

Dec. 26, 1925

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NEW YORKER



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Advisory Editors: Marc Connelly, Rea Irvin, George S. Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Parker, Hugh Wiley

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOME improvement has recently been made in the dime-snatching fare-recorders of the Fifth Avenue busses. The tone of the bell of the new models is more cheery than the old. We approve, but we will not be satisfied until our dime is made to play a little tune. Polite Music and Transportation could then be the company's slogan. We suggest, "One, two, three, four, sometimes I wish there were more".



IT is stirring news that the United Fruit Company is going to try to make the banana as glorious as California has made the raisin. If the advertising man succeeds in sublimating the one unquestionably comic fruit, we will admit he can do anything. We will even go to lunch with him and let him tell us how he did it.

AT last we understand why the telephone girl has not trapped the inventor of the dial and sued him for alimony. The brave man's name is A. B. Stowager. It appears, however, that he invented it in 1891, which would make him at this time either dead or else long past the practical trapping age.

THE Board of Trustees of the City College has announced its decision to continue compulsory military training in spite of student feeling against it. They are logical. How could they have

compulsory training at all unless those to be trained objected to the compulsion? Besides, Deans and such have to consider what would become of poor civilization if young people weren't trained to carry guns.

THE usual, nay, the inevitable has happened. One of the Quality Group Magazines has published a poem about April, presenting the following good old rhymes: Lost-frost, years-tears, dream-stream, death-breath, bier-year. And following its good old custom, the *Kansas City Star* has reprinted it. Thank Heaven there are some gentlefolk left.



HELL HAS NO FURY LIKE A WOMAN SPORNED

IS it not suitable for someone to protest against the custom followed by charities of mailing you their wares and requiring you to send them back or pay for them? The latest offender is Thomas Lamont, who sends Christmas anti-tuberculosis seals in his personal envelope. Perhaps no more worthy cause exists than his. But we would like to see Mr. Lamont's method of raising money thoroughly discredited.

BY the way. We hope the serious minded who read Kellogg's speech of last week, read the *World's* editorial by, presumably, Walter Lippman on the subject two days later. While not interested in the politics of it one way or the other, we found pleasure in reading an utterance to the public that was not afraid of offending those who disagreed with it.

The Week

EQUITY sounds the alarm over possibility of Sunday theatre under Mayor Walker and scientists decide that brains are not necessary to human life. Wall Street workers get fifty millions in Holiday bonuses and a new Hans Christian Andersen story is found. War head of British Secret Service disappears after police accuse him of misconduct with woman in Hyde Park and a geologist estimates that the race is 100,000 years old. Nicholas Murray Butler says that the

United States leads the world in athletics and Knute Rockne decides he won't coach the Columbia football team. Vincent Astor asserts that people in society are just like other normal persons and Eleanor Sears walks forty-four miles in eleven hours to win a bet. Secretary Kellogg denies that Countess Karolyi is barred because of her free speaking and court-martial finds Colonel Mitchell guilty as charged. Chicagoans travel 6,000 miles to be married in church about which Gray wrote his *Elegy* and James Cavanaugh, a broad since 1918, reports he couldn't find an American bartender in all Europe.

Experiments

SOMEBODY is proposing that making the best of a bad job is raised to the rank of a major art. Miss Mary Wiborg, of East Hampton, Long Island, who had the Hammond slatted piano sent down to her house from Gloucester with Mr. Donahue as demonstrating artist, recently illustrated how to work in the new medium. On the way down, the truck which was carrying the instrument went over a bump, and the slats broke. "It doesn't matter," said Miss Wiborg, "no one will know the difference." So the concert was given anyway, and was a success.

On the other hand Gilbert Seldes, for whose play "The Wisecrackers" no one could find a good word, says that the play was not at fault but the theatre, which was so small that no one but critics could be seated the first night. We noticed a pathetic group of figures huddled against the Public Library the day afterwards. They were the critics—all crushed.

Carolling

DURING the past week, the present week, and the week to come, the public is conscious that a vast amount of very expert and very beautiful music is being produced in its



Siki is dead! Another moral lesson, Oh ye willful.

churches and synagogues. The programs, if that is the word, are always expanded at this season.

If you care for music in the traditional Episcopalian style, with singing entirely by boys and men and much organ work, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Grace Church and St. Thomas's are all worth hearing. So also is old Trinity. Less pure than any of these is the music of St. Mary the Virgin, which is replete with kettle-drums and antiphonal choirs. And best of all, if the musical critics know what they are talking about, is the collection of voices of Clarence Dickinson, one-time conductor of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Brick Church.

Among the synagogues—for there is a Maccabean holiday season which synchronizes with Christmas—the Temple Beth-El and the Free Synagogue of Rabbi Wise give very moving samples of the wail of Israel and the emotionalism of Asia Minor, not pretending for a moment that music, even in the church, can be anything but emotional. And with the same appeal, the Russian Cathedral, although the Greek Church celebration is not for two weeks, offers music from the throats of men with contra voices that can shake buildings.

Of all the churches, the Catholic seem the weakest on music. There is the Paulist Fathers, of course; which, if you can risk the crush along Colum-

bus Avenue on Christmas morning, you can hear do justice to a Gregorian chant as no other choir on the continent can do. But St. Patrick's choir is mediocre, and few of the rest are worth much.

So if you are not bound by ties of denominational loyalty, you have a wide choice of choirs to make your Christmas morning glad with sweet sounds.

Model

THAT excellent portrait painter, Mr. Howard Renwick, spends the Mr. Hyde periods of his dual career creating gaudy stocking advertisements. When he first

decided to enter commercial art—via three masterpieces for a foot-ease company—he adopted the *nom de foulère* of Hayden Hayden, suggested, I am told, by the celebrated Brothers Haig of Scotland. This poetic combination, as well as his own baptismal designation, is listed in the telephone directory, thereby establishing art and commerce in separate niches, though both reside under the same roof in Sixty-seventh Street.

Lately, a young lady visiting his studio to view the Renwick portraits, chanced upon a canvas of a damsel whose matchless contours of limb testified to the excellence of certain hosiery. It was signed Hayden Hayden and the discovery brought an exclamation of delight. Did Mr. Renwick know that charming Hayden Hayden? Mr. Renwick did, indeed.

"Do you?" he asked.

"Oh yes. Very well. I used to pose for him."

Metamorphosis

THERE is to be a *New Masses*. It is not to be anything like the old *Masses*, which the Government suspended in 1917 for obstructing the draft, excepting that it is to have as an editor Michael Gold who was with the old concern.

From what I hear, the new paper is to be very pleasing to the eye, printed throughout in three colors, with forty

per cent of its pages reserved for cartoons, decorations, and the higher art. To make this possible, Egmont Arens, once with *Vanity Fair*—note how times change—is to stamp it with his genius and print it on his own press, the press that prints the *Playboy Magazine*. Certainly Mr. Arens has had great experience in getting out periodicals worth looking at, and will do well with this new thing if anybody can.

The contributors, as announced, are to be all kinds of people: Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg, Upton Sinclair, of course; then Susan Glaspell, Mary Heaton Vorse, and others known to readers of the *Ladies Home Journal*; Edmund Wilson, Jr.; and a hodge-podge of playwrights from Eugene O'Neill to John Lawson. It is to be welded into a periodical that knows no fear, is unsentimental, swift, athletic, intense, without fetish, committed to the international labor movement, but without political bias.

ALL of this imposing program, however, is contingent upon whether or not the public will subscribe \$10,000. The \$10,000, of course, won't run it; but it is apparently to be a way of finding out how many people really want such a magazine. A form of insurance. The people who are putting up the real money are the beneficiaries of Charles Garland, who in 1922 inherited about a million dollars, refused on principle to accept it, changed his mind, refused it again, changed his mind again, and finally gave most of it to the American Fund for Public Service. Norman Thomas and Lewis Gannett of the *Nation*, Professor Lovett of the *New Republic*, and others are in control of the fund. They are going into it as they went into the ephemeral *Leader*—the old *Call*.

Perhaps the fact that they lost \$40,000 in that venture is why they are insisting this time on the public's putting in its mite.

Finis

THE war, it appears, is over. Lorcarno had something to do with the lowering of the curtain . . . and then there was the late incident at "The Big Parade", which the Duke of Amhalt, a German princeling, attended lately with an attractive post-debutante.

Mr. Stallings's moving picture is cunningly devised to play on the

memory of wartime emotions and the music, most stirring of memories, crashes loud with the old appeals—"Madelon", "Tipperary", "Pack Up Your Troubles", "Hinky Dinky, Parley Vous", and the rest.

The young lady listened and as successive battle songs poured forth she wondered if she were not remiss in patriotism. Not yet a decade gone and she was forgetting the sacrifices, the glories . . . and there she sat beside a princeling of an enemy house.

And then the thunder of the orchestra roared the opening bars of "Over There". It seemed too much. The young lady stirred uneasily, half-resolved to rise and fly from the scene of her treason. But the Duke of Amhalt smiled benignly: "Ah," said he, "that delightful fox trot they are playing now in Germany."

WE heard further proof last week that members of the Lucy Stone League are nevertheless feminine. It seems that Laurette Taylor and Ruth Hale debated for two hours at one of their meetings before they discovered that they were both on the same side.

12 to 17

THIS season there is as much giggling in the rows where the theatre parties sit as ever; and the Parent's League has not lost its faith in the laughter of the innocents. The Christmas bulletin of that organiza-

tion is in the hands of its 1300 members.

It isn't a new organization. We heard the other day at the Park Lane: "Heaven's! Haven't you ever heard of the Parent's League?" And we turned to see a young lady, probably from out of town, being reduced to a grease spot.

Mrs. Edwin G. Merrill is chairman of the theatre committee. She and others go to all the plays and decide whether it is suitable for the sheltered mind of from 12 to 17. They do not recommend. They simply state the case and allow the individual parent to decide—a recent concession, by the way, to the fact that even among the 1300 carefully selected parents perfect agreement is no longer possible. Yes, one must qualify socially to become a member, and one's children must go to private schools.

As to their policy: "Artists and Models" they would obviously damn. "The Green Hat" and "The Glass Slipper" would be frowned upon because in them people are openly in love with other people's wives and husbands. This explains why Mr. Arlen, through the peephole of his curtain, hasn't seen more of the youth of our upper class.

In our presence a producer once shrugged his shoulders to the question as to whether it were worth his while to try to please the League. "Theatre Parties decorate a house," he said. Which anyone who has gone about the last two weeks and used his eyes will admit.

Sanctified

MR. BEN LYON, one of the more prominent of the late screen crop of Valentinos, consented, as an item of publicity, to lend his cameo-theatre-like profile to the adornment of photographs of some gentlemen's Fall hats. From this fact comes our practically weekly story of the so-called silent drama.

The deed, presently, was done; and, subsequently, the editor of the fashion magazine which had arranged the photographing made inquiries from Mr. Lyon's personal representative. The hats furnished were model hats, and the manufacturer was anxious for their return. He could not manufacture his season's supply until this was done. It was not a question of hats—Mr. Lyon might have a hundred if he wished—but these particular hats. They were very important; vital, in



fact. All this the editor explained.

And would Mr. Lyon be so good as to return them?"

"Unthinkable," said the personal representative. Then indignation faded from his voice and awe came into his tones. "Don't you realize that Mr. Lyon has actually worn these hats on his own head?" he demanded.

Crusade

OUR devotion to the cause of a smoking room in the Public Library has, at any rate, reduced Director Anderson to the expedient of relating anecdotes in defense of his persistent denial.

Last Summer, it will be remembered, there was quite a do over the wearing or doffing of coats in the reading rooms—the slaves to comfort deploring Director Anderson's insistence upon full clothing. Very lately, however, the director has capitulated, with the announcement that coats will not be required during the next hot season. But just to show, as he said, the extremes to which certain individuals will carry their whims, he related the aforementioned and immediately ensuing tale:

Last Thursday a charming old gentleman approached the check room on the main floor and, gently doffing his shoes, asked that they be cared for against his return. Shoes, he explained, were the chief burden of modern civilization—he had always been able to enjoy a book most when sitting in socks—and he did not intend for city folks to destroy his ease. Needless to say, he was forced, after much argument, to conform to the commonplace, and wear his full harness during his encounter with Suetonius.

Mr. Anderson was assured, thereupon, that no such mile would be attempted by tobacco users if only they were given their gently requested inch; and he promised, I hurry to report, that the matter of a smoking room would be placed before the board of directors at their next gathering.

THE office boy in George W. Wickersham's office poked his head into the anteroom one day last week and inquired for Mr. Nutenberger. The former Secretary of War, Mr. Newton Baker, answered promptly. He says this has happened to him before in New York.

Waits

IT is idle to sit back and shed tears over the disappearance of Christmas waits from the life of the town—although this seems to be an annual seasonal indulgence in sentiment—because, to be honest, in the memory of present man we have had no such strolling bands. The nearest approach to them were the heavily-brassed German musicians who cluttered apartment house courts with their guttural symphonies. Even these were not identified with the Yuletide, although they would stand ankle-deep in snow, inflating and deflating purpled cheeks for hours in the hope of small rewards, which were often merely red-hot pennies, heated over gas jets by mischievous youngsters and thrown from the windows.

Now they have almost disappeared; and soon, no doubt, they will be wholly extinct. The radio has done for them, it would seem. When the apartment housewife may, by turning a few knobs, tune in on Vincent Lopez and his ilk, there is no reason why she should stand by a window sill, tapping with her feet the measure indicated by the resonant "umph-phump-bah"—of the lusty bass horn.

Sequel

IT is, perhaps, because Dr. Mary Stopes is an advocate of birth control that she is such an incurable optimist; or it may be that the order of

the statement should be reversed. Whichever, her optimism is proved beyond hope; and this by her own action. While "The Vortex" was playing in London, she wrote to Mr. Noel Coward suggesting that they collaborate on a sequel to his play—one of her own works had been produced at dire financial cost to her husband, they say—in which the same characters would appear, but in which their regeneration would be effected.

Mr. Coward vouchsafed a reply to this kindly offer, looking towards something sweeter and finer.

I should like very much to collaborate with you in such a worthy cause—so ran Mr. Coward's courteous note—but, having written "The Vortex," I know how it comes out. For instance, the box of dope which Nicky's mother throws out the window is found, next morning, by the gardener's daughter, who takes some and likes it very much. She eventually ends up in one of those places (you know, those *bad* places) in Marseilles.

Hacking Gentlemen

DAILY the highways of our city become more colorful under the influence of the newer art in taxi decoration, an art of bright paint and brass, and more red and green lights than the Twentieth Century Limited carries. And the obvious explanation for the deluge comes in the recent high court decision in favor of the Luxor Cab, one of the most resplendent exponents, which gives them the right to enjoin such hacking gentlemen (said to number two thousand) as make bold to copy their distinctive design. The trade-mark of a taxi, hence, is officially recognized as its entire decorative scheme.

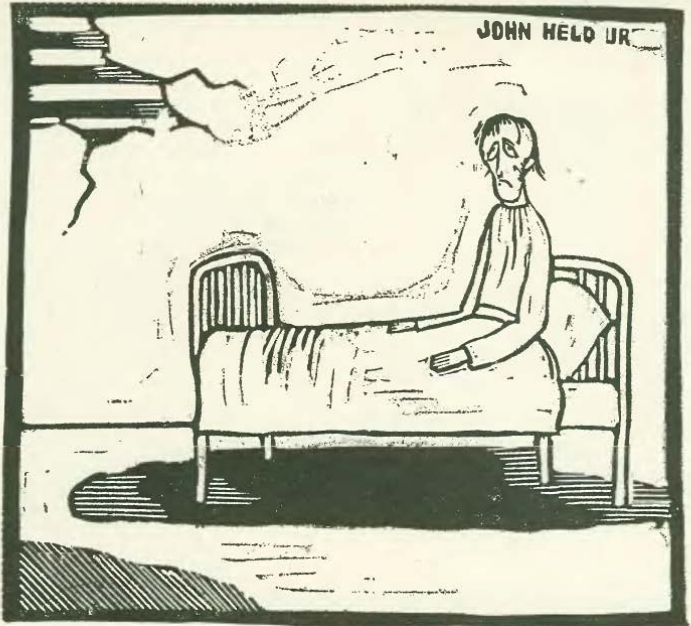
The game of copying the color scheme of successful taxis is an old one—it has made the complexion of our traffic chameleon-like—now red, now yellow, now green. And with such imitation has come further complications. Early hacking organizations such as the I. T. O. A., were groups of cab owners joined together for mutual protection, setting up rigid requirements for their drivers—three years of experience on the streets of Manhattan, etc. But, today, most organizations originate, not among the taxi owners, but, instead, among the automobile manufacturers. The modern practice is to sell cars on the in-



stallment plan, to whoever will buy and to include, with the buying price, trade-marks and distinguishing color schemes such as had already gained the confidence of the public. Companies even rent the use of insignia, including the legal insurance, at so much a month. And, in the heat of sales campaigns, the education of the purchaser, and prospective driver, oftentimes suffers.

ALL this my obliging informant, the Club Taxi Starter, explained to me in much detail. He has, he says, much sympathy with the Luxor cabs in their fight for protection. But very little for the modern practice installment plan sales.

"What chance," he asks, "have my drivers with ten years experience of getting a fare away from one of these new cabs? A kid, two days out of training school, with only the first installment on his splendid coach paid for, comes sailing up with fresh paint enough to dazzle a blind man, and off our customer goes, probably to a wrong address."



'T WAS CHRISTMAS IN THE PEST HOUSE

BUSINESS: Alfred A. Knopf, the publisher, in a public advertisement, announces that he is all broken up over the death of Ladislav Reymont, one of his writers. He is going to publish the dead man's "The Promised Land" right away. The promptness with which the publisher has got out his circular may be due, as he says, to the fact that Reymont's death was not unexpected.

The Garden

PROFESSIONAL hockey as a sport of fans, when last observed, was trembling in the balance as much as anything can which Tex Rickard has set his heart on popularizing. A visit to a heavily fur-coated box the night of the first match, two weeks ago, gave me the impression that most of the people that night were sight-seeing. Conversation was mostly about horses and bazaars.

The second match, however, gave a chance for the hockey fans to bawl as loud as they wanted. They did; but for every bawling fan, there were a score of people turning their heads to see if it were really someone excited only a man having a fit. The attendance was low the second night; and the empty upper galleries, where,

by the way, most of the money is made, exerted their deadening effect on all but the vitally interested. The spectators were still sight-seeing last week.

By the end of the game, however, the excitement of the contest persuaded a good many out of their reserve. Tex Rickard knows that hockey, whether accepted by the prize fight going public or not, is a good sport to watch and an exciting one. The Garden takes well to ice; bands and fancy skaters in the intermissions soften hard hearts; with an equipment like the Garden, badminton could be made to drive crowds into a frenzy. As my taxi driver said, Rickard is no fool.

The ice, by the way, is coffee-colored, and as the evening progresses, grows to look more and more like a big cake of maple sugar the mice have scratched up.

Distingué

MR. VINCENT LOPEZ was the victim lately of that odd form of practical joking to which the larger figures of Broadway have turned for their relaxations.

By telephone, he was advised that his supper club, *Casa Lopez*, was to be honored by the presence of the French Ambassador.

Naturally, Mr. Lopez went to ex-

tensive preparations. And they seemed justified. One after another, gentlemen in the group made to withdraw their wallets, but the Ambassador waved them aside.

"I will settle this personally with M'sieu Lopez," he announced.

Thus the fun continued until six A. M., with the orchestra's overtime piling up. And it was not until six o'clock that the Ambassador cast aside the red sash and revealed himself as a vaudeville actor of note.

Mr. Lopez, it is said, hopes that something may be done soon about the French debt.

NEW liquor in old glasses: an enterprising bootlegger, we learn, is furnishing, complementarily, to selected patrons, half-dozen lots of whiskey glasses which have gained a small vogue since the onset of the great drought. They are the glasses upon which are graduated scales for drinks: the two finger line has a marking, "ladies"; three fingers, "gentlemen's"; and at four fingers there is an etching of a rather stout pig. In the latest edition, the bootlegger's telephone number is etched upon the glassware.

—THE NEW YORKERS

Heroes of

the Week



HARRY HOUDINI—Who is easily the greatest magician that ever lived, who has been practicing his art at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, and who counts it a bad week's work when he does not force a hundred professional spookchasers into the comparatively honest oil stock game.



LETTER-CARRIER NO. 7589—Who has toted, on the small of his back, during the past two weeks 1,978,473 pieces of direct-by-mail advertising, 6,987,324 Christmas cards, 5,947,234 fan letters to radio performers, 8,904,702 begging letters from various charity funds, 5,896 good luck chain-letters and 198,794,642 letters from insurance companies setting forth the tragedies and horrors of this life below.



CLARENCE S. DARROW—Who, pursuant to his love for wielding the cudgel for the oppressed and forsaken, buttered up 3,000 negroes in addresses in Harlem, not having heard that it is the white race that is discriminated against at present in New York.



TOM RICE—Who played the leading lady's part in Sing Sing's musical show, "Top Hole", last week. Mr. Rice is an eminent bandit doing two and one-half to eleven years. The make-up is part of Warden Lawes's scheme for fitting Mr. Rice to re-enter society at the end of his term.



THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN—Who has bought and will race the Yerkes house at Sixty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue to enlarge his garden. The 153 by 100 foot plot will make the most expensive garden in the world, save only, of course, Eden.

THE USEFUL GIFT~WHY NOT?

IN the vast illuminated scroll of Christmas Mythology, that charming phantasmagoria bright with blue and silver and vermilion fables, surely no page is richer or more romantic than that which the National Advertisers have painted with their happy fancies. For the past few weeks I have hung entranced over the Utopia depicted in the back pages of the popular magazines, and pensively wondered whether this idyllic state of society actually existed anywhere outside the charming two-color-process hopes of the poet-manufacturers.

In what house-of-dreams-come-true, for example, does Christmas dawn see the family gaily troop upstairs into the spare bedroom to greet with cries of joy a new Beauty-test Super-mattress, with its resilient inner-springs surrounded with pure felted cotton? What bride is made happy by a gift of Pugilist Spark Plugs, or a handsome set of Nonpareil Long Nose Pliers in a holly box? And how about poor old Dad? Is anyone really so thoughtful as to present him with the much-desired Silver King Sash Cord, complete with twenty-year guarantee and step-by-step easy illustrated directions? Then that boy of yours! How many of you parents have the imagination to delight the lad with a real he-man-size Rattle and Trapper Electric Drill, with the pistol grip and trigger switch? He can work eight hours a day at his regular job and earn all his blackjack and frat-pin money besides by means of this useful toy.

One so hopes that this Elysium is actual! Life's disillusionments would

lie a trifle more lightly upon the outraged mind, were I certain that grandfather's pitiful longing for that most complete of architectural materials, Tortoise Cement, which embodies so fastidiously all that is necessary for construction, decoration, permanence and economy, might be assuaged by a generous supply of this commodity.

Why should not grandmother's stocking bulge richly with radio batteries, or with a Paradigm adding machine to help her count the stitches in her knitting? As for Aunt Elvira, can any cogent reason be advanced why her Yuletide should not be brightened by a soldering-iron electrically attached? In her eyes I have seen the wistful yearning! And alas, Uncle Edmund! Knowing his predilections as I do, could I support the spectacle of his quivering lip and quickly averted head when the punctual return of Noel brought no self-locking radiator cap or virgin white Tarara onyx ball, for the instrument board, imported from old Mexico?

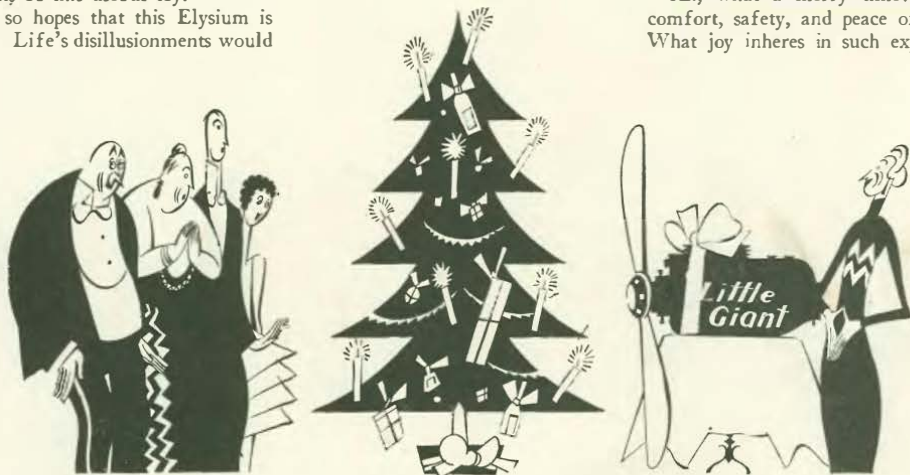
In a word, no,—I could not support it. Therefore the pensive wonder to which I referred at the beginning of this article must engender a positive faith. As, despite Behaviorism and Intelligence Tests, the modern child clings screaming to the sweet old myth of Santa Claus, so must I believe in the National Advertisers'

compulsive Country of Cockayne. I insist upon my idyll.

There, in that province of the next-to-reading-matter phantasts, the whole happy household is aroused on Christmas morning by little Bertie frenziedly treading the pedals of big brother's Suburban Model Registering Piano, gift of fond parents now scampering down the turn of the stair. A moment later the Head of the Family rushes toward Mother, dragging behind him an However Homepride Electric Cleaner with the famous high-vacuum attachments. How her grateful laughter trills as she picks the matted threads and encrusted grit from the motor-driven brush! How it rises and falls in half hysteria!

Observe too the pretty vanity of Sister, appearing in the exquisite daintiness of her new Horsechestnut Ribbon Garters, shirred velvet in merry colors, decked with ribbons and flower buds! Bertie now struts beside her, sporting his first silk arm bands with tailored satin bows. Then the heart leaps as our dashing sixteen-year-old Annabelle staggers in, clanking and clattering her set of Swede Steel Cross Chains with their red enamelled connecting hooks! "My son," quavers Father, "how can I ever thank you for the subdued blue-black lights and the burnished age-old glint on this gross of McFunny Hinges! The professional skill of your architect or builder must have proved helpful in their selection!"

Ah, what a merry time! Ease, comfort, safety, and peace of mind! What joy inheres in such expressions



Giving to Lessen Household Cares

of our love and esteem! Nor has the faithful service of beaming Dinah, peering from the door of the dining room, gone unrewarded. Observe how she joyfully pounds upon the new Art-Rug her long-desired Triple Bar Bumpers, gorgeous in their big red bows!

I have dreamed, perhaps. But might it not be verity? Must the sweet vision fade? I can cite the work of many noted ex-illustrators to support my positively clairvoyant imagination. Their fancies concerning the happy Yule of countless American families have fascinated my tear-bright eyes on many a full page and double page. It is true!

It must be true! The National Advertisers are here to help you. You

can no longer complain that you must puzzle your brains unassisted. If Fred, who works down at the factory, stands in need of a new bookkeeping machine for next year, they will help you to locate one with just the automatic column selection, and ten-key simplicity and speed, that you know his boss would desire. And that means 999,999.99 capacity! A new Automatic, Alphabetic, Geographic, Numeric and Subject Filing System may be one of the things Grandfather hardly dares to hope for, as he sidles past you, with that shy expression, in the hall. But is his old one getting wrinkled? If it is, just rustle through the Magazine with Five Million, and a particular page will be sure to offer you all the information you need. No,

not that one,—that's a Tube Rejuvenator!

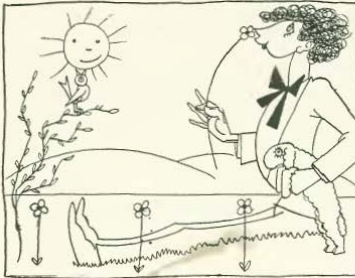
As you loiter among your rare first editions, your Lanvin models, your boxes of marrons glacés and yellow orchids, your Boule and your lacquer, your Cyprian and amber scents, your delicate toys of shagreen and tortoiseshell, above the splendor of your Sixteenth Century Persian rug, rich with emblematic ornamentation of cheetahs demolishing gazelles,—as you recline thus, upon your exquisite Eighteenth Century satinwood settee, and trifle with your Seventeenth Century painted vellum fan,—think it over. Language amid effete delights, why not the truly useful Christmas gift?

Why not indeed!

—ELINOR WYLIE

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

"Outraged Citizens Burn Lewd Books."—*Daily Newspaper*



PRAISE to the bard whose fertile lyre sings of the golden Summer-time, of flag and mother, who with fire composes things in prose and rhyme.



But he whose foul and monstrous fiction makes mince meat of our Decalogue, is smitten with the malediction of the Church and Synagogue.



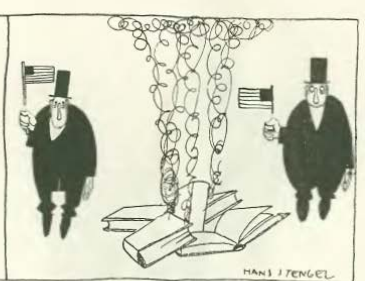
Thus Carl van Houten's sole endeavor was but to gain the hollow praise, that wicked sinners have forever tendered those who laud their ways.



Society's corrupted wenches hailed him, who glibly mocked the chaste; his lyric flowers' evil stench were pleasing to their jaded taste.



He praised the peacockfeathered Strumpet, and laughed at noble womanhood, and blew the Satyr's brazen trumpet to earn a lavish livelihood.



But honest men will never suffer rogues who rave of restless sex. They burned the writings of the scoffer. *Vox populi suprema lex.*

—HANS STENDEL

PROFILES

A Fifth Avenue Maverick

IN New Zealand and certain of the South Sea Islands there is a term of opprobrium known as "going native". It applies specifically to renegade whites—usually British—who voluntarily forsake their people and the border fringe of civilization for the dark mysteries and people of the interior. Such people are held in just contempt by white colonists, and usually they come to untimely ends, with pink elephants and eight-headed giraffes figuring largely in their demise.

It is doubtful, however, that the most flagrantly renegade white could equal the case of a bred-in-the-bone Vanderbilt, and direct descendant of the Commodore himself, who voluntarily forsakes the ways of his fathers and sets himself up as publisher of a penny tabloid, and representative of the Great Common People. For such a Vanderbilt to eschew Fifth Avenue and New York for the primitive stretches of the West is in itself unthinkable, but when he carries his strange obsession so far as to attack vested wealth as if it were in some way analogous to treason—well there are things which not even stark insanity could excuse, and insanity does not run in the Vanderbilt blood.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., son of General Cornelius Vanderbilt III, great great grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt, is as alien to his blood as a marmoset to a gorilla. You may call him what you will, genius, hero, visionary or even silly, and you will find people to agree with you, but if you have any regard for the eternal verities at all, you cannot by any stretch of the imagination class him as a Vanderbilt.

The Vanderbilts as a clan have long held a warm place in the public heart as one of the nearest approaches extant to an American aristocracy. Square jawed, acquisitive, dominating, their position was laid down for all posterity by Cornelius II, as he stood with his sturdy Dutch legs planted firmly on the hearth of his Forty-second Street offices—"The Public—



Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

bah—The Public be Damned." And the public, accepting this as the natural order of things, applauded.

Every Tom, Dick and Harry among the so-called 400 during the rollicking Nineties made a habit of parading his horses up and down the Avenue, but it

took a Vanderbilt to sweep with coach and four down the sidewalk, scattering pedestrians like chaff, lest the polished hoofs of his steeds should be spattered with mud.

The first rift in the Vanderbilt tradition and outcropping of nonconformity came when Cornelius III insisted on marrying Grace Wilson for no better reason than that he loved her, in the face of the fact that her social standing had been challenged by the ultra—plus—ultra. The first fruit of this union was Cornelius, Jr. The new heir was born quietly and, like all good Vanderbilts, first saw the light in one of the family palaces in Fifth Avenue.

The parallel almost stops there, although there is nothing in his early childhood particularly worthy of note, except that "Neely" was known to his elders as a "sweet boy", and sweet is an epithet rarely applied to Vanderbilt men.

It was as he approached maturity that it became more and more apparent that, from the strictly Vanderbilt point of view, something was very, very wrong. He shot up like a bean pole, became pale and cadaverous, while the typical Vanderbilt is short, close knit and sometimes fat. His face grew long, his forehead sloping; his jaw hung loosely. The Vanderbilt head is round as a bullet and his jaws are usually set on steel springs.

His bearing became as it is today, awkward, shy, almost ingratiating. He whose forbears had always been accustomed to go after life with an axe, came by every uncertain groping movement of his ungainly body to bespeak one who instinctively shrinks from the world and its crudities. His eyes, deep set and shielded by nervously blinking lids, burned with the light that is the heritage of dreamers, but which is entirely unknown in counting houses.

Today, as a publisher, his idealism, though perhaps still nebulous because of his youth and lack of experience, is intensely sincere. The sum total of his articulate philosophy may be amply

expressed in three terse sentences.

"I must serve mankind."

"It is a disgrace to be rich."

"I must distinguish myself by my own efforts."

It was late in 1920 that Vanderbilt first announced that he had decided to leave the family roof and in the future live by his own efforts. It is strange that no premonition of what was to follow seems to have disturbed the Vanderbilt calm at that time. Apparently the family merely smiled tolerantly, and said that as long as he behaved himself his allowance would be continued as heretofore.

In a sudden flash of inspiration Vanderbilt decided that the quickest road to fame and honor lay in becoming a "great publicist and leader of the people", and accordingly began the next day to pester every city editor in New York for a job. That he chose to do this in the full name and regalia of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., rather than as simple Tom Jones, out of work, in no way detracts from the sincerity of his experiment. In his inexperience it just never occurred to him that city editors are not daily bombarded by Vanderbilts and Astors looking for \$15 a week jobs as cub reporters—or that his name might in itself have any commercial value to a newspaper. Not until he had spent three years in desultory reporting and syndicate writing did he suddenly take the limelight in his full stature as Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

The pomp and magnificence which marked his entry into higher journalism and provided everlasting mirth for his associates have no place here. The important thing is that he, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., of his own wish and volition, went to Los Angeles and became publisher of a penny tabloid, that now to more than 1,000,000 readers he speaks of himself daily as "Your Publisher" and spends his life writing earnest editorials under the caption, "The Public be Served".

Following the establishment of his first tabloid in Los Angeles, he started another in San Francisco and still another in Miami, Florida, all of which seem to be doing as well as could be expected. He sold stock in his enterprises, principally to dollar down and dollar a week investors, because, he explained it was necessary to his plan that his dearly beloved public should share with him the ownership of papers

which were being published solely in their interest. This was perhaps his master stroke, for by it he irrevocably committed the Vanderbilt name to his success, and it would be hard to see how his family could fail to come to his rescue in any time of stress which might arise, even though they might heartily wish the whole business at the everlasting bottom of the sea.

Besides these things, the fact that he chose to maintain an elaborate banquet hall next to his editorial room or that he adorned his staff with a Barber to the Publisher and a Maitre d'Hotel to the Publisher, is of small moment. It is not even important that he established a Valet to the Publisher, with a fully equipped cubby hole of his own next to the executive office, that he might lose no time from his desk while the editorial pans were being pressed.

One incident only needs detailed description, because it marks the high water mark of the Vanderbilt career, a supreme moment when after repudiating his heritage by every thought and deed, he finally openly spurned it by word of mouth.

No stage was ever more elaborately set than this scene of the ultimate Vanderbilt triumph in September, 1923, when the first issue of his beloved Los Angeles *Illustrated Daily News* struggled from the press. Not without rea-

son had editors and politicians cooled their heels in the Vanderbilt anteroom while the Maitre d'Hotel to the Publisher and the Chef to the Publisher held long consultation with their chief.

About the flower bedecked table, together with local dignitaries and solemn city fathers, are grouped many of those who at the outset scoffed loudest at young Vanderbilt's aspirations, now humble and resplendent in unheard of titles dispensed by Vanderbilt favor.

The presses from below groan and stop and settle down to a ponderous rumble. Vanderbilt rises. His face is flushed with excitement. His eyes sparkle, his stooped shoulders for once are straight. Only his fumbling hands and broken staccato phrases betray his characteristic nervousness as he delivers himself of the sentences which are to shatter the traditions of a century of Vanderbilts and bring the sky reeling about the heads of all those who believe in the eternal consistency of things.

"One of my ancestors," he cries, bringing a trembling fist down on the table, "brought deserved obliquity to my name by saying, 'The public be damned.' He was considered with some justice an oppressor of the people. It shall be my work to wipe that phrase from public memory and to forever associate the Vanderbilt name with these words, 'The public be served.' I am of the people. This product of my brain is Your Paper. I am Your Publisher."

The dropping of the proverbial pin would have been a cannon shot in the awesome silence which followed. It was more than a young man gone wrong. It was a dynasty being broken, a tradition passing into limbo.

There is plenty of evidence for those who claim that Vanderbilt is not the greatest journalist in the world, but after all it takes spiritual courage to "go native". Furthermore, in spite of the fact that he is without experience, that his editorials are often weak and his news columns stale, his papers are rocking along their uncertain courses with something, which if not success, at least looks very much like survival; and this admits of but one conclusion—the latest Vanderbilt has not only "gone native" but has been at least partly accepted by the tribe of his adoption.

—WILLIAM BOARDMAN KNOX





A REPORTER AT LARGE

Gog Was a Giant

WHEN the afternoon papers, a day or two since, announced with the customary excitement that Mr. Battling Siki had been foully assassinated, notions of a gaudy obituary in his behalf to fill this present space came into my head. Most of our news these days is melodrama ---but Mr. Siki's passing differed from the rest in being superb melodrama, embellished with the touch of irony. Here was a giant out of Africa, a debonair and merry blackguard with the soul of a peacock, who had flipped his fingers at civilization and turned most of civilization's devices into toys for his own expansive amusement---and who, at the anti-climactic last, had not been permitted even an impudent gesture as civilization slapped him down.

Preparing for this piece of mine, I even went so far as to inspect Mr. Siki's mortal remains. At the morgue, where his black body lay upon a white marble slab, I stared at his physical magnificence, at the leonine muscles of his flanks, the lean sculptured legs, the incredibly perfect biceps. And then, with deep chagrin, I discovered that there was no need for my piece to be written after all. Mr. James M. Cain, on the editorial page of the *World* had already done it.

But since Mr. Cain said, in a brief flight of rich and gusty prose, most of the things which would have gotten, in some fashion, into this department anyway, I append forthwith the text of his composition. Mr. Cain:

"What a monstrous fellow was this Battling Siki who has just been bumped off in so lamentable a fashion! Here was the brute primeval: musing on him, one could conceive him as the ancestor of the whole human race. But how different an

ancestor from that hairy spectre which used to haunt the late Mr. Bryan! He was no hulking clod out of a scientist's note-book but a human figure out of the early epics of mankind. He had, it is true, the mentality of a backward toad: he could speak nine languages, and his total vocabulary in all, it is said, was 157 words, counting profane expletives.

"But he had the soul of a god. He was the victim of moody fits, not comprehensible to us who have not lived in the paleolithic age; he was subject to berserk rages, when life was not safe within a mile of him. He also had strange humors and whimsies: he marched the streets of Paris clad in frock coat, silk hat, monocle, yellow gloves and tan shoes, carrying a monkey on his shoulder and dragging a yowling lion cub at the end of a chain; he liked to ride all night in a taxi, and then, just for merry play, refuse to pay the driver, lashing out with his great fists if protest were entered. He had a vast and engaging conceit: he appeared one time in Pennsylvania Station with a wine-bearer bringing up the rear; and while he argued with the small, gray-haired clerk at the information desk he quaffed mighty quaffs from a two-gallon jug, until he became so drunk that the small, gray-haired clerk seized him by the seat of the breeches and threw him out in the street, where he sat down on the curb and apostrophized the stars on the ingratitude of man. He was perpetually in difficulty over women, but survived somehow. And in all this grotesque career, search of the records indicates that the greatest punishment he ever drew was a \$5 fine.

"He faced the magistrates, grinned that grin out of the primordial forest, the grin grinned by the first man when he discovered he was a man, and the

magistrates turned him loose as they would turn loose a lovable child.

"What is all this but the sullen and tempers of Achilles, the pranks of Siegfried and the boars, the strutting of Beowulf, the amours of Lemminkainen? We have had a walking image of our beginnings among us and did not know it. Let us pause and admire ourselves. If we had such an ancestor, we had something of which we can be proud."

There remains, obviously, little more to say upon the subject. However, I propose that a committee wait at once upon Mr. George Gershwin, lay the facts of the case before him and implore the creation of an opera to celebrate, in heroic measures and mighty chorales, the deeds of this dead gladiator. Mr. Gershwin's deft ability to tincture the harsh reverberations of a tom-tom beat so that they will strike more felicitously upon the modern ear can be turned here to excellent and appropriately symbolical account. Jazz, indeed, may find its epitome in such a creation.

Of Booze

ACCOUNTS of the improved weapons which will be employed by the government's ships along rum row---three-inch guns, depth bombs, starshells and such---might be depressing were it not for the impish destiny which arranges, fairly alongside such stories, the daily tales of the perfidy of the men who must pull the triggers.

Ever artful, the dry gentlemen are attempting to throw the glamour of warfare itself about their efforts to deny our coast to the cheerful messengers from abroad. Posing all along as the generals of a righteous cause, they now offer new scenery for the spectacle in the hope of thrilling us with the valor of the battle: the high

drama of deep-throated percussions, lurid lights from a drooping flare, and cutlasses swinging on a poop-deck that runs with blood.

But, fortunately, the generals are not numerous enough themselves to man the bright new arms. They must leave the trigger-pulling to humbler if more lusty souls. And they overlook the one peremptory fact that these boys who ride the coast guard boats have no spirit for their work. By nature, the honest fighting man admires his grog. And what divine fervor can he put behind the sighting of a deck gun when he knows that a fair, true shot will send a hundred gallons of the amiable stuff pouring into the sea? What rough pleasure can he find in harrying and firing at swift ships that never shoot back but go earnestly about their business, preaching no cause, never bothering to harm him or his comrades?

A moment ago, the word "perfidy" crept into a description of the occasional lapses from duty charged against the coast guard men. That was an ill-used word. Most of them are adventurous fellows, who have put their names to the articles in the hungry hope of participating in hot encounters that would try their mettle.

They wanted, in their own fine phrase, a kick out of life.

And some few of them—the richest souls indeed—found after a term of fighting an unarmed enemy that all the kick lay on the other side. There was something in the idea of a swift, dark ship, loaded to her gunwales with cheery booze, slipping over the black waves with muffled engines or dodging the shells of a hot pursuit—there was something in this idea on which the dreams of these adventure lusting boys might feed.

On the side of honor and their oath there stood, no doubt, the law and all its solemn implications, steady grub and a steady little wad at the end of the month. But on the side of the rum runners there stood mystery, plot and counterplot, whispered plans on gloomy nights, a sharp dash for the hard sought goal, and a pot of fabulous gold in payment for their sport if they played well enough. On the side of honor and their oath there stood the duty of melancholy snooping at the gates of merriment. On the other side there was the delicious pleasure of thumbing noses at the good and true.

So we need not, I think, draw long faces at the news of moral breakdown

among the crews of the coast guard boats. We need not deplore the weakness of our youth. It is not necessary to be sad because a dozen lads or so were found conspiring against the law in behalf of the rum ships, or because tell-tale C. G. tarpaulins were discovered sheltering the cases aboard a captured yawl.

Instead, a robust cheer or two that some of the boys found they were in the wrong place, found themselves overcome with boredom at the stupid business of playing hangman in the case of a glorious rogue—and had the spirit to correct their mistake.

—MORRIS MARKEY

WEBSTER HALL

The colors are flaming; the music is mad; And some of the people, they say, are bad. One is an artist; and one is a bum— You cannot tell them apart, say some. One is a poet, and one writes prose. But one is a girl with a turned-up nose.

NOTICE: The two ladies seen at the Clinton Corners Nursery on Sunday afternoon, cutting down Christmas trees, will be forced to pay the damages. The parties are known. Mrs. Elsworth Dykeman.—*Poughkeepsic Paper.*

Mrs. Dykeman does not mince words. Evidently she is in the habit of calling a lady a lady.

OF ALL THINGS

THE disputed Mosul territory will no doubt be better off under British than under Turkish rule. If there is one thing we admire more than anything else about our sainted mother country, it is her ability to save civilization at its oiliest spots.

We get the impression somehow from Secretary Kellogg's speech at the Council of Foreign Relations that they are chiefly poor relations.

The British government sold the movie rights to Locarno for \$750; the rights to Harold Grange brought \$300,000. Another difference was that the seven hundred and fifty was real money.

Secretary Mellon's report makes our fiscal system beautifully clear. The Government takes the taxpayer's dollar, uses eighty cents of it for war purposes and keeps the change.

Perhaps some graduate of a memory

course can answer this question: What, if anything, was in the afternoon papers before radio was invented?

New York's neediest cases this year are real estate owners who are confronted with overproduction and falling rents. Already some apartments bring barely twice what they are worth, and pessimists fear that the time may come when people can afford to live here.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Unless our power of resistance is weakened by suffering, we shall not during 1926 listen to one of Cosmo Hamilton's radio novels.

They have been selling doctor's degrees for \$100 at a fake college in Washington. Among those shocked and grieved is the man who had to pay the cost of a new gymnasium for an honorary L.L.D.

It is a sad commentary upon our spiritual state that there are those among us

who can grow wildly enthusiastic at the faint prospect of 2.75 beer.

The Government's attention has been called to the goings on in the Palm Beach Clubhouse and something may possibly be done about it. Pious people in Florida hold that gambling there should be purely an outdoor sport.

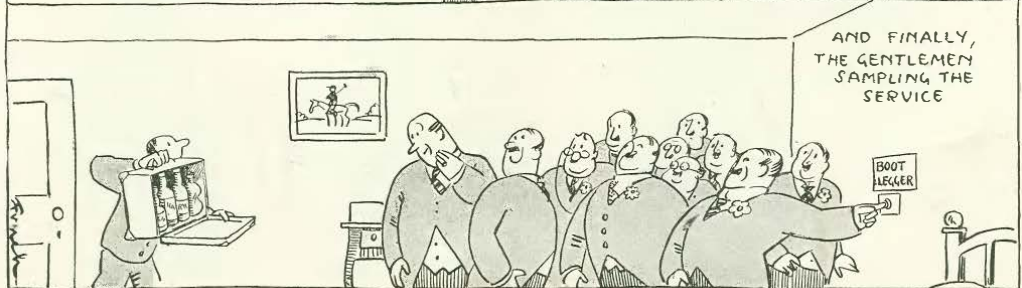
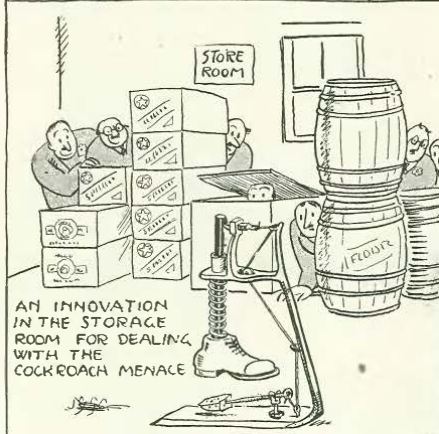
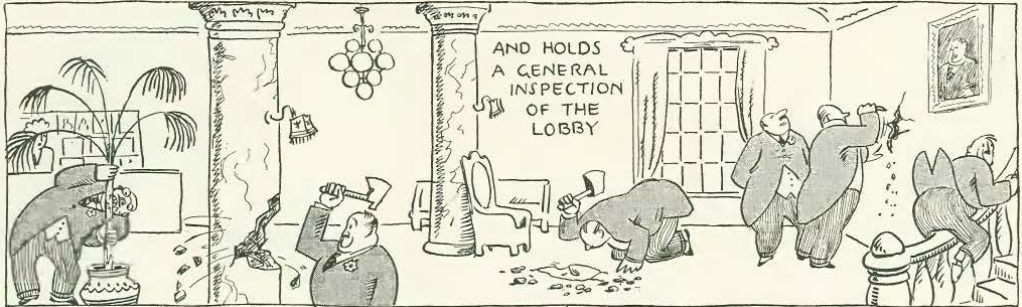
As 1925 oozes away, we heartily congratulate Europe on its notable feat of living through the year without the aid or consent of Colonel Harvey.

A Russian physician announces the discovery that minerals have sex. Reformers will probably take note of this and see that the young minerals are properly clothed and segregated.

A haircut and shave now cost eighty-five cents in our town and the price may soon go to a dollar. As a slight token of their resentment citizens are erecting a statue to Walt Whitman.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE HOTEL ASSOCIATION MEETS TO INSPECT A NEW HOTEL



SEX IS OUT

ACCORDING to Dr. Max Hartmann (I used to have a dentist named Dr. Hartmann, but he was a dentist) there is no such thing as absolute sex. If 60% of your cells are masculine, you rate as a male. If 60% are feminine, you sit with the girls. All combinations are possible up to 99 and 1, but the 100 percent in either sex is a myth. Dr. Hartmann says so.

This is going to be a big surprise to a lot of people. If the Government should ever take it into its head to make public lists of sex-percentages, as it now does income taxes, whole communities would be upset and perhaps "topsy-turvy" would not be too strong a word for what things would be.

We are concerned in this course, however, merely with the effect of this negation of sex on the drama. It looks from where we are sitting (G-112-113) like the death blow to the Living Theatre in this country. And in France—well, it will simply mean that they can't give even Punch and Judy shows. What would be the fun in sitting through a scene like the following?

(The scene isn't quite set yet; so the orchestra will play the overture over again.)

ROGER: Ever since that night I met you at the dance, my male percentage has been increasing. I used to register 65%. Yesterday in Liggetts I took a test and it was eighty-one.

MARY: You had your heavier overcoat on.

ROGER: Please, dear, this is no time

for joking. I never was more serious in all my life. And that means only one thing. Haven't you—aren't you—do you register just the same as you did?

MARY (*looking at her finger-nails*): No. I have gone up seven points. But I thought it was because I had cut down on my starches.

ROGER: Starches nothing! Can't you see, dear? Don't you understand what it all means?

MARY (*pulling away*): Why am I letting you talk to me like this? We mustn't. Fred will be home at any minute.

ROGER: Fred! Hah! I suppose you know what his last test was? I suppose he told you?

MARY: Why—er—no. That is—of course he did. Fred tells me everything.

ROGER: Well, then. I suppose you know that when he was examined for life insurance last week they found that his masculine cells totalled up to forty-seven and that included his American Legion button, too.

MARY: Fred? Forty-seven? Why, it isn't possible. Why, only yesterday—

ROGER: Never mind that! Figures don't lie. The best that Fred can ever be to you from now on is a sister.

MARY: This is all so sudden. I must have time to think. Fred my sister! It seems incredible!

ROGER: Don't you see, Mary dear, what the percentages tell us? (*Song Cue*)

You and I Total Up to a Hundred

Oh, Love brings a message of roses,
And Love a sweet litany tells,
Of the girls I have known, and the girls
who have blown,
And their respective number of cells.

Chorus.

There was Alice who rated a cool sixty-two,

She wore knickers and called me her "matey",

There was Betty so true, with her large eyes of blue,

On a clear day she registered eighty.

There was Norma, my queen, who gave seventeen,

As her quota of masculine units,

But my heart it now yearns, on the latest returns,

(*Spoken*: Ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine!)

For M-A-R-Y, my sweet Winona.

You can see for yourself, there is going to be no fun in figuring out sex on the back of an envelope. We might as well give the whole thing up and go in for hockey.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•
Lawyers' wives must needs repine,
For they cannot dine till nine,
Briefs are lengthy, husbands late,
Lawyers' loved ones have to wait.

•
Money, lucre, whatever you choose—
The thing that's an elegant sauce for the goose—

As well as the elegant gander, built
The elegant house of Vanderbilt.



The Professional Amateur

CHILD'S PLAY

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR TURNS A GLASS OF BUTTERMILK INTO A PERSONAL TRIUMPH

ALTHOUGH there were certain Baptist tendencies on my mother's side, I was never subjected to the rigors of immersion. It came as a surprise, then, while lunching at Childs yesterday, to feel a great wetness come over me and hear a low emotional voice say:

"In the name of John."

I glanced down to discover that I was buttermilk. Every bit of me buttermilk, with the exception of a dozen or so spots of blue serge which showed through as a background. A Dalmatian dog—the kind they used to have around fire stations in the old days—looks a good deal the way I looked. White, with dark spots.

"Lord, mister, this is awful," sobbed the waitress, from whose fingers the glass of buttermilk had wriggled.

"Yes," I said, thoughtfully, "It is awful. But it is also terribly, terribly funny." This cheered her immeasurably, and she handed me fifteen paper napkins.

I was spreading the first napkin diligently from the neck down, in the manner of a boiled shirt, when the lady on my right,—who had noticed that I was all buttermilk—began to suggest things in a low, sustained, uninflected tone.

"You're only making it worse," she murmured. "Hot water for buttermilk. You're only rubbing it in. Buttermilk contains grease. You're only making it worse. You're only rubbing it in. Don't use the same napkin twice. Hot water is the only thing."

She was one of those hundred percent housewives who get indignant when you make a wrong play. It may have been *her* buttermilk, but it was *my* suit. Still, I felt that a person who was so obviously looking out for me deserved some sort of recognition, so I began nodding and bowing slightly.

As a matter of record, I was doing pretty well. I hadn't jumped; I hadn't sworn; I hadn't burst into tears; I hadn't made a wry face. I was just sitting there, all buttermilk, patting my stomach in a desultory fashion with paper napkin—which, I leave it to my readers, is about all you can expect of a man. I was even fairly



content with the world. "Perhaps," I mused, "this is one of those 'smart backgrounds' THE NEW YORKER is always talking about."

The insistent and well rounded tones of the woman, as well as the anguish on the face of the waitress and the scurrying about of other interested authorities, had apprised the entire room of my interesting condition.

"This will make good conversation in dozens of offices this afternoon," I thought. And just to give them their money's worth, I began to do amusing things, such as dipping my napkin into a little jug of tea that stood on the table and belonged (I presume) to the lady who wanted me to use hot water.

This lady, I'll have to add, still continued to talk; and I tired of bowing and nodding.

"Madame," I finally said, "if you want to change places with me, all right. Otherwise let me handle this foamy vest the way I want."

This proved to be a wow, and swung everyone within earshot over to my side. About this time the waitress came trotting back, full of cool soft tears and hot rough towels. She was a nice little girl, so I let her blot me. In my ear she whispered a million apologies, hopelessly garbled, infinitely forlorn. And I whispered back that the suit was four years old, and that I hated dark clothes anyway. ● One has, in life, so few chances to lie heroically.

Ten minutes later I rose from my chair, a smear. The exit is the thing, I told myself. ● On the exit I can make or break myself.

I had a perfect audience. New York audiences are notoriously noisy—but not mine. Everyone in the room had put aside knife, fork, and butter cakes, and was waiting quietly. There was scarcely the clank of a dish behind the counter.

With a magnificent gesture worthy of John Barrymore, I reached into my pocket and drew out a dime. This I slipped under my plate. Standing erect and grey I donned my overcoat. The headwaitress was at my elbow.

"May I take your name and address?" she asked.

"Not even my telephone number," I droned, arching my eyebrows—which are naturally quite arched anyway.

I reached for my check. This was to be the final triumph. Through the long aisle I strolled, straight to the cashier's cage. I could almost hear the unvoiced question rising from a hundred throats: "Surely he isn't going to *pay his checks*?"

The amount was seventy-five cents. I handed in a dollar. When the quarter change came back, I waved it splendidly aside.

"Let that take care of the buttermilk," I said.—E. B. W.

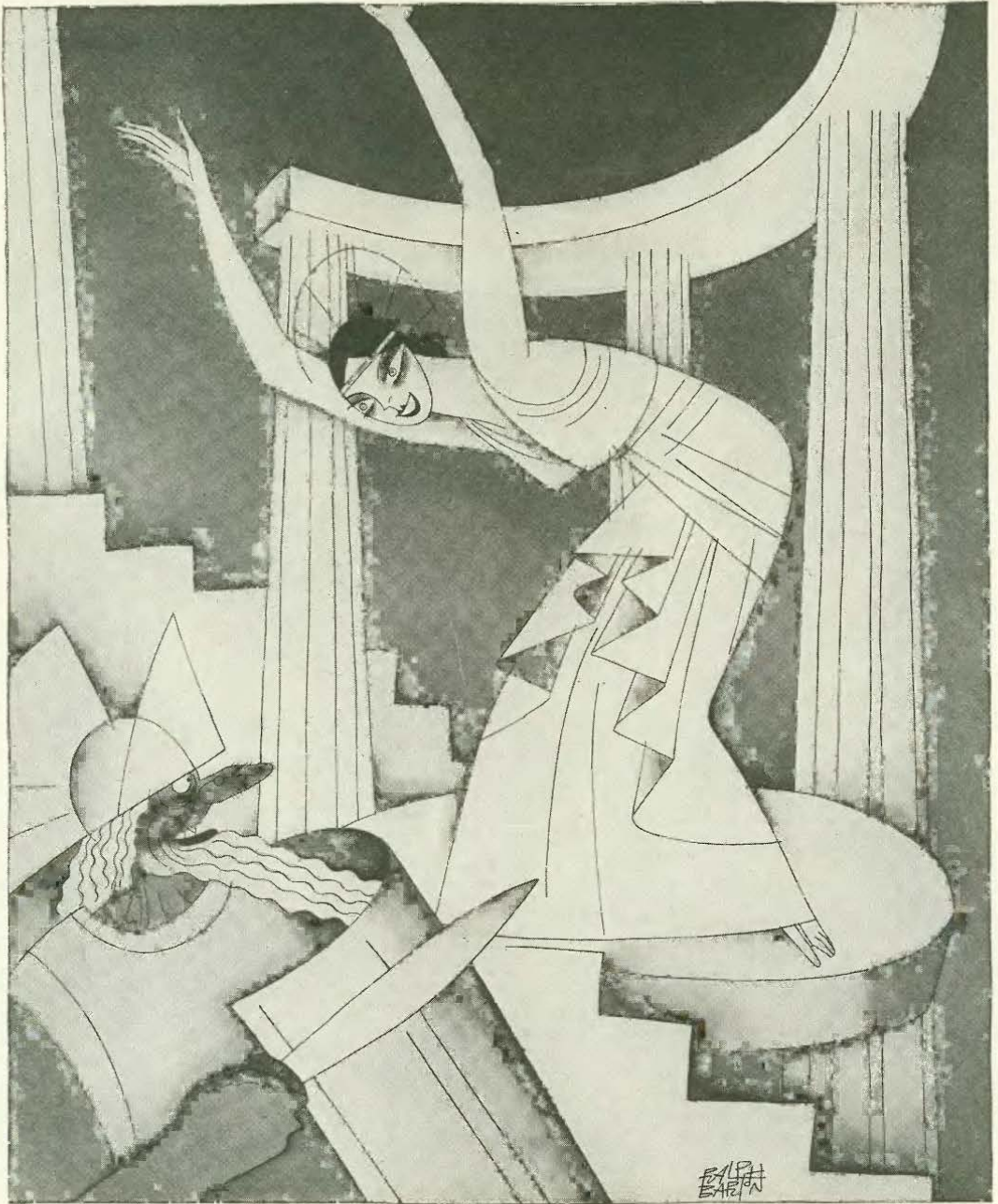
QUIET PLEASE

After Christmas I shall go
No, not South, but up to Placid,
Where the mountains deep in snow
Neutralize the social acid.

Ho for simple knife and fork,
Hoopla man and also damme;
Though I cannot stand New York
It would kill me in Miami.

A lawyer is a kindly man,
He plays his jury if he can
Or springs some classical allusion
To throw the court into confusion;
He perjures witnesses by science
And eats his dinners off his clients.

What with Nathalia's poems, and David Putnam, aged twelve, writing a travel book, the younger generation is being revised downward every day. This must be distressing to the doddering old fossils who can remember back to the days of Mary Louise Spas.



LYSISTRATA

The Opening Bill of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio

MLLE. OLGA BAKLANOVA as *Lysistrata* and one of the *Old Men* in the naughtiest, most hilarious, most timely and by far the most entertaining play in town. George Bernard Aristophanes, its author, was known as the Avery Hopwood of Athens 2300 years ago.—R. B.

CRITIQUE

*The Theatre*

ONCE again it becomes a wiser and more intelligent matter to entrust one's theatregoing person to the ignorant guidance of a taxi driver who knows the location of every address in New York except 466 Grand Street, and who finally finds the Neighborhood Playhouse at that address only after he has exhausted all the other mysterious doorways of the East Side, than to proceed ever so directly to the more brilliantly lit and familiar of the playhouses of the Rialto. This time it is a splendidly sensitive performance of Ansky's "The Dybbuk" that makes Grand Street an essential item on every intelligent citizen's list of the civilized ports of call.

"The Dybbuk" has enjoyed not immoderate fame on the Yiddish and Hebrew stages, but there has been no English version of it in general circulation, and so one takes the chance of imagining that there will be those in this column's readers to whom it now comes as a new play. For those readers, let it be said that "Between Two Worlds", unless the program is intentionally misleading, would be an excellent English version of the title, and that the play thus concerns the story of a pure, noble maiden into whose body there enters the soul of a young Talmud student, who loved her well and who died when he came to know that she had been betrothed by her parents to another. The maiden with the soul of this dead lover is a loathsome thing to the Jewish community about her and there is held a holy conclave in which the tsadik and his assistants cast out that soul with mystic rites. But the soul of the lover persists; it calls to her faintly from its now disembodied eternity; and she leaves this life for his.

So much there is to the story, with just the minimum of action that is

needed to carry it. The rest is atmosphere, genre painting, local color, the spell of visual beauty, what you will. And it is in this rest that there lies the real satisfaction, the real gorgeous entertainment to be found these evenings at the Neighborhood Playhouse.

The time of the play is any time up to the beginning of the last century and the scene is wherever there was a Jewish-Chassidic ghetto. There is a synagogue, with the professional mourners who chant their routine, monotonous psalms for the dead, and who are prepared, at a moment's notice, to shift to the equally gainful occupation of dancing that a betrothal may be properly celebrated. There are the throngs of Jewish beggars, orthodox vultures at the wedding feast, the women insistent upon their privilege of dancing with the bride, the men resolved that the bounty to the poor be in the established proportion to the wealth of the giver. There is the Chassidic court, in all its smug mysticism, hearing the case of one who is accused of the murder of a soul, giving of its utmost strength that the loathsome Dybbuk may be cast out from the body of an innocent maiden. There is all the beauty, all the sordidness, all the eternal truth, all the barbarism, all the generosity, all the Mosaic cruelty—there is all Jewish life.

In a play, thus, that depends for its success upon the emotions that it arouses in its audience not so much through the spoken word as through things seen and unseen, it is the director to whom the largest part of the applause or the jeers are due. It is David Vardi who, clearly with infinite patience and a tireless devotion to detail, has constructed this superb Mosaic that the audience takes away as a whole piece. Nowhere, so far as the director is concerned, is there a false note, a confusion of beat. Only in the last part of the Third Act, where

the pageantry is so extended as to become theatrical, is there the marking of time, and even there the director's economy is as large as is permitted by the author's demands.

Exactly why the name of the person, say, who provided the floor lamps that decorate the Third Act of, say further, "The Survival of the Fittest" should be preserved to posterity, whereas the name of the caster of the best of plays is ever allowed to remain a family secret, is something that we do not know. Surely the person who selected the players for "The Dybbuk" deserves formal recognition. Out of the cast of uniform excellence, there are to be mentioned here—perhaps only because theirs are the most prominent roles—Mary Ellis, Marc Loebell and Albert Carroll. Their names should be remembered next Summer when the oases of the Sunday theatrical pages come to be filled with the mirages of the best performances of the season.

"THE WISE CRACKERS", by Gilbert Seldes, opened at the 66 Fifth Avenue Theatre on Wednesday night, December sixteenth. The competition for the worst play of the season is herewith officially declared closed and Mr. Seldes is awarded the first prize, a bound volume of *The Dial*, for all time.

THE new Theatre Guild production is of "Merchants of Glory", by Marcel Pagnol and Paul Nivoix. It is an earnest and generally effective play, with a cast that does justice to it, which every five or ten minutes, unfortunately, involves unconvincing performances.

There are, the authors are trying to show, profiteers and profiteers, and not the least are those who rise to higher things on the stepping stones of their beloved dead, *mit Gott, fuer Koenig und fuer Vaterland*. (It is, however

and after all, 1925, and so the locale is France.) A minor government official has lost his son in the war, and promptly he becomes a person of consequence to himself and to others. In time he achieves a cabinet post. And then the son returns. What to do? There is a solution, of course, but it shall not be told here. Among other things, it doesn't matter.

The weakness of the play lies in the apparent inability of the authors to decide whether their issue shall be general or particular. If it is general, there are too many irritating moments in which the long arm of coincidence clearly is a contortionist's. If it is particular, the particular story is too inactive, too blurred.

Augustin Duncan is the father who profits, even more than France, by his son's heroic death, and the role carries him along to an excellent performance, tempered by the occasional imbecilities that it demands. George Nash is capital as a forthright and more familiar profiteer, who sells goods at exorbitant prices during wartime, a procedure happily confined to foreign countries. José Ruben is the son and does well the little assigned to him.

ANOTHER play by Noel Coward has reached Broadway. The best investment Mr. Coward ever made, he must realize clearly now, was the purchase of that trunk.

This time it's "Easy Virtue", at the Empire, with Jane Cowl as its star. The result is a pleasant evening, but it does seem a pity to see the months fly by like that with Miss Cowl appearing in plays like that. On the other hand, we were displeased when Miss Cowl appeared in "Anthony and Cleopatra" just the other season. Perhaps we just don't know our own mind.

In "Easy Virtue" Mr. Coward has written the one about the

lady with the purple past who thinks she is going to be able to settle down, by way of marriage, in an English county family. She is bored to tears, however, soon by their smug, bogus morality. The big scene, then, is towards the close of the Second Act, when the family discovers some spicy details of her past, and so she turns on them and shatters a plaster Venus de Milo for a curtain. In the Third Act she walks out. For all we know, Mr. Coward may have called for her to slam a door, but the particular setting at the Empire does not permit of it.

Miss Cowl, of course, has no troubles—except, perhaps, of artistic conscience—with such a role. (Non-habitual theatregoers may need to be advised that she is the lady with the purple past.) Her work is smooth, effortless and inevitable. There is, in addition, a splendid supporting cast.

MADGE KENNEDY is another actress whose talents are being shamefully wasted. (The peculiar thing about this wastage of talent—in the cases, for example, of Miss Cowl and Miss Kennedy—is that the only possible recompense to anyone, at the box office, to wit, is generally absent. "Easy Virtue" and "Beware of Widows", Miss Kennedy's play, seem destined to be anything but box office successes. Why do them, then? It is all very peculiar.)

Miss Kennedy, one of the most charming and fascinating actresses on the American stage, is appearing in one of the most mechanical and trivial of the offerings of that stage. On the

whole, however, her presence more than makes up for the fact that the play must be seen at the same time.

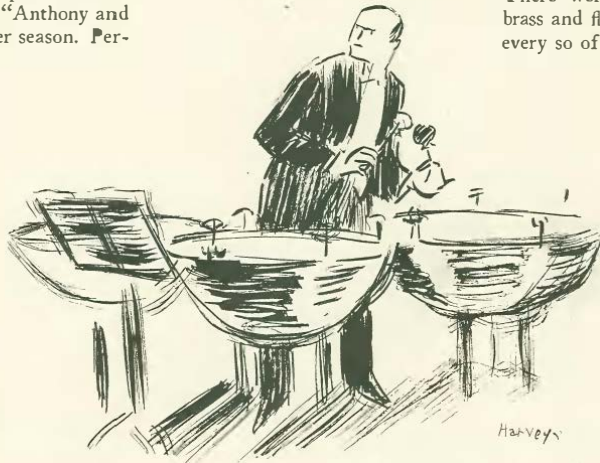
In Miss Kennedy's company, too, is a young man who is well worth the theatregoer's attention. This is Alan Edwards, a deft and likable juvenile. Mr. Edwards, differing thereby from all but two or three of his fellow juveniles of the moment, so acts as to arouse in his audience neither the mother complex nor the murder urge.

—H. J. M.

Music

OUR first Christmas gift was a set of tickets for the premiere of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio up by the Al Jolson playhouse, and here we are again, tinkering around with the drama. Almost all of the first string music reviewers of the dailies, having summoned evening dress either by walking up a flight or otherwise, were present, and our first compliment to Morris Gest is spoken. Who else could drag these sensitively poised gentlemen into an unheard of auditorium (anything north of Carnegie Hall is Yonkers in music) and blandish them into cooling their minds docilely while the curtain was held for half an hour? Stokowski, perhaps; but Stokowski was there too, parked in a corner box, with half the audience not knowing which was Stokowski and which was that clever young publisher, Richard Hammond.

The music for Mr. Gest's first offering, the Aristophanes-Smolinglière "Lysistrata", was merely incidental, and could have been omitted without ruining anybody's evening. There were occasional bubblings in brass and flutterings in the wind, and every so often there was a little singing. Mr. Nemirovitch-Danchenko's chorus obviously has been trained with great skill, but you'll have





STRANGE EFFECT OF NATIVE MUSIC ON A NATIONAL INDUSTRY
MELL DUNHAM MAKES A JOYFUL NOISE (F.O.B) FOR HENRY (ford)

to buy this paper some other week to learn anything about the individual artists.

"Lysistrata" is staged with extraordinary finesse and the low comedy comes off easily, although the Graeco-Russian nifties didn't do more than graze our untutored head. From the laughter of the Park Avenue Russians, we gathered that the lines were full of wows, but no translation was required for the business, especially the lusty *patsches* which the Muscovite ladies of Athens delivered to the obvious places of the old gents. The only pity is that not more of them were administered to the comedian who twitched and squealed as a superannuated military man.

Everybody seemed to be having a grand time, taking in the show, identifying the celebrities and knocking down millionaires in the intermissions. It looks like a good Winter at Fifty-ninth Street on the Don, or whatever that Russian river is in the cross-word puzzles.

A GOOD present for your un-musical friends would be tickets for one of the two Whiteman concerts in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday or Fri-

day next, and a similar open sesame for the Christmas carol recital of John Coates at Town Hall on Wednesday evening. Whiteman, who is apparently in the same commission business as the Symphony Society, has a circus anthology by Deems Taylor and George Gershwin's "135th Street", which little opera was designed for a set of "Scandals" but discarded as too taxing or too highbrow or too something else. Brokers in Wall Street are accepting money at 11 to 5 that the critics who didn't like Gershwin's concerto will announce that George is in his proper field in the indigo opera. As for Mr. Coates, he probably will communicate to you more of the Christmas spirit (there must be some such thing, because the colored postcards are full of it) than any eight seasonal exercises.

OUR restraint in not mentioning Chasins last week has been rewarded with an anonymous letter, signed Harold Kellog, complaining that the writer lost five dollars by reading this department. He wagered "B" ("B" is not mentioned in the epistle, but they always gamble with him) that we'd break our promise not

to refer to Chasins and that we'd hold forth on his transcription of the "Blue Danube". Well, Harold, it's a good bit of writing, but if you have any bets on what we're to say this week, our decision is that "B" wins, regardless of the terms of the wager.—R. A. S.

Art

BY the time you will be reading this, you will probably have turned over the neckties and the waste basket and the candle sticks for the last time, handed the cigars to the janitor and gone out to get a smoke. Certainly it will be no time to approach you on art, for a glance at your neckties will convince you that we lie, and that there is no such thing as art. A good week then, to see Peggy Bacon at the Montross Galleries. For while the Christmas card makers and the tie vendors have been busy at their polly-annaing, Peggy has been busy with her pencil, debunking life. We know of no other artist in this country as good as Peggy Bacon; no one anywhere near her in the particular field she has chosen. We know little enough about the history of art to say that Peggy Bacon is the best since Hogarth.

Her present show is limited to seven drawings and eight dry points. Three of her drawings, "The Blessed Damozel", "The Path of Art" and "Eden", however are worth about seven times that number in any gallery you may care to name. Such things can not be described, at least not by us. That doesn't keep us from trying. "The Blessed Damozel" sits in a garden overrun with the glut and plethora of nature. Her face is the whole of New England, from Merrymount to Coolidge's birthplace. She is a thoroughbred, out of Puritan Complex by Suppressed Desire. She sits serene and prim in her garden while all about her nature does the rest. Two happy rabbits at her feet, a basket heaped with eggs, Krafft-Ebing flowers hang from every stalk. In her lap is a pussy cat whose very eyes hold the damozel's secret. There are larks in the sky and if they sing, it is to cry fecundity, fecundity, fecundity. And still she sits content, ignorantly content in the madness of mid-June.

Miss Bacon's "Eden" is no less acid. A beautiful jungle peopled by one of Florence Mill's Eves and the tempting snake. You can see that the snake has no seven day job; he has scarcely made his proposition and you can see by his eye that it has been accepted. This time it was not the apple, but the banana. Huge bunches of them hang all around. We can say no more. Get out your Freud and go and admire. "The Path of Art" is just mildly sardonic. An ample countryside unfolds before the art students, who in their various clothes express the universe. As to the dry points, we found "Auction" nearest the Peggy Bacon manner. "Frenzied Effort" and the "Country Dressmaker" are pretty bitter and yet pleasantly so.

In the rooms around Miss Bacon are some so-so water colors of Lucy Wallace. Also some lovely batiks by this same artist. The sketches were a few steps better than the late unlamented Boston school of M. Montross.

THE best Whitney Studio Club show we have seen this season runs to Christmas. We were surprised and pleased to see that much of the stuff sold immediately. And it should, the prices being down to twenty-five and fifty dollars, the price of a night at a cabaret. Leon Hartl you may have heard about in the galloping prints that get to your door before our laggard



feet. He is a silk dyer, we hear, from France and is not a Sunday painter in the true argot of those who toil at ships and sealing wax in the week. Hartl has so organized his life that he can work a few days and then paint. He has made great progress, we think. Not progress according to our imposed standards, but to his own. The pink and white still life and the large flower pieces are beautiful stunts. And along with his delicate beauty Hartl has great strength as in "Chez Irene" and the "Portrait". From the little red sale stars we would say that Hartl can now paint for several weeks. We are always greatly cheered when we see that art is meant for sale and not reviewers splutterings. Sculpture by J. B. Flannagan is in one room of the club. This artist seems to have two things, a tortured soul and a full knowledge of biology. The stuff is mainly thin, twisted, ladies who do not know which way they are going. And babies. It is great if you like it. Dorothea R. Schwarcz has some mild stuff, reaching her best result, we thought, in her "Cyclamen". The naughty boy of the occasion is one Charles Houghton Howard. We mean no jape when we say that Howard is a hall room boy who did not have his chalk taken away from him. He had

smear his walls, we are told, when artist neighbors came in and told him he should go in for art. If you can get a view of Mr. Howard's stuff before Mr. Sumner gets to it, we advise you to do so.

Once having seen the glory of Matisse in the Fearon Galleries we have haunted that place in hopes of another such experience. Sadly we learn that the stuff was sold to make room for something else by a collector who was going in for art (probably Maxfield Parrish). Fearon now has a show that is compatible with his policy. And again, like the sweet potato pie, is good if you like it. We have a certain reverent liking for it and you may too—distinguished portraits by Reynolds, Hoppner and Lawrence.—M. P.

Books

JOHN ERSKINE'S "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" can be recommended pretty confidently to everyone in this audience, and warmly to those who like reading the talkiest plays of Bernard Shaw, although it is neither a play nor is it Shavian. Its principal conversationalists are Helen, back in Sparta, as a calm, wise, unrepentant managing wife and counseling mother, Menelaus as the essence of both injured husbands, Hermione their daughter as a prig, and Eteoneus to be something more, but his knowledge of bunk "interests" like Pal Tanagerman's, and his ability to play horse with them, outshine his ability to put the men and women behind them into fiction.

COREY FORD'S "Three Rousing Cheers for the Rollo Boys" (*Doran*) is full of good and often delicious foolery, although it is better in small doses than all at one sitting. Its burlesque of Michael Arlen is as pat as anyone's, and it does the rather easy job of burlesquing Thomas Beer. We particularly liked a lion that lay down with a lamb and gave birth to a dove of peace. The pictures are Gluyas Williams'.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS'S "Jefferson and Hamilton" (*Houghton, Mifflin*) is a romantic history, almost a historical romance, of national politics from Washington's to Jefferson's first inauguration. It is a well designed, dramatic narrative

mounting to a climax, and surprisingly hard to lay down unfinished, considering its length and detail. Jefferson is the hero; all he is and does is admirable; his lieutenants are the forces of light; his less prepossessing followers, even to the journalist bravos, appear best-foot-foremost; democracy is Virtue. Naturally, Hamilton is at least the technical villain; Federalism, representing aristocracy and privilege, is wickedness; and the happy ending is Jefferson's triumph and the crash of the Federalist party. This colors Bowers's account of almost everyone of consequence except queer old John Adams, and he at the last was of course between the lines.

Yet Bowers takes great pains to do Hamilton justice. He belittles neither his calibre nor his services. As each principal comes on, a "portrait" interrupts the story, and Hamilton's is a handsome one, while less is made than might be, later, of things Hamiltonians would be glad to forget. It is interesting to compare Bowers's handling of these with Meade Minnegeerde's smart strafing in "Aaron Burr".

A comparison of the two writers as artists is tempting, also. Bowers is the older-fashioned. His touch is orthodox, conventional. He does some agreeable picturing of old New York and Philadelphia, but at that young Minnegeerde can give him cards and spades. And even Gamaliel Bradford can at "psychography". Where Bowers shines is at bringing out the drama in political annals, with the help—a little too much, perhaps—of contemporary newspaper files.

IF "Glorious Apollo" left you curious about the incest charge against Byron, you can find its basis, without the trouble of looking up "Astarte", in John Drinkwater's "The Pilgrim of Eternity: Byron—A Conflict", or, What Have You? (*Doran*). It is a biographical study, and to clear the decks of the incest pother, Drinkwater gives his first fifty pages to a cool examination of the evidence. His conclusion is, Not Proven. He is reasonably civilized and shock-proof, but would hate to feel convinced that Byron was guilty. The sensible conclusion would seem to be, What of it, either way?

In the rest of his study, he is intent on showing what has been amply shown, that the legendary, theatrical Byron was not the real man—of

whom he offers little if any fresh illumination.

DISRAELI: ALIEN PATRIOT", by E. T. Raymond, reads as though it were sagacious and would be interesting, provided that if someone should come at you with, "Peelite—bird, fish, or beast?" you could answer correctly within the count of ten.

A CHOICE new edition of "Penguin Island" (*Dodd, Mead*) has wicked, and vulgar, and thoroughly delightful illustrations and decorations by Frank C. Papé. Youngsters who are hugging themselves or each other over some of the younger satirists, really ought to know "Penguin Island", even if they have never heard of Dreyfus and cannot imagine whom St. Orberosia is meant for. And then this edition would make a lovely late Christmas gift for a great aunt.

IS it a sign of senescence in novelists to pronounce George M. Cohan a whale of a dramatist? Howells did it as a fine old gentleman, and Arnold Bennett, who is getting on, has just done it at Eugene O'Neill's expense; he said George M. was superior! Which preambles to the news that O'Neill's plays are out in a very nice four-volume set (*Boni & Liveright*).

GILBERT SELDES says Bugs Baer has genius; Tom Masson states "unreservedly" that Bugs is a great humorist; and it is a good thing we were not asked to say our say in a third introduction to Bugs' atrocious

book, "The Family Album". But speaking of humorists, there is a new P. G. Wodehouse yarn, "Sam in the Suburbs" (*Doran*). It may be woefully Babbitt to find Wodehouse irresistible; nevertheless, we do.

P. A. L." (*McBride*) is a broad satire and burlesque of American big business in up-to-date proprietary remedies, and the cognate kinds of education and magazine publishing. Evidently Felix Riesenbergs meant it their old gatekeeper as a clever, obstinate, unquenchable Polonius of the serving class. Of course the whole business is modern, and it is rich.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE'S memories of "The Romantic Nineties" (*Doubleday, Page*) make pleasant enough reading. What struck us most was the way his utterly decorous memories of Oscar Wilde had been expurgated by Uncle Cy Curtis's favorite weekly, in which they originally appeared.

TALES of the Long Bow" are Chesterton's, but you would scarcely know it. While duly topsyturvy, they are dreary.

LET us now proceed to sneeze at: "Michael Scarlett", by James Gould Cozzens, who was born in 1903, knows all the bawdiest words of the Spacious Days, and dast put them into his duly Elizabethan and cryptic dialogue; this, so far as we could see, is the chief distinction of his romance, except that Marlowe is stabbed by a wench while duelling with John Donne.

"Rest Working", by Gerald Stanley Lee, who has concluded that your glands need a rest, and that if only you will learn to balance properly, they will get it; and then you can stop smoking, which will be good for you. Prof. Irving Fisher says Lee has a big idea, so maybe he has, but he has a way of writing from which it will take us a hundred years of balancing to recover.

"Shaw", by J. S. Collis, an intelligent, conscientious and fervent Shavio-later, and a pretty bad writer, whose devotion has resulted in a singularly uninteresting book; the best things in it are the comments Shaw wrote on the manuscript.—TOUCHSTONE

GOINGS ON, THE NEW YORKER'S selective list of the current week's events, will be found on page 34, the list of new books worth while on page 36.



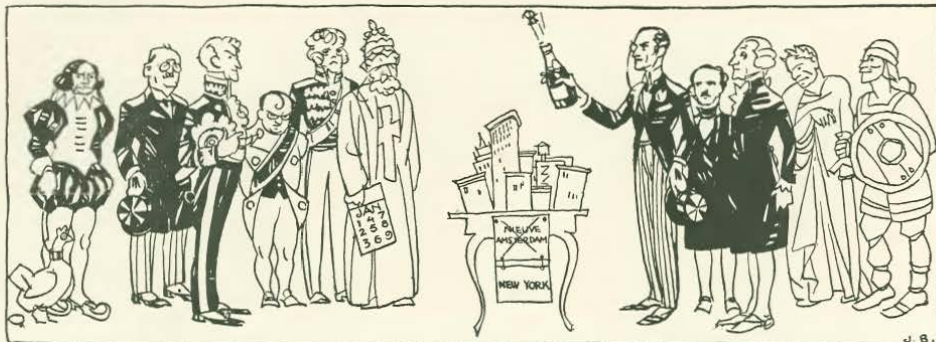
DORAN GULL



THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

XIX. The Model Village



Mr. Eustace Tilley ingeniously evolved the name "New York" for his real estate development on Manhattan Island, after discarding "Coral Gables" and "Chicago", from a magazine called THE NEW YORKER. He is herewith shown christening the bow of the Flatiron Building in the presence of a left to right committee as follows: Columbus, Hylan, Metternich, Napoleon, Ney, Gregory VII, (E. Tilley), Poe, Washington, Caesar (J.), L. Erikson.

PERHAPS it has occurred to the careful reader, or readers, that the employment of so many hundreds of thousands of workers in every phase of this great industry of printing THE NEW YORKER must raise, in time, the question of housing these employees within convenient distance of THE NEW YORKER plant. Mr. Eustace Tilley, the magazine's special agent in charge of personnel and staff problems, foreseeing this difficulty with characteristic thoroughness, bought Manhattan Island in 1893; and there he planned and erected THE NEW YORKER's Model Village to house these workers and their families, probably the largest municipality of its kind.

In this titanic city every effort has been made to provide for the comfort and happiness of its inhabitants. Seven hundred and forty theaters have been located through the city at strategic points, to provide pleasure and entertainment for the inhabitants; and although few of the citizens can afford to buy tickets for any of these entertainments, yet the buildings add distinctly to the appearance of the city, and, anyway, the inhabitants may amuse themselves by looking at the pictures in the lobbies. In addition, a number of newspapers are published for the edification of the citizens, containing puzzles, columns, pictures and comic strips, which enable the readers to keep their minds free from

the coal strike and other annoying problems of the day. Parks have been established also for recreational purposes, and may occasionally be seen through high iron fences, provided they have not been torn up for public buildings.

Transportation in this Model Village was long a problem with Mr. Tilley, but was solved by the invention of the Subway, which rendered transportation impossible and thus effectively removed the problem altogether. The further question of parking cars in the congested downtown districts was likewise efficiently disposed of by setting aside every Sunday for this purpose, upon which day the citizens may drive downtown and park their cars wherever they please for twenty-four hours. Pedestrians, of course, are illegal in this Model City; and anyone seen walking across the street is liable to a fine of \$5.00 or a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER, or both.

Many other advantages have been instituted by Mr. Tilley. Building is carried on night and day, and buildings are torn down as soon as they are finished to make room for new buildings, in order that the busy citizens may never lack for something to watch from office-windows or street-corners. Furthermore, the danger of crime and hold-ups is greatly minimized, owing to the zeal of the Police Commissioner in publishing

graphic detective stories that frighten potential criminals into becoming decent, law-abiding citizens, making money by boot-legging instead.

THE NEW YORKER has not failed to make adequate provision in this Model Village for those who have become aged and infirm in the services of the magazine. All such employees, who are rendered useless for any real labor, are sent to a public institution known as City Hall, where they fill the posts of Mayor, Comptroller, Aldermen, etc., the responsibility of their position depending on the extent of their general incapacity. John Hylan, for years a worker on one of THE NEW YORKER's largest presses, the Interboro, has been maintained for eight years in this Home, and is being sent to Florida sometime this Winter on a one-way ticket.

The name of this Model Village was long in doubt; but after some thought Mr. Tilley decided to call it *New York*, a clever combination of the first seven letters of the name of this magazine (THE NEW YORKER). Although "New York" is today the second largest city in the world, with a population well over four million, it is significant that every one of its citizens is actively connected with this magazine, most of them being engaged in contributing \$5.00 annually—the best way of becoming a recognized citizen of "New York".

SPORTS OF THE WEEK

IT has been pretty difficult for the ordinary man to keep his faith in the importance of amateur sports during the last few weeks what with Red Grange's arm and Tex Rickard's publicity staff hard at work. But Rickard has not been so absorbed in looking after the coming out party of his professionals that he has failed to overlook the amateurs. According to gossip, the impresario of the palace of play has made surprising inducements to the college players. Yale is to make its home at the Garden as it used to in the St. Nicholas Rink, and other amateur organizations will do the same. Tuesday the twenty-eighth is the date set for the first match, when Boston College will meet Montreal University, and Princeton will play the Canadian Royal Military College.

In the meanwhile there's lots going on elsewhere about the city. Columbia lost a basketball game to the Navy a short time ago that would have satisfied even a professional fight fan's craving for excitement. There were three and a half minutes to play and the score stood: Columbia 29, Naval Academy 16. The spectators were reaching for their hats and coats when the Navy shot a basket and then another in quick succession. Every basketball player knows the name of Craig, and those present that day were satisfied that the Navy star was a thing of the past. It's never safe to think that of stars.

Almost immediately came a whistle; and the referee was awarding a foul try to Mr. Craig; and the score stood Columbia 29, Navy 24. Less than a minute to play. Yet the gymnasium was in a roar; for Jones, the Navy's left guard, was

putting the ball through the hoop on a long heave from far down the floor. There were five insanely inspired Middies at work during that last minute, and five very bewildered and slightly indignant inhabitants of Columbia wondering why the score kept mounting, until with fifteen seconds to play it stood at 28 to 29. Yes, the Navy got one more basket in those fifteen seconds, just enough to give them victory—and it's a mystery to me why half New York wasn't there with its throat hoarse with shrieking. Location of drama: University Hall, 119th Street between Amsterdam Avenue and Broadway, which would be a good address to remember if this account inspires you to study future schedules in the newspapers.

AND there's plenty of other things to see if you are not insistent that the spectacle be given by those who receive money for their pains. Soon there will be heard the crack of the pistol in the armories and at the Garden as the indoor track season gets under way. Nurmi has gone back to Helsingfors, but Adrien Paulen will be here from Holland, Charley Hoff from Norway, and Hubert Houben from Germany; and with the overshadowing interest in the Finn dissipated, the classic events of the season will come into their own again, including the Millrose "600", the Buermeyer "500", the Suburban "Quarter" and the Casey "600". Alan Helfrich, Jackson Scholz, Frank Hussey, Loren Murchison, Chester Bowman, Al Leconey, Willie Ritola, Willie Plant and De Hart Hubbard, who will make his first appearance in New York, will all be seen in action during the season.

The national Class C 18.2 balkline billiard championship is now in progress at fourteen academies in the city. The fencing season will find all the local topnotchers squaring off again at the Fencers Club, the Washington Square Fencers' Club, the New York A. C. and the J. Sanford Saltus Fencing Club. As usual, the national and intercollegiate championships will be held at the Hotel Astor and there is a social side to these events that is a bigger attraction to some than the lunges and ripostes, if only one will have the patience to await the conclusion of the fencing.

THE chess masters' tournament concluded at Moscow has aroused such a flurry of interest that the game has taken on a new lease of life in the colleges. Already the undergraduate fanatics of the mental gymnastics are petitioning to have chess raised to the status of a major sport and the time is not distant when the All-American chess team will make its appearance. The members of the Intercollegiate Chess League squared off last Saturday in New York with a new team bidding for the championship. Rutgers is now in the fold, in addition to Columbia, City College, New York University, Pennsylvania and Cornell. Our halls of learning produced a Red Grange; why not a Bogoljubov?

TILDEN played an exhibition match last Saturday. The unfortunate man, in spite of all he can do, gives the impression that he earns his living by playing tennis—that he needs the publicity of being champion so that he can act in plays.—A. D.



NEARSIGHTED SPORTSMAN: "Well I didn't do so badly, even if I did forget my glasses."



52 Gramercy Park NORTH

THEY say that Gramercy Park forgot to move uptown years ago when the moving was good. But this is not so. Gramercy Park could not move. Locked within its high iron fences, with its traditions, its history, its personal atmosphere and its memories of famous people, this verdant little oasis of old New York was then, and is now, a fixture—one of those few places in New York which must always be what it always has been, New York's "Unchallenged Aristocrat of Residential Edens."

That is why Gramercy Park was chosen for the new residential hotel which has its name one of the Park's most famous numbers—52 Gramercy Park North.

Every detail—artistic decorations and furnishings, as well as its full hotel and restaurant service—reflects the culture and refinement of its surroundings. Operated by its owners, the maintenance of superior excellence throughout is guaranteed. While the character and prominence of its permanent residents and transient guests, now doubly assured, only continues the fame of its name.

Rooms singly or en suite, furnished or unfurnished.

WILLARD H. BARSE
Manager

Gresham Realty Co., Inc.
587 Fifth Avenue
New York City



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THE shop windows along Fifth Avenue have given the final *coup de grace* to the good old affection for a white and snowy Christmas, and are extremely trying to hard worked editors who have to like New York. Florida, now that the Christmas rush is over and New Year's only a block or so away, is everywhere.

Bathing suits are especially attractive, now that the vogue for the ensemble has hit the beaches as well as the pavements. The smartest thing apparently, for men or women, is to have bathing trunks, either in a blazer stripe or in vivid solid color, matching the flannel beach robe. The tops of the suits are usually of jersey in a plain color. And, speaking of trunks, I cannot wait for the happy day when I shall wistfully contemplate the glory of a lean, six-foot-four, one-hundred-and-thirty-pound dancing boy in golfing "shorts."

The newest thing about the omnipresent two-piece dresses for Florida daytimes is that they are being made either of the rough, raw silks such as shantung, tussor, or rajah silk, of hand-drawn crepe de Chine, of jersey combined with crepe de Chine, or, unless you happen to shudder at the memory of Aunt Jessie in motoring costume, of pongee. Tiny scallops, piped in crepe de Chine, are very good outlining a neckline and the hemline of a blouse. This appears in a Lanvin dress at Best and Company, consisting of a jersey top, with a turtle-neck cut in front to make a turnover collar, and a pleated crepe skirt. Many blouses have very low, separate belts. Also, the bodice top for separate skirts is gradually giving way to skirts with an elastic at the waistline—invisible, but comforting.

IT is a great relief to see the hocus pocus and useless rigmarole gradually disappearing from the best beauty

parlors. Time was when the query, "What shall I do about this wrinkle on the left side of my face?" would be met by the suave answer of the expert, "Use Frances Fleur's *Essence de Violettes*." "And what about this wrinkle on the right side of my face?" "Ah, Madame, that is a problem that only Frances Fleur's *Wrinkle-Smoother Par Excellence* can possibly solve." There were so many cleansing creams, astringents, eyebrow lotions, nourishing creams for under the eyes, fattening creams for the cheekbones, and so on, that anyone who took even one of the conflicting specialists seriously would either spend her entire time in treatments or become gray haired and really wrinkled from sheer worry because she had forgotten one step in a laborious beauty process. Modern life has changed all that, and boxes for home treatments are less complicated.

At Marie Earle's, at 600 Madison Avenue, beauty culture is reduced to its simplest and most normal terms. She features her Essential Cream, which both cleans and nourishes, and a Cucumber Emulsion, which hastens the absorption of the cream, for every type of skin; and three tonics to tone the complexion—a Soothing Freshener Lotion for dry skins, an Almond Astringent for average ones, and a strong astringent for very oily conditions. With these, any skin can be kept in good condition without an arsenal of bottles and jars. Abnormal conditions, of course, require special treatment.

Furthermore, a visit to any one of the high class beauty salons, such as Primrose House, Elizabeth Arden, or Rubenstein, for a facial, no longer means, as it used to, that the operator will darkly predict the immediate advent of sagging muscles, enlarged pores, shiny noses, and premature wrinkles unless you promptly cast forth all your own aids to beauty and

buy at least thirty-five of theirs. And, wonder of wonders, they even allow you to use your own make-up if you want to! Incidentally, did you know that, in Paris, make-up consists of powder, a little eyeshadow, and lip rouge, and that plucked eyebrows are as *démodé* as the spit curl?

SEEN at the Madison—Antoine's new haircut, with the hair carried severely off the left ear and swept across the head, ending in a swirl over the right ear. This is a little too extreme to become generally popular, but is very effective for cool brunettes with regular features.

DAISY GARSON now ensconced in the palatial mansion of Mrs. Oliver Harriman, at 142 East Fifty-fifth Street, has, with the assistance of Marion Overton, decorated it elegantly throughout with antiques, and thereby has provided for herself the most sumptuous setting for the sale of trousseaux and lingerie in general that it is possible to find in the city. In addition to the very real pleasure of a visit to the house itself, there is endless temptation to every fastidious woman in the contemplation of the exquisite negligees, lingerie, pajamas, and house coats that are to be found there. The lingerie, which is made to order, is designed and executed in the studio upstairs, and is not the imported French type. The shades of color are exceptionally lovely. Aside from this astounding fact, it is simply no use to go into descriptions that would tax too severely my knowledge of the English language. Suffice to say that no person, however particular, could fail to find, among the many models she has on display, several exactly suited to her taste.

MR. N. GIBSON CLARK has departed for Paris, carrying coals to Newcastle in the form of a branch salon to his millinery shop in 14 East Fifty-fifth Street. Reboux and Maria Guy stage their suicide pact on the banks of the Seine next week.—L. L.

IN THE MODERN MANNER

Pot I

Down wit Florida hef dey peaches
On vitch lofes de sweblls ant beaches.

Pot II

I don't beleef dot "Florida needs you"
Nize baby, it oop de hend dat feeds you!

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From the seven remaining apartments a wide choice is possible. There are simplex apartments of 12 and 15 rooms and duplex of 11 and 12 rooms. You will find among these an apartment home just suited to your requirements.

And you will be agreeably surprised to find so many advantages offered at such reasonable prices. The maintenance charges are only 10% per annum.

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and His Orchestra

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Make reservations now for
New Year's Eve.

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THE CURRENT
CINEMA

MY, my, how Time does fly! Here we are at Christmas and we haven't as yet made up a List of Ten. Neither an All-American Team; nor Ten Best Recipes for Swedish Punch made from Blotting Paper and other non-stimulants; nor Roster of the Twelve Best Dressed Matrons of West Perth Amboy, N. J., has slipped from our glib Spencerian pen. This being dreadfully remiss of us, we shall hasten to do something about it while the year still holds out. Hence we are compiling that List of Ten, naming the works of literature we have greatly enjoyed in a lifetime. In the spirit of Christmas we shall then offer this list to the Movie Solons for any use they may see fit to make of it during the Fiscal Art Year of 1926. It is our contention that were these fine pieces put onto the screen with as much intelligence and downright genius that Herr von Stroheim put into the trans-filming of Frank Norris's "Greed", the year of 1926 will be made Bigger, Better, Brighter and Happier. (There will be no charge to the movie factories for the use of the list. They must bear in mind, however, that the director, whose name we bracket wherever we can name an appropriate one, must have free rein for his genius. All the Movie Moguls may do is to stand by and hold the moneybags.) The crusted jewels:—

De Maupassant's "Bel Ami" (von Stroheim)

Ditte's "Yvette" (Herr Lubitsch)
Hardy's "Mayor of Casterbridge"
(Victor Seastrom)

The play "Rain" (with Jeanne Eagels) (Malcolm St. Clair)

Conrad's "Secret Agent" (Ted Browning)

Kipling's "The Man Who Would Be King" (James Cruze)

Chesterton's "Flying Inn" (von Stroheim)

Nathan & Mencken's "Heliogabalus" (For Private Showing) (Lubitsch)

H. G. Wells's "Tono-Bungay" (?)

Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson" (Malcolm St. Clair)



Russian arabic room, one of the smartest places in town frequented by the elite who know. Cuisine royale prepared by Mr. S. Ignatoff, chef to the late Czar of Russia at his Livadia Palace.

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Supper dancing at 11 p. m. All-star cabaret programme. Famous dancers and singers.

745 7th Avenue at 49th Street
For Reservations Phone Circle 10173



The New Yorker SAYS

"At Club Montmartre
Charlie Journal holds a
quietly smart clientele
who enjoy dancing and
need no entertainment"
—LIPSTICK



New Year's reservations
should be made now



CLUB MONTMARTRE
50TH STREET & BROADWAY



RUE VIGNON



Dine and Dance on the Streets
of Paris

After Theatre Supper \$1.25 No Cover
Jolliest Place in Town for New Year's
Eve. Make Reservations Now

DINNER AND DANCING



Dinner at Barney's is an unusual event. From six to ten we have a table d'hote in addition to the a la carte service available throughout the evening.

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And if that isn't enough there might be done "The Ninth of November" by either King Vidor or Herr von Stroheim (again); Marcel Proust's "Swann's Way" in 100,000 reels; and "Hamlet in Modern Dress" directed by Svend Gade.

NOW that that's off our mind we shall make a strictly conventional gesture by listing the Ten Pictures which gave the least pain during the Fiscal Art Year of 1925:

- "The Last Laugh"
- "Greed"
- "Forbidden Paradise"
- "Kiss Me Again"
- "A Regular Fellow"
- "The Unholy Three"
- "Lady Windermere's Fan"
- "The Pony Express"
- "The Gold Rush"
- "The Big Parade"

●f these "The Last Laugh" proved the greatest picture ever made. "Greed" and "Forbidden Paradise" were best in their respective fields, while the last two are included because they are worthy, if not par excellent.

IF we were to draw up a list of the downright awful pictures, we should have a struggle between heading the list with "Drusilla With a Million", "Lord Jim", "Joanna, the Million Dollar Girl", or "Stella Dallas". Incidentally in the case of the last named, our rapier was turned into a toothpick when the publicity directors of the "Stella Dallas" producers quoted our review of that picture in such a way as to make our opinion sound favorable to the least. If it will help those gifted gentlemen any to understand our position towards their work, we should like to refer them to the first sentence of this paragraph. And a Merry Christmas to them.—T. S.

TO A CONSTANT NYMPH

You always know just what she'll say—
 "I hate the taste but I like the effect!"
 As she lifts the cocktail off the tray
 You always know just what she'll say
 Though every time you hope and pray
 Some other tag-line she'll select,
 You always know just what she'll say—
 "I hate the taste but I like the effect!"

—HELEN ROCKWELL



GOWNS
 That Grace the
 Formal Occasion

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 20th & 21st Sts.
 21st BROADWAY

F. RAY COMSTOCK and MORRIS GEST

HAVE THE GREAT HONOR TO ANNOUNCE
 FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AMERICA

The Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio

(The Synthetic Theatre)

of Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko

First Appearance Outside Russia

Engagement Limited to Seven Weeks in New York

The repertory will be:

Entire week of Dec. 21, matinees Friday and Saturday—"LA PERICHOLE."

Entire week of Dec. 28, matinees Friday and Saturday—"THE DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT."

Week of January 4, Monday and Tuesday evenings January 4 and 5, Friday matinee January 8, and Saturday evening January 9, "CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER," Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings January 6, 7 and 8, and Saturday matinee January 9, "LA PERICHOLE."

Entire week of January 11, matinees Friday and Saturday—Pushkin's "LOVE AND DEATH," featuring Rachmaninoff's "ALEKO."

The repertory for the last two weeks will be announced later.

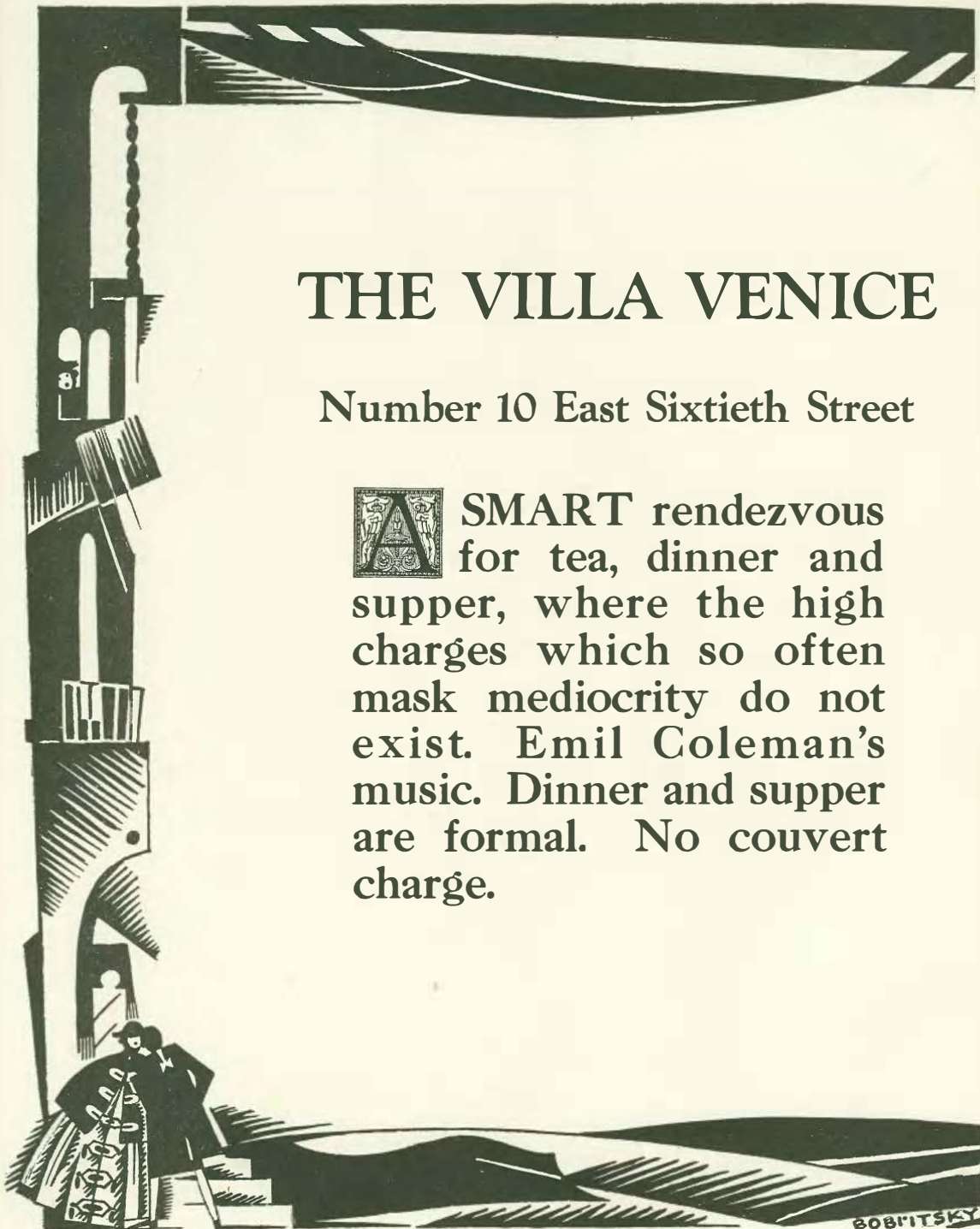
SEATS NOW ON SALE FOR THE FIRST FIVE WEEKS
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A SMART rendezvous for tea, dinner and supper, where the high charges which so often mask mediocrity do not exist. Emil Coleman's music. Dinner and supper are formal. No couvert charge.



NEW YEAR'S EVE

At the Villa Venice

A SUMPTUOUS supper will be served on this occasion at ten dollars a cover. Attractive favors. Among the entertainers will be a fiddler from rustic New England who was a former tutor of Henry Ford's protégé, Mellie Dunham.





THE CAVE OF THE FALLEN ANGELS

THREE HUNDRED AND ONE
WEST FORTY-SIXTH STREET



*The rendezvous of artists and
intellectuals; the soul of im-
promptu in New York's
tiniest theatre*



To our friends whose patronage we have enjoyed during the past year, and to our friends, both old and new we may serve during the year to come. A full measure of happiness and prosperity.

The Fallen Angels

Doors open promptly at ten, New Year's Eve. Remember! Our accommodations are limited. Give us the pleasure of your company by sending in your reservations now.

For Reservation

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TABLES FOR TWO

IN this age of balloon tires and couvert charges, it won't be very long now before quiet little nooks in public dining places will be as extinct as the dodo or people who avoid cocktail parties and lie down for a cozy nap before dinner.

All of which means that the world, with or without his wife, is flocking to the Florida, a society haunt last year and, so far this season, one of those charming dinner and supper places conducive to tête-à-têtes. Frances Williams is the reason for the great rejuvenation. On the opening night, the additional strain of her opening in "The Cocoonuts" had decreased her customary pep in singing somewhat, but her Charleston was as good as ever, and that means a great deal. There were 678 diamond bracelets in the audience, 247 white fur wraps, two women with long hair, and Count Salm. And the music is as good as ever.

In addition to all this, the Ambassador Grill is augmenting the charms of the Stry orchestra and the entertainment by Cynthia Perot and Elliott Taylor by inaugurating with commendable originality, a Thursday night series of Charleston contests. I saw one of those at Proctor's in Mount Vernon some months ago, if memory does not fail me.

So it looks as if the sanctity of the Vanderbilt Hotel were to be the one landmark of quiet in this hectic city. In the Chinese Room here, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle used to slip away from the dancing craze they began, for tea, in days gone by, and is still going along serenely, far, far from the influence of a jazz mad age. This and the Della Robbia dinner room are quiet, attractive, well-bred to the nth degree. There are little corners to add to the intimacy of the atmosphere,



and, even at dinner time, the majority of the guests wear evening dress. For supper, it is compulsory—which I insist is a good idea.

IF I ever go to Harlem again, I certainly am not going to write about it. Better, far better that I had been killed (as I very nearly was, due to the fact that the taxi had no steering gear) on the way up there than live to be berated as I have been. Read what follows, and then ask me why I am considering a life of Social Service:

"Madame:

"Because I have had a more or less wholesome respect for your opinions, I followed your advice and visited the Club Cabaret of Johnny Cobb, at Lenox Avenue and 130th Street. And it was with something akin to shame that I left with my escort, shortly after Retta began singing her charmingly suggestive songs with accompanying contortions.

"In addition to expressing a belief that you have a kink in your otherwise brilliant mind, when you attribute to the dusky Retta great ability to entertain, may I express a belief that you must also be suffering from a severe attack of color-blindness when you state that 'all people look the same color under the curious amber lights?' My escort and I were decidedly crimson!

"NANCY LLOYD HOLLISTER"

Also, I have received an indignant letter from a musician in a Harlem cabaret in which he states that no white girl could possibly do the Charleston, "the REAL Charleston" as a colored one can, because the negro originated the dance (didn't the American Indians do a dance very similar to it?) and therefore does it better than anyone else. Granted that negro men are supreme at this dance —I would be the last to deny it. But

as for the girls—I will just have to be shown, that's all. The ones I have seen get a certain curious swing that the white ones don't, but they are very self-conscious as regards the feet. And just for that I promise never to mention the name of Charleston again.

WHERE, oh where are the jovial souls who used to cavort nightly until breakfast time at the Del Fey Club? Harassed owners of clubs that stay open all night, and are open to the public, are asking themselves this as they survey the empty tables with a wistful sigh. I think the answer is that they are going to bed for a change. For nobody I know of ever went deliberately to Texas Guinan's—they simply found themselves there somehow, and remained doggedly until, all of a sudden, it was seven o'clock in the morning.

The best substitute for the Del Fey that I have found is the Owl, in Forty-fifth Street between Sixth and Broadway, which despite the fact that it is never crowded or rowdy, somehow fosters your disinclination to go home and be nice and fresh for your office at nine o'clock. This is the place, as I have mentioned before, where the negro waiter is quite likely to boom out, as he deposits your White Rock on the table, "The Good Book says that Cain killed A-a-abel," and have a quartette of waiters suddenly spring to life and harmonize the "Yes, good Lord!" with precision and enthusiasm. The singing of spirituals is simply too swell for anything, as is proved by the fact that, after only a few minutes of it, every forehead has a nice, gleaming, one dollar bill pasted across it, and others are rapidly fluttering to the floor to be scrambled for from the hands of enthusiastic hearers. (My escort was so enraptured that he absentmindedly tossed out a ten dollar bill instead of a one, and I had to pay the check, but no matter.) The girl entertainers do not fare as well. This casual singing and dancing entertainment occurs, every other dance, from midnight until five or six in the morning in this, the best "high-class slumming place" that I have found. And—inducement—if you go there you might see Alice Brady, Bessie Love, or even, to make your evening a complete success

—LIPSTICK

Jimmy Walker must have moments when he regrets that office hunters do not shoot each other by mistake.

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*If Not, You Have Missed Something Different
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Texas Guinan Recommends it
Jack Lait Praises It
Mark Hellinger Says It's Hot
And Others Say Other Things

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Ideal gathering place after the theatre

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New Year's Reservations

161 WEST 57TH STREET
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THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS

(From Friday, December 25, to
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THE THEATRE

YOUNG WOODLEY—Delicate study of a poetic English adolescent and his love pangs. Superbly portrayed by Glenn Hunter. BELMONT, 48, E. of B'way.

THE GREEN HAT—Michael Arlen's fame-making novel done into sentimental drama. Katharine Cornell more than beautifies it. BROADHURST, 44, W. of B'way.

IN A GARDEN—Laurette Taylor in an intensive study of the emancipated wife of a playwright. PLYMOUTH, 45, W. of B'way.

THE VORTEX—Noel Coward's play of high flying Britishers. HENRY MILLER'S, 43, E. of B'way.

HAMLET IN MODERN DRESS—Shakespeare's play minus the trappings of the classical actors. NATIONAL, 41, W. of B'way.

CRAIG'S WIFE—Intense struggle between a male and his selfish helpmeet. George Kelly's most Ibsenesque play. MOSCOW, 45, W. of B'way.

A MAN'S MAN—Dwight Frye in unpretty but cutting drama of desolate New York third rate society. FIFTY-SECOND STREET, 52, W. of B'way.

DYBBUK—Reviewed in this issue. NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE. Grand Street.

TWELVE MILES OUT—Blood and thunder thriller with bootleggers furnishing the excitement. PLAYHOUSE, 48 E. of B'way.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Ina Claire in Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of crooks and nice people. FULTON, 46, W. of B'way.

THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN—Trenchant comedy guying the business of the Gotham theatre. By George S. Kaufman; with Gregory Kelly. LONGACRE, 49, W. of B'way.

BEWARE OF WIDOWS—Another farce more or less, by Owen Davis. With the profoundly charming Madge Kennedy. MAXINE ELLIOT'S, 39, E. of B'way.

IS ZAT SO?—Prizefighters and Fifth Avenue moguls mix it up in this glorious comedy by James Gleason. CENTRAL, B'way at 47.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION—Shaw's delightful prodding of a latter-day religion, well done by the Theatre Guild. KLAU, 45, W. of B'way.

THESE CHARMING PEOPLE—Cyril Maude and Edna Best in sophisticated Arlen chatter. CAIETY, B'way at 46.

NAUGHTY CINDERELLA—A French farce embellished with Irene Bordoni, at her most charming. LYCEUM, 45, E. of B'way.

EASY COME EASY GO—Rolling farce by Owen Davis, with Otto Kruger. BILTMORE, 47, W. of B'way.

ARMS AND THE MAN—Another "play pleasant" by Bernard Shaw. Displaying the Lunts, man and wife. GARRICK, 35, E. of B'way.

THE JAZZ SINGER—Synagogue and mammy singing clash in cliché comedy with George Jessel. COURT, 48, E. of B'way.

SUNNY—Lavish musical comedy with pretty tunes, Marilyn Miller, Jack Donahue, et al. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42, W. of B'way.

CHARLOT'S REVUE—Beatrice Lillie, Jack Buchanan and Gertrude Lawrence in a

yearly British potpourri export. SELWYN, 42, W. of B'way.

MAYFLOWERS—Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer in pleasant enough operetta. FORREST, 49, W. of B'way.

THE STUDENT PRINCE—Fine operetta glamorously done with sparkling tunes. AMBASSADOR, 43, W. of B'way.

PRINCESS FLAVIA—Large scaled operetta with good singers, gracious tunes and gifted principals. CENTURY, 62 and Central Park West.

NO, NO NANETTE—Louise Groody and Charles Winninger in a joyous show of humor, immortal tunes and swift pace. GLOBE, B'way and 46.

MERRY MERRY—Trim musical comedy, with Marie Saxon and a talented chorus. VANDERBILT, 48, E. of B'way.

ARTISTS AND MODELS—Those Shubert Boys present The Flying Hoffmann Girls and the Ragging Mr. Phil Baker. WINTER GARDEN, B'way and 50.

ROSE-MARIE—Last year's leading musical show of paramount excellence, with Desiree Ellinger and a singing chorus. IMPERIAL, 45, W. of B'way.

THE VAGABOND KING—Plausible (with actual musical plot); sweet music; Dennis King and much beauty in setting and chorus, making gay, romantic operetta. CASINO, B'way and 39.

THE COCOANUTS—Los Marx Hombres, in George S. Kaufman's musical show. Berlin music. LYRIC, 42, W. of B'way.

DEAREST ENEMY—Staged by John Murray Anderson, and a glorious musical show of the Revolution. KNICKERBOCKER, B'way and 38.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

THE SHANGHAI GESTURE—A play by John Colton, co-author of "Rain", starring Mrs. Leslie Carter. ELTINGE, 42, W. of B'way. Mon., Dec. 28.

THE MONKEY TALKS—A play from the French adapted by Gladys Unger. SAM H. HARRIS, 42, W. of B'way. Mon., Dec. 28.

EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES—New edition, with Frank Tinney. EARL CARROLL, 50 and 7 Ave. Mon., Dec. 28.

BY THE WAY—A revue from London, with Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge. CAIETY, B'way and 46. Mon., Dec. 28.

TIP-TOES—A musical comedy with a new Gershwin score. LIBERTY, 42, W. of B'way. Mon., Dec. 28.

THE MAKROPOULOS SECRET—A comedy by Karel Capek, with Emily Stevens starring. CHARLES HOPKINS, 49, E. of B'way. Tues., Dec. 29.

A NIGHT IN PARIS—A new Shubert revue. CENTURY ROOF, 62 and Cent. Pk. W. Tues., Dec. 29.

SONG OF THE FLAME—A new operetta by the producer of "Rose-Marie" with a score by Gershwin. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, 44, W. of B'way. Wed., Dec. 30.

MOSCOW ART THEATRE MUSICAL STUDIO—See Music.

(Openings should be verified because of frequent late changes by the managers.)

MOTION PICTURES

THE BIG PARADE—A reverberating picture of romantic war written by Laurence Stallings and directed by King Vidor. At the ASTOR.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—A revival by the worthy Film Guild of Stevenson's story,

ABOUT TOWN

CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

with John Barrymore. At the CENTRAL, Sun., Dec. 27, only.

THE FRESHMAN—Harold Lloyd at college antics, romantics and foathallics. At the PLAZA, Fri., Dec. 25.

A KISS FOR CINDERELLA—Barrie's famous play, with Betty Bronson. Opening Fri., Dec. 25, at the RIVOLL.

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN—A superb tale of fashionable British society, made from Wilde's play by Herr Lubitsch. Opening Sat., Dec. 26, at WARNER'S.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA—Horrific doings in and about the underground passages of Paris. Blood curdling melodrama, with Lon Chaney. At the COLONY.

AFTER THE THEATRE

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park and 51—Aristocratic surroundings and the dancing of Cynthia Perot and Elliott Taylor. Charleston contests on Thursday nights.

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3—The Club Mirador of the Village. Midnight entertainment.

BILTMORE, Mad. and 43—Room to dance, good air to breathe and the Roger Wolfe Kahn orchestra.

CHEZ FYSHER, 63 Central Pk. W.—Jollity and a French entertainment with Yvonne Georges, in the colorful cellar of the Century.

CLUB LIDO, 808 7 Ave.—Barbara Bennett and Billy Reardon entertaining society en masse.

CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51—The smartest people in town gathered to watch Moss and Fontana dance.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50—Charlie Journal still holding a very smart following. No entertainment.

COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9—The Village rampant.

FLORIDA, 144 W. 55—Reviewed on page 34 of this issue.

KATINKA, 109 W. 49—Russian gaiety at its best. Spasmotic entertainment.

THE OWL, 125 W. 45—Reviewed on page 34 of this issue.

SMALL'S, 2294 7 Ave.—The best of the Harlem places in which the blacks outnumber the whites.

VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60—Refinement, charming surroundings, and an Emil Coleman orchestra.

MUSIC

MOSCOW ART THEATRE MUSICAL STUDIO—Jolson's, 59 and 7 Ave.

LA PERICHOLE, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 25 and 26.

THE DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT, Mon., Dec. 28, through Sat., Jan. 2.

RECITALS—WILLIAM MURDOCK. AEOLIAN HALL, Mon. Aft., Dec. 28. A well recommended newcomer from England.

BETHOVEN ASSOCIATION. AEOLIAN HALL, Mon. Eve., Dec. 28. A lot of good ones, sprung on you without much notice.

WINIFRED MACBRIDE. AEOLIAN HALL, Tues. Aft., Dec. 29. An unusually good pianist, playing new music as well as the ordinary.

ROLAND HAYES. CARNEGIE HALL, Wed. Eve., Dec. 30. Whatever was said before still goes.

JOHN COATES. TOWN HALL, Wed. Eve., Dec. 30. A recital of Christmas carols and other merrie music by one of the greatest artists.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES—PHILARMONIC, Mengelberg conducting. CARNEGIE

HALL, Sun. Aft., Dec. 27, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 31, Fri. Aft., Jan. 1.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY, Damrosch conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. Aft., Dec. 26 (Young People's Concert). Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Dec. 27.

PAUL WHITEMAN'S ORCHESTRA, Whiteman conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Tues. Eve., Dec. 29, Fri. Eve., Jan. 1.

ORATORIO SOCIETY, Stoessel conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. Eve., Dec. 26. ("Messiah").

INTERNATIONAL COMPOSERS' GUILD, Reiner conducting. AEOLIAN HALL, Sun. Eve., Dec. 27.

LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS, Mengelberg conducting. TOWN HALL, Tues. Eve., Dec. 29.

PERCY GRAINGER AND ORCHESTRA. AEOLIAN HALL, Tues. Eve., Dec. 29.

METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY—Performances nightly, except Tues., with matinee Sat., and concert Sun. night. Programs not announced at time of going to press. See daily papers.

ART

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LEON HARTL—WHITNEY STUDIO CLUB—14 W. 8 St. A Sunday painter sells some pictures—also some others of this interesting club.

KAETHE KOLLWITZ—CIVIC CLUB, 14 W. 12. Interesting promises made of one of Germany's best wood cut artists.

SPORTS

ICE HOCKEY—MAD. SO. GARDEN, 50 and 8 Ave. INTERCOLLEGIATE—Boston College vs. Montreal University, Mon., Dec. 28, 2:30 p.m. Princeton vs. Canadian Royal Military College, Mon., Dec. 28, 8:30 p.m. Boston College vs. Canadian Royal Military College, Tuesday, Dec. 29, 2:30 p.m. Princeton vs. Montreal University, Tuesday, Dec. 29, 8:30 p.m.

AMATEUR—New York A. C. vs. Boston A. A. and Knickerbockers vs. St. Nicks, Sun., Dec. 27, 8:30 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL—New York vs. Pittsburg, Sat., Dec. 26, 8:30 p.m. New York vs. Toronto, Wed., Dec. 30, 8:30 p.m.

BADMINTON—212TH ARTILLERY ARMORY, 62 and Columbus Ave. Tues., Dec. 29, 3 p.m. The English International Team in exhibition matches to show Manhattan what it's all about.

OTHER EVENTS

RUTH DRAPER—TIMES SQUARE THEATRE, 42, W. of B'way. Sun. eve., Dec. 27, and matinees Tues., Dec. 29., and Wed., Dec. 30. Additional opportunity to hear inimitable imitations.

FIREMEN'S BALL—MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. Dec. 31. The real thing in Firemen's Frolics with New Year's Eve thrown in.

INDEPENDENCE BALL—U. S. S. ILLINOIS, Foot of W. 96. A chance to see the coming of the Sesqui-Centennial Year (1926) on board ship. Charities benefited.

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These Are a Few of the Recent Ones
Best Worth While

NOVELS

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY, by John Erskine (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Helen, Menelaus and others in modern terms that are astute and amusing. Not Shavian, but sure to be welcome if you like Shaw.

MANHATTAN TRANSFER, by John Dos Passos (*Harper*). All kinds of Manhattanites except those who are good for anything. Some readers can't keep them separate as they appear and reappear.

KRAKATTI, by Karel Capek (*Macmillan*). Wells's kind of scientific romance caught up by a whirlwind imagination. "Krakatti" is a new explosive too powerful to be loosed.

GOD HEAD, by Leonard Cline (*Viking Press*). A versatile failure becomes a superman, by way of a delirium of sex. Strong and original, with allegorical features.

FRAULEIN ELSE, by Arthur Schnitzler (*Simon & Schuster*). A brilliant, dramatic, psychopathological novelette, in sentences with subjects, predicates, and spaces between the words.

FABER, by Jacob Wassermann (*Harcourt, Brace*). A simple, powerful and "universal" novel about a marriage.

THUNDER ON THE LEFT, by Christopher Motley (*Doubleday, Page*). A subtle, poetic novel, with fantasy, mainly about a marriage, and not as unlike "Faber" in its burden as you might think.

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY, by Elmer Davis (*McBride*). The big Westerner takes the editorial worm out on a party and turns him. A good yarn, with satirical pith in it.

NO MORE PARADES, by Ford Madox Ford (*A. & C. Boni*). Further tribulations of the noble Tietjens of "Some Do Not . . .", and more of Ford's beautiful art in writing fiction.

GENERAL

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON, by Claude G. Bowers (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Political history as dramatic romance, by a hero-worshipper of Jefferson. Good as a balancing ration with—

AARON BURR, by Samuel H. Wendell and Meade Minnerode (*Futnam*). A fascinating biography that doesn't canonize Burr, but has precious little use for either Jefferson or Hamilton.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE, Vol. III, by Burton Hendrick (*Doubleday, Page*). Contains most of the Ambassador's letters to President Wilson—who, Bainbridge Colby explains, was too busy to read them.

THE NEW NEGRO, edited by Alain Locke (*A. & C. Boni*). A symposium, with particularly interesting examples of what some young Negroes are doing in poetry and fiction.

PLUCK AND LUCK, by Robert C. Benchley (*Holt*), and THREE ROUSING CHEERS FOR THE ROLLO BOYS, by Corey Ford (*Doras*). Fooleries worth while. The best parts of both are literary burlesques.

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Hence he who cannot novelize
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He writes a testimonial.

—STRICKLAND GILLILAN



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LONDON NOTES

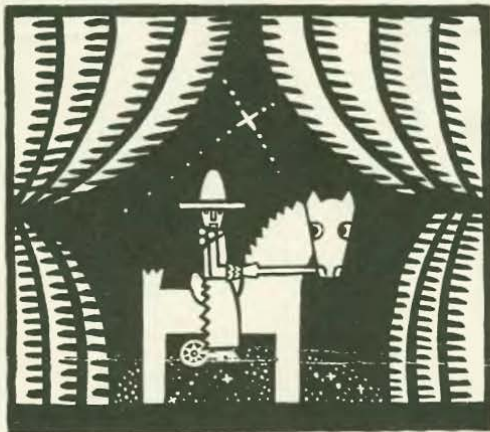
LONDON, DECEMBER 12.—

LONDON Society will be distinctly poorer by the loss of William Gillett, founder and *doyen* of the Bachelors Club. There are two stories concerning the inauguration of that celebrated institution. One is that Gillett, when young, was engaged to a daughter of the Duke of Argyll, and, the romance being broken off, the escaping swain set up the Bachelors Club as a monument to his gratitude. The other, and more authentic, story is that it arose as a result of a great bachelors' ball, organized to enable bachelors to return some of the hospitality they had received from their married friends. With the same object in view, the Club was brought into being. Its qualifications for membership were strict, and if a member married, he was not only expelled, but was fined \$100 into the bargain. Gillett, a suave man, was always a little sensitive about the correct pronunciation of his name, and thereby hangs a tale. One morning, he saluted Lord Charles Beresford when that somewhat irascible admiral was walking in the Park. In returning the compliment, Beresford mispronounced the name; some say, deliberately. Gillett, with beautiful courtesy, informed his lordship that the "G" in Gillett was "soft, as in 'gentleman'." "Gr-r," roared the admiral, "I thought it was hard as in beggar."

THOSE who have been alarmed by the story that whisky exported from the United Kingdom is likely to be taxed in the next financial year, can be reassured. The export of whisky is becoming an important item of British trade, and this is no time to impose restrictions upon commerce. If the United States were the only importers of British whisky, the Chancellor of the Exchequer might be more favorably disposed towards the suggestion, for the average Briton is firmly convinced that the American will pay anything for forbidden nectar. But the Continental countries, particularly the Scandinavian nations, are considerable purchasers of whisky. To increase the already high price in those countries and in France, would be to make the cost prohibitive. So Scotch whisky is likely to remain the fourth of Britain's great civilizing gifts to the world, the other three being Sunlight soap, the Boy Scouts, and the Salvation Army.

WE are apt to think of Belgium as one of the Continental countries which does not suffer from restriction in the con-

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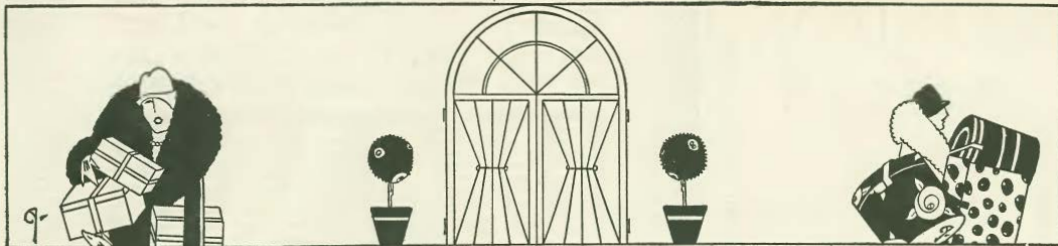
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HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jewelry and silverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 709 Lexington Ave., Regent, 3448.

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sumption and purchase of alcohol. Mr. William Le Queux, the well-known author, who was in Brussels last week, writes to tell me that he had a curious experience when he endeavored to purchase three bottles of whisky. A good deal of fuss was made over the request, and he had to sign various forms. Moreover, the price he paid worked out at a little over two dollars per bottle, which is very expensive in view of the fact that the Belgian duty is very light, and that the price of whisky in bond in England is about one dollar a bottle. When the whisky was handed to the purchaser, he was given also a formidable document—a license permitting him to carry the whisky through the streets of Brussels. Incidentally, he paid for revenue stamps to the value of 11.50 francs. It would seem that the "drys" have inserted the thin end of the wedge even in the gay city of Brussels.

ONE of our recently-rich magnates made an unusual break at a banquet the other evening. In a moment of self-satisfied expansiveness he urged his hearers, in replying to a toast, to take inspiration from what he called his "crest". What he meant, of course was his motto, and proceeding to quote it, he got no farther than the first of its Latin words. He had forgotten this dominating axiom of his life!

WITH the coming of the New Year, a new and effective check is to be put upon divorce. It is distinctly ingenious, for it takes the form of an amendment to the Criminal Procedure Act, forbidding the photographing of witnesses in, or within the vicinity of, any Court of Law. Nothing can be conceived more disappointing to a hardened divorce habitué than to step daintily from her automobile, clad in her best furs and most artistic complexion, to a sidewalk innocent of press photographers. Of course, she may telephone and have the photographers sent to her home, but everyone would know that the pictures had been taken by her own express wish, and she would be set down, by her own sex, as a "hussy"—which is something no demure woman can stand. Incidentally, the judges have caused the amendment to be extended to protect themselves, and no judge may be "snapped" in the precincts of his court. No longer shall we be able to form our own conclusions about the way in which the judge has lunched.

—C. B. T.

SPINSTER

I spread the woolen comforter,
And smooth the pillows' wrinkled seams.
Then slowly, lest some thing deter
My promised pleasure, I prepare
My room, my windows, and my hair
For due communion with my dreams.

—LORD STITES

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No, No, Nanette
With LOUISE GROODY and Star Cast

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"THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY"
By Fred'k Lensdale. Staged by Winchell Smith,
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_H _D _N _M **MAN**
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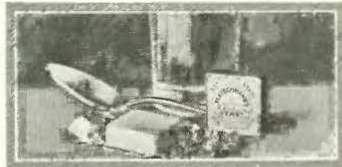
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