers of all the minor-league clubs, offering to sell or trade any man in the Pittsburgh lineup. Leonard knows that a boxer who is beaten badly a few times at the start of his career has not much chance of amounting to anything, and he has not yet figured out the differences between hockey and fighting. He holds anxious business conferences in rooms full of cigar-smoke. Last year Pittsburgh didn't start well either, but they finished in the play-offs. They have a good chance to do it again. Leonard would be foolish to let any of his team go. —N. B., JR.

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In  
"DIAMOND LIL"  
FASCINATING MELODRAMA OF THE OLD BOWERY

**37TH WEEK**  
ROYALE 45th, west of B'way  
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

[ 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

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THE SEASON'S GAYEST COMEDY HIT!  
**THIS THING CALLED LOVE**  
A New Comedy by EDWIN BURKE  
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BIJOU THEATRE W. 45th St. Eves. 8:30  
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William Fox presents

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Comedy with Charles CHIC SALE  
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Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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LEW LESLIE'S  
**'BLACKBIRDS'**  
MIDNIGHT SHOW THURSDAY  
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Dorothy GISH — James RENNIE — Tom DOUGLAS — Catharine WILLARD

Arthur Hopkins presents Philip Barry's new comedy, "HOLIDAY,"  
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Eves. 8:35. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:35.  
Extra Mats. Fri. Dec. 28 & Mon. Dec. 31.

FAY BAINTER in  
**"JEALOUSY"**  
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Mats. Wed. & Sat.

CRAIG THEATRE, Circle 4270, West 54th St. at 7th Ave. Mats. Wed.-Sat.  
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Book, Music & Lyrics by Noel Coward  
SELWYN Theatre, W. 42nd St. Eves. 8:30  
Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30  
Seats now on sale at Box Office at all prices for 10 weeks.

49TH ST. Thea., W. of B'y. Eves. 8:30  
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30  
The Actors' Theatre Inc. presents  
**BLANCHE YURKA**  
in **THE WILD DUCK**  
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"Most distinguished showing of drama in town to-day."—Gilbert Gabriel, American.

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In his greatest role as "the Crafty Cesare Borgia"  
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Every Ev'g and Mats. Thurs., Fri. & Sat.

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**NEW YORK LEXINGTON**  
Dec. 22, 23, 24: John Gilbert in "Masks of Devil"; Dec. 25, 26: "Water Front" with Dorothy Mackaill.  
On Vitaphone: Eddie Foy & Bessie Love; Dec. 27, 28: "Manhattan Cocktail"; Dec. 29, 30, 31: "Wedding March".  
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**PLAZA THEATRE** Madison Ave. at 59th Street  
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Sun. & Mon. Dec. 23 & 24—Victor Hugo's "THE MAN WHO LAUGHS." Tues. & Wed. Dec. 25 & 26—REGINALD DENNY in "The Night Bird." Thurs. & Fri. Dec. 27 & 28—"POWER" & Marjorie Beebe in "The Farmer's Daughter." Sat. Dec. 29—"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

## THE CURRENT CINEMA

*Ghosts for Christmas, and a Maternal Ape*



SINCE the world at large is so foolishly absorbed in the business of buying gifts rather than movie tickets, Hollywood presents only two new films to the town this week.

At the Paramount there is "The Haunted House," adapted from a play by Owen Davis, and at the Colony, "The Circus Kid." Both are rather entertaining.

Fortunately, in the last year or two the claptrap and especial nonsense of mysteries and thrillers have received the approbation of assertive critics, and you don't have to cower in a corner in shame if you happen to like these things. "The Haunted House" is stuffed full of the absurdities of its genre. There are sliding panels, spectral shadows, and clanking chains, and a ghostly white-clad maiden who roams about singing "Just a Song at Twilight" in a thoroughly sinister mezzo.

A haunted house is meat for the mechanics of the movies, and the Vitaphone, we must remark, has never been better adapted to anything than it is to the wailings of the winds at midnight and to all the ghastly creaks and groans attendant upon such an establishment.

The cleverest part of the picture, though, is the casting of Chester Conklin as one of the adventuresome intruders. Throughout all the absurdities of the plot he resembles exactly one of those thousands of good little elderly gentlemen who start out for the office every morning, promptly at eight-thirty, equipped with an umbrella and a briefcase, and undoubtedly the real humor of the film is gained by the idea of such a person being flung suddenly into fantasy.

AS "The Haunted House" is made a little better than nonsense by the acting of Chester Conklin, so "The Circus Kid" is given an extra touch of charm by little Frankie Darro, who appears to be another of those amazing movie children of the Jackie Coogan model.

This is a circus picture, but it is

'twas the night before xmas



intoned the clever cinema customer, and all through the house not a creature was stirring — and why should they — they were transfixed by that thrilling entertainment

at the paramount



where most appropriately is "what a night" with bebe daniels — this is a paramount picture not an experience



and on the stage is "just kids" a playfully young revue with bennie krueger and the paramount stage band



and there's jesse crawford just full of christmas cheer — organically speaking, dearie, not spiritually

at the rivoli— united artists



where is united artists "revenge" but not on the public, for it has dolores del rio and lots of action.

at the rialto



where born again, this time in a hollywood manager is anne nichols' favorite child "abie's irish rose," a paramount picture with sound and everything

luxurious and comfortable, these are public theatres



When you  
are bartering  
in foreign lands—  
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not by any means as lavishly photographed as "Four Devils" nor as well acted as "The Barker." There is rather a hack plot about a lion tamer, his love for a lady acrobat, and his addiction to alcoholic stimulants, a dangerous quality in such a career as his. Then a little boy runs away from an orphanage and hides in the cage of the man-eating ape. Instead of eating him, the ape adopts him, as it were. However, the child is rescued from this uncanny protectorate and adopted again by the circus troupe, with whom he makes an immediate success as a performer. There is some drama in the story and quite a bit of suspense, and altogether it is a picture that can distract you for an hour from the ardors of the Yuletide spirit.

AT the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse they have revived an old film—"old" in the movies means something like four years—and notwithstanding all the innovations in cinema art since its first appearance, this picture, "Anna Christie," from Eugene O'Neill's play, is still good drama of the waterfront and of the minds and passions of those whose lives are molded and governed by the sea. —J. C. M.

DILEMMA

Kittens, of course, are embarrassing...

Yet, in the full o' the moon,  
Who would not wander, a sinuous  
wraith,

Out of the door—away—  
Threading the area's fragrant shades  
To a fence where gallants croon,  
Tiger, maltese, and tortoise,  
Many a lovelorn lay?

There, where the pails gleam silver,  
What rapture to pose and yawn,  
Queening it over the envious swains,  
Preening, alluring, heart-harassing;  
Fanning to fury a duel-din  
Death to the drowsy dawn!  
Helen of Troy, in fur...

—But kittens, alas, are embarrassing!

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From the Evening Telegram]

He told interviewers that his relationship with his wife was also platonic. The Leigh-Manuells have three children, it is said, and expect another in January.

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GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

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Twin Musical Comedy Triumphs

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EVERYTHING!

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[ GILBERT MILLER Presents ]  
EMPIRE Thea., B'way, 40th St. Eves., 8:30  
Matinees WED. and SAT., 2:30

Katharine Cornell

in a new play

The Age of Innocence

A dramatization of Edith Wharton's Novel  
with a Distinguished Cast, including  
ROLLO PETERS & ARNOLD KORFF

In association with E. Ray Goetz

MUSIC BOX Thea., 45th St. W.  
of B'way. Eves. 8:30  
Mats. Thur. & Sat. 2:30

IRENE

in  
BORDONI 'PARIS'

A MUSICOMEDY by Martin Brown  
with Irving Aaronson's "THE COMMANDERS"

DAVID BELASCO Presents  
ULRICE as  
BELASCO M  
Thea., W. 44th St. I  
Eves. 8:20 Sharp M  
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:20 Sharp A

[ LEW CANTOR presents ]  
JANET BEECHER  
in "COURAGE"

with JUNIOR DURKIN

RITZ Thea., W. 48th St., Eves. 8:30  
Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

BON VOYAGE

MY last day in France! Around the corner of the Dôme and the Rotonde, down Boulevard Montparnasse, hurried but heavy steps took me. I could have cried as I turned into my favorite Coiffure pour Dames. My last Paris cut and wave!

Such delightful solicitude attended it: "Madame va partir? Ah! But madame will return?" Even when I asked the price, mademoiselle seemed too overcome to answer. She conferred with the proprietor, who murmured twenty-seven francs. Ten francs more than I had ever paid before? I turned and counted it up by the *tarif* modestly hanging in a distant corner.

"Seventeen francs," said monsieur, watching me. Smiling and bowing, they escorted me to the door.

BACK to the hotel I hurried. Past the fascinating little Montparnasse shops, past "madeleine" and "yvonne" and "lucienne," crowded even now with ladies speaking broken French, waiting their turn to be hatted; past the sidewalk restaurants, the American bars, the umbrella stores, and the parfumeries. Not even a moment for window-gazing. It was twelve-thirty and the boat train left at three.

"Let's ask for our bill now," I said to my husband when I got back. "We can save time by looking at it during lunch."

Monsieur was aghast at the idea. "But it ees not *nécessaire!*" he said, bowing from the waist and waving his hands with the most charming grace and animation.

Knowing how hard it is for us to read the delicately drawn French sevens and fives, I still held out my hand. He bowed again and handed us the bill.

"Pardon, monsieur," I said in my best Barnard French, "but I paid madame for the dress from Printemps and it is still on the bill."

"Ah oui, ah oui," he answered. "Madame has just told me!" He opened his book and showed me an entry.

My husband paid the hotel bill and waited while the change was laid on the desk. Three hundred-franc bills, one fifty-franc, and some smaller coins. Monsieur waited. My husband hesitated to take the change and glanced at monsieur. Monsieur put down another hundred-franc bill. So-

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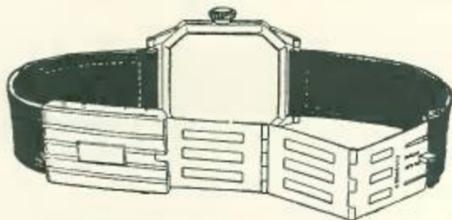
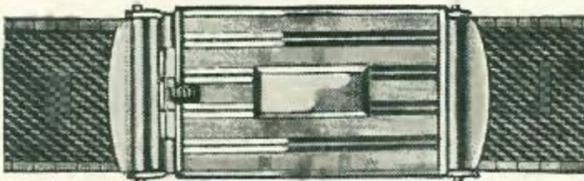


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# Kremenz

## WRIST WATCH BAND

licitously we and our eight pieces of luggage were helped into the taxi, and amid handshaking, and bon voyages, we were off.

**A** LAST peep at the adorable children in the Luxembourg Gardens. We could even see the black-robed, bearded priests refereeing a picturesque game for a group of lively school boys. Then on past St. Germain-des-Prés, over the Pont du Carrousel, and past the gardens in front of the Louvre. How simply stunning the reds and yellows of the autumn flowers, the perfection and intricacy of their arrangement! Oh *why* must we leave all this loveliness?

"*Combien?*" my husband asked the driver when we reached the entrance of the Gare du Nord.

"Twenty-two francs fifty."

"*Mais combien pour les bagages?*" he asked again, looking at the meter to make sure it was not set at 2 for night fare.

"*Trois francs.*"

"The meter registers seven-fifty. Here's fourteen for your tip and everything."

With a good-natured nod the driver was off. While we, our hearts nearly bursting with grief, followed two heavily laden porters to the train.

—JEAN GRAHAM TOWNLEY

## MERRY CHRISTMAS

### WARNING FROM HIM

Give me the chair  
Washington sat in,  
Or a pious prayer  
Embroidered in Latin,  
Or a bandbox square  
To keep my hat in,  
Or a lock of your hair,  
(What'll I put *that* in?)  
Give me dill pickles in two-quart jars,  
But do not buy me a box of cigars.

### WARNING FROM HER

Give me a stick  
Of peppermint candy,  
Or a real gold brick  
If you have one handy,  
Or a three-inch thick  
"Life of Tristram Shandy,"  
Or a new card-trick,  
Or a flask of brandy,  
Or a lovelorn sonnet complete with doves;  
But do not buy me a box of gloves.

—GENOVA CHARLOT

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## RECENT BOOKS

*A Peacemaker and a War*

WE found "The Tragedy of Edward VII" interesting, perhaps because it is so obviously and consistently partisan. The author, W. E. Edwards, says that he intends to make use of fresh material now available to pierce the shadows surrounding the King and to portray him as a human personality. The shadows were many: ancestors, tutors, marriage, the Constitution and its great defenders, society itself — except in



Paris. We did not feel that King Edward emerged from them as anything but a rose-tinted shadow himself. He was vastly more human in his occasional appearances in Strachey's "Victoria," and in Sir Sidney Lee's "Life."

Mr. Edwards dislikes all the restraining influences of the young Prince's life; Albert is presented as a harsh and unsympathetic father, substituting for a normal childhood a most rigorous personal and intellectual discipline. There is considerable justice in his attitude toward the defects in Albert's early, and Victoria's subsequent, policy with regard to their unruly heir. He grows bitter over the Prince's adult years spent "seeking in vain for a field of activity . . . the political genius who had not been permitted to express himself creatively until his physical powers were well-nigh exhausted," for he regards Edward as a superman and super-diplomat, "the most gifted member of the English Royal house." He is vague about the extra-regal activities of his hero, except as an escape from the prison of his youth. So he avoids or condones episodes which cannot be omitted from the story and assures us that "King Edward VII proved to his people . . . that one can have tasted all life's pleasures without exhausting those forces which go to the making of a great and farsighted ruler."

Mr. Edwards writes with such wit and ardor and personal conviction that his portrait of a king, however biased it may be, is not easily put aside.

THE simplicity of the plot of "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" serves

to heighten the cumulative power of this great book. It is founded on fact and expanded and interpreted into an indictment of injustice and the whole militaristic system of Germany.

Sergeant Grischa escapes from a German prison camp. He is a simple peasant, with a kind heart and a jest for everyone, even for a lynx that stalks him in the forest. He transfers his body into the uniform of a dead Russian soldier. At

Mervinsk he is arrested as a spy and sentenced to death. Even when it is proved that he is not a spy he is shot, to point a moral and maintain discipline.

Starting from the bare official record of this case, Arnold Zweig has made what seems to us one of the most impressive and stirring novels we have ever read. It is meticulously built up; detail upon detail; red tape unwinding endlessly in the military and political organization; minor characters rounded out into striking reality; the almost symbolical figures of Grischa, Babka (there's a woman for you!), "Daddy" Lychow, the General at Mervinsk, his nephew Winifried (who is to be the central character of the second of the proposed trilogy), Quartermaster General Schieffenzahn, who stands for the Right of Might. The last days of the zestful, uncomprehending Grischa in themselves would make the novel a psychological and human document of more than ephemeral importance.

"I SAW IT MYSELF" is Henri Barbusse's new book of tales of a disordered world. We recall "Under Fire" as the first of the war novels to give us a sense of the futile brutality of the whole junket. "I Saw It Myself" is a group of sketches of things the author has seen and heard and felt during the war—in the Balkans—and while the White Revolution was going on. Some of them are reminiscent of the Bryce Report and "Mother India." Some are more poignant than the physical horrors they chronicle. There is



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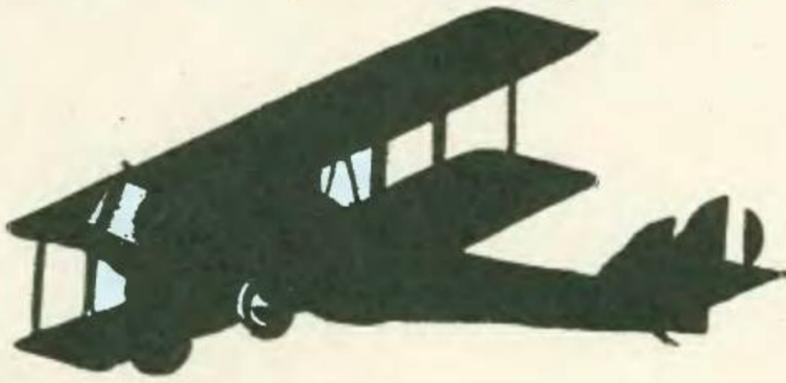
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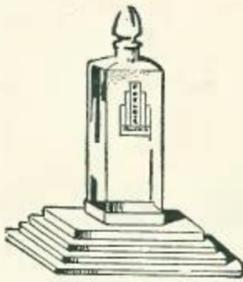
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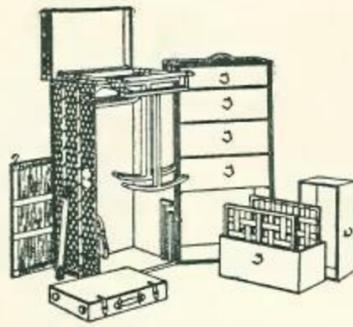
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one frightful story, "Contaminated," in which children, aping their elders, hang one of their playmates. "And We Were Celebrating Peace" is a hideous record of atrocities, and as for "Ferdinand"—no Queen of Rumania would feel exactly regal after reading it. The book lacks the continuity of "Under Fire," but is a series of hitherto muffled explosions.

"THE LETTERS OF SACCO AND VANZETTI," written during the years of their imprisonment, are not what one would expect from men convicted of a brutal killing. Vanzetti's reflect a mature, deliberative mind—obsessed, obviously, by a Cause. Sacco's show a simple, rather sweet young foreigner finding in newly acquired words a release which he can never hope to find in fact. Written in a tidy copy-book hand, Sacco's letters are possibly the more heart-rending, because they show less understanding of what the Roman holiday was all about. "Really," he writes, "I do not remember to have seen so big size and beautiful clove flowers . . . I remember very well that my father had several plant of clove flower—they perfume immensely, and if you could see the peasant when they come back home from the work at the night, you would be surprised to see every one of them picking every kind of flower here and there along the roadside."

The letters of Vanzetti are the letters of a conscious, but naturally reluctant, martyr to a Cause. He was a middle-aged man with a walrus mustache who sold fish. He had a passion for learning, and great bitterness toward those whose luck—not learning—had made them powerful. He was an anarchist and proud of it. He was puzzled by the catastrophe which had overwhelmed him; but having a single-track mind, attributed it to a prejudice of class. His last words to the Governor of Massachusetts show this: "Everything is against me, my race, my opinions and my humble occupation." —R. L. L.

## AMONG THE NEW BOOKS FICTION

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA, by Arnold Zweig (*Viking Press*). The case of an escaped soldier serves as the framework for this superb novel of wartime Germany. Don't miss it, but allow yourself plenty of time to read it.

HOW THE OLD WOMAN GOT HOME, by M. P. Shiel (*Macy-Masius*). Highly praised by the critics for its thrilling plot, imaginative qualities, and style. We

found it very hard to read, much less to get excited over.

UNDINE, by Olive Schreiner (*Harper*). Novel about a "sensitive" by the author of "The Story of an African Farm" and "From Man to Man." It will interest Olive Schreiner collectors more than Olive Schreiner admirers.

THE CRIME OF DR. GARINE, by Boris Sokoloff (*Covici, Friede*). A scientific mind has applied itself to the telling of some remarkably good short stories of disordered personalities. Russian in spirit and in horror.

SOME MEN AND WOMEN, by Marie Belloc Lowndes (*Doubleday, Doran*). Episodes in the lives of strange and interesting people. Restrained but dramatic. We liked it immensely.

JOSHUA'S VISION, by William J. Locke (*Dodd, Mead*). A retired boot-manufacturer becomes a sculptor and finds the Pygmalion rôle full of dramatic possibilities. In our opinion not up to the earlier Lockes.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1928 (*Dodd, Mead*). The magazine stories of the past year whose substance and artistic form Mr. O'Brien believes gives them a position in American literature—and Mr. O'Brien is a good judge.

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1928 (*Doubleday, Doran*). Another annual collection of hand-picked short stories, including the three O. Henry prize-winners by Walter Duranty, Marjory Stoneman Douglas, and Zona Gale.

LILY CHRISTINE, by Michael Arlen (*Doubleday, Doran*). Mr. Arlen departs, in mood at least, from his earlier and more flippant novels. The story of a good and loyal woman and the end to which her goodness and loyalty bring her.

THE WANDERER, by Alain Fournier (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Adolescence is treated with a fine and delicate background of rural life and a flavor which is at once subtle and pungent.

THE JEALOUS GODS, by Gertrude Atherton (*Liveright*). A slightly ponderous novel about that gay dog, Alcibiades, and his lady friends. Mrs. Atherton knows her fifth-century Athens.

TOO MUCH JAVA, by Elinor Mordaunt (*Payson & Clarke*). Another variation of the East is East theme. "Too much Java" is South Pacific for miscegenation and allied activities. Good local color.

STRANGE FRUIT, by Phyllis Bottome (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Admirably written short stories on a variety of unusual themes. The undercurrent of tragedy is noticeable in most of them.

THE FATHER, by Katharine Holland Brown (*John Day*). A skillful re-creation of the decade before the Civil War, and an interesting study of the relation of a father and daughter.

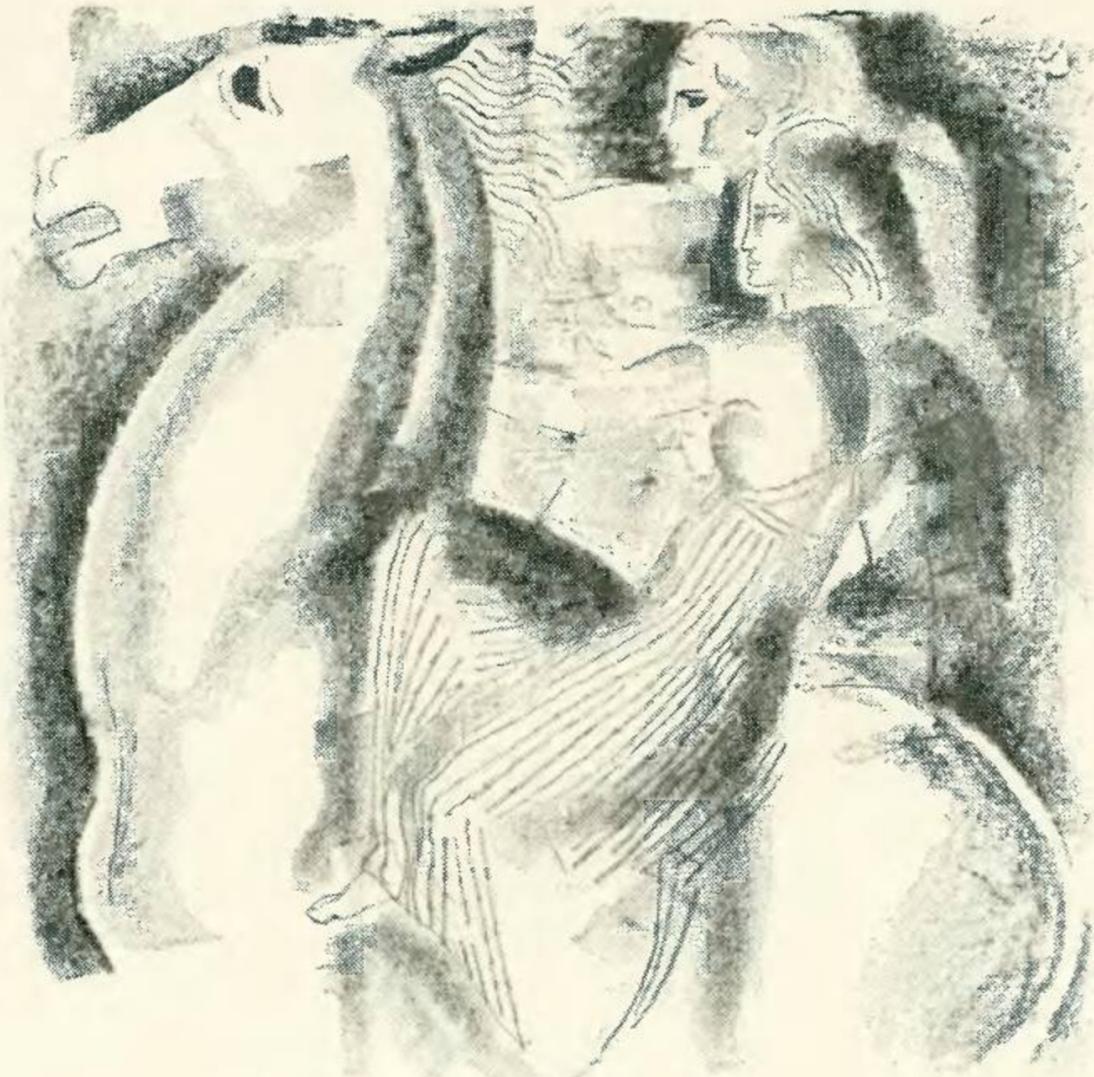
BOSTON, by Upton Sinclair (*A. & C. Boni*). The Sacco-Vanzetti case is the background of this almost overpowering novel. It's pretty stiff reading, but it's well worth the exertion.

PENELOPE'S MAN, by John Erskine (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Mr. Erskine uses the return voyage of Odysseus to show what sailors are. A collection of amusing episodes not up to "Helen of Troy."

#### GENERAL

THE TRAGEDY OF EDWARD VII, by W. E. Edwards (*Dodd, Mead*). A partisan study of a man and a politician "whose royal birth was the greatest obstacle to his development." Interesting to read in connection with Strachey's "Victoria."

FABULOUS NEW ORLEANS, by Lyle Saxon



## WOMAN

FOR Woman the "zero hour" of her charge into the battles of the larger world has just struck. She has climbed out beside her men. Only the history of the coming century will show how well she fares. Wherever one looks he finds Woman performing interestingly, often brilliantly in her new spheres. Sport, politics, art, business, the professions, even war, all boast of women who are proving that Woman can play skilfully at more games than the charming ones of love and home-making.

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JUBILEE JIM: THE LIFE OF COL. JAMES FISK, JR., by Robert H. Fuller (Macmillan). A fine, discursive, full-flavored biography of the bad boy of his day.

I SAW IT MYSELF, by Henri Barbusse (Dutton). True, vivid, and nerve-shattering stories and sketches of the war and post-war in Russia and the Balkans, by the author of "Under Fire."

FOOL'S ERRAND, by Alexander Laing (Doubleday, Doran). A slender collection of poems, ranging from the period of Housman imitation to some distinctive sonnets.

THE LETTERS OF SACCO AND VANZETTI (Viking Press). The prison letters of Sacco and Vanzetti, covering a period of seven years and remarkably illuminating as to the thoughts of men condemned to death.

MOSES, by Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt, Brace). Not an attempt to do the Erskine stunt with Moses, but a serious, albeit entertaining and human story of the man, his emotions, and his philosophy.

SONNETS, by Edwin Arlington Robinson (Macmillan). Sonnets worthy of the author of "Tristram." They have not only lyric beauty but some of them contain the core of drama. Really distinguished work.

PARIS SALONS, CAFÉS, STUDIOS, by Sisley Huddleston (Lippincott). Observations and anecdotes of the Paris indicated by the title. Discursively written and full of literary and artistic gossip.

WEST-RUNNING BROOK, by Robert Frost (Holt). New and distinguished volume of verse full of beauty and tranquillity and self-revelation.

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX, by Lytton Strachey (Harcourt, Brace). Magnificent study of Elizabeth and her court, with emphasis on Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

LIFE IN LETTERS OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, edited by Mildred Howells (Doubleday, Doran). William Dean Howells' enormous and illuminating correspondence has been excellently edited by his daughter.

THE WORLD DOES MOVE, by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday, Doran). A semi-autobiographical survey of the last thirty years, in which the nineties don't seem so very gay.

MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS, by Eddie Cantor (Harper). The making of a comedian is very well described by the comedian himself, with the assistance of David Freedman.

ON DOING THE RIGHT THING, by Albert Jay Nock (Harper). Essays on some aspects of civilization in America. Acid and stimulating.

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA OR DAVID COPPERFIELD, by Robert Benchley (Holt). If it has never occurred to you to "thank God for a sense of humor" you can thank Henry Holt for this book of essays.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT, by John Masefield (Macmillan). A modern re-telling of the less-known Arthurian stories by a poet with a gift for narrative, and a sense of beauty and form.

THE TERRIBLE SIREN, by Emanic Sachs (Harper). Racy biography of Victoria Woodhull, whose career in politics, publishing, banking, and love made her one of the sensational figures of the seventies.

THIS MAN ADAMS, by Samuel McCoy (Brentano). This new and very effec-

...tive kind of biography has our vote. **DREISER LOOKS AT RUSSIA**, by Theodore Dreiser (*Liveright*). A painstaking study of Communism at work. Pretty difficult reading.

**INNOCENT BYSTANDING**, by Frank Sullivan (*Liveright*). Here are the absurdities, out of a clear sky and elsewhere, which you always meant to cut out and save after your husband—or wife—had finished his—or her—*World*. The "Temptation of Anthony" among them!

**ANANIAS, OR THE FALSE ARTIST**, by Walter Pach (*Harper*). A frank discussion of misrepresentation in art—with local applications. You'll read a great deal about it in the press, and you'll find the book itself worth reading.

**THE NEW YORKER ALBUM** (*Doubleday, Doran*). Cartoons and drawings from *THE NEW YORKER* (local weekly). You shouldn't have missed seeing them in the first place; but if you did, here they are: The Tomato Surprise, Industrial Crises, the Whoops Sisters, and many others.

**THE TRAGIC EMPRESS**, by Maurice Paleologue (*Harper*). Napoleon III forbade Eugénie to write her memoirs. The distinguished diplomatist who was her friend and confidant has recorded the inside story of the Second Empire as she told it to him.

**OFF THE DEEP END**, by Christopher Morley (*Doubleday, Doran*). A collection of essays in the familiar and pleasant Morley manner. We could have spared a number of them.

**CONSECRATIO MEDICI**, by Dr. Harvey Cushing (*Little, Brown*). Essays by a distinguished surgeon—some biographical, some on medical problems. Interesting to the layman as well as to the profession.

**EVANGELIZED AMERICA**, by Grover C. Loud (*Dial Press*). The story of religious revivals in America: Edwards to—or through—John Roach Straton. We found the chapters on Aimée McPherson and Billy Sunday particularly pungent.

**MEET GENERAL GRANT**, by W. E. Woodward (*Liveright*). An excellent biography of an important though not very glamorous American figure, by the debunker of George Washington.

**MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN**, by Katharine Helm (*Harper*). The story of Mary Todd Lincoln, making use of unpublished letters and diaries, and interesting because it gives the in-laws' slant on the Lincoln ménage.

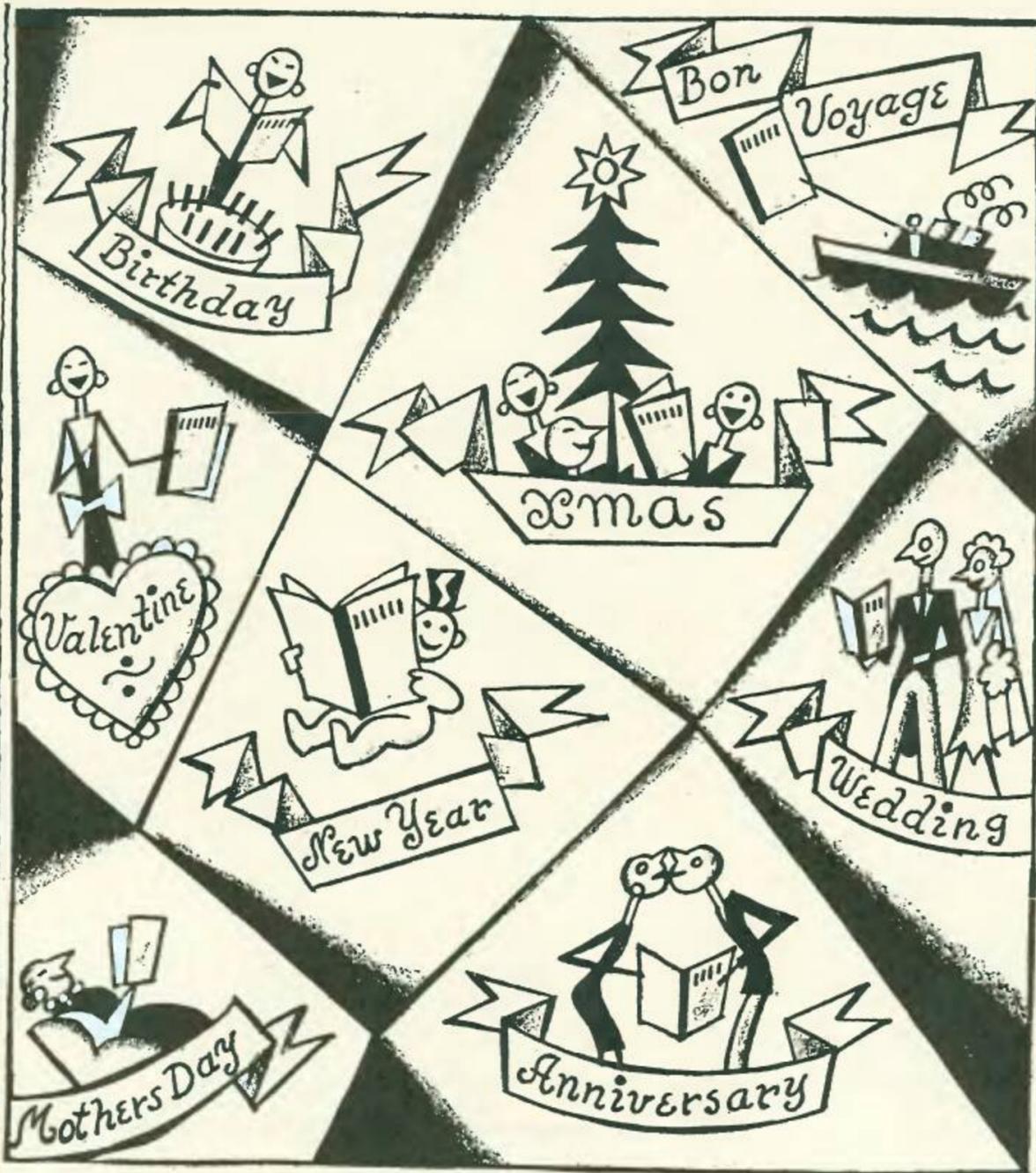
**THE JAMES GORDON BENNETTS, FATHER AND SON**, by Don C. Seitz (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Both subjects at least made rich material for copy.

**EXPLORING YOUR MIND**, by Albert Edward Wiggam (*Bobbs-Merrill*). In which the chapter "What Are You Afraid Of?" is alone worth the price of the book.

**HUNGER FIGHTERS**, by Paul de Kruif (*Harcourt, Brace*). An absorbing discourse on men whose efforts have been mainly responsible for the feeding of mankind.

ROME, NOV. 10. (AP)—The project to beautify the late Pope Pius X, the first step in the Catholic Church's process of proclaiming one of its members a saint, is nearing completion.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

And another proofreader stole quietly away.



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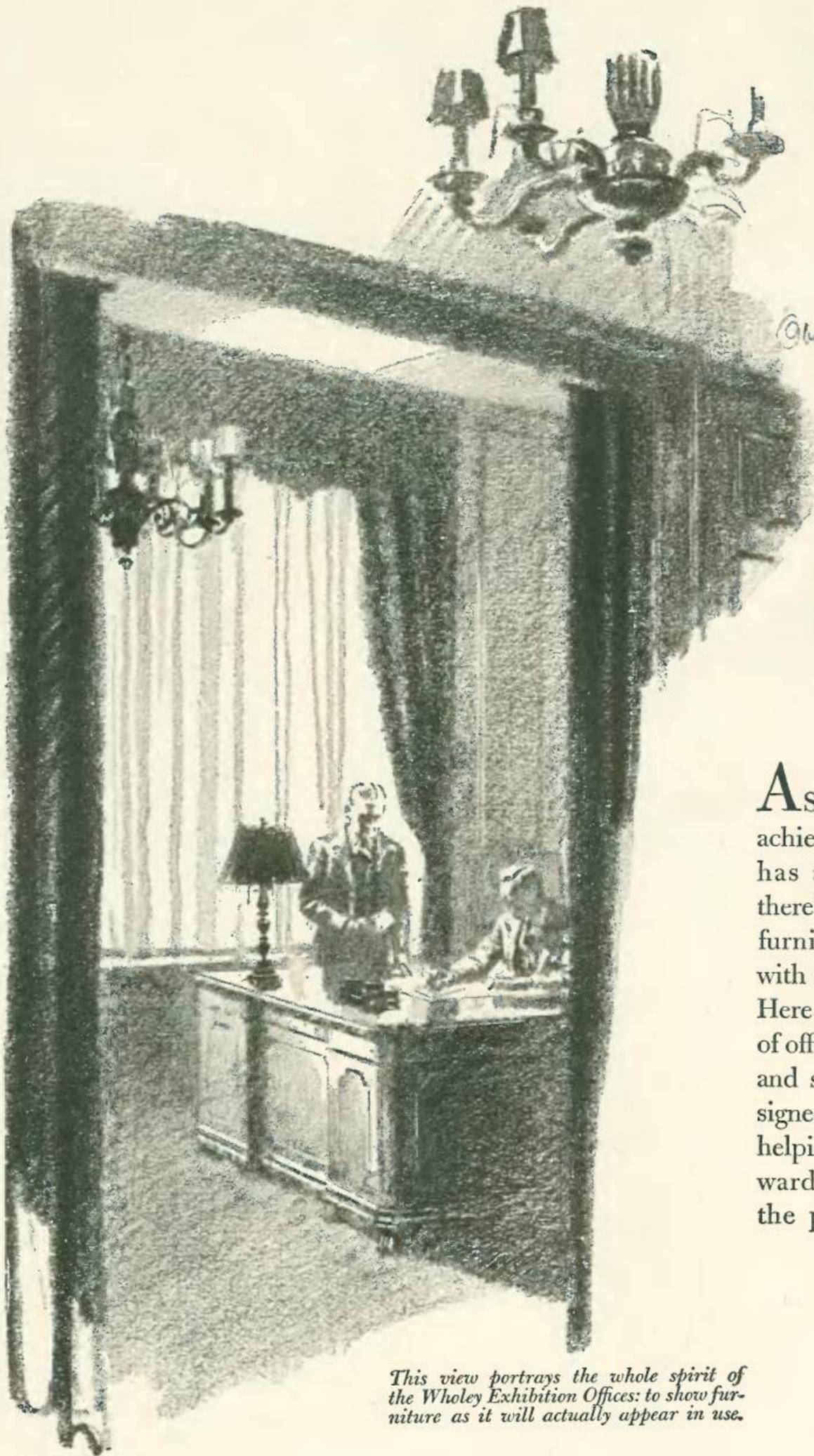
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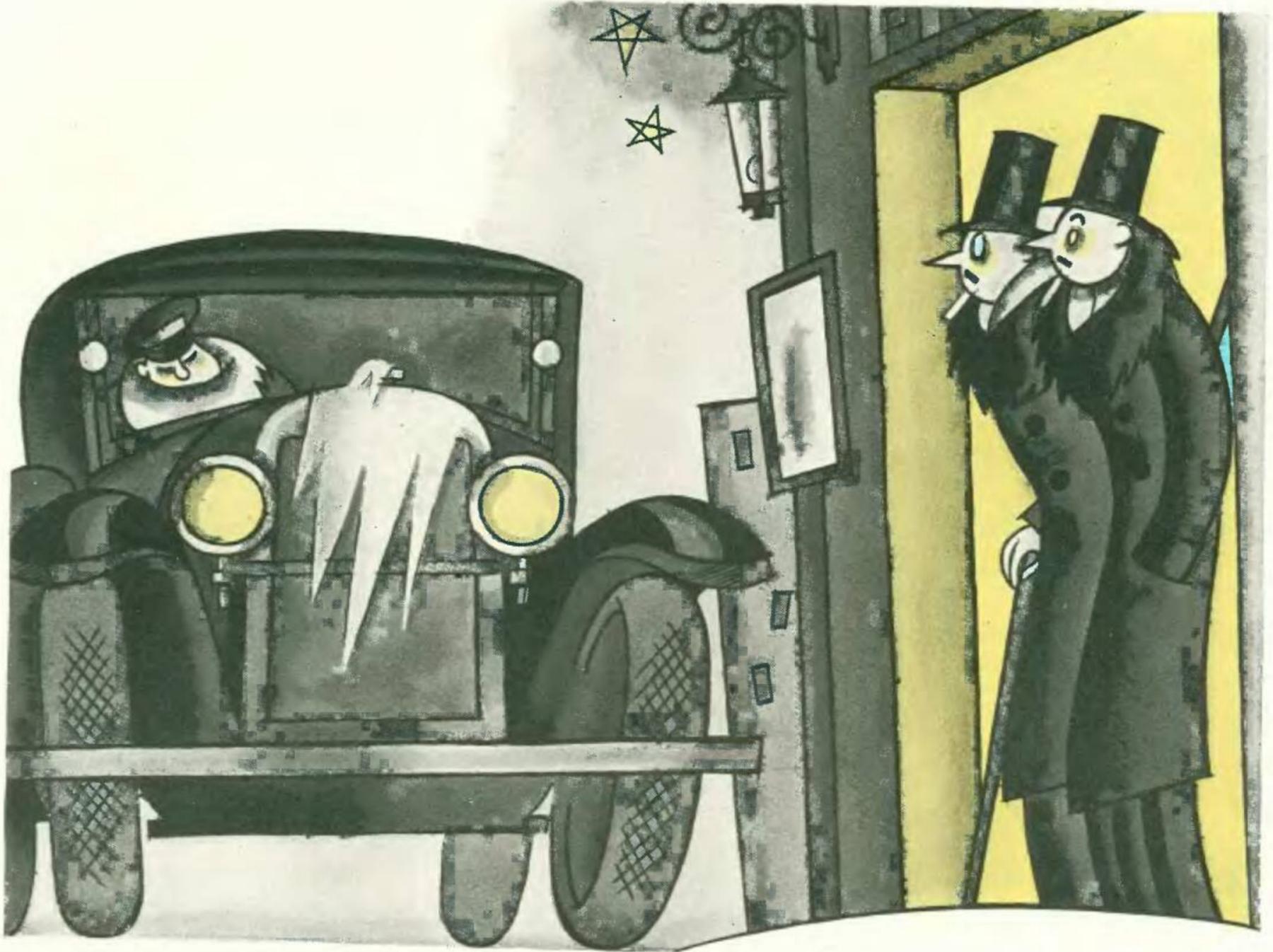


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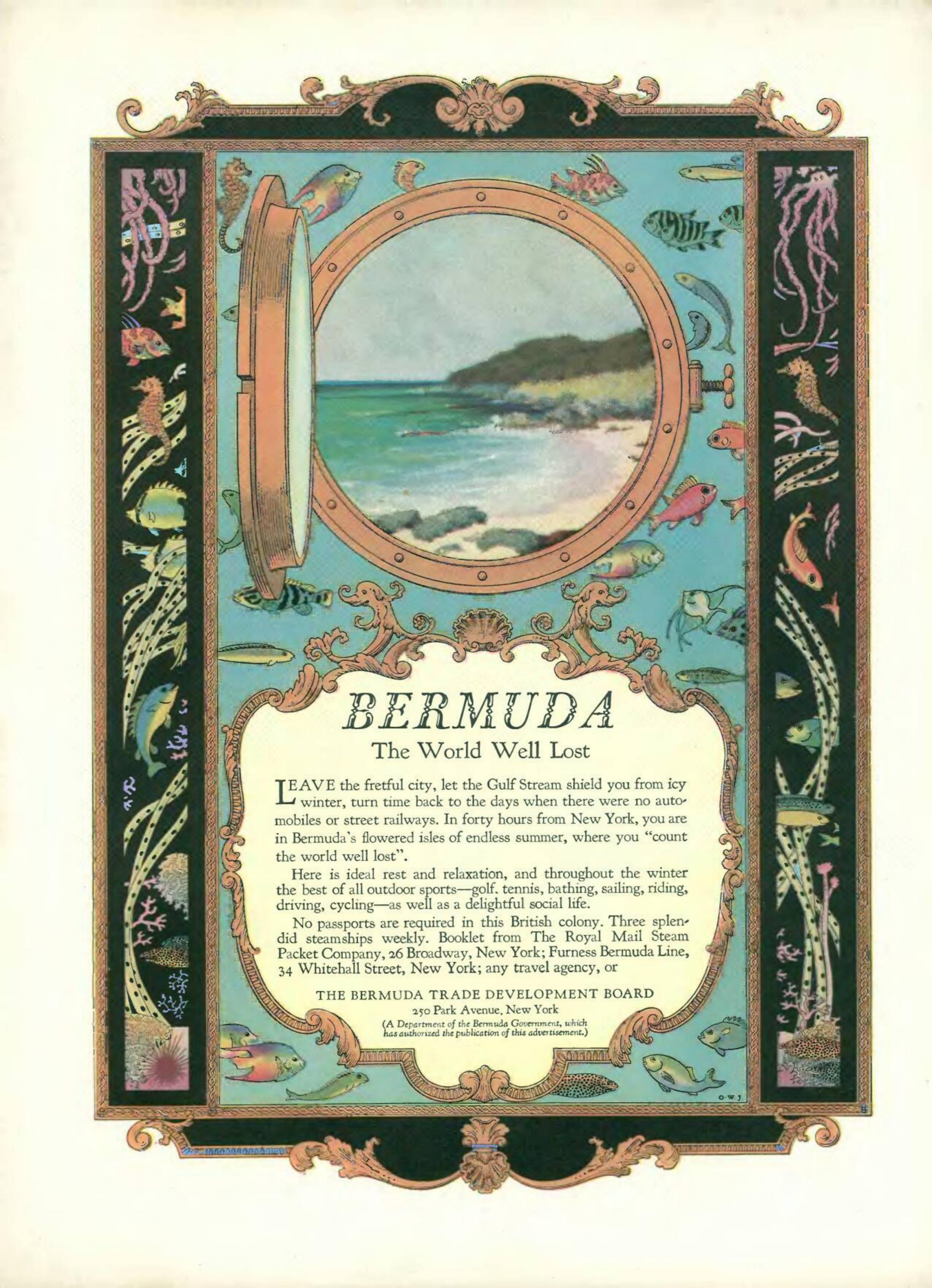
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