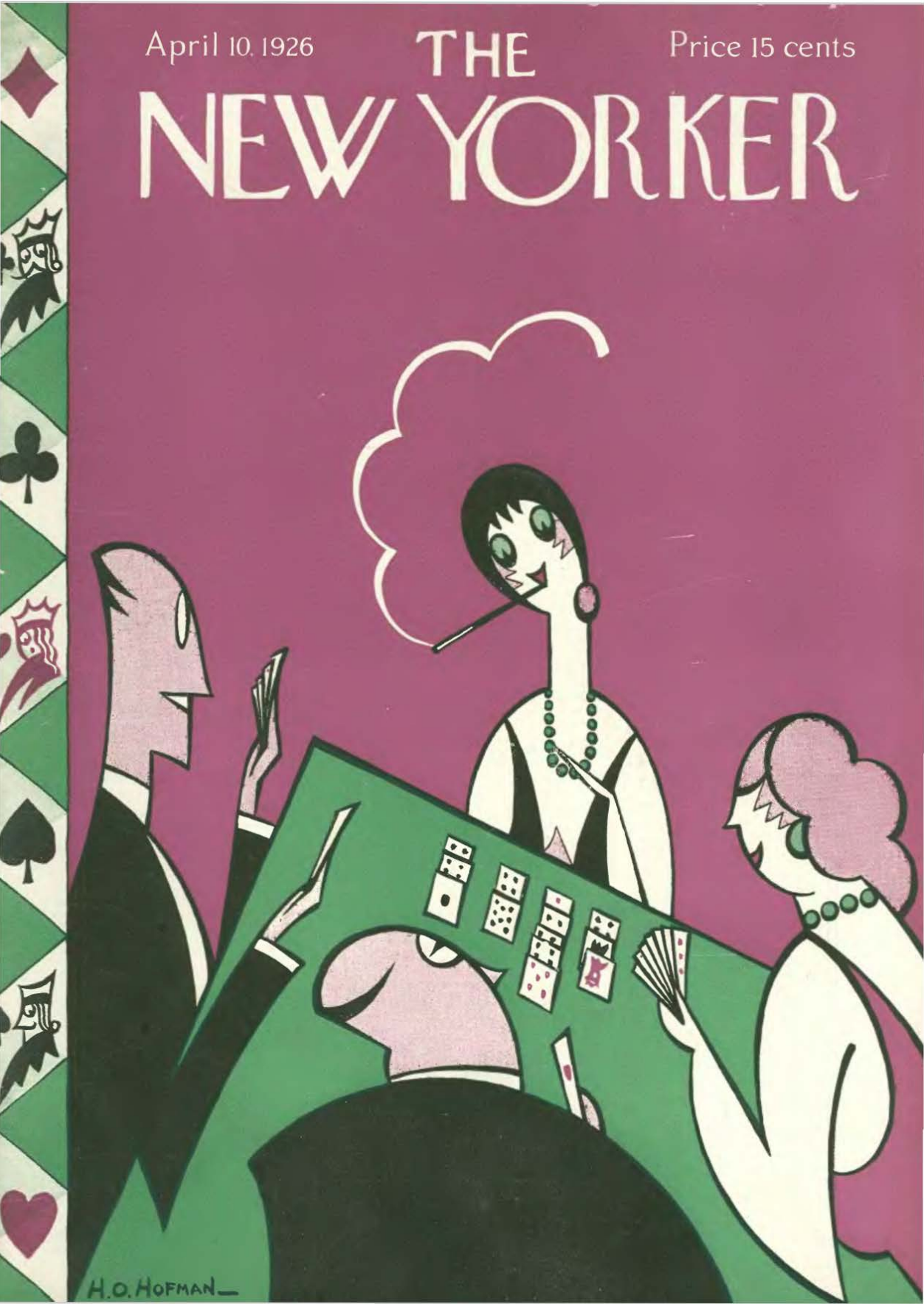


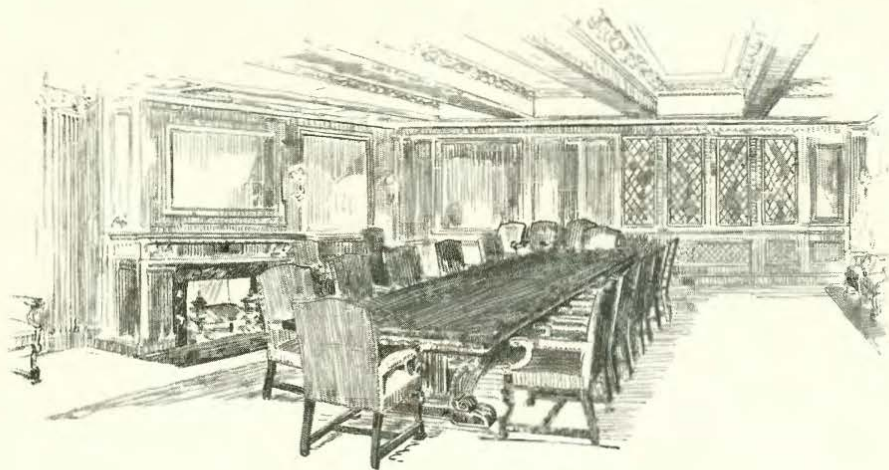
April 10, 1926

# THE NEW YORKER

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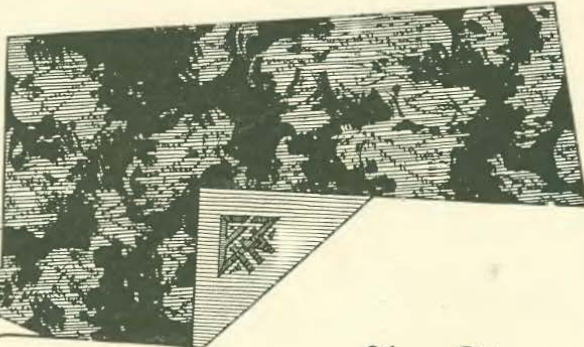
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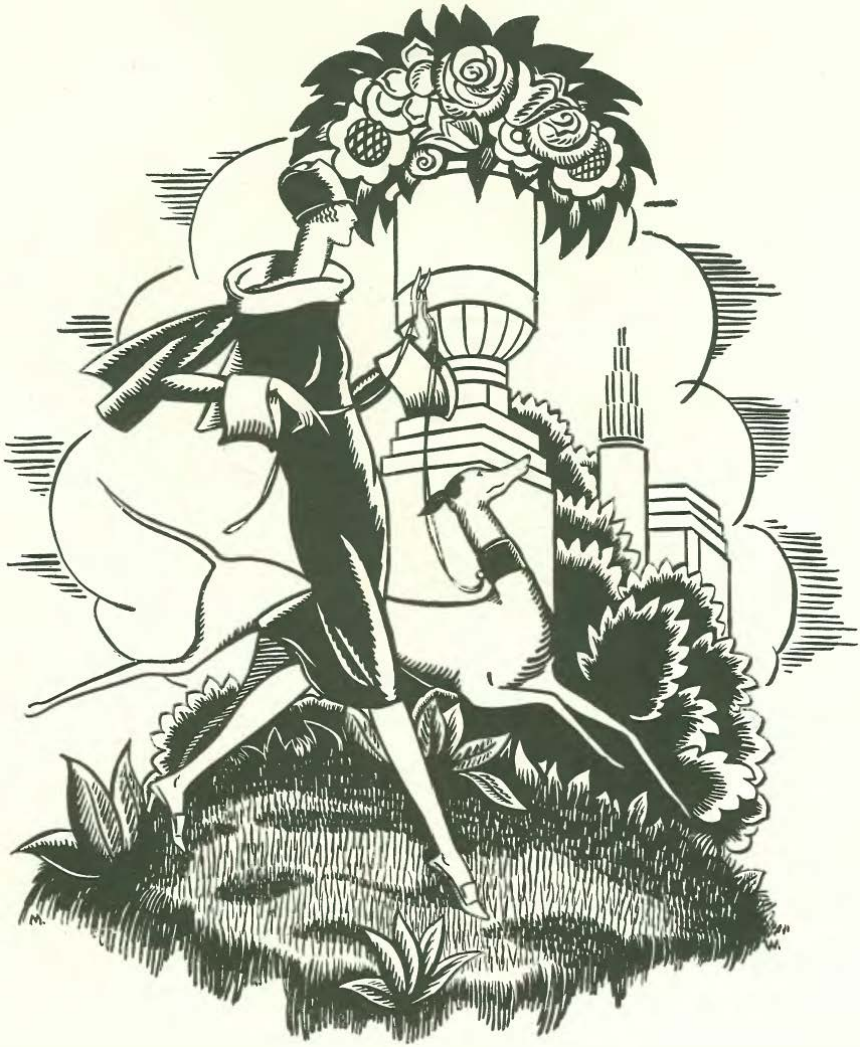
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## THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS

(From Friday, April 9, to  
Friday, April 16, inclusive.)

### THE THEATRE

**THE GREAT GATSBY**—A fine novel made into a fine play by Owen Davis. Gay times on Long Island. **AMBASSADOR**, 49, W. of B'way.

**YOUNG WOODLEY**—Glenn Hunter giving a fine portrayal of a schoolboy and his hopeless love. **BELMONT**, 48, E. of B'way.

**THE SHANGHAI GESTURE**—Salacious excitement with a Chinese locale. By one of the co-authors of "Rain". **MARTIN BECK**, 45, W. of B'way.

**DEVILS**—Exorcism and religion in the Mississippi bush. Unrelieved and dismal. **MAXINE ELLIOTT'S**, 39, E. of B'way.

**CRAIG'S WIFE**—A selfish woman breaking up her home. Admirably played by Chrystal Herne. **MOROSCO**, 45, W. of B'way.

**LULU BELLE**—A negress's unprincipled career from Harlem to Paris. Lenore Ulric and many blacks and whites. **BELASCO**, 44, E. of B'way.

**GREAT GOD BROWN**—The players wearing masks in this play of O'Neill's which will mystify, bore, or delight you. **GARRICK**, 35, E. of B'way.

**THE BRIDE OF THE LAMB**—The mixing of religious and everyday emotions as felt in the rural spaces. With Alice Brady giving a splendid performance. **GREENWICH VILLAGE**, 7 Ave. and Christopher.

**GLORY HALLELUJAH**—Transpirations in a Bowery lodging house the night a comet is to demolish the world. With June Walker. **BROADHURST**, 44, W. of B'way.

**THE TWO ORPHANS**—A revival of this old-time hit. With Fay Bainter and lots of other stars. **COSMOPOLITAN**, Columbus Circle.

**TWELVE MILES OUT**—A woman as the apex of a rum-runner's triangle. With fights, liquor and jealousy. **PLAYHOUSE**, 48, E. of B'way.

**CYRANO DE BERGERAC**—Walter Hampden playing again the witty and poetic *Cyrano*. **HAMDEN'S**, B'way and 62.

**THE WISDOM TOOTH**—A delicate and tender handling of a clerk's realization of the failure of his boyhood dreams. **LITTLE**, 44, W. of B'way.

**THE DYBBUK**—A worth-while presentation of a Jewish folk tale. **NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE**, 466 Grand. On Tues., Wed. (mat.), and Thurs. of each week.

**IS ZAT SO?**—An extremely funny slang play of prizefighters on Fifth Avenue. **CHANIN'S**, 46, W. of B'way.

**THE JAZZ SINGER**—Dealing with the clouds and silver linings in the life of a jazz singer. **CORT**, 48, E. of B'way.

**THE PATSY**—The younger sister, the crushed father, and the tyrant mother in a pleasant comedy. With Claiborne Foster. **BORTH**, 45, W. of B'way.

**THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY**—Roland Young as the witty man of the world, and Ina Claire as a witty crook. Others as aristocrats of England. **FULTON**, 46, W. of B'way.

**CRADLE SNATCHERS**—Exceedingly funny and just as ribald. You are warned. Let your conscience, etc. **MUSIC BOX**, 45, W. of B'way.

**SUNNY**—Marilyn Miller presented, as usual, in a show with everything that should be included. **NEW AMSTERDAM**, 42, W. of B'way.

**THE COCOANUTS**—Music by Berlin and humor by the Marx brothers. Good musical comedy. **LYRIC**, 42, W. of B'way.

**DEAREST ENEMY**—A pleasant and inoffensive operetta of Revolutionary days in New York. **KNICKERBOCKER**, B'way and 38.

**TIP-TOES**—A good musical show played to George Gershwin's music. And Queenie Smith. **LIBERTY**, 42, W. of B'way.

**THE VAGABOND KING**—A lusty operetta of *François Villon* and his early Parisian roughnecks. **CASINO**, B'way and 39.

**A NIGHT IN PARIS**—Those Gertrude Hoffmann girls making a successful effort to keep alive the illusions of Paris nights. **CASINO DE PARIS**, atop the Century, Cent. Pk. W. and 62.

**NO, NO, NANETTE**—You have forgotten the tunes by now, and the rest is worth seeing. **GLOBE**, B'way and 46.

**BY THE WAY**—A clever and amusing English revue. **GAIETY**, B'way and 46. Moves Mon., April 12 to **CENTRAL**, B'way and 47.

**SONG OF THE FLAME**—A beautiful and tuneful operetta of the Russian Revolution. **44TH STREET**, 44, W. of B'way.

**THE GIRL FRIEND**—A new and welcome addition to the musical comedy ranks. **VANDERBILT**, 48, E. of B'way.

**PINAFORE**—An elaborate production of one of Gilbert and Sullivan's more popular operettas. **CENTURY**, Cent. Pk. W. and 62.

### OPENINGS OF NOTE

**LOVE-IN-A-MIST**—A play by Amelie Rives and Gilbert Emery, with Madge Kennedy and Sidney Blackmer. **GAIETY**, B'way and 46, Mon., April 12.

**RAQUEL MELLER**—The Spanish disease finally arrives. **EMPIRE**, B'way and 40. Official premier Wed., Apr. 14 and Mon., Wed., Fri. and Sat. (mat.) each week for six weeks thereafter.

### AFTER THE THEATRE

**AMBASSADOR GRILL**, 51 and Park Ave.—Charming surroundings, and the Larry Siry orchestra to make dancing pleasant.

**BARNEY'S**, 85 W. 3.—Intimate Continental cabaret for all kinds of people.

**BILTMORE**, 43 and Mad. Ave.—A dancer's paradise, because of the spacious floor and good music.

**CAFE DE PARIS**, Cent. Pk. W. and 63.—Another dancers' heaven. Red Selvin's orchestra, midnight revue, and best view of New York in town.

**CHARLOT'S RENDEZVOUS**, 121 W. 45.—Santley and Sawyer head a dainty revue for discriminating people.

**CLUB CARAVAN**, 135 W. 3.—Noise, crowds, and periodic exhibitions for out-of-town visitors.

**CLUB LIDO**, 808 7 Ave.—The Yacht Club boys, with a repertoire of amusing songs, appear every hour on the hour. Not only smart but amusing.

**CLUB MIRADOR**, 200 W. 51.—Moss and Fontana attracting the most chic gatherings in New York on their return engagement.

# ABOUT TOWN

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

**CLUB MONTMARTRE**, 205 W. 50.—Intimate British revue for pleasant clientele.

**CLUB RICHMAN**, 157 W. 56.—The leader of the wise-cracking Broadway places that attract a smattering of society people.

**FIFTH AVENUE CLUB**, 683 5 Ave.—Complete revue that moves at rapid pace. Very amusing the first time.

**THE OWL**, 125 W. 45.—All night slumming place, with the most entertaining negro antics imaginable every half hour or so. Go late.

**KATINKA**, 109 W. 49.—Informal Russian entertainment proceedings, in a haphazard way, until quite late.

**SMALL'S**, 2204 7 Ave.—The aristocrat of Harlem, with the blacks decidedly in the majority. Go very late.

**VILLA VENICE**, 10 E. 60.—Johnson and Murphy, new dancers, reviewed page 38 of this issue.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, 5 Ave. and 34.—Somewhat staid surroundings enlivened by Harold Leonard's orchestra.

**OSCAR ZIEGLER**. TOWN HALL, Wed. Eve., April 14. This pianist starts his program with a Strauss waltz, which is sufficient recommendation.

**SPIRITUALS**—TOWN HALL, Fri. eve., April 16. Robeson, Rosamund Johnson and others in an evening of spirituals.

**ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES**—BOSTON SYMPHONY, Koussevitzky conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. Aft., April 10.

**PHILHARMONIC**, Zaslavsky conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Mon. Eve., April 12.

**PHILADELPHIA**, Stokowski conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Tues. Eve., April 13.

**FRIENDS OF MUSIC**, Bodanzky conducting. TOWN HALL, Sun. Aft., April 11.

**METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY**—Last week of the opera. Mon. (mat.), "Tales of Hoffmann"; eve., "Don Quichotte"; Wed. (mat.), "Bohème"; eve., "Faust"; Thurs., "Goetterdaemmerung"; Fri., "Don Quichotte"; Sat. (mat.); "Petruska" and "Andrea Chenier"; eve., "Giocanda".

### MOTION PICTURES

**THE BLACK PIRATE**—Douglas Fairbanks's picture of the Spanish Main. Beautifully done in color. SELWYN, 42, W. of B'way.

**BEN-HUR**—The 'old familiar novel with the thrills accentuated, and the New Testament rendered in color. GEORGE M. COHAN, B'way and 42.

**THE BIG PARADE**—A splendid and rousing picture of the war. With John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. ASTOR, B'way and 45.

**CYRANO DE BERGERAC**—A faithful picturization of Rostand's play. A Film Guild revival. CAMEO, 42, E. of B'way.

**THE FLAMING FRONTIER**—Indians and Custer's Last Stand. COLONY, B'way and 52. Opens Sunday, April 11.

**FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE**—Harold Lloyd's new picture. RIALTO, B'way and 42. Opens Sunday, April 11.

### MUSIC

**RECITALS**—ELSHUCO TRIO. AEOLIAN HALL, Fri. Eve., April 9. Close of Schubert chamber music cycle.

**IRENE SCHARER**. AEOLIAN HALL, Fri. Aft., April 9. An English pianist in a Chopin recital.

**FRANCES ALDA**, FLORENCE STERN, EDGAR SITTING. CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. eve., April 10. For the benefit of the United Lodger Relief.

**SCANDINAVIAN ARTISTS**. CARNEGIE HALL, Sun. Aft., April 11. Branzell, Claussen, Larsen-Todsen, Melchior and others in a benefit concert.

**ISA KREMER**. MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE, Sun. Eve., April 11. A polylingual chanteuse of distinction.

**WILL ROGERS and DE RESEKE SINGERS**. CARNEGIE HALL, Sun. Eve., April 11. Yes, this is a musical attraction.

**BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION**. TOWN HALL, Mon. Eve., April 12. Close of an all-star chamber music series.

**CODFREY LUDLOW**. AEOLIAN HALL, Mon. Eve., April 12. Radio's most popular fiddler where you can see him.

**CAVRILEV BALLET**. PRINCESS THEATRE, opening Tues. Eve., April 13. Starting a six weeks' engagement.

### ART

**PAUL BURLIN**, KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES, 680 5 Ave. An ambitious young man who got some paint in his eye in Paris.

**CARLOS MERIDA**—VALENTINE DUDENSING, 43 E. 57 St. Guatemalian boy goes to Paris and comes back with highly decorative murals.

**HUGO GELLERT**—NEUMAN PRINT ROOMS, 35 W. 57. First showing in several years of an individual American.

**DEMUTH**—STIEGLITZ, ROOM 303, ANDERSON GALLERIES, Park Ave. and 59. Keffe until Monday when last of Stieglitz's Americans appears.

**NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**—FINE ARTS BUILDING, 215 W. 57. Until Sun., April 11. Open 10 a. m. to 6 p. m. daily; Sun., 1:30 p. m. to 6 p. m. Small admission. Mon. free. The annual exhibition of painting and sculpture.

**EMIL GANSO**—WEYHE GALLERIES, 794 Lex. Ave. A baker rises from his dough and shows some exceptional art.

**FRAGONARDS**—WILDENSTEIN, 647 5 Ave. Showing of the master for benefit French Hospital; also great show of moderns, including rare Van Gogh; also Waldo Pierce.

### SPORTS

**POL**—Squadron A Armory, Park Ave. and 94. Final of National open indoor championship. Sat., Apr. 10, 8:30 P. M.

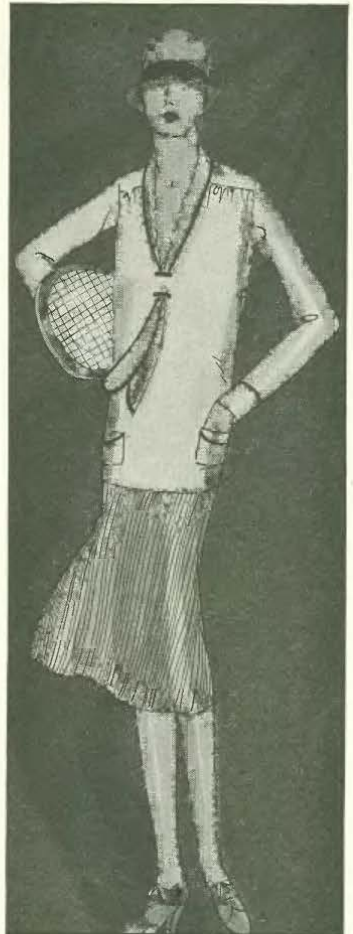
**BASEBALL**—Baker Field, B'way and 218. Columbia University vs. Syracuse University, Fri., Apr. 16, 3 P.M.

### OTHER EVENTS

**CIRCUS**—MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, 50 and 8 Ave. Daily at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m. The annual return of the Big Show, bigger than ever.

**PAGEANT**—TOWN HALL, Sat., April 10, at 2:30 and 8:30 p.m. Tableaux of New York in Revolutionary times, and a puppet show for the children.

**SPRING BALL**—RITZ-CARLTON, Fri., April 16. An after Lent revival of dancing. For charity.



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PEARLS—Main Floor





# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## Notes and Comment

THE reporters who covered the Easter Parade declared in Monday's papers that they saw "many prominent New Yorkers." We also saw some New Yorkers, but after having been buffeted by sixty thousand strangers in the space of ten blocks, we decided that seeing New Yorkers was much too hard work. We heard five languages spoken, including the Scandinavian, and saw an old college friend who lives in Boston.

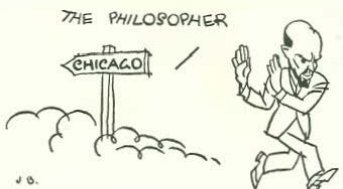
NOW that spring weather is so near, those who are concealing their age from themselves can stand one cruel thought. In the crowd going to the circus are hundreds of little boys and girls who never saw the circus in the old Garden. When they grow up they will maintain that no circus was ever so good as it was in the new one. Those who think sadly of the old Garden will be dead.

MAY we say that we love calliopes with a great passion and have always considered them the best part of the circus? Had we political influence we would force the city fathers to give New York a half dozen of them which would do nothing but run about the streets making music for the citizens.

THE phenomenon on the West Bank of the Hudson known as Jersey was investigated the other day and it was computed that there are more ferns bushes poking commuters in the eye during the current season than there are artificial flowers in chain stores.

AT a recent houseparty, during which it rained unceasingly, we picked up and read Mr. Keyserling's best selling "Travel Diary of a Phi-

losopher". The first seven hundred pages struck us as being profound yet not altogether convincing. At last, however, he convinced us that he knew what he was talking about. When he came to Chicago, he said just one thing. "Chicago," he said, "is awful."



WE surmise that Columbus Circle, owing to the building of the Subway, will not be available this summer for use by the soap-box orators who usually gather there to ad-



vocate Mental Hygiene or the Irish and Russian kind of freedom. We passed that way the other day and, looking up at Columbus, asked him if he minded. He said he didn't.



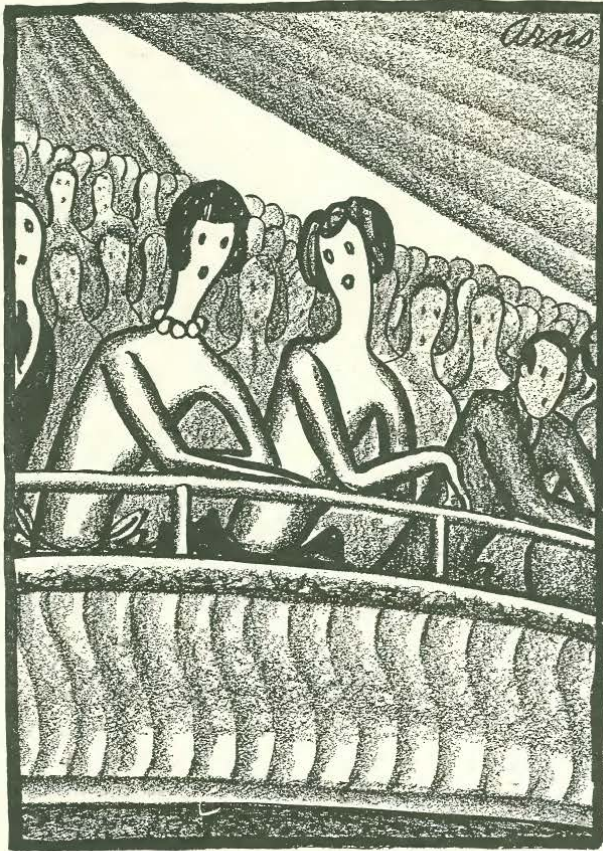
## The Week

WILL HAYS predicts films will be great instrument in preventing wars and Church Alliance refuses German plea to decide war guilt. Yale seniors, in preference vote, call Mussolini biggest world figure and Senator Harrison attacks Italian debt settlement as discrimination. Treasury Department disbars twenty-four attorneys from practicing before it on charges of irregularities in settlement of tax cases and Harvard Law School seeks \$5,000,000 for research work. William A. Brady says both managers and playwrights won in contract agreement and city refuses permit for parking garage in theatrical district. Year 1925 said to be worst on record for murders in this country and convict ship sails from France with 340 for Devil's Island. Thirty million dollar merger of title companies up to stockholders and Legislature repeals tax on banking concerns within twenty-four hours after Court of Appeals holds it constitutional. Anti-Saloon League will fight permits for new 3.75 malt tonic and four ships sail for Europe on same day with record-breaking passenger lists. Berlin faster quite, with world's record of forty-four days without food, and scientist declares vitamins are not destroyed by canning vegetables.

## Malentendu

M. EVREINOFF, author of "The Chief Thing" at the Guild Theatre, speaks just a little more English than Philip Moeller, who directed the piece, does Russian. Since the direction was a joint affair between the two, they compromised on French while the play was being made ready.

During the rehearsal of a scene, M. Evreinoff suddenly stopped the action



"Artistic, ain't it?"  
"Yeh—but it's good."

with the remark: *trop de malheur*, *trop de malheur*, which any Berlitz post-graduate will tell you, means "too much sadness".

Mr. Moeller was non-plussed. Whereupon he gently explained the ardor of his daily labors, which he had always imagined were appreciated.

M. Evreinoff, in his turn, was surprised. There was nothing in his remark, he felt, to call for such explanation. However it didn't take long to clear up the mystery. Mr. Moeller, it was disclosed, had misunderstood the French phrase to be *trop de Moeller!*

### Zoo

SPRING and sunshine like wine are really here. We found them first at the zoo. These are pleasant times in the Bronx, with hibernating days now over and all the familiar denizens out again, except perhaps the

opossums and Italians. In fact the place was almost devoid of visitors, leaving us strangely alone, as weird cries penetrated from the primates' house, doves cooed, peacocks screamed, sluggish bears waddled back to life and little beady elephant eyes snapped in pre-peanut expectancy. To the timid Miss in the first emotive grip of spring who covets an "alone in the jungle" sensation, we strongly recommend the Bronx.

This is our favorite season there. All sorts of things are happening. Soon there will be seen more than a dozen kinds of little new fauns, with big velvet eyes like Raquel Meller's, half a dozen little buffaloes, and numerous lambs and kids, including the Himalayan Tahn, Sardinian Mouflon, and Barbary Wild Sheep. Half a hundred new youngsters will swell prairie dog town and there is to be a baby zebra.

The kangaroo has already accom-

plished her duty to Australia, and Dr. Ditmars informed us that even now in her warm pouch snuggle tiny velvet "kangaroolets". But we didn't see them, as hard as we tried. To save our life, we couldn't remember how one is supposed to call a kangaroo.

ALL of which program of rehabilitation, Dr. Ditmars, the nonchalant curator of the reptile house, explained to us, is extremely gratifying to the zoo's curators. It seems that the city, while allowing an adequate appropriation each year for maintenance of the Bronx animals, makes no provision for the purchase of new specimens, and intends that this item shall be taken care of by the mothers. The curators are allowed to sell the offsprings of their pets to other zoos—Cincinnati and St. Louis, for instance—and to buy whatever new animals they can with the proceeds. So increases among the inhabitants at 180th Street are very important.

Of course, we went into the reptile house the other day. To slight the snakes, we felt, would have been discourteous to Dr. Ditmars. Too, we wanted to see the banana viper. We remember a picture in the Sunday supplement of a New York paper not long ago in which a reptile suddenly jumped from a sandwich bought in a restaurant and bit a young lady on the lip. We are sure it was a banana viper, although we believe it was a ham sandwich. Anyhow, we saw the banana viper in the reptile house the other day and he is scarcely twelve inches long. He has a triangular-shaped head and is reported as incredibly venomous. After being born in the tropics he usually comes up to New York in a bunch of bananas, is unloaded, and run over by a truck in West Street.

Our final visit was to the beaver pond, where we didn't see any beavers, which confirms our suspicion that there are no beavers in the beaver pond.

### New Angle

SPEAKING, as we were only last week, of the speakeasy bartender's difficulties with cocktail recipes, a young man of our acquaintance recently asked for a creamy Alexander Cocktail. The attendant shook his head.

"I can't make an Alexander," he explained with evident annoyance, "cream is too expensive and too hard to get."

Which incident is somewhat in the vein of the experience of a novelist we have heard about. While seeking seclusion in rural Long Island, he inquired at the village bar for a "glass of near-beer." The bartender rumaged around a few minutes and regretfully answered him, "sorry, but we're out of near-beer; all I can give you is real beer."

### Acquisitions

SOMEHOW we have always objected to walking down the Metropolitan's hall of classical sculpture only to bump into a blank wall. Mindful of our prejudice, the South Wing has been opened and, instead of the customary wall, we bumped the other day into the loveliest of gardens, such as the Romans built in their villas along the Bay of Naples. "To offer the visitor place where he can meditate, undisturbed by any sound save the splashing of water," is the alluring purpose of the garden, as explained by museum officials. We found absence of other sound a bit euphemistic—however, water did splash and the garden had a charm so restful and archaic (despite the Italian cypresses being American cedars, due to the ban on importing foreign shrubbery) that we heartily endorse Cyril Maude's "Aren't We All?" exhortation to visit museums.

IN fact, improved lighting facilities in garden and adjoining galleries made it possible for us to appreciate for the first time some of the important pieces of the antique Cesnola collection; and there is the fascinating new room for classical jewelry prudently furnished with a safety door, with the trend of the times. Particularly did we enjoy on the second floor the Eighteenth Century Venetian bedroom from the Palazzo Sagredo—excellent proof that baroque and vulgar are not synonymous—and so full of charming little cupids and "amorini" as to make Dr. Straton shudder. Both in design and workmanship this period room is one of the finest we've seen, with carved gilt bed, exquisitely arabesqued panels, and delightfully impractical toilette table, reminding us of the niggardly proportions of the Queen Mother's wash basin, shown with such evident pride by guides in the Palace of Fontainebleau.

The prints of Jean Duvet of Langres, once goldsmith to a king, are

another unique acquisition; and in the Altman collection, made in the last eight years of the late merchant's life, we saw some rare examples of Chinese monochrome porcelain and Limoges enamels.

Lastly there was the mantelpiece by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, with a mosaic designed by John La Farge. This lovely creation of Numidian marble was made for the mansion of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt and recently given to the Metropolitan by his widow. Strange to say, few people have heard of the American chef-d'oeuvre, although it is one of Saint-Gaudens's best works. Now it makes its debut to the public, despite the fact, as someone wickedly remarked to us, that it passes from one museum to another.

AFTER SUFFERING through the diva whose voice is not what it used to be, it was Mr. David H. Wallace who resignedly remarked, "Well, her cash registers are still good."

### Gilbert Frankau

ALTHOUGH the season for visiting America with profit is considered by English authors as tag end by this time, we have a new scion of London with us—Mr. Frankau, author of half a dozen books, including "Peter Jameson", "Life and Erica", and "Masterson". The latter was published a fortnight ago and is reported at present to be going very well.

Mr. Frankau, it develops, is a small, slight, dark man with a crisp, business-like manner and quick-moving eyes which are not at all those of a dreamy poet. His clothes are as a rule dark, and are always of a neat cut, always freshly pressed, ever a little dapper; his stride is a brisk stride.

You might easily mistake him for the representative of some European corporation over here to make important business contacts. The probabilities are that he would not mind if you did; for he began life in the tobacco business—his father's business—and did very well in it. In London he keeps a very fine house, well heeled with butlers and second men; and, they say,

when called upon by publishers is always discovered reading in his library. Upon the opening of the door, he jumps up and offers his guest a cigarette or cigar with his initials on it.

Mr. Frankau is now at the Plaza. He is addressed as Captain. He was in the British army during the war and served in France and Italy in the Secret Service, for he speaks half a dozen languages. The general feeling is that he will appear in the public print, having quite a well developed flare for publicity. For instance, he published a supposedly autobiographical novel called "The Love Story of Eliot Brunton" on the day he married his third wife. And he once remarked to a publisher that if Michael Arlen could stir up a big fuss in this country, think what *he* could do.

Anecdote about him makes good copy. We relate one which has to do with his arrival. He was rather particular about the manner in which this was managed, and was critical concerning the fashion in which the reporters met him. Later, when the party arrived at the Hotel Plaza, his testiness had not worn off. A beautiful suite had been reserved for him; more reporters waited below. But when the door of the living room was flung open, he made a gesture of vexation. "What!" he exclaimed, "No flowers?"

### Menu

IT is the whim of the *maitre d'hôtel* of a restaurant in the East Forties to list, on his menu, the item, "Olives à la Pump . . . 10c."

To those in his confidence, his explanation, with an apologetic grin, is that it is his "little joke." When an innocent asks for the dish he brings out for inspection a platter of small dried olives. "These will be all right to prepare, monsieur?" he asks.

Having acquired a bewildered accession, he departs, to return later with the same platter heaped with large, fat ripe olives. "With my own hands, I have pumped them up for you monsieur."

There is a moment of hesitation, and then laughter.

About one guest a month, he explains, falls a victim; but the humor



of a *maitre d'hôtel* is apparently such that the laughter lasts.

### The Circus

WE went to the circus; and lo! and behold! the tanbark was on the floor and the smell of it enriched by the vague aroma of elephants and zebras, assailed the nostrils at the very door.

First to the freaks and the menagerie in the basement: moving with the crowd very slowly, but moving. A long row of daises on which sit the old familiars—the inconceivably fat woman, the incomprehensibly thin man, the unbelievably odd Zip, the incredibly small midget, kindly allowing the world to look and marvel at them. There is no use going to the circus unless you go retrospectively and bear in mind that if it thrills you less this year than ever, it is your fault, not that of the circus. The elephant is as large as ever, don't make any mistake about that. Wonder at him; and while you are wondering, comes a cry through the room, "The show is on! The show is on, ladies and gentlemen!"

The agony of fear that you will

miss something has no counterpart in life; for while you are getting to your seat, the most magnificent, marvelous, world-famous, astonishing, remarkable, daring, thrilling, absolutely fearless acts ever seen may be in progress. In the old garden, you walked across the tanbark itself to your seat, and while you ran the risk of being trampled by elephants and chased by wild bulls, you could be sure you weren't missing anything. But in the New Garden, you walk through blind corridors; and mother is frightfully slow getting up the stairs.

WHEN the magnificent parade is over and *Cinderella* and *Cleopatra* have retired, the real show begins. There are five rings, and the problem of which ring to look at is no easy one: elephants, bears, sea lions, equestriennes, acrobats, trapeze artists, tight-rope walkers, ineffable costumes, blaring music. The immaculate ring master blows his whistle, and the clowns swarm from every door. Some of the older people are looking solemn—but what of it? Then more and still more beautiful ladies on horseback; and the drummer plays a long roll while the dare devil slides down

a wire on his head, amidst applause.

The trained lions and tigers are gone, one notes; likewise the jugglers, the boomerang throwers, the loop the loop in the automobile, the knife-throwers, the high diver; and the equestriennes dance the Charleston instead of jumping through hoops as they should. The tanbark is there, however, even though the building is of steel and concrete and strictly fire-proof. And you will realize—if you are not half dead—when the spectacle comes to an end with a glorious chariot race, and the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner", and mother has a headache, and you stagger out into the street—you will realize that it is the Greatest Show on Earth, even if grouchy old uncle says it isn't what it used to be.

### Itemization

TO any young householders who may be struggling with a budget system, we report that one couple, who found their greatest difficulty in the proper entering of items not on the list, worked out the following: Bridge losses are charged to education; liquor is entered as charity. A visit from an



THE EASTER PARADE

ant, unexpected and somewhat expensive, was hurriedly adjusted as Insurance. She is a wealthy aunt.

But how to list new gowns for Madam? These greatly exceeded the clothing allowance but were necessary on the occasion of a sudden summons to the country home of the Senior partner. A new department had to be created: Advertising and Promotion.

### Books and Books

WE have heard the rumor that this spring there are to be many more new books than ever before but we learn, upon inquiry, that this is not literally true and that the principal difference between this season and previous ones is that publishers are bringing out their important books earlier. Even in the world of books, times change, and the appearance, in recent years, of several firms of younger publishers, challenging the ancients with new ideas and methods, is responsible for this advancing of the season. It is their tendency to take advantage of the fact that as the season advances, and more and more books appear, reviewers have less and less space to devote to each individual

volume. By bringing out their chefs-d'oeuvre first, they hope to call them more surely to the public's attention. This in face of the fact that one of the most controversial subjects in the publishing business is the effect of favorable notices on a book's sale.

WHATEVER the situation, current book lists are interesting. In the fiction field, out already or coming out soon, are "The Silver Stallion" by Cabell, "Mantrap" by Sinclair Lewis, "To All Young Men in Love" by Michael Arlen, "The Sunken Garden" by the child poet, Nathalia Crane, "Here and Beyond" by Edith Wharton, "Odtaa" by John Mansfield, "The Golden Dancer" by Cyril Hume, "Two or Three Graces" by Aldous Huxley, "Eva and the Derelict Boat" by Molnar and "Ulick and Soracha" by George Moore. All of these are novels except Mrs. Wharton's book, which is a collection of short stories.

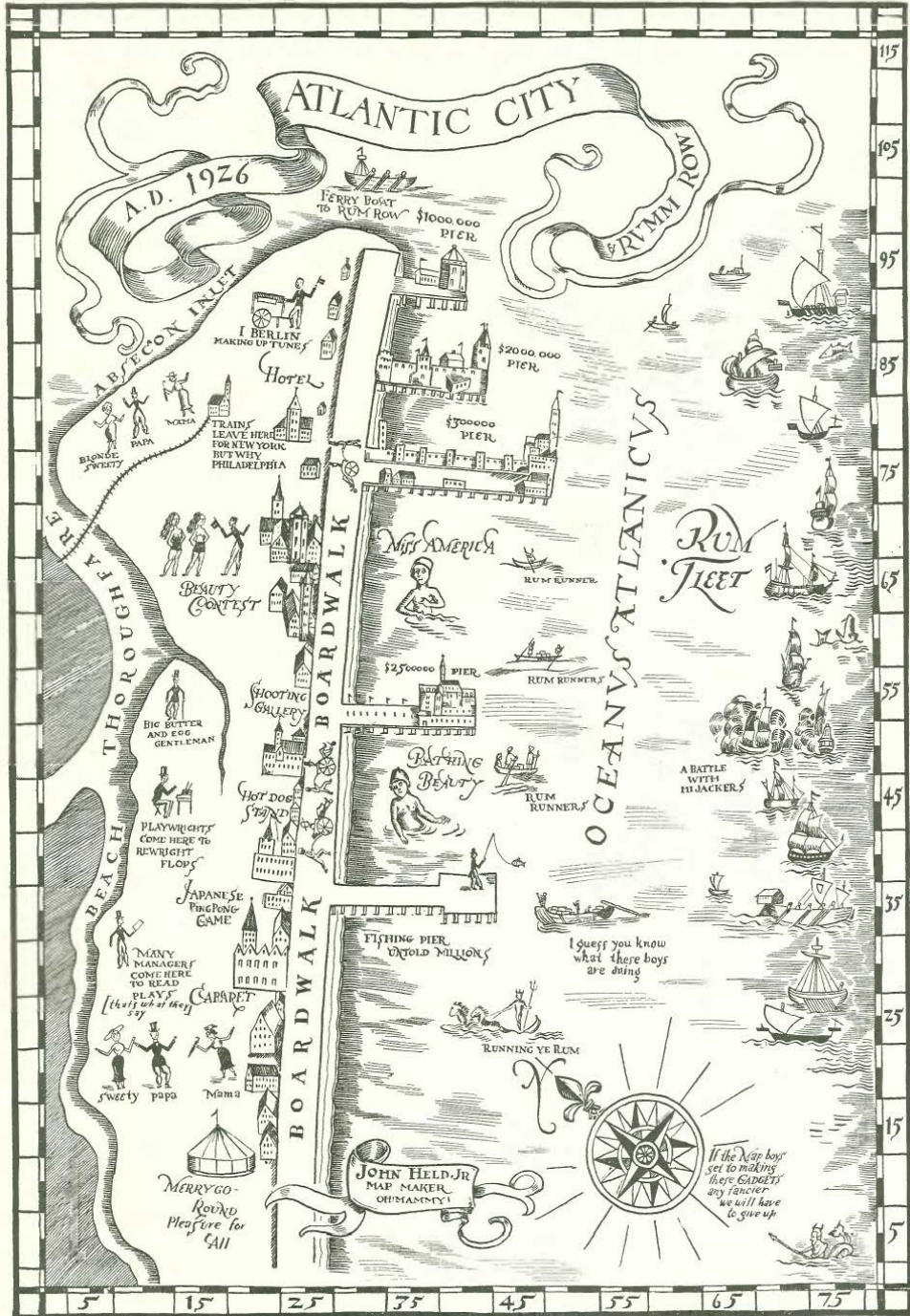
The fiction list runs on and the non-fiction list seems as long. Noteworthy on this are "Anatole France" by Segur, "Demosthenes" by George Clemenceau and a novelized tale of Goethe by Maurois, who did Shelley

in "Ariel". There are lives of Stanley Hall and Havelock Ellis and Litz and Lincoln, "The Family Life of George Washington" and the "Best Letters of T. Jefferson".

Bernard Shaw has written "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism", and, of course, there will be Beebe's most recent experiences in "The Arcturus Adventure". The list includes three plays by Dunsany, "Notebook", of Sherwood Anderson, and A. Bennett's "My Religion, a Symposium". We might even mention a book which will be privately read, "The Evolution of Christianity", by Lyman Abbot.

FOR the immediate present the Anita Loos opus, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" continues to be the best-seller, with Professor Erskine's "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" running second. In the non-fiction field, again, the "Intimate Papers of Colonel House" and George A. Dorsey's "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" are leading. "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion" (which really doesn't belong in the non-fiction group) is apparently in third place.—THE NEW YORKERS





# ATLANTIC CITY

A.D. 1926

FERRY BOAT TO RUM ROW \$1000,000 PIER

ABSECON INLET

BIGONDE SWEETIE

PAPA

MAMA

TRAINS LEAVE HERE FOR NEW YORK BUT WHY PHILADELPHIA

I BERLIN MAKING UP TUNE

HOTEL

\$2000,000 PIER

\$700,000 PIER

BEAUTY CONTEST

SHOOTING GALLERY

HOT DOG STAND

THOROUGHFARE BEACH

BIG BUTTER AND EGG GENTLEMAN

PLAYWRIGHTS COME HERE TO REWRITE FLOPS

JAPANESE PING-PONG GAME

MANY MANAGERS COME HERE TO READ PLAYS (those who do)

CABARET

SWEET PAPA

MAMA

MERRY GO-ROUND Pleasure for ALL

JOHN HELD JR MAP MAKER ORIGINATOR

FISHING PIER UNTOLD MILLIONS

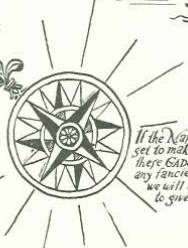
OCEAN'S ATLANTICUS

RUM FLEET

A BATTLE WITH TH-JACKERS

I GUESS YOU KNOW what these boys are doing

RUNNING YE RUM



If the New boys set to making these CABARETS any fancier we will have to give up

115  
105  
95  
85  
75  
65  
55  
45  
35  
25  
15  
5

5 15 25 35 45 55 65 75

## FURNISHED APARTMENT FOR RENT



... being impartial, they are your severest critics ...

IT had become suddenly necessary to sublet my flat; profitably if possible, but quickly, even if at a loss. The following advertisement therefore appeared in the cold impersonal columns of the *Times*:

TO LET: Four exceptionally large attractive rooms; duplex; sunny; bath; kitchenette; private bus service; reasonable.

Likewise all the agents in town were informed that this paragon of an apartment was to be let.

Result: After one short week I am no longer a recluse, an academic critic, a pedant with no real knowledge of humanity and no grip on Life. I have had those priceless contacts which made Balzac and Dreiser what they are today; I know Life; I understand humanity. (Humanity, of course, always means the people we do not know.) To widen his knowledge of mankind, the literary aspirant is usually advised to go to work on a newspaper, but I have a better suggestion. Provide yourself with an apartment, furnished, and offer it for rent. It must be furnished. A bare series of rooms is only an inducement to cold calculation about where the radio and the blue dressing table will go; a room which has been lived in has life, calls to life; in fact it calls to life histories in amazing degree.

What you will first discover is that there are three hundred women in New York each week whose sole form of dissipation is to go apartment shopping. Not flat hunting, which implies an intention which is at least honorable.

According to the brokers, these three hundred women—I met them all in the course of the week—live in Ridgefield, arrive in town at about nine on those terrific busses, and shop for apartments until about four. Some of them take time out for lunch, but the poor apartment owner can not always have this privilege. I myself deserted eggs benedict twice, and the institution of breakfast owes me at least three cups of coffee.

These women, who haven't the slightest intention of renting your place, are actually of infinite service to you, because, being impartial, they are your severest critics. My original sales-talk was a masterpiece of mail-order psychology, but it didn't sell the apartment. I began by ingratiating and admitting the drawbacks of the place, intending to sweep these all away in my eloquent peroration on its advantages.

Nothing pleases these people. I note that the street is quiet; they reply that it is a likely place for a holdup. I say that traffic is diverted to the avenue behind us; they come back with the fear that you can't get a taxi when you want one. A fireplace seems a safe bet, but they are a bit apprehensive about fires set by sparks; sunlight suggests only a hard glare to them; the absence of an elevator (the apartment being on the ground and first floors) is an absolutely insuperable objection. The presence of the East River makes them think of gangsters, and when you show them the Island lying like a moral exhortation right before their eyes, they shudder uneasily.

When three or four of these have come and gone, your technique is refined, although I think your personality tends to become a little flabby under the mass attacks. Then the last remaining practitioners of the art of conversation arrive. They love to talk to strangers, to whom they can tell all

and never be betrayed. They take to flat hunting as they take to deck chairs, for the purposes of confession. Strange people, people with strange jobs and strange diversions and strange names; who has ever known anybody who worked in a high class men's hat shop? or being a New York German Jew had a Scot from Tacoma as a business partner? or had just returned from superintending the loading of bananas in Venezuela and could talk well about tarantulas? How many delicate little ladies do you, for instance, know who would be frightened to live on the ground floor because of tramps? Of course there were a few people who lived in Bronxville and wanted a place in town for the theatrical season, but most of them came, told all about themselves, and departed like the nymphs in Mr. Eliot's poem, leaving no addresses.

They are perhaps Life, these people, but they all have the sublime advantage of being related to you by only a slender thread, and they can and do blame you because there are more bookshelves than bathrooms, because the kitchen is small, because the apartment is not laid out according to the conventional plan of a long dark hall, punctuated by a series of cubby holes.

All this time the desperate necessity of letting the place becomes aggravated and you begin to attach yourself to these extraordinary actors in a little play of your own, actors who make one appearance and disappear. When an actor reappears with his wife, the drama becomes acute; by the time money is mentioned (with a preposterous amount of hesitation, as if it weren't the essence of the bargain) the tension is unbearable. They discuss what they will do with the place, and make future plans that seem to guarantee that they are taking it. Then the long wait next day for a telephone call, which never comes.

The little parade continues until suddenly someone who had looked at the apartment with disfavor three days earlier calls to know if it is still available. In an hour a contract is signed.

It is news of the first order: the apartment is rented. It ought to be on page one of every newspaper in New York. It is an achievement of everyday life surpassing in interest the stock market slump and the fate of Richard Reese Whittemore. In fact you are almost recompensed to paying the broker his fee.—GILBERT SELDES



*"It ain't the beer I'm missing these days, Tom; it's the sentiments of spring with the tidy bock beer signs and the newly painted swinging doors. Them were the signs of spring."*

## THE TRIUMPH OF THE EGG

IT will undoubtedly amaze many New Yorkers to be told that in our city as late as twenty-five years ago only two kinds of eggs were known, Good and Bad. The first additional classification was made early in 1901. This divided eggs into but four varieties, Large and Small and White and Brown.

Following these two pioneer classifications amazing strides were made. Within two years there were more than seventy-two classifications and this number has continually grown until today it has gone above 1,000 and is steadily increasing. It is of course impossible to list them all here. They range from the Very Best Large Freshly Laid White Leghorns to the

Indiana Illegitimates. The Large Browns, Small Browns, Insignificant Browns, Infinitesimal Browns, Disappearing Browns and Invisible Browns are particularly popular, and these are the varieties generally consumed by the great middle class.

The effect of this Egg Classification Movement upon our social life has been enormous. It has given the ruling classes that for which they have always prayed, something which would automatically indicate a person's social standing. With every grocer and delicatessen dealer in New York subsidized by the Social Register Egg Investigation Service, which maintains an extensive card index system, housewives are known immediately by the

kind of egg they are in the habit of ordering.

This certainty has proven very disconcerting to social pushers and impoverished aristocrats, so that there are many amusing and heartrending scenes in the egg stores. Here we may see the newly-rich woman, smothered in jewels, call loudly for two dozen Five Minute Old Exceptionally Enormous eggs, at \$2.80 per dozen; the while a refined looking lady, whose clothes bespeak genteel poverty, passes hesitatingly up and down in front of the dozens of baskets and wonders if John will mind if she takes Warped West-erns at ninety-seven cents instead of the usual Badly Bent Browns at eighty-two.

The genius of the dealers in inventing new classifications has only been equalled by that of the booteggers in devising various methods of changing the class of an egg. First they invented a chemical which would take the pigmentation out of a brown or ecru egg and make it appear white. The dealers met this by dipping every white egg in a solution which would show if such a chemical had been used. Then the booteggers conceived the idea of soaking the smaller eggs in vinegar until the shells were softened, when they would blow them up to a larger size with a bicycle pump and allow the shell to harden. It was many months before it was discovered that what were apparently Jumbo Jerseys were Illinois Insignificants.

For a time it appeared as if the booteggers would rend the social fabric of New York. Drastic steps became necessary and an indignation meeting was held. A huge sum of money was contributed, a detective service organized, and several leaders of the bootegging gang were sent to prison for long terms. Since that time little trouble has been experienced.

It is understood that grocerymen and delicatessen dealers have now worked out a plan to divide English walnuts into 574 classifications.

—JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

### IF I WERE KING

I would appoint  
A measurer,  
Who to the fat  
Would say, "Arroint  
Thee knaves, you're much too wide  
On bus seats, for to sit beside.  
On trolleys, only, you may ride."

—L. B. G.



# PROFILES

## THE PLAYBOY OF POLITICS

IN Washington, where typewriters are inclined to distill sorghum and syrup, someone recently informed a palpitant public that Nicholas Longworth combines the grace of a dancing master with the finesse of a fencer. Nick no more mirrors a dancing master than a lush-fed shote, fattened for market. And he facsimiles a fencer about as much as a German butcher parallels Pavlova.

The Honorable Speaker of the House of Representatives, in appearance, might be an anchor man on a tug of war team or one of those puffing human pachyderms the Hon. Jack Curley, impresario of wrestling, induces to perform for us ever too often. Under the dome of his baldness, placid, cobalt-blue eyes and big mop of a moustache, the gentleman who wields the gavel once brandished by Blaine and Clay and Carlisle carries a freightage of excess weight.

In a way, Nick Longworth's twin chins and ponderous paunch are indicative of his slow, Herculean rise to present place as one of the three or four most prominent Republicans under the Edisonian jockey of the White House indoor stables. Longworth never rode an electric horse in his life. Both he and his mount would be shocked to death! But, back in 1903, the Speaker clambered upon the back of a political Percheron and the steed has carried him to such position of eminence that even the impish and impious wags of Washington are asking: "What next?"

It is a fact that Nick's presidential boom has been officially launched, is down the ways, and, for an off year, is churning up considerable foam; and there is really gleeful prospect of a 1928 or 1932 national contest between Longworth and (let us say) the most

famous of the Smith brothers and sisters.

This catapulting of Nick into the national arena marks the emergence from the chrysalis of about the most smothered political character in the country. For, though you can hear him shift gears when he thinks, Longworth has interesting and important qualities. For one thing he has the rare faculty of sticking to an idea (when one comes along) like a flea to a fleece.

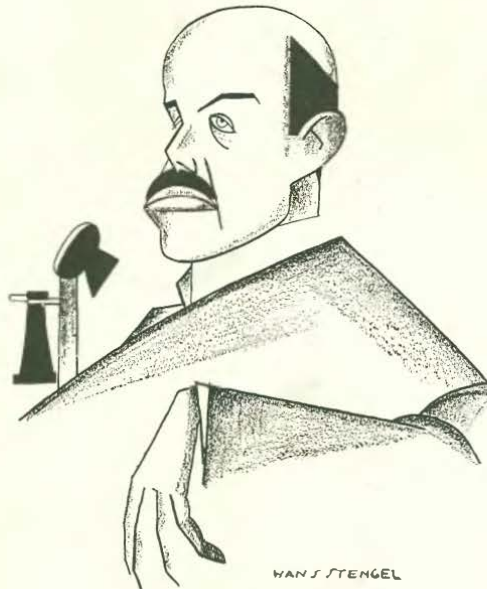
Now Nick has an idea he'd like to be president. It's a big, austere idea. And it wasn't spontaneous. It originated, most likely, in the nimble brain of that unconformable woman, Alice

of a lot. Never miss a committee meeting. Stuff your dear old head with all the facts and figures you can. Above all, don't make enemies. Remember what happened to father. And Nicky, you sweet old thing, you're not a Theodore Roosevelt, you know."

Alice advised, Nick has taken the last step but one (perhaps) that leads to the big house on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Alice, now, has the finesse of a fencer. Also of a boxer, billiardist, bridge player and every other art requiring tact, discrimination and judgment. While Nick has slowly plodded forward, she has remained, carelessly careful, in the background. Even now she does not desert her observation post in the Senate gallery for the other end of the Capitol where her knout-less Czar (and Nick grins delightedly when addressed as "Czar Nicholas") presides over the placid procedure of the Sixty-ninth Congress.

Alice Roosevelt believes she has at last overcome the political handicaps of the rotund man who wears Bond Street clothes, canes and spats. These and his other handicaps would have been fatal for almost any other ambitious politician. The other handicaps? Obvious: Nicholas Longworth is a man of great wealth. His grandfather, also Nicholas by name, invested wisely and well in Cincinnati realty and dowered Nick with twenty or thirty millions. Further handicaps? The



Nicholas Longworth

Roosevelt Longworth. Every move Nick makes is colored Alice blue. One may imagine Alice Roosevelt a few years ago playfully pulling her husband's moustache and outlining his future conduct somewhat as follows:

"Nicky, I want you to go on and up in politics. Don't talk much but laugh

overshadowing glamour of his father-in-law's name and achievements and, finally, his marriage to a strong, forceful woman who was a beloved national character (and how we Americans do adore our beautiful women) long before Longworth himself was known at all.

When Alice Roosevelt led Nick to a White House altar twenty years ago, the gentleman from the First Ohio was just a playboy of politics. Three years before Boss Cox had sent him to Congress to represent the blue-stocking section of Cincinnati. Nick was fresh from the Harvard Glee Club then. This was 1902.

Rumor hath it Boss Cox exacted a heavy social price for the honor bestowed upon the Longworth. There was no photographic-minded outsider present but Cox is reported to have blandly remarked to Nicholas Longworth, père:

"Sure, the young fellow can go to Washington. But it would be mighty thoughtful if you and Mrs. Longworth would give a party and invite Missus Cox and me. Ain't so particular myself but Missus Cox is anxious to get up on the hill and meet some of the swells."

He early learned the value of compromise. Also he developed a certain facility of his own in soothing savage political breasts. Although a conservative he has a fine voting record on liberal measures. He isn't an expert on tax and tariff but a good student of these old political progs. On occasion he "takes a firm stand". Instance: his denial of committee plums to recalcitrant Republicans. The result has been a slow, gradual, almost unperceived rise to floor leader and speaker.

Everyone speaks of him as "good old Nick". A gentleman if not an outstanding scholar. Do anything for you. Good old Nick!

There is starch in the man too, cross fibres that show at unexpected moments. A year or so ago he told He-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed, the Secretary of the Treasury, that the "Mellon plan" of tax revision could not pass the House unamended.

"What's the matter with it?" inquired Mellon, stiffly.

"The same thing that was the matter with Mary's little lamb," replied Longworth imperturbably.

Mr. Mellon looked at Longworth

blankly. The majority floor leader recited:

"Mary had a little lamb

"Its fleece was white as snow

"They took the lamb to Pittsburgh,  
"And now look at the darned thing!"

The wits of Washington, however, don't rank this with Nick's bon mot when asked to confirm a published report that he and Mrs. Longworth, after nineteen years of childless marriage, expected an addition to the family.

"All I know about it," replied Longworth, without batting an eye, "is what I read in the newspapers."

He and the present occupant of the White House, temperamentally, are positive and negative poles. Yet Nick is mentioned, and seriously by some, as a possible Coolidge successor. On one of Nick's recent visits to New York, I



asked him what he would do if he were president.

The Longworth laugh—and it's a real "haw-haw"—rang out so heartily I was fearful at least one gelid Brook Club servitor would become afflicted with a permanent eyebrow lift. That's Nick's weakness and his strength! He has a sense of humor. He plays with a cane as a drum major plays with his baton—a sight indeed to behold! He plays the violin like a Paganini and the piano like a Dawes. He could easily conquer the ukelele, I wager. Maybe he has, in secret.

He takes long tramps with an old sweater pulled over his Harvard shoulders and he likes limericks. He rides. He dances and he is now doing a strange political Charleston. Of him they sing: "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow Which Nobody Can Deny." And nobody can. Strength or weakness?

"A statesman cannot be happy without a sense of humor," says Nick. "Appreciation of the funny side of life may not be of advantage to a public man. But—" he chuckles and his broad, bald head bobs—"humor is essential to peace of mind in a political career."

One thing is certain, if Nick ever

becomes president: we'll have more and merrier cartoons!

He has been licked only once since 1902. This was in 1912, the year Colonel Roosevelt, his father-in-law, made his lightning charge at the head of the Bull Moose forces. Nick elected to remain regular and went down to defeat (on a very, very close count) with his constituent, William Howard Taft.

Nick admits his relationship to Colonel Roosevelt has been a decided obstacle to him. He is something like the splay-footed old negro who had the "misfortune" to be named John D. Rockefeller, and used to go around shaking his head and mumbling: "Yassuh, mah name's Jawn Dee Rockefeller and ah'll stick to it but it's been awful burd'nsome to me all mah life."

Nick was "nominated" for president last fall by a Democrat, Honorable John Nance Garner, co-leader of the minority in the House. For years Honorable Garner and Honorable Longworth, on the floor of the House, have roared at each other, lion-like. All these years, if you'd followed them behind scenes into the cloak rooms (with the perspiration of battle still damp upon their brows) you'd have been astonished to find "Jack" and "Nick" just naturally gravitating together—warming to each other's spirit like lambs in a blizzard.

Nights too, often find them together. One evening last November, the refreshments of repartee, the dewy exchanges of compliment were being served, in allopathic doses, about the banquet board of the Alfalfa Club. On this occasion, Honorable John Nance Garner affectionately draped his arm about the shoulder of the Speaker-forecast of the Sixty-ninth Congress and announced, amid the uproarious applause of the other botanists, that "our dear old pal, Nick Longworth" deserved to sit and some day would sit in the White House.

Nick laughed at the idea that night. So did others. But not everybody. And now Nick himself isn't laughing. And, one may be sure, Alice Roosevelt is not laughing as she bends over the crib of her baby daughter. And, if Alice does not succeed in riding Nick into the White House on a flying trapeze, why may she not groom fifteen-months old Paulina Longworth to become our first woman president?

—JOHN K. WINKLER

# MEMORIES OF A CRIMINAL



## III. ODYSSEY OF BIFF ELLISON

**B**IFF ELLISON was my partner twenty-five years ago, when I was first starting out in the crook game and still had a lot to learn. I heard of him a long time before I ever got to know him. With that short right punch of his, he was lord-ing it over everybody from Five Points to Fourteenth Street, crooks and cops alike. Every few days somebody would stroll into the poolroom where I was working just across from Tammany Hall, with half a jaw knocked off, and tell how he got crossed up with Biff.

The first time I ever talked to him, he rolled into our pool room with a bank roll big as a football. He was dressed like a nabob, high silk hat and fancy vest and a necktie that looked like an awning. And he was a lot bigger than he looked at first sight, because of his build. He wasn't just a big beef. He had a build like Kid McCoy, only a couple of sizes up, and he was handsome in the face, too. You would have sworn Biff was a gentleman until he began to talk. That gave him away as a Bowery boy.

It was funny the way he got his roll. Those were the days when automobiles were just getting frequent in the streets. And up on Broadway they were putting in the first electric signs. Well, Biff hired the only auto that was offered for rent. Autos had names in those days, just like horses, and this one was called the Red Demon. It looked like the fire department and cost Biff ten dollars an hour.

Well, he got in and rode downtown and picked up a few high and mighty fellows that he knew were good sports, and gamblers. He'd drive up Broadway, and very casual, say, "By the way, look at that sign. I bet a hundred I can tell you within five of the number of bulbs in it." They took him up, quick. And of course Biff won. He had memorized the

number of bulbs in every sign in town. He cleaned

up that way, betting on the number of steps in big buildings and so on.

It was that photographic memory of his that hooked us two up. My job in the poolroom was to take the race results over the phone and call them to the gamblers. We had three wickets where the bets were laid and we handled five tracks. Five tracks, six races each, about ten horses in each. Three hundred horses running. Remember that.

Every morning I got a big chart, showing the whole line-up, to check the races on as I called them off—and I had to give a realistic account of each one, the start, the race and the finish. Well, Biff used his memory. Five minutes every morning he looked at the chart. Then he had it memorized completely. We had heard that the Chinks can say the same thing a dozen ways to make it mean a dozen things. And that was the system we used.

Biff would be lounging at the

wicket. I'd listen over the phone, wait until the race was over, and then start out on my account of it. I'd say, for instance, "They're off!" From my accent, Biff would know what horse had won, and he'd crack down a quick bet. He never missed. Sometimes I'd say, "They're off," or "Off!" or "There they go!" or "It's a race!" He always got it.

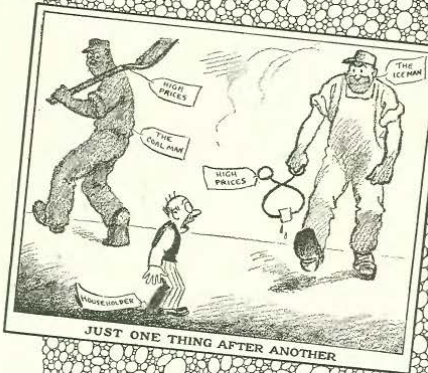
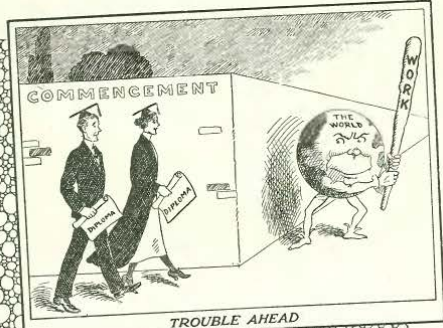
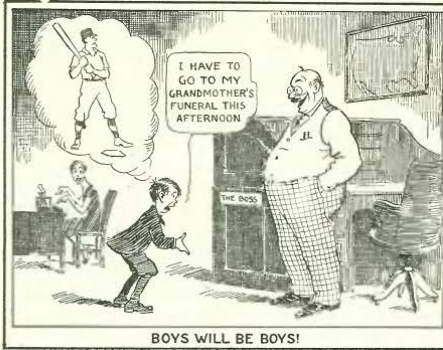
The boss knew we was crooking him. But my relative who got me the job was big in Tammany Hall, and they were afraid of me on that account. They were afraid of Biff on his own account. We took \$212,000 in eight months, before we got tired of it.

Soon after this, Biff had a job as bouncer in Tom Sharkey's saloon, right across from the Hall. I'll have to tell you about that. Biff was queer one other way besides his memory. He hated big men. After a few drinks, he couldn't look at a big man without hitting him, and it got him especially bad if the big fellow had on a cop's blue. Everybody knew that, and the coppers steered clear of him.

But one night the order came down that saloons had to shut up at one a. m. Tom Sharkey decided to keep his back room open. About three o'clock, Captain Steve MacDermott and two policemen in plain clothes came in. A kid was playing the piano, and some girls were moping around the tables.



"Sh-h! Dun't esk!"



OUR ADVANCE SHOWING OF LATE SPRING CARTOONS

THE NEW YORKER is happy again to make its seasonal offering to the daily press. The above are only a few samples of the drawings which are available at our customary low rates.

Mack went up to the kid and told him to quit banging.

Biff was looking on, trying to hold his temper. MacDermott was a whale of a man. Biff told the kid to keep on playing, and when he did, Mack picked the kid up and dropped him on the floor. That set Biff off. He grabbed Mack by the neck and the seat of the pants, and carried him bodily out, and dumped him on the sidewalk. The music kept up until morning.

Sharkey had to fire Biff, or get the

cops down on himself. So Biff left. A few nights later, Biff and I picked up a couple of girls at Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue. We were standing there talking when a big dumb Swede cop came along. He'd gotten orders to keep the girls moving along the street, and he didn't recognize Ellison, I guess. Anyhow, he said, "Move on."

Biff dropped him with one punch. A flock of cops came running, and pretty soon we were putting up bail at

the Fifty-ninth Street Station House. The hearing was set for the next morning, and all of us started to leave. At the door, there was the big Swede, waiting. He looked at Ellison and said, "You big bum." Biff laid him cold again. He had to spend the night in a cell and it took Big Tim Sullivan himself to get him off.

One night the word went round that if Biff went to the Sharkey Association Ball at Tammany, he would be croaked by the Paul Kelly gang, a

bunch of bums that hung out in Paul Kelly's saloon. They had been hating Biff a long time. Biff and I dropped in on the dance. We hadn't been there more than ten minutes before a man came running up. He said, "One of the Paul Kellys has stabbed Andy Osborne." Andy was our friend.

Biff couldn't find but two of the Kellys on the floor. He cracked their heads together.

The next afternoon Biff left me. Said he was going on an errand. This was what happened. He went to Paul Kelly's saloon, and found Paul behind the bar and about ten of the gang standing around drinking. He knew all of them had guns. Biff ordered champagne for the boys—four rounds. He was leaning over the curve of the bar, talking to Kelly. After a while, Kelly said, "That's seventy dollars, Biff." Biff came back, "Want me to pay you now?"

With that he reached for his hip pocket. And a second later he had emptied his five-shot gun into that crowd. Paul Kelly got one through the arm, and a boy named Bill Harrington, a young gangster, got his square between the eyes.

Biff lammed out—disappeared—and they didn't pick him up for four years. When they tried him, they gave him eight to twenty years. But he had a lot of good political friends, and a retrial was ordered. They wanted \$15,000 cash bail to let Ellison go free until the next trial, and nobody would come up with it but an Italian woman that Biff had liked once.

The day for the second trial came, and there was the Italian girl, pretty nervous for fear Biff wouldn't show up. Sure enough, he didn't. And they didn't find him for a week. When they did, somebody identified him at Kings Park Hospital, where he had been sent after a cop had picked him up, a raving lunatic. They took him to Dannemora Hospital.

A few years later I was in Atlanta with a pocketful of money when I ran into Andy Osborne. He was feeling blue. I suggested that we take a run up and look at the big boy.

We found Biff, looking like a skinny little ghost, sitting in a cell with a straight jacket on. He was gibbering like a monkey. The warden told us he had been in a straight jacket more than a year, ever since he yanked out the radiator pipes in his cell, and tried to brain a guard. A year later, he died.—JOE TAYLOR

## MANHATTAN MANUAL

**THE AUTOMAT**—Some day, someone is going to get eleven nickels change for their half dollar; on that day someone else is going to get a three nickel sandwich for two. Until that great day dawns, all those pieces of magnifying glass are going to continue to make a nickel sandwich look like a dime's worth. The Automat is chiefly patronized by mechanical geniuses who like to deposit their nickels in the hot chocolate slots and watch the cup and saucer slide down the faucet. (Adv't—for Childs.)

**CHILD'S**—Childs, after all, is both a restaurant and a training school for Ringling. Many circus jugglers and boomerang throwers are said to have started their careers tossing wheat cakes in a Childs' window. The Childs' menus are one of the few parts of old New York that remain to us; here is one thing that the years have not changed (on the left hand side). And at that, for 76c one can still get a tasty v7-34, a rather good v64-128, a small v8-28, and finish up with a delicious v39-86. (Adv't—for Automat.)

**GRAND CENTRAL PALACE**—This is the ideal place for the collector; more pamphlets, booklets, leaflets and circulars can be collected here during any one show than can be gleaned anywhere else in the world. During the *haute saison*, textiles, food, motor boats, fire extinguishers, etc., follow each other in rapid succession. If the visitor is in town during the electrical show, let him but write to this magazine which will be glad to send him or her a pair of tickets in row A. (Provided the Light Company comes through.) It is not necessary to speak of the fountain pen you can get absolutely free—on purchasing 473 pen points or fifty gallons of ink.

**METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE**—The world's homeliest exterior and worse than the subway after the performance. They still tell of the one occupant of a grand tier box who was present when the performance began—he was a poor relation to whom the box had been loaned for the evening. If you make your trip in 1928, go up to Fifty-seventh Street and look for the tallest skyscraper; on the eighty-third floor will be the new location of the Op'ry House, fire commissioner willing. Baldwin piano used; Gatti-Casazza misused. (Adv't.)

**PALISADES PARK**—This is purely an American invention, entitled an amusement park. It is located midway between Warner's Sugar Factory and Lux-Mazola for your fine silks and salads, or the Jersey coast. The Park is really one of the very best arguments against the accusation that New Yorkers are niggardly. Just go over there and see them pouring out their dimes and quarters to be slammed around, turned upside down and inside out, knocked over, made sick, and scared silly; then make that accusation if you dare.

**WOOLWORTH BUILDING**—Presumably an office building, but recently employed as a measuring device for stood-on-end ocean liners. Check your camera, hat, overcoat, shoes, watch, cane, cigars and wallet and then get one of the finest views of



New York roofs obtainable anywhere in the vicinity (the fee is fifty cents—one half of a dollar). Get the same view three floors down (the fee is nothing). On clear days you can see as far as—but there is no use in going into that—you'll never be there on a clear day.

When leaving the tower, be sure to take the elevator to the street level.

—ROBERT JAY MISCH

The witness fainted shortly after he had taken the oars.—Georgia Paper.

Probably poisoned.



## CARTOGRAPHY

I WAS standing on the platform of the subway. It was late. The nocturnal local which I hoped eventually to catch was probably waking its sleepy motors in a distant garage, or roundhouse, or whatever they call the place where they keep them. There was a bum sitting on the iron stairway, a charwoman with a strange, faint eagerness in her eyes, and a young gentleman, tuxedoed, intoxicated, singing.

I read all the ads and then I stopped before the glass covered map of Manhattan. There was, for example, Wall Street. Had something to do with a Dutch fence along the river. Then, I reflected, the fences grew bigger and bigger, stacked the people up in layers between which were sandwiched bonds, gold notes, securities. Wall Street. It means something in Nevada, London, Alaska. Bonds. Panics.

Broad. Nassau. The canyon streets. My eyes traveled. Gay Street. Christopher. Gay Street—a name for

Dickens. I could see the quaint brick fronts and the stoops that dropped abruptly to the narrow flagging. Artists. Poets. Quaint people on queer errands. And Christopher. Bright signs beckoning to taxi-loads of Bronx flappers. Waverly Place. Washington Square. Where the big, green beetle buses turn.

And the Bowery. There are songs for those streets and places. Rose of Washington Square. The Bowery, the Bowery, I'll never go there any more. Hell's kitchen. The glamour of them! The whole town named as picturesquely as peaks in the Rockies or dangerous rocks at sea. The dead line. And think: The Great White Way. Was there ever a more splendid phrase! My eyes ranged slowly up Broadway—to what? The Roaring Forties.

The greatest stores, the biggest offices, the most frenzied entertainment in the world. Crowds in Times Square.


The snobbish Sixties and the stately Seventies. Central Park West. On,

on, up St. Nicholas Avenue. My mind ran out of breath. The names had started the pageant. In a single leap I went from University Avenue back to the end of the Island. The Battery. From the old fort that is alive with fish and small boys, you can go up West Street. Trains run on it, and trucks, and buses to New Jersey lined up for the ferries. Beyond West Street I followed the Hudson rivage and allowed myself the luxury of Riverside Drive. Which, in turn, suggested Park Avenue. I was not content until I had done Park. In a limousine, fretting with aristocratic impatience at the waits entailed by the red eyes in the towers.

Then I said, I shall go to my most favorite part of the town. Immediately I leapt hither and thither, undecided. There came a dim thunder from far up the tunnel. And, like a good New Yorker, I stood too near the edge, betting my guess of where a door would stop against the bum and the charwoman and the young man in the tuxedo.—P. G. W.

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

*Jubilate!*

S not spring the perfect season for the hearing of good news? In the air there is a soft promising fragrance, and a restless sweet flavor; so we sit and roll the good news into pretty phrases, repeating it in this manner, then in that—curious to find the precise words in which it shall sound best—and watchful every moment lest some small item of it shall escape us. Jubilantly, we hearken to the music of our own laughter.

I pray no pardon, ladies and gentlemen, for my lyric ecstasy. For my good news concerns Prohibition. Prohibition! At the beginning of a season when there is a pragmatic as well as a poetic purpose in the tinkle of ice against the lips of thin tumblers! Pass the bottle.

I have no fancy to deal with facts. I simply want to say, again and again, that Prohibition is dying; and to take it on faith that the wounded body of the monster is somewhere in the next room, to lift my head now and then and listen to his anguished shriek. Yet, I suppose, too many uncouth accidents have happened to simple faith of late to permit of any such thing. The patient must be inspected, doubtless. If you will follow me—

**Y**OU observed, of course, the recent newspaper poll on the question of Prohibition. Something over a million people took the trouble to clip coupons out of the paper, and write upon them, and spend a two-cent stamp to make their votes register their weariness of the Volstead Act. That is almost ten percent of our population, and the voters were countrymen as well as city chaps, laborers as well as bankers. Their action was individual and overt: that is to say, they took the offensive—went to certain physical trouble to express a resentment that was burning in their souls.

Persons of moral and physical lassitude, naturally, would not go to the trouble of voting at all, where voting was a matter of so much effort. And so we may suppose that each of the million who did vote is a person of fixed opinion, even belligerent opinion. And in most cases, he is the sort of fellow who will go out and bally-

hoo for his cause if the thing ever comes to an official vote.

Quite to the contrary, the bone-dry vote was not individual. The results show that the few hundred thousands who expressed a desire for the survival of Prohibition, cast their ballots largely *en bloc*. That is to say, they were caught in church of a Sunday morning, exhorted from the pulpit, and automatically gave their names to the ushers so that a solid church vote might be sent in to the paper. It was, on the whole, a defensive, engineered vote. In some cases even that was abortive. There was, for instance, the case of the Detroit minister who polled his congregation and found it overwhelmingly wet. Of course, the minister was disciplined.

This newspaper ballot was monstrously important in two respects. Of course, I am too experienced an American to believe that it will move Congress out of its lethargy or bring any immediate action from those drowsy fellows in Washington. But, first: the ballot aroused many hitherto incurious citizens to the consciousness that many of their friends are tired of Volsteadism. They will be vastly surprised for a little time. And then they will begin to inquire among their wet acquaintances, listening to the arguments, until finally they will be as violently wet as anybody.

The second, and most important effect of the poll, was upon that small group of rich men who have, from the first, financed the Anti-Saloon League. They suddenly came awake to the notion that perhaps, incredibly enough, they had been sinking their money into a losing cause. For the first time, they grew aware of the fact that they had been receiving all their news through officials of the Anti-Saloon League:

through fellows whose only hope of keeping their jobs and waxing rich themselves, was to convince their patrons that Prohibition was a huge success.

The reaction of the rich fellows was astoundingly quick. You remember reading, I am sure, that the Anti-Saloon League would hold in New York next June what it chose to call a Show Down Exposition. Funds were to be spent lavishly in the compilation of facts to prove that no boon to mankind had ever been so sweet as the boon of Prohibition. Oh, many things were to be done at that exposition. A sure-fire press agent was hired at an immense salary to put it across, as the phrase goes.

Then, suddenly, the notion is dropped. There would not, it was confessed, be any Show Down Exposition after all. And the reason was simple. Two very rich men, chain store owners with shops in half the cities of the country, had agreed to put up the cash. But suddenly they backed down. They had read the results of the poll and they had heard disquieting rumors from the managers of their far-flung stores. Forthwith, they pulled the strings of their money bags.

That same thing is happening every-



where. The cause of Prohibition, since its very start, has always required an astounding amount of money. Nobody seems to know quite what the money is used for. But a great number of millions has been thrown into the fight. It came, in approximately even amounts, from the rich supporters of the movement and from contributions in the churches.

This winter has seen both sources of money dried up. The churches are having great difficulty in getting even enough money to pay their pastors and retire building notes. Missions are languishing for want of funds, and Prohibition, always last on the list of money demands from the pulpits, is getting practically nothing. Wayne B. Wheeler and his fellows in the League are howling as they have never howled before. But in their cry is an unmistakable note of self-preservation. And the dry enthusiasts, at long last, are beginning to recognize that note, finding it unpleasant to the ears, and wondering how long it has been sounding without their knowledge.

**MEANTIME**, what of the wet? Until this spring, they have done little to crystallize public sentiment. The opposition to the Prohibition law has grown rather like a flower out of a marsh, with little cultivation, and with the Anti-Saloon League chopping at its head day and night. Outside of the big metropolitan centers, the newspapers are weak and flabby, and have been afraid to be anything except dry.

Yet, somehow, the consciousness that the law is an evil thing has penetrated to the most unlikely places. At corner stores, and even in homes across the country, men and women are beginning to look away from the violently preached virtues of sobriety. And they are beginning to glance at the long hidden evil that the law has wrought. They are beginning to see the debauchery of courts, and District Attorneys, and dry agents, and police forces everywhere. They are, in short, starting to inform themselves.

They have heard Mr. Buckner and

Colonel Andrews wonder in public whether the law is not a foolish and stupid encouragement of criminality. And, without inquiring as to the motives that lie behind the attitudes of Mr. Buckner and Colonel Andrews, they have marvelled that such iconoclasts were not instantly pitched out of office. Time was when the Anti-Saloon League would have brought about that pitching with little trouble. The League must be losing power, then. And what of Mr. Coolidge?



*"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring, Tra La"*

Catching the first wave of this rising national curiosity and uneasiness, three movements have been organized: The Association Opposed to the Prohibition Law—the Moderation League—and the World War Veterans Light Wines and Beer League. These are beginning to labor with augmenting strokes.

The first organization, the Association Opposed to the Prohibition Law, is the largest and most powerful. It has thousands of members in every part of the country, most of them rich, most of them influential. They are directing their efforts not at all to the whipping up of public opinion, but against the leaders of political machines in every locality. Their one effort is to elect wet Congressmen and Senators, and their hopes for next autumn are high.

The Moderation League, for all its list of imposing names, has not yet amounted to much. It has confined itself thus far to the distribution of statistics revealing that Prohibition (as we all knew) was a thing of the devil. But it is promising itself a strenuous,

active campaign at the next election.

Somehow, I have a fancy that in the cause of wine and beer, the Veterans will shake off the habit of leather-lunged bungling which has distinguished every one of their peacetime activities to date. None of the Veterans' organizations has displayed any finesse or concerted power in influencing public affairs. And I suspect this is so because it has been difficult for youth to put its heart into any of the frowsy problems that have assailed the

Republic. (Leave the bonus out of it. They were after cash, then, and made a rather doubtful victory of it.)

But the soldiers can put their hearts into the fight for wine and beer. The League is only three weeks old, but already has a thousand or two of members, all fighting mad. They will, I suppose, make themselves intolerable with a large amount of talking. They will stumble into and ruin many of the keen plans of the more subtly fashioned Association Opposed to Prohibition. But they can muster a

vast amount of enthusiasm, and they will.

If you want a prediction, I will give you that of a brilliant young liberal, the editor of one of New York's great newspapers. He said: "We've got them now! Prohibition is gone. It may be two years and it may be five. But we've got them!" And there, ladies and gentlemen, is my news.

—MORRIS MARKEY

## NEVER THE TWAIN

The connoisseur  
Of Mesopotamia  
Does not prefer  
Girls that grow gamier  
And slimmer each year.  
His females are  
(Or so I hear)  
Quite globular.

But here you prove  
What a rube you are  
Unless you love  
Them tubular.

—A. K. L.



# OF ALL THINGS

THE dramatists and producers have sunk their differences and the dove of peace has come back to Broadway. The only thing needed to make our happiness complete is a couple of good plays.

It seems to us that the authorities at Binghamton were not treated quite fairly in the matter of that noisy ninety-three-year-old doctor. They were only trying to do their duty and check the crime wave of 1881.

We sincerely hope that the Senate will agree to a liberal settlement with Italy. This is a rich country but we cannot afford to lose all that money.

The state prohibition referendum—when, as and if held—will no doubt be well patronized by both sides. It might even revive interest in that quaint, old, half-forgotten institution, the ballot box.

The Watch and Ward Society of Boston has now become watchful and wardish on the subject of the *American Mercury*. Our neighbor, we trust, will not be ruined by the resulting prosperity.

According to Samuel Taylor Moore in the *Independent*, one-half of New York's population is 100 per cent moron. Apparently Mr. Moore's statistics are based upon the *os capita* circulation of the tabloid papers.

The charges against Judge English seem serious, but we must withhold judgment until the Senate has passed upon the case. We advise a position of malevolent neutrality.

As we hear every day now, strict obedience to the law is the duty of every true citizen. Until further notice we therefore steadfastly believe that man was evolved from a lower order of animals except in Tennessee and Mississippi.



The Movie Critic's Day Off

When the government gets through arbitrating the Tacna-Arica controversy, we wish it would take up the Hoppe-Schaeffer affair.

The twenty-first of March did not bring this town any spring to speak of, nor did the circus, April Fool nor Easter. In our prejudiced opinion, winter's lingering in the lap of spring was a worse scandal than the Carroll bathtub party. In short, vernal turpitude.

Rickard announces that he will build a million dollar outdoor garden on Long Island. The main crop, we understand, will be cauliflowers.

We have the government's word that the 3.75 p.c. malt tonic now authorized is unpalatable and sickening. Under our beneficent system, anything that is bad for the constitution is constitutional.

Governor Brewster says that Maine dumped surplus potatoes on the ground last year and imported potato chips from Chicago. This, we suspect, was

merely a device for keeping the summer boarders from getting anything to eat.—HOWARD BRUBAKER

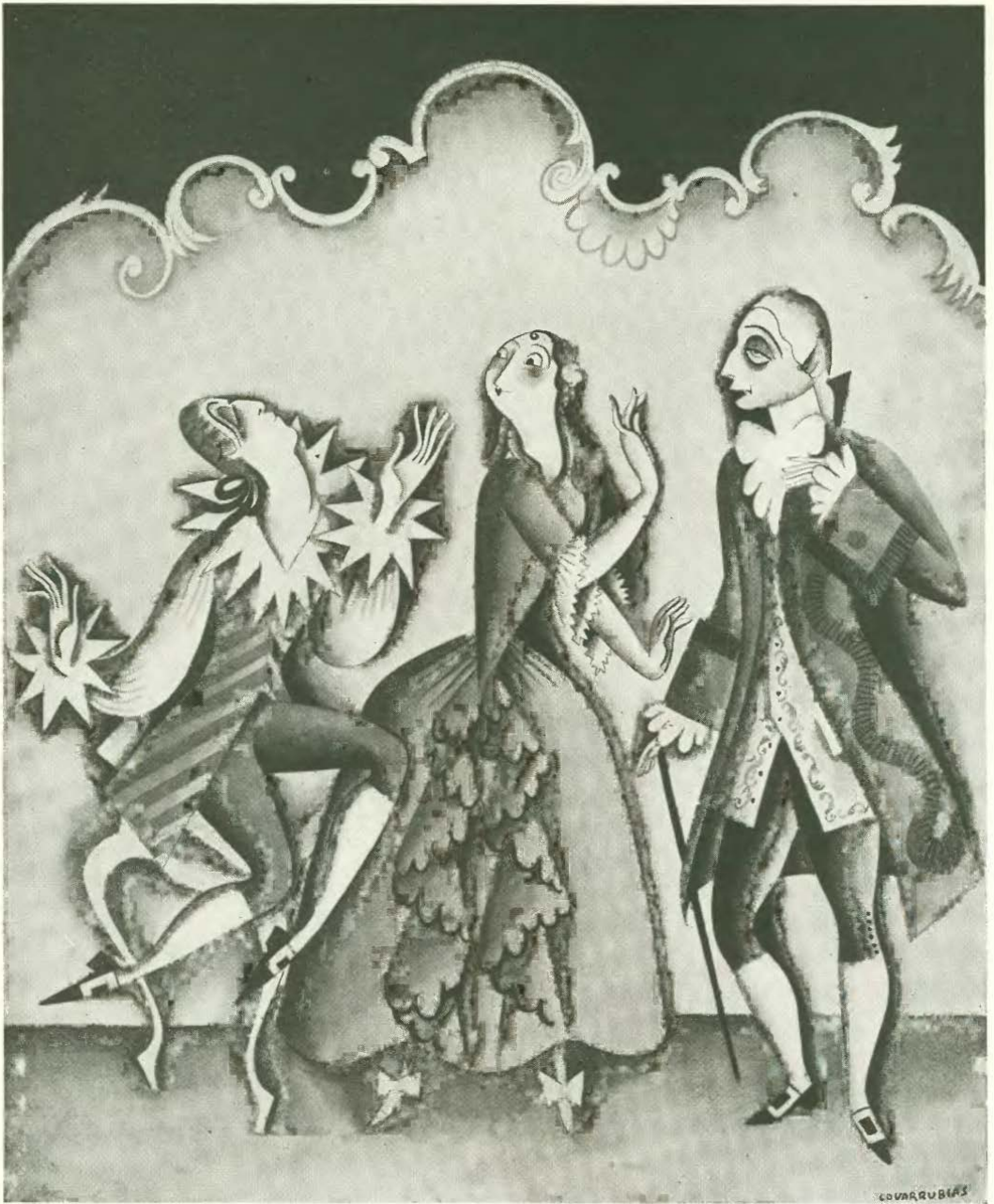
## I HATE TO MENTION IT

I rather hate to mention it  
With spring fairly started  
And bright days coming  
To cheer the faint-hearted;  
But there's one thing the poem maker  
Asks his consumer—  
Why do reformers  
Lack a sense of humor?

Instead of going hunting  
For the four leaf clover,  
They go about grumpily  
Knocking things over.  
They're just like insects  
Gathered round a light,  
Terribly excited  
And buzzing with spite.

Particularly the springtime  
Seems to be their season  
For hating almost everything  
Without any reason.  
Which explains why the poem-maker  
Asks his consumer  
Why the reformers  
Lack a sense of humor.

—FILLMORE HYDE



### THE GRAND STREET APOTHECARY

Hadyn's ancient operetta is but one of three lyric nosegays on the doorstep of the Neighborhood Playhouse. The others are "A Burmese Pwe"—whatever that may pwe—and "Kuan Yin", Chinese with Russian music. All in the best ballet manner. Here we have Harold Minier, Dorothy Sands and Albert Carroll exhibiting some decorous Eighteenth Century elation over the off-stage arias of Papa Hadyn.

THE ministers are in for it. Play after play has the habit of seizing the uplifted hand of God's anointed and reading the love line on it. You had it in "Rain" and "Caskill Dutch". You have it now-

adays in such cheaper editions as "The Virgin" and "Devils". Hereafter, you have it in one of the most brutally true and probing pieces the stage has seen this year: "Bride of the Lamb", at the Greenwich Village. It is an imperfect but, first to last, effectual play, actable in every line and innuendo, and acted to the utmost.

See Havelock Ellis on the religious origin of orgies. Read any decent newspaper account of any typical revivalist camp-meeting. Then you will know what justification William Hurlburt had for the theme and the writing, the retching disaster and the taunting humor he has put into "Bride of the Lamb". Had he had the grace and the brilliance to make a comedy of it, instead of a forced and overheated tragedy, he would have accomplished one of the wisest and most beneficent inquiries the American stage has ever housed.

Strained as it is, streaked with mediocrity, it offers none the less a magnificently embittered, enlightened evening. Its tale is of simple order, almost grotesquely simple. A great, bullish, self-deluded mountebank of a preacher captures the passions of a stupid little housewife in the mid-Western town where he is saving souls along the Sawdust-Trail. Such feverish adoration, mystical, physical, seizes upon her as was responsible in olden days for the poetic volumes of most famous nuns. But she is inarticulate, grossly muddled, bound to earth by a drunken husband and a snuffing child.

Murder must come out of it—according to Mr. Hurlburt anyhow—murder and madness.

But there is larger worth in the irony of the general effects of "gettin' religion" on all these town folk, adult as well as adolescent. Shrewd, knowing, corrosive irony, too sure of its facts to descend to travesty.

Mr. Hurlburt uses it fairly and finely; he should indeed have used more of it.



*Tongues of the Angels and Serpentine Sex—Bride of the Lamb, Devils, and Hot Et Ceteras.*

IF this "Bride of the Lamb" finds a larger public than such honest, unrelenting works customarily can, it will be as much because of the excellent acting which goes into it. They have brought Alice Brady down to star in it. Her performance (however merciful you may be in remembering some of her past performances) is amazing, the outstanding piece of acting of the season. The scene in which she and the handsomely biceped preacher bring their love to the point of word and clinch is something to sweep you completely off your pegs of inhibition and make you young again. Crane Wilbur helps along. So do they all. They guarantee an exceptional evening for the strong of stomach and the bold of brains.



THEN, there is at the Maxine Elliott a new play called "Devils" which drew some extraordinary first-night notices. It was called powerful and engrossing, gripping, galvanic, something to rave about, a cause of long applause. So influential is the press, there were great dark pools of empty seats all over the parquet on the night of the fifth or sixth performance which your optimis-

tic correspondent panted to attend. Perhaps the public owes better attendance on "Devils".

It is certainly a play with moments. Some are handsome moments and some are ugly. It is faultily and often weakly written by Daniel Rubin, who

recently gave New York one of its worst-ever, "The Night Duel". But it has tension, a tom-tom excitement, the morose honesty of dealing with people too dumb for frills and too benighted for mercy.

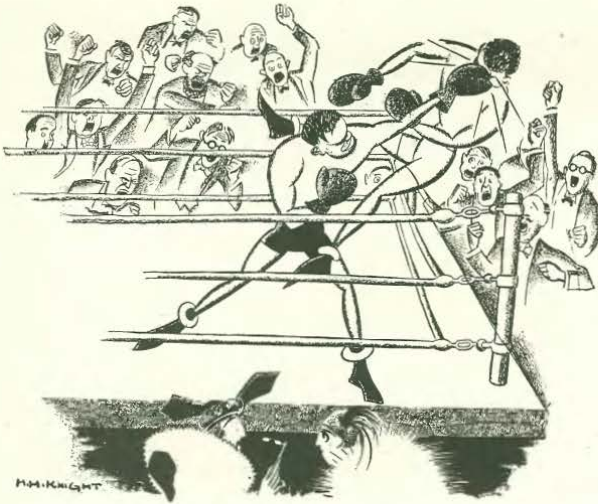
It is set in such a remote farmland of the Mississippi Valley as still believes in the wrath of God and the presence of the Devil. Himself, the Devil, in person. Under the wheels of this old superstition, driven by a fanatic village preacher, a young girl is crushed to death. The whole play climbs to frenzy—a cruel, sadistic tumult—in a scene exorcizing the Sin Incarnate.

John Cromwell gives an interesting performance of the crazy preacher. The whole cast is good enough to be sincere and vivid about it. A small rewriting of "Devils" might have turned it into an effective tragedy.

OUT of the April shower spigot pours a splendidly awful piece of hula-hula which is known as "The Half Caste". An erstwhile vaudeville dancer by the name of Veronica (Veronica and nothing more) seems to have been the inspiration. One Jack McClellan was the writer or type-writer inspired. So he set out to curry "a Story of Love and Sacrifice in a Land of Forgotten Men". The South Sea Islands are said Land.

AND also there is "Kongo". Lots and lots of "Kongo". They kongo all over the Biltmore Theatre to deliver up seven plots, fourteen counterplots and twenty-one sub-counterplots on the subject of atrocities in the black heart of Africa. One of its authors is said to have come back only a little while ago from the stamping ground, and the local color is still thick on him. Three acts, six scenes, of local color, voodoo and hoodoo. And yet, for all that and all that, a dull evening, preposterously lagging, evidently effectually bitten by the ~~use~~ fly.  
—G. W. G.

## ROMANCE



"I saw her yesterday, and she's wearing pale green stockings  
with violet shoes."

"Fancy that!"

## METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

IT TAKES ALL KINDS  
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

**T**HERE is, for instance, The Bride-to-be.  
If she has ever spoken lightly of marriage as an institution,  
She is perfectly willing now to Eat Her Words,  
And she considers all the cracks taken at it in modern novels  
As the spite work of disgruntled old maids  
Or of gentlemen who are Repenting at Leisure.  
Formerly she made some attempt to keep abreast of what was  
happening in the world,  
But now Cabinets may fall, the stock market go Democratic  
And returning heroes be welcomed by the cheers of the populace  
With no more reaction from her than a polite question as to  
what the shooting is for  
When those and similar subjects are mentioned.  
Indeed, so pleasant are her personal musings  
That even the train journey to Hartford is over before she  
realizes it.  
The ringing of the doorbell is a constant source of excitement,  
Meaning, as it does, the arrival of six dessert spoons made in  
1760,  
A complete assortment of *Dans La Nuit*,  
China for the breaking of which servants should receive life  
sentences, etc.  
The ringing of the telephone isn't quite so good, of course,  
With perfect strangers asking if they may take her photograph  
Or sell her a vacuum cleaner, or supply her regularly with  
dairy products,  
But she realizes that no blessing can be utterly unmixed,  
And so bears up as philosophically as she can under the scrutiny  
of her fiancé's bachelor cronies,

Knowing that they are probably thinking things like "There,  
except for the grace of God, go I",  
And also under that of his women acquaintances  
Who are, beyond all question, graving on his tombstone and  
writing on his card  
That a young man married is a young man marred,  
And with no apologies to Kipling, either.  
She doesn't even mind the hardened old cynics  
Who twit her with the prophecy that her future husband  
Will be back hanging around the club with the boys inside of  
six weeks;  
She even goes so far as to tell them that she hopes he will—  
That she has no intention of interfering with his personal  
freedom,  
Wondering meanwhile how she could ever have felt sorry  
For a woman who had to leave a bridge game flat at five-thirty.  
The Bride-to-be simply cannot listen to long stories  
Or indulge in deeper speculation than the variety of silver fox  
to be had for Uncle Ned's cheque  
Or what the church organist might do or say if she should ask  
him  
To play from "The Jewels of the Madonna" before the  
ceremony.  
If her fiancé is five minutes late for any given appointment,  
She is certain that he has been run down by a truck or shot  
up by an assassin.  
Her constant prayer is that she can negotiate the aisle and altar  
Without falling down or stubbing her toe.  
The worst part of the whole thing is that in nine cases out of ten  
The Bride-to-be, poor girl, was once quite normal.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS  
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

—BAIRD LEONARD



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# MUSICAL EVENTS



*A Few Scraps About Music—The Two Best Chasers.*

CRITICISM of contemporaries," said St. Beuve or Brander Matthews or both, "is merely gossip," but in the music columns of several of our dailies, criticism has become gossip about contemporaries. Mme. Samaroff alludes frequently to the severe standards of Mr. Chotzinoff and Mr. Chotzinoff devotes a Sunday article to the charitable acts of Mme. Samaroff, a counter-offensive on Mr. Chotzinoff's employment of "poison laughing gas" following from Mme. Samaroff. That interesting and frequently exciting new magazine, *Singing*, publishes an anonymous dissection called "What I Think of Music Critics", and Mr. Cushing of the *Brooklyn Eagle*—but if you don't read his "Answer, Echo" department of Sundays you're missing the best chatter blue-plate now served in Greater Manhattan.

This dropping of buttons (a metaphor from fencing) is the most important musical development of the past month. In spite of a reasonably generous use of the first person singular in music reviews, criticism in the daily press has been, for the most part, colorless routine. Most concerts and many operatic performances are dismissed with a brief statement of what, who, when and where, with a few sketchy generalities for or against the participants. But with the advent of personal cracks, the personalities of the critics are coming into evidence. Music ceases to be a matter for musicians. It becomes a free-for-all—like

tickets for debut concerts—and after a while there will be curious persons entering music salons to find out what all the shootin' is for. Wittingly, possibly, our music critics have succeeded in arousing an interest in music!

TWO composers who may be counted on to empty a symphony auditorium are Bruckner and Mahler, for all the efforts of orchestral conductors to make us like them. By some persuasive miracle, the Symphony Society staved off Mr. Klemperer's intention of producing a hitherto unheard symphony of Mahler, but he had his fling at Bruckner, as did Mr. Furtwaengler and Mr. Mengelberg. The three conductors reached technical heights in their Bruckner performances, but the merry boys of the Carnegie Hall box-office can tell you how many subscribers tried to dispose of their tickets when the Bruckner symphonies were announced. Bruckner is a fine bit of Vienna pastry completely surrounded by stacks of desiccated coffee-cake. Mahler is a banquet of coffee-cake with a few stretches of vanilla icing applied thinly. We can't get either of them down our throats, no matter how impressively conductors exploit these composers' doughy virtuosity.

## Popular Songs

SPRING fashions in Broadway ditties show a predilection for the ultramarine with occasional scarlet trimmings, as in "There Are Two Sides to Every Story" (Glason, Lee and Jerome), which begins:

"He went away,  
"She had to pay,  
"Pay with a heart that was broken."

The vanity of human wishes is exploited in "Reaching for the Moon" (Davis and Greer), a singularly effective fox-trot. Morality of a high order is exemplified in "I'd Rather Be Alone" (Yellen and Ager), which continues: "Just thinking of you, than be with someone I don't love." This aria is recommended especially to ukelele virtuosos, who will find a very pleasant handful in May Singhi Breen's

arrangement for the Bronx harp. Several venerable gags make a cynical background for "Ev'rything's Gonna Be All Right" (Davis and Akst), which is something for the dance floor, and there are tears for neglected paternity in "Poor Papa" (Rose and Woods), a bit of grotesquerie which probably has more amusing choruses than the one in the printed version.

Several *bruchstücke* from musical plays are included in the offerings submitted by publishers, among them two ballads from "Suzanne", not yet seen here. "Maybe I Will" has an odd rhythm which should carry it into the night club repertoire. "Suzanne", apparently a theme song, is a theme song. Both are by William Cary Duncan and Harold Orlob. Isham Jones's "My Castle In Spain", from "By the Way", is now a "popular" as well as a "production" commodity, and sounds to this untutored ear as the best excerpt, musically, from any current revue except "A Cup of Coffee", which also has been graduated into the "popular" category.

"Dorothy", a "Vanities" item, dedicated to the renowned Miss Knapp, has several good moments, including some from the Garden Scene of "Faust". The hottest sample to reach this office is "Charleston Ball" (Donald Heywood), a riotous affair from "The Brown Skin Revue", an entertainment not at present in evidence locally.

Two particularly good tunes are "Let's Talk About My Sweetie" (Kahn and Donaldson), equipped with a well-made text, and "Say It Again" (Richman and Silver), which is best in the inimitable interpretation of Harry Richman but which comes off without his sympathetic aid.—R. A. S.



Hyman Rovinsky after playing Steinway at Town Hall N.Y.



Hyman Rovinsky looking over "possible" Irving Berlin, yes, su. 2 and

FROM THE NEW YORKER OF APRIL THIRD

"... you're ... me!"

Dorothy

DEVOTEES of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" will be interested to know that Miss Anita Loos, the author, is now in the throes of another masterpiece. It is written, as before, by the blonde young lady, but concentrates on Dorothy; being, in fact, a diary of that most unrefined of girls. The latter's career, it seems, started in a side show and her first love was a glommer. A glommer, we add, in case our readers are unfamiliar with the term, is a snake eater.

Fa. age of scenari great C teen de and tuc and M story f Douglas rummagi tracted t that he sa She ar mother, 7 be this ve



The vagaries of side show life form the background of Dorothy's adventures.

The new book, again, will be illustrated by Ralph Barton and will appear serially in Harper's Bazaar sometime before the approaching summer.

In The MAY issue



GENTLEMEN Prefer Blondes," by the way, has now reached a sale of close to 100,000 and continues to sell between 500 and 1000 copies a day. Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos have already written the play, which

will open April nineteenth in Detroit, planning to spend the summer in Chicago and arrive here next fall. At the greatest problem unsol-

It appeared FIRST in Harper's Bazar

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\* \* \*

### TO AN AVOWED WET \*

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## A DEFENSE OF BRASS IGLOOS

NO literature could possibly be more inadequate than that of the American Eskimo. The reasons for this are many and obvious. Writing materials are unknown, and there are no verbs in the language, at least, no he-verbs that take an object. Eskimo thought, or what will you, is limited to involuntary action and as such is untranslatable even into the most broad-minded language. Add to these obstacles the fact that it is too cold to read or write, and you will readily see, we are confident, why a lore that might have been so colorful with its sagas of mammoth hunts and icebergs is in reality as barren of the written word as stationery at a paper mill.

One gem alone of Eskimo literature has survived the frosted aeons. It has been added to, and subtracted from, purged with Old Dutch Cleanser and printed below. Readers, if any, should provide themselves with grains of salt, for even nowadays when a contemporary author announces his heroine to be as "pure as the driven snow," we all laugh up one sleeve or another with the gratifying realization that driven snow is simply stuffed with typhoid amoebae.

The jewel that follows is a free translation from the pointed stick and ice block of Wikki, the essayist, or thereabouts.

POGLIOG was a chief, descending, as directly as Eskimos can, from Poppo Pogliog, the elder. It was Poppo Pogliog who fashioned the great igloo of the Pogliog family, that proud pile of congealed architecture which by its great proportions proclaimed the Pogliogs chiefs. That's what they were, chiefs.\*

Pogliog had no duties as chief other than preserving the Pogliog family. This he had done, magnificently, in conjunction with Sope-no-sope, his wife, to the creditable count of nineteen Pogliogs.

"Thank the Lord that's over," he said looking at the nineteen, and resumed his unaffected pose of indolence.

Sometimes he tried to think, by which plucky effort he placed himself in the same category with the jockey who enters the race without a horse. Sometimes he would leisurely raise his

\* This repetitional style, it is estimated, springs from the teeth chattering, so common in cold places.



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axe and lop off a many-sided prism from a nearby iceberg, take it home, and melt it. Then he would place it in a pan outside the door and, while it froze, sigh at the futility of life.

"Wug Zocquto ooph umph?" he asked himself again and again, without ever finding the answer. His best remark he made in his sleep, "If these four walls were once babbling brooks, then architecture is indeed frozen music."

The fall of the house of Pogliog is a sad and silly annal. Were it not the only one, it could well be dubbed the most tragic of all Eskimo annals. Though many may have wondered how Poppo Pogliog, the elder, got together enough energy to construct the great igloo, every one knew that his descendant, Pogliog, was utterly lazy. Even a cannibal chief of the tropics is less indolent than an Eskimo for he is at least obliged to brush the bothering Goo-goo flies from his beaded brow. There are no flies on the frozen north.†

To Pogliog's ice village came one day Put-put,‡ an Eskimo girl of low repute. (Considering the moral code of the northland, to call her reputation low is well nigh a paradox.) She had no home, but was a welcome guest, if you gather that at which we are driving.

"A breaker up of homes, she is," complained Ikkk, the owner of a distant igloo.

"Bring her to me," commanded Pogliog listlessly.

"Oh no, it will mean the ruin of your great house."

"Ruin the house of Pogliog, bah!" said the chief almost vehemently. "Remember there is no such word as 'scandal!'"

Ikkk could not but remember. There *was* no such word.

More complainants came to Pogliog, moaning of ruined houses. And all besought the chief to avoid the woman.

"Really," said Pogliog, "I didn't know there was so much fine sensibility in my community. Bravo, boys, but *bring her to me.*"

So one night came Put-put dressed in gaudy polar bear, wearing a broad brimmed hat with a waving duck

† Interpolated by the translator. Since there are no flies, naturally there is no corresponding word. Similar gaps in the Arctic vocabulary are—"Warm day, ain't it?"—"radiator"—"It's time to get up"—etc.

‡ Warm baby.



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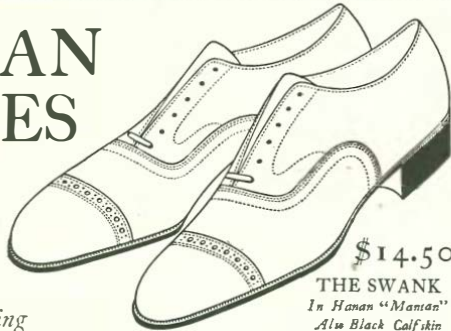
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feather. Under her left arm was a phonograph and one lone record. §

"Looks like snow," she said pleasantly enough.

"It is," replied Pogliog, "but it is not of that I would speak to you. My girl, I am told you ruin homes in my community." This was the beginning of a long speech that lasted till long after Sope-no-sope had gone to bed.

All the citizens whose homes had been ruined assembled on the snowy hillside overlooking the great house of Pogliog.

Suddenly the roof fell in! Then the walls! Melted was the house of Pogliog!

And today, if you pass that way on ski or dog sled, any little child sucking blubber in an icy doorway will cease blubbing long enough to tell you about the sad fate of the chief whose freezing words were, "Alas, poor house of Pogliog, non-combustible, but not insoluble!"—a fit and stirring ending to Wikki's immortal essay, which will live among the classics, the only fragment of Eskimo literature now extant.

§ "Mating Time Is Melting Time in the Land of Ice and Snow".

—JOE ALGER

### MEDALS OF HONOR

Venerate Hiram Osbaldiston Kip!  
Who'd ride in a taxi  
To Mount Cotopaxi  
And dauntlessly hand out a dime for a tip!

Bridge is a pastime for Archibald Fitts;  
He finds it amusing;  
But, winning or losing,  
If, and as soon as he's tired, he quits.

Speaking of courage, John Onderdonck has it:  
Though Mischa Bowowski  
Be playing Tschaiakowsky  
Or Chopin, he'll yawn and implore him to jazz it.

Susan Glencarty, intrepid and hearty,  
Displays unbobbed tresses  
And wears last year's dresses  
And never, no never, serves drinks at a party!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN



# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

*Stamping Grounds for Those  
Decorating Country Houses.*

MR. FRANKL, of the Frankl Galleries at 4 East Forty-eighth Street, has recently returned from Europe, bearing with him the most fascinating collection of fabrics, wallpapers, and novelties that I have yet seen. (Most of them, as far as I know, really are exclusive with him.) There are a great many gay cushions for spring couches, hand-painted on linen in wild colors by the impervious Viennese; hand-blocked linens, equally quiet, designed by such artists as Paul Poiret, Raoul Duffy, Francis Jourdain, and Pierre Dariel; Poiret wallpapers—a collection of things that, what with the spring and all, set you sighing for a brisk, bizarre, and cheery little home of your own.

The entire shop falls under the word "amusing". Tremendous pigs, crabs, and fishes of stuffed raffia are tossed here and there on the benches; odd birds of cowhorn perch precariously on the mantels, bright painted coffee tables and bookcases following the lines of the zoning law (if Mr. Frankl could stop laughing long enough to take this up in a big and serious way, something very distinctive in 1926 furnishings might arise) are all over the place. Well worth a visit, even if you care about hangings only enough to covet a yard and a half of one of them for a summer resort sensation in dresses. Oh yes, the shop is having an exhibition of modern art right now to make things harder.

AND, speaking of houses, a sign saying "The Kitchenette" at 425 Madison Avenue has always intrigued, and finally got the most of my curiosity. It is a tiny room, filled with samples of decorative kitchenware, and a paradise for young brides who cannot bear the thought of a garbage can that looks like a garbage can. Utilitarian articles, cryptically labelled "Coffee" or "Tea" are of tin, enamelled, and then painted in any design or color you like. You will find painted glass sets



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for bathrooms; clothes hampers as decorative as ornamental wastebaskets; kitchen spoons and egg beaters as efficient as possible. In short, Miss Jordan will furnish part or all of any kitchen, aprons, linoleum, and all, in a manner that is crisp, serviceable, and very pleasing to the eye besides.

REBOUX'S new hat, called the *Chapeau Monsieur* and resembling nothing so much as the hat of a Pilgrim Father in stiff black or dark brown straw (very good for the rather austere and dignified older woman) is now residing comfortably in the French millinery shop of Saks-Fifth Avenue, called with feeling "L'Atelier de Paris". In the main room and the tiny boudoir fitting rooms decorated by Nancy McClelland, you feel exactly as if you were at a reception where everybody was trying on hats while waiting for the Duc De Something-or-Other.

Furthermore, the hauteur usually attendant upon such magnificence on the part of the ladies-in-waiting (you simply cannot call them salesladies, even) is so conspicuously absent that, when I asked one of them when they intended to serve the cocktails, she replied, nothing daunted, that they had decided that it was better for customers to have a cool head when trying on their creations. And creations they decidedly are.

AT Bonwit Teller, faithful reproductions of the creamy or pink pearl necklaces designed by Lelong and Premet are now on display to make the rear view of a fluttering chiffon evening gown or a low-backed brocade even more intriguing than it already is. Most of the necklaces go quite tightly around the throat and cascade down the back from an ornate clasp. They may spill down the backbone in irregular strands or lovingly tickle the shoulder blades in loops—there are a dozen variations.

I also saw two particularly intriguing close pearl necklets for very young girls; one of them tied in a bow, the other looped like a lariat on the shoulder.

Bonwit Teller is, at the same time, bringing out some flat, flexible necklets to be worn around the base of the throat, about half an inch wide and composed of tiny splinters of crystal, onyx, or colored stones placed vertically—the edges dotted with minute



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## THE NEW YORKER

round pearls or bits of crystal. Very decorative for slim necks.

**P**RIMARILY, the business of Alice Rand, at 4 East Fifty-eighth Street, is interior decorating, but in her shop is many a treasure for the casual seeker after the good, the true, and the beautiful. My particular enthusiasms there were some Chinese Yacht Chairs, wicker affairs striking a note halfway between a chaise longue and a chair of ordinary size, upholstered in chintz; Americana, principally of pine; lampshades painted so cleverly that only close inspection proves that they are not genuine old maps; and, to make up for it, an antique French map of North and South America that proves that they knew quite a lot about our far-famed coastline in 1754. Miss Rand also has some lovely Normandy chairs—the framework a faithful reproduction, the upholstery of the genuine quilted petticoats of Norman peasants.

I understand that the really old French provincial furniture is very hard to get in sets, though any decorator can pick up odd pieces here and there without much difficulty. The reproductions are so good, however, that a great many people, who are wearied of the craze for American antiques (these still seem to be plentiful) will cheerfully accept the copies when the old articles are not available.

**I**DEAL for summer sports—crocheted straw hats in bright colors, unlined, and so supple that they can be put in a hand bag. At Best's.—L. L.

*As to Men*



**V**ON LENGERKE and Detmold, who operate a sportsman's paradise at 349 Madison Avenue, have

recently been selling in quantities the most insidious time-wasting device that I have come across in years. This toy, that is not a toy, is a rubber-band operated magazine pistol—don't laugh too soon!—which impels number six shot with great accuracy. A Russian ex-naval officer, who is rather an extraordinary marksman, first told me of the pistol, and, when I scoffed, carried me off to his rooms to try it out.

There I spent a long evening firing at a rubber-stamped target, rigged up



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*New York*

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on the cover of a cardboard box (the box itself was utilized to catch the spent shots after they had struck). I found that the little gun was accurate, at ten paces, to within perhaps one one-hundredth of an inch, that the back-sight was adjustable—as on a rifle—and that the muzzle velocity was so low as to render the toy absolutely harmless. Completely fascinated, I fired hundreds of shots, perfecting my trigger-squeeze, and improving radically my rather erratic marksmanship.

Later, when I visited Von Lengerke and Detmold's with an eye to purchasing a pistol for myself, I found that they were sold out. They promised, however, to have a new stock within a few days—probably by the time this appears in print. An obliging salesman informed me that a member of the Olympic pistol team had tested the weapon's (sic) accuracy, and that he had been able to hit a match-head at fifteen paces.

Starting out a skeptic, he ended up by buying one for his two sons to practice with. Complete with extra rubber-bands, target stamp, and a box of shot, the pistol costs two dollars fifty.

I DON'T know how Mr. Cruger managed to conjure up the courtly, old-world atmosphere that pervades his shop in East Forty-fifth Street, but I like it. Other shops have natural wood paneling, other shops display excellent merchandise, other shops—some few of them—employ intelligent salespeople. Yet Cruger's remains one of the few establishments in New York in which shopping transforms itself from an irksome task into a comparative pleasure.

Among a hundred interesting items to be seen at Cruger's is a selection of striped linen four-in-hands. These ties, in subdued colorings, are far superior to the ordinary cotton washables and should be very popular for country wear. They cost a dollar and a half.

And the foulard dressing gowns, at forty-two fifty, are a real buy for anyone who can afford to add non-essentials to his wardrobe. I, worse luck, cannot; yet it took all the moral courage I possessed to drag myself away from a gorgeous yellow affair with a pleasant overall pattern. These gowns, by the way, may be had in any one of twelve colors, though the

same design remains constant to them all.

In case you haven't read his ads, Cruger is selling out his stock of top-coats and country clothes. The best buy, to my way of thinking, is a British-made, single breasted coat of covert cloth, at sixty dollars. To give you an idea of the value, I mention that I have seen, in several shops, domestic covert-cloth coats, not at all well-cut, at eighty dollars and upward.

THOSE men who refuse to be outdone by the allegedly fair sex may now wear Ralph Barton's "Map of Paris" (one of the "Americana Prints") around their necks, Saks' Herald Square having converted that interesting material into mufflers and four-in-hands. The Americana Prints—if you haven't a wife who has, already, told you all about them—are a series of silks designed by contemporary American artists, and manufactured by the Stehli Silks Corporation. They are all interesting, but the Barton creation, because of its unusual subject, seems to have caught the buyers' fancy. This department does not recommend the Map of Paris as a necktie. There is a rumor, however, that Saks' *Fifth Avenue* store has bought a quantity of the material for conversion into dressing gowns. This, in case you care a damn, meets with our hearty approval.—BOWLER

COMMENT MADE WHILE RIDING  
ON THE TWENTY-THIRD  
STREET FERRY

A. T. & T.—  
There's Woolworth's, too,  
And both of them are high.  
And most successful  
Men, I'm told,  
Believe they scrape the sky.

The Radiator  
Building's Black  
And shining. Every hour  
In Madison Square  
A cloud-clock strikes  
In the Metropolitan Tower.

Of peaks and points  
That prod the void  
Above us, there's no dearth.  
And yet, the sky  
Is very high  
While buildings . . . rest on earth.

—P. G. W.



AT  
PRIMROSE HOUSE  
*there indeed dwells youth!*

PERFECTLY groomed women who have traveled the world over come back to say there is nothing like Primrose House anywhere. In the charming, restful rooms of this most exclusive of New York's beauty salons they find the ultimate degree of satisfaction in the care of their complexions.

Here has been perfected Face Molding, the most effective means of removing the marks of illness, worry, the social round, fatigue and age.

Administered by the skillful hands of graduate registered nurses, this delightful treatment works directly on the underlying muscles to preserve and restore the firm glowing lines of youth. Different from massage, its effects are deeper and more lasting. That is why it appeals to intelligent women.

Primrose House Preparations, as distinctive and scientific in origin as Primrose House itself, may be had at all the leading department stores.

Treatments by Appointment. Telephone 5347 Plaza

Primrose House\*  
3 EAST 52<sup>ND</sup> ST. NEW YORK

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



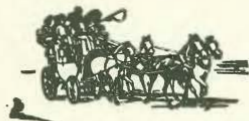
LIVE IN  
THE NEW YORK  
MANNER

Complete  
Hotel Service  
Your Own  
Luxurious Apartment  
Superb Restaurant  
Murray Hill  
Convenience

TWO ROOM SUITES  
WITH BATH & PANTRY  
Furnished if Desired

Direction  
OSCAR WINTRAB  
Lexington at 37th Street

Hotel  
WHITE



## WHAT Ho!

Spring is here. Thoughts inevitably turn to country side and inns. The Tally-Ho has the restful environment of an old English tavern and food that poets dream of as they write their odes to Spring.

Luncheon, Tea and Dinner  
a la carte

Sunday Tea and Dinner 4.30 to 8.30

Special Dinner, \$1.50

## The Tally-Ho

18 West 56th Street  
New York  
Circle 9992

## TABLES FOR TWO

April Fooleries—the Col-  
legiate Influx—Japan-in-  
New York.



THE very best gag of last week was occasioned by my receipt of a telephone call from a well-wisher, chanting the beauties of a new place on Lexington Avenue and Forty-eighth Street called the Black Bar, requesting my presence as soon as I could find time, and asking me to bring a party to examine it. With due pomp and ceremony, I got myself all dressed up in the sweet pink chiffon, corralled a party who claimed to be game for anything, and went there triumphantly at about eleven-thirty. The Black Bar, which happens to be a soda fountain and luncheonette place, was just closing. And I am still trying to find out who invented April Fools' Day anyhow.

The evening was not all spent in mirth and raillery at my expense, however, for, at this point, we decided to go on to the Villa Venice and gaze lovingly upon the two new dancers that are disporting themselves there. These are George Murphy (Yale men take notice), and Juliet Johnson, who is lovely in appearance in the same way that Kendali Lee is lovely, which means that she is very lovely indeed. In addition, she and her partner dance delightfully in the conventional ballroom way, which is immaterial in these days when Personality Counts.

A few days later, I again found myself at the Villa Venice for tea dancing, and, having been out of college all of three years, was made to feel very aged and tottering and reminiscent of the dear dead days in the Plaza and Lorraine grills, when your entire afternoon consisted of computations as to how many more men cut in on Connie Bennett than on you.

A stag line composed of young men who all looked like my kid brother (without, of course, the intelligence and character that illumine his countenance) surrounded the dance floor, occasionally dashing forth to demand a new partner and the six square feet of space that the collegiate Charleston



## COUNTY FAIR

54 EAST 9th  
SMARTLY ARTISTIC & VERY AMUSING  
DINNER & SUPPER CLUB

the only  
American Night Club  
in New York!

Yan and Widge-  
lets it as  
one of the  
six bars!



STUTVE SANT 9790



## The Dinner's the Thing

A good dinner—a per-  
fect evening!

A commonplace meal—  
and even the best show  
in town is but a feeble  
antidote.

Isn't it the truth?

And that's the best  
reason in the world for  
dining at Rutley's.

Food, the sort that makes  
the lights on Broadway  
seem to shine a little  
brighter.

Served as you would like  
to serve it in your own  
home.

**RUTLEY'S**  
BROADWAY at 40th ST



necessitates. I understand that a number of gentlemen who have wended their way thither, thinking to tread a measure in the afternoon have left hastily upon discovering their jeering sons prominent among those present.

OH yes, last week was circus week, too, and I adore circuses. And afterwards--have you tried the Dutch Treat special sandwiches at the Blue Kitchen in Forty-eighth Street and Seventh Avenue? Toasted cheese, bacon, and paprika. And the advantage is that you can always find a taxi driver with a perfectly good empty cab outside having his repast at the lunch counter next to you.

PERHAPS it was in a spirit of revenge for the loudness of his jeers at the April Fool performance, or perhaps it was only a desire to see the most self-possessed young man of my acquaintance at a loss—I am not one to delve into psychological processes, even in myself. All I am sure of is that I insisted that he next escort me to Miyako, at 340 West Fifty-eighth Street, for a Japanese dinner de luxe. The succession of bowls they place in front of one there is both ornamental and bewildering, and chopsticks are the only eating implements allowed you. Having spent my youth in getting cherries out of the bottom of a lemonade glass with two straws, I fared very well, but my young man had had no such training and was very resentful.

The restaurant occupies two rooms, completely free of all murals of flying fish or dangling bits of glass that tinkle in the wind. Most of the clientele is Japanese, assembled in a club-like way to read the papers and drink pale tea in quantities.

Not being in any sense a connoisseur of their food, I ordered the table d'hote dinner, which is simply delicious. But the menu abounds in dishes, terrifyingly named, that I would have experimented with had not my partner been such a craven. Fresh Raw Fish with Shoyu Cocktail would be an experience, I am certain. And Senor Covarrubias has informed me, without hesitancy, that this restaurant is the best Japanese effort in town.

I HAVE also, during the week, been lured downtown to Wall Street, which is simply a maze and a mystery to me, and enticed to Fraunces Tavern at Broad and Pearl Streets,

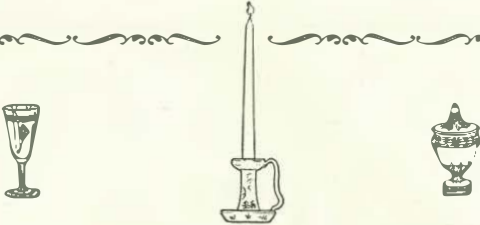
# Chiffon

for the smartest of this Spring's  
and Summer's dance frocks!



AN IMPRESSIVE COLLECTION  
AT BEST'S IN PLAIN  
COLORINGS OR THE  
NEW PRINTED PATTERNS  
35. TO 110.



West & Co.  
Fifth Avenue at 35th St. N.Y.



The  
**Can-Dle-Luxe**  
Shop

CANDLES ~ MONOGRAM GLASSWARE  
POTTERY and PORCELAINS ~ MONOGRAM MATCH PACKS

Now in larger quarters  
New location—  
588-Y MADISON AVENUE  
(One door south of 57th Street)

MAIL  
ORDERS  
FILLED



The day's first duty—  
and the lasting result—*odorless perspiration*

FOR personal satisfaction, and as a kindness to those with whom we come in contact, it is a splendid thing to apply Amolin, the antiseptic deodorant powder, under the arms, on the feet and elsewhere, after the morning bath.

This splendid body powder actually causes perspiration to become *odorless*. In a healthful, medicinal way it alters the pore secretions into non-odorous substance and makes them more dilute so that evaporation is hastened. Amolin contains no talcum or other insoluble ingredients to leave a pasty coating on the skin.

It rapidly dissolves, leaving the skin cool, comfortable and *odorless*. Amolin protects the skin from chafing and redness. It keeps garments sweet. An application of Amolin is the day's first duty.

For men and women, Amolin has many important uses as a body powder and to keep feet comfortable. For 35 years it has had the endorsement of physicians and chiropractors. In shaker-top cans, 30c and 60c everywhere. Or mail 4c for sample can and booklet, to The Amolin Co., 356 West 31st St., New York.

# Amolin

THE ANTISEPTIC  
DEODORANT POWDER

—makes perspiration odorless

to watch J. Pierpont Morgan eat. Of course, most of the lunchers were sightseers from out of town, and our Stock Exchange brokers apparently eat their chicken sandwich and butter-milk elsewhere, but I loved the place nevertheless. This also is clublike and leisurely in atmosphere, the bewigged Revolutionary gentleman who checks your hat and coat is a darling, and the food justifies the record of one hundred and sixty years of culinary art that distinguishes this, the oldest restaurant in town. The sea food is good beyond belief.

Upstairs, patriotic citizens mull about the Revolutionary relics—the bayonets, the letters, the uniforms of other days, and stand, more or less awestruck, in the identical room where Washington took his farewell of his officers.—LIPSICK

## THE PATRON AND THE ARTIST

*The Patron*

Art, my dear fellow—you can take my word—

Can't prosper very long without me:  
If I say modern pictures are downright absurd,

It's very bad judgment to doubt me.

My living room is reckoned

To be strictly Charles Second,

My taste is the best thing about me,

And the painting that I seek

Must be practically antique—

I warn you that it's lunacy to flout me.

*The Artist*

Art, my dear fellow—you can take my word,

Is useless if it's not symptomatic:

If pictures aren't modern, they're downright absurd,

The art of every age is autocratic.

Almost any artist can

Paint a picture of Queen Ann,

But the stuff is artificial, acromatic;

After all that you can say,

What we're painting is *today*

And to copy Charles the Second is lunatic.

*Both Together*

Oh you're mad, quite mad

And your taste is very bad,

Your art is just a fashionable rage:

From what I know of beauty

I believe it is my duty

To define you as a nuisance to your age.

—FILLMORE HYDE

ARE YOU A NEW YORKER?

TEN EASY QUESTIONS THAT WILL HELP YOU TO KNOW. THE ANSWERS ARE ON PAGE 44.

1. Where is there a once popular concert hall now unused?
2. What is the name of the only Quaker school in the city and where is it located?
3. What corner in town was formerly known as Dead Man's Curve?
4. What once famous theatre overlooks a bridge?
5. Where is London Terrace?
6. What restaurant was formerly the abode of Joseph Bonaparte?
7. What former stock company theatre now presents German offerings entirely?
8. What famous German restaurant, below 23rd Street, runs the length of the block?
9. What was the original fare on the elevated railroad?
10. What is the oldest fire proof hotel in town?

BRIDGE

She said:  
 One heart  
 And—  
 What do you think  
 Of modern art?  
 And—  
 Have you been  
 To see "The Jest"?  
 And—  
 Every spring  
 I need a rest:  
 Winter is so thrilling I  
 Finish tired enough to die.

I said: Your deal—  
 Art is what you see and feel—  
 I like "The Jest", and in the spring  
 I feel good as anything.  
 —H. C. N.

OUR CAPTIOUS READERS

THE NEW YORKER,  
 SIRs:

In a recent issue you ran this:  
 A bulbous thing, is the crocus,  
 In the spring, the first to pocus  
 Head up.

If we ever used a jocus  
 Bad as that I think that nocus  
 Would deny they ought to socus—  
 Even crocus!

Sincerely,  
 A. J. O.

# 1170

## FIFTH AVENUE

North Corner of 98th Street

### An Investment That Will Rapidly Appreciate

**A**LL of the available plots on upper Fifth Avenue that were reasonably priced have been bought. By next year land values will increase, and subsequent apartments must reflect this advance in prices. Now is the advantageous moment to invest.

One of the few remaining opportunities to buy at low prices is offered by the 6, 8 and 9 room apartments at 1170 Fifth Avenue. Now is the best time to secure a playground for your children at the front door and a lovely park view for yourself.


100% Cooperative

Maintenance charges are guaranteed not to increase for 5 years after completion.

Dwight P. Robinson & Co., *Builder*  
 J. E. R. Carpenter, *Architect*

*Selling and Managing Agent*

20 East 48th Street



**BROWN  
WHEELOCK;  
HARRIS  
VOUGHT  
& CO., Inc.**

Vanderbilt 0031

## The Avenue of Beauty!

DOWN Fifth Avenue on a Sunday morn . . . like visions from the paint-brush of a Raphael or Tintoretto . . . stroll the most beautiful women in the world.



To be so enchanting implies a knowledge of the scientific genius of Helena Rubinstein—to whom, for years, the world of fashion has turned for youthful beauty of complexion and contour!

YOU who aspire to super-beauty are invited to visit the Salon de Beaute Valaze for a professional diagnosis of your skin.

There, deft fingers smooth away every relic of midnight revelry—every trace of winter winds and soot from Satanic stacks—and divinely youthifying Valaze preparations, created by Helena Rubinstein, bring new charm and beauty to the skin.

THESE Helena Rubinstein beauty preparations you must know—Valaze Water Lily Cream for cleansing and youthifying—Valaze Extrait for delicate skins and a tired look about the eyes—Valaze Beauty Grains for blackheads and open pores—and, assuredly, Valaze Liquidine for that perpetual shine illuminating the bridge of the nose!

As for intriguing cosmetics—stop at your favorite toilet goods counter and see if you have ever glimpsed anything more clever than the new Valaze Rouge-Powder Sifter—or the smooth-gliding Valaze Lipsticks—or the Valaze Midget Double Compact—tiny as your wrist watch. Trig looking varieties, all—in Chinese red or silver-rose—wielding a touch of positive witchery!

SALON DE BEAUTE VALAZE

*Helena Rubinstein*

46 West 57th Street, New York

PARIS  
LONDON  
PALM BEACH  
CHICAGO

PHILADELPHIA  
BOSTON  
DETROIT  
NEWARK



*Now comes the calm before the last charge and a survey of the season's campaign.*

NOT much to see the week this was written, except those things we have reported upon. A sort of marking time until next week when several interesting things are scheduled. Two or three more volleys and the art season is over. The Salons of America are almost upon us in the Anderson Galleries, and Stieglitz, by the time this is in print, will have received the last of his Americans, Demuth, whose show will glorify the little room for a month. Daniels, Neumann and young Dudensing will all make one more charge for the faith and Weyhe, no doubt, will continue to uncover his geniuses. After that we will have endless shows of goods brought down from the shelf, new tags marked \$25,000 put on, and several international thises and thats at the Grand Central Gallery of American art.

WORD comes from Philadelphia, where several of the oldest and most austere collections reside, that one of them is being broken up. This word comes from the auctioneer who asks that it be kept secret as the owner does not care to have the cruel world know that he has lost faith. With a naïveté that belongs to the gentleman of the old school he graciously begs you to buy something he has tired of.

The news from the Philadelphia sector is of a piece with that of the local firing line. Everywhere we hear that the Quinn collection showing and dispersal has brought to focus again the investment values of modern art. Even the old-timers who could not be moved by the raucous young blood, could be moved, nay, be brought to the verge of tears by computing the interest accruing on a Rousseau bought for 500 francs and sold for \$18,000 a decade or so later. The favorites that hang on their walls in nice red plush shadow boxes, seem static as to value or if there has been any movement, it has been in the opposite direction.



### A Luxenberg Topcoat

sterely rebuffs the sharpest breeze—smilingly welcomes the brightest sunshine—hangs from the shoulders with the ease and drape usually associated with expensive custom-made clothes —in the new colors of this Spring

\$37.50

Our furnishing department carries only the latest in shirts, ties and socks.

NAT LUXENBERG & BRO  
CLOTHES

37 Union Square, New York  
Between 16th and 17th Streets

SAMARKAND

"East Meets West"

OMAR  
MIGHT  
SING

Lo! Friend, at Samarkand of Food partake  
And let us there a genial Meeting make!  
The Orient there its Wonder shows  
In Music and in Charm, for Pleasure's sake . . .

Luncheon · Tea · Dinner  
No Cover Charge

9 East 54th Street  
Plaza 3461



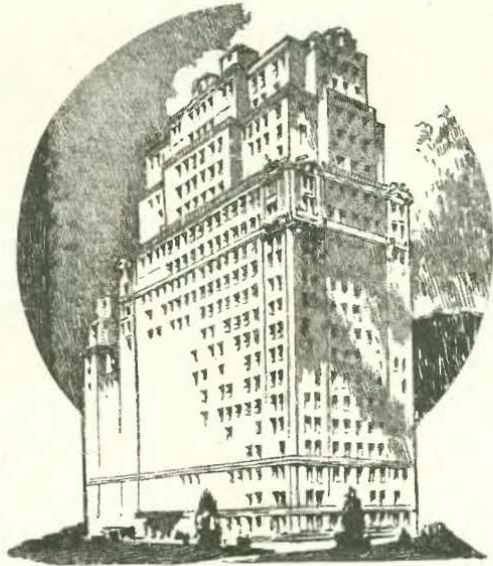
So we can well believe that there has been scant buying among the old favorites. This season, at any rate, has gone to the moderns.

**B**EING questioned by our second reader on the Academy show, we seemed to remember nothing that was up for discussion. So blank was our record that we were accused of using the old boyhood trick of slipping into church and getting a lesson leaf for proof of our attendance and then going fishing. But we were not ashamed; that to us is the Academy show. You can not remember one of the pictures two days out of the place.

Of the newer men uncovered this week we were disappointed in Paul Burlin at the Kraushaar Galleries. To us it seemed that Mr. Burlin had dwelt too long in Paris and gazed too ardently on the master, Matisse. But what the master gets, he seems to obtain at the first brush stroke. Burlin has achieved a muddy canvas with much working over and the result is not happy. Then there must have come a time when he said to himself, this guy Vlaminck did some good things too. Alas, we have the manner, the form and also the size. But somehow not the spirit.

**V**ALENTINE DUDENSING in his search for the unusual, has an interesting show of Carlos Merida, a full-blooded Indian out of Guatemala or some such place. He has been to Paris and learned what he wanted to learn. He has a marvelous sense of design and fine color. His things run too much to pattern to give him any great stature but they are amusing and refreshing. Other walls contain some of the better. Renoir and drawings by Van Gogh, a lot of which are slipping out of Germany at \$1,000 each.

The elder Dudensing is having a house cleaning; he has brought out everything from Degas to Charreton and Innes. These are all called bargains and are doing nicely at this writing. Much advertising is being done for Edward Penfield Memorial at the Art Centre, which we have not seen. Also modern decorative art at Jacques Seligman and an inexpensive showing of Kerr Eby at Frederick Keppel. These etchings we found attractively priced and we can never get over the idea that every family should have a few etchings. Horatio Walker at Fergil's we liked better in his water-colors and on the way to the gallery you have



*In this new apartment hotel  
you will find a definite answer  
to your living problems*

**THE DRAKE**  
440 PARK AVENUE  
*Northwest corner of 56th Street*

READY IN THE FALL—PLANS ON REQUEST

THIS IS A BING & BING BUILDING



Spring  
2346

**4 TREES**

\* JUST FOR FUN \*  
LATEST MUSIC GOOD FLOOR BEST FOOD  
DINNER 1.25 OR A LA CARTE  
DANCING 7 TO 1 Before and after the Play  
CONSTANTINO PREPARES 4 CHRISTOPHER  
CANAPÉ FOUR TREES STREET  
NEAR 6 Ave.



STUDIOS  
FARMS  
ESTATES

MADELEINE H. PAINE.

REALTOR

WESTPORT, CONN.

PHONE..WESTPORT 580....

*Helen Heller*  
INCORPORATED


GOWNS

Exclusive Models that combine  
SMARTNESS AND LOVELINESS  
FOR INDIVIDUAL TYPES

11 West 50th St.  
New York

HATS

Hats and gowns for every occasion  
of Town, Travel and  
Resort wear



PARFUMS de  
**Volnay**  
PARIS

Are you a New Yorker?

Then what perfume comes in a flacon that is like a huge iridescent pearl nestling in a container of black velvet?

Quite right! You can all go to the head of the class. It is Volnay's *Perlerette*.

And now, while you're so grouped, figuratively, let me tell you of some other creations of Volnay—just as beautiful, just as wonderful as *Perlerette*.

There is, for example, *Ambre de Siam*—men adore it (of course, I know that it is women who use perfume); there is *Yapana*, that in some mysterious way is the personification of gaiety; and *Chypre*, that intoxicating (no offense, Mr. Buckner) *odeur* of such subtle charm.

And, of course, any of these *parfums de Volnay* may be obtained quite easily wherever better perfumes are sold.

André Carver

American Volnay Offices  
565 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



to pass the remnants of a superb collection of moderns that Davies is glad to sell.

WE came upon Hugo Gellert three years ago, when we knew even less about art than we do now (yes, there was a time, you will have to take our word for it) and it is a satisfaction to walk in on his current show at the Neumann Print Rooms and find that we have not changed on this subject. To us he is one of the most individual of American moderns, painting from the inside out rather than from some French source. He has one great fault: he paints too seldom, having as his god some sort of Mexican Micawber. Perhaps that "tomorrow" will bring him the time, paint and canvas. He may know best. In the meantime we beg you to look at his superb things. Drawing he has mastered and turned away from the burning bush. Color and form have long since ceased to be experiments with him. He paints for pure delight and nearly always achieves it. When he fails we believe it is when he mistakes canvas for a page of the "Masses" and tries to preach a little sermon. However, he is an artist of a rare sort, all too rare in this country. If you don't like his man with a goat or his girl at the window we hope you die of visual indigestion in the Academy. Gellert exhibits every three or four years so don't miss this week.—M. P.

### ARE YOU A NEW YORKER?

THE ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS PRINTED ON PAGE 41.

1.—Carnegie Lyceum—basement of Carnegie Hall. Unused because of Fire Laws. 2.—The Friend's Seminary at 16th Street and Stuyvesant Square. 3.—The South West corner of Union Square. 4.—The Thalia on the Bowery, just south of Canal Street. 5.—West 23rd Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues. 6.—The Claremont. 7.—The Yorkville Theatre—on East 86th Street. 8.—Luchow's—110 East 14th Street. 9.—Ten cents. 10.—The Murray Hill.

### THE SOURCE OF SUPPLY

That English alcoholic products are unrivaled in purity cannot be disputed.—*London Paper*.

We think it is unrivaled in purity, however, that they can be diluted.

## THE NEW YORKER



### The New

John Murray Anderson-Robert Milton  
School of the Theatre and Dance  
128-130 EAST 56TH STREET

Enroll now for morning, afternoon, and evening dance classes or private instruction for amateurs, amateur, or beginner. All instruction is under the personal supervision of John Murray Anderson and the most distinguished group of instructors in America, including

BORIS PETROFF	AURORA ARRIAZA
LEON BARTÉ	CARL HAMMER
ROBERTO MEDRANO	SONIA SEROVA
MARTHA GRAHAM	LENORA
MICHIO ITOW	

All pupils receive instruction from highly skilled specialists only. New classes are now being formed daily in BALLET, TOE AND CLASSICAL CHARACTER AND INTERPRETATIVE ACROBATIC AND SPECIALTY CLASSES FOR CHILDREN SPANISH AND TANGO TAP AND STEP BALLROOM, EXHIBITION, CHARLSTON FENCING LESSONS LIMBERING STRETCHING AND REDUCING EXERCISES ROUTINES FOR PROFESSIONALS

Moderate charges

A Special Tango Class now forming under the instruction of Roberto Medrano

Phone Plaza 4524. Address communications to the General Manager



### Shoot Your Own Movies of Parties, Sports and Travels

**Filmo**  
MADE IN U.S.A.

is especially made for amateurs by Bell & Howell—makers of 95% of professional movie cameras. Has two speeds and an f. 3.5 lens. Gets the picture even when there is no sunlight. Look through it and press the button—what the eye sees you get! Come in for demonstration, or write for booklet.



No Crank To Turn  
No Tripod To Carry

**Gillette**  
Camera Stores Inc.

Park Avenue at 41st Street  
and 16 Maiden Lane, N. Y. C.



## THE CURRENT CINEMA

*Mr. Laemmle contributes an Epic, Big-style; Mr. Harold Lloyd as a priceless revivalist; a whitewashed Kiki.*

ANOTHER American Epic, "The Flaming Frontier" (Colony), has been dug from out the much-maligned pages of our history books. Which leaves no room for doubt. The prevailing crop of cinema being what it is, our nation's history may now be said to be a series of endless epics. Great, big epics, medium-sized epics, little, wee epics—all genuine, 100% epics—each originally enacted by our forefathers for future cinema use.

However, this newest Hollywood improvement on history, resembles what Homer had in mind when he collected his chief work, about as closely as "The Liberty Boys of '76" does historical veracity to Revolutionary times. It is largely distinguished, in fact, by its childish juggling of historical truth. Only Robert Benchley or Carl Laemmle (its super-jeweler sponsor) could have worked out the thesis it presumes. This has it that one Jack Daltonish, *Sam Belden*, sneering Wild West villain, cheated the Sioux Indians out of their lands for commercial reasons and incited them on to revolt against Custer. He was presumably under the influence of certain rotten political forces in Washington. Whatever it was, the motives were pretty juvenile to our mind. We, for one, never read in our history books, of a *Sam Belden*, who sat sneering in his den of vice and, in the spirit of Nero, played solitaire while Custer made that famous last stand. And, to be perfectly frank, we never heard of *Bob Langdon*, who subsequently saved the Big West for the future Babbitry.

SHOULD the round of social duties pall; should the living soul within you irk; should you have that pale, thin feeling what with Ibsen revivals and current neo-goofy artiness, there is welcome tonic at the Rialto, Harold Lloyd, graduated into the leisure class after penurious days at "Tate College—a large football stadium with classes attached", is there in "For Heaven's Sake".

Now, the shy Mr. Lloyd, hampered by too many riches, has got religion. He has gone exceedingly missionary and founded a slum soul saving station for the native bums, thugs and riffraff. At it, when he doesn't make his ridiculous love to the mission's daughter, he practices such a nice shade of evangelical slapstick as will turn Dr. Cadman green with envy.

There is the inevitable Lloyd chase, the bully-baiting and the speedy use of the gag-system. And, to record the thing coldly, we thought the funniest moments comprised those in which he shepherds five soused bums through the streets to his waiting wedding. Their boozey antics aboard the runaway bus were as hilarious as any we ever expect or care to see. A million antics and several million peals of laughing thunder ensued from their indifference to danger or sense. Mr. Lloyd's love-making in the dump touched a spot of sentimental risibility.

A comic god this Mr. Lloyd, one who by merely socking someone over the head by mistake, thereby atones for all of the epics of the Haysian Industry.

THE Chevalier Belasco's red-ribbon of drama, "Kiki", is on view at the Capitol, with almost everything of the original intact, excepting the little merit of raucous vulgarity which Miss Lenore Ulric gave it. "Kiki", under the purifying influence of Miss Norma Talmadge, is become sweet as hay, white as milk and cleanly passionate as a Shakespearean sonnet.

Moreover, the play has been written down to Mack Sennett gaggerly, and if there is one whimsical and pensive soul in this moviefied world who is *not* a female Harold Lloyd, it is Miss Talmadge. One gets the idea, to watch Miss Talmadge, that she is being a sort of Petrova, at times, being hit with a custard pie and bearing up under the stigma nobly; at others, a Duse, conscious of her skirts being above her knees; and at still others, a faint copy of Miss Ulric, made with a worn carbon.—T. S.

## A Social Celebrity



Count Etienne d'Antio  
(alias Max Haber)

LATELY introduced into society by Mrs. Winifred King at an affair at the Park Lane, this lionized "social celebrity", who has since been seen frequently with Miss April King at the fashionable restaurants, is in reality a social impostor. To let the cat out of the bag, he is actually a barber at one of the "Terminal Shops" where he has achieved a following for his artistic bobs. The son of a barber, he was "discovered" in Huntington, Ind., by Mrs. Jackson Greer when she required tonsorial attention on a motor trip. The "count" is said to be engaged to Kitty averne, a former manicurist now dancing in a well-known night club. If you want full details of the most amazing fraud perpetrated on Gotham society in years, together with many good laughs, see "A Social Celebrity", starring Adolphe Menjou as the barber-count, at the Rivoli Theatre week of April 18—a Paramount Picture.

Men who don't want to shop and who do want a good hat simply look for the Knox name. For so many other good judges, they reason, cannot so often be wrong! It may be a lazy habit but its success is its excuse!

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## SPORTS OF THE WEEK

*The spirit of Louis Quatorze returns—A great polo team is defeated—Mr. Hyde vs. Mr. Kinsella.*

IN the Grand Ballroom of the Astor, the same room where Louis Quatorze held court at the Beaux Arts ball, the finest of the college exponents of the terpsichorean sport that was developed to a fine art in Le Grand Siècle, crossed swords last Friday night. These intercollegiate fencing championships are occasions that you certainly should not miss if the spirit of noblesse oblige is alive within you.

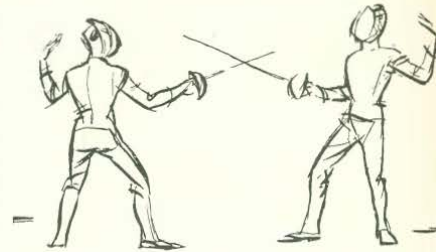
There is something of the pomp and pageantry, the chivalry and the glitter of Versailles in its heyday, when the point of a duelling sword was more persuasive than Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points, in the brilliant spectacle that is afforded annually at this time as the stalwart young midshipmen and cadets from Annapolis and West Point and the trim young blades from the Eastern colleges vie for national honors and the favor of fair ladies.

You may not be able to tell a sabre from an epee or have the faintest idea of what a ripost is, and yet you can go to these fencing tournaments and have a perfectly enjoyable evening. A sword speaks a language which everyone can understand. A feint or two in an epee bout, a sharp lunge, a parry, a ripost and the judges are examining the tunic of one duellist for the red ink mark left when a touch is made. The pair are abruptly waved off the strip.

Technical? You know at least that a touch has been scored and that where the ink left its mark, there the life blood of the victim would be pouring out if this were a duel between the sunny *Mercutio* and the villainous *Tybal*. One touch decides the bout with the epee on the strip as well as on the field of honor. It need not be "so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door but 'twill serve."

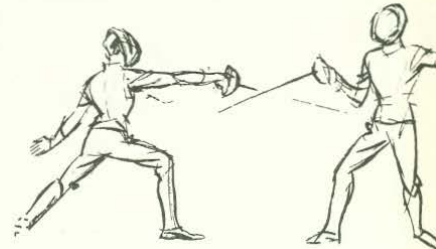
The clash of sabres, the ringing of steel on steel as *MacDuff* lays on, appeals to the popular imagination and love of pyrotechnics; the foil fencing seems too intricate and too quick to follow but the epee is a truly romantic battle, delicately skillful, stimulating to the imagination. Perhaps that is

why the epee title is so highly prized and Midshipman Bennett of the Navy was so roundly applauded when he won it. This young gentleman, we must say, deserved his laurels, for we haven't seen a neater wrist in many a

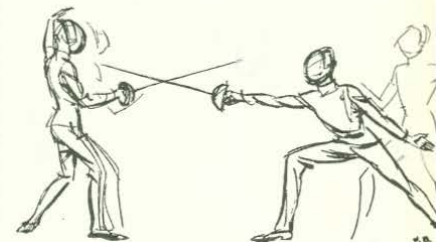


day, though Messrs. Brown and Snow of Yale aren't to be overlooked.

It is getting to be a habit with Yale and the Navy to corner championship honors of late. It was only two weeks ago that they captured all of the intercollegiate swimming titles and had



not Mr. Levis of M.I.T. taken the individual foils championship they would have made a clean sweep in the fencing. As it was, Midshipmen Bennett and Eskilson triumphed with the epee and sabre, respectively, and Yale took the all-around team championship



and the famous Iron Man trophy, winning with foils, epee and sabres. It was a proud moment for Coach Grasson, whose record at New Haven should make him almost as solid with the undergraduates as Tad Jones seems to be.



The gentlemen of the Amateur Fencers League of America are to be congratulated on the way they handled the tournament. In spite of the fact that the entries were unusually numerous, the bouts were conducted with such expedition that the night seemed hardly begun when the last one was fenced. We can remember that night two years ago when the young ladies who came to see the fencing had to wait until 2 o'clock in the morning before the dancing commenced.

THIS department is seriously considering undergoing nervous prostration. The excitement is beginning to tell on us. Mr. Luke of Yale ran our pulse beat up to 150 when he defeated Mr. Hawkins of Princeton in the Columbia pool two weeks ago and last Saturday night we were reduced to a crumpled mass of nerves after watching the fastest polo game that was ever played under a roof at Squadron A Armory.

Believe it or don't, Yale's great team was beaten and lost the Class A title to the New York A. C., although there were some of the form experts who declared that there wasn't a team in the world that could beat this combination in Blue in indoor play. True enough, the New York A. C. had a 7-goal handicap, but that handicap had been wiped out by the end of the first half when Yale led at 8½ to 7½. The Winged Foot horsemen actually came from behind and defeated Messrs. Barrett, Guest and Muir.

The end of the half found the 800 spectators in a daze. The terrific pace set by the Elis had simply taken their breath away. New York A. C. couldn't stand that kind of gaff. It wasn't human. The breakneck speed with which the New Havenites drove their ponies into the thick of the fray and pressed the attack was going to kill off the opposition.

That was what they were telling us, and we believed it. And then little Jack Henley, who might be mistaken for Little Jack Horner, and Captain Herold, who is anything but a child in size, proceeded to ride circles around the Elis in the third quarter and put New York A. C. into the lead at 11½ to 10.

Mr. Muir, who had put up one of the greatest exhibitions of defensive play ever seen in the Armory, in the first half, was in a devil of a stew trying to defend his fort. The great Mr. Guest's mallet was spiked. The



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ball never was there for him to hit it. Those Winged Foot steeds were carrying their riders like express trains and the riders were hitting the ball on the nose every time.

The bell rang for the last quarter, and if ever we heard an ominous sound that was it. *Macbeth* could have told you how we felt. Stand back for blood was the order, and then hell broke loose within the arena. Up and down the ring those six men flew like fiends with a total disregard for their necks. Now the ball was at one end, now at the other. "Come on, Yale," roared the Blue cohorts above the din. Muir heard and scored. Yale is only half a point behind. A foul is called on Henley and the score is 11-11. A minute to go.

Someone is shouting in our ear but we can't hear. Henley scores and people go delirious. A foul is called on him and the score is back to 11½ to 11. Ten seconds to go. Guest has the ball in an open field. He drives to Barrett, waiting in front of New York's goal. One poke, just a tap and Yale wins the game. The Yale stand is in bedlam. But Barrett is checked by Herold and the precious seconds tick off as he is held in bondage. The game is over, Henley slips from his pony to the ground in exhaustion and Albright collapses, but theirs are the fruits of victory. A more cyclonic, cleaner played and more desperately fought game we never hope to see.

IT was not the pace but the change of pace that told when Fillmore Hyde defeated Walter Kinsella in a handicap squash tennis exhibition at the Shelton Club Saturday afternoon. Mr. Hyde is only the amateur champion but there are more people than ever now who are willing to state that he is more skilled in the delicate nuances of the game than any other player on the court. The newly-adopted slower ball has added perceptibly to the effectiveness of Mr. Hyde's game, which is to say that it has added to the skill of squash tennis.

Mr. Kinsella was the world's open-champion when he played Mr. Hyde but he isn't any longer. The title, which he renounced by retiring from tournament play, now belongs to Frank Ward of the City A. C. If you want to see brute force and perpetual motion personified be on the watch for the champion's next appearance.—A. D.

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He Really Did Kill.  
—JAMES KEVIN MCGUINNESS

After the match, the winner lept lightly over  
the net, and going up to Mr. Crosby, whom he  
defeated 6-0, 6-0, shook heartily.—*Southern  
Paper.*

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Crosby failed to see the joke.

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## NEW BOOKS

Constancy to "The Constant Nymph" of 1925—Stories by Elsie Singmaster and Alice Duer Miller—An English Life of Jefferson.

WE book reviewers are a futile lot, and the public rightly scorns us. A scrap among us wouldn't collect a crowd in an Old People's Home. Wherefore your servant refrains, by the hardest, from assault on a valued confrère who has called "The Hounds of Spring", by Sylvia Thompson (*Little, Brown*), "The Constant Nymph" of 1926", and another, not valued, who has pronounced it "more subtle and profound" than "The Constant Nymph". That is the sort of thing that gets us scorned.

Now taken by itself, "The Hounds" need not be frothed at. It rates fairly well up the long but not quite heaven-scaling ladder from the terrible "Soundings" to the pleasant "Perennial Bachelor", and it ought to best-sell, as "Soundings" did and the "Nymph" did, too, for that matter. It is about changes made by the war (they are meant to be taken as representative) in the lives and fortunes and standards of conduct of a nice, normal, decorous middle class family in England, whose head is a sterling ex-Austrian married to a somewhat priggish woman. It is especially about their elder daughter, a bit of a prune, and her lover. He is reported killed, but—you can guess the rest from there.

It is undeniably comfortable, as compared with the "Nymph", in two ways. These are not "wretched Bohemians" and are palpably imaginary; this is a story, never an experience. It doesn't exalt and it doesn't hurt like music with associations, or that strange, precocious Tessa who loved a gifted rotter so "morbidly", and so disturbingly, and died in a low, furnished room (which served her right?) and tore one's heart . . . Oh, well. "The Constant Nymph" was no "Cousine Bette" or "Madame Bovary", and it isn't a crime to admire "The Hounds



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE NEW YORKER, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 10, 1926, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared R. H. Fleischmann, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of THE NEW YORKER and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York City. Editor, H. W. Ross, 412 West 47th Street, New York City. Managing Editor, R. McA. Ingersoll, 135 East 50th Street, New York City. General Manager, E. R. Spaulding, Ridgewood, New Jersey. Business Manager, R. W. Collins, Brentwood, Long Island, New York. 2. That the owner is: (if the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation, the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) F. R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York City; R. G. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York City; H. W. Ross, 412 West 47th Street, New York City; R. H. Truax, 412 West 47th Street, New York City; J. Hanrahan, 2305 University Avenue, New York City; R. Barton, 48 East 61st Street, New York City; R. Irvin, Palisade Avenue, Spuyten-Duyvil, New York. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. R. H. FLEISCHMANN, Publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1926. (Seal.) ROBERT W. COLLINS, Notary Public, Suffolk County, No. 883. (My commission expires March 30, 1927.)

of Spring". It indicates fine psychological health; you ask Joseph Krutch if it doesn't. *But whoever said this was near-beer was a vile judge of distance.*

**T**HERE is no very close similarity between "The Chicken-Wagon Man" and Elsie Singmaster's "Keller's Anna Ruth" (*Houghton, Mifflin*); yet if you liked the former you are reasonably sure to like the latter, which, beginning as a sharp little picture of queer folk and others in a village, changes its mind and becomes a winsome fairy tale. We like it, but not as we were going to before that change.

"In the Name of Duty", "The Great City", and "The Morning After" are good, better and still better examples of Alice Duer Miller's capital short story writing. They will be found in her "Instruments of Darkness" (*Dodd, Mead*). So will "The Last Night", a novelette, fantastic and diverting. The book takes its title from Mrs. Miller's experiment, peculiarly hard to account for, in transposing "Macbeth" to the present and these environs. It also contains another such experiment.

**T**WO war books worth reading together are Hervey Allen's "Toward the Flame" (*Doran*) and John Bakeless's "The Origin of the Next War" (*Viking Press*). Both are of numerous types, and neither should set the Atlantic afire, though Allen's of its type is about the best we know. But taken one after the other they make quite a powerful impression, as reminders, the one of what the last war was, from an A. E. F. point of view, and the other that a next war, that would make the last look frivolous, is ever so possible, and that avoiding it will call for worldwide common sense.

Bakeless's book is exceptionally readable and exceptionally comprehensive. Those are its strong points. No masterly critic is needed to find gaping holes in it. But the holes don't invalidate its general argument, which cannot be made too often.

Allen's book's distinction is a singular sincerity, in effect as well as of intention. He might be your oldest friend, who puts on no lugs with you, writing, for your eye only, what he saw and took part in doing from the Marne to the Vesle, winding up at the Fismette bridge-head. He writes it



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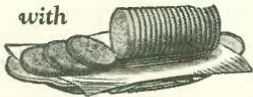
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like a man who could have made a  
good-sized fist at stephen-craning it,  
but preferred not to try such a "use"  
of his greatest experience.

AN Englishman, Francis W. Hirst,  
has written a rather monumental  
"Life and Letters" of Jefferson  
(Macmillan). Anyone can walk  
around this respectfully, but scholars  
must do the unveiling; it is the class-  
ical thing, for which the rest of us  
have been spoiled by more "modern"  
biographers. And ultra-Jeffersonians  
must lead the cheers, for Hirst's ver-  
satile subject is always the Great Man  
choosing the golden mean. Hamilton  
is handled with fairness. Burr gets  
three pages to the usual effect. It is  
implied, though not said, that John  
Marshall, "a Federal politician"  
(amazing!), conducted himself at  
Burr's trial as a partisan.

NOT only will "Madame de  
Pompadour", by Marcelle Tin-  
ayre (Putnam) regale those who like,  
say, "Ariel" and comparable non-  
fiction, but it should appetize diners  
nearer the head of the table. It is  
more than "pastel sketch", the author's  
term, suggests; its sub-title, "A Study  
in Temperament", has foundation.  
It makes the Pompadour more of a  
personality and much more of a tragic  
figure than she is ordinarily supposed,  
and Louis XV less monstrous, in "the  
alcove" and the Parc aux Cerfs. Its  
translator is Byron's distinguished  
biographer, Ethel Colburn Mayne.

NOT even a Carolyn Wells could  
jazz all of "When We Were  
Very Young", and all in one key, and  
get uniform results; some would be  
bound to be wet. Jefferson Machamer  
as illustrator, and the publisher, as to  
format, have cleverly abetted Fairfax  
Downey in his effort, "When We  
Were Rather Older" (Minton,  
Balch). His results, at their happiest,  
are as good as this, from "The Three  
Flappers":

They did their shopping at the sales  
of shopses  
And got across the street by the aid  
of cospes,  
They all got crushed in the subway  
janses  
And lunched on spaghetti that is  
served by wopses.

—TOUCHSTONE

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NOVELS

- SOLDIER'S PAY**, by William Faulkner (*Boni & Liveright*). Ironies of 1919, in a Southern small town.
- NOAH'S ARK**, by Amabel Williams-Ellis (*Doran*). An artistic girl with a "vulgar" streak, and a young man who suffers from lack of one.
- CIARA MARRON**, by Harvey O'Higgins (*Harper*). Quite a masterly representation, on psychoanalytic lines, of the career of a woman fighter for downtrodden womanhood.
- GANDLER FOLLOWS HIS NOSE**, by Heywood Brown (*Boni & Liveright*). An allegory.
- THE VILLAGE IN THE JUNGLE**, by Leonard Woolff (*Harcourt, Brace*). Scene, Ceylon. Moral, don't be nearer the primitive than your neighbors.
- WHOM GOD HATH SUNDERED**, by Oliver Onions (*Doran*). A fascinating old-style psychological romance, with a very ingenious plot.
- MARY GLENN**, by Sarah G. Millin (*Boni & Liveright*). South African but not inter-racial.
- SPANISH BAYONET**, by Stephen Vincent Benét (*Doran*). A good, brightly colored story; dark ways and vain tricks in Florida in 1775.
- CUCKOO**, by Douglas Goldring (*McBride*). Effect of a conquering amerist on a spinster novelist and others.
- THE CHIP AND THE BLACK**, by E. M. Delafield (*Harper*). A family afflicted in two generations with "geniuses", observed by an author blessed with a sense of humor.

And Don't Overlook—

- THE DIARY OF A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION**, by Cleone Knox (*Appleton*). **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TRAO**, by John Erskine (*Bobbs-Merrill*). **CLOUD CUCKOO LAND**, by Naomi Mitchison (*Harcourt, Brace*).

SHORT STORIES

- ALL THE SAD YOUNG MEN**, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*). Fitzgerald for the aisle seats, the boxes, the dress circle and the peanut gallery.
- LOVE US AS!**, by A. Neil Lyons (*A. & C. Boni*). The better for being not quite so well-bred as typical English sketch-stories.

GENERAL

- THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF COLONEL HOUSE** (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Two volumes, bringing the Colonel to April, 1917. An important and interesting, if not earth-shaking, "post-mortem" of the war time.
- LAST ESSAYS**, by Joseph Conrad (*Doubleday, Page*). Includes, among others, his memories of the "Torrans", two papers on Stephen Crane, one on Galsworthy, some war work, and a Congo diary.
- OUR TIMES: THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, 1900-1904**, by Mark Sullivan (*Scribner's*). Others are liking the old-album parts as well as we liked the explanatory résumés.
- EDGAR ALLAN POE**, by Joseph Wood Krutch (*Knopf*). Attempts, by psychoanalysis, to refer Poe's work to his life, and succeeds in spite of debatable views of both.
- CRITICAL WOODCUTS**, by Stuart Sherman (*Scribner's*). Some six or eight are so good that the others don't matter.
- SOME AMERICAN LADIES**, by Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). Martha Washington, Abigail Adams, Dolly Madison, Elizabeth Monroe, Rachel Jackson, and Peggy Eaton.
- THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID**, by Walter Noble Burns (*Doubleday, Page*). History's shooting-est "Western".

And Don't Overlook—

- MICROBE HUNTERS**, by Paul de Kruif (*Harcourt, Brace*). **ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PRAIRIE YEARS**, by Carl Sandburg (*Harcourt, Brace*).



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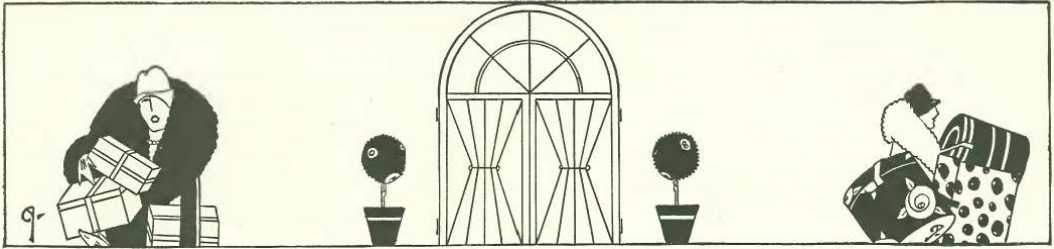
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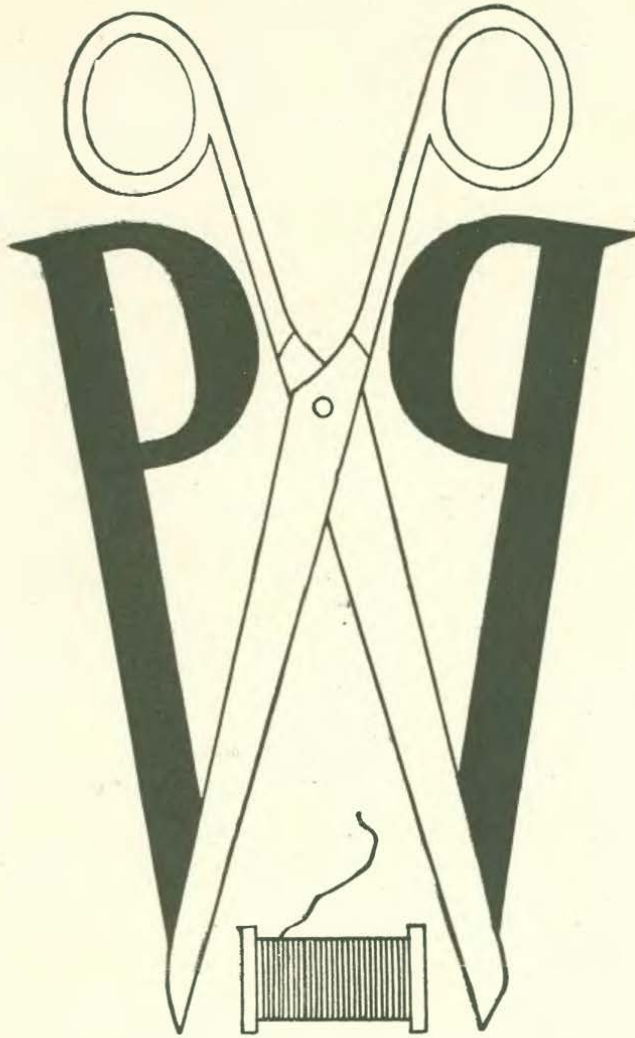
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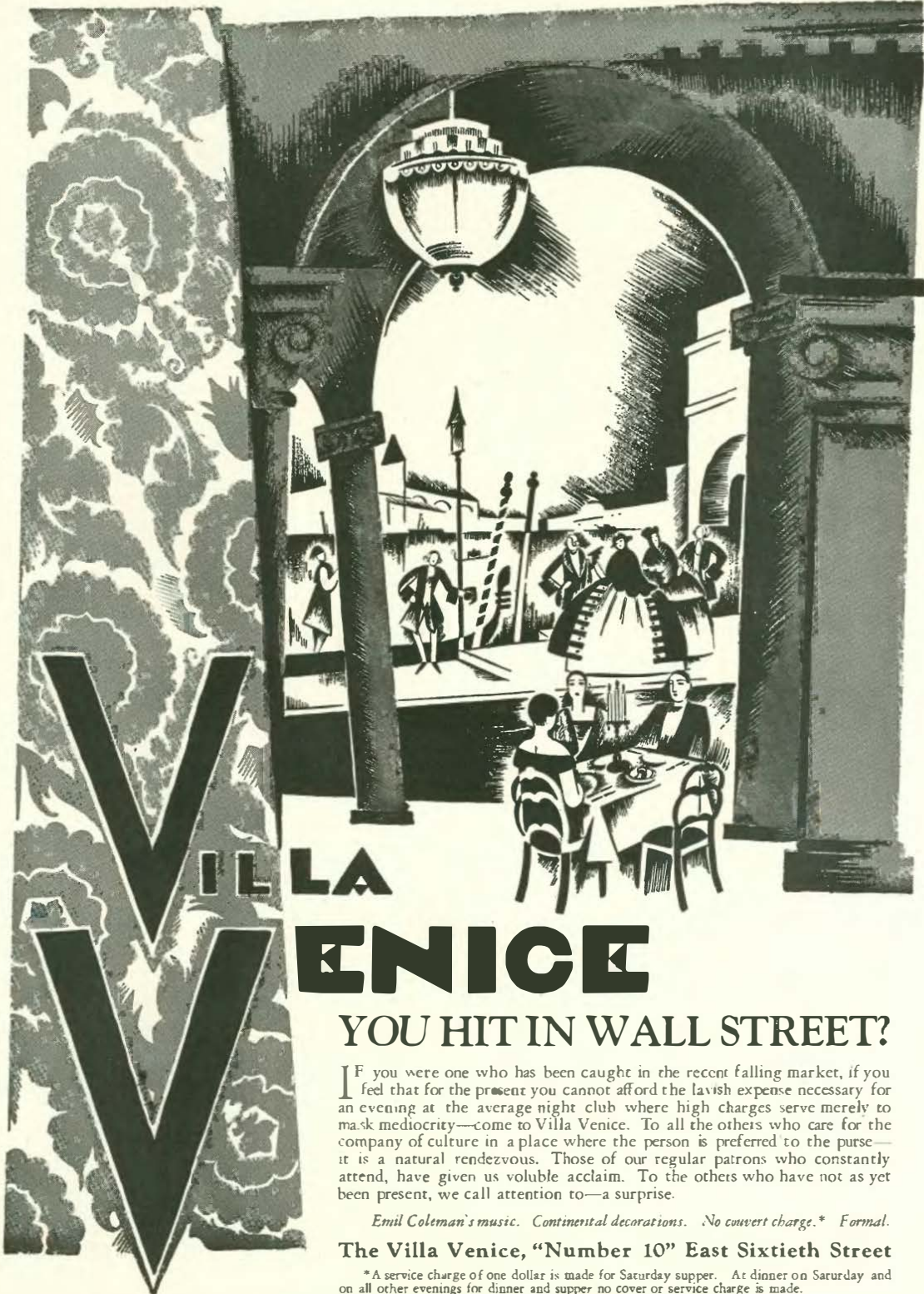
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