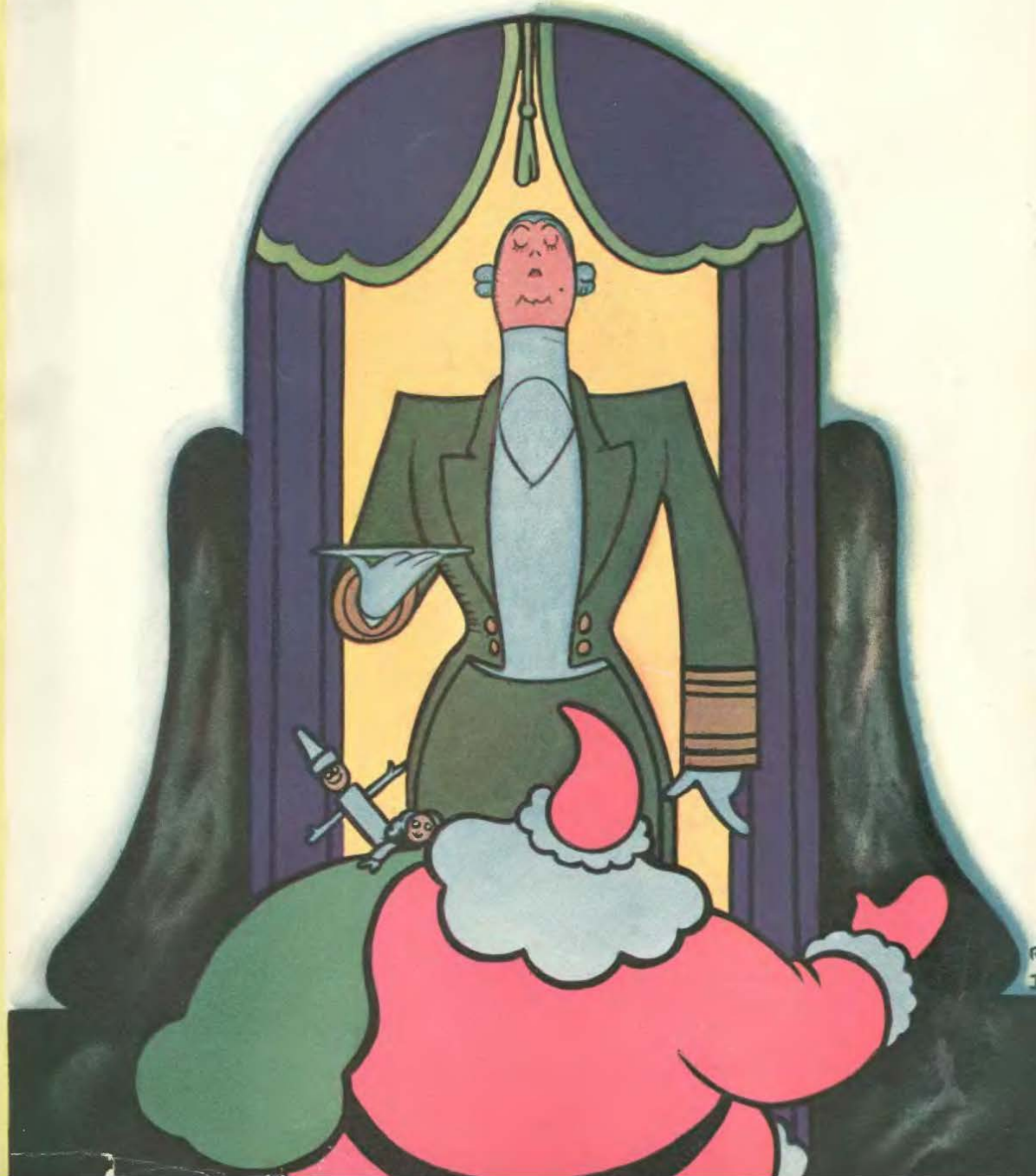


Dec. 25, 1926

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[From Friday, December 24, to Friday, December 31, inclusive]

THE THEATRE

DRAMA

BROADWAY—What bootleggers do with their spare time. Well worth seeing. **BROADHURST**, 44, W. of B'way.

LULU BELLE—The high lights of a fatal career. Lenore Ulric as a negro lady of loose habits. **BELASCO**, 44, E. of B'way.

THE CAPTIVE—Mature handling of the love of one lady for another. With Helen Menken and Basil Rathbone. **EMPIRE**, B'way at 40.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY—An excellent play made from Dreiser's very excellent book. **LONGACRE**, 48, W. of B'way.

NED MCCOBB'S DAUGHTER—How bootleggers fail to indent the New England tradition. For the week of Dec. 27. **JOHN GOLDEN**, 58, E. of B'way.

THE DYBBUK—The Neighborhood Players' version of Anskey's play. **NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE**, 466 Grand.

CAPONASACCHI—"The Ring and the Book" well dramatized for Walter Hampden. **HAMPDEN'S**, B'way at 63.

DAISY MAYME—The middle class put into a glass cage by George Kelly. **PLAYHOUSE**, 48, E. of B'way.

THE CONSTANT WIFE—A polygamous husband meeting his match in Ethel Barrymore. **MAXINE ELLIOTT**, 39, E. of B'way.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—The book made into a good play. With Beatrix Thomson as *Teresa*. **SELWYN**, 42, W. of B'way.

CÉCILE SOREL—The French players in their last performances. Closing Christmas Day. **COSMOPOLITAN**, Columbus Circle.

BEYOND THE HORIZON—O'Neill's play very well revived by the Actors' Theatre. **BIJOU**, 45, W. of B'way.

THE SILVER CORD—An interesting story by Sidney Howard. Fri. and Sat., Dec. 24 and 25. Re-opens week of Jan. 3. **JOHN GOLDEN**, 58, E. of B'way.

REPERTORY—Eva Le Gallienne and her company presenting: Fri., "Twelfth

Night;" Sat. (mat.), "La Locandiera," (eve.), "Twelfth Night"; Mon. "La Locandiera"; Tues., "Three Sisters"; Wed. (mat.), "La Locandiera," (eve.), "Twelfth Night"; Thurs., "Twelfth Night"; Fri. (special mat.), "Master Builder," (eve.), "La Locandiera." **CIVIC REPERTORY**, 6 Ave. at 14.

COMEDY

LOOSE ANKLES—An amusing bit about gigolos and their habits of thought. **GARRICK**, 35, E. of B'way.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—Anita Loos' book placed almost word for word on the stage. **TIMES SQUARE**, 42, W. of B'way.

THE PLAY'S THE THING—Of the fiancée who talked herself out of a compromising situation. **HENRY MILLER'S**, 43, E. of B'way.

ON APPROVAL—A play that deals lightly with taking matrimony seriously. **GAIEFY**, B'way at 46.

PYGMALION—A Theatre Guild production of Shaw's Cinderella tale. **GUILD**, 52, W. of B'way.

WITH MUSIC

CRISS CROSS—A good show to take that little boy home from boarding school to see. With Fred and Dorothy Stone. **GLOBE**, B'way at 47.

THE RAMBLERS—Marie Saxon dancing delightfully in a good musical comedy. With Clark and McCullough. **LYRIC**, 42, W. of B'way.

THE DESERT SONG—An absurd plot about sheiks, set to good music, and well staged. **CASINO**, B'way at 39.

AMERICANA—A small revue satirizing some of the more notorious American weaknesses. **BELMONT**, 48, E. of B'way.

SCANDALS—Lots of stars in a large and highly entertaining revue with good music. **APOLLO**, 42, W. of B'way.

COUNTESS MARITZA—Good staging and good music helping a very poor book. **SHUBERT**, 44, W. of B'way.

HONEYMOON LANE—Pickles set to love and music. With Eddie Dowling. **KNICKERBOCKER**, B'way at 38.

QUEEN HIGH—A musical comedy version of a "Pair of Sixes." With

Luella Gear. **AMBASSADOR**, 49, W. of B'way.

KATJA—An almost intelligent treatment of operetta royalty. **44TH STREET**, 44, W. of B'way.

OH, KAY!—Gertrude Lawrence, Gershwin music and Betty Compton making an excellent musical show. **IMPERIAL**, 45, W. of B'way.

TWINKLE TWINKLE—An average musical comedy about movie people and Kansas. **LIBERTY**, 42, W. of B'way.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE—Gilbert and Sullivan revived in a most befitting manner. **PLYMOUTH**, 45, W. of B'way. No Thurs. eve. performance.

IOLANTHE—Last summer's favorite now playing on Thursday eve. only. **PLYMOUTH**, 45, W. of B'way.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

MOZART—Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps arrive with their own **MOZART**. **CHANIN'S 46TH STREET**, 46, W. of B'way. Mon., Dec. 27.

PEGGY ANN—A new musical comedy by Rodgers and Hart. With Helen Ford. **VAN DER BILT**, 48, E. of B'way. Mon., Dec. 27.

ALADDIN—A play about the famous Arabian and his lamp for children. **PRINCESS**, 39, E. of B'way. On Mon., Tues., Wed., and Fri., Dec. 27, 28, 29 and 31 at 2:30 P.M.

WHAT NEVER DIES—E. H. Sothern in a play adapted from the German. **LYCEUM**, 45, E. of B'way. Tues., Dec. 28.

BETSY—Another musical comedy with music and lyrics by Rodgers and Hart. **NEW AMSTERDAM**, 42, W. of B'way. Tues., Dec. 28.

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

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

AMBASSADOR GRILL, 51 and Park Ave.—Larry Siry's music putting additional pep into sprightly young things.

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3.—A genial, informal spirit, Peewee Byer's orchestra, a midnight revue, and the solemn spirit of Barney over it all.



An international Verdict

If you have been to Europe during the past few seasons, you will remember the car beauty contests which have been the leading feature at the famous watering places on the Continent.

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CONTINUED

CAFÉ DE PARIS, Cent. Pk. W. and 63.—Shubertian revue on the most magnificent roof in town.

CLUB LIDO, 808 7 Ave.—You must have heard the Yacht Club boys, but it won't hurt you to hear them again.

CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51.—Maurice and Eleanora, and a new acrobatic team, Simmes and Babette, supplanting the Canaros orchestra, now departed.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50.—Gay entertainment for the most civilized dancing crowd in town. Charlie Journal and Emil Coleman's music reunited.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56.—Harry Richman wise-cracking at the head of a Broadway revue. Nate Leipsig (card tricks and sleight of hand a specialty) worth seeing.

COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9.—Comedy orchestra, good floor, low covert and informal spirit of the Village.

KATINKA, 109 W. 49.—Jaunty Russian revue in a colorful cellar.

KAVKAZ, 1691 B'way.—Still another subterranean Russian favorite.

LE PERROQUET DE PARIS, 146 W. 57.—Roger Wolfe Kahn's glittering venture deserves one visit.

TEXAS GUINAN'S THREE HUNDRED CLUB, 151 W. 54.—Go late and be rowdy, but leave your pearls at home.

VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60.—Collegiate in a pleasant way. Covert, one dollar. Formal dress required.

SMALL'S, 2294 7 Ave. and CLUB BRAMVILLE, 65 W. 129, are the aristocrats of Harlem for downtown visitors who don't know where else to go. Go about two-thirty.

MOTION PICTURES

WHAT PRICE GLORY—Victor McLaglen giving a remarkable performance as *Captain Flagg* in a rousing war comedy. HARRIS, 42, W. of B'way.

THE BIG PARADE—The war again brought to Broadway in a very effective manner. With John Gilbert and Renée Adorée. ASTOR, B'way at 45.

THE BETTER 'OLE—A slapstick war film, with Syd Chaplin and the Vitaphone. COLONY, B'way at 53.

POTEMKIN—An original and striking picture dealing with a revolt on the cruiser "Potemkin." BILTMORE, 47, W. of B'way.

OLD IRONSIDES—A dull story told with exceedingly beautiful pictures. Also a well staged sea fight. RIVOLI, B'way at 49.

MICHAEL STROGOFF—A herd of ferocious Tartars stirring up an uneven story. COHAN, B'way at 43.

BEAU GESTE—Why the *Geste Brothers* took to the desert, and what happened to them. CRITERION, B'way at 44.

FILM GUILD—"The Gorilla Hunt," a travel picture well above the average. CAMEO, 42, E. of B'way.

PLAZA THEATRE—Pictures in the mornings for children. "Robin Hood" and Vincent Lopez orchestra Christmas Day at 10:00 A.M. without charge for those children from the settlements unable to pay admission. All other mornings at 10:30 A.M. "Peter Pan," Mon., Dec. 27; "The Devil Horse," Wed., Dec. 29; "A Kiss For Cinderella," Fri., Dec. 31. PLAZA, Madison and 59.

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

THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH, FAUST, THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM and BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT.

ART

HERMAN TRUNK—Some exceptional water colors of a young newcomer. VALENTINE DUDENSING, 45 W. 44.

THE IMPRESSIONISTS—A worth while exhibition of paintings by three artists. DURAND-RUEL, 12 E. 57.

MOSELS—Beautiful small sculpture by a young German and some primitive drawings by an Italian. WEYHE, 794 Lexington.

VENETIAN MASTERS—A rare treat of Titian, Veronese and others. THOMAS AGNEW, 125 E. 57.

INDUSTRIAL ART—The fine work of our big art museum in directing the Babbitt toward beauty is shown in the tenth annual display. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, 5 Ave. at 80.

PENNELL—A memorial exhibition of the work of this artist. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, 5 Ave. at 80.

EMILE PAJOT—Twenty-five water colors of a Frenchman, with drawings, lithos, etc., shown for the holiday shopper. Matisse, Vlaminck, etc. DUDENSING GALLERIES, 43 E. 57.



ABOUT TOWN

FROM PAGE 5

RICHARD LAHEY—Drawings and water colors suitable for Christmas trade. **ARTISTS GALLERY**, 51 E. 60.

INTERNATIONAL MODERN—A stirring collection of the world's best moderns, extreme wing. Worth going to Brooklyn to see. **BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway.

INGRES—Fifty-seven drawings by the great master made in Italy. **DE HAUKE & Co.**, 3 E. 51.

MARIN—Remarkable show of new phase of one of America's few geniuses. Extended to Jan. 15. **Stieglitz Intimate Gallery**, Room 300, **ANDERSON GALLERY**, Park and 59.

CHARDIN—Rare chance to see one of the French immortals. **WILDENSTEIN**, 647 5 Ave.

GREAT AMERICANS—Superb showing of Demuth, Kuniyoshi, Brook, Blume and others of this school. **DANIEL GALLERIES**, 600 Madison.

YOUNG MODERNS—Baxte, Becker, Sheeler, Gellert and others of this vivid school. **NEUMANN ART CIRCLE**, 35 W. 57.

MONA LISA—The disputed duplicate on view for charity, with a Rembrandt and other objects thrown in. At 9 E. 55.

MUSIC

RECITALS

BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION—A grab bag of eminent artists. **AEOLIAN HALL**, Mon. Eve., Dec. 27.

ENGLISH SINGERS—The best Christmas girl. **TOWN HALL**, Tues. Aft., Dec. 28.

SYLVIA LENT—Really, a charming fiddler. **TOWN HALL**, Tues. Eve., Dec. 28.

ELMAN STRING QUARTET—Mischa and his three helpers. **AEOLIAN HALL**, Tues. Eve., Dec. 28.

MUSICAL ART QUARTET—Return of the season's new ensemble hit. **AEOLIAN HALL**, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 30.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC—Mengelberg conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL**, Fri. Eve., Dec. 24; Sun. Aft., Dec. 26; Thurs. Eve., Dec. 30; Fri. Aft., Dec. 31.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY—Damrosch conducting. **MECCA TEMPLE**, Sun. Aft., Dec. 26. **CARNEGIE HALL**, Thurs. Aft., Dec. 30.

ORATORIO SOCIETY—Stoessel conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL**, Mon. Eve., Dec. 27 ("The Messiah").

SCHOLA CANTORUM—Mme. Dessoff conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL**, Wed. Eve., Dec. 29.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA Co.—Fri. Eve., Dec. 24, "Faust"; Sat. Aft., Dec. 25, "Die Walkuere"; Sat. Eve., Dec. 25, "La Forza del Destino"; Sun. Eve., Dec. 26, concert. Rest of schedule not yet announced at press time.

FRENCH-AMERICAN OPÉRA COMIQUE—**JOLSON'S**, 7 Ave. and 59.

SPORTS

HOCKEY—AMATEUR—Crescent vs. Canadian Club; N.Y.A.C. vs. St. Nicholas; Seventh Regiment vs. Knickerbocker on Sat., Dec. 25. Seventh Regiment vs. St. Nicholas; Knickerbocker vs. Crescent; Canadian Club vs. N.Y.A.C. on Wed., Dec. 29.

COLLEGE—Princeton vs. Toronto on Mon., Dec. 27. Yale vs. McGill on Thursday, Dec. 30.

PROFESSIONAL—Rangers vs. Americans on Sun., Dec. 26. Rangers vs. Ottawa on Tues., Dec. 28. Amateur games at 8:00 P.M. Other games at 8:30 P.M. **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**, 8 Ave. and 50.

ON THE AIR

"**THE MESSIAH**"—Station **WEAF**, Sat. Eve., Dec. 25, at 7:30.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Station **WJZ**, Sat. Eve., Dec. 25, at 8:30.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Station **WEAF**, Sat. Eve., Dec. 25, at 9:00.

OTHER EVENTS

MARIONETTES—Tony Sarg's inanimate actors presenting "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." Daily mats. at 3:00 P.M. Christmas and New Year's day performances at 11:00 A.M. also. **EODYTH TOTTEN THEATRE**, 48. W. of B'way.

RUTH DRAPER—If Sunday evenings lie heavy on your hands, Miss Draper is the cure. **SELWYN**, 42, W. of B'way. Every Sunday evening.

TITANIA'S PALACE—A very intricate and unusual doll's house that is worth going to see. Daily from 10:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. Sun., from noon to 6:00 P.M. New Year's is the last day. 274 Madison (near 40).



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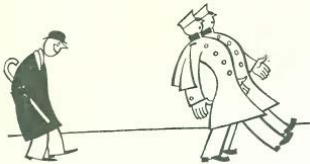
The Specialty Shop of Originations
FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET, NEW YORK



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE BUSINESS of thanking God that we are not as others are, is not, we flatter ourselves, one in which we generally indulge; but we were not able to avoid twinges of complacency during Christmas week when a few cadets made themselves visible on the sidewalks. Our experiences during the war make us feel that the future we should least look forward to would be one which held out the promise that, if we worked real hard in our studies for

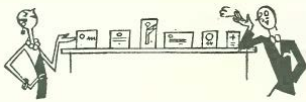


two or three more years, we could become a Second Lieutenant.

MARION TALLEY, the singer who once appealed to the imagination as young, beautiful, and struggling against great odds, undoubtedly achieved publicity by refusing to sing at a recital because every cent of her fee had not been paid her in advance. It is too bad that the public can never get at the facts of a thing of this sort. It would be interesting to know whether Miss Talley acted thus because she feels she is already famous enough to act as she pleases, or whether she was forced into doing it by her publicity agent.

AT THIS TIME it behooves the guardian of morals and manners to comment on the institution of the Christmas Card, which is so warmly loved by some and so cordially hated

by others. Shrinking never from duty, we pronounce that the Christmas



Card in itself is not obnoxious, but that the people who collect their cards and display them on the mantel, in order to show how popular they are, are indubitably so. The way to treat such people is to invite them to tea, and to rush out to a store and buy several hundred left-over cards at reduced prices and litter the room with them.

NOT SO long ago an obscure hero got himself elected Mayor of a town in California on a platform of no booming, no good roads, no improvements and no plans for turning the pleasant town into a factory center; and now the New York Skating Club has split up. It seems that a body of boomers got into the club and began to raise money and build hockey rinks like sixty, with the result that the original members soon found the place so noisy and crowded that they didn't like it. So they left—and so you see there *are* sensible people in the world.

MR. EMORY BUCKNER, that pseudo-arch-enemy of the right of every citizen to buy his liquor when and where he pleases, has caused to



be issued his Christmas list of padlocks. Last year there were few places on his list that anyone had ever heard

of, and this year there are none. Most of the padlocked speakeasies are in the suburbs, in Harlem, or in the Bronx. We note with relief that Buckner has apparently come over to our side at last.

THE ISSUING of a permit to build a bridge across the Hudson, the announcement that a man in an ordinary telephone booth in London has talked to a man in an ordinary telephone booth in New York, the prediction of Dr. Alexanderson that we



will soon be able to see across the ocean, and the filing of plans for a hundred-and-ten-story building, call to mind that the Twentieth Century is still young and that science is still in its infancy. What conveniences and marvels our grandchildren will be burdened with, Heaven alone knows. We are interested in these things—that is, we are about one one-hundredth as interested in them as we are in whether there will be skating over New Year's.

Spirit

AS THESE words strike the startled eye, Christmas is upon us. A desperate time, invariably. The climax of a desperate week. Woolworth's a mad-house; Fifth Avenue jammed; Fourteenth Street a maelstrom. And yet the percentage of smiles over frowns has been amazing,

considering that everybody's elbow has been in everybody's eye. We are undoubtedly a disgustingly commercial nation, but no one who moved through the crowds this week could charge that the Christmas spirit was absent.

Not the least to be praised has been the appearance—chiefly at the last—of Christmas trees. They came down from Canada and not from nurseries, as some suppose; and they were quartered in Washington Market and sold to jobbers who turned them over to florists and grocers.

There has been the usual change in the crowds. The suburbs have come in like an inundation, and Harlem has descended clothed in philosophy, meeting and solving the problem of why Santa should be white. Only Harlem has been somber. The suburbs grinned, and New York grinned back—and this though Christmas, when all is said and done, means longer hours and harder work for everybody.

JOHN HELD, JR., the artist, reports that he has discovered in a New York advertising office the largest chart in the world. It is so large that it shows the whereabouts of all the other charts in the place.

Monumental

SIGNS OF construction activity just north of Grand Central Station suggest the subject of the

huge building which is to span the Avenue from Forty-fifth to Forty-sixth, provide a driveway around the east side of the station to Pershing Square, and form a monumental southern terminus to upper Park Avenue. Talk of it is about in real estate circles and blueprints have been filed, although the wary point out that preliminary plans are often altered. We were shown them when about the business of finding a flat. From Vanderbilt Avenue to Depew Place the building rises with a sheer block front some ten or more stories. Then a tall tower ascends, some say twenty-two stories, some thirty-two. The architects are reticent; it is early to say definitely. At the base of the tower will be a huge clock; the peak will look somewhat like that of the Heckscher Building, but we saw no shining cock on it.

When all this is built Park Avenue will burrow into two tunnels at Forty-sixth. As these go through the building, they rise until the roadways take off in a curving leap over Forty-fifth Street. They thereupon become elevated roadways winding around both sides of the station. It was the east roadway, the man who showed us the maps explained, that made the building possible, for it was that right of way, owned by the New York Central, which was traded to the city for the right to span Park Avenue.

No direct access to Forty-fifth Street from the north is left; coming down Park Avenue one will have to turn down Forty-sixth and go around. May or October, 1928, are the dates talked about for completion of the building. In the meantime the New York Central is at work putting up the foundations.

Soft

PERHAPS the only persons in New York who greeted the resignation of Walter Damrosch as conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra with hearty cheers were Mrs. Damrosch and the four Damrosch daughters. At Mr. Damrosch's first concert after his announcement was made public they appeared, smiling radiantly at the prospect of having him at home for an evening soon. It will be remembered that the audience rose when the conductor entered and applauded so long that musical union hours were threatened. It was during this demonstration that Polly Dam-



rosch said in what is known as an aside: "Father should wear one of those Pullman signs: 'Quiet is requested for the benefit of those who have retired.'"

Charles Ringling

WITH LAST week's talk of Mr. John Ringling's losing the controlling interest in the Madison Square Garden came reminiscences of his brother Charles. It was Charles's death, early this month, that released the shares of stock which were sold out of the family. With John he was the last of the seven circus Ringling brothers. In his own right he was one of America's twenty-five richest men. Tall, with a very red face, a gold watch chain across his prosperous stomach, he was seen from time to time on Fifth Avenue, perhaps entering his apartment at No. 636.

His friends speak of him as a kindly man, vain, charitable, shrewd in business, passionately fond of the circus. Its atmosphere was all about him. He carried it into his Fifth Avenue apartment, setting off the carefully planned Louis Quatorze furniture with circus posters, Yale banners and glaring paintings of bare-back riders and trapeze artists. This home was a huge duplex affair with four enormous drawing rooms on the lower floor, the *chef d'œuvre* of which was a very small grand piano, enamelled white. On it was painted a complete circus menagerie. A toy bull-dog which opened its mouth and wagged its head invariably stood upon it.

CHARLES RINGLING'S real pride, however, had been in his winter home, built a year or two ago at Sarasota, Florida. He and his brother John owned half a million

acres of land on the West Coast of Florida, and into the raising of celery and asparagus he put almost as much energy as he put into the circus.

The house was of Moorish design, with walls of golden brown containing mosaic inlays of brilliant blues and reds. A railroad siding was laid to it so that the owner might ride to his door in his private car—a phenomenon among private cars—whose interior was of gilt and white enamel. From the grounds was built a pier to which the Ringlings' yachts, *Zelophus* and *Zelophus Jr.*, might attach themselves; and a tower overlooking much of the Ringling domain was erected.

The interior of the house was Italian, its halls cluttered with art treasures wedged in between huge cloisonné jars, which were kept in meticulous order by Arab servants with flowing moustaches and turbans. Charles's supreme effort went into the design of his own bedroom. It was oval in shape, with walls of green marble. The floor had an edging of green marble and a strip of light par-



quet flooring providing a border for an oval carpet of dark blue. In the center of this stood the bed. It was a huge one, with no footboards, and was covered by a spread of old Italian embroidery. The ceiling of the room was painted to represent sky and clouds, and the lighting of this was controlled by an elaborate electrical installation. A variety of effects could be obtained by pressing various buttons on a switch-board attached to the bed. It was Mr. Ringling's belief that certain color-effects induced certain moods. Another interesting feature was the bed table. This article of furniture was in reality the terminus of a dumb-waiter shaft which ascended from the nether regions. Mr. Ringling had but to touch a button and his breakfast appeared upon his table.

IN THE same week in which two members of the near-literati were heard trying to remember who wrote "Rabelais," Mr Horace Liveright, the book publisher, received a letter asking for a copy of "Hamlet in Modern Clothes." It was wanted for production by a group of amateurs and the obvious reflection is that their standing is uninjured.

A NON-PROFESSIONAL gentleman who had been baffled by the stage directions in a manuscript he had chanced upon recently asked an actor what "the center of the stage" might be. "The center of the stage," declared the actor, who was cynical and old, "is where all good actors go when they die."

Gonfaroo

USUALLY when a new word is born into the world, there are no photographers or reporters lurking in the shadows of the hospital portals. Indeed, on such occasions these breeders of self-consciousness are almost invariably fatal and a nice new word like "scofflaw," for instance, dies in its pretty and expensive swaddling clothes.

Less public are the verbal accouchements among the lawless. Lo, already the bootleggers have three fine sturdy new words roaming this city. No one seems to know where they came from. Their age, ancestry and place of birth are alike uncertain. The bootlegger is using a new vocabulary

to express the graduations of his stock. If his Scotch is genuinely true to its label's boast, then he will say to his intimates, "That there stuff's the McCoy." If the label is spurious and the contents a trifle *nouveaux*, such stuff is known as the Gimmick. Most of us drink Gimmick.

Finally there is the stuff which is both spurious without and lethal within, not only phony but foul. This, dear readers, is known as the Gonfaroo. If, in the final hours of 1926, you have any lingering inclination to give 1927 a try, beware the Gonfaroo.

Quaint

NOW THAT practically all of the Christmas mail has been distributed, it is no violation of the Yuletide spirit to divulge the rather sprightly nature of the Christmas card sent to all his friends by our prominent citizen, Mr. Frank Campbell, undertaker to Valentino and others. Its inner page contains a handsome photograph of the eminent mortician and the cover an outline of the head of the grayed Mr. Claus. The face of the old gentleman with the beard has been deftly deleted so that when the card is folded, that of Mr. Campbell peers through the aperture in such a way that he can hardly be taken for anyone but the reindeer king himself.

Perroquet

YOUNG Mr. Roger Wolfe Kahn, who only a few years ago took up the saxophone in a serious way, is col-

work is a "violent exposition travesty-ing the past twenty years of musical comedy." Mr. Kahn, in his spare moments, has also dashed off several dithyrambs which are to be grafted into the score of a forthcoming Sam Bernard show.

All this Broadway activity on the part of Mr. Kahn is quite thoroughly meditated. The orchestra leader and night-club proprietor, now rapidly nearing the mellow age of twenty, feels that it is time he pointed toward a life work. From now on he intends to devote his energies largely to the writing of production music.

THE PERROQUET DE PARIS in Fifty-seventh Street, young Kahn's present and most ambitious venture, never has gripped his deeper emotions anyway, it seems. With its mirrored floors and dazzling lighting effects, it is one of the things in town to see this season. In this sense it is an undoubted success, but at best it has been more or less of a toy—albeit an expensive one. The lighting system alone cost \$25,000. Apparently this item is worth that considerable sum. Roger Wolfe appears to derive his greatest amusement in operating it. He does this with a few deft moves upon a switchboard which is at his elbow as he leads his orchestra.

Most of the effects he thus achieves are of his own devising. He has always been interested in electrical engineering. Two years ago, in fact, when he was just a middle-aged man of seventeen, he prepared for the entrance examinations to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. At this point the motif of the saxophone gained domination, however.

The elder Mr. Kahn once opposed his son's musical career, thus giving it first-page publicity; but now he lends his endorsement to it by taking parties to the Perroquet and paying the check with legal tender. And he hasn't been heard to object even to the \$5 couvert.

Art Lovers

A CLEVELAND business men's organization met, some weeks ago, we are told, to pay tribute to the Czecho-Slovakian artist, T. F. Simon. Will James, cowboy artist and writer, was another guest, and Alexander Blazys, Dean of the Cleveland School of Art, was at the speakers' table. When the chairman rose to bring the meeting to a close, his features bright-



laborating, it has been announced, with Ben Hecht on a new musical piece which is to be called "Hearts and Flowers." The title sounds a bit tremolo, but it is explained that the



"... and bring me some lady fingers, please."

ened with foretellings of good news. "Next week," he began, "the meeting will be the most interesting event of the year, for our guest will be one of the most important men in the country. Every one here, I am sure, will turn out to see him."

The sensitive members of his audience glanced toward Simon uncomfortably, speculating as to who could be coming to Cleveland next. Jo Davidson, or Robert Henri—or even Calvin Coolidge?

"Next week," continued the Chairman, "we will have with us Weston, the walker, who has tramped 150,000 miles. He makes his farewell walk in Cleveland."

There was wild applause.

In Miniature

ONE OF the bits of jetsam which floated on to New York when the Sesqui-Centennial sank in its own mud is the miniature "Titania's Palace," which, installed at 274 Madison Avenue as a babies' hospital benefit, proved a pre-Christmas rival to the larger toy departments with live Santa Clauses. It is, to a great extent, squealed over by children, but it's worth adult inspection.

Among its attractions are a portrait of George Washington no larger than a pea, a chess set much smaller even than our interest in that game, a Chinese cabinet with drawers so small that four of them may be hidden behind a postage stamp and a piece of Princess Mary's wedding cake, now hardly edible. There are also amaz-

ing dwarfed reproductions of Old World art—paintings, mosaics, sculpture, Limoges enamel, Bristol glass, etc. It is easy to understand how twenty years were put into its making.

The distinguished gentleman with white hair and military moustaches who hovers over the model is Sir Neville Wilkinson, who spent the twenty years. Miniature palace construction is just a hobby. He is an officer in the Coldstream Guards and when he is at home in Ireland his serious work is tracing the ancestry of Americans of Irish descent. A single reredos in "Titania's Palace" won him a vice-presidency in the Royal Society of Miniature Painters.

WE CONFESS to being disillusioned almost to the point of heartbreak by the discovery, made recently on passing the stage door while it was ajar, that the chorus girls of the Winter Garden punch a time-clock.

Prosperity

EDWARD BRUCE, whose tent-sized canvases have attracted attention at the New Gallery, is a successful artist at forty-eight, a fact that takes on at least a faint glow of romance when it is known that he began painting only five years ago. He left Columbia in 1901, after attaining heroic proportions as a football center, and he practised law for five years. Then he went to the Far East as representative of a New York trading corporation.

It was in Peking that art made its first serious impression on him, but he indulged the urge not as a painter but as a collector. He has given and lent splendid collections of Oriental work to the Metropolitan Museum. He continued commercial pursuits until the Chinese rediscovered gunpowder and went in for uprisings, which moment he chose to proceed to Manila, where he edited a newspaper and served as a local judge.

He returned to America to become a director of the Remington Arms Company and left that position to become a dollar-a-year man during the fairly recent war. It was after that ended that he thought of painting. Solicitous friends failed to change his mind and he fitted up a studio. That was five years ago. His first exhibition two years ago was so successful (all thirty of his pictures were sold) that he boldly rebuffed an offer of a trading corporation post at \$100,000 a year and trekked off to Anticoli, an Italian town so small that even Baedeker has overlooked it. He chose it because Maurice Sterne, who had once expressed approval of his work, lived there.

In Italy he paints when the spirit—and an ingeniously-equipped motor—move him. The car is fitted out with drawers containing easels, brushes and colors. Mr. Bruce rides about the countryside in it until the prospect pleases, then sets up his studio in an open field and paints.

The present exhibition at the New Gallery has the inevitable coincidence. George Hellman, the head of that institution, was athletic manager at Columbia when Mr. Bruce was a football attraction. The two now disdain sport as a subject for discussion, but argue at length on the finality of art. In one of these debates recently Mr. Hellman ventured the opinion that a certain canvas by Mr. Bruce was not, perhaps, so good. The artist, knowing his "Dorian Gray," took out his knife and slashed it irreparably. It was priced at \$2,000.

THE LIQUOR MARKET: Heavy unloading, due to retailers' pre-holiday overstocking, forces down prices on reliable cut stock. Scotch, Johnnie Walker label, \$56 @ \$58; champagnes, unknown brands, \$90 @ \$95; rye, \$90 @ \$95. Gin, domestic, steady at \$28. California wine, per gallon, \$12; same bottled, per case, \$45. —THE NEW YORKERS



Valentine Johnson

"How do you like Vassar, Annabelle?"

"Well, it's just so juvenile and childish I'm almost passing out."

AMY, THE CENTRAL PARK COW

I FOUND that most interesting New York character, Amy, the Central Park cow, in her pasture inside the Park at Sixty-sixth Street.

Her eyes smiled me a welcome. Great, soft, brown eyes they are, reminding me of the eyes of my first love, only my first love did not have horns. It was about 1905 and girls were not wearing horns yet. How much more sensible and sanitary are the horns worn by the girls of today than the old-fashioned rat.

Amy has been a cow for many years, yet on seeing her one feels that Life has dealt lightly with her. But not because Amy has not lived. She is one cow who has never shirked Life as such. One feels that about her. Yet her eyes are youthful, but they have the melancholy of a cow who has known what it is to love and be loved.

I too have loved, and so I liked Amy instantly. I gave her an affectionate slap.

"Oh you men!" she cried, coyly, and I saw she had not lost her youth.

IT SEEMED so funny to have a cow pastured in the heart of great, cruel, kindly New York; a short gunshot from the spot where Morris Gest had produced "The Miracle." I almost wondered what Morris Gest thought of the cow, but caught myself just in time. Only too often does such day-dreaming, such phantasy, lead to serious mental ills.

"What do YOU think of Morris Gest?" I asked Amy.

"I think his poems, called 'Just Folks' are awfully, awfully, awfully clever," replied Amy.

The morning was rather chilly, and Amy threw a woolen cowslip over her shoulders.

She then seated herself in the manner peculiar to her species, i.e., her forefeet sank first, leaving her tenderloin swaying in the air for a brief moment. Then she allowed the bal-

ance of her physique to sink to the sward.

I believe that when in Nome you should do as the Alaskans do and so, to put Amy at her ease, I essayed to lie down cow fashion. I'm afraid I was terrible at it. Amy laughed.

"You don't quite get the idea," she corrected me, "You should put your two front feet down first. Now just wiggle a bit. *Con molto espressione*, as they say. No, that's too vigorous. You're not Gilda Gray. Remember that repression is the secret of true art. Duse would never have wiggled like that, nor Bernhardt. Try it again. That's fine. You learn easily. You know, you'd make a splendid cow."

"Do you really think so?" I asked



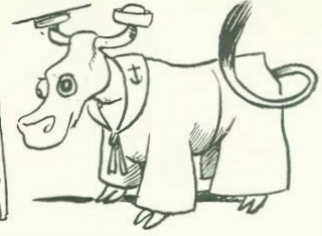
"One night one of them gave me something to drink out of a bottle."

her, "I took the part of the hind legs of the cow that jumped over the moon when our church gave 'Mother Goose' once. The pupil who took the part of the front legs was a very clever Brooklyn youngster who later became known as Norma Talmadge."

"Is she a cow?" inquired Amy.

"Oh, no! Norma Talmadge is one of our greatest motion picture actresses," I assured her.

"There's more future in being a cow," proclaimed Amy, "The movies! Bah, I mean Moo! What have they



contributed to the betterment of the status of cows? When will people learn to discount such balderdash as that old one you just mentioned—the one about the cow jumping over the moon?"

"You don't——" I began.

"I certainly don't," retorted Amy with some heat, "Haven't you read my correspondence with Bishop Manning on the subject?"

"What?" I exclaimed in some surprise, "Are you the cow that Bishop Manning denounced for denying the moon story. Well, for goodness sake!"

"Such rot," suggested Amy, "Why a cow that would jump over a moon, even if she could, ought to be ashamed of herself. By the way, Straton has promised to denounce me some Sunday for denying the truth of the cow-moon story."

"Excellent," I told her, "Who's your publicity agent?"

"Ivy Lee."

"How is Ivy, anyhow?"

"I don't know."

"That's good."

"Ask me if I'm a contented cow," Amy went on.

"Are you?"

"Any cow," said Amy, "who is contented never gets anywhere. Contented cows! Pooh!" (a snort of contentment here), "Do you really think contented cows give good milk? Let me tell you, sir, that the moment a cow allows herself to become contented; to be satisfied with her lot, her milk is bound to become flat, stale and tasteless. Better a cow with ideals, whose milk is a trifle sour than one of these flaccid, flabby, spineless, contented creatures. The ambitious cow lives for her art. She is forever figuring out ways to improve the quality of her milk. I am happy to state that the fat content of my milk has improved forty per cent since I first came to New York as a very young cow."



"Her eyes smiled me a welcome."



"Has New York destroyed any of your illusions? Tell me of your early struggles in the great metropolis."

"I came clean," said Amy, "That is, I came through those days clean. There WERE days when I had to go without grass. There were those odious bulls from the West Sixty-seventh Street station. But in my judgment there is no reason why a girl cannot come to New York and remain sweet and pure if she uses her horns effectively and takes care to see that nobody slips knockout drops into her cud."

"I can say no more on that subject because I have contracted to write the story of my love-life for the *Graphic*."

"Tell me something of your experiments," I asked.

"I'll tell you of the improvement in cow's milk of which I am most proud," Amy proceeded, "It came about quite by accident. You may or may not know that this section of the park is frequented by sailors. They go to that dance hall on Sixty-sixth Street and between dances come over here for a breath of fresh air. They bring their breaths with them. Sometimes it takes two and three sailors to carry one breath."

"They are all nice boys; frank, open-faced lads with a sweetheart in every port, any port in a storm and it's always stormy. I like them and they like me. One night one of them gave me something to drink out of a bottle. It burned on the way down but afterward—oh boy! That was the night I broke down the fence, ran over to the zoo and put that fresh lioness in her place. At that time they were using my milk to nourish the backward pupils in a private school on Riverside Drive. The morning after the night I speak of I gave five quarts of milk and when the milk was fed to those backward children they went right out and passed their entrance examinations for Columbia. Wasn't that marvelous? Since that time I always put a bit of alcohol in my milk. I get it from the sailors."

"Yes—yes, go on," I pleaded. This was a front-page story, I felt.

"I'll tell you something else," said

Amy, "You see that clump of bushes over there? Before I came here that clump was just a clump by the river's brim, as Wordsworth put it. I always make it a point to taste everything. I experiment around. Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't. I find out. I tasted that bush. The next day I gave five quarts of milk of magnesia, the first five quarts of that invaluable medicament the world had ever seen. That clump of bushes was a clump of magnesia bushes. I had accidentally discovered milk of magnesia. Two teaspoonsful in a glass of water will remedy the most stubborn case of acid stomach."

"I should certainly not call you a contented cow after all this," I told Amy, stroking her sleek hide; a hide you loved to touch.



"Now, what would you suggest for a Christmas dinner?"

"How have you kept that schoolgirl hide?" I asked.

"By not being a contented cow," was the reply, "We cows have been contented long enough. This is the dawn of a new era. Did you know that the cows in Turkey have thrown off their veils?"

"I'll tell you a secret. My days here are numbered. I consider I've done my duty by New York. These sailors I have come to know so well have opened up a new world to me, with their fascinating tales of far-off lands. At the end of my present contract with

the city, which means on March 31, I'm leaving to take a new position. I'm to be mascot to the sailors on the U.S.S. *Seattle*. I'm going to join the navy and see the world."

—FRANK SULLIVAN

CHEZ AUTHORESS

"NOW GIVE me," she said, "your frank opinion of this. Don't hesitate to say exactly what you think of it. If you don't like it, say so. Remember that nothing can hurt my feelings."

I took the manuscript, read it carefully and thoughtfully, handed it back to her and hesitated a moment.

"Well," I began falteringly, "I think it lacks subtlety—"

"Lacks subtlety! *Subtlety?* That's ridiculous. I couldn't have made it any more subtle. You've missed most of it. Well, go on."

"Another trouble—"

"Another trouble?"

"That character, *Mark*. He isn't true to life. No one would—"

"Of course they would. I've seen hundreds of people like that. You don't observe people. He's perfectly true to life."

"Well, all right. But the story drags. It almost reads as if it had been padded—"

"Not at all. Not at all. It might interest you to know that I've cut this story to half its original length specifically to avoid padding. It moves swiftly to a climax. Take for instance—but have you any further criticism?"

"If you ask me— 'It's pretty weak grammatically. Take the repetition of 'heavy' in the second paragraph—"

"For effect. Many great writers employ it. Take Coleridge! Well, frankly, do you think I can get it published?"

"Frankly, no."

"I thought you'd say that. You're a fine help to anyone with ambition. How do you expect?—Now, you, Mr. Hammond, suppose you give me your opinion of this story I've written—your frank opinion. Remember that *nothing* can hurt my feelings."

—PARKE CUMMINGS

* * PROFILES * *

EVERYONE knows that our greatest repertory theatre, with its chaste upholstery and Corvodian arches, its free Dunhills and German bar, its anniversary banquets and its *premières* of international playwrights—everyone knows, we repeat, that this Redeemer of our Theatre was born in a stable, or in the nearest thing to a stable: a Greenwich Village bookshop. It was twelve years ago, the year of the World War. As the stylish Mr. Beer would phrase it, they laid the Archduke in his grave, and the Guild was born immediately. An odd fact, however, not universally known, is that, of the present directors, not one was the progenitor. The real father, as often happens, was the Innocent Bystander; the real father was the proprietor of the bookshop. He was and is a small, dark, insufficiently hard-headed young man, hailing from Newark, N. J., who had come to our city with a strange veneration for plays and art and beautiful letters and all that sort of thing. But his real line, the future Guild directors speedily told him, was emphatically not the Theatre. That was their line, or they would know the reason why.

The Redeemer was born on a frosty wintry day about three o'clock in the afternoon. In Greenwich Village *in illa tempora*, as someone has remarked of hell, it always seemed 3 P.M. And never, as we have intimated, was there a stranger piece of obstetrics. No sooner was the great idea safely out of the little publisher's head, and lay mewling and gasping, so to speak, like a small Minerva on the hearth-rug, than three or four of the publisher's friends then present rushed forward, fire in their eyes, and clutched the great Conception to their shirt-fronts, never relinquishing it to this moment. It is they who have brought up the mes-

THE GUILD A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH

sianic Child, and who hold it in leash today. It is of them that one speaks when one mentions, with sighs of esteem or sounds of disapprobation, as the case may be, the Theatre Guild.

They were all, more or less, products of the old Greenwich Village, so inexpertly sung of late by Mr. Floyd Dell. Why Mr. Dell himself never became a pillar of the new theatrical Church is a minor mystery,



because, up to that date, Mr. Dell was the only one of the group who had ever written a play. The children of his then unanalyzed brain were mostly in one act, neat little things, bearing such titles as "King Arthur's Socks," and performed periodically before large, undressed audiences at Webster Hall. In those days there was a great wave of one-act plays, a preoccupation very fitted to amateurs, or to amateurs just passing into the professional stage, or to amateurs failing so to pass. The odd thing about these *jeux d'esprit* was that they all might have been written by the same

hand. The dregs of the Irish Renaissance had just about then seeped out into their ultimate quakes and bogs in New York City, and the result was a positive epidemic of artful and roguish trifles, having titles in which numerals were invariably wedded to this or that incongruous person or thing. Miss Milly wrote one, and shortly after the Guild was founded, three of its present directors tried their hand at the same diverting form. "Three Slaterns and a King," "Seven Who Boil While the Kettle Sings," "A Woman and Five Nuts" . . . if memory fail not, these were among the titles. One strives to be strictly accurate, but it is difficult to pierce the pathos of distance, to discern justly these old, unhappy, far-off things.

The progressive triumph of the Guild throughout these twelve years is easy to understand. Nearly every member of that small but talented group, up to the moment when the luckless imagination of the publisher got to work that chilly afternoon, had been doing something for which he was not especially fitted, and which he did not particularly like. Avowedly or secretly, each of them had for the Theatre, above all in its facile external aspect, a passion equal to that of Al Woods. It was a case of the Freudian Wish, also in vogue those days, on an impressive scale. They felt themselves born to fuss, to manage, to administrate, to direct plays, if not to write them, and no doubt, they were and are. There was also the innocent desire to make a little more money, but let that pass, for we feel sure it was not uppermost in their uplifted minds. Before 1914 they had all been doing something more or less remote from what they knew was their predestined sphere. Mr. Langer was in business. Mr. Goodman,



now one of the executioners of "An American Tragedy," devoted many of his evenings to coaching boorish Italian boys in such stuff as the "Farce of Pierre Patelin" at neighboring settlements. Miss Helburn wrote dinky little plays for torch-bearers and dramatic associations. Mr. Simonson painted pictures, tried to write for Mr. Croly's erudite organ and thought with poignancy upon Montmartre. Mr. Philip Moeller, looking like a cross between an old sporting print and a young archbishop, between Mr. Micauber and Cardinal Pirelli, glanced out occasionally from his ivory and

"*Profect*". Compromise, loyalty, good-natured industry, a totally hit-and-miss conception of what the public wants, or even of what the public will stand, a singular obtuseness to what is vital in art and what is first-rate, a still more singular honor and worship of the bogus-good, the *faux bon*—surely all this is not enough. What was required to complete the Guild's chances for a certain immortality that afternoon in 1914 was, one might as well say the word, *genius*, a genius not for directing nor acting, but for life itself, for sheer existence; what was wanted was a dash of that grotesque

and superb vitality which is the very salt and soul in things. It was well for her and still more for them that Miss Westley was there that afternoon. She usually is around when something is happening, even when it is merely the birth of another art theatre. From what wastes of Downtown Manhattan, or from Brooklyn, mast-encircled and spire-topped, where she first saw the light, had she "dropped in," looking like the camp-follower of a Bolshevik revolt, with a copy of Ouida or Henry James in her hand, coming from a lunch (in some ghastly Village eating-house) of clamchowder and chocolate cake, or from a movie, or from a séance, or from a church? Anyway, she was "there," in more senses than one, and the gallant little craft which was to rescue our Theatre from commercialism was at last enabled to cut its moorings.



THE
ART
STUDENT



THE
POSTER
(AND
SIGN)
ARTIST

amber tower to sniff the breeze from war-ridden France, or to gaze lovingly upon the New York streets on which, though not literally, he had been born. And Miss Westley . . . ?

HER PERSONALITY, or a part of it, has already been discussed in these columns, yet a word more should be given her here, for without it one could not begin to understand the Guild. Part of the latter's success is already explained when one considers the rather homogeneous personality of the five people mentioned above. Their loyalty, not merely to each other, but to a common cause for which they were willing to compromise, to concede, and to work together, was perhaps, one basis of their success. But the relative accomplishments of the Guild are not explained by a good business sense alone. As Edith Cavell said, patriotism is not enough. The device of the Crusaders does not wholly account for these crusaders of our Theatre. "*Honneur*" does not cover them, nor does

WITH an infallible instinct it sailed straight for the East Fifties, the then desolate waters of which are now graced by such solid and decorative schooners as Miss Anne Morgan, not to mention a positive shoal of Vanderbilts. At that time, there existed a small, shabby playhouse which had hitherto catered to the scattered German population south of Yorkville. The Washington Square Players, as they now called themselves, took it over, named it the Bandbox, and began their first season with a pro-



SUCCESSFUL
PORTRAIT
PAINTER



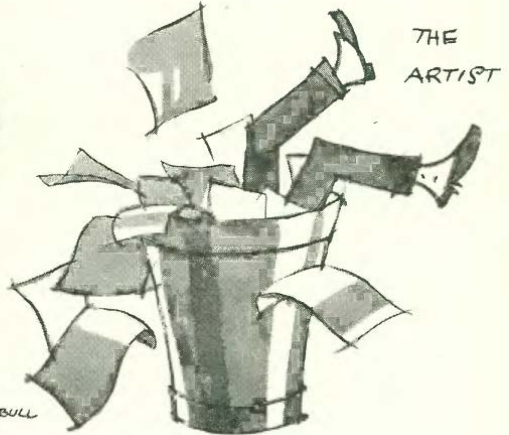
THE
UNSUCCESSFUL
ONE

gram of one-act plays. Those—as any present Director with any youth left in his soul may tell you—those were the days. Ink flew and so did feathers; manuscripts poured in; tiffs and intrigues thronged the air; the names of Shaw and Andreyev were loud in the land, and, simultaneously, the more native ones of Moeller and Goodman. Let no one tell you that the Guild has never done enough to encourage the homespun playwright. One has only to look at an old Bandbox program to refute the calumny, and recognize that the names of Langner, Goodman and Moeller recur with a persistence which suggests the heartening thought that genius simply will not down. However, Art demands more than one sacrifice; to that Shavian livinity we offer up both our typewriters and our friends, as Nero did his adolescent beard; and thus it happens that the names of Mr. Goodman, Ralph Roeder and, eventually, Rollo Peters—that fine decorator, actor, artist and charming gentleman—no longer appear among the present directors. Mr. Langner alone continues in our time the great playwriting tradition.

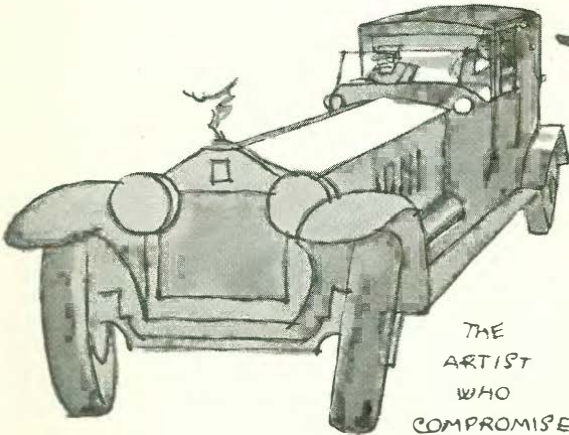
TO MAKE a long story short, the two seasons in the Fifties were highly successful, and in 1919 the Players rented the old Garrick, in West Thirty-fifth Street, and became the Guild. The Garrick was the scene of what they themselves consider their greatest successes—"He Who Gets Slapped," "They Knew What They Wanted," the Shaw cycle and, above all, "Saint Joan," performed there for the first time on any stage. This seems to be the moment to speculate



JOHAN BULL



THE "VILLAGE" THEORIST



THE ARTIST WHO COMPROMISED (INSIDE)

upon the extraordinary *cultus* of the Guild for the great Bernard. Is it some innocent flowering of adolescent enthusiasm—emotion recollected in prosperity? Did the directors, back in the days of the Bandbox, fall nightly on their knees, invoking the Saints, the Confessors, the Fathers of the Thes-

pian Communion, and especially the Patriarch of Adelphi Terrace? Holy Saint John Ervine plead for us! Blessed Bernard Shaw, intercede for us, and we will place a whole cycle upon your altar! Be that as it may, we are told that Mr. Shaw regards the Guild almost as his own creation, quite as if he were one of the directors. They say that once his dismayed acolytes cabled him about a possible cutting in the appalling Methuselah business. "Not by a semicolon," was the cheerful reply of the Patron Saint, waxing old and irritable among his clouds.

SO SEASON passed into season at the Garrick, which may be said to mark the Guild's second phase in its Little Eva-like ascent to eternal dividends, surrounded by a glowing cloud of witnesses and subscribers. How is it that one recalls the past with a peculiar relish, merely because it is past? Those first nights at the old Garrick have too their nostalgia, almost equal to the dear, dead, poverty-and-Pilsener atmosphere of the Guild's beginnings, near the East River. It is no secret that at a first night in Thirty-fifth Street, a box was always reserved for Carl Van Vechten. The author of "Nigger Heaven," looking like a naughty fertility god declining to bless the latest crops, has witnessed from his chair triumph after triumph, setback after setback, and always without known comment. What has he not seen, indeed? . . . the whipped cream sentiment and false pathos of "He"; the Celtic thickness of "John Fergu-

son"; the good dramatic honesty of "The Faithful"; the Guild-devised failure of "Failures"; the pretty, mock-medieval frost and Christmas card color of "The Tidings"; the technical expertness of "Ghosts" (for the Guild is not always a sublimated Amateur); the brittle sincerity and youth of "Processional" and "The Adding Machine," rendered blurred and arty by the unfailing Guild touch; the ineptitude of "Merchants of Glory"; the commercialism of "The Guardsman" and "Fata Morgana"; the real excellence of "At Mrs. Beam's" and "Ned McCobb's Daughter," and the long, long sleep of "Jarez and Maximilian." And now to bed, as Pepys would add as valediction to the list.

Yes, the apotheosis is completed, and one leaves the Guild to slumber among its tapestries and triumphs. It has been the most indefatigable importer of non-American plays one is like to see in a long while. In a slightly sinister sense, it has justified its boast that the destiny of the Young American Playwright is in its keeping, for it is obvious that if the Y. A. P. be not produced at the Guild, he will be produced nowhere.

Drop in at the Theatre Guild some time when they are doing their Molnar, their Werfel. It is a capacious and pleasant place; there is an air of soft and lulling luxury; the cigarette-girls move inconspicuously in and out between the groups of subscribing ladies and students from N. Y. U.; and all the best highbrow magazines lie about beneath the melow lamps. Contemplate all that; and think of the Bandbox and the Village. Perhaps a director will flit by, lingering a moment in the outer sanctuary, and there is a sigh, a movement of recognition from the lady-students and the highbrow ladies. . . . "There goes Theresa . . . That is Lawrence Langner . . ." Meantime the director nervously passes on, and there should be peace and the pride of achievement in his soul, for has he not helped to give the People shaded lamps, highbrow magazines, sweet drinks, free Dunhills, Werfel and Molnar, in a word, Art? But does he feel that peace and that pride? Who can say? The soul of a Guild Director is mysterious and impenetrable like that of a sphinx, also an Oriental divinity. Yet, somehow one seems to hear him murmuring in the renewed silence of the sanctuary: "We needs must love

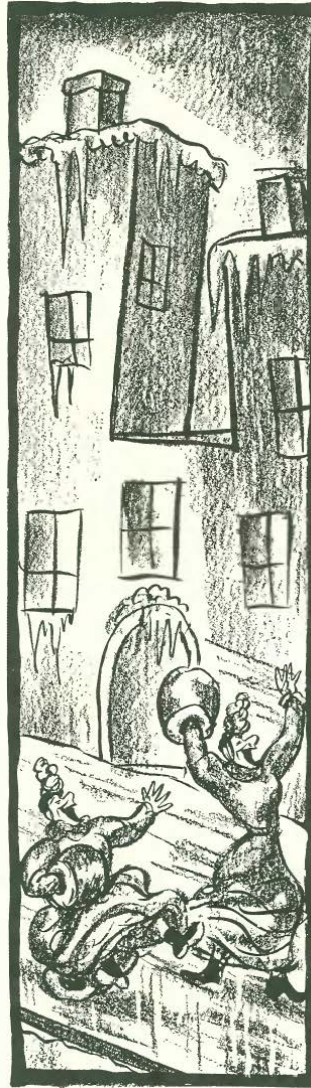
the highest when we see it According to my lights I have faithfully and worthily produced Andreyev, Ervine, Molnar, Werfel and Shaw, not to

speak of others, too numerous to mention.

If this be not the highest, then there is something fatally, fundamentally amiss with the Theatre as I know it. Or is it that there is something amiss with Me?"

The good fellow should free his mind from these imaginary doubts, merely instructing the decorator to engrave above the Guild façade as an act of expiation covering all sins, extoning all "triumphs" the inscription: *We have done what we could.*

—CUTHBERT WRIGHT



"Eemagine! 'Merry Christmas' she says t' me—an' I comes right back at 'er, 'Merry Christmas yerself, an' how 'bout keepin' yer blinkin' canary bird quiet of a mornin' so gentlefolk kin get some sleep!" Whoops—y' should o' seen the comical expression on 'er face!"

AUNTS AT THE OPERA

WHEN Miss Delia Deems, the Omaha nightingale, made her début at the Metropolitan in "Pelleas and Melisande," her aunts, Prudence and Susan, had plenty to say about the youthful prima donna as they observed her performance from their seats in the orchestra:

AUNT PRUE: As I live, *that is* Delia!

AUNT SUE: Did you ever.

AUNT PRUE: Jeremiah all over.

AUNT SUE: She always took after her pa.

AUNT PRUE: There were never such goings on, on our side of the family. Look at her now.

AUNT SUE: Isn't it just the sort of thing Jeremiah's girl would do?

AUNT PRUE: Well, Nellie *would* marry him. I said to her right out the day she was married: "I hope you'll be happy, but I'll be surprised if you are."

AUNT SUE: I know you said it, Prue. I was there and I heard you.

AUNT PRUE: Yes, I did say it and to my own sister. And I wanted to ask her what sort of children she expected to have. But it didn't seem decent right then.

AUNT SUE: Oh, you couldn't say it then.

AUNT PRUE: I could have told her this was bound to happen. I just seemed to feel something like this would happen. Look at Delia now. Looks like she was sick to me.

AUNT SUE: Jeremiah's sister was taken quick like that, you know.

AUNT PRUE: I know she was. It makes me jumpy all over.

AUNT SUE: Prue, there's Nellie.

AUNT PRUE: There she is! And she's not in a box. You'd think Delia



"Well, here we are in the country, my dear."
 "Why, how odd—there aren't any leaves on the trees at all!"

might of gotten her a box.
 She's wavin'.

AUNT SUE: Yes, she's wavin'. Why don't you wave, Prue?

AUNT PRUE: I *am* wavin'. Her seat's better'n ours. I suppose that's only natural. We're just aunts.

AUNT SUE: Don't Nellie look proud? Well, I wouldn't want any daughter of mine leadin' that life.

AUNT PRUE: We did everything we could to stop her. Nobody can blame us.

AUNT SUE: No, they can't blame us. AUNT PRUE: I thought she'd give the family a box.

AUNT SUE: Not Delia. She never did have family feeling. I will say for Jeremiah, he wasn't a bit like that.

AUNT PRUE: I guess Jeremiah would have starved if he had been.

AUNT SUE: Prue, Nellie's got old Dr. Thomas with her.

AUNT PRUE: Isn't that Nellie all over? He'll go back and tell everyone in town the kind of play Delia's singin' in. We'll never live it down. Never!

AUNT SUE: Well, he brought her into the world.

AUNT PRUE: He did bring her into the world. I hope he's satisfied now.

AUNT SUE: There, he sees you, Prue.

He's wavin'. Why don't you wave, Prue?

AUNT PRUE: I am wavin'. What do you think I'm doin'?

—JOHN CHAPIN MOSHER

OF ALL THINGS

CONGRESS seems determined to disregard the Coolidge suggestion of a tax rebate and to apply the surplus to reducing the national debt. Thus a policy of thrift will be forced upon the President against his wishes and hence will be known as "Coolidge economy."

Senator Frazier has been restored to good standing in the Republican ranks—the administration having signed a retreat of peace.

Dawes has been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1925. It should be explained, however, that this was not in recognition of his efforts to bring peace to the United States Senate.

Somebody writes to the papers about the foreign debt and ask: "Are we a nation of skinflints?" No doubt we

have done the best skinflinting we can, but we are forced to admit that we are not very good at it.

Senator Gould of Maine is charged with a \$100,000 bribery in New Brunswick, but the general lack of excitement among our people is little less than intense. Perhaps we have had all the New Brunswick our system can stand this year.

Professional football has not proved a great success this season owing to the failure of the public to get properly wrought up over the hired hands. But college football had its best year. The true believer worships academi-gods.

An Atlantic City woman has been arrested for trying to burn up her husband. In Atlantic City, it would seem, husbands are cheaper than coal.

The U. S. Treasury boasts that it is gaining rapidly in auditing income tax returns. The bad news will travel more quickly from now on. The auditors, we understand, are all through with the war and are now living in the jolly old Harding administration.

The Italian tax on bachelors has created great consternation in masculine circles, but is very popular with the ladies. The Duce has made himself strong with the fascisterhood.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"As exquisite as Dresden ware
 As rare as Cloissonné"
 You called me thus and painted me
 And loved me for a day.

But now you paint a girl who eats
 French pastry—and who shows it;
 Who wears her earrings far too short
 And never even knows it.

I fail to see
 What picture she
 Would sensibly enhance
 Though I'm not sure
 They've no allure
 Who can finance romance.

—MARGARETTA MANNING

PLACE-CARDS

ILLUSTRATING A SUGGESTION THAT HOSTESSES, IN ADDITION TO MERE LABELS, SUPPLY BRIEF CHARACTER SKETCHES OF THEIR GUESTS



I.

SUMMERTON BERT, JR., is more than seventy years old. He keeps the "Jr." in his signature to distinguish him from his father, the late Summerton Bert, who was an intimate friend of President Andrew Jackson. His income is just big enough to cover the dues of the very good club to which he belongs, pay for his clothes, food, and lilac water, and furnish the rent of his small dark apartment over a tea-room. When asked his age, he always puts himself in the sixties, slurring the last numeral;

one young woman whom he captivated nicknamed him "Old Sixty-Erum." He has one vanity—his valet. Do not misunderstand—Summerton Bert, Jr., does not actually possess a valet, but long ago a friend who was going abroad lent him a valet for three months.

Draws—as the valet was called—never stayed out his time. One June night when Mr. Bert was at the club Drews shot himself in the temple, leaving a note behind which stated that his real name was Henry Jorgenson and that he had a cancer. His death was not vain; in a fashion he gave his life for his master, for a two-inch item appeared in all the papers "Clubman's Valet a Suicide . . . Body Servant of Summerton Bert, Jr. . . ." The miracle of print! "Old Sixty-Erum," never able to afford a valet, was now believed never to have been without one. Members stopped him in the dining-room to express their sympathy; they hoped he would be able to replace his loss. "Old Sixty-Erum" shook his head. "Best man I ever had in my life," he said.

II.

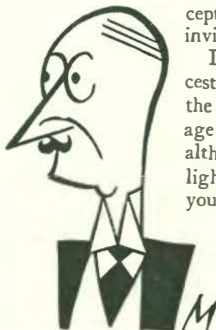
JESSE MARKER knows a thousand stories. They concern the important calamities that have occurred in the world since his birth. Life has con-



spired to stage its accidents near his doorstep. When the *Lusitania* went down, he was on the ship that picked up the first survivors; when the Fire Island arsenal blew up he was spending the week-end nearby, and his lifelong friendship with General Plunket, the officer in charge, enabled him to have an unequalled view of that disastrous scene. Mention any war, assassination, railroad accident, or epidemic, and for the next half hour you will utter periodic cries of "How extraordinary" or "Good gracious" while you learn that Jesse Marker came up on the next train, or was spattered by the bullet. All his stories, you will subsequently discover, are true. He has compiled a parlor repertory out of the disasters that have overlooked him. Many of his listeners, fascinated by his words, as by the proximity of some deadly peril, regard him with awe. They remember current, disturbances by his connection with them; the other day I heard someone speak of the Florida cyclone as "that dreadful storm in which poor Jesse Marker's cousin almost lost his life." Only a few critics have been crass enough to wish that Jesse Marker would be present, more intimately than ever in the past, at one more violent disaster.

III.

A. L. SKIFFINGTON judges the water-spaniel class at Kennel Club shows. He was the first American fancier to breed the silk-haired (or Lapland) water spaniel, and his monograph "The Water Spaniel—Then and Now" has been translated into four languages. A white, thin man with a clipped mustache and a half-



pleased, half-wary expression, as if he were inhaling some interesting smell, he outlines pedigrees with a fork on the table-cloth. He talks hesitantly but well, and his clear articulation of the word "bitch" commands the attention of people whom he bores. He has beautiful hands, tapering fingers that know where to feel for every tendon and hollow that breeding confers upon a dog's body. Spaniels, when he touches them, shiver, and lift their pouchy ears. He has one dog in his house—a mongrel setter belonging to his son. It growls when Mr. Skiffington approaches. Once, when a friend was showing him over a country place, he admired a sleeping Airedale. The dog broke its chain to bite him in the thigh.

IV.

CLINTON BENJAMIN DISRAELI, a grandson of the statesman, came to America some years before the war and replaced the estates he had lost at Monte Carlo with the daughter of a Brooklyn millionaire. A quick divorce, stimulated by the appearance of a Sunday-supplement article, signed by Clinton Benjamin Disraeli, and entitled "How I Wooded and Won the Spiggotty Millions," did not keep another ambitious woman from marrying him and taking him to live with her.

Social forts fell before them. Placidly, in rooms emblazoned with his crest (the letter "D") Mr. Disraeli blandly and methodically accepts and rejects his wife's dinner invitations.

In the ancient fashion of his ancestors, he rises at one. He spends the afternoon in an uptown brokerage room where he is allowed to sit although he never trades. As twilight blows along the steeped streets, you see him at his best—a tall, elegant figure with a bleak nose and drooping mustaches. Lonely and tophatted, sniffing the purple air, he takes his wife's dog, Gladstone, out into the park for its daily walk.

—NIVEN BUSCH, JR.



"I couldn't get John here tonight—you know, he detests these formal affairs."

PAMPHLET

[The Grand Central Terminal has been so persistently advertising its art gallery and the uniqueness of having such a gallery in a railroad station, that there seems to be danger of the original purpose and use of the station becoming lost. We therefore suggest this brochure.]

WE HAVE had so many indignant complaints from our patrons to the effect that they have only recently realized that we have a traveling service in connection with our galleries, that we are issuing the following announcements concerning it. For years it seems, hundreds of people have been coming to our exhibitions without having the faintest idea that we likewise offer the most efficient and expeditious trains in the world for the tired business man to relax in after his hard day in office, theatre and art gallery.

Our aim is the satisfaction of our patrons, and we will therefore issue a beautifully engraved announcement time-table and invitation whenever we put on a new train or change the schedule. Our aims and ideals are set forth as briefly and explicitly as possible in the enclosed pamphlet:

THE RAILROAD STATION
IN THE GRAND CENTRAL GALLERY

The only art gallery in the world containing a railroad station.

Occupying the two lower floors of the Grand Central Gallery, New York, and running its entire length between Vanderbilt and Lexington Avenues, is located one of the most interesting railroad stations in the world.

The floor space of several square miles makes this one of the largest, most attractive and most underground railroad stations in existence.

This railroad station is run solely in the interest of the American Commuter and Traveler, and has been established and is managed by a group of nationally-known business men who do not give their services without any remuneration whatever.

A visit to this railroad station should prove a great treat to the lovers of beautiful things. They will find that although we offer the best service in the city for seeing works of art by our leading Painters and Sculptors, we also have kept in mind the interests of those sensitive souls who enjoy the suburbs as well.

While waiting to see a picture, go down stairs and take a train some place. See the world without joining the Navy. Hardened commenters, jaded art critics, worried young art students, forget that you must see the

4:57 National Academy Limited show or the Woodstock Express modern exhibition. Go quietly downstairs and spend a few comfortable hours in one of our palatial trains. Sit unmolested behind a car window and watch the Palisades slip by. See the river boats on the Hudson and the coal barges on the East River. Take a quiet trip to Ossining and see your friends.

Imagine that you are going to Croton to spend a week-end with your favorite movie-actress. Get off at Harmon and return to the city if you know what you like and like only electric trains. Otherwise proceed to the historic old city of Poughkeepsie.

If you are hankering for the old days when ladies were ladies and pictures told a story, go to Boston in a parlor car and take a walk on the picturesque old Common.

Trains to the Golden Whales of California; trains to the saloons of Canada, or the back streets of Chicago. Don't think that only wishy-washy traveling salesmen look at scenery. Our best citizens and queens have been patrons of Nature. Even Otto Kahn, the famous art connoisseur, has used our trains to see America at last.

Open every day from Nine in the morning until Nine in the morning.

—SPUD JOHNSON



AT THE Mansfield Theatre the Moscow Habima players have begun a season of repertory in Hebrew with Ansky's "The Dybbuk," familiar to New York principally through the Neighborhood Playhouse presentation of a translation.

"The Dybbuk" tells the folk tale of a beautiful Jewish girl possessed by the spirit of a dead youth who has loved her, a spirit which is eventually exorcised, but only at the cost of her life.

The settings for the Habima production are very modernist; planes converging at insane angles, a table slanted towards the audience so that it suggests the naïve perspective of a primitive painting, an altar that needs to be sent to the cabinet-maker, or at least, have a telephone-book stuck under one corner.

In make-up the players carry bizarre even further, grease paint is laid on in whorls and splotches, mouths pulled sideways into deformities, chins stippled with a pox of black spots.

Much of the play is chanted, much sung, the gestures of the characters are conventionalized into a grotesque awkwardness. Expressionism reigns. It is as though the Chauve Souris were singing a performance of the "Cabinet of Doctor Caligari." The effect should be eerie, stimulating, electrifying. It was so to many of the spectators. I am unhappy to report that to me, except for the beautiful performance of Anna Rovina as *Lea*, the possessed, it was woefully flat. I came away knowing grumpily that I hated Russia and I hated Art, and that for all the stimulation I'd garnered from the evening I might just as well have been listening to some sharp bargaining on Grand Street.

This is not meant for the art addict and the serious student of things theatrical, but for those quaint characters who persist in feeling that they won't enjoy plays in a language they don't understand. They are going to be

SOME FOLK PLAYS

scoffed at unmercifully by friends who assure them that the language of Habima won't make a particle of difference in their enjoyment and that, once they're there they're sure to find it as thrilling as "Broadway." To them, in sympathy, are dedicated these words of warning.

A FOLK PLAY of a different sort is "Howdy King," by Mark Swan, which is being produced at the Morosco Theatre by Miss Anne Nichols.

"Howdy King" collects all the fly-blown gags about an American in a mythical kingdom and then multiplies them by ten. It is much the same method that Miss Nichols employed

hammer which proved to be such a magic wand in that personal effort of Miss Nichols'.

"Howdy King" begins in Nice, and in a setting very reminiscent of the slides for an illustrated song, such as "Red Roses Bring Dreams of You."

The *Prime Minister* of El Dorado is trying to sell a right of way through El Dorado to an American multimillionaire. He is also waiting for news of a lost heir to the throne of his country. His emissary comes to him with word that he has found the heir in America, an American born. That was to be expected but to give the situation the true Nichols fillip the lost heir strides into that hotel garden in Nice, a typical he-man from Arizona in chaps, and swinging a lariat.

Minor Watson plays the part and he manages to convey the impression of the requisite he-manliness by endowing *Johnny North* with the mentality of a twelve-year-old boy just awakened from a sound sleep.

The idea of so captivating a figure forced to occupy a throne and able to lope about hitching up his trousers and showing contempt for the time-honored institutions of royalty is, of course, utterly irresistible to the Nichols fans. No phase of it has been neglected in "Howdy King." Its protagonist raises a thug who is his buddy to a Dukedom, he makes everyone sit in his presence so that he can lope and hitch with more freedom, he woos and wins an American girl incog., and he makes a Campaign Club of the local Reds to back his plan for turning El Dorado into a Republic.

"Howdy King" is packed with good old familiar action of the sort that no one can fail to understand, and it fairly glistens with that most objectionable form of vulgarity—the nice, clean kind.

I doubt whether the mythical kingdom hokum has as many moron enthusiasts as had the Pat and Ikey



in the compilation of the "There was once a Jewish fella and a Irishman" data which she used in writing some little opus whose name escapes me for the moment. In other words it belabors the Graustark tradition with a few light strokes of the sledg-

brand, but "Howdy King" should last until the last one of them has bought his ticket.

RETAINING the sinister title "Hangman's House," Willard Mack has dramatized Donn Byrne's novel and the hilariously innocuous melodrama resulting is, or was, at the Forrest Theatre.

It's about a fine young Irish girl marrying the wrong man by her father's wish, and he drinking and wasting the money, bad 'cess to him, and drugging the jockey who's to ride her horse Bard in the Hannastown steeplechase, and just as things look at their blackest her true love and the lad she should have married all along cries, "I'll ride Bard meself." Then it grows dark and the curtain falls and rises but it's still dark, an eclipse in Hannastown, belike, and charging down a treadmill towards the Hannastown hedge come three live horses, three, and Bard ahead. Bard rises to the jump and, at least the night I was

after seeing it so it fell out, he knocked the Hannastown hedge flat, which must have made the racing somewhat easier for his competitors. Nevertheless in the next act we find that he's won and the money all the poor folk in Ireland had staked on *Miss Connaught O'Brien's Bard* is safe.

There's still a husband standing between the lovers like a black shadow, but that's easily done away with, for husbands are no obstacle in the theatre this year and *Connaught's*, perhaps sensing the trend of the times, shoots himself quietly by the library fireplace so it all ends fine and happy.

The foregoing, salted by a Menace which is probably the most ham bit of dramaturgy now on Broadway, peppered with bits of motivation any one of which should be good for a long run at Matteawan, and further seasoned with an acute hippic distaste which neither Miss Katherine Alexander as *Connaught* nor Mr. Walter Abel as her riding lover were able to

conceal, makes of "Hangman's House" an evening in the theatre not soon to be forgotten.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

DOWN-TOWN LYRICS

CHURCHES COURAGEOUS

Old John Street Methodist, Trinity, St. Peter's and classic St. Paul's, They are jeopardized, jostled, and jumbled,

They are subject to sightseers' calls.

While John Street Methodist smothers, They've waterproofed Trinity's walls—

The "L" snuggled up to St. Peter's, And Broadway remodeled St. Paul's.

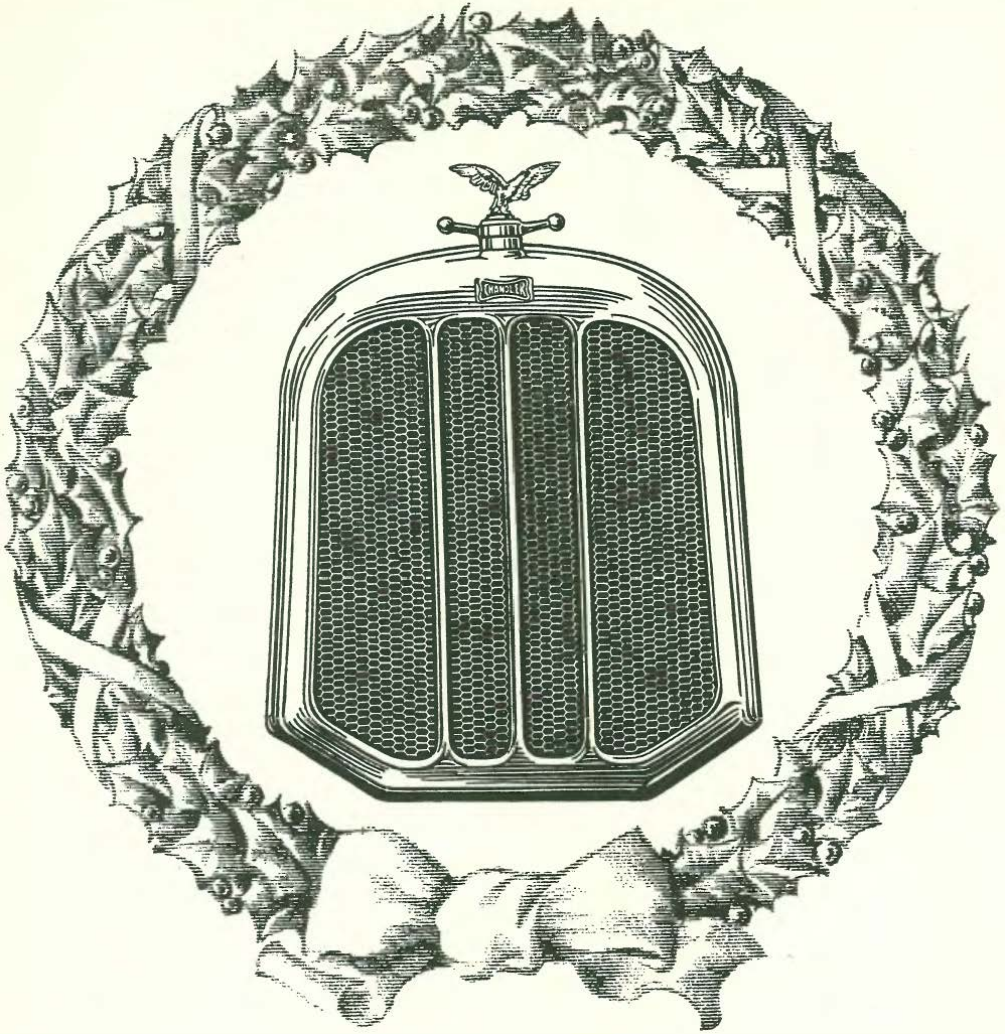
So it's safe to assume there is nothing That ever entirely appalls Old John Street Methodist, Trinity, St. Peter's and doughty St. Paul's.

—BURKE BOYCE



RUSSIA'S MUCH-DISCUSSED CONTRIBUTION TO THE CINEMA

We have here the unruly citizens of Odessa about to be suppressed by the Czar's soldiers for their efforts to help the cruiser "Potemkin." This takes place very stirringly and originally at the Biltmore Theatre.



CHANDLER
CHRISTMAS

HULETT
Motor Car Company
INCORPORATED

1884 Broadway, at 62d Street, New York
CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTOR CORP., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE AVENUE

IT IS, when all is said and done, a somewhat remarkable thoroughfare, Fifth Avenue. Ever since the beginning, it has been the key to New York's way of living; the clue whereby might be discovered the town's pace, the town's reaction to the thrusts of culture. Glance at a "Scene on Fifth Avenue" out of almost any year, and you will gather a surprisingly complete impression of that year's New York. In a great many more ways than one, the street is the city's show-window. The dominant urge of the populace has always been reflected there, first of all.

Insisting stubbornly that this much is true, we stroll along the Avenue these days and reach the conclusion that the dominant urge of our town in current times is a distinctly urbane sort of commercialism: a well-mannered pursuit of profits. Even good taste and that all but indefinable thing called Art have touched the scene with their influence. It is business with an air.

In the very old days, Fifth Avenue represented that wealthy respectability (practically the same thing as social prestige) toward which all our citizens were striving by whatever devious methods caught their fancy. Later, it became a place where money might be made, brutally and not quite prettily. Nowadays, Fifth Avenue is still making money; more money than ever before. But the thing is being done with an air. And the sight is positively pleasing.

THE AIR has been taken on, let it be said, for reasons that are undeniably pragmatic. A few of the larger merchants came upon the notion that prosperity would seek out a street that gave itself dignity, beauty, manner. They convinced their neighbors that this was true, banded themselves into an association, and hired a staff to bring about these desiderata. The results were slow in coming, but they have been sure. And so Fifth Avenue, at last, is dignified, and beautiful, and mannered. Its moulding to this end has been a matter of such care as a sculptor might apply to his clay. And the moulding has been done, with self-imposed diligence, by the merchants who were already established in their cozy places when the movement began.

The most striking changes have taken place in the last five years. It was in these years that the Avenue was definitely given over, below Fifty-ninth Street, as a residential section.

There are a few of the old mansions left, of course. But it is not likely that they will remain long. The process of dignifying the street for commerce has made it undignified for residence, and also it has made the value of earth so immense that a householder just can't afford it.

These years saw the arrival of the first skyscrapers in that part of the Avenue that lies between Twenty-third Street and Fifty-ninth Street. And they saw—indeed, have just this moment seen—the arrival of the conclusion that the Avenue is not meant for skyscrapers. With two high buildings actually nearing completion, Fifth Avenue has decided that this device does not afford the same solution of land costs that it affords in every other street of the city.

THE REASON, I am told by the experts in such matters, is quite simple. High buildings are used for office space. Fifth Avenue is no more desirable for office space than any other street, in fact, not so desirable as Madison Avenue, which has seen of late an immense development in this sort of structure. And the people who rent offices are not willing to pay the extra cost for a Fifth Avenue address which the building investment demands, and which the shops are willing to pay.

They seem, the experts I mean, to have very fine evidence in support of this view. There is, for example, the Winter Building planned for erection on the site of the old Vanderbilt mansion at Fifty-seventh Street. The blue-prints for a thirty-story tower were filed. Construction contracts were being considered. When suddenly it was determined to put up a five-story building instead. The simple explanation of the builders was that a five-story building was better suited to the Avenue, and would pay better in the end.

THE INCIDENT of the Schulte Corporation, owners of the site at the opposite corner of Fifty-seventh

Street, is even more illuminating, because they offered a fuller explanation of their course. These gentlemen bought the ground with the intention of erecting a thirty-seven story building. And then, they too announced that they would be content with five stories. They said, in effect:

"We discussed the advisability of putting up a thirty-seven story apartment hotel. But we concluded that such a building would be obsolete in ten years and the money would be considerable. We then considered an office building of the same height. But it became apparent that such a building would not begin to make return on the investment for ten years or more. So we shall put up a five-story building, earn an actual profit on it for the next ten years, then demolish it for the erection of the originally planned thirty-seven story structure, of whatever type seems indicated at that time."

FROM this we may gather that the Avenue is in a state of flux, even now. The gentlemen of the Fifth Avenue Association say that the street is, from this time on, definitely a retail thoroughfare, and will never be changed in favor of office buildings, hotels, or any other type of building. It is true, they point out, that one-third of the rentals in a fifteen-story building are paid by the lessees of the ground floor, that is to say, the proprietors of shops.

They tell me this: "Fifth Avenue already is overbuilt in loft, office and showroom space. The supply of such space is already greater than the demand. On the other hand, retail store space is in heavy demand. It is impossible to have enough of it."

Nowadays, nearly every one owns his little bit of Fifth Avenue. It is almost a community-owned street, whereas a few years ago it was the private property of a few wealthy old gents. The cost of a modern building is so great that no single individual can carry it alone or hold the structure as his personal possession. Money for the enterprise is sought from the public, through the sale of building bonds. And although most of the builders control a handsome equity in their edifices, the bond-holding public at large really contributes the big money. There is hardly a building on the

Who's Who in Health!



"I BROKE OUT FROM HEAD TO FOOT with skin eruptions. My entire body was covered with angry welts. I could not sleep at night. Finally someone suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I took three cakes a day and now I am well. That was three years ago, and I have not had any skin trouble since. I cannot say too much in the praise of Fleischmann's Yeast."

Mrs. FRANK G. MEHLING,
Baltimore, Md.



"CONSTIPATION WAS MAKING ME ILL. I had intestinal pains at my work and at all times. One day a friend of mine suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. He had been eating it and had had splendid results. I have been eating three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day ever since. My pains are gone and I feel one hundred per cent better."

JULIUS C. ANDREWS, Hopewell, Va.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—*aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.*

They know how to banish common ills,
how to gain glorious, vital health
through one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces.

For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Y-35, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"I WAS RUN DOWN and being a fancy dancer and in need of all the strength possible I started to eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day. Since then I have had a splendid appetite and the best of health. My flesh is solid. I heartily recommend Yeast to run down people."

ESTELLE (MISKOVA) DOYEN, Chicago, Ill.

The Water Tower

THE MORNING AFTER
THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Scene: *The Jollips' Living Room on Christmas Morn.*

Gowns by The United Steel Co., Christmas Tree by courtesy of the State of Maine, incidental music by merest accident. Before the curtain rises Mrs. Jollips and Aunt Katherine abuse their husbands who have been on a terrible binge the evening previous.

Ma Jollips and Aunt Katherine: And what were you two drinking? (*Curtain is lowered to denote a lapse of memory.*)

Pa Jollips and Uncle Eben: I suppose we may as well confess . . . it was Scotch.

Aunt Katherine: How much?

Uncle Eben: Three bucks a pint.

Ma Jollips: What, you two strong men only drank a pint between you?

Pa Jollips: (*Choking with emotion*) Yes.

Ma Jollips: And I suppose that fixed you both.

Uncle Eben: (*Not choking at all*) Yep.

The door at the rear slams open. A man in a tattered Confederate uniform staggers in. He is obviously badly wounded. He glances about frantically, then falling exhausted on one knee he holds out a document towards Ma Jollips and gasps: I am from Lee. The enemy forces they are advancing on Mufreesboro.

Ma Jollips: I think you are probably looking for Lee Shubert. Try the Century Theatre at Columbus Circle.

Confederate officer: I beg your pardon. (*Exit embarrassed.*)

Ma Jollips (*Unmoved by the interruption.*) Listen you two. Don't ask how Katherine and I know the secret of drinking. Just listen. (*At this point she turns to the audience and says:*) This is not an advertisement, it is a sincere testimonial. Aquazone, the only mineral water supercharged with oxygen, when used as a mixer prevents those annoying headaches on the morning after the night before Christmas or the morning after the night before any other day in the calendar year.

Seven little Jollips: Ooooooooh Goody, a player piano!

Ma Jollips: No, my dears, that is a case of Aquazone for your father and Uncle. I despair of ever curing them of drinking, but by gosh, I'm going to teach them to drink right!

(As the curtain falls the xither plays "God Rest ye Merry Gentlemen," a boy shoves a notice under the door that reads "The Gazette will not be published on Christmas Day" and seven revenue agents dressed as attendant spirits announce that Aquazone can be bought at druggists, grocers, hotels, night clubs and

VANDERBILT 6434

Advertisement

Avenue the ownership of which is not held in this fashion.

ANOTHER effect of the new movement is the rehabilitation of the lower end of the Avenue. Since 1916, they have practically saved the thoroughfare below Twenty-third Street from ruin. Between 1911 and 1916, property values south of Twenty-third Street were practically wiped out. Those were the years when the garment trade took over its control of lower Fifth Avenue, when the zoning laws were so lax that there were no prohibitions at all upon that section. Hot-dog stand or gasoline filling station—the Avenue in those days welcomed it.

Beginning with 1926, however, there was a concerted effort to recapture the lost values. A law or two was passed, there were banquets, and speeches, and conferences. It is a fact that the recovery for the ends of dignity and beauty and wealth was accomplished almost entirely by simple, diplomatic argument and prolonged talk of idealism.

Property owners in that district were called upon by their more visionary brothers uptown. And, at last, they were convinced. The garment trade has almost disappeared. The Washington Square residential district is creeping northward in the guise of apartment-hotels. And there is rejoicing over the constantly augmenting assessment figures.

ALMOST any of the gentlemen along the Avenue will tell you that it is the world's finest street. And, after all, it may be. Certainly it is huge in all the implications of the word: in size, in wealth, in vistas and in conception. And it is foolish to contend that size is no part of beauty. A three-inch replica of Rodin's "Penseur," however miraculously executed, would not be very stirring. Pike's Peak, when all is said, is largely a matter of cubic yardage.

Suppose we agree, then, that it is a beautiful street—possibly, indeed, the most beautiful of its sort in the world. But even that is not the surprising thing. The surprising thing is that a group of merchants, of their own motivation and for whatever reasons, have made it so—and that they are consumed with the desire to keep it so.

With that, we revert to Fifth Avenue's reflection of the city's dominating urge—
—MORRIS MARKEY



They Know Their Buicks

New Yorkers' insistence on the finest in motor cars is the factor that has made Buick the leading automobile in sales in New York. Our own sales records show that New Yorkers long ago accepted Buick as the leader. More so today than ever before. Our three stores, all conveniently located on Broadway, make it easy for you to select your Buick in comfort.



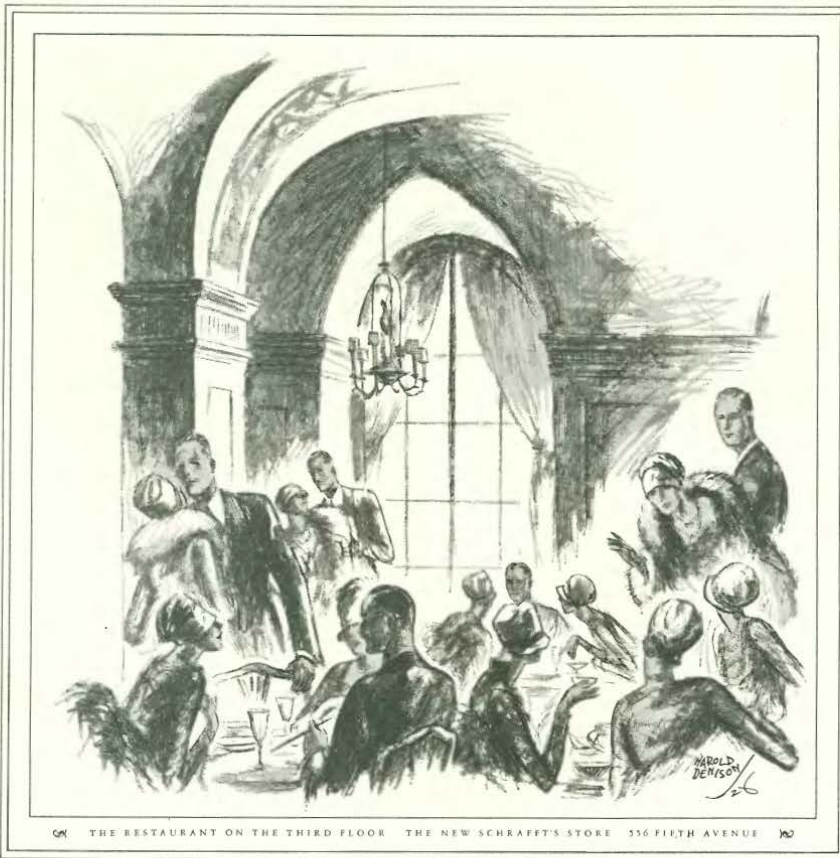
Come in and select one of our seventeen models. If you are now driving a car bring it along and let us appraise it in part payment for one of these new Buicks.

General Motors
Time Payment Plan

GLIDDEN BUICK
CORPORATION

Broadway at 58th Street
Broadway at 131st Street
Broadway at 170th Street





Afternoon Tea

AT THE NEW SCHRAFFT'S STORE UPPER FIFTH AVENUE

Here at Number 556 (near 45th Street) delicious afternoon tea awaits the shopper and all who find themselves near the Avenue.

In addition, there is the usual wide choice of good things that you are accustomed to see in our other stores; chocolates, home-made candies, cakes, cookies, gift baskets and attractive favors to grace your own table.

The next time you are passing by, drop in . . . whether for breakfast, luncheon, tea, dinner or supper after the theatre.

The Colonial Dinner is served Sundays from noon until closing.

THE **SCHRAFFT'S** STORES

FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY

BOSTON

NEW YORK

SYRACUSE

"Twinkle Twinkle"



NIZE baby is so smart. He's even guessed what's in one of the packages Papa is presenting to Mama. Such a smart baby—and such a smart papa—and such a lucky mama.

"Twinkle Twinkle" fox trot from Twinkle
Twinkle
"Get a load of this" Harry Archer and his
Orchestra 3345

Other new records for holiday giving

- "Because I love you" (Irving Berlin)
"Falling in love with you" waltzes—Regent
Club Orchestra 3350
- "My dreams"
"Parted" (Weatherly-Toast) sung by Mario
Chamlee, tenor 10230
- "Farewell, farewell, my village"
"Gypsy Moon" Gypsy folk music played by
the A & P Gypsies 3188
- "Cover me up with sunshine" 3343
"Sweet thing" fox trots—Park Lane Orchestra
- "Your heart looked into mine"
"Moonlight on the Ganges" sung by
Franklyn Baur, tenor 3318
- "Stars are the windows of heaven"
"When you waltz with the one you love"
waltzes—Ben Selvin and his Orchestra 3353
- "Messin' around" fox trots
"Heebie Jeebies" Bud Jackson's Swanee
Serenaders. 3351

Always something new on
Brunswick Records



There's new snap, rhythm and pep in
"Light-Ray" records

Brunswick
PANATROPES • RADIOLAS • RECORDS

MOTORS

*Glorifying the American
Car—The Complexion
Complex—Little
Strangers?*



DAZZLED by the patterns of the hosiery worn by our young men about town, and stamped by the bright colors in the couturiers' shops, the motor makers have suddenly ceased being just plain folks from Detroit.

They are pouring forth for the winter season an array of models glorifying the American car. in a riot of designs and colors rivalling the fancy of Urban.

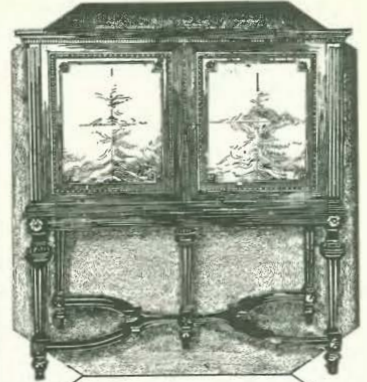
That this is a *volte face* on the part of motordom may be realized when one recalls the epic remark of the Sage of Dearborn: "The customer may choose any color, so long as it is black." And most of his confrères in the industry, making products for the more expensive trade, were glad to endorse his dictum.

But that epoch is over. Custom cars, hues to suit the mood, are the requisite of the hour. Even the Sage, catering to the most modest purse, hastens to shout that buyers of his vehicles may elect channel green, or, if they prefer, maroon.

Packard, Pierce, Rolls, Renault—most of the machines designed for the *cognoscenti*—have in the past, as today, offered a choice in colors for the metropolitan trade. Usually this special demand was cared for by the Manhattan merchant who painted the cars after they arrived at his warehouse.

BUT TODAY outer appearance dominates the plans of the manufacturers. Progress in engineering efficiency has been so great in the past five years that most motors in a given price-class are sisters under the hood. Competition has been relegated to the surface, and the complexion complex has seized upon motordom. Cars of the better grade are made in the plants up to a pre-breakfast condition. The toilette is then effected to suit the buyer's desire—peach, orange, rouge, orchid, what you will.

The comparison is not fantastic. It is the development of quick-drying enamel, and of nitro-cellulose spray



The Panatrophe

The world's first purely electrical reproducing instrument. . . You will never forget the Panatrophe once you hear it—Perfected "Light Ray" electrically recorded records now for the first time perfectly synchronized with electrical reproduction.

All that is worth while in music—classic or syncopation—is brought to you through this instrument, with genuine tone fidelity beautifully preserved . . . accurate to every note of the scale.

Great artists acclaim the Panatrophe a *re-creator*. It offers an inexhaustible source of entertainment, of a quality and type never before enjoyed in the American home . . . *it brings the musical world to your fireside.*

In plain cabinet or rich period models—as you wish

TERMS IF DESIRED

**Brunswick
Salon**

668 FIFTH AVENUE
AT 53rd STREET

DANCING AND DINING FROM 6 TO 2⁰CL



THE
GREENWICH
VILLAGE INN

IS ON SHERIDAN SQUARE, PHONE SPRING 0772

*New Years reservations now being booked
at \$15 per cover,, supper and refreshments,,*



Youth sets fashion's pace—
and youth insists on Pedemodes.

The Pedemode Shop

Feminine Footwear

570 Fifth Ave., New York

Boston

Chicago

Cleveland

Detroit



—and every
thing is just
about right at
the Vinoy Park

A MAGNIFICENT hotel on Tampa Bay in the heart of the Gulf Coast's greatest playground. Management of Frank H. Abbott & Son. New. Fireproof. 450 rooms with bath. Everything one could desire in appointments, cuisine and service. Write or wire for reservations.

Vinoy Park Hotel

On Tampa Bay
St. Petersburg
Florida



paints, applied with the ease of a powder-puff, which have made this consideration for personal preference generally feasible.

Pseudo-sophisticates whisper of strange new engines and other mechanical wonders now locked in some mythical Tower of London, about to be offered to the waiting world. Such rumors may be dismissed. There will be nothing radical in design in the coming months, as far as the chassis is concerned, nothing as new as balloon tires and four-wheel brakes at the time of their coming out.

COLOR, as stated, will be the keynote. It is that erstwhile stout dowager Cadillac who is forcing the issue. Content until two years ago with her established buxom contours, she yielded to the slimmer effects, adopting streamlines to accent a svelte and handsome figure. Now, at the opening of the current season, with body-by-Fisher, she offers the choice of fifty models, with five hundred color combinations from which to select.

There are those of the *ancien régime*, to be sure, the pew-holders of Trinity and St. George's, who will cling to the safe and acceptable black, but the St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew element will, as usual, have its way, in demanding the most *recherché* blends.

French influence is now being cited in Toledo, South Bend, and points West as the instigator of *esprit* in the new automobile models. That factor is an important one. The revised lines and the pastel ensemble created by de Causse on behalf of Franklin elevated that car from the bourgeois to the Bourbon.

YET THE broad, firm color tones and the substantial designs of the British tradition will continue in practice. Brewster's accomplishments are predicated on Anglo-Saxon principles. Packard coachwork in the English mode so effectively combines utility with good form that there is no reason to anticipate much modification there.

Homely virtues in motordom have, in short, become an accepted fact and nothing to boast about. A car may be in fashion and be a good girl still. There's Hupmobile, who only two years ago advertised all the facts of its innards—crankshafts, gears, steering-knuckles, what-not, displayed on a board as evidence of stability and dur-

Your Aunt from Dubuque...

OF course we know that you, being a regular New Yorker, are concerned only with the latest sensation that the jazziest age the world ever knew, offers for your amusement. But your Aunt Emma, who is visiting you for the holidays, is no doubt dizzy as she watches you trying to guess tomorrow's styles or trying to determine what night club to visit to be seen among the smartest people. She probably doesn't know what it is all about and hopes that on her visit you will offer her some of the old-fashioned entertainment she is used to, and enjoys. She yearns for a night at the opera, an afternoon at a symphony or one of those good old plays where the acting is perfect, the settings beautiful and the story thrilling and romantic. She will want a play that has enough thought in it to make it worth while telling about when she gets home. For your visiting relatives then, who are honest and know what they like and don't have to pretend, we recommend ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

BROCK PEMBERTON'S PRODUCTION

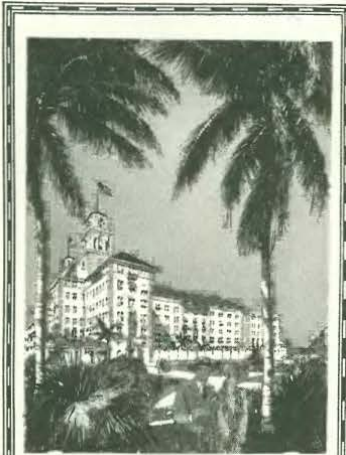
THE LADDER

By J. FRANK DAVIS

⎓ P. S.—And we won't feel offended when you sneak down Fiftieth Street to see our play, as you did when you condescended to see "Abie's Irish Rose" ⎓

SEATS 8 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

WALDORF THEATRE
50th Street E. of Broadway
Mats. Wednesday and Saturday



**The New BREAKERS
at Palm Beach
Opens December 29th**

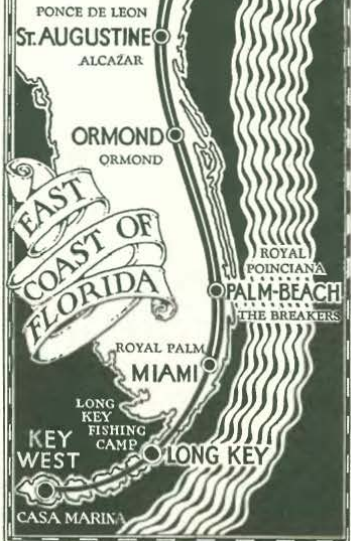
—with all the charm of its vivid new life, and the same engaging hospitality which made its predecessor famous the world over. On its favored site by the sea, Italian Renaissance in feeling, beauty in every line, color and luxurious ease everywhere, and with the assurance of the most distinguished clientele, the New BREAKERS opens its Premier Season—the World's Most Perfect Winter Resort Hotel.

For reservations, booklets, etc., address:

Florida East Coast Railway Co.
Florida East Coast Hotel Co.
(Flagler System)

2 West 45th Street, N. Y.
or St. Augustine,
FLORIDA

Other Flagler
hotels listed
below will be
opened by
Jan. 15th.



ability. Today, the appeal is “beauty, color options and luxury.”

SPEAKING of current developments, gossips have it that there will be little strangers in two of the big manufacturing lines within the next fortnight. We do not refer to adaptations or refinements of existing models, but to creations which are authentically new. Those of our readers who attended the Paris automobile show this fall know what we mean. The parents, when asked for particulars at present, blush and look coy. Soon it can be told.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

A TRAFFIC DIALOGUE

[TIME: Christmas Eve.]

“**M**AMA! Mama!”
“Jamie, haven’t I told you to stop talking and go to sleep? If you don’t do as Mama says, Santa Claus won’t come.”

“I know, Mama, but I just thought of something awful; something terrible, Mama. Doesn’t Santa Claus live up near the North Pole?”

“I’ve always heard so, dear.”

“And isn’t this a one-way street we’re living on, Mama?”

“Yes.”

“For northbound traffic only, the sign says, doesn’t it, Mama?”

“Yes, dear, but—”

“Then — then — then he can’t come, can he, Mama? The cop won’t let him.”

(Tense silence and some quick thinking.)

“Oh, but he’ll go round the world, dearest, and come through our street from the south.”

“Do you think he really will, Mama?”

“Oh, yes, dear, without a doubt.”

(Long sigh in darkened crib.)

“Good night, Mama.”

“Good night, Jamie.”

—A. H. F.

THE QUIANT ISLANDERS

In the island of Madeira some of the handsomest linens for well-appointed lunch tables are made that are to be found anywhere. The needle-workers in this locality have talent beyond the usual ability in such matters. They are all-white, with scalloped edges and skillfully executed embroidery.—Advertisement in *Long Beach Californian*.



**Mr. Tilley,
how could you?**

Comfort first, we thought, when we built the Paramount Theatre. So we have 4,000 seats when there could have been many more, but we wanted everyone to see well and hear well, and we wanted plenty of lounging space for those who had to wait. This, we thought quaintly, would please everybody, especially the NEW YORKER, what with everything being so commercial these days. It did ease everybody — everybody except — oh, the shame of it! — the NEW YORKER. And that is why we rise meekly to ask, in a faint whisper, our throat quivering with emotion, “Mr. Tilley, how could you?”

Beginning Christmas Day 10:45 A.M.

A Christmas Fantasy

PEARL OF DAMASCUS

Staged by FRANK CAMBRIA

Special Music—JESSE CRAWFORD

Reginald Denny in
“The Cheerful Fraud”

**Paramount
THEATRE**

Times Square Popular Prices



THE ART GALLERIES



*In Which a Promised
Dull Week Becomes
More Exciting Than the
Last*

WE WERE dragged into several parlor guessing games recently which, at the third bottle, became a challenge to name ten great American artists. And as we remember it now, the contest never got beyond John Marin. He alone of our century-and-a-half of living, was picked without protest as being the one American to achieve immortality. Other groups would have other wisdom, of course. But we give it for what it is worth. And to remind you that if you have not yet seen it, there is a show of Marin in Stieglitz Room 303 in the Anderson Galleries. It is not as astounding a show as the one of last year. For gradually the western museums have begun to acquire Marin and not so wide a range is left. But the show gives him at his best, and there can be no better in that medium. It does not always happen that an artist's recognition comes during his life. Marin's acceptance fortunately has not come about through any compromise on his part. For he has made none. He has been a steadfast poet, awaiting for his countrymen to catch up with him.

ANOTHER show we beg you not to miss is that of Chardin, current, at least as we write, at Wildenstein. This staid house unfortunately does not go in for trumpets or drums, saying, we surmise, that they have no interest in leading blind men. All students in town must have seen it by now. We believe you will be blind indeed if you do not see the unforgettable beauty of this rare show.

A LITTLE stranger in our midst is always welcome. We approached with misgiving the mansion housing De Hauke and Co., late of Paris. Such beautiful women meet



HOTEL MARK HOPKINS

SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco's newest hotel revives the hospitality of Days of Gold and bids you welcome now!

A NEW HOTEL

San Francisco's finest achievement, combining California's traditional hospitality with the best in modern hotel service and accommodations. Only a moment from the theatres and shops, yet aloft in the serene quiet of Nob Hill. Smartly furnished guest-rooms, single or en suite—and beneath the towering structure, a garage, reached by hotel elevator. CUISINE by the famous Victor. Destined to take its place among the noted hotels of the world, the Mark Hopkins is an unexcelled stopping-place for travelers.

GEO. D. SMITH *Pres. and Managing Director*
WILL P. TAYLOR, JR. *Resident Manager*



LOCATED as it is, on Nob Hill, every window in Hotel Mark Hopkins reveals a matchless panorama of central California.



LOEWE

Today as in 1856

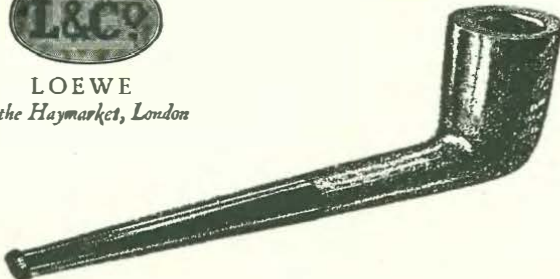
The World's Finest Pipe

SEVENTY years of old world craftsmanship are reflected in every Loewe Briar you buy today. Without "trick" attachment; handmade throughout; classic in design; secretly processed over a longer period of time than any other pipe made—the Loewe today, as in 1856, is the world's finest pipe. Obtainable in America only at the more exclusive clubs and the better hotels and tobacconists. Featured, among other places, at

*The Biltmore—New York
The Waldorf-Astoria—New York
The Vanderbilts—New York
The Plaza—New York
—and, of course, at
your own club*



LOEWE
of the Haymarket, London



Guaranteed by FABER, COE AND GREGG, INC.—New York

you at the door, that you forget the way Ingres is pronounced. Such suave young men with Phi Beta Kappa keys dangling from their chains that you pretend you are the plumber looking for leaks. But it is not like that at all. After you get used to it, you can open one of the exhibition doors without feeling that you are prying into a bedroom. And we have the affable word of the young men for it, you will be welcome. In fact, we imagine that all the elegance of the East Fifty-first Street *maison* is beginning to pall. If we know our psychology, soon the staff will be smiling and bowing to giggling girls from finishing schools, shabby artists from Cooper Union, swanky portrait painters from Washington Square. For of such is the kingdom of art and understanding.

At De Hauke is another show we urge you not to miss. Ingres, god of all who ever tried to put line on paper, is here represented by about seventy of the drawings he made in Italy for the French government. They have seldom been shown, and never in this country. Students and professionals we need not admonish about Ingres. And many of the laymen, we imagine, will feel as the little girl this afternoon who murmured: "Isn't he lovely—I must go back and read up on him."

ANOTHER treat, if you are not too late, is the collection of Monsieur X of Paris, at the Ralston Galleries. In those hushed and sacred galleries the common people will be welcomed for a time. The collection includes art that belongs in some other column—everything from Louis XV's bedclothes to some Pope's overcoat. But painting—well, it is a condensed museum. A Romney, a Gainsborough, a Richard Cosway said to be rarer than anything in town. There were two landscapes by Diaz that brought us to hushed reverence and a baffling late Corot. There is a portrait by Ingres, two by Kessling (evidently the last German painter), figures by Teniers and signed Paninis. Imagine, if you can, Mr. Tiffany asking you in to play with his diamonds for a while, and you will know something of how we felt with Monsieur X.

THE ELDER Dudensing also has selected a show with an eye to the gift trade, and we were glad to note that the place was all plastered with red stars. Art, it seems, is bought if the calendar furnishes some alibi for such un-American behavior. The

interest in the show balances between Herman Trunk and Henry Winslow. The first is a brilliant young painter who follows after Marin, or we should say Cézanne, if he has Cézanne. He has a great talent and a wide felicity with water-color. As he is only twenty-three it is still early for prophecy. But we like him as well as any youths we have seen hereabouts these past years. He knows a lot about organization and refinements and color. Some of his things we certainly would say were bargains for the timid who buy for speculation rather than esthetic enjoyment.

In Henry Winslow we have a stunt painter that has, however, bent the medium to his purpose. He paints with water-color on airplane linen, and the effect is one of aquatint or a fine Japanese print. Winslow is an American architect living and painting in Paris. His things all have the architectonic flare and sometimes run too much to detail. But in his simpler, larger forms he gets exquisite results. His boats are especially happy. As for decoration, we believe the Winslow works hold high place.

WITH Christmas near, Kraushaar brings out a lively show of water colors by Americans. It was, though nowhere admitted, a quiet testimonial to Marin. Looking about, one could see what that young man did when he came down like an Arab on the tents of the Whistlers and the Sargents. We liked the "Quarry" of Henry Schnakenberg, the "Sunday Morning At Havre," by Richard Lاهی, and the three of Fiene. It is a well-rounded show, including Jerome Myers, Guy Péne Du Bois, Halpert, the two Beals and Walkowitz, among others.


MACBETH also has a holiday show of etchings and water colors of Americans. Milch has a memorial show of water color sketches by Thomas Moran, the grand old man who discovered the Grand Canyon. The Gainsborough shows paintings by Professor Theodor Wedepohl. Next week the Grand Central Galleries will have an exhibition of portraits by Ray Emmet Rand.

—M. P.

The Bishop will then go to Chicago for a weep.—*New York paper.*

To us in New York it seems rather a far cry.

La beauté, c'est l'arme de la femme



ANNÉE 1911

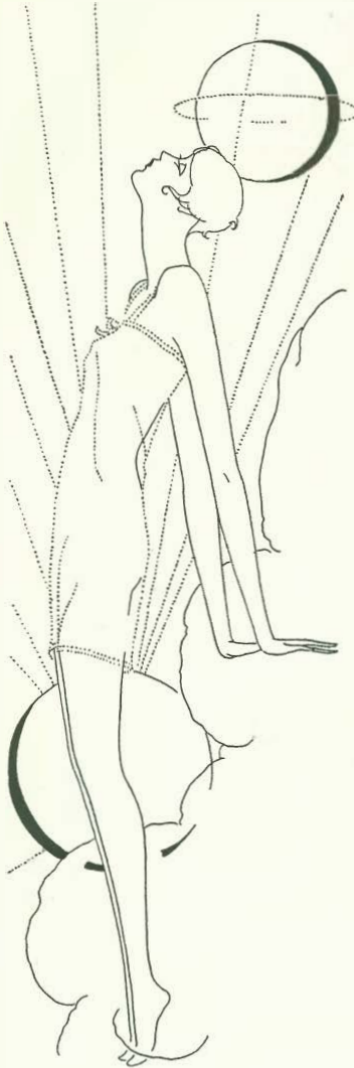
ANNE GERARDE
FACIAL SPECIALIST
formerly With
DR. NATALIE PAYOT
PARIS

5 EAST 57 STREET
PLAZA 8640

HOTEL ALBA
PALM BEACH

PREPARATIONS TO ENHANCE
AND AT 100 FIFTH AVENUE

"—because you love nice things"



"ILLUSION" is the gift sophisticated, the gift that suggests your appreciation of a figure so perfect it must not be altered by even an infinitesimal trifle.

"Illusion" is the sort of superbly dainty, cobweb-sheer undergarment that delights the modern woman—and it is remarkably durable, as well.

VAN RAALTE
ILLUSION Silk Underwear

Silk Gloves, Stockings, Glove Silk Underwear
AT ALL GOOD SHOPS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE TURMOIL of the holidays now being upon us, people with headaches and hangovers are wistfully contemplating exodus either to the bracing wintry air of Montreal or Lake Placid, or southward to that dear Florida, which still seems to be just where they left it.

BONWIT TELLER is presenting some very de luxe skating and skiing clothes for those Northern resorts where the wearing of your brother's old clothes would cost you social recognition. For skating, you will find some effective suits of white wool, the long tunics adorned with gay stripes around the bottom, the high collars edged with fur, the skirts divided or modestly circular. Also an imported suit with a belted coat of black waterproof rep trimmed with unborn calf and a divided, circular skirt of black and white checked wool. In the skiing things, this waterproof rep in dark blue or black is much favored, for those belted coats and long trousers to tuck into the low skiing boots that are still the smartest. Against this dark background, white, varied with brilliant colors, is the best for scarfs, mittens, caps, socks, and the long strips that conceal the top of the boot. Bonwit Teller has numbers of these accessory sets of white wool with a gay design here and there, imported from France. Also, you will find the latest version of the perennial windbreaker—in this case, a zipper jacket of suede in high colors with corduroy trousers to match.

The beret, of course, is still with us in every possible material—velvet, velours, suede, or what have you?—and in all colors including the Scandi-

navian. And there are lots of striped scarfs, very gay and very reasonably priced. And mannish squares of a silk and wool cashmere that sell for five dollars.

B. ALTMAN is emphasizing, for skating, the belted coat and breeches cut like riding-trousers. These in a variety of leather, tweeds, and furs.

One from Callot has plum-colored leather breeches and a high collared white kasha coat trimmed with white lamb. The Russian cap, of kasha and lamb, completes the costume. Another Callot of a more conservative trend has tan tweed breeches and a bright blue leather coat with a fur collar.

Martial et Armand use corduroy and suede, in browns and tans, and throw in a vest to match as an additional tender touch. Among the domestic offerings—which are usually more practical than the slightly musical-comedy translations from the French—one had a divided skirt over tan tweed breeches and a coat of brown and white pony.

WHICH LEADS us, for no reason, to Palm Beach clothes. Best & Co., who just revel in all kinds of inexpensive little sweater suits, and the French hand-made silk dresses that every smart woman buys in quantities, and in little gingham handbags and things, have started off with a rush this year.

Among the sweater suits, the horizontally striped sweater accompanied by a plain skirt, pleated in some manner, still leads. The skirts that are so finely pleated as to resemble corduroy



having proved that they hold their shape well even in a damp seashore climate, these are prominent. Some of the sweaters have stripes in several blended colors; some shade down from a light to a dark shade; one of jersey has its stripes of openwork metal thread.

FOR EVENING, some lovely long capes of lace in rose and gold or silver and blue. These are of net, embroidered with the metal at the top, and turn suddenly into coarse, openwork lace at the bottom. Fragile, but how romantic under the well-advertised southern moon!

For headgear, Bakou straw—a new, very fine stiff straw in natural color—and panama are featured. Either of these can be secured in the small *cloche* type or in the more mannish sports hat with a rather wide brim. In this case, however, the brim cannot ripple.

IN BATHING suits, the masculine two-piece type still persists, the new note being that the top is worn outside the trunks like a tunic instead of being tucked inside in the masculine way—which is most unbecoming to those rare, rare women with billowing hips. These tunics often belted. The suit worn by Lady Abdy at the Lido last summer has been reproduced at Best's—the feature of this being that the back of the tunic has been cut out in back to almost nothing—thereby making your tan uniform down the back of your evening *décolletage*. In this suit, which is the first in this country, as far as I know, to follow the European passion for getting tanned as far down as decency permits, or even farther, the color combinations are especially effective. White top with blue or red trunks, pale yellow with orange, baby blue with darker blue, and so on are available. This shading down tendency towards the bottom is also evident in other jersey suits with shaded stripes getting darker as they descend. Some also follow the Jane Regny sweater mode of being quartered off in huge squares in two shades of the same color.

IN THE more feminine tunic type, there was one of rubberized silk with a silver or gold sheen that would, I think, make you resemble a very wet and slippery fish emerging from the water. Some of the *crêpe* tunics have sleeveless cardigans to match, as in the case of one of black and white checkered silk.

—L. L.



A Seacini model copied in black or brown suede and in black patent leather with gold kid pipings—16.00

A Penagia adapted in kidskin with gold or silver pipings, lotus, rosette, Spanish raisin, navy blue, platinum—16.00

Current successes of the Paris shoe mode reproduced by Best's for the New York No. 1 of Fashion

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

TABLE

Burlesque
—and Turkeys



MERRY CHRISTMAS!
Have you made your New Year reservations yet? Honestly, and after all I have told you about making them early! . . .

With considerably more publicity than that which attended the quiet departure of the Canaros Tango orchestra a week or so ago, the Club Mirador fondly sponsored the American debut of Simmes and Babette, European acrobatic dancers extraordinary. This in addition to Maurice and Eleanora, who are still very much present and who do not, as the *Graphic* would have us believe, seem particularly miffed by the competition. The new dancers are quite sufficiently sensational and will hold forth until Moss and Fontana return to their devoted public around the fifth of January. Another innovation in the staid conservative halls of this club is a burlesque, on the part of two members of the orchestra, of Maurice and his partner, which is terribly funny, the tall, red-headed saxophonist who impersonates Miss Ambrose being so far removed from effeminateness as to be humorous. Just to keep you in touch with current events and to assure you that the old favorites are probably still the best.

AND, SPEAKING of old favorites, maybe you didn't know that Barney's, at 85 West Third Street, was open for dinner-dancing every night in the week as well as for the slightly more raucous goings-on after the theatre. And, for me, it has solved the question of that usually dead and discouraged Sunday night dinner. For there is no denying that Barney's is cosy. And, at this time, quiet. You can sit in the front room, on a divan against the wall, while the plaintive strains of Barney's greetings and the mournful moan of Peewee Byer's jazz orchestra pleasantly assail your ears, or you can step to the dancing-floor and cavort. Very pleasant. A large apology is due Barney for what I at first thought was an unworthy thought regarding the stickiness of his dance floor. It appears that, until I buy rubbers, all dance floors will be sticky

RESERVATIONS
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DON DICKERMAN'S ARTISTICALLY AMUSING
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NEW YORKERS
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FOR TWO

Creole Cooking
Nutriment

when I first come from the damp pavements down Greenwich Village way.



LOUISIANE, at 8 East Forty-ninth Street, might very well help to solve the lunching problem of shoppers at Saks, McCutcheon, Bergdorf Goodman, and others in a very satisfactory manner.

Their proud boast is that their Creole cooking is unexcelled in the city and that sundry great writers who surely ought to know go into ecstasies regularly at dinner time there. All I can tell you is that the Crab Gumbo I ate for lunch was so superb and so filling that all I could do after finishing it was to cry feebly for coffee. And at dinner time, their chicken dishes!

THE LIDO-VENICE went and closed. For which I could almost drop a quiet tear, were it not for the fact that I was not informed until after my eulogy of the dinner there had proudly burst forth into these columns, several days after the place was dark and almost as deserted as before.

AND NOW, far afield, to the Constantinople, at 12 East Thirtieth Street, for food and atmosphere that is, I assume, Turkish. It is a large room, with rugs appropriately hanging about on the walls, and clusters of people talking over their thick drip coffee hours after they should have gone to the theatre. And the food is terribly good, and did not affect me with that chill that usually attends my contemplation of foreign dishes of whose cleanliness I am a shade dubious.

The especial thing that won my heart, however, was the lovable personality of the waiter, who did not hang around glumly and reluctantly tell you the components of each dish, but volunteered to bring you a grand dinner if we would trust his judgment and promptly went off and did.

The specialty, of course, is lamb, cooked on spits, with tomatoes and things, and rice prepared in all kinds



Miss Mary Duncan, now playing in "The Shanghai Gesture," greets Christmas in her new Capt. Kid Boots

*Dear Shoecraft... a bored Santa
may overlook an occasional Christmas
stocking but he can't help being tempted
by my new Capt. Kid Boots. As for me
I think they're utterly delightful.
Mary Duncan*

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of ways. I found everything palatable.

The fact that a Southern gentleman in the party completely forgot the presence of a bottle in his overcoat pocket testifies to the satisfactory quality of the menu. —LIPSTICK

DOWN-TOWN LYRICS

HALFWAY HOUSE

Go down the slope of Beekman Street,
It isn't far to Gold,
And find the place that's Halfway
House—
It's yellow, and it's old.

The Halfway House, where gallants
stop
(Or did in 'Thirty-four)
For coffee, rum, and fine segars
With stove and cuspidor.

Where outside stair and pillared roof
(But *that's* been taken down)
Were signals of the gathering-place,
The first stop out of town.

And coaches wound from Cherry Hill
Before there was the Bridge,
And lumbered on toward Maiden
Lane
Behind the Cliff Street ridge.

Go down the slope of Beekman Street,
It isn't far to Gold,
And take the road past Halfway
House
Before it gets too old.

—BURKE BOYCE

WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

Because, one night, I decided to see "The Big Parade," tickets for which I had been told were as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. I stood on line and was approached by several speculators whom I ignored. When I was second to the window a man ahead of me bought two \$2.20 orchestra tickets.

As my turn came, I asked for \$1.65 seats and received orchestra tickets with the "\$2.20" punched out, and had the pleasure of sitting next to the man who had been ahead of me on the line. And

Because, two nights later, the same thing happened to me at "Ben Hur"! —SAUL ROBINS LAZARUS



Your MIND will

not be troubled with what you hear—nor your EYES with what you see; rather you'll carry off a happy memory of a happy time

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Dancing



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Seasonal Tidings From



IT WOULD have been most convenient if Signor Gatti-Casazza had deferred the début of his new

conductor, Vincenzo Bellezza, until the official publication date of this issue, for then we could have announced that "Yule like him," and drawn a great many spectacular greetings of the season. In any event, the performances which Mr. Bellezza has led since his first appearance in the Metropolitan's orchestra pit have confirmed the notion that he is one of the best opera directors that any house has lassoed in many years. Anyone who recalls the desultory Italian evenings which used to take place when the brilliant and hard-working Mr. Serafin was taking a night off (like as not listening to phonograph records), will realize the change that has occurred since the blond young man with the large specs has been on the job.

Mr. Bellezza, we hear in the not too silent lobbies of the opry house, has the blessings of every singer in the company because he hushes the band and modifies the instrumental competition with which the high-priced voices usually have to battle. It was our impression that the din from the orchestra was like the illustrious red rag to the equally illustrious bull and that, in consequence, the singers emulated that musical beast. However, if Mr. Bellezza has tempted anyone to coolly, that is another candle on his Christmas tree.

The chief virtue of the gentleman is his bubbling alertness. Every note, even though it be in "La Forza del Destino," interests him, and he lifts it radiantly from the musicians. If you can, elude your party some evening, join the standees at the side of the orchestra pit and watch Mr. Bellezza in action. You will see a conductor who not only knows his music, but one who enjoys it and who transmits that pleasure to the men in the pit and to the singers on the stage. Not to mention everybody else in the house.

SEVERAL of the new singers in the company have proved to be genuine gifts. Foremost is Miss Editha Fleischer, whose light opera activities

THE OPINION OF MANY—

Of course, there are many delightful apartment hotels in town. And, of course, when you are in quest of just the right one for your town-residence, you will personally inspect most of them. You should not neglect to find out what the Sulgrave can offer you. We feel, quite altruistically, that it will ultimately redound to the greater success of your town-living. For the Sulgrave, in the opinion of many, has an intimacy of atmosphere, a luxury in appointments, a perfection in *cuisine* and a completeness in facilities that is unduplicated in all the city.

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"... A spade, a no-trump, two hearts—up to you, old dear. Remember it's five cents a point and you don't *have* to bid unless you have plenty of kings and queens or plenty of jack—"

"I have both, but I pass. I never take chances, you know. Why, I even get my theatre tickets from Bascom. . ."

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Biltmore, Ambassador, Plaza, Astor,
Belmont, Commodore, Murray Hill,
Imperial and Williams Club.

EVENTS

the Opera—Mean Pianos

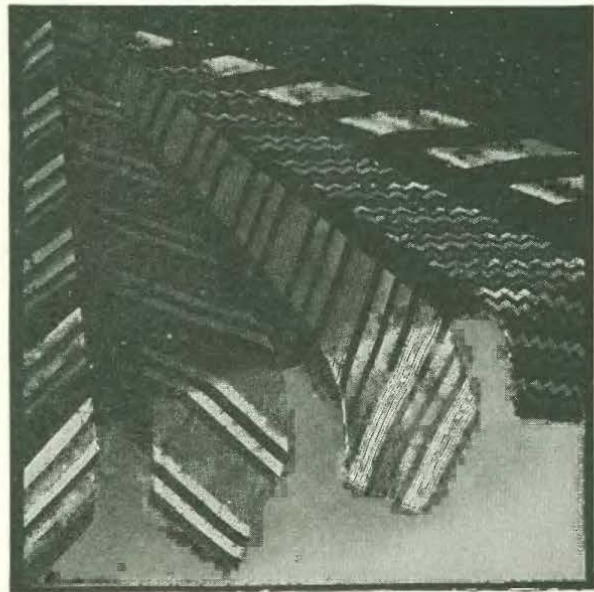
in Irving Place last season used to lure us away from Brahms recitals and other matters we shouldn't have neglected. Miss Fleischer has one of the most charming lyric soprano voices in the business, and she seems to be able to sing almost anything with complete knowledge of what she is doing. We aren't handing any cactus plants to the current Metropolitan showings of "Tannhäuser," but Miss Fleischer's singing of the *Shepherd's* lay redeems a good deal of it. And she seems to be the only member of the outfit except Mme. Rethberg who has much business in "The Magic Flute."

Miss Louise Lerch continues to be a Sunday night attraction chiefly, although we shouldn't be amazed if she popped up in a principal rôle some Saturday evening. With Miss Dorothea Flexer she has formed the soprano-contralto combine known as the Allentown Twins, a thoroughly charming duo which is or are or be the Duncan Sisters of grand opera.

Mr. Pinza, unofficially but authentically heir and assignee to the business formerly transacted by Mr. Mardones, is a good craftsman in song and a much better actor than most Italian basses. We are pleased to note, also, that two new utility gentlemen (meaning singers who have to know a great many rôles), the Messrs. Ludikar and Cehanovsky, are a good deal better than they would have to be. The new secondary tenor, Mr. Tedesco, would be a first-string singer if he had anything completely dependable above his high A. He is an unusually intelligent artist who can skip into almost any part and get by with it, and on Sunday nights he sings big arias with plenty of style. By the way, he has reintroduced the fine old custom of wearing red socks with evening clothes.

THE CONCERT platform in the past few weeks has turned into a piano wareroom. Eminent ivory men follow one another so rapidly that a weary listener hardly knows when one has completed his last encore and the next has begun the inevitable transcription of a Bach excerpt. Some of us are beginning to get, at piano recitals, what Miss Minna Neuer, chief of the standee wits, has termed *Bachweh*.

Nevertheless this probably is a golden age of piano playing, and if



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JOHN F. SANDERSON
(of the New Thayer Hotel, West Point, N. Y.)
Managing Director

we're still serving up our weekly dish in 1956, we'll probably be lamenting the dear, dead times when you could hear Orloff, Dohnanyi, Rosenthal and Schelling within four days. Mr. Orloff, selected in these columns last fall as the best bet for instrumental honors among newcomers, has made good for us. He is a miniaturist who does everything that anyone could demand or expect inside a capably restricted range of dynamics. His *pianissimo* is the real thing and not the thwarted *forte* which generally passes for gentleness, by reason whereof he achieves startling effects without even exerting himself. The ladies may be pleased to learn that he looks like Raymond Griffith.

ERNEST SCHELLING, concluding his valuable series of concerto concertos, played two comparative novelties, the A minor concerto of Paderewski and his own "Suite Fantastique." The Paderewski work is a juicy affair and an effective one which ought to be useful to pianists who wonder whether there is anything beyond the Tschaikowsky B flat minor that can be counted on for a quick success. The suite is fascinating stuff with an impish twist to it, including in its finale snatches of "Dixie" and other tunes which infrequently get a hearing in concert halls. One of the high points of the Schelling events occurred near the end of the last one, when a woman in the rear of the house tried to interrupt the progress of the suite by insisting loudly that the orchestra was disturbing Mr. Schelling by playing "Dixie."
—R. A. S.

POPULAR MUSIC

*That Late Gift—Pretty
Little Songs for All*



POSSIBLY, the person whom somehow you overlooked in the distribution of presents and whom you'd like to smooth down quickly might be just the person who didn't get the music book about which he wrote to Santy. In that case, we suggest that you ship him "Read 'Em and Weep," concerning which the brilliant Alceste already has reported. Here is the history of our popular music from its

patriotic beginnings to the mellow times of Von Tilzer. The text is informative, sensible and amusing, and the pictures are elegant dessert. To make sure that your friend retains no animus, you might include Handy's "Blues."

And, mad or not, he (she) ought to have a copy of Henry Osborne Osgood's "So This Is Jazz!" It won't make the recipient any madder, if he's that sort, and the bets are that he'll send you something handsome next year.

If you're thinking of shipping a small parcel of new sheet music, include some of these:

SUNDAY. One of the best "pop" tunes of the year, and as infectious as a cold in the head.

MY BABY KNOWS HOW. What the baby knows how isn't as important as the melody, which is just the thing to break in a new uke.

HELLO, BLUEBIRD. Can you imagine what the successor to "Bye, Bye, Blackbird" would be? It is!

HOW I LOVE YOU. Not so sentimental as you suspect, and a pleasant study in natural history as observed in music publishing "Hows."

IN A LITTLE SPANISH TOWN. An agreeable waltz. Not very Spanish, but—

RIO. This tune, a radio-made hit, has heaps of Spanish color. By the way, it's good, sound music.

DOWN ON THE BANKS OF THE OLD YAZOO. Foster originally wrote it "Way Down Upon the Yazoo River," but changed it for euphonic motives. This makes the Yazoo as smooth as it has any good reason to be.

SILVER SONGBIRD. Sweet stuff that goes down easily. There is a handsome portrait of Ben Bernie on the cover.

IF MY BABY COOKS. The idea is that if the infant is as effective *au cuisine* as she is *au Morris* chair, bye, bye, diet. Another good uker.

—R. A. S.

THE HAT BOY

He harbors the uncanny skill
Of altering your hat at will.
He disregards your favorite cease
And improvises till you cease
To offer any protestation
And walk away in resignation.
It isn't carelessness. This buddy
Has learned the trick through careful
study.

—P. C.

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SPORTS OF THE WEEK

THE HOCKEY season is on at the Garden, and there is every indication that this sport is to enjoy the greatest winter it has ever known here. Society is attending in increasing numbers, and the number of top hats in evidence appears to be increasing at an even faster rate.

Professional hockey is effecting a sort of *entente cordiale* between New York and Canada, and last Tuesday's game between the New York Americans and the Ottawa Senators marked a new standard in play. The New

Hockey, Professional and Amateur — Heating the Garden — Fordham's New Coach

York club, minus several stars, stepped out against the superb machine from the North in a game which was intensely dramatic. Deunemy, Ottawa's left wing-man, aided by Hooley Smith, scored twice at the start, and thereafter neither side could change the situation.



The game was notable, if only because the contest of December first, between the New York Americans and the Chicago Black Hawks, lacked the electric quality which turns courteous spectators into enthusiastic fans. That game should have been spectacular; the two line-ups represented the very best in hockey of both eastern and western Canada; but the boys who wore the star-spangled "gansies" failed to show their stuff. The affair was much too reminiscent of a friendly game of kiss-in-the-ring by a lot of perfect little gents engaged in living up to the dinner-jackets in the balconies.

It is quite possible that the presence this year of so many top hats and evening wraps has not been without its effect, for it was not until Tues-

day's game—a really strenuous and brilliant affair—that the boys cut loose. The result was a battle packed with thrills. The big crowd rose to it, responding to the electric rushes and terrific checking, and roaring approval when either team staged a strong attack or a miraculous defense.

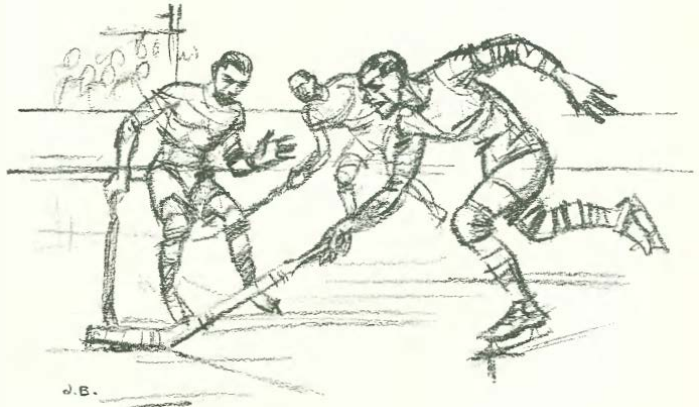
approach of the Christmas spirit.

Nor did Wednesday's program prove unworthy of its inception, for in the first two offerings, at least, the amateurs displayed a brand of hockey that was a revelation to the beholders. The first game, between the St. Nicholas and Canadian Clubs, both of New York, was featured by speed, clever stick-handling and pretty rushes; the reverse of the medal was characterized by slack defensive work, with the comic relief supplied by successive pile-ups of players in the nets of each team. Neither sextet had any decided advantage and the score showed merely that good hockey may be expected whenever the two clubs meet on the ice.

The second game (New York Athletic Club vs. Knickerbocker Hockey Club) was even faster than the first, and would have been considered a speedy exhibition in amateur ranks anywhere. Altogether, the evening constituted a most auspicious opening for a season likely to be memorable in New York hockey history.

GARDEN PATRONS have been warned by the head gardener that they are about to undergo a tapering off process in the matter of temperature.

It is to be hoped that the decrease will *not* be too gradual, as it must be obvious to the public that its comfort must, in the interests of better hockey, be considered second in importance to the attainment of proper playing conditions. It would be convenient if we could discard hats and topcoats and still see fast hockey; but down on the ice the hired help are



expected to perform at times at the rate of sixty m. p. h. and, as the game is normally given to violent bodily contact, said hired help wear more pads even than the girls have discarded since Nina Wilcox Putnam



went to her first Yale prom. The result of thus attempting to house the diamond horseshoe and the winter pastime of the man from the great open spaces under one roof is a stalemate; for the players can no more show real hockey in this hothouse atmosphere than George White's Scandals can perform in a Canadian hockey rink.

COURT GAMES

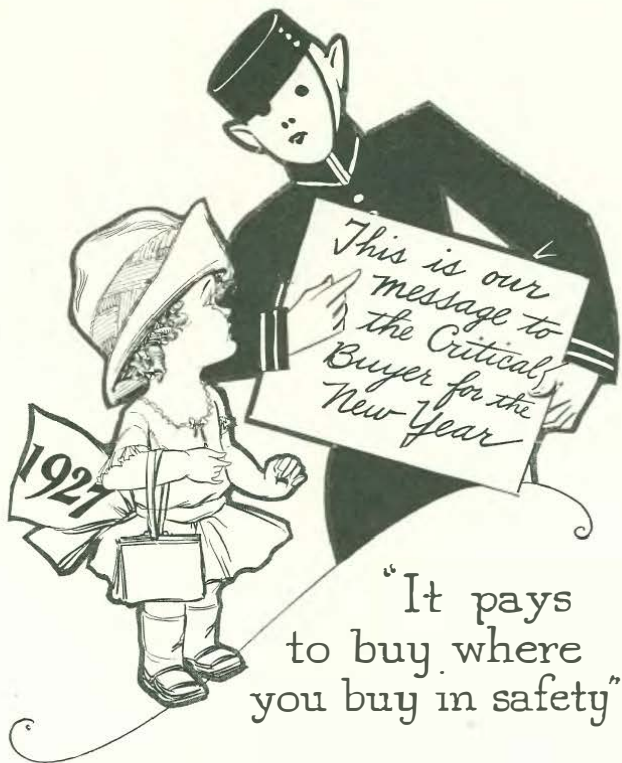
Life is Full of Surprises



IT IS a rare occasion when Thomas Coward and Fillmore Hyde enter the same tournament and fail to meet in the final round.

Early in 1925 such an occasion was provided in the national amateur squash tennis championship when the Coward express was side tracked by Otis Guernsey, and Mr. Hyde's usual through ticket was found to have been punched once too often by William Rand, Jr.

The two gentlemen got over the shock of that experience by the time the 1925 Princeton Invitation rolled around, when they resumed their grand finale act, and the title round of the amateur championship found them at their old stand. Now, with another season at the half-way mark, they have reached a parting of the ways again,



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and again it is Mr. Rand who has done the parting. Mr. Coward managed to carry on to his logical conclusion, but Mr. Hyde found Mr. Rand less reasonable; and for the first time in the four years' history of the tournament he failed to meet his rival from the Yale Club in the round for the complete amateur bartender's set.

The defeat of Mr. Hyde by Mr. Rand in the semi-finals was, of course, something of a surprise, though it was not entirely unexpected in view of the circumstances; but that Mr. Coward should have gone through to the final and then defeated Mr. Rand was even more of a surprise. Had we chosen to back our judgment, we would have had to walk home on no less than two occasions, though, in justice to ourselves, we must state that when he came up against Mr. Rand we were satisfied that Mr. Coward was at the peak of his game again and were ready to back him if baited.

But the victory of the Harvard gentleman over the champion was to be discounted. After the match Mr. Rand was kind enough to say to his clubmate, "You were terrible on the straight ones." And Mr. Hyde graciously acquiesced. There wasn't any argument about it. He was.

ANYONE who has seen Mr. Hyde handle Mr. Coward's wallops year in and year out must have been shocked at the way in which Mr. Rand's smashes eluded his racket. When he wasn't missing them entirely Hyde was sending them into the tin or out of court. The explanation is that Mr. Hyde, playing for the first time after being on his back two weeks, was in no condition to go through a tournament of the class of the Princeton Invitation.

We have a lot of respect for Mr. Rand's game, as we have had occasion to state, and he deserves a lot of credit for his victory, but facts are facts and you can't get around them any more than you can around Mr. Hyde's nick shots.

You can appreciate what the champion's condition must have been when most of the Yale contingent were rooting for Mr. Hyde to win from Mr. Rand, so as to make it easier for Mr. Coward in the final!

As it was, however, Mr. Hyde managed to make a fight for the match that kept the gallery sitting on the edge of its seats to the last shot. Rand, after winning the first and second games comfortably, lost the fine edge

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of his accuracy in the third, cracked badly in the fourth and conserved his energies for the fifth while attempting to make his opponent expend as much of his ebbing strength as possible.

The fifth game found the two men locked in a bitter struggle. Mr. Rand wasn't missing a thing; he was handling his racket like a whiplash to pick the ball off the floor with lightning returns, and like a cleaving-axe as he pounded the front wall, to take the lead at 8—4. Then the champion made a run of six with the neatest exhibition of the match, varying his game with beautiful changes of pace that induced error-making by his opponent.

But Mr. Rand's bludgeon blows turned the tide again. Mr. Hyde couldn't get out of the way of the ball as it rebounded from the front wall, and the score went to 14—12 in Mr. Rand's favor, putting him within a point of the match. The silence in the gallery was ominous. After a minute of terrific suspense Hyde gained the hand-in and brought the score to 14—13, although Rand asked for a let on the play and many thought he should have got it. A game of three was set at 14—all.

AS YOU probably suspect, it was getting interesting. Three points to decide the match. Mr. Hyde, continuing to serve, was retired scoreless and seven times the service changed hands as two nervous men slammed the ball into the telltale before Mr. Rand made a run of three to win the match.

—ALLISON DANZIG

FOOTBALL

A Coach of Personality

MAJOR FRANK W. CAVANAUGH, who is to handle Fordham's football next autumn, will be welcomed in New York, where he has almost as many friends as he has in New England. A forceful personality—the former Dartmouth star who has an enviable reputation as a coach. Soldier, lawyer, educator, coach, the one-time Boston newsboy who knew what it was to go hungry more than once, has made a deep impression on the game, and on the young men who played the game under him on the field and in the classroom. He has also made something of an impression on his college in the organization of coaches, where he has told not a few solid truths at a time when these truths were needed. He is a coach of the driver



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type, but he has the ability to build up a loyalty that is sometimes matched but never exceeded by the rival coaches. He took a huge satisfaction out of beating Yale, for he maintained that there was plenty of coaching brains outside the Big Three, and he proved it at Dartmouth, Holy Cross and Boston College. And so far as the Bostonians are concerned, he could go on proving right in his home town. But the Fordham proposition looked good to Cavanaugh, who loves a task because it may prove hard. It was that sort of task that the Major took up in the war.

He enlisted as a private in the artillery, but he was not a private very long. Promotion was rapid until he got his own battery. The Germans heard a lot from him, and Headquarters heard a lot about him. "Who is that constantly asking for more ammunition?" inquired one of the higher ups. "Oh," was the response, "that's Cavanaugh's battery. He's shooting up Germany single-handed. I guess they must have dropped more gas on him than he is willing to absorb without striking back." However, the enemy did considerably more than drop gas on the plucky and bellicose major. They filled him full of shrapnel, and while most of the iron was removed by the medics, he still wears the scars of battle.

Like some of the other coaches, Cavanaugh has written a book on football, an interesting and valuable book, full of meat. Every other coach has studied it with care. It is characteristic of the man that he should caption the chapter on tackle play: "The tackle's brutish charge." It is an apt description to men who realize through experience the wear and tear on the player in the tackle position, the key of both attack and defense. He was among the first to say that it was possible to violate the standard generalship, the success of forward passing in home territory being in his mind a mere matter of successful execution. Yet when he beat a strong Yale eleven in what some of the Elis called an invasion rather than a mere football game, he won with the standard generalship. He had that day a fine line and a good kicker and passer.

If there is any sort of material at Fordham next season—and apparently this fall's Freshmen team was a good one—the institution will bear watching.

—HERBERT REED



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CONTRACT BRIDGE

[THE NEW YORKER, in presenting a series of three explanatory articles on Contract Bridge, hopes to be of service to those of its readers who are beginning to learn the game.]

1

CONTRACT BRIDGE, originally an American game, has returned to its homeland with a European education. Known, and highly popularized on the continent as "Plafond," it is now finding great favor here with those of the smart world who are the real leaders in social activities.

The main point of difference between Auction Bridge and Contract Bridge is that the latter game permits the Declarer to score below the line *only* for such tricks as he has contracted to make. Thus, if your final bid is three Hearts, and you take four odd tricks, you may only score the value of three below the line, the excess trick being scored as a bonus in the honor column. Hence, to make a game at Contract Bridge it is necessary to bid for it. If, at Auction Bridge, you bid one Heart and Second Hand passes, your partner, even though he may have an excellent assisting hand, will usually pass. There is no reason for increasing the contract. If you can make four Hearts, you can score a game, though only one trick has been bid for. At Contract Bridge this method of bidding will not do. After you bid one Heart, and Second Hand passes, it becomes incumbent upon your partner to raise your bid if he has adequate assistance. Otherwise, should Fourth Hand pass, you would be cut off from the possibility of scoring more than one odd trick. If there is good reason to believe that the hand holds game, you and your partner, together, must get the bid up to four Hearts, or a sufficient number to insure game where there is a partial score. It is not unusual at Contract Bridge to hear three or four bids made by one side, with no opposition from the opponents.

In the continental form of Contract Bridge, "Plafond," the trick scores are the same as in Auction Bridge, No Trump counting 10, Spades 9, Hearts 8, etc.; game being a total of 30 points or more. But in the American game the count is entirely different.

Several articles on the subject of Contract Bridge, which have been



When food is obtainable in the tabloid form predicted by scientists, it will be consumed by those who take culture by correspondence.

CRILLON

"It is like boasting," says Thackeray of those who say they are careless of what they eat, "that one has no ear for music or no eye for color. All of a man's senses are the arts. Remember that every man who has been worth a fig in this world—as poet, painter or musician—has had a good appetite."

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"The Creator, though condemning man to eat to live, invites him to do so by appetite, and rewards him by enjoyment."

Brillat-Savarin.

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widely published, have not been en-
tirely correct in their information of
the game, as played by its leading ex-
ponents in America. While it is a fact
that the new game has not been sanc-
tioned by the Whist Club, which
frames the laws of Auction Bridge, its
laws and rules have become firmly
established by certain expert players
who have sponsored the game in this
country. This small group of New
York clubmen, long recognized and
acknowledged as among the finest
players of Auction Bridge, have
evolved the system of scoring and rul-
ing which is here given, and may be
regarded as authoritative.

CONTRACT SCORING

IN THE TRICK COLUMN

Per Trick Values for Made Contracts:
Clubs 20; Diamonds 20; Hearts 30;
Spades 30; No Trumps 35 for each
trick over 6 tricks. Doubling doubles
the trick values.

Precedence of Suits: No Trumps, Spades,
Hearts, Diamonds, Clubs, in the order
named and irrespective of per trick
values.

Game: A total of 100 or more trick
points. Only the number of tricks both
bid and made (i.e., the made contract)
are scored in the trick column.

Revoke: Take 2 tricks for every revoke
in a different suit. 100 points in honor
column additional penalty for each
subsequent revoke in the same suit.

IN THE HONOR COLUMN

Premiums for
Honors: 4 in one hand . . . 100
5 in one hand . . . 150
4 aces in one hand . . . 150
All other . . . None

Each Game 200
Premiums for
Winning Rubber 300

Making Contract:
If undoubled None
If doubled
When not vulnerable . . . 50
When vulnerable . . . 100

Extra Tricks: Per Trick
If undoubled 50
If doubled
When not vulnerable . . 100
When vulnerable . . . 200

Slams Bid and Made:
Little Slam
When not vulnerable . . 500
When vulnerable . . . 750

Grand Slam
When not vulnerable . . 1000
When vulnerable . . . 1500

Unbid Slams Made:
No slam premium.

Doubling and Redoubling does not
alter slam premiums, which are
additional to those for making
contract and extra tricks.

Penalties for Not Making Contract:
If undoubled Per Trick
When not vulnerable . . . 50
When vulnerable
First trick 100
Other tricks 200

Penalties for Not Making Contract:
If doubled:
When not vulnerable
100 per trick first 4 tricks
200 for fifth trick
400 per trick for subsequent
tricks
When vulnerable
Double the undoubled trick pen-
alties.

Redoubling doubles the *doubled trick
values, premiums, and penalties.*
Contract Bridge is governed by the
same laws as Auction Bridge, except in
the scoring and the revoke penalty.

CONTRACT SCORING CLARIFIED
Unless the bid has been doubled,
there is never any premium for mak-
ing contract.

Extra tricks if undoubled count
50; that is, all tricks made in excess
of the contract count 50 points above
the line. For example, if the bid has
been two Hearts, and four tricks are
made, two are scored below the line
(60 points) and two above the line
(100 points).

Excess tricks have no greater value
when made by a Declarer who is vul-
nerable, unless his contract has been
doubled.

Vulnerable: When a game is in,
a side is vulnerable, and subject to sev-
erer penalties for failure to make con-
tract. For example; if a Declarer who
is not vulnerable goes down three
tricks, undoubled, his adversaries score
150 points (50 points per trick) in
their honor column. But when vul-
nerable, should Declarer go down three
tricks, even though he has not been
doubled, the penalty would be 500
points (100 for the first undertrick,
and 200 for each succeeding one). If
doubled, this penalty would be 1,000
points, if redoubled 2,000. ●n the
other hand, there is added compensa-
tion for the vulnerable Declarer who
is doubled and succeeds in making his
contract. His bonus in this case being
100 points for making contract and
200 for each extra trick. Both sides
are vulnerable and subject to the same
penalties when each has a game in.

Game Bonus: A side winning its
first game scores a bonus of 200 points
in its honor column. For its second
(rubber) game, 500 points. (200 for
game, plus 300 for winning rubber).

The scoring values will reveal at a
glance that the average rubber will
run into much larger figures at Con-
tract than at Auction Bridge.

When playing the new game, it is
advisable that one's stake should be
reduced one-third to one-fourth of the
accustomed amount.

—LELIA HATTERSLEY

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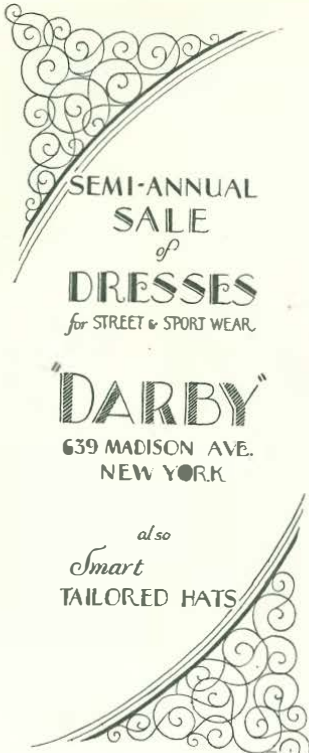
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And if I keep on with this I'll start getting personal, so I'd better see you outside later on.

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THIS BEING the time of year when crops of the Ten Best Pictures of the Last Twelve Months are springing up on almost every printed page, it is probably a good idea for us to go into the thing now and get it over with. Therefore you can consider yourself looking at a list the first five of which is "What Price Glory," and the second five "Variety." That didn't hurt you so much after all—did it?

Now for the week's events. "The Popular Sin" at the Paramount is another comedy of twisted hearts among the rich, the fashionable, and the suave.



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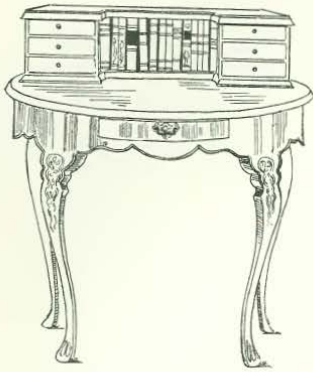
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As it is, however, the picture is mediocre and very average, and not to be taken if there is anything else in sight to amuse you.

The peregrinations are around a lady who divorced a philandering husband only to find that her second mate went in for the same ex-curricula activities.

True love bobs up at the end, and most of the characters will undoubtedly have a white Christmas. Florence Vidor seemed less influenced by the hypnosis that affected the rest of the cast, and Andre Béranger was too much himself during fleeting endeavors.

A STORY by Warner Fabian called "Summer Bachelors" made its appearance at the Capitol and like "The Poplar Sin" it is average, and harmless if you don't want much. It is smoothly done, and capably performed by Madge Bellamy and others, performers whose names you have heard before.

A young lady decided that she wouldn't fall in love, and did, but wouldn't admit it. Well, one night she looked at a revolving light that should have driven her insane, but that threw her instead into a coma, and she acknowledged everything, and was married to the youth her secret self pined for. From then on it was just a question of letting her know about it as painlessly as possible. No, she didn't object when the truth was bared to her.

LIKE ALL good heroes nowadays Richard Barthelmess has taken to the desert in a bit entitled "The White Black Sheep," and it is on view at the Strand. You had better not make any use of that information. Patsy Ruth Miller is an Arabian darling, and lots of others are the usual thing.

Everybody connected with this production could make an excellent New Year's resolution by promising faithfully not to do anything like that again.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Novels, Neglected and Otherwise—The Movies
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DESPITE the eternal vigilance of this department, certain distinguished works of fiction seem to have escaped the attention of its learned staff, so with thoughts of Christmas good will (not to mention presents) in mind, I respectfully ask for a hearing on behalf of their authors. Since the rights and privileges of the American Woman are involved—the victims of our neglect being adornments of that Sex—gallantly will combine with our incomparable literary discrimination in trying to make amends.



"TIN WEDDING," by Margaret Leech, is worth, it seems to me, all the symposia devised by Count Keyserling on marriage; Jacob Wassermann's "Wedlock" seems even more turgid and dreary beside it; Wilhelm Bolsche's "Love Life in Nature" does not illuminate the field more effectively. Miss Leech, herself beautifully immune to the dangers charted by those stern analysts, wisely decides that one day in any marriage is enough to completely absorb the energies of an intelligent onlooker, so she gives up three hundred pages or so, not to an encyclopedic inquiry into marital discontents, but to the day on which *Jay Fanning* and his wife celebrate the tenth anniversary of their marriage. *Jay* and *Lucia* are a well-off young couple with one child. I hasten to say that they are, of course, by no means as happy as they look. In fact, after ten years *Lucia* has reached the point where she is hoping that, by celebrating their anniversary at the farm house where they spent their honeymoon, she and *Jay* will recapture the roses and raptures of romantic love.

Jay Fanning, on the other hand, being a sordid male, has no such hopes, and has started to gather fresh illusions from *That Other Woman*, whose existence is suspected by *Lucia*, and who does, in effect, very decidedly exist. *That Woman* is part of a crowd that reaks in on what the wife had planned as a quiet and *intime* celebration; everything goes wrong with the program of which she had dreamed, and tangible evidence of *Jay's* dalli-

ance, in the shape of the cigarette case he left behind him, throws its shadow over the festivities. Miss Leech describes the heroic effort of the wounded spouse not to ask the question which will settle the matter once and for all. She has apparently heard of wives—she perhaps even knows one—who never ask questions. Personally, as a scarred but happy veteran in the struggle for life, I am compelled to regard this as poetic license on the part of the author, but Miss Leech has proved herself a writer of such caliber as entitles her to make her own assumptions. "Tin Wedding" shows an enormous advance on "The Back of the Book," her first novel, and is an acid story of frustrated happiness in marriage, written with humor and a detachment unusual in those who approach so troubled a theme. There is that quality in her work which enables us moderns to rediscover and pay homage to Jane Austen.

SINCE I saw a rather bewildered and shy young lady, just a school-girl, on her arrival in New York a couple of years ago to receive a prize of \$13,500 for her first novel, "Wild Geese," Miss Martha Ostenso has come rapidly into prominence as a writer of vigorous and powerful fiction. "The Dark Dawn," her new novel, has been so widely acclaimed that it is not my intention to speak of it here as a "neglected" book, but merely as one which this department overlooked when the rush of autumn fiction descended upon us. There are melodramatic elements in this as in the earlier novel, but Miss Ostenso's study of *Hattie Murker*, an emotional sadist, has in it the force and reality of harsh life. It is not for nothing that the author hails from Norway, for her pictures of the Norwegian farming communities on the prairies of the Northwest have about them the tang of earth which one felt in Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil." Not that "The Dark Dawn" is a peasant epic; it is, on the contrary, a dramatic narrative of love and hate that are akin, and an amazing study of a cruel, dominant, ruthless woman as she de-

stroys the life and happiness of her snared husband. Miss Ostenso is a realist endowed with imagination. She is young and melodrama tempts her, but when her power of construction equals her powers of observation and creation, her place in American fiction will be assured.

"MRS. SOCRATES," by Fritz Mauthner, has come all the way from Germany for the edification of those who may possibly think that "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" is a unique type of fiction. In this novel the author also goes back to ancient Greece for his characters, but when he finds them they turn out to be modern. *Xanthippe*, as readers of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" know, is the most famous shrew in history, but Fritz Mauthner believes that she has been misunderstood. Her rough treatment of *Socrates* was not due to her incurable shrewishness, for poor *Xanthippe* was not born that way; she had shrewishness thrust upon her, so to speak.

Aspasia, having rejected *Socrates*, selected the handsome country girl, *Xanthippe*, as a wife for him. *Xanthippe* having slapped *Alcibiades* for getting the Greek equivalent of "fresh," was prepared to be a dutiful wife to so sage a man as *Socrates*, and she married him with the best intentions.

Even at that time, however, the wife of a genius did not have an easy life, and when *Xanthippe* found that her husband had decided to live on her money rather than work, she was as indignant as an American family encumbered with a non-working aristocratic son-in-law from Europe. Then *Socrates* tried the famous "Socratic method" on her, and this, as students of Greek will recall, was more than wifely flesh and blood could stand.

Less patient than the inarticulate victims in Plato's dialogues, *Xanthippe* revolted, and gave him the length of her tongue. She became a shrew in self-defence. Her hopes of being the happy, obedient wife of a great man were shattered. *Socrates* even behaved badly to his little son. With more local color and a truer feeling for contemporary circumstances than Professor Erskine has shown, although not without deliberate anachronisms, the author has woven this story into events of the period, thereby making this entertaining tale something more than a modern story with characters named after the classics.

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THE DARK DAWN, by Martha Ostenso (*Dodd, Mead*).

MY MORTAL ENEMY, by Willa Cather (*Knopf*). The overtones of another "lost lady." A short novel which, slight as it is, must be read by all who follow the development of our foremost woman novelist.

MRS. SOCRATES, by Fritz Mauthner (*International Publishers*).

THE ORPHAN ANGEL, by Elinor Wylie (*Knopf*). The author pretends that Shelley was not drowned, but came to America. Brilliantly and amusingly written for imaginative readers.

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