

February 28, 1925

THE

Price 15 cents

NEW YORKER

SEP 13





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This is very necessary in a balloon tire. If the tread blocks are made larger, they throw heavy strains on the tire.

The U. S. Royal Cord Balloon Tire is built of latex-treated Web Cord—strong and flexible.

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United States Rubber Company

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES



Advisory Editors: Ralph Barton, Marc Connelly, Rea Irvin, George S. Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woolcott

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

LAST week saw Spring coquetting on Fifth Avenue, but aside from that uncalendared escapade (did you ever notice that sunny late-winter days on the Avenue always seem brighter and more gay with promise than anywhere else in town?) there weren't many events of interest to mention in my letter to Aunt Evelyn in Dubuque. Despite implications of the catch-line of a certain new magazine most of the old ladies in Dubuque are most keenly interested in things that are supposed to interest only New Yorkers.

However, I told her about the number of men popping up from the South for a few days with offensively tanned faces and the irritating information that they intend to go back again in a couple of days for another month of tropic ease. I thank my lares and penates that at least the time is not ripe yet for their insufferable farewells as they steam away for summers abroad.

Ciro's opened the other night with Mary Hay and Clifton Webb as the supper club's dancing team and when they inaugurated their partnership last Tuesday night a noticeably smart crowd filled the place. I didn't go myself after an attache of the restaurant discounted the need of any further guests the opening night by declining, over the phone, to reserve a table for Aunt Evelyn's nephew.

I'd have been obliged to forego the event anyway, it turned out, as a sudden call took me to Baltimore for the night. The Congressional Limited, I discovered, has put in practice the dining car booking system one finds on trains in England. Sittings are assigned by cards distributed by the dining car steward an hour or so before the diner is open. It's a good system, as the English found out several years ago, though it was not functioning any too smoothly on the Limited. When three of us marched in, as our cards provided, at 6:15, to take our places at Table A-8, four individualists were firmly intrenched. I hope, nevertheless, that the system can be put into practice over here as I know of few unhappier moments than that of discovering, after a feeling progress through five or six cars, that the corridor of the diner is packed like a six o'clock subway train.

I hope that eventually the orderly arrangement of dining car sittings will be able to do away with the annoying no-smoking-in-the-diner rule. The sole reason for its existence to-day is its discouragement of the lingering passenger who likes a cigarette or cigar with his coffee. I should think the perfect working of the new system would allow the momentary comfort of tobacco in the minute and three-quarters consumed by the waiters in bringing change.

I used to think that

"They needed an angel in heaven
So God took Caruso away."

was the Height of Something in belles lettres but in that mist of the dawn ahead in which one senses Perfection an even higher monument to beauty has taken form out of the haze. It is the following from a new popular song entitled "My Kid":

"He comes downstairs in his little white nightie
And says his prayers to God Almighty."

I am told it is making thousands of better men and women in vaudeville and night club circles.

The elderly matron with the lifted face has become so common that it must be a very good joke about her that gets even a glancing attention. But the case of Mrs. Louise Conti, 83 years old, erstwhile bathroom maid at the Plaza, demands a pause in the day's occupations. It seems, says the *World*, that Mrs. Conti has worked hard all her life. When she was 78, Mrs. Conti was still able to stand on her hands.

But a few months ago, despite her matutinal application to the programs of calisthenics in the newspapers, she found herself a bit stiff in one or two muscles when the day's work of cleaning forty or fifty bath tubs was over. There were unquestionably wrinkles in her hands. So she accepted the invitation of a beauty specialist whose newspaper advertisement informed her that a free clinic was available for such as she. She tried to take advantage of the offer, but to her discomfiture and the amazement of the beauty doctors her skin was fine and clear, her teeth were sound, her eyes were bright and from her conversa-

tion in fluent Italian, French, Spanish and English it was obvious that she was vivacious, charming, and *toujours gai* or very nearly. They couldn't do much about the wrinkles in her hands.

Having held its ninety-ninth annual reception and ball the Old Guard has at once subsided into that lethargy which it maintains between these annual functions. However, it is not quite fair to the Old Guard to intimate that it does nothing but give a ball each year, though to do even that steadily for ninety-nine years requires a certain amount of tenacity. In addition, the Old Guard has become a standard part of any New York parade.

Lined up in their towering bearskin shakos, wearing their famous uniform of blue trousers and swallow tailed coats of white decorated with blue, red and gold facings, these doughy warriors are one of the few links connecting New York with its past. From the gold tassels topping off their prodigious shakos to the tips of their impressive boots the members of the Old Guard have not altered for a century.

While the call to duty at parades or for the massing of the colors at the ball never finds the members lacking in alacrity there is not the same enthusiasm for drills, which are not compulsory. Thus, although all members of the organization were once members

of the Army, Navy or National Guard, there is often a lack of that precision which characterizes the marching of our West Point cadets. But the magnificence of uniform more than makes up for any slight technical lack, and it would indeed be a captious critic who would find fault with the appearance of the Guard.

Back in the early days, the organization was known as the Light Guard and began its career on the Bowery. In the '30s it was merged with the City Guard and as such both continued until the Civil War when they were absorbed by larger commands. After that war the veterans of each got together and in 1868 the Old Guard was chartered by the State of New York. For many years the annual ball was held in the old Academy of Music, and I believe, was also at one time held in the Madison Square Garden. Still later it was transferred to the Metropolitan Opera House.

In those days it was classed as one of the "wine balls," a slang term applied to the large public dances to which the wine merchants of the city would send representatives to give away quantities of wine and champagne as advertisements for their products. Naturally, balls in those days were gayer and more lively affairs, but the Old Guard has managed to withstand even the rigors of prohibition, though many of the older members aver that the annual gatherings are not what they used to be.

Theodore Roosevelt was a member of the Old



Clifton Webb and

Guard and at the time of his death was one of that venerable body's honorary members along with such notables as King Albert, the Prince of Wales, Marshals Foch, Joffre and Haig, Generals Pershing, Wood and Bullard, and until the election of President Harding, was the only President to be placed among such honored warriors.

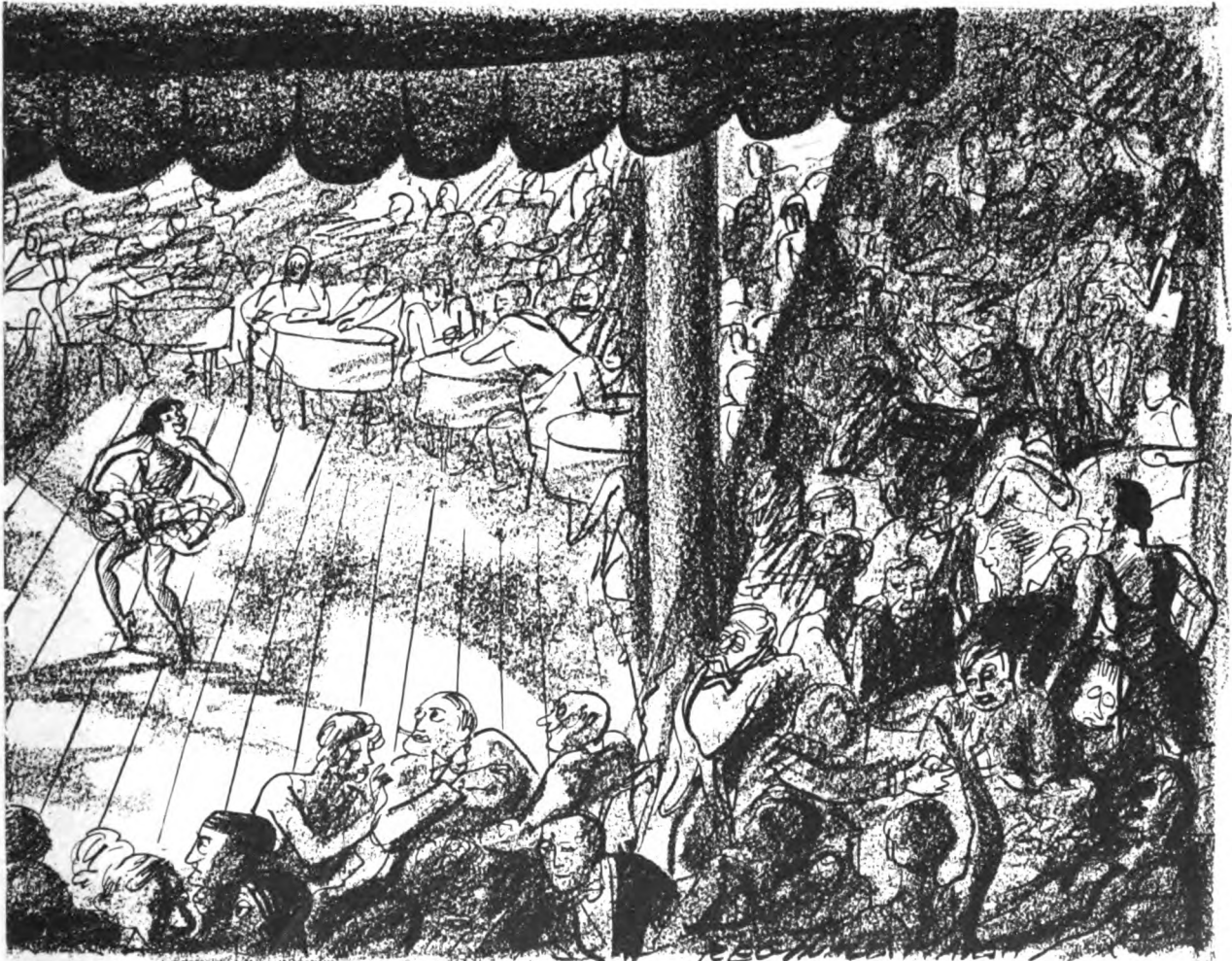
Rarely is there a big parade in New York which is not headed by the Old Guard, their massive shakos held in place by chin chains. During the war as well as afterward it was especially busy acting as a guard of honor to the many visiting foreign dignitaries. Last year and the year before that the ball was held at the Commodore, where the long ballroom gave opportunity for a more impressive "massing of the colors" than was possible at the Waldorf-Astoria, where the ball took place this year on Friday night, February 6.

In fact at one time during the evening it appeared that a messing of the colors would be the only result. But the Old Guard, together with the representatives of similar veteran military organizations from nearby cities, managed to unscramble themselves in a somewhat unmilitary fashion. After hoarse commands and counter orders from perspiring commanders had proved unavailing, the members were shoved into place and reviewed by Governor Alfred E. Smith, and all voted the exhibition a "brilliant military display."

By the way, the oyster scare seems to be finished. Despite the sudden appearance of small cards attached to the *cartes du jour* in restaurants, which testified that the oysters in those restaurants were not only germless but the social equals of the best *hors d'ouevres* in the world, people refused to eat them. The oyster dealers, I'm told, lost millions by the typhoid talk. Some restaurants even eliminated oysters from the *cuisine*. Clams held on to their social tone by great effort. But just as suddenly as they were tabooed, have their brother bivalves returned in favor.

Have you observed, of late, how fastidious everyone has become in the matter of liquor? Not only a particular brand, but a definite vintage and especially-shaped bottle are now almost always demanded. We sniff and scrutinize with the utmost care. What a change from the first year of the Eighteenth Amendment, when cocktails were manufactured out of anything liquid, and whatever had a kick passed muster. But we have become quite as particular to-day as we ever were in those dear distant times prior to July, 1920.

Van Bibber III



Mary Hay at Ciro's

BEHIND THE NEWS

A Slogan Haunts the Bishop

BISHOP MANNING issued a nice, vague invitation, such as heads of households must forever be extending—one of those pleasant “drop in on us any time; we shall always be glad” invitations. He said, in appealing for funds for the building of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, that the edifice would be “A House of Prayer for All Peoples.”

And now the phrase is being taken literally. People are prepared to accept the invitation in droves. This is very disturbing to a quiet and conservative household, long accustomed to more formal social usages.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was the first to indicate that he deemed the Bishop's invitation a definite request. He gave \$500,000 to the building fund and suggested that the Board of Trustees for St. John's, exclusively Episcopal, should include a few laymen of other Protestant denominations.

The Bishop took the money and murmured, in some embarrassment, that the time was not yet ripe.

It was as though, having had the chance friend unexpectedly telephone you that he accepted your polite but extremely indefinite invitation, you were forced by circumstance and the frowns of your severest critic to mumble an apologetic something about the painters being in, or the servants having gone, or sorry, but—

Worst of all, what you hoped was a purely private conversation became public gossip, because the rejected guest told everyone you knew about it.

The story of the Bishop's embarrassed evasion was not given to the press by Messrs. Tamblin & Brown, publicity directors for the Cathedral Fund, but by the efficient Ivy Lee, whose deft hand controls the public relations of the Rockefeller family, the Standard Oil Company of New York, the Interborough Rapid Transit Company and Mr. Vincent Astor.

The above-mentioned Tamblin & Brown may be blamed for issuing the original invitation, since one of their bright young men devised the trouble-making phrase, “A House of Prayer for All People.” It has proved an effective slogan, so effective that thus far it has lured into the Cathedral coffers seven of the fifteen millions needed.

Since they were retained for the explicit purpose of raising the money, Messrs. Tamblin & Brown could not be expected to busy themselves with matters of theology, or the problems of episcopal discipline.

It is no great concern of theirs that the Right Reverend Doctor may be worried by such organs as the *Churchman*, which inquires plaintively just what “A House of Prayer for All People” might mean, and adds that if it means only that the doors of the Cathedral are to be open to all for meditation, it marks no advance from existing conditions. Indeed, this religious journal throws off weekly hints of implied bad faith.

Even the clergy of the diocese are not above saying, both privately and publicly, that an invitation is an invitation. Their natural reticences, if any, are overcome by the remembrance that the Bishop has found it

necessary to speak somewhat sharply at times to certain brethren of the cloth—for their own good, of course.

Meantime, Messrs. Tamblin & Brown go about their business with a fine efficiency. Daily they issue news stories with a punch—tales of the widow's mite and of the orphan's dime—all the sweet sob stuff.

This may not be dignified, but there is no denying that the seven millions it has produced are imposing, especially when they do not include the Rev. Dr. Guthrie's five pre-dated checks.

Drive committees are functioning—committees for Protestants, committees for Catholics, trades committees, and committees for the professions.

But the Tamblin & Brown slogan stands, to the discomfiture of the Right Reverend Bishop:

“A House of Prayer for All People.”

The old dispute between Fundamentalists and Modernists has forsaken the theological battleground for the time and wages about hospitality. The conservatives arch eyebrows at the thought that such a vague sentence should be construed so definitely. The liberals comment acidly that either one speaks in good faith, or one does not.

Messrs. Tamblin & Brown entertain the gentlemen of the press with unperturbed kindness.

Will Rogers said lately this nation couldn't go to war because it didn't have a slogan. The Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York is better equipped. It has had a slogan thrust upon it.—*J. M.*

The “World” Is With Us

As these lines are written, District Attorney Banton is involved in the study of thirteen plays that have been pointed out to him by police officials as dirty and calculated to ruin the morals of the community. The glass is low and there are all the signs of an approaching censorship. And so, before it is too late, it would be well to hang the grand cord of the order of Sucker Grandissimus about the neck of the *World*, which will be entitled forevermore to point to the Democratic Convention of 1924 and to the Censorship Agitation of 1925 as its two great contributions to the civic life of New York during the second decade of the Twentieth Century.

About two weeks ago, a dirty little play called “A Good Bad Woman” was produced by William A. Brady at the Comedy Theatre. Its opening night audience in part laughed and in part slept at its laborious obscenities. The play was well on its way to an early grave. Whereupon the next day Miss Helen MacKellar, star of the play, let it be known that she intended to give up her role because of its impure nature.

But too many people remembered in time that she must have found out something of its nature during the period of rehearsals for her protest to be quite effective in a publicity way. (The final perfect comment on Miss MacKellar's statement is to be found in a news story in the *Times*, which reads: “Miss Mac-

Kellar . . . played the role again last night to a crowded house, but with lines slightly modified. She particularly objected to using one word, which occurred seven times in her part. On her threat to withdraw, the management compromised, it is said. The word was struck out of four lines and allowed to stand in three.")

And so, the day after the MacKellar statement, the *World* brightened up its first page with a story about the dirty play and a picture of its producer, who was allowed to say that he had made the production "for a purpose." (The picture of Mr. Brady by the way, was one of him in what might have been his confirmation suit, and the caption for it read "For Clean Plays.")

The Brady statement had been received by other newspaper offices—at the office of the *Times*, for example, it was reduced to five or six lines, with the added comment that Broadway did not take his agitation seriously and believed that his play would continue to run as long as newspapers gave space to his denunciation of its dirty nature.

The *World*, however, swallowed the Brady bait. And from its vigorous news treatment of the story, plus its editorial denunciations, has come the agitation that has forced the District Attorney to move to action. The *World*, apparently just the least bit conscious, but too late, of what it has done, is beginning to demand a censorship by way of the Citizens' Jury, with which the actors are to co-operate. It holds the weird point of view that a jury made up of Mrs. Jays and other great public-spirited people is superior to the average jury drawn by the court and armed with legal powers.

The business of a manager appealing to the newspapers for stories about the dirtiness of his productions is not new. Earl Carroll, last Fall, did it and met with moderate success. However, he has a just grievance when he thinks of the small amount of space he received in comparison with the front page headlines and picture the *World* rushed to give Brady.—*H.J.M.*

Beginning at the Bottom

"WELL, young man," said the Great Editor, "I suppose you want to become a writer."

A timid bow signified assent.

"Have you lived?"

"I'm twenty-seven."

"Of course, of course. What I mean is, have you sinned—sinned greatly? Have you tasted any of the dregs of life?"

"Not since my last class reunion. The cocktails were terrible."

The Great Editor frowned. It was evident my obtuseness made him impatient.

"I'm afraid you don't understand," he said, a bit sharply. "I shall explain. There is no field at present for imaginative works. The reading public wants actuality. You must write something that has happened to you. Now," he broke off, "let us consider your own life. Have you ever had an illicit romance; ever stabbed your mother-in-law with a bread knife—great title for a story like that, 'The Bread Knife and the Butter-In'—ever poisoned your wife?"

"I'm not married," I interposed.

"Ever eloped with a married woman?" he went on. "Ever rolled drunk in the gutters; ever been divorced because of a duchess—even a countess will do, if it's well written; ever blackmailed anyone—blackmail hasn't been done lately; ever fought a duel over a notorious adventuress; ever cheated at cards?"

He beamed expansively.

"Those are a few examples of what I mean," the Great Editor concluded. "Go out and live, my boy, and when you have a real story to tell come back."

I am determined to accept his advice. I shall begin at the bottom and work up.

Accordingly, I wish to ask my friends not to become alarmed if they see me rolling around any of the town's better gutters. I shall be merely gathering inspiration. They will owe it to literature to leave me where I lie.—*James Kevin McGuinness*

Cassandra Drops Into Verse

We'd break the city's unfeeling clutch
And back to good Mother Earth we'd go,
With birds and blossoms and such-and-such,
And love and kisses and so-and-so.
We'd build a bungalow, white and green,
With rows of hollyhocks, all sedate.
And you'd come out on the five-eighteen
And meet me down at the garden gate.

We'd leave the city completely flat
And dwell with chickens and cows and
bees,
'Mid brooks and bowers and this and that,
And joys and blisses and those and these.
We'd greet together the golden days,
And hail the sun in the morning sky.
We'd find an Eden—to coin a phrase—
The sole inhabitants, you and I.

With sweet simplicity all our aim,
We'd fare together to start anew
In peace and quiet and what's-its-name,
And soul communion, or what have you?
But oh, my love, if we made the flight,
I see the end of our pastoral plan. . . .
Why, you'd be staying in town each night,
And I'd elope with the furnace man.

—*Dorothy Parker*

OF ALL THINGS

WE did the best we could in the matter, and with the support of all concerned. The first advice received, as earnest a bit as ever was offered by an Advisory Editor, was "we ought to have a rule against using the names usually seen in printed gossip." A Mr. Adams, our Special Emergency Technical Verse Editor, said the same thing. Another fellow said it made him sick and Adams said we would be suckers to do it as a lot of people would get sore, what with everybody having so many enemies these days. Those, practically, were his words. So we made a rule against mentioning any of the current butterflies of the printed column. But it didn't do any good.

* * *

The trouble is you can't do anything about it. Some things are inevitable. Mention to a contributor, somewhere in a snappy, fifteen-hundred word exposition of the aims and purposes of THE NEW YORKER that you expect to use some satirical stuff and he comes back with a piece, which (you can lay twenty to one on this and never work any more) is about either Woolcott, Broun or Otto Kahn. Do what you will about these fellows, the publicity rolls up. You might explain it by saying it is the peculiar way they dress, but this would apply to only two of them.

* * *

A recent statistic is interesting in this connection. Of the forty persons who apply daily for jobs in the editorial department of the *Times*, a majority want to work in the dramatic department. Twenty-five years ago they all wanted to be war correspondents. Fifteen years ago they wanted to write "Sun style" and be Frank O'Malleys. Now they want to be dramatic critics. The dramatic critics are the Richard Harding Davises and Frederick Palmers of this day. Anyone can easily figure out what the race is coming to.

* * *

We had intended to say earlier that you could have slapped us in the face with a wet blanket, or whatever the saying is, when we saw the first issue. We were as astonished and alarmed as anybody else at the tone of levity and farce that seemed to pervade it and we hadn't intended to look so much like *Judge* and *Life* (to name those papers out of their regular sequence for once).

* * *

We certainly weren't as serious as we had promised or as momentous as we had thought we would be. We had intended to print a great deal of news stuff, for instance, and have been roundly condemned for not doing it. All we can say is that we had some of the best reporters in the city looking for news and they reported that there wasn't any. That was the week of the great drought, you remember. when the

World had to run a five-column headline on the gentlemen who thought the world was going to come to an end.

* * *

Also there didn't seem to be much indication of purpose and we felt sort of naked in our apparent aimlessness, about, we should say, as the Democratic convention did after nominating John W. Davis and the other fellow.

* * *

We are going to have purposes, however, several of them, and we shall start as soon as the mechanical details get less pressing. *Collier's* was twenty years working up to that big national campaign about all the children in the public schools having their ears washed, or whatever it was. We won't have a cause like that because we are not a National magazine. THE NEW YORKER isn't going to be any more National than the National Arts Club. But we'll find big, vital issues.

* * *

Not that we don't admire some of the National magazines, especially the *American Mercury* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. With a beautiful gesture we recommend both of these publications heartily. The most expressive writers in America write for the *Post* and they do it in their most expensive manner. Moreover, the magazine is utterly incorruptible. We think that even Ralph Easley will back us up in declaring that the *Saturday Evening Post* has never once been bribed by Russian gold.

* * *

The *American Mercury*, while it has no such circulation as the *Post*, is by all odds the most purely sectarian magazine there is. You may not enjoy it unless you belong to Mencken's church, but if you do belong you will find each issue a great comfort.

* * *

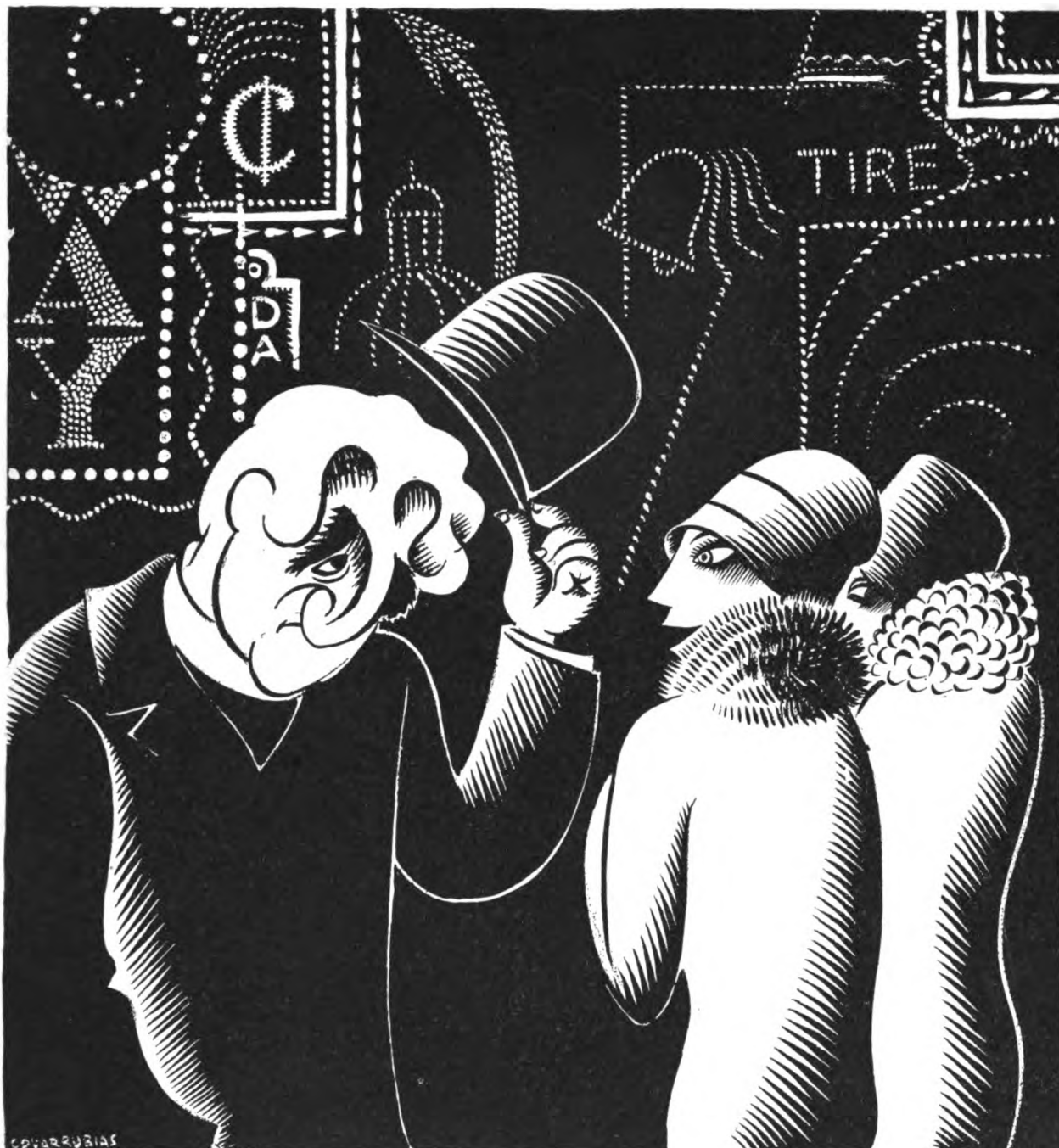
But still we long to be something else. We won't write expensively all the time. We will spill the beans once in awhile, and we will say what is on our mind, if any, no matter what the subject happens to be. On days that we haven't any ideas we won't pretend that we have. At such times we will want to appear as inconsequential as we are.

* * *

Above all we don't want to be taken as a humorous magazine. Being funny when you don't feel like it is like editing the *Nation* when you are feeling good.

* * *

And we won't aim to please. If we happen to please we shall not apologize, but we are not in that vast army of bores struggling frantically to give the people what they want. There may be money in such a struggle, but we are not even sure of that. It is our suspicion that the New York public is gen-



The Good Bad Showman

erally tolerant, but that it does not easily forgive those who are trying to uplift it and those who are breaking their necks to give it what it wants.

✦ ✦ ✦

Broadway almost died a few years ago, with this particular kind of broken neck. It was rescued, as you may remember, by some little groups of undistinguished people who quit aiming to please and aimed to play instead. The Theater Guild is one result of those experiments.

✦ ✦ ✦

We may not do as much for the magazine world. We don't know that we're aiming to. But of one

thing we feel quite sure: if we ever run out of things to say, just for the fun of saying them, we expect to close up this little playhouse and go to work.

✦ ✦ ✦

Charges that we have stolen the name of the magazine from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the signature of one of our important departments from a collar concern, the title of this department from Robert C. Benchley, one of our departments from F. P. A., and several letters and telegrams from Dubuque will be answered later.

The New Yorker

THE STORY OF MANHATTANKIND



HERE were six million people within the bounds of the Greater City, three million of whom operated taxicabs. This accounts for the saying that one half the people didn't know where the other half lived. What is more, it did no good to tell them. The driver charged fifteen cents for the first quarter of a mile, and five cents for each subsequent sortie in the wrong direction. Eventually the passenger got out and took another taxi, but it was too late by this time to go home; so he had himself taken to whatever bootlegger the man happened to be hustling for.

The bootleggers were cautious. They always suspected a customer of being a prohibition agent unless some taxi driver was willing to vouch for him. The customers were equally cagey, always demanding positive assurance from the taxi man that the stuff was genuine.

The extreme secrecy of these proceedings made complete enforcement difficult, but unless a stranger could find a taxicab, he was often unable to get a drink. Not that New York meant to be mean, but if he was unable to find a taxicab, it was generally agreed that he had had enough.

Prohibition never became an issue in the politics of the time. The people understood prohibition, and they never made an issue of anything they could under-

stand. It made the game altogether too easy.

One of the great issues was the McAvoy report. Nobody, it seems, read this report, but everybody claimed that he was acquainted with its gist. Undoubtedly the report had a gist and they had probably seen its picture in the illustrated *News*. It made a dandy issue, at any rate, for a political campaign and Mayor Hylan's address to the Board of Estimate, upon his return from Palm Beach, became incorporated in the literature of the period under the caption of "Spartacus to the Gladiators."

"Ye Craigs and Piques!" he began, "I am with you once again." Accounts differ as to what happened next; but they heard the noise out in Patchogue, Long Island, and thought it was the end of the world. It was more than a riot: it was a revolution. Millions who had been following the Green Line to Times Square now decided to follow the Cloud to Hollywood. Others left their taxicabs in midstream and began to walk a mile for a camel, singing as they went that nothing could take the place of leather.

"Now is the time," wrote John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to Bishop Manning, "for all good men to come to the aid of the grand old party." And the bishop replied with those memorable words: "If garters were worn around the neck, you'd change them frequently." It was thus that democracy once more asserted itself, and "Abie's Irish Rose" became the Fourth Leading Industry. "Abie's Irish Rose" was a play. The theory that it was written by Henry Ford is now thoroughly discarded.—*Sawdust*

METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

*I*T takes all kinds
To make a town like ours.

There is, for instance,
The Woman Who Is Here on a Bat.
She puts in every possible moment at the theatre,
And laments bitterly having ordered all her tickets in
advance,
Because "The Guardsman" wasn't half as good
As Amy Smithers had led her to believe,
And nobody in Boston had mentioned
The necessity of seeing Al Jolson.
About the third day of her sojourn
It dawns on her that her hat is All Wrong,
So she replaces the little bow at the back
With a flat French rose, or what-you-will.
She is having the time of her life
And feels like a perfect devil—
Dining out with a beau of her debutante days,
Puffing awkwardly at cigarettes
Through the longest holder in the world,
And getting a bit giddy from an unaccustomed cock-
tail

Imbided in the middle of the day.
She wants to go to the Algonquin for luncheon,
And is convinced that every taxi driver she draws
Has been out of Sing Sing about twenty minutes.
She is always cashing a check for fifty dollars
And wondering where on earth her money goes.
She calls her husband on long distance
To find out if he and the children are still alive
And whether or not Katie cleaned the silver.
Four or five days bring her to bicarbonate of soda
And a bewilderment as to how New Yorkers keep it
up.
She leaves twenty-four hours ahead of her schedule,
After telephoning the dressmaking shop
That she will get along without a final fitting.
A sudden and explicable reversion to type—
Just a good wife and mother!

*It takes all kinds
To make a town like ours.*

—Baird Leonard



Princess Alice

SHE can take a bridge hand and play it well, but poker is her game. She is one of the few women in America who does not draw to inside straights. Nick, of course, taught her this unfeminine point. But Alice learned. That is the idea. As the sands of the desert are the loyal poker-playing husbands who have thrown away the best years of their lives in the forlorn hope that their wives could assimilate just such a precept of the game.

You must excuse the intimate "Alice" and "Nick." It is a way the Washingtonians have with Mr. and Mrs. Longworth—or to be exact, Mr. Longworth and Alice Roosevelt. If all the women were like Alice there would be no Lucy Stone League. (1) No occasion: Alice Roosevelt has been married for nineteen years and she is still Alice Roosevelt, by operation of natural phenomena. (2) No desire: She prefers the style of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. When she wishes to be Alice anything and can have her own way she is Alice Longworth, not Alice Roosevelt Longworth.

This is not because she is trying to live down her past. It springs from a delicacy about trading on the Roosevelt name. The Roosevelt-Robinson stuff does not go in this quarter.

She is still the Princess Alice. It is astonishing in a way—how the capers of that vivid girl of twenty some years ago have left their impress on the woman of to-day who has her first grey hairs and her first baby. Alice Roosevelt was the first woman in Washington to smoke in public and the first to have her monogram on her cigarettes. She was among the first to drive an automobile and to drive it too fast to suit the constabulary.

The Countess Marguerite Cassini taught Alice to smoke, and in a roundabout way the Count Cassini, Russian ambassador and dean of the diplomatic corps, lost his job on that account. Alice, the Countess and Ruth Hanna, old Mark's daughter, were as thick as could be. T. R. and Senator Hanna didn't get along, but this wasn't held against Ruth. It was the fly

young Countess with her European notions who disturbed the head of the family in the White House.

Marguerite had been introduced to Washington as the niece of the ambassador. She was beautiful and she was clever. The imperial Russian embassy in those days was the brightest spot in Washington. But one day it came out that Marguerite wasn't Cassini's niece at all—wasn't a countess or even a Cassini. This was too continental entirely. The Count explained, but left town and in a year or so the "Countess" was taking in sewing in Italy.



Alice Roosevelt Longworth

But Ruth Hanna remained, and remains still—until March 4—in Washington. She is the wife of Medill McCormick, the retiring senator from Illinois. To her Alice turned when dazed by her father's death. To her she turned last summer when the recent birthday event first acknowledged its approach.

Announcement of the Longworth baby's coming was the biggest news in Washington since Teapot Dome. The buzz of gossip before its arrival described an interrogation point as tall as the Washington monument. "How did Alice like it?" Ah, there was rumor on rumor. Fi-

nally, one woman who could bear the uncertainty no longer went to Mrs. Longworth and asked her. Alice knew her woman. She concealed the delight which everyone who really knew her knew she felt, and replied, in a quizzical way that she has, that she was always willing to try anything once.

"And what in the world did she mean," demanded the estimable old ferret, "when she spoke of the expected as her 'grand baby'?"

The lady would have been worse confounded had she understood Alice rightly.

What Mrs. Longworth really said was her "gland baby."

Washington's buzz of intense interest was echoed by the country when the news of Paulina's birth was broadcast. The A. P. flashed it from Chicago as that ponderous service would the announcement of a President's death. On the floor of the House

Nick was accorded an ovation, surprising in that it was generously real and spontaneous.

For every newspaper it was a front page story. A White House Baby had been born, born to the purple, nineteen years after her mother had left the White House. No such romantic glamor spun about the children of the Wilson girls, even though those happy events took place in the White House itself, and the grandfather of the youngsters was President. The nation reserved its rejoicing for the delivery of an heir to the Princess Alice; for the daughter of T. R.

She is still the Princess Alice and she succeeds by means which would be the ruin of others to attempt. She does no official entertaining, gives no large parties, returns no calls. She breaks every rule in the book and in Washington the rules count. Yet an invitation to the Longworths is more prized by the discriminating than an invitation to the White House. Mrs. Longworth gives no guest lists to the papers. She keeps her own name out of the published guest lists of others when she can.

An invitation to the Longworths is likely to come over the telephone:

"Come over for dinner. Nick will feel like playing to-night."

Mr. Longworth is a dilettante in politics. Otherwise how could he have put up with it so long? For recreation he plays a violin and could make a living at it if he had a living to make.

If she does not feel like dressing, Alice—not the butler—may receive her guests at the door in a Chinese silk outfit something like a swell set of pajamas. She will sit on her feet on a tiger skin before the fire and smoke while Nick, after a wearing day on the floor of the House, fiddles with complete abstraction. Colonel Roosevelt shot the tiger skin in Africa. Presumably there was a tiger in it.

Heavy politics are played at the Longworth house and Alice sits in. The Longworth place is the nearest thing to a salon that Washington has. Alice Longworth never made a speech in her life and never gave an interview. She was not a suffrage advocate, never joined a woman's club, never is sponsor for or a member of the "honorary committee" of this or that great movement. She dumbfounded a worthy lady once by lightly declining to join the mighty Daughters of the American Revolution. Yet in her imperceptible way she is one of the most influential women in Washington. She knows men, measures and motives; has an understanding grasp of their changes. That's all there is to what is grandiosely known as "public affairs"—and all there is to understanding them.

With all her strength she opposed, though unsuccessfully, the payment of \$25,000,000 as reparations to the United States of Colombia for the Panama Canal. Roosevelt called Colombia's demand blackmail and after he left office defeated several efforts to pay it. But in 1920 old T. R. was dead and American oil men wanted the Colombian oil fields. Harry Daugherty is supposed to have fixed it up at Chicago so that if Harding went over

Colombia would be indemnified and it would be pie for our petroleum magnates.

Anyhow, Harding scarcely had been sworn in when a resolution was introduced in the Senate to pay Colombia the \$25,000,000. It had all the earmarks of mysterious prearrangement. Alice sat in the Senate gallery, as she often does, when the vote was taken. Senator Lodge, Roosevelt's lifelong friend, voted for the resolution. His support put it across.

A few minutes later Alice passed Mr. Lodge in a corridor as she hurried from the capitol.

"Good afternoon, Alice," beamed the old Senator.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Wobbly," said Theodore Roosevelt's daughter.

Some women will tell you that Alice Roosevelt is without sentiment; that she is ruthless and cruel. Men make few such complaints. Certainly Mrs. Longworth has the friendship and the confidence of men high in public life who care little for women.

Some years back there was a brilliant Senator, now dead, who was a power in national affairs. He had no use for women—Alice Roosevelt being almost the sole exception. The Senator lived alone, too much alone, and was given to long, solitary sprees impelled by introspection and a matured belief in the general futility of life. Once in a tight place his counsel was needed in the Senate, but the Senator was on one of his toots. No one could do anything with him. Alice Roosevelt got in her automobile, drove to the Senator's house and obliged the protesting butler to produce his employer. Alice bundled him into the car and took him to her home, where Nick sobered up the confused statesman.

It is too bad for the Roosevelt political dynasty that Alice wasn't a boy. She is the smartest Roosevelt there is left—the old Colonel's daughter in more ways than one. She has a quick, inquiring, original and penetrating mind especially equipped to cope with political situations for which she has an instinctive liking. Her flair for phrases is feared and famous. That "Coolidge looks as if he had been weaned on a pickle" is an Aliceism.

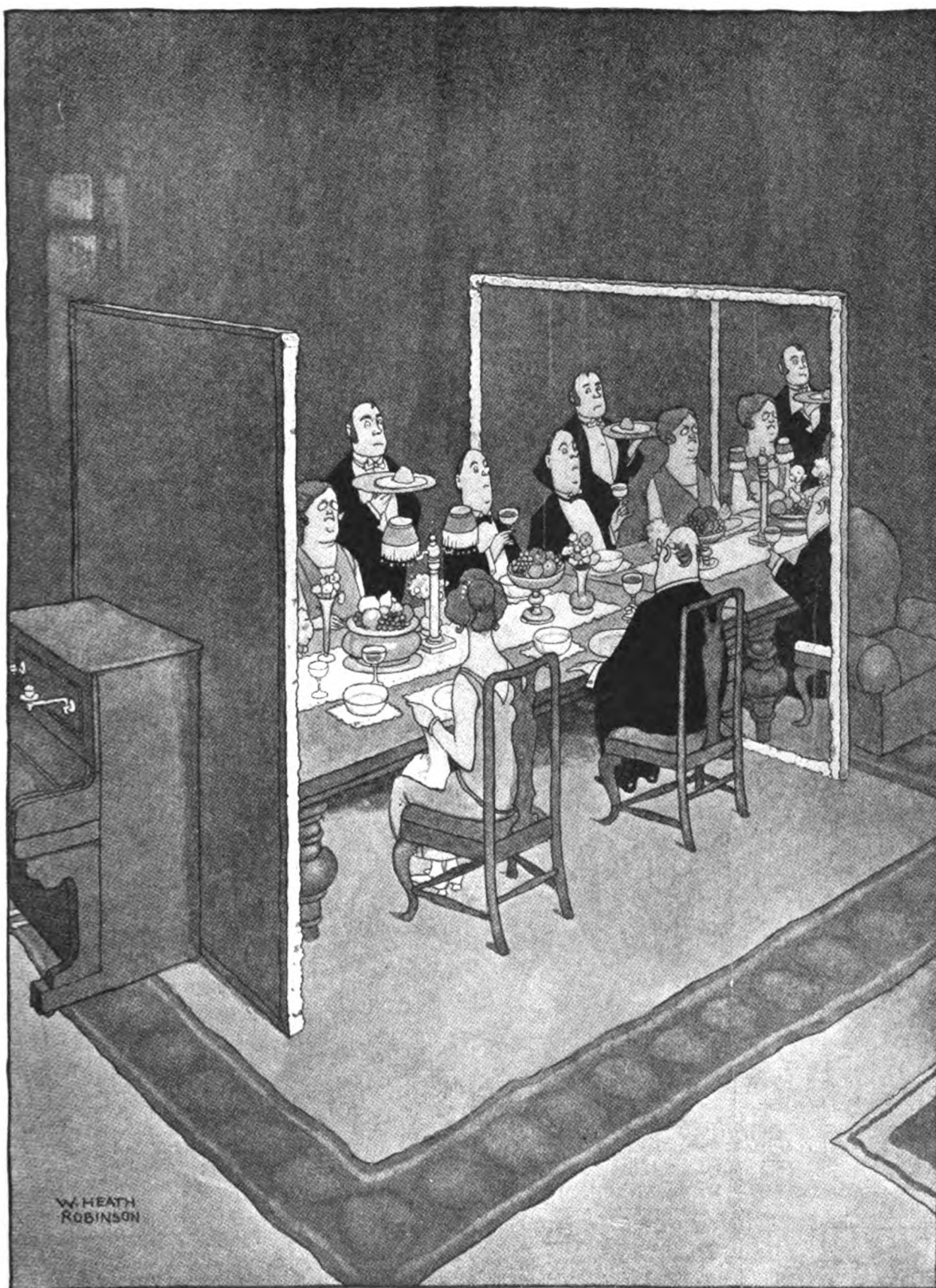
She is a great friend of the Coolidges, though, especially Mrs. Coolidge, who is all right, and who probably has laughed at the pickle epigram if she has ever heard it.

Alice goes to prize fights with her husband or her half brothers. At a White House garden party last Spring she shook a crowd of notables and took young T. R. and a naval officer into a corner and started an argument about fights and fighters. For Alice has almost as intimate acquaintance with the ringsters as Mr. Rickard.

A great affection exists between young T. R. and his half sister. She is genuinely interested in her brother's public career. Last election day she and Nick had gone to Cincinnati to vote. That is about the only thing they ever go there for. Alice telephoned Oyster Bay three times that night to find out how young Teddy was coming against Al Smith.

It is too bad. A smart woman like Alice deserves a brighter brother.—*Quid*





The Glass of Fashion—A pleasant little fiction practiced when only a few of the invited guests turn up for dinner



MR. BELASCO IS OUR SHEPHERD; WE SHALL NOT WANT

He Maketh Us to Lie Down With Loose Women; He Leadeth Us Beside the Rio Grande



MR. HOLBROOK BLINN, as Don Jose Maria Lopez y Tostado, and Miss Judith Anderson, as Dolores Romero, in Willard Mack's "The Dove," at the Empire Theatre. It is Mr. Belasco's third hit of the season.

Don Jose is a low, carnal-minded *caballero* with a 40-inch waist and oil-wells. Dolores is just a simple little blue-ribbon (i.e., undefiled) cabaret singer in the Purple Pigeon Café in Mexicana, Mexico. Fur-

thermore, both are Mexicans. Dolores, however, has Seen the Light and loves an upright young American gambler (as who wouldn't in her place?) and Don Jose's hand-to-shoulder kisses (m-m-m-buss-m-m-m-buss-m-m-m) are extremely distasteful to her.

The audience is fooled into believing that it is witnessing a fine old-fashioned melodrama until the last two minutes of the play when the Big Surprise is sprung. The villain exhibits an inconsistency of character, as no old-fashioned villain ever did.



BOYS, boys, what a week in the theatre this last one has been. Fun! Well, we thought we'd die, and it would have been just that much velvet, too. Those two plays, alone, which were produced last Monday and Tuesday nights respectively would make it a week in dramatic history that should be marked with a white stone. Or if the week isn't, then the playwrights ought to be.

The dramas are, reading from right to left, "Cape Smoke" and "Houses of Sand." And if they aren't a couple of little rascals, we are an Eagle Scout. If you will just keep the same seats and put away those sling-shots, we will tell you all about them, and then where will you be?

"Cape Smoke"—we gathered that the title is taken from the name of a drink, but we are open all night to argument—is a melodrama with the South African veldt as its locale. We are among those who are always in favor of anything the scene of which is laid in South Africa. Give us a play that starts with a group of nostalgic Englishmen—of good family—sitting about in white suits, cursing the heat and drinking themselves to death, and the thing gets into our blood to that degree that we begin making big plans to give up the struggle and go native. "Cape Smoke" begins like that, and we were all set for the happiest evening we had had for, in round numbers, these many months.

And then something went democratic. Pardon our pointing, but it was the author, Mr. Walter Frost. Given a perfectly grand melodramatic idea, he has turned out a play that leaves you as free from thrills as if you were at home in your own bed.

Occasionally, by peering around the close-studded ham of the dialogue and the situations, you can catch tantalizing glimpses of that noble original notion. Four men, three villains and the hero, are cursed by a native Witch Doctor. (Perhaps it was that we had come direct from the cold street into the cozy Martin Beck Theatre, or perhaps it was that we became lost in the shadowy corridors of exposition at the beginning of the play; but at any rate the Sandman came to call, and so it was that we never did grasp just what the boys had done to give the

naughty, naughty Witch Doctor such a mad on them.)

They are to die "before the big rain," one after another, the hero, played by Mr. James Rennie, last of all. No sooner is the curse pronounced than actors begin dropping like flies, and, if the author had only done right by the idea, you would be just as absorbed as the hero in his endeavors to guard the health of the gentleman whose turn comes just before his own.

But it is quite wonderful how you don't care. Maybe, though, this is not entirely the playwright's fault; maybe it is that all suspense is removed by your inner certainty that, with the scarcity of good actors these days, they couldn't possibly be such fools as to let anything serious happen to Mr. Rennie. You always know that everything is going to turn out just dandy, and he will go safely home to Dorothy Gish, at the end.

The management has inserted a pleading note in the program, asking you not to tell how the play ends, no matter how much your friends tease you. We couldn't, therefore, give away the big surprise of the last act: but—you know how we are with a secret—if you ask us pretty, maybe we will whisper just a word to give you an idea of it. "Terrible" would be our selection.

In response to cheers, on the opening night, the author made a speech stating that he had been working on "Cape Smoke" since 1908. History has been made,

during those—just a minute—seventeen years; wars have racked the world, kingdoms have crashed to ruin, genius has waved high its torch, our bathroom ceiling has been fixed. And through it all, there has sat Mr. Frost, biting his pencil and thinking up such lines as "I was never more serious."

There is grave doubt that the week's other gem, "Houses of Sand," written by Mr., Mrs., or Miss G. Marion Burton—lay you eight to five it's Miss—will still be on exhibition at the Hudson Theatre when these few poor scraps meet your eye. There was that about it which made those gathered quietly at the bedside on the night it was born realize it was not long for this world.

For it was the sort of race drama in the last act of which Mr. Paul Kelly turns out to have Japanese blood.—*Last Night*

The New Plays

EXILES. *At the Neighborhood.* James Joyce's only play.

CAPE SMOKE. *At the Martin Beck.* An incredibly noisy melodrama of crime in South Africa, thus filling a long Veldt want.

NATJA. *At the Knickerbocker.* One of those musical comedies, but with music by Tschaiakowski.

HOUSES OF SAND. *At the Hudson.* "Brown of Harvard" and "Madame Butterfly" stirred together to sweeten to taste. But whose?

TANGLETOES. *At the 39th Street.* An unintentionally funny play, about an ex-chorus girl in the suburbs, who goes desperately back to the white lights when her young husband gets a poem published in the "Bookman."

AND THEY D^O SAY~

ON the eve of Eddie Cantor's departure for Boston in his "Kid Boots", Jobyna Howland, who has been a part of that entertainment since shortly after the days when the Bronx was down in Union Square, wrenched herself loose from the troupe and booked passage for Europe. The altercations between herself and Mr. Cantor had kept Forty-second Street nervous for weeks, apprehending assault and battery and possibly mayhem. Miss Howland had resigned haughtily almost every Saturday, to be soothed each time with roses from Mr. Ziegfeld. Finally one of her resignations took and Ada Lewis leaped into the breeches.

The legends surrounding this actress, who has the figure of Juno and the voice of Jove, are accumulating so fast that a book about her seems inevitable. That book will have to include the item of her recent revenge on Loretta Taylor. At a party the two sat within reach and Miss Howland took it into her head that Miss Taylor was ignoring her. She smouldered for a time and then, with a most heavenly smile, leaned forward, bowed, caught Miss Taylor girlishly by the hand, and murmured: "Miss Chatterton, is it not?"

And then there is the story of her spoiling Morris Gest's exit. It was at another party, where Miss Howland and Ina Claire were having a good heart-

to-heart talk on the settee in the hall—just two girls together who had not been precisely bosom friends during the long run of "The Gold Diggers", but who had come together at last in a common resentment of its producer. They were burying the hatchet in Mr. Belasco's neck. And they were having a real good time until Morris Gest, who had been prowling uneasily on the periphery of this chat, fell upon them like a typhoon.

For, among the emotions which that impresario really does feel is a true hero worship for his father-in-law and, in blistering language, he told Miss Howland what he thought of her, how low was his estimate of her both as an artiste and as a lady, how unworthy he considered her even to black the boots of Wizardry. It was a magnificent philippic and when he had reached its peroration, Gest turned to sweep effectively from a house so polluted. But here difficulty cropped up. He could not find his hat—his famous, black velour hat which has saluted so many critics in its time. He was ready for his great exit but the effect was destroyed by the necessity of searching the apartment first.

That search, in which every one joined with dismaying heartiness, proved fruitless until some one deduced, by a Sherlockian process of elimination, that there was only one place where the hat could be. That deduction led embarrassingly to the person of Miss Howland who was, all unconsciously, sitting firmly upon the missing headpiece.—*Dr. Winkle*

THE HOUR GLASS

The Unscaleable Craig



Charles L.
Craig

That gentleman whom Mayor Hylan occasionally calls, for momentary want of epithet, "Mr. Comptroller," has a face and a bald, polished head which gleam like a boiled lobster. He has, also, at times the unamiable disposition of that crustacean.

Charles L. Craig is no Lionel—Strongheart or Barrymore—in form. Squatted cross-legged and suitably robed—one hesitates at the implied indignity—he could lead a semi-religious cult.

The man suffers the one great handicap to a political career: He has been known to think on small provocation. He commands even the respect of his subordinates; when one remembers that these are all city employees, the marvel is great. Whatever plan finally is adopted out of the many offered in the present transit donnybrook, assuredly it will be found that Mr. Craig's does not agree with Mr. Hylan's. This is his greatest work.

Once speaking to a genial aide, Mr. Craig remarked, "Nobody with my brains ever can be president; anybody with your disposition is sure to be."

Militancy's Daughter



Christabel
Pankhurst

A strain of militancy runs through her family. Emmeline Pankhurst achieved greatness in her time by her ardor for the cause of woman suffrage. (It would be interesting to know whether she exercises her vote to-day.) For Christabel, the road to Fame has not been paved with loose

stones suitable for heaving at convenient Government officials, or buildings. She has had to make her bid as a revivalist, and militant religion enlists no followers nowadays among the first families anywhere.

Only one generation in the Pankhurst line separates a demonstration in the Strangers' Galleries of Parliament from the much-thumped pulpit usually occupied by the Rev. John Roach Straton, but now given over to Christabel's contralto denunciations of the world, or her soprano prophecies of its doom.

She is a mild enough person in repose—as most Englishwomen are. She dresses with Victorian modesty, without its pomp. She smiles from eyes whose color is hard to determine; perhaps they are grey. She looks anything but what she is—a crusader in an age of taxicabs.

A CERTAIN LADY



Y FRIEND, Mrs. Legion, is one of those few, as tradition numbers them, who are New Yorkers by birth. This gives her an appreciable edge on the parvenus who are Manhattanites only by migration.

The Legions occupy an apartment on upper Riverside Drive, in a building called "The Emdor"—an apt and amicable blending of the name of the owner's wife, Emma, with that of his daughter, Doris. Thus, at one crack, are any possible hard feelings averted, and a happy literary effect achieved. "Isn't it a cute idea?" Mrs. Legion asks you, when she has explained the origin of the title. "Isn't it," you answer, without an interrogation point. And there you both are, ready to start all over again.

Shortly—oh, anywhere from seven to ten minutes—after she has met you, Mrs. Legion is supplying you with all the ground floor information as to why she lives on Riverside Drive, instead of Park Avenue. There is all the sun they get, and that big kitchen, and the superintendent is so obliging, and just look how convenient the busses are. Not for worlds, she promises you, would she dwell in any other section of the city. Yet, oddly enough—just about enough—she may be found frequently inspecting and pricing Park Avenue apartments, and hopefully calling up real estate agents to inquire if the rents in that part of town have taken a change for the better since her last inquiry.

Although she lives as far from Park Avenue as it is possible to do and still keep out of Jersey, Mrs. Legion is cozily conversant of all the comings and goings, or what have you, of the Avenue dwellers. Breathlessly she pursues the society notes in the daily papers; promptly on their days of publication she buys the magazines dealing with the activities of the socially elect. Only drop a hat, and she can give you anything you want to know in the way of dates, and maiden names, and who married whom, and how they are getting along, if any. She employs nicknames, in referring to members of the favored few hundred, with an easy casualness that gives her remarks a truly homey flavor.

Naturally, it eats into her time to keep so admirably posted on these matters. And Mrs. Legion is pretty hard pressed for time. You might think, with her husband earning a cheery income, with Junior and Barbara safely in school, and a pleasant sufficiency of maids—two will do it nicely—around the apartment, that Mrs. Legion's life would follow the course made celebrated by the proverbial Riley; but the days

are all too short for her to complete her business. She is always late for her appointments, rushing in a bit breathless, almost embarrassingly apologetic for those things that lack of time has forced her to leave undone. You simply must excuse the way she looks, but she didn't have a minute to get her hair waved, or, goodness, she must try to crowd in a manicure somehow, or for heaven's sake, remind her to stop at the baker's on her way home—she didn't have a second all morning. Her life is passed in an oddly imperceptible process known as "getting around" to things,—getting around to answer a letter, getting around to having her fur coat done over, getting around to having a talk with Junior's teacher.

And then, of course, there is all her shopping to do. Mrs. Legion's shopping has never yet reached a stage even approaching completion. Rarely a day passes that she must not visit the stores, if not to purchase, then to look around and get an idea or so. To look at her, you realize instantly that it must indeed take time and thought and research for her to assemble her costumes, to get them so faithfully like those worn by all other women of her circumstances. Mrs. Legion and her friends dress with the uniformity of the Tiller girls. Their hats are of the same shape and worn at the same angle, their coiffures meticulously alike, their dresses follow one another closely in material and design, their shoes are of the same last. Not until she has sedulously effaced all traces of individuality does Mrs. Legion feel that she is smart enough to appear in public.

Duties aside, Mrs. Legion must have her fun, being only human. Her good times consist in meeting her women friends almost daily, either at her house or at one of theirs, and having a real old-fashioned talk. Sometimes this is staged over the bridge table, sometimes over the Mah Jong tiles, sometimes a bit of silky and lacy sewing. The Legion school of conversationalists deals entirely with personalities, nor does it fear to probe deep into the intimate affairs of absent acquaintances. Detailed stories of miserable matrimony and racking separation, of lingering illness and agonizing childbirth and ancestral insanity, of heartbreak and poverty and desertion burble melodiously from the ladies' cool, smooth, expensively rouged lips.

The talk is interrupted by the serving of a lavish and imaginative tea, of which Mrs. Legion partakes generously. She is always going to begin dieting next Monday morning.

For her further diversion, there are literature and the drama. Mrs. Legion is by her own admission a great reader. She has long been a



member of the circulating library contained in the stationer's nearest her. She is saved the wear and tear of selecting appropriate reading matter—there is the nicest girl there, who knows just the sort of thing she likes. Mrs. Legion can seldom tell you the title of a book she reads, and never the author's name, but she can always give you a pretty comprehensive résumé of the plot. She likes a book because there is the cutest girl in it, or the most attractive man, or because the author says the rawest things,—well, my dear, simply nothing is left to your imagination. And the lifting of any strain on the imagination is regarded, in the Legion circle, as the king of assets.

In the theatre, she likes best to patronize, even though she must wait weeks to obtain desirable seats, those exhibits which she euphemistically describes as "my dear, they say it's the most off-color thing you ever saw. I do hope the police don't stop it before we can get tickets." She does not care for drama of the drab, the every-day, or the underworld. As she says, she does love to see pretty clothes.

Sporadically, Mrs. Legion goes in for culture in a really big way, and signs up for a course of lectures on Flemish paintings or current events or interior decoration. The first lecture of the series is largely

attended and faithfully quoted: along about the sixth or seventh, only the first row of gilt chairs is occupied. Mrs. Legion has looked on this world for some thirty-seven years, and she has not failed to draw conclusions. So clear are her views that she can dismiss any subject with a single sentence. Of politics, she says that Mrs. Coolidge is awfully sweet looking, and they say she is very popular in Washington. Of the unemployment situation, that these beggars you see in the streets all have big bank accounts and probably most of them own tenement buildings. Of married life, that she honestly believes that Fred Legion would eat steak every night if you'd give it to him. Of the race question, that these Swedes and Irish girls are so independent that she has half a mind to get a couple of darkie servants. Of art and belles lettres, that she wouldn't live in Greenwich Village if you gave her the place. Of motherhood, that it certainly is hard to know how to dress children when they're at that awkward age. Of the relation of the sexes, that it's terrible what women have to go through in this world.

My friend, Mrs. Legion. Heiress of the ages.

—Dorothy Parker

THE TRANSIT SITUATION

Editor's Note: THE NEW YORKER will publish from time to time articles on important public problems, written by recognized experts in their respective fields. This first article we believe will give our readers a clearer understanding of the complex transit situation that has recently been under investigation by Judge McAvoy. Mr. Levy, the author of the article, traveled for years on the west side subway. More recently he has been a daily passenger on the Ninth Avenue "L." It will be seen, therefore, that his knowledge of the subject has been obtained at first hand. Let Mr. Levy tell his story in his own way.

THE transit situation in New York City which for many years has been a problem and a nuisance is rapidly becoming a menace. Owing to the peculiar geographical formation of Manhattan Island, travel is necessarily longitudinal rather than lateral.

Let us look at a few figures; almost any figures will do. Let us look for instance at the export of plain (or unvarnished) hemp from Bolivia for 1905. We have the incredible total of 84,715,906 pounds. Talk about figures! This hemp was transported almost entirely in foreign bottoms.

This brings me to the third point I wish to make. The President of the United States recently criticised three Princeton students because of the way their trousers were hanging, and suggested that they wear suspenders. It will be recalled that the last Democratic President was at one time President of Princeton. The inference is obvious. There has been too much interference with personal liberty already.

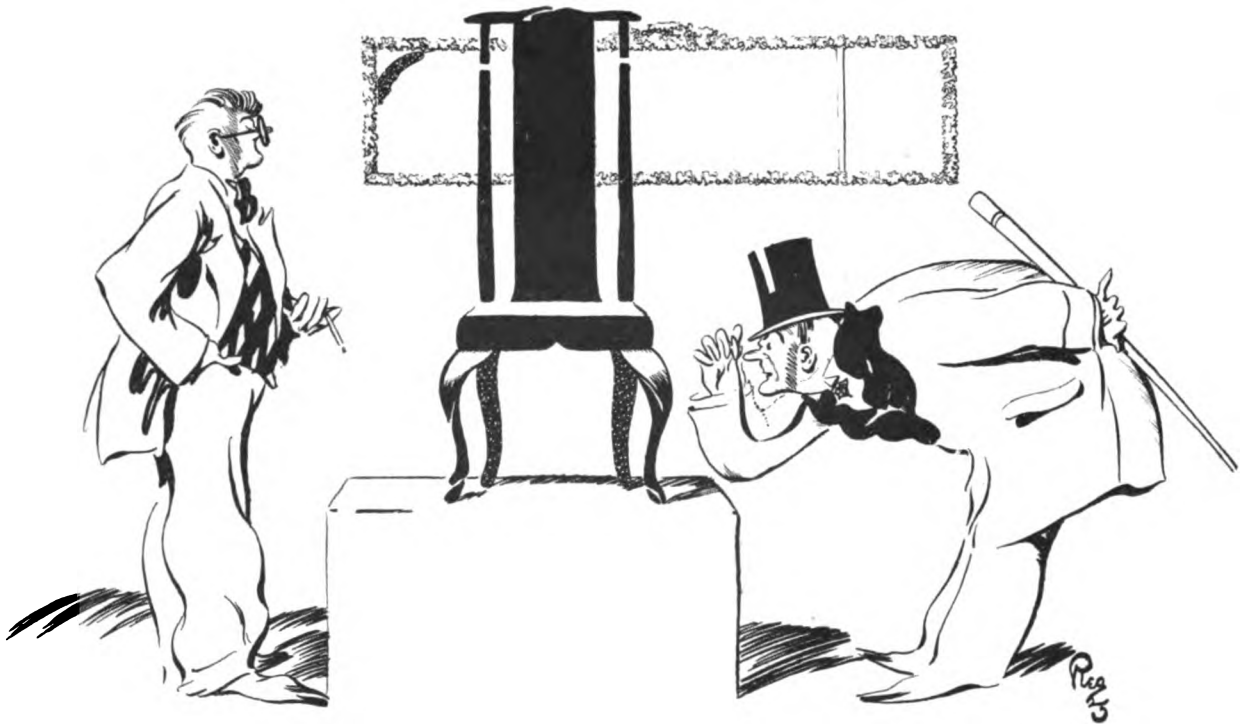
There was a time when a free American citizen could take a drink or leave it as he saw fit, but now he just has to take it. Formerly the Constitution followed the flag. To-day the flask follows the Constitution. I do not wish to be unduly severe on Mr. Coolidge, but it is time to call a halt. Hands off the pants of the Princeton boys Mr. President!

Statistics are always illuminating and instructive, but in this case they tell only part of the story. Suppose you take the Leviathan and stand it on its end and place it next to the Woolworth Building—what then? The result would be ridiculous however you looked at it.

Then there is the question of a Municipal Art Center. The plans provide for a magnificent group of buildings up near the Jerome Park reservoir. There are to be about a dozen rooms, each equipped with a piano, where the poor children of the slums can go to practice music. It is a grand idea. The soul starved Paderewskis and Hoffmans of the East Side can dash into the subway when school adjourns at three o'clock, and arrive at the Art Center at four in time to practice for an hour or so, provided there are not more than five or six hundred other infant prodigies in line, waiting to use the dozen or so pianos. If New York is not populated entirely by virtuosos in another generation it will not be the fault of the Art Center.

In this article I have been able to hit only the high spots. I have not touched on the Dual contracts at all. What, by the way, are the Dual Contracts?

—Newman Levy



"Genuine Queen Anne, sir. Note the leg."
 "Ah, yes—but I never really knew the Queen, you know."

Make It Universal

I DON'T know Ernest F. Hubbard, who wrote a piece called "A Boon to Babbitts" in the first number of THE NEW YORKER. But in loyalty, from now on I'm his man Friday (not to mention Sat., Sun., Mon., etc.—in fact all the week) because he has devised that code scheme whereby any after-dinner speech can be reduced to a word or two by a mutually understood code.

To my thinking, Mr. Hubbard, your scheme is simply elegant. The sooner it comes, and the longer it stays the better. But why stop where you did? Why not let this kernel swell, bud, bloom, fruit, and everlastingly ramify? May I suggest a few ways in which the same idea of substituting for pre-ordained words may be applied? Very well:

(a) Have the ship news reporter simply say "What?"—meaning the questions on page 27 of the code book.

(b) Let the departing guest murmur "Thanks" to his host, or write the word instead of a b-and-b letter.

(c) "Who?" could stand for "Who's your bootlegger? Is he reliable? What does he charge? How can I get in touch with him?"

(d) It would save time in swapping yarns to begin "It seems there was . . ." and then mention some specific pages between pp. 314-763 in the asbestos supplement. Or "Djeva hear the one about the . . . Page 612?" In that way a crowd could get through a round of stories in three minutes instead of an hour and a quarter.

(e) Extend the plan from after-dinner speeches to all speeches and gatherings, as:

The political speech: "Alarm . . . pride. Peepul."

The labor agitator's speech: "Menace to our liberty." (Variation A.)

The capitalist's speech: Menace to our liberty." (Variation B.)

Speaking in school: "Breathes there. . . ." "Friends, Romans. . . ." "The boy stood. . . ." "Abou. . . ."

(f) The ship's concert: "Mighty Lak a. . . ." "It Isn't Raining. . . ." "My Ro—. . . ." "Rocked"

And there are some Italian operas which might best be rendered by a single soprano gurgle and trill.

But I must stop somewhere, and leave something to the compiler of the code book.—Leonard Hatch

Similes of New York, N. Y.

As suspicious looking as a street car conductor dining in the Automat.

As cross-eyed as a man who has just met a friend arriving from the double gates in the Pennsylvania station.

Like asking a New Yorker your way in New York. Necessary as curtains in apartments level with the "L."

Scarce as hen's teeth or a cottage on Park Avenue. As unnoticed as fire engine bells or church chimes. Changes color like a chameleon or an independent taxi.

Hopeful as a commuter of a whole third act. —F. D.

The Optimist

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.
 Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?



QUARTER-TONES have arrived, chaperoned by Carlos Salzedo, E. Robert Schmitz and other enterprising musicians who sponsor the International Referendum Concerts. (There is, by the way, more initiative than referendum in these functions.)

The quarter-tones were demonstrated on two pianos, tuned, if the word may be used, a quarter of a tone apart. Two compositions of Charles E. Ives and a movement from a sonata by Hans Barth were the vehicles for the revelation, the players of dissonant pianos being Sigmund Klein and Mr. Barth. The result sounded like bargain day in a piano ware room. Mr. Ives's output had a whole-tone flavor; and Mr. Barth's was diatonic *alla tedesca*. Consequently, there was no quarter-tone music, but three compositions were played on two divergently adjusted instruments. The general effect was enhanced by a certain lack of team-work among the demonstrators, but who shall say that this was not part of the game?

Gluck's "Alceste," which frequently is mentioned as too fine and too difficult for representation at our opera houses, has been revived as a solo ballet by Maria-Theresa, formerly a member of the Duncan ensemble. This rhythmical young woman deserves encomiums for providing an opportunity to hear some of the splendors of the score, especially as the music was played skillfully and understandingly by the American National Symphony Orchestra conducted by Howard Barlow. This young musician seems to be on the way to a high place among orchestral directors.

"Alceste," however, remained in the improvised orchestra pit of Carnegie Hall, for it can no more be interpreted as a solo dance than a trombone exercise, but possibly Mme. Maria-Theresa will be able one day to present the opera according to the plans outlined in the prospectus which was distributed with the programs. The rest of her entertainment was adept and agreeable, except for those who hold that the only interesting Duncan dancers are Rosetta and Vivian.

Another ballerina of the near past was Angna Enters who exhibited "compositions in dance form." With the assistance of the charming Rosalind Fuller, Miss Enters made a gay evening at the Greenwich Village Theatre and delighted an audience which ran from evening clothes to the nameless garments of Sheridan Square. Miss Enters is not, conventionally speaking, a dancer. She is a musical pantomimist, and some of her "compositions," such as a series of primitive poses to music by Frescobaldi, are remarkable projections of mood. Her art still is in the formative stage, but Angna Enters may develop into a new force in the hopelessly formalized regions of the dance.

Of making of guest conductors there is no end. The Philharmonic Orchestra has played host to Messrs. Stravinsky and Furtwaengler. The New York Symphony has welcomed Mr. Golschman and sped him on his way and even now plays under the transient wand of Mr. Walter. The Philadelphia Orchestra has had a tour with Mr. Van Hoogstraten, spelling Mr. Stokowski, and Mr. Hadley has been received in Mr. Koussevitzky's Boston home. Even the fledgeling State Symphony has brought to us Mr. Gales and Mr. Dohnanyi. *De guestibus non disputandum est*, but sometimes it seems to us that there are more guest conductors than there are conductors.

A newcomer whose debut came off without as much ado as one might have expected is Mlle. Germaine Tailleferre, the feminine member of "The Six." The first appearance of Mlle. Tailleferre, easily the prettiest importation of recent years, was obscured by the quarter-tonerei. Her violin sonata suffered from being placed first on the program as well as from several other things, but undoubtedly we shall hear—and, happily, see—more of her, for it is said that her piano concerto will be played here by Alfred Cortot. And Cortot, sound artist that he is, is a brilliantly successful picker of good piano music.—*Con Brio*



Lyrics from the Pekinese



IV.

"TIS hard to be sure what to think
Of our present-day writers,
Though pundits are wasting much ink
On the works of the blighters.
It seems from the words of the dons,
Of the Menckens and Branders,
That either our geese are all swans
Or our swans are all ganders,—
Our Tweedles are Dums or are Dees,"
Said the small Pekinese.

V.

"A Duke of the guaranteed brand
Of the Russian Black Eagle
Has come to our awe-stricken land;
His demeanor is regal;
His bow is a Social Event;
His importance is vital.
We honor his lofty descent
And we worship his title
Devoutly at five o'clock teas,"
Said the small Pekinese.

VI.

"My master, whose zeal to bestow
All the world will acknowledge,
Is handing ten million or so
To a freshwater college,
And likewise is pinning his name
On that Temple of Learning,
Which greatly will add to its fame
And its power of earning.
They're giving him seven degrees!"
Said the small Pekinese.

—Arthur Guiterman



THE exhibit of Eugene Speicher's paintings at the Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries is one to be seen by all those interested in American artists. Since the death of Bellows, Speicher is undoubtedly the leader of that school of painting in this country. Not so bold as Bellows and yet not so imaginative. Nevertheless a vigorous painter, walking on his own feet and sure of the direction he is taking. If when seeing this present exhibit you are seeing Speicher for the first time we feel you will come away with nothing but admiration, for through this show runs a certain cohesion. That is a quality we found missing in his fuller exhibit at Pittsburgh last Autumn. After viewing the man's whole gamut we felt that here was a painter more clever than sincere.

He did two disparate things so very well. There were some canvases that would delight the staidest of the old guard and alongside other works bursting with the leaven of the new. And as we did not know which were the old and which the new, we could not tell which way Speicher was headed. The Rehn exhibition leaves no doubt; this evidently is Eugene Speicher at his best. And his best, it may be added, will give no comfort to the old-timers.

Personally, we prefer Speicher's landscapes and are reserving wall space for just any one of them. South Slav and Man's Head were the most satisfying of the others. We don't like the leaden quality of the backgrounds in the flower groups; they smack of palette scrapings. And as for the nude, we are too much renegade Puritan to have patience with the lace scarf, dragged in by the neck as it were, and elaborately draped to such an annoyingly sufficient length. We like lace and we like nudes, but we see no good purpose served in mixing them, the old lady from Du-buque to the contrary.

No exhibit this winter has given us the kick derived from the viewing of the Toulouse-Lautrec exhibition brought over by Paul Rosenberg and now showing at the Wildenstein Galleries. Reproductions we have seen from time to time in books and yet were in no sense prepared to walk into this gallery hung with fourteen of his paintings. In tempera, most of them are painted on cardboard wrappings, yet with a startling brilliance.



Eugene Speicher

There is a dramatic critic who goes dancing in the streets, throws his hat in the air and shouts from the housetops when a play comes along that he believes worthy of your attention. We are dickering with him now to do a few turns for us in behalf of Toulouse-Lautrec. No such collection of his stuff has been gathered here before and it is doubtful if a like exhibit will come soon again. Students should go (without their teachers) and see what this man could paint by merely leaving out.

But if you don't like Zola, and you don't like Edgar Lee Masters, or you don't like reality, disregard the above and stay away. Finding life bitter and finding life bawdy, Lautrec painted it that way. This pathetic cripple, deserting his house and caste to live with the great city's off-scourings, must have found great compensation in reporting life as ugly as he found it, for there is great joy in his work. A psychiatrist with an unerring brush.—Froid

Echo

(An Experiment in Short Story Technique)

"AND that is the end of my story."

There was silence for a moment.

"And a right good story it is," said the listener slowly.

"People seem to agree that it's unusual," assented the teller modestly.

"More than unusual—unique, one might almost say," the listener expostulated. "Take that strange coincidence of the voice in the forest, for instance."

"Ah, you may well call it strange."

"And you say he died on the very same night?"

"The very same. People think it was her name—"

"If she had only lived to be there, what a difference!"

"I still think there was something back of it all."

"Well, anyway, the money and jewels were saved."

"All but that one ring. There's another mystery that may never be solved."

"Perhaps it's better so."

"Oh, there was plenty of scandal while it lasted."

"A strange story."

"You said it."

"Unique would be the word."—S. S.

GOINGS ON

THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

THE THEATRE

CANDIDA—Forty-eighth Street Theatre.

A revival of Shaw's comedy. A play as nearly perfect as they come, and a nearly perfect cast, as they go.

SILENCE—National Theatre.

Max Marcin's good old-fashioned melodrama of the chivalrous crook, the noble con man, now playing in London as well as in New York, with, fortunately, H. B. Warner.

THE FIREBRAND—Morosco Theatre.

A highly costumed farce, based on some of the dandy times had by Benvenuto Cellini and a couple of local girl friends. As fresh, amusing, and full of beds as if the scene were laid on Long Island. More so.

THE GUARDSMAN—Booth Theatre.

A Molnar comedy. A full evening's diversion, provided by Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontanne, and a piece about a masquerading husband—in the order named.

IS ZAT SO?—Thirty-ninth Street Theatre.

A comedy of the adventures of a prize-fighter and his manager. If you will just be big-hearted enough to disregard the plot, you will find this, if not the funniest show in town, at least deserving of a rating well up among the first two.

THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse.

A comedy of American life and those who live it. Nothing has touched it.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw Theatre.

A comedy of fertile goings-on among the grape-growers of Southern California. Pauline Lord's performance alone is enough to make this a notable season.

WHAT PRICE GLORY?—Plymouth Theatre.

The greatest, to date, of American war plays. A story of United States Marines in action—of various kinds—told without the assistance of Our Flag, the breaking heart of the world, and the little gray-haired mother back home.

BIG BOY—Winter Garden.

Al Jolson in it. What more do you want?

THE GRAB BAG—Globe Theatre.

A revue that includes a number in which the ladies of the chorus unite to form a gigantic rose. Ed Wynn, in an agglomeration of somewhat dusty songs and spectacles. But, right or wrong, Ed Wynn.

LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty Theatre.

A nice little musical comedy, with the invariably active Astaires and the most delightful score in the city.

THE MUSIC BOX REVUE—Music Box.

The fourth of these annual rhapsodies in expense. With Fannie Brice, Bobby Clarke, and practically everybody else.

PATIENCE—Greenwich Village Theatre.

A revival of one of Gilbert and Sullivan's finest, done with understanding, imagination, and taste. Not a voice in the company, but you'd be surprised how much that doesn't matter.

ROSE-MARIE—Imperial Theatre.

A musical comedy, of the kind that was popular when Aunt Fanny was in high school, all full of plots and things; but with charming music and good voices, and—if you're interested in such matters—a singularly competent chorus.

MOVING PICTURES

GREED—Sunset Theatre, 316 West 125th Street.

Von Stroheim flies in the face of the box-office in filming Frank Norris's "McTeague." Grim and stark. Showing February 26 and 27.

THE LOST WORLD—Astor Theatre

Through camera trickery dinosaurs and other beasts of the prehistoric past live again. A novelty.

THE LAST LAUGH—Cameo Theatre

An imported German film and a milestone in the progress of the cinema. Superbly acted by Emil Jannings.

ART

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC.

Wildenstein Galleries. Fourteen paintings of the French master, most of them new to this country. Don't miss it.

EUGENE SPEICHER.

Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries. The best work of one of the best American painters. Ends this week.

HORATIO WALKER.

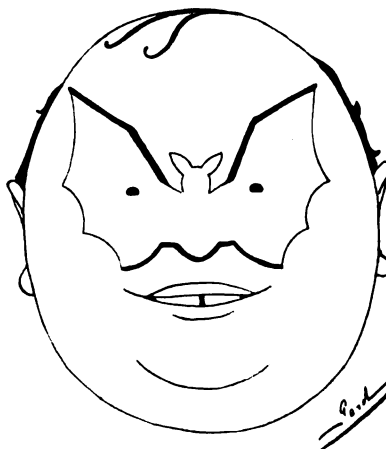
Montross Gallery. Paintings by Horatio Walker and etching by American artists. Don't miss Peggy Bacon.

MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

Kraushaar Galleries. A retrospective exhibition of his studies in light.

"FIVE AND TEN" ART.

Macy Galleries. Interesting collection of work of promising young painters, some of whom have arrived and some who will. Priced for bargain hunters and modest patrons from \$24.57 to \$99.76.



MUSIC

SCHOLA CANTORUM, Carnegie Hall.

Tuesday evening, Feb. 24. Kurt Schindler conducting. Mr. Schindler's programs always are good, and this one looks better.

HAROLD BAUER, Aeolian Hall.

Saturday afternoon, Feb. 28. They don't play Schumann any better than Bauer, and here's a whole afternoon of both.

DUSOLINA GIANNINI, Carnegie Hall.

Saturday evening, Feb. 28. Frank La Forge, accompanist. This young singer has a remarkable voice, and then some. Her first full length recital ought to be worth your while.

LOUIS GRAVEURE, Town Hall.

Sunday afternoon, March 1. Arpad Sandor, accompanist. There's a lot of fine singing behind this baritone's beard.

CECILIA HANSEN, Carnegie Hall.

Sunday afternoon, March 1. Boris Zakharoff, accompanist. If you'd like to hear a violinist that afternoon, here's one of the best.

INTERNATIONAL COMPOSERS' GUILD, Aeolian Hall.

Leopold Stokowski conducting. The conductor's name is sufficient suggestion.

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Wednesday evening, *Pagliacci* and *Coq d'Or*; Thursday afternoon, *Rheingold*; Thursday evening, *Falstaff*; Friday evening, *Die Meistersinger*; Saturday afternoon, *Giovanni Galluresse*; Saturday evening, *La Gioconda*.

WITH THE ORCHESTRAS.

Wednesday evening, State Symphony, Carnegie Hall, Waghalter conducting, Flonzalay Quartet; Thursday afternoon, New York Symphony, Walter conducting, Zathurezky, soloist; Thursday evening, Philharmonic Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, Mengelberg conducting, Van Vliet, soloist; Friday afternoon, Philharmonic Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, Mengelberg conducting, Van Vliet soloist; Friday evening, New York Symphony, Carnegie Hall, Walter conducting, Zathurezky, soloist; Saturday afternoon, New York Symphony Concert for Young People, Carnegie Hall; Saturday evening, American Orchestral Society, Town Hall, Chalmers Clifton conducting; Sunday afternoon, New York Symphony, Carnegie Hall, Walter conducting; Sunday afternoon, State Symphony, Metropolitan Opera House, Waghalter conducting, Belousoff soloist.

OTHER EVENTS

REGIMENTAL REVIEW, 71st Infantry Armory

Park Ave. and 34th St., Thursday, Feb. 26, 8.30 p. m. Major Gen. Charles P. Summerall, reviewing officer.

SOCIETY OF THE GENESEE, Hotel Commodore

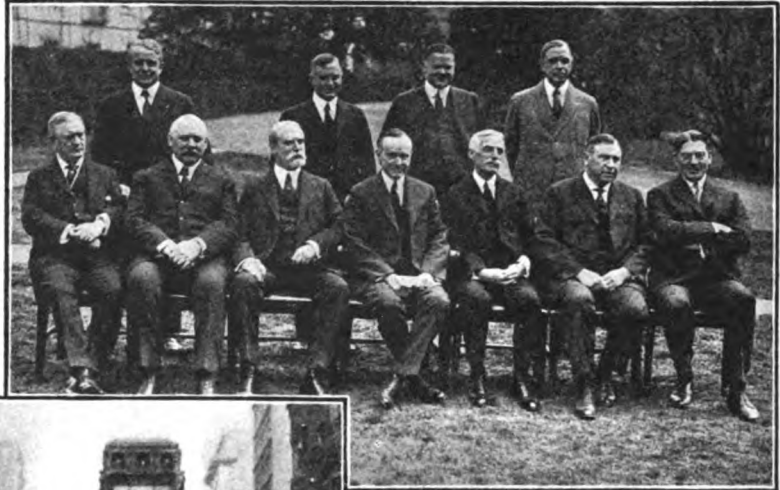
Annual dinner, Friday, Feb. 27. Speakers include Lieut. Gov. Seymour Lowman, Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright, Newcomb Carlton and Dr. John T. Clarke.

OUR BIG ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

THE NEW YORKER with this issue enters upon the second week of its existence. Plans for a Golden Jubilee Number have been cancelled, because of the unsettled situation in Europe. Instead, THE NEW YORKER contents itself with a reproduction of some typical scenes of the New York of its youth.



This rare old print is believed to be a picture of John F. Hylan (Huy-lan?), Mayor of New York when the first issue of THE NEW YORKER appeared. From contemporary records it seems that he was the darling of the *New York World*, which insisted upon a life-long term in office for him and even went to the extent of opposing him bitterly to insure its purpose. From this period dates the term "practical politics."



The first board of editors of THE NEW YORKER. Many men who later became famous in other lines got their start on THE NEW YORKER. See if you can recognize Cotton Mather, H. L. Mencken, James G. Blaine, Ring Lardner, Frank Stockton and any two of the Marx Brothers.



(In center.) The first issue of THE NEW YORKER was published within a stone's throw of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, the site here pictured. The printing plant was in Fortieth Street and in those days, because of the traffic, it was a long and difficult journey between the two places, and the return time was never less than thirty minutes.



This is the Astor Theatre, fabled in New York story and song. The editors of THE NEW YORKER, in the olden days, frequently dropped in there for a few moments to while away the time in contemplation of the antics of the Artists and Models.



How many old New Yorkers remember this scene? It is a picture of the Sixth Avenue Elevated, which ran along the avenue along which the Sixth Avenue Elevated now runs.

No joke, enclosed find \$5 for a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER.

NAME

STREET AND No.

CITY AND STATE

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

Speed Madness

His job it was shoveling snow
By the day with the D. S. C.
At night, to a cinema show,
For diversion and rest went he.

Diversion and rest were complete
Till a slow-motion movie was shown,
When, gasping, he sprang to his feet,
Then collapsed in his seat with a groan.

His collapse was no puzzle to me,
For the motion when movies go slow
Is speed of a dizzy degree
To professional movers of snow.
—A. H. Folwell

The Laud Will Provide

MOBILIZED press agency is prepared to demonstrate its proficiency. The Cheese Club, an organization composed of gentlemen who ply the infamous trade of making other people famous, promises to pluck some primrose by the river's brim (the Bronx River) and turn it into an orchid lady by intensive applications of limelight.

Substituting the familiar Jane Doe for the name of the selected victim, the various steps in the proposed campaign follow:

1. Jane Doe Elopes with Peggy Joyce's Husband—Can't Tell Which One Until Peggy Completes Check-Up.
2. Jane Doe Shoots Craps With Hughes on State Department Steps.
3. Prince Accused of Mashing—Jane Doe Has Wales Arrested.
4. Young Actress Bathes in Synthetic Gin—Soothing for Nerves, Jane Doe Avers.
5. Lends Rockefeller Gallon of Gas—Jane Doe Aids Oil King as Motor Stalls.
6. Hires Leviathan for Cruise—Jane Doe Will Sail Around Globe Alone.
7. Scorns Heart Balm—Jane Doe Refuses to Sue Scion of Wealth.
8. Ibanez and Alfonzo Meet—Author and Monarch Jane Doe's Guests.
9. Climbs Cleopatra's Needle—Feeds Birds on Top, Jane Doe Tells Cop.
10. Wooed by Napoleon's Ghost—Jane Doe is Emperor's Psychic Bride.

If the fortunate young person chosen by the Cheese Club will agree to engage in these trifling endeavors for publicity, she is assured nothing less than a three-years' contract with the Shuberts.

—James Kevin McGuinness



Fountain of Youth

A Question of Taste

THE other day on East Thirty-third Street we were button-holed by a truck driver who said to us hoarsely: "Say, wanta buy a nice lady's fur?"

And although we declined, the good news implied in his question so heartened us that—in our most Chesterfieldian manner—we replied:

"Sir, although we have no need of the fur which—with all due respect to you—we believe to have been purloined, we are gratified to know that it has belonged to a nice lady. Such are the reputed rewards of feminine frailty, and such the innuendoes of cynics in this our city, that one is at times almost tempted to misdoubt the character of some who wear furs. In this instance, it is tonic tidings to learn that the former owner of this fur was above reproach. We are uplifted as was once Mark Twain, upon being offered 'Pure Bees' Honey.'

"Or, if, sir, we have misunderstood you, and what you mean to indicate is that in your opinion we are the sort of individual who would buy a fur only for a nice lady,—although we shall not buy the fur, we assure you that you are a sound judge of our character."

—L. H.

Jottings About Town

By BUSYBODY

A NEW apartment said to have cost over ten thousand dollars already is being put up on Amsterdam Avenue.

* * *

Judging from the number of people seen sitting about hotel lobbies, a lot of folks in town aren't very punctual.

* * *

The fire engine was out on Third Avenue Tuesday.

* * *

Some Broadway restaurants are keeping open as late as one a. m.

* * *

The shops are featuring current styles in most everything.

* * *

A movement is on foot to change the name Fifth Avenue to Fith Avnoo. A good many are doing so already.

* * *

Mrs. Elliott Eckstein of Maple Avenue says her new vacuum cleaner is much less work than the old one, as it needs oiling only once every six months instead of twice.

* * *

Bicycles seem to be going out of fashion if our main thoroughfares are any criterion.

* * *

Gas stoves are being furnished in some of the more modern flats without extra cost.

OPERA HATS

EVERY civilization, of course, has a right to be judged by the number of opera hats it ventures to wear. Our American civilization, as some one was saying only recently, is still young, and that perhaps is why so many caps are to be seen on the street. Ever in the van, I take pleasure, and at the same time fulfil a public duty, in printing herewith a necessarily incomplete list of those New Yorkers who already have opera hats and wear them on not infrequent occasions.

The list, as has been hinted, is a cultural document of great value. At the same time, it seems clear, it will prove to be a sucker list second in value only to the recent income tax publications.

I am already preparing, for future issues, a list of prominent citizens with (a) gold-headed canes, (b) gray derbies and (c) heavy seal rings.

SHOCK TROOPS OF THE OPERA HAT BRIGADE

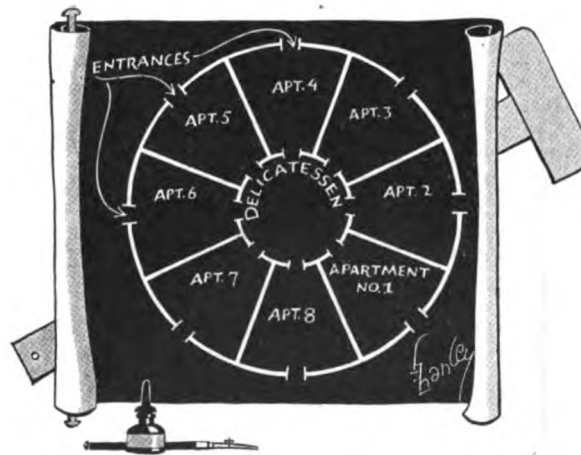
Name	Address	Occupation
John F. Hylan	City Hall	Mayor
Leon Gordon	158 W. 45th St.	Playwright
Maury Paul	25 W. 42d St.	
	Cholly Knickerbocker	
Otto H. Kahn	1100 5th Ave.	Banker
Marc Connelly	152 W. 57th St.	Playwright
Gilbert Miller	Empire Theatre	Producer
Bernard M. Baruch	598 Madison Ave.	Banker
George Jean Nathan	44 W. 44th St.	Critic
John McE. Bowman	Biltmore Hotel	Hotel Man
Alexander Woollcott	412 W. 47th St.	Critic
Herbert Bayard Swope	The World	Editor
Raymond Hitchcock	Great Neck, L. I.	Actor
Charles Hanson Towne	33 W. 42d St.	Bachelor
Gerald Brooks	50 W. 9th St.	Broker

—The Eskimo

Highlights

WIND from the river sweeps rain before it; whipping coat-tails around wet legs, running damp fingers through the hair. Cold, dripping trees shudder, spill great drops from soggy branches. . . .

Riverside Drive . . . long winding serpent coiled along the river bank, glistening . . . autos like a thousand flashing scales, darting, glinting, now here, now there, heliograph. Purring tread tires, blurred lamps; running balls of light. Walks stretching into darkness, past the damp walls feebly bearded with ivy. Concrete benches deserted, no sailors and girls, no strong blue arm and furry bobbed head nestling. . . . Two figures approach, pause . . . "the price of a meal, buddy?" "Sorry, just gave my last cent to feller. . . ." Below the wall long lawns roll under



Ground Plan of a Modern Model Apartment House. No Kitchen Is Laid Out But All Apartments Lead Into a Delicatessen Store at the Hub.

shadows toward the river. A lamp-post rides in the fog like a ship's lantern; a woman halts beneath it to say: "Hello, kid, you goin' any place?" to a sailor passing . . . rain. . . .

Snorting serpent coiled along the river bank. Gruff belches of smoke, one-two, one-two, rattling nearer. The freight approaches, dragging empty cars over the rails. . . . One-two, nearer, white smoke through the fog. Passes; snow-capped smoke and caverns sunset-color; fires and a sweating stoker. One-two, one-two, distance; dead cars

clatter over the ties like tin cans tied to a cur's tail, rattling into silence . . . gone. . . .

A sudden taxi grinds its brakes and shrieks to a halt; the driver peers out. "Chris! did you hear that?" "What?" "Thought I heard a woman scream." "Aw, it wasn't nothin' . . ." It comes again from the bushes, a call of agony, the voice that cries out of nightmares. Two passersby halt; then turn and walk rapidly away. The taxi-driver throws in his clutch, starts his cab: "Guess I'd better get a cop," he mutters, disappearing. . . . waiting for the cop . . . latter day Samaritans.—Corey Ford

A Sparkling Caress Sinks In

From the essay on Florida, in "These United States":

What the landscape lacks in plastic beauty it compensates for by its suave and delicate coloring, the luminous cloud pictures that lift its flatness into the roaring magic of argosies and Walhallas, and the sparkling caress of its air, woven of sea tang, sunbeam and pine, with something indescribably mellow that is at once languorous and inspiriting and pleasantly confusing to the senses; so that one soon feasts one's eyes on the warmth about one, and feels the healing radiance of color soak into one's highly sensitized pores.

Nothing of the *genre*, as Tex Rickard would say, has been lovelier since Mark Twain word-painted that wildwood above which "a solitary esophagus slept upon motionless wing."

The critics bawl in loud dispraise,
 "What dirty, dirty plays we've got!"
 I can't say if they are or not—
 I never go to dirty plays.

Fred Pagan of Paterson, two years old, swallowed a pin which was later removed by a New York surgeon. Pagan could give no motive for his act.

If ministers continue to elope with choir singers, the New York police department will have to organize a Bureau of Missing Parsons.



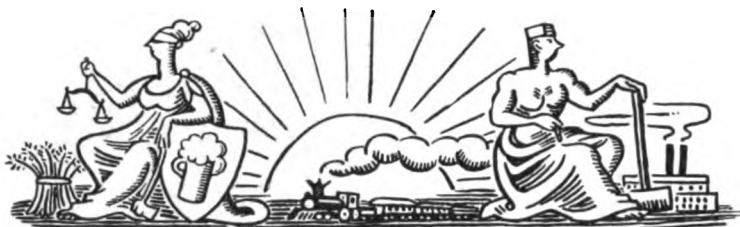
"Just
Like
London"

—the "Bobby,"
famous the world
over. You can't
imagine London
without him—so
typical is he.

Just like London
is Cruger's. You'll
find here exactly
the same things
men buy in those
smart little West
End Shops. Ties,
hose, shirtings,
etc.—drop in or
write us.

CRUGER'S
INC.
Eight East Forty Fifth Street—New York

Just off 5th Ave. and 'round the corner
from the Riz



★ In Our Midst ★

Mrs. Henry Wise Miller, she that was Alice Duer, is giving a bon voyage party in honor of same all day Thursday, prior to an extended trip to interesting Rome City, Italy. Among those not invited so far are your correspondent and lady.

Zona Gale, western writer and author of "Mr. Pitt," is in town for the resumption of Oyster Season.

Barney Baruch is in Nassau or some such place. Ah, there, you old Deer-Slayer!

Irving Berlin, well known member of the Authors' League of America, is sojourning in Palm Beach, having arrived there, so we are told, in one of the many private cars offered him as a means of conveyance thither.

King George V, the popular Emperor of India, has been on the sick list.

A postcard arrived from friends in St. Moritz, Alps Mountains, last week, announcing they are all sleeping under blankets.

Phillip Barry and wife, Ellen, are in Cannes, a famous French resort for people "in the know." Writing a play 'neath tropic skies, Phil?

Heywood Broun, says a statement given out by Dame Harriet Rumor last Friday, has had a tiff with Herb Swope, Exec. Editor of the *World*, over Heywood's daily column being opposed to what seems to be the *World's* news policy of mentioning every dirty play in town for news value. All those interviewed by Mrs. Rumor seemed to be on Heywood's side of the argument.

Mrs. John V. A. Weaver is the latest recruit from Society to the Stage. Mrs. Weaver will appear under a well-known manager's banner next season using the name of Peggy Wood.

Frank Crowninshield, Grant and Mrs. Grant Rice, and Mr. and Mrs. Ring Lardner, literary people, have all come back from Nassau Island, voting five to naught that they had an enjoyable time. H. T. Webster remains there still having same with brush and palette.

Carr V. Van Anda, managing editor of the *Times* newspaper, has arrived in California, prior to returning in three months to New York City.

Arthur Hiram Samuels is studying music in preparation for composing the songs for the Dutch Treat Club show which will be given in March.

William Emmerich, Jr., the catch of the season (1914-'15), has a new roulette wheel for social use. Ah, there, Your Correspondent's \$37!

Rumor hath it that Ben Hecht is going to start a new magazine. Bon voyage, Ben.

Dr. D. Hunter McAlpin, by odd coincidence owner of the hotel of the same name (the McAlpin), has gone with his family for a cruise on the sapphire Mediterranean Sea between Europe and Africa. The time will be spent in seeing the sights and enjoying themselves.

Rear-Admiral Plunkett, the navy man, was right upset the other day when a taxi man drove right between his private entrance over to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, he ordering all taxis like it off the property. Nothing like being firm for American rights, Ad., old boy.

Oliver ("Elf") Herford, writer and drawer, was seen coming from a tailor's last week. He said his old pockets were so stuffed with ms. he had to buy new clothes to get rid of it.

Pres. Calvin Coolidge, the well known equestrian, has not been late for breakfast once, despite his morning gallop on his charger, Cozy Corner.

Popular members of the young set who enjoyed the World Court Ball at the Plaza last week was Will Rogers.

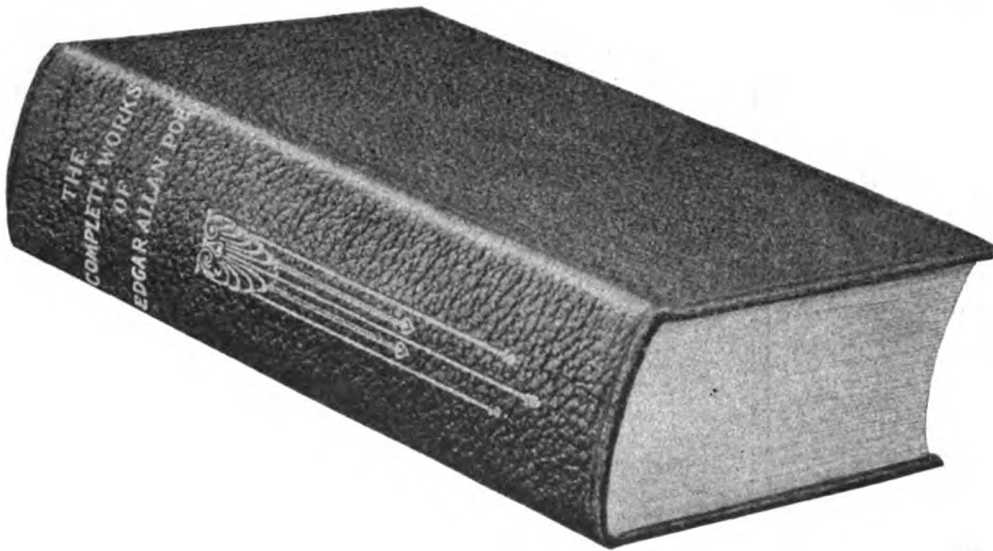
Harry Kaufman ran into some hard luck of recent date when some slicker changed stickpins on him, substituting a \$3.50 article for his regular one, same being priced at \$6,000. \$5,996.50 is no laughing matter. Hal says.

Kenneth MacGowan "got back" at a fellow who was joshing him last week about some of his theatrical entertainments not doing so well financially. "Never mind," says Ken quickly, "I have Patience." *Life* and *Judge* are bidding for that one.

Mrs. Nanny Larsen-Todsen of the Metropolitan, is showing an improvement in her singing, according to opera-goers. Her voice was injured by having a horse step on her foot soon after coming to these parts, as will be remembered by those who keep up with that sort of thing.

Ye genial ed. of *Liberty*, John N. ("Jack") Wheeler is a great fight fan and when last seen at ringside with Robert ("Bob") Edgren told asking friends he didn't figure to call on Mrs. Woodrow Wilson next visiting to Our Capital, Wash. City.

Otto Kahn enjoyed a real home-cooked dinner at his own house of recent date.



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THIS column is not a geyser. We don't gush if we can help it. But on laying down a novel that has given us three hours of sheer pleasure, what can we do but our undamnedest to make Old Faithful, the pride of the Yellowstone, look like a water-blister in comparison?

The novel is Margaret Kennedy's "The Constant Nymph" (*Doubleday, Page*). At this moment, we have no critical judgment to pass on it. We don't know yet whether we think it is "big" or "vital" or "significant," or what other tiresome book reviewer's epithet; all we know is that for us it was utterly fascinating. Would you find it so? Well, not if you happen not to care for stories of musical geniuses—though you need not know music more deeply than to enjoy, say, "Trilby." And not if you can't stand without hitching while unsheltered, precocious and gifted girl-children love, and one of them makes love, and does it in a tawdry escapade. The moral aspect of these goings-on doesn't agitate the author in the slightest, and neither has it agitated us, partly because another of the children is Tessa the Nymph, and we are Tessa's; to have read of her is to have had a singularly beautiful experience.

Otherwise, we should think you would. The mere writing, clear, bright and fluent as a mountain spring in sunshine, ought to refresh you, these days. And oh, the pretty, the audacious and triumphant things young Miss Kennedy does in man-couring her unfailingly interesting characters! But is this suggesting a "writers' novel?"

Along with woeful hokum, "Stacey" by Alexander Black (*Bobbs-Merrill*) contains the raw materials to have made as good a novel as Wells's "Kipps." One reason why they don't make it is that despite some skill in the cooking, they don't jell. Stacey, the hero, is intended to represent a numerous kind of half-baked, superficial and pretentious young male sentimentalists. We can see the kind, but we no more see Stacey now than we did when we began to read the book. We simply know a number of things about him.

It is fair to tell you that "The Jade God" (*Century*), a mystery story by Alan Sullivan, is being liked by some judges of such amusement. Nobody loves better to read mystery stories than we do; nevertheless we failed to get any paralyzing kick out of this one. It is well enough put together and told, but relies on a fairly common special use of the Oriental oc-

cult in an Occidental setting, and whenever we want that effect at full strength, we can get it by re-reading Dunsany's "A Night at an Inn." However, if Sullivan's attempt at it seizes you, he has you—and maybe in your case he would.

Robert Nathan's "Jonah" (*McBride*) is a fantasia and parable, now sly, now openly quizzical, now touching, based on the Old Testament history of the celebrated whale-filler. Its ironies are not strikingly original, but its incidental charm is for epicures.

Quarrels about "Some Do Not . . ." by Ford Madox Ford (*Seltzer*) seem to be breaking up families. No wonder. The book has undeniable merits and some of them are great, but almost all are strictly artistic ones. It has, for example, at least two dramatic episodes of rare power and originality. But as to temper, it is as gratuitously black-biled a work of art as we ever saw. A study of England's governing class through the early part of the war, it has been praised for its poise and its viewpoint—which are, to us, about what Queen Victoria's would be if she were alive and troubled by her liver.

What's funny is not to be argued. Your sides either split or they don't. A lot of people, whose senses of humor are quite as good as ours, are splitting over "The Prince of Washington Square," by Harry F. Liscomb, boy novelist (*Stokes*). For our part, we did some chortling while we were dipping into it, but when we came to read it through our old oaken ribs seldom budged. It isn't that we can't believe in this boy novelist as genuine. On the contrary, his is just the story that would be written by a clever kid with the kind of head big words stick wrongside-up in, after his consuming bales of magazine and newspaper trash and acres of movie captions. Our difficulty is that what's supposed to make you laugh is his largely unintentional burlesque of all that trash—and we found the burlesque too close to the originals.

Some readers who were won by "Maria Chapdelaine" may be disappointed in Louis Hémon's very different "Blind Man's Buff" (*Macmillan*), a story of the gropings and fate of a young Irish stevedore in London, who is driven by the effects upon him of inaccessible girls to seek first freedom, then exaltation for his spirit, by way of dim soapbox notions and then of Gospel settlement and Salvation Army trail-hitting. We like it, but would like it better if Mike were a solid, complete individual, not a rather shadowy embodiment of familiar Irish characteristics.

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"Tell Me a Book to Read"

Some of the Season's Novels We Think Best Worth While

- THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). Noticed in this issue.
- GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, by Sarah G. Millin (*Boni & Liveright*). For once, a fine novel about miscegenation. South African.
- THE MATRIARCH, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). The one-volume human comedy of a whole Jewish family tribe.
- THE WHITE MONKEY, by John Galsworthy (*Scribner's*). You don't need to have read his "The Forsyte Saga"—but for Petesakes, read them both!
- A PASSAGE TO INDIA, by E. M. Forster (*Harcourt, Brace*). The insides of the ingredients of India's race hate, admirably novelized.
- THE OLD LADIES, by Hugh Walpole (*Doran*). Can you imagine absorbing drama arising among three old ladies? Walpole could.
- THE CASE, by Freeman Wills Croft (*Seltner*) and THE HOUSE OF THE ARROW, by A. E. W. Mason (*Doran*). Mystery stories.
- SOME DO NOT . . ., by Ford Madox Ford (*Seltser*). Disliked, with admiration, in this issue.

SHORT STORIES

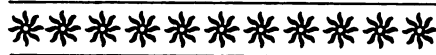
- TALES OF HEARSAY, by Joseph Conrad (*Doubleday, Page*). An easy and pleasant back entrance to Conrad's works.
- THE SHORT STORY'S MUTATIONS, by Frances Newman (*Huebsch*). Don't let the title scare you off this excellent collection.

BIOGRAPHIES AND THINGS

- JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). The biggest and most readable book on him, and probably the best one.
- MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY (*Harper*). Mark in old age talks at random, sometimes through his hat, often through his genius.
- A STORY-TELLER'S STORY, by Sherwood Anderson (*Huebsch*). Much of it equals any of Anderson's fiction, and may please you better.
- WILL ROGERS' ILLITERATE DIGEST (*A. & C. Boni*). Its worst shortcoming is that to see him and hear him would be funnier.
- MARBACKA, by Selma Lagerlof (*Doubleday, Page*). Delightful memories of her childhood on her father's farm.
- THE ROAR OF THE CROWD, by James J. Corbett (*Putnam*). Cashel Byron's Confessions, or How I Licked John L. and Fitz Was Lucky. Fun to read.

Not So Good

The speaker was obviously flustered. He hesitated. He stuttered. He floundered. He repeated. He groped in vain. He got red. He grew pale. He fussed with his napkin. He took a drink of water. He began a sentence, but abandoned it for another. He was reminded of a story, but of not enough of it. He stuck fast. He squirmed. He shook. He mumbled. He looked at the table cloth. He looked at the ceiling. And yet— He was one of the most enthusiastic of cross-word puzzle fiends because "they did so much to enrich one's vocabulary."



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Washington Notes

MAYBE some of these leaks of state secrets which the Senate threatens to investigate may be accounted for by the reprehensible practice of eavesdropping on the President when he takes his daily walk. To test this theory your correspondent's agent trailed along the other day and kept his ears open. The President's companion was a member of an important official circle. This is what was heard: "Aren't you going to put on your rubbers?" the President asked as they left the White House. "Kind of damp under foot."

"Yes, I guess maybe I'd better."

"I never go out this time of year without mine," said the President as they passed through the gate.

"I shouldn't, but I get careless."

"Now aren't you glad you have your rubbers on?" asked the President as his companion stepped in a puddle in the yonder side of LaFayette Park.

"My shine would have been ruined, Mr. President," acknowledged the latter.

"Good thing we both have our rubbers," said Mr. Coolidge, picking his way around a place in Sixteenth Street where the sidewalk was torn up.

"We could scarcely get about without them."

"That was a fine walk," said the President as they regained the White House portico. "Lucky we had our rubbers. Back with our feet nice and dry."

These lines will introduce to you that time-tried public servant, the Honorable J. Scott Wolff, Congressman from Festus, Mo., who is so mindful of the interests of his constituents that he carries two watches, one set by Washington and one by Missouri time.

They were guying Nick Longworth about his spats. How did he expect to get himself elected Speaker of the next House unless he came through with some concessions to the plain people? And as the Congressman was surely aware, the plain people bloc in the House remains faithful to that great plebian over in the other wing, the senior Senator from Wisconsin.

"What has LaFollette got to do with it?" asked Nick.

"He might have a lot to do with you."

"I guess you are right. Will one of you go and find out for me in a quiet way where LaFollette stands on this spat issue?"

A little later one of Mr. Longworth's adherents saw the Senator on the Senate floor. From the militant mane of hair the observer's gaze travelled downward until it caught sight of the most aggressive pair of spats in all Washington.

Spats do help, but this department attributes the well groomed appearance of Senator Borah to the use of the comb which he carries in his vest pocket.

Ever since Mr. Coolidge declined a private car to Chicago on ground of expense to the public, your correspondent has been alarmed lest the President should discover that it costs as much to take the Mayflower out for a week-end as it does to run a whole train to Chicago and back.

If the Monday Night Opera Club in New York is still as zealous for the royalist cause as it was at last reports, it might look into the case of the Queen of Rumania. The cables say Her Majesty wants to visit us if she can possibly get away. This is probably true. Marie has been willing to discover America for a long time, but the custom of our country is that foreign rulers come here only when they have official invitations, which for the confidential information of the Opera Club, are issued by the State Department.—*Quid*

Speaking of the Theatre

THERE is the ticket-speculator who sells you a seat in the eighteenth row for eleven dollars, and there is the eighty-three curtain that rises at seven minutes to nine.

There is the woman directly in front of you who drapes her cloak over the back of her seat so that it falls in your lap, and there is the flushed young man who staggers down the aisle during the middle of the second act.

There is the old man on your right who falls asleep, and there is the girl on your left who never stops talking.

There is the actor who wears spats with his dinner jacket, and there is the actor whose French flavors strongly of Jersey City.

There is the theatre party that is in a constant state of giggling throughout the performance, and there is the unfortunate whose tickets are for the wrong night.

There are the ushers who applaud with tremendous enthusiasm.

There is the fellow who laughs at the wrong time.

There is the fellow who never laughs. And, of course, there is the play, itself.—*Charles G. Shaw*

"Gens. O'Ryan and Allen to Discuss War."—Heading in the *Sun*. Whereas Gen. Sherman just cussed it.

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Moving Pictures

JUDGING from the dour report from Hollywood and the local studios of the Kleig Art, we must await our next cinematic item of interest in the imported German production, "Siegfried." This, by the way, is based upon the Norse legends which were the source of the Wagnerian opera.

"Siegfried" was made by UFA, the Berlin concern which recently gave us that fascinating film, "The Last Laugh." Reports from abroad—and from the Rialto theatre projection room where Hugo Riesenfeld is fitting a musical score to the opus—lead us to think that this production will have high interest and an unusual measure of beauty.

These are the days of the imported picture. "Siegfried" will come to Broadway in April. "The Miracle of the Wolves," made in France, opened at the Criterion this week. Another oncoming importation is "Grass," filmed in Persia.

We can imagine the gnashing of teeth in Hollywood at these reports. Mass meetings are in order to stop this new foreign menace.

Joseph Hergesheimer, the novelist, has had a longing to direct motion pictures for some time. Recently he almost started doing it for Famous Players-Lasky. His first was to have been a screen version of his "Three Black Pennys" but, like many a movie plan, it fell through, principally because no director could be found who would work hand in hand with an author. Now, however, Hergesheimer has departed upon a two months' trip to Cuba and Mexico with Jesse Lasky. Out of this may come a series of pictures to be made in Mexico. It is Hergesheimer's idea, Lasky is interested, but the whole thing is embryonic yet.

They're telling an amusing story of Richard Barthelmess and his recent trip to the Coast. Barthelmess was touring the studios and finally he came to the Metro-Goldwyn stage whereon Madame Elinor Glyn was overseeing the making of one of her yokel shockers.

The madame arose in her usual grand manner which, in film parlance, is akin to slow motion. She advanced grandiloquently to meet the young Mr. Barthelmess.

Offering her hand with the gesture that holds Hollywood frozen, she said: "I saw one of your films the other night—'Classmates' I think it is called."

"I hope you didn't like it," said Richard modestly.

"I didn't," said Madame Glyn crisply, as she slow motioned back to her regal chair.

Barthelmess spent all of the time en route back to his hotel thinking of snappy replies.—Will Hayes, Jr.

THE NEW YORKER

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Boston Notes

JAMES MICHAEL (Honest Jim) **CURLEY**, Boston's mayor, who did his stretch some years back for obligingly taking Civil Service examinations under the name of a less brilliant friend, has got his fighting blood up. Ever since "La-fayette Mulligan," self-alleged and fictitious ex-secretary to his Honor, offered the keys of the city to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, James Michael has had sleuths on the trail of the miscreant. The latest suspect is one Buxton, the local Frank I. Cobb whose prose masterpiece, "Who Made Calvin Coolidge?" won the Pulitzer prize as the loveliest editorial of last year. Buxton and his buddies on the *Herald* deny their guilt and the hounds of justice are sniffing new trails.



It is rumored that the boys from Scotland Yard are also in the chase. Apparently the British Government feels that the anonymous Mulligan has made royalty ridiculous by sending a fake invitation which Albert Edward took seriously. They have the coöperation of the Lily Guilders' Union.



The foam on the crest of Boston's crime wave is dashing high. The other day Police Commissioner Wilson and the "Model Cop," whose name escapes us but does not matter, were passing the time of day in front of a Schulte cigar store, one block away from the elegant Hotel Touraine. The talk was turning on some such subject as the Celtic Renaissance or the Traffic Problem, when a bandit walked into the store behind them and walked out again some minutes later with \$180 in his pocket just as the Commissioner was agreeing with the cop that Donn Byrne was the greatest writer since Synge. The gunman is still loose. The police force seems a trifle looser.




No matter how hard it tries, Boston cannot look like Paris—and it has tried hard. The latest attempt took the form of rubbish cans bearing colored advertisements much like those that decorate the kiosks on the Boulevard des Italiens. These were supplied by an advertising firm which paid the city \$10 apiece for each receptacle. When they were all installed such a howl went up from the same people who wish that we had sidewalk cafes that the offensive objects have been ordered off the streets.



The forgetful and impertinent Manhattaner who indignantly asks why there should be a column of Boston Notes in his favorite paper must be reminded that Boston is the home city of Henry Cabot Lodge and Bert Savoy, although they have both died recently.—*Beans*

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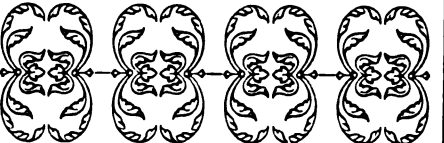
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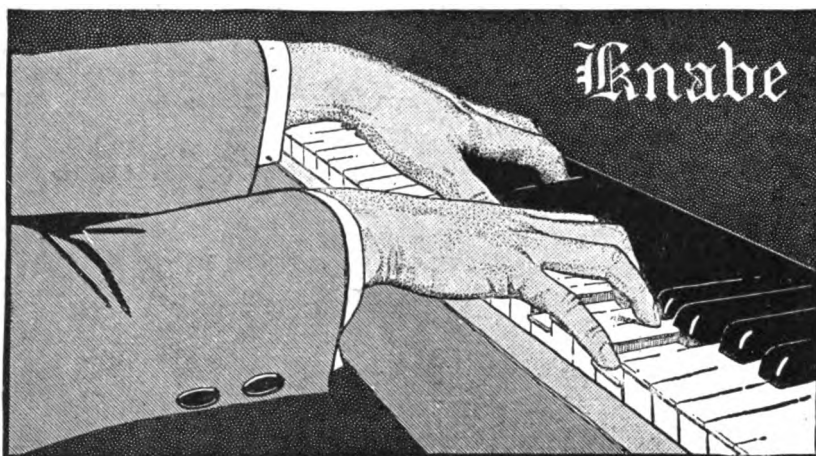
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