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THE NEW YORKER

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OF ALL THINGS

RIGHT next door to the Follies, some young adventurer has opened a penny peep-show where you can see five hundred and fifty glorified young women for what Mr. Ziegfeld charges for his much smaller collection. Well, competition is the life of the party, as Mr. LaFollette might have it.

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On general principles, this magazine expects to take a firm stand against murder. But we don't want to be bigoted. If, for instance, someone should ask you to advertise in THE NEW YORKER, and throw out the hint that your refusal might lead to some unwelcome publicity, you wouldn't shock us much if you poured him into the nearest drain.

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First in Enterprise, THE NEW YORKER is pleased to announce that it has engaged, for winter service in our side streets, the men who took the antitoxin to Nome.

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Mr. Hearst strews the laurels of fame with a liberal hand. In his *Cosmopolitan* he publishes the portrait of "Charles Hanson Towne, New York's most popular bachelor," and in his *International* of "George Jean Nathan, America's most distinguished bachelor."

If Charles can make the weight, the boys might get together for the world championship.

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And, speaking of the *International*, one need go no further than the table of contents for the plot of America's Great Novel:

"Love Is Blind," "I Have Tried to Live as Christ Might Live Today," "To a Girl at the Ritz," "Where I Am Monarch of All I Survey," "The Girl Who Was Herself," "Just a Big Hearted Rascal," "That Royle Girl!" "That Man Darrow!" "There's a Lot of Truth in That Old Song About Home, Sweet Home," "We Tried a Divorce in 45 Days," "If I Had My Way," "I Grinned My Way Out of the Grave," "Women Are Playthings," "Oh, I Have Lived!"

Having thus done its duty by posterity, the *International* passes on to its merited reward.

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Mr. George Jean Nathan, who when not engaged in his more serious work of telling everybody where to get off at, finds relaxation in writing for Mr. Hearst's publications, is the author of "Women Are Playthings." Ah there, (as the editor of our "In Our Midst" column would say) George!

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Two of the big collar firms have combined. Our own Beauty Contest judges announce that the handsomest man in America is now Mister Cluett Peabody Earl Wilson.

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It turned out, after a New York jury had got down to business, that the foreman didn't understand English, so the judge excused him and told the remaining eleven to reach a verdict of their own. We don't get the point. Readers of the *Daily News* doubtless don't understand English but they ought to be experts on crime.

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We and Mr. Hearst are among those who credit Mayor Hylan with sagacity. For, just before the transit investigators issued their report (which was not exactly in the form of a valentine) didn't he say to himself, "Go South, young man, go South."

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Our Ear to the Ground Department reports that Charging Buffalo, the Indian in training with the Yankees has, at the insistence of the management, agreed to change his name to John Levi, as being more typically American.

This same bureau of THE NEW YORKER assures us we may refute the rumor that Commissioner Enright, overhearing the question, "Who killed Cock Robin?" replied, "Undoubtedly Gerald Chapman, who is now safely under lock and key, thanks to police efficiency."

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Mr. Enright's publicity man has just announced that "one patrolman handed a loaded weapon to a lieutenant with the muzzle pointed toward the officer and the revolver cocked. What the lieutenant said to him would have blistered an asbestos wall. . . . But that was two years ago." We note with relief that such fussy and abusive lieutenants have been discouraged.

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Mr. Enright's publicity man also would like the world to tell him: "In these days of silent police cars bobbing up here, there and everywhere, what bandit, be he ever so clever, can be sure of finishing a 'job' in peace?" Several bandits interviewed confess that they cannot be, but all avow a willingness to take a sporting chance.

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One of the first things you do in starting a magazine, after you have got the notion to do it and, as our advertising friends say, *sold* your associates on the idea, is to rent an office and the next thing you do is get a telephone. You don't actually get a telephone next, but you put in an application for one. You do this on the sagacious suggestion of the agent of the building who explains that it is the busy season with the telephone company and that you should hurry because it usually takes thirty days to get a telephone and, while he will use his drag with the telephone company and cut this down to two

weeks, you will probably need one by that time anyhow.

This two week's delay looms as a tremendous obstacle and you hasten breathlessly to the telephone company's office where you become part of a throng surrounding a counter for about an hour. At the end of that time you tell your story to a man at the counter who dodges to a desk telephone for conversational purposes every forty seconds, obviously to demonstrate what a really great help this invention is to a busy man. This gentleman ultimately helps you fill out an Application for Service which you recognize as the old income tax blanks the Government used in 1919.

He asks you if you want a regulation switchboard with plugs and things or a Jumbo Jr., which a child can operate and which accommodates three incoming trunk lines and fourteen extensions. You decide on Jumbo Jr., because of its marvelous simplicity and because it comes in two finishes, oak and mahogany. You order an oak Jumbo. Some days later you decide on mahogany finish furniture and some days after this you think of the incongruity of Jumbo. By this time, however, you realize that such things are just a detail anyhow and that you are not, after all, a detail person.

The day after the carpenters begin to put up the partitions Jumbo Jr. starts to ring. He varies this by buzzing. By now you are meeting a lot of new people, including representatives of the wholesale paper industry, the rubber stamp industry—"you will need some eventually; keep us in mind"—the printing industry, the lady who wants to buy a ticket on the New Yorker to St. Louis and the fellow you think is Ring Lardner, author of one of the swellest books ever written, who, you think, is going to write you a swell piece, but who turns out to be a gentleman with a collar named Warsden who wants to sell you life insurance. At this point your secretary departs to marry the Assistant Something of the uptown branch of the Farmer's Loan and Trust Co. (As unexpected to him, you suspect, as it is to THE NEW YORKER.) And there you are with Jumbo.

After two days with Jumbo you decide that if you really amount to anything such a little matter as this can't get the best of you and you go to the telephone company and ask for a set of printed instructions (which, of course, they must have) on how to operate him. These instructions seem unintelligible at the time and get more so later. Eventually, you realize that they pertain to Model 382J Jumbo, apparently a deceased cousin of the incumbent, and you throw them out of the window. Two days later you have discovered how to work everything but the middle row of keys and two days after this you realize they have no use anyhow and draw the obvious conclusion that they are the keys used by Presidents of the United States to press to open things, such as the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

After Jumbo is tamed everything is simple and you go forward without misgiving, confident that such achievement cannot but bring success. Ultimately the carpenters quit walking over your desk, the glaziers get through, the puttiers finish, the lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea and things are peaceful enough to get out a magazine.

This does not leave you unshaken, of course, and at this point your doctor advises a couple of weeks' rest.

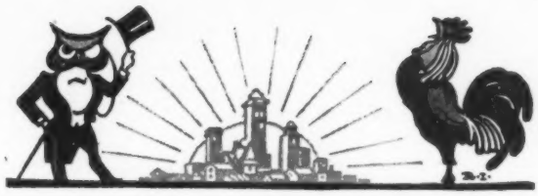
It is now the middle of February and by this time most magazines have got their Fourth of July issue behind them and are relaxing before the strenuous work on the Big Christmas Number. By nature THE NEW YORKER cannot be so forehanded. Most of its contents must be speedily prepared by a dozen persons and the magazine must be speedily put together. Because of the necessity for this haste THE NEW YORKER asks consideration for its first number. It recognizes certain shortcomings and realizes that it is impossible for a magazine fully to establish its character in one number. At the same time it feels a great deal of pride in many of its features and heart-felt gratitude for the support it already has received.

Co-operation

THE NEW YORKER starts with a declaration of serious purpose but with a concomitant declaration that it will not be too serious in executing it. It hopes to reflect metropolitan life, to keep up with events and affairs of the day, to be gay, humorous, satirical but to be more than a jester.

It will publish facts that it will have to go behind the scenes to get, but it will not deal in scandal for the sake of scandal nor sensation for the sake of sensation. It will try conscientiously to keep its readers informed of what is going on in the fields in which they are most interested. It has announced that it is not edited for the old lady in Dubuque. By this it means that it is not of that group of publications engaged in tapping the Great Buying Power of the North American steppe region by trading mirrors and colored beads in the form of our best brands of hokum.

The New Yorker



~THE TALK OF THE TOWN~

INTERNATIONAL Millennium Week saw stiff competition for interest between Mr. Reidt of Patchogue and Mrs. Rowan of Hollywood. Now that the former has probably abandoned his idea that he would rather, as the old saying almost goes, be himself than resident, the west can resume its almost exclusive ownership of the calendared doomsday idea. Robert E. Sherwood, the Editor of *Life*, tells me there is a hill near San Diego which has provided a pretty profit for its owners during the last decade because of its advantages as a celestial ascension ground. Every week some sect rents it for millennium use. Frequently previous bookings cause a readjustment of astrological computations. Should the Sons and Daughters of the Advent try to rent the hill for a private wafting upward on a privately calculated date, so popular has become the spirit of first-come-first-served, that the Sons and Daughters are usually gracious enough to re-examine the Book of Revelations so that the Reformed Disciples of the King may keep a previously scheduled tryst with heaven.

The Millerites of 1843 gave America its best world-destruction show. The whole country was affected by Prophet Miller's promise of salvation and chaos. Two or three hundred thousand of our great-grandparents bought white ascension robes for the event. When the great day was succeeded by a normal one Miller didn't lose hope. Instead he confessed a mere mechanical mistake in reckonings and proclaimed the big day would occur in October, '44. A Millerite Temple went up in Boston. Another was acquired in Philadelphia. Crowds jammed the streets about the New York headquarters. Muslin for ascension robes could be bought by the bolt or in the latest Parisian models. Miller found staunch supporters by thousands to replace back-sliders.

Up in Springwater, N. Y., the house is still standing where Captain Pierce entertained the faithful on the great day. Hundreds stood on the lawn waiting to be lifted as the sun went down. They still tell the story of a local farmer who sat on a hay stack waiting for the end. Some boys crept up unseen and set fire to it as the old fellow dozed. The smoke wakened him. "In hell!" he cried. "Just as I expected!"

As it grows throughout the rest of the country cross-word puzzling wanes in New York. At least it wanes in the small group that helped make it fashionable when it was revived a year or two ago. Not that Simon & Shuster, whose green, yellow, red, mauve, ochre and blue puzzle books flood the country, are worrying. This week they are publishing a new volume of the series. According to the advertisements "celebrities" contributed all the puzzles contained in it, and (business of blushing furiously) they tell me (oh, how my cheeks are burning) mine is one of the best in it. At least I think it is.

Broadway has no end of actors out of work. But as a rule they refuse to admit the truth of their unemployment. Possibly it is because he is so well-known and liked a comedian that he doesn't mind admitting a disastrous season now and then, that Denman Maley was prompted to make the confession below, an engraved copy of which cheered my breakfast one day last week:

DORIS RICHMOND MALEY
Announces the idleness of her husband
DENMAN
In New York City, Commencing
February first,
nineteen hundred and twenty five
At Home
Receiving—offers
130 West 44th Street
New York City

When speaking of cross-word puzzles I intended to tell you about the

gradual indentification of the Simon & Shuster firm. When their first puzzle book came out the two young men were timid.

"Suppose," said Simon, "it's a flop. They'll never stop laughing at us." His partner agreed with him. So they called themselves the Plaza Publishing Company and netted themselves something like $60,000 on the first venture. Have you noticed the subsequent volumes?

By the way, there are several good new games, new at least to me, being played at parties this winter. Have you played "Who Am I?" yet? Some one begins describing various personalia of a well known man or woman without mentioning the subject's name, until a bright listener (usually the one in the party you would be inclined to regard as the stupidest present) asks a question of the leader, the innuendo of which shows the leader, that the subject has been identified, but is so veiled that all the other guessers are thrown off the track.

Suppose Arthur Conan Doyle is the person to be guessed. The leader might venture the following—all of which, by the way, is correct.

"I am a person of middle age, now living, who has practiced two recognized professions and recently has shown great interest in what scoffers call still another profession. In my efforts in my newest field I have travelled extensively about the United States during the last two years. I was educated in the northern part of my country and began practicing my second profession, which brought me international fame, on the west coast of Africa. In practicing this second profession I brought someone to the attention of the world whose surname begins with an H. He, too, has become internationally known. I have been recognized as a leader in my country's national sport and was invited to be the referee of the Johnson-Jeffries fight at Reno."

Here is a description given at a party last week, which may make you guess a little. You certainly have heard of the person described.

"I am a gray haired man, now living, who first acquired national pro-

minence by a decision I made about fifteen years ago. It was a decision that brought me attention from all over the world. During the last few years I have become the nationally acknowledged leader of a private organization in which the whole country is interested. My name appears almost daily in one particular department of the newspapers. My last name begins with L."

Two or three present guessed who it was. Can you?

William Allen White called at the office of *Collier's* the other day.

"I've been thirty-six hours on a train," he told the head office boy, "and I've rather lost track of things. Who's editor now?"

"Mr. William Ludlow Chenery," replied the boy.

"Tell Mr. Chenery that Mr. William Allen White is outside," said White. A moment later the boy returned with a note that read:

"Mr. Chenery is very busy now and asks Mr. White to wait ten minutes." To which Mr. White scribbled the following:

"If Mr. Chenery will post a cash guarantee that he will still be managing editor at the end of ten minutes, Mr. White will wait."

I've a friend who is a member of the group of scientists which sailed off under William Beebe's leadership, on the adventurous cruise that is expected to contribute all sorts of information about the Sargasso Sea. Aboard the *Arcturus* the expedition will be thousands of miles away from the rest of mankind for many months. My friend's comment on the social side of what may prove one of the world's most important voyages of discovery might be interesting to anyone speculating on what scientists think as they said into the unknown:

"My announcement that I was leaving on a scientific expedition to the Sargasso Sea for six months split my friends into two groups; those who would have given anything to go and those who would have given anything not to.

"'But think,' carolled the one, 'what a marvellous thing to do. Six months in southern seas, away from New York, away from people, nothing to do but lie in the sun and watch the fishes. How thrilling!'

"'But think,' groaned the other, 'what a terrible thing to do. Six months in southern seas, away from New York, away from people, nothing to do but lie in the sun and watch the fishes. How appalling!'

"But largely they seemed interested in speculating whether we would return permanently devoted each to each, or carrying concealed weapons for the first opportunity. Would we come back racked by scurvy and with an immortal hatred for fish?

"All of which, in the face of the facts, is a little amusing. Judge for yourself.

"The Director, William Beebe: a scientist for whom obstacles are simply the condiments of conquest. The New York Zoological Park is a crystallization of his own energy. After leaving college he passed several years at the large extent of marsh and swamp which was the zoological park and when he left he had established an institution which is one of the best in the country. This is equally true of every field in which he has been active.

"He was interested in ornithology and the most authoritative work on pheasants bears his name. He became interested in work in British Guiana and there is now established at Kartabo an experimental research station which continues to function while Dr. Beebe explores Galapagos or the Sargasso Sea. Ordinarily, so much energy directed into one channel depletes all other reservoirs. Yet, during the war, Will Beebe was found driving an airplane over the front lines. Once, when an expedition had occasion to stop at Panama, Will Beebe walked off with the tennis championship. On a dance floor there is no more desirable partner than this same scientist. As a musician he can play almost any instrument that has strings.

"One meets at his parties great scientists, authors, musicians, people of the stage, all with a common denomi-

nator: reality. For that is Will Beebe's distinguishing characteristic, the ability to find and sound the reality of people. That is why his books on science are more widely read than popular works of fiction. And that is why one can be sure that each member of his staff, while standing high in the professional capacity, will have a still higher place as a human being.

"Among the others now steaming south is Dr. William Gregory, whose quiet unassuming manner effectively disguises the fact that he is one of the best comparative anatomists in the country. He has an inner knowledge of the private life of the spinal column that has never been suspected by the most self-conscious of vertebrates. In addition to his professional equipment he goes around with several eight syllabled words with which to paralyze the staff at charades.

"Five young women scientists are in the party and a few distant great-aunts who love conventions above all else will be happy to know that one of them is married. She is M. D. Fish, the assistant in larval fish distributions, whose husband, Dr. C. J. Fish is also a member of the staff as Assistant in Diatoms and Crustacea.

"In the youthful company also is Dwight Franklin, whom most of us know for his striking models of pirates, marine marauders and the tiny reproductions of medieval rooms in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and elsewhere. His sculpture shares his interest with zoology, and as a zoologist he will pass the next six months, with intermissions for singing and catching baseball scores on the radio.

"Half a dozen other men, most of them in their early thirties complete the staff, which with an operating crew of thirty-four will spend the next six months or more on a ship in the middle of a sea. They will see each other three times a day around the dining table. For the rest of the day each expects to be so busy with his own work that meeting in the evening will be an event. And from the number of gay shawls and scarfs most of these events promise to be gala.

"Dr. Beebe's great boast is that no member of his staff has any excuse for not doing good scientific work. Which brings us to the chef. It has been necessary because of the feeling in the kitchens of the St. Regis, the Piping Rock, the Colony Club, etc. to keep his name a secret. He is furthermore not allowed to operate in New York and spends his time making the pursuit of science palatable on one expedition or other. For his best interests there are on board two ice plants, an immense cold storage plant and six China boys as go-betweens. Every delicacy that lives in a tin can is included in his list of supplies, except caviar and the chef said apologetically that he did not include it because he expected we'd catch our own."

As one invited to go along New York is beginning to seem a bit humdrum.

The democratic spirit of our time is strengthened almost daily by the arrival of Dukes and Duchesses from other republics, all eager to help America maintain its Jeffersonian simplicities. Last week, at Mr. Muschenheim's Hotel Astor, for instance, four nobilities were counted in one box supervising the display of new broad-brimmed hats by mannekins at a fashion exposition. From left to right they were: le Duc et la Duchesse de Richelieu, the Countess Dru and the Baron de Vaux. Another democrat, Miss Marie Dressler, was their fellow judge of beauty.

The news of the winter has frequently referred to White House breakfasts, but I haven't yet seen any recording of the breakfast service. When I had breakfast there recently I made note for my constituents' elevation that the service was of white porcelain with a thin gold border. The American eagle is emblazoned — or should I say baked? — in the border. The sausages were very hot and the syrup was served in silver pitchers.

At a luncheon of financiers at the Bankers Club the other day, Elihu Root was master of ceremonies. Everyone was seated and Mr. Root stood at the door of the banquet room talking to a man when Mr. Herbert Swope, the only Executive Editor of the *World*, who never arrived on time at a theatrical first night in his life, dashed up, an accurate five minutes late. He greeted Mr. Root with voluble explanation of his tardiness and turned to the other man, and after greeting him effusively, opened with a discussion of affairs of the day. He was still talking to him when another man came from the room to suggest to Mr. Root that the luncheon proceed.

"Yes, we will begin serving just as soon as Mr. Swope finishes talking to the steward," said Mr. Root.

Van Bibber III

THE STORY OF MANHATTANKIND

THE early history of New York is obscured in myth; and to separate the purely historical from the purely hysterical is no easy task. But it is a task worth while; for it is impossible to understand the life of Manhattan to-day until we get a glimpse of the great figures, from Peter Minuit down to Ralph Easly, who were forever pointing out that, but for them, the island would be in the hands of the Reds.

Who the Reds were no one knows. No one ever did know: for as soon as you get acquainted with any one, he ceases to be Red. New York is said to be a Red Stronghold still, because there are so many people in town who don't know each other.

He was impressed particularly by the dancing craze and by the utterly shocking styles in women's clothes

"They're nothing but a lot of wild Indians," Mr. Christopher Columbus remarked, the first time he attended one of their open-air meetings; and the conservative element has generally adopted this view. There are those who contend that Columbus never visited New York, but this is absurd. No one ever comes to America without visiting New York; and the stories Columbus carried back to Spain describe Manhattan perfectly. He was impressed particularly by the dancing craze, and by the utterly shocking styles in women's clothes. Also, he noted, the inhabitants generally spoke with a foreign accent: and they made a big fuss whenever a distinguished foreigner arrived.

It was Bargain Day in Manhattan when Peter Minuit came across. He came across with $24, which was a lot of money for humble Americans to take away from a distinguished foreigner.

"This city is over-run by Jews," he remarked, shortly after the transaction. This is one of the most frequently quoted remarks in all history.

The next distinguished foreigner to arrive was the Duke of York. He was given the Freedom of the City and he took it home with him. The early accounts say that he also took the city. But he didn't pay anything for it. He had it charged.

"Ain't my name good?" he wanted to know. Evidently it was, for it stuck. I don't mean that the city was stuck on the name, but the name was stuck on the city. The caption "New Amsterdam," he pointed out, would never get by the censors.

The Dukes were like that. When they wanted to stick their name on anything, nothing on earth could stop them. According to one of the ancient legends, a certain Duke insisted that "Trinity College" be called "Duke University"; and the directors unanimously decided to make the change. The story is of course legendary, but well illustrates how "New York" came to get its ridiculous name.

The next great figure in the early legends of New York is that of Jonef Hylan. Hylan, in all probability, was not a real person; but it is impossible to understand New York without giving careful study to the Hylan myth. In many respects, it resembles the Sun Myth of other great civilizations: for his head was as a head of flame, and he rose early each morning from beyond the East River, bringing light into all the dark places and heat into the sessions of the Board of Estimate. The populace called their Sun God "Red Mike"; but in the frenzy of their devotions, they simply yelled "Ra! Ra!"

Hylan was the great Champion of the People versus the Interests. The Interests were not people. They were great, greedy, gosh-awful ghouls who subsisted on the life-blood which they sucked from the people's veins. But you couldn't tell them apart—that is, nobody but the Champion could—for the Interests all tried to look like people and the People all tried to look like Interests.

According to tradition, the Interests once took Hylan into a high mountain and tempted him, spreading the whole city at his feet.

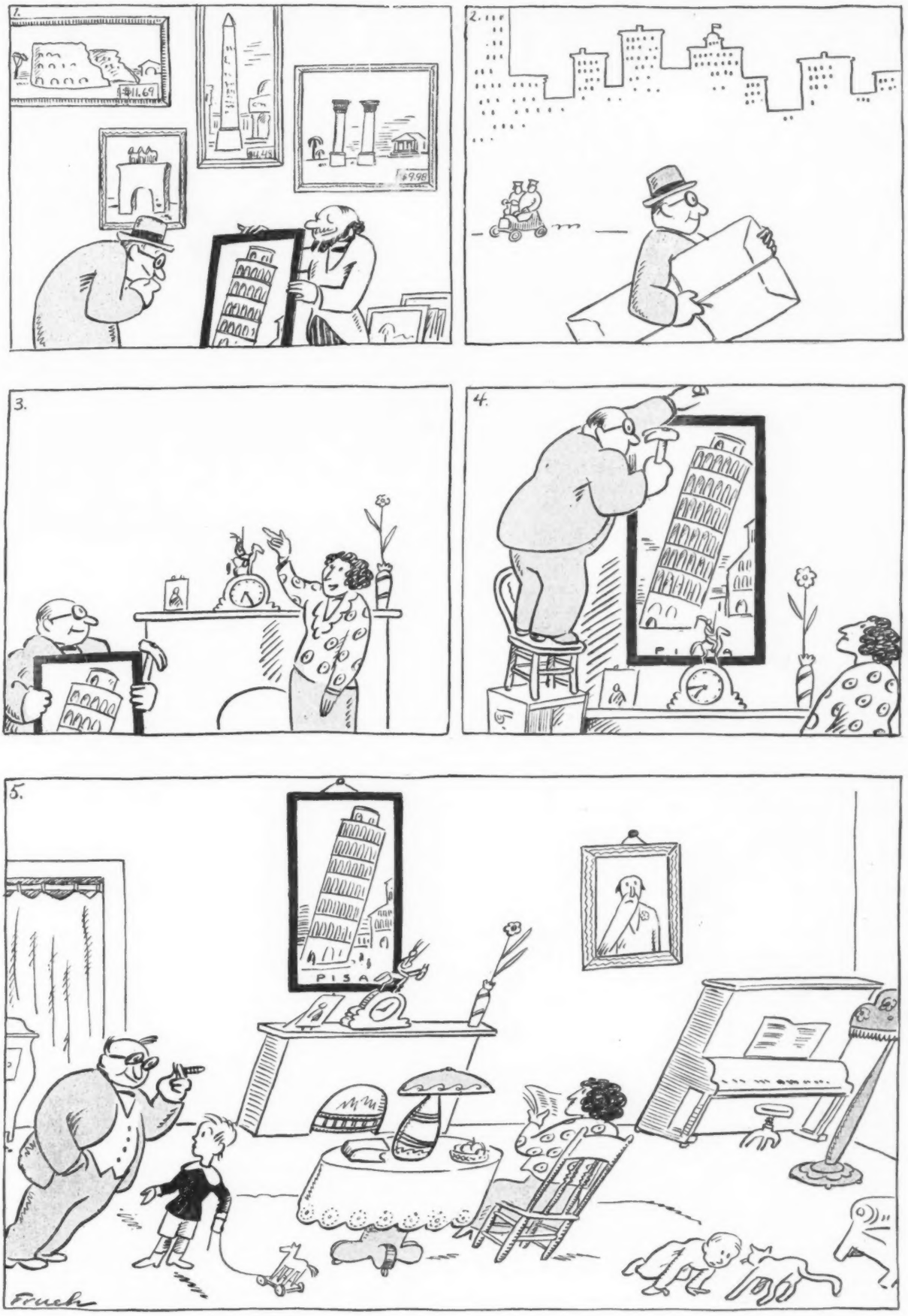
"It's a fair city," said the Interests.

"It's a five-cent fare city," Hylan answered.

"Don't you believe in having your income increased?" they asked.

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" he said.

But Satan, it seems, got behind the Interests. So William R. Hearst got behind Hylan and that evened things up. Satan was somewhat shrewder than Hearst, but Hearst was noisier than the devil.—SAWDUST



The Tower of Pisa in a Nervous Household

SAY IT WITH SCANDAL

WE shall say it is national election day, 1928.

In the office of the consolidated *Times-World-Tribune* (retaining the best features of each)—ah, but why attempt to penetrate the mysteries of a madhouse? Let us turn to more placid fields.

It is eleven o'clock in the morning as we step into the office of the consolidated *Mirror-News-Graphic* (also retaining the best features of each, including Hearts Bereft, Kute Kracks of Kunning Kiddies, and How to Beat Up Your Wife in Ten Seconds.)

The city room is more serene and tranquil than a saloon which sells nothing but near-bear. The man who does Hearts Bereft is gloomily figuring out a three-letter word meaning Japanese sash, the octogenarian who dopes the Kute Kracks and sells them to himself at one dollar a krack is playing one-handed parcheesi, and the permanent author of the Daily True Story is trying to get a week's supply in advance so he may run up to Montreal for a couple of days and sample some fine old Scotch manufactured on Staten Island and imported via Burlington, Vermont.

There are also half a dozen reporters, trying to recover from the night before election; four rewrite men, who have abandoned hope of ever recovering; the city editor, who is reading *Variety*, and the assistant city editor, who is doing nothing at all except looking blank. The telephone rings, and the assistant city editor, with the air of an early martyr, answers it.

"Lemme speak to the city editor," demands a voice.

"Who is this speaking, please?" asks the assistant, although he knows very well who it is. The journalistic Constitution provides that nobody may ever telephone anybody else on a newspaper unless that question is asked. Things look so much better that way. More swanky.

"This is the Boss," says the caller, so he is connected.

"Hello, Mac," says the Boss. "What's doing?"

"Well," replies Mac diffidently, "it looks like the Repub——"

"Oh, hell!" interrupts the Boss. "Never mind that. What's *doing?*"

"Well," says Mac. "'Nother Chink murder."

"Coupla paragraphs. Chinks are stale. What else?"

"Well, old John P. Doughbags kicked off."

"Time he did. Send a reporter around to see if there's any woman angle to it, and if there is, splash it. Otherwise, let it ride three paragraphs."

"And there was a woman plugged her sweetie dead up in the Bronnix."

"Sounds grand. Good looking?"

"Nah. About fifty, and fat."

"Never mind. Make her an ex-Follies Beauty, and play up the jealousy stuff. Dig around in the morgue and get a picture of some doll who's died or moved away or something. If nothing else happens, splash her on the front page and stick the election inside—I suppose we gotta say something about it. Be down in about an hour. G'bye."

The best man (there is no such thing as a "star reporter" any more except in the movies) is thereupon yanked away from his autopsy into the unfortunate Chink, and dispatched to the Bronnix with a photographer. They leave, cogitating on how to run a ten-cent round-trip subway fare into a four-dollar-and-fifty-cent-expense account. This, although difficult, can be done.

About four in the afternoon the Boss arrives, that being his idea of an hour from eleven in the morning.

Matters immediately take on a feverish aspect, for it is an excellent thing to appear feverish while the Boss is present.

The Hearts Bereft authority abandons his researches into Japanese sashes and enthusiastically opens letters from optimistic citizens who would like to make the acquaintance of a young lady, 22 to 24 of age, of Jewish descent, not the flapper or gold digger type, who would appreciate a real pal.

The author of the Daily True Story, who has long ago given up hope of an advance supply and for two hours has been sitting in a state of coma, covers three sheets of copy paper with "Now is the time——"

A rewrite man, who has been listening in total apathy to a reporter's account of an East Side fire, suddenly becomes intensely interested in finding out what it was all about, and asks questions carefully designed to sound intelligent.

The city editor drops the remains of his Western sandwich into the basket. His assistant grabs the phone and calls up a series of mythical numbers.

"Didja get that thing about the ex-Follies girl shooting her big butter-and-eggs man, Mac?" asks the Boss, for by this time everyone is firmly convinced that the middle-aged Bronx lady *is* a noted actress.

"Sure," says Mac. "Only it seems she didn't shoot him at all, but fractured his conk by busting him with a gin bottle."

"That's better," commends the Boss. "Only call it champagne in the story. Then when it gets played out, we can start a campaign about Rich Revel in Dissipation, While Poor Suffer in Winter's Icy Grip."

It is now close to press time, since a morning tabloid must necessarily appear on the streets at five in the afternoon. The Boss puts on his hat and coat to go out for a bite of lunch, from which he will return at ten-thirty.

For a moment he stands looking from the window at the newsboys howling the afternoon papers. The crowds in front of the bulletin boards grow more vociferous. New York at large is preparing to succumb to its once-in-four-years period of hysteria.

"Lord, but this is a dead day!" says the Boss.

Maestrissimo!

HE has been in America now for nearly twenty years. He is still the best type of an Italian gentleman. For Giulio Gatti-Casazza that is quite enough.

In every opera house in the world, from Palermo to Colon, there are more than a hundred maestros. Even the piccolo player goes by that name. Any doorkeeper will slip you gratis into the house if you salaam him with the magic title. But they never permit you to forget that there is only one maestrissimo, one impresario, one chief unimpeachable, incomparable. Behold him here in Signor Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

According to the biographies he is not yet sixty. He looks older than that, though. He has already about him the frosty dignity, the calm chagrin of a septuagenarian.

Provided you can speak Italian, or understand his French, he can be voluble enough on one or two topics. He has as little respect for French operas as he has for American criticisms. He must produce one or two of the former, every season or so. He must read the latter now and then —or, rather, have them read to him by a tactful translator. Catch him in his own big, brocaded sanctum, or better still, in the giddy, fumy coop of a publicity office, just off the stars' stage entrance, and quote him just two words of Deems Taylor's on the subject of "William Tell." Up fly his arms, hands writhing on his wrists, fingers spread like the boulevards of Paris from an airplane. He hisses, he sprays the air around him. There is no checking him for the next hour.

That is a rare occurrence, though. Six and three-quarter days out of every week he preserves the fiction of a courteous, imperturbable, quite inscrutable Jove. Silence is a great aid to him, there. It is the apron he puts on while kneading, over and over, the personnel and property of his company. It preserves his air, not only of efficiency, but of mystery.

He will sit for hours among vivid talkers—even at some dinner in his honor—without spilling more than an occasional monosyllable down upon his embonpoint. He takes a splendid, mute pleasure in sinking upon the small of his back, for his big shoulders droop and seem tired nowadays. In their eloquent way they sum up his seventeen years in a land of plenty, a land of strangers. So, at table, at his desk, in the audience room . . . the small of his back . . . and the silent, exquisite comfort of fondling his nose.

It is a fine, memorable feature, this Gatti-Casazza nose. It is the sharpest,

Giulio Gatti-Casazza

most assertive part of his wise, sensitive, melancholy face. The bone of it presses hard upon the skin and leaves it bloodless. There is extraordinary aquilinity there, a twist of the cartilage which confers owl-like shrewdness on the big forehead, cheeks and beard surrounding it. The beard is of that forked variety known as Swiss, much favored by modern Roman senators. It adds to the illusion of an owl's disk of radiating feathers.

He is tremendously well educated, scientifically and artistically. Centuries of courtly breeding are behind his culture. His family were distinguished Ferrarese and Romans, musicians, financiers and honorary senators. He himself was taught at the haughtiest of schools and universities of Italy, graduating a naval engineer. Then suddenly, when he was still in his twenties, circumstances bundled him into the directorship of a small municipal opera company. Five years later his conspicuous ability put him in charge of La Scala, Milan, and he made of it the greatest opera house in the world. He came to the Metropolitan in 1908. He has stayed there longer than any other impresario. The rumor of his resignation never arises but that another two or three years are added to his contract, surrounded by the flourishes of high praise from Mr. Otto H. Kahn and other directors of the company.

They are a bit bored by the Metropolitan repertory, the most of them; and you can persuade them to say so in a confidential moment. They believe in Signor Gatti-Casazza, though, because of his patent honesty, his stability, his fair economy, his tact in melting great reputations down to the convenience of one big, elephantine, somewhat commonplace, undeniably successful company. He gives the public what it likes, and the public—through a board of Metropolitan directors—compensates him generously.

For the public's sake he has persuaded himself that opera is as much a social as a musical institution. If the public prefers "Tosca" for the benefit of the Save-a-Pet Home to "Don Giovanni" for the good of its own soul . . . it is the American public after all. And if the American public doesn't like novelties—*ecco!* Revive them some Verdi!

He loves to mount operas with ships in them: "Tristan" and "L'Africana," for example. It makes you wonder, does he hanker for the old naval engineering days? He might have been building navies instead of backdrops and repertories. He might have been commanding seas instead of ballets. Perhaps this is his secret sorrow.

For he has one, that is sure. Perhaps, again, it is simply a disinclination to discover America, a reluctance which has built up a defensive disdain. He has found it as unnecessary to study

American minds, American aspirations, American art, as to study the American language. He has found a public content to let him repeat over and over the successes he made at La Scala, twenty years ago; and for the sake of the favor of that public he stopped thinking very vigorously almost as long ago. It has been the easiest way, the most dignified and profitable way. But it must be a fearfully lonely one.

Because, when he does rouse himself to communion with smaller fellows, Giulio Gatti-Casazza is able to crush them under a vast weight of wit and scholarship and compressed feelings. But how often is that worth his while? Usually, then, he prowls the corridors alone, head down, thumbs up in the arm-holes of his vest, a great grey owl on night patrol. Or sits apart, on some old trunk behind the scenes, or in the moody elegance of his own sanctum; sits apart, shivering a little . . . for he is in a cold country . . . and silently fondles his fine, memorable nose.

—GOLLY-WOGG

❀ ❀ ❀

THE HOUR GLASS

He Who Runs

Paavo Nurmi

Phidippides with a wrist watch has the supreme self-confidence of the conqueror, without the latter-day eye for the first page story. Applause to Paavo Nurmi is an anti-climax, as are the throaty announcements of new records. Nothing matters but the doing. The rest might just as well be silence.

Retiring of nature, he is not shy. He speaks little, even among his countrymen, and mostly in answer to direct query. Then in monosyllables.

His face is not so sheepish as newspaper photographs make it seem. Curly blonde hair lends it distinction, especially in New York. It is pleasant, with an increasingly forceful appeal.

If Nurmi has had a thought, apart from running, he has not voiced it. Life for him is divided into three phases: preparing for a race, winning the race, and resting after achievement. Living itself is glorious and wonderful, for has it not made him fleetest among the world's fleet of foot?

Such fanaticism as his is worthy of a worse cause.

Pan's Sister

Beatrice Herford

She was a precocious youngster, but fortunately she survived all the nice things admiring relatives said about her, until now she may proclaim proudly that she plays no golf, nor bridge; nor in a more elemental day, did she succumb to Mah Jongg.

Despite these deductions from the usual fund of small talk, she is an interesting conversationalist.

As might be expected from the sister of an elf, Beatrice Herford married an earthly gentleman, such an one as Richard Harding Davis would have been charmed to meet—and to high hat. Adjacent to her rural home she has built a complete theatre, which seats fifty without the slightest aid from Joe LeBlang

She is of average build, somewhat beyond slightness; her face somewhat round; her eyes blue; her hair blonde—a good deal in a Nordic world.

Her wit is keen. Once, when a cat wandered onstage during her performance, she saved the situation by saying sweetly, "This is supposed to be a monologue, not a catalogue." The line might apply to most of her own afternoon teas.

And—to Oliver's lasting dismay—she is practical.

A Pony Statesman

James J. Walker

A small man, physically, Mr. Walker, minority leader in the New York State Senate: a demi-tasse among legislators more at home with mustache cups. His face is thin; his features sharp, and his cheeks have the perennially youngish tint of the juvenile who bounds onstage as the chief chorine shrills: "Oh, girls, here comes the Prince now." Along Broadway he would pass unnoticed, or in an Equity meeting. Among a convention of Baptists he would command recurring glances.

He is a rarity at Albany, for he has intelligence and a liberal outlook. It is Jimmy Walker who meets the perpetual onslaughts of the side-burned shocked troops of reform. He is as effective a public speaker as George M. Cohan was a hoofer—and for much the same reason. He likes prize fights, perhaps too well for his political good.

Friends expect, Fourteenth Street willing, that James J. Walker one day will be His Honor, the Mayor of the City of New York. The Governorship is not likely. Those regions known privately to the Senator as "the sticks" are slow to approve a statesman who seems to be clothed in the New York manner, or copyright, 1925, Hart, Schaffner & Marx.

Shoestrings and "Vons"

Josef von Sternberg

Joseph Sternberg drifted from the East Side, via Broadway, to Hollywood, a well-frayed shoestring pinned carefully in an inner pocket. He returns Josef von Sternberg, the "von" having blossomed under the beneficence of the Californian sun.

Out of experiences with butterfly movie companies, he wrought "The Salvation Hunters," one of the most-discussed of the current reticent dramas. Forty-seven hundred dollars was Mr. Sternberg's producing capital, garnered in reluctant fives, tens and twenties by a native salesmanship which would see nothing incongruous in attempting to peddle grand pianos from a pushcart. The players were extra people, paid often enough in shares. One actor of reputation, employed for a day, received the hundred dollars he demanded in silver. He did not appear next morning, which forced the producer to double for the avaricious star and incidentally to be photographed in deep shadows, a touch certain reviewers have deemed the imprint of true artistry.

The finished film was shown to Messrs. Fairbanks and Chaplin, who lent to its distribution their prestige.

Broadway glories in this triumph of supreme egotism, but it can't quite forgive the conqueror his "von."

A Boon to Babbits

THE after dinner speech is one of the few surviving economic wastes that have eluded the efficiency man. It is a big problem. Every night we squander hours and hours of the high-powered business man's time, and give him nothing for it. Yet there must be after dinner speeches, for if there were not how could we excuse public dinners? And if there were no public dinners how could we meet the buyer for the M. Klein store and expose the jovial nature that possesses our soul after business hours?

I have devised a solution. It is to issue a neat little code book, with key words for the speakers and the corresponding speech printed in full, for the benefit of the rising generation and of those old hands who may want to refresh their memories from time to time. The speaker would shout out the code word instead of the speech.

It should work this way:

As the diners were gulping the last of the spumoni, to keep the waiters from snatching it, there would be a tap of the gavel and President Morris Lefkowitz of Lefkowitz & Connelly would bob up and say, "Service, etc." and sit down. And everyone would know that this signified "My friends, I cannot help feeling that business today is something more than the mere pursuit of the dollar, the quest of profits, the beating of the other fellow. I prefer to express the function of business, not in that word 'dollars,' not in that word 'profits,' but in another and finer word————" and so on.

Other speakers would follow, something like this:

The Rev. James Stone would rise, beam round the table for a moment and say, "Not prepared to speak. True religion—make more money." Then Ex-Circuit Judge Oliver McCracken would be called upon and with a twinkle in his eye and a pair of spectacles in one hand, would observe "Hip-pocket joke. Bankruptcy laws." He would be followed by Lazarus Gutman of the Publicity Bureau, who would say briskly, "Business in cycles. Prosperity stuff. Message to Garcia." James F. Portley, Congressman, and guest of the Secretary, Julius Rosenbaum, would then rise. He would say, "Not prepared to speak. True patriotism—make more money."

After tumultuous applause and the playing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" the big event would arrive. The Treasurer would pass a little package to the Secretary who, after silence was restored, would shout, "Man worth while —Man with smile. Unswerving devotion. Gold watch."

President Lefkowitz would take the watch and remark with unsteady voice, "Surprised, etc.," and all would sing, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

With a good football coach as toastmaster this drill should not take more than eight minutes, after which, without loss of time, we could start calling Klein's buyer "Max" and noting with joyful tears that for the first time he addresses us as "Ben."

—Ernest F. Hubbard

The Distance Fiend

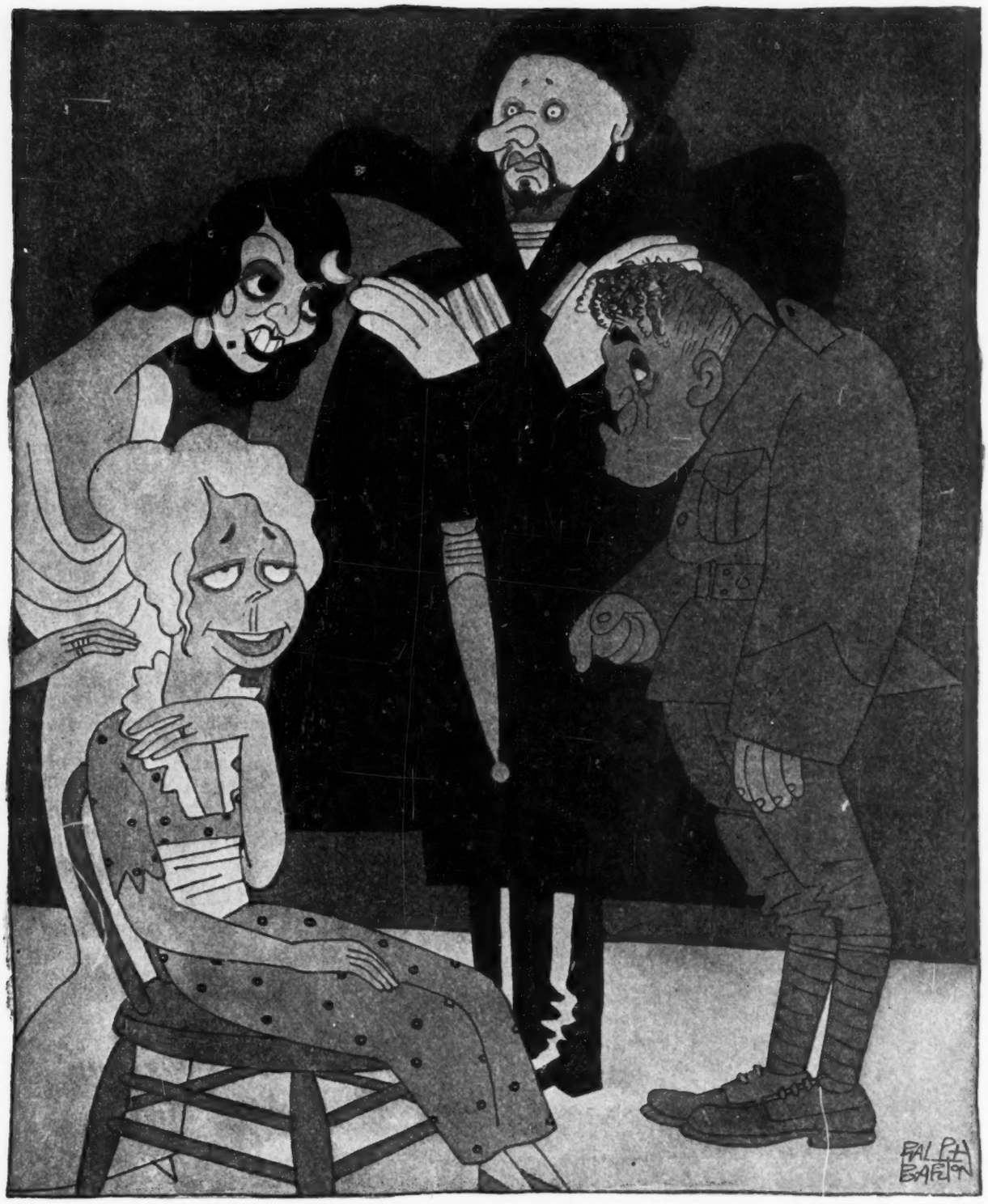
HE was a distance fiend,
A loather of anything near.
Though Woof had a singer of opera fame,
And Wow a soprano of national name,
He'd pass them both up for a Kansas quartet
A thousand miles off and hence "harder to get."
New York was too easy to hear.
He was a distance fiend.

He was a distance fiend,
His radio ruling his life.
When he and his family went to the play,
He'd take them to Yonkers instead of Broadway.
The show being over, he'd blow to a bite
In far Staten Island, that very same night.
God pitied his daughter and wife,
He was a distance fiend.

He was a distance fiend.
Alas, but he died one day.
Saint Peter obligingly asked would he tell
His choice of a residence—Heaven or Hell?
He replied, with a show of consistency fine:
"Good sir, you have hit on a hobby of mine.
Which place is the farthest away?"
He was a distance fiend.

—A. H. Folwell

"What's th' drunk's name, Reilly?"
"Dunno, serjeant. He claims he's a unidentified body!"



SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

A Résumé of the Present and Rapidly Aging Theatrical Season

It is perhaps as well, before the Clean Books Bill is presented to the Legislature, and in order to prepare for what may come to us in future first nights, to take one glance backward at what the current dramatic season has already offered. As we remember it:

Captain Louis Wolheim (*enters drunk*): "Say, you . . . ! What the . . . . goes on?"
Miss Pauline Lord (*collapses into a chair*): "Oh, it can't be true! I . . . . Dr. Holt . . . . !"
Miss Lenore Ulric: ". . . . . bed . . . . . pyjamas . . . . lingerie."
Miss Lord (*expectantly*): ". . . . . six months . . . . . !"
Mr. Alfred Lunt: "Wiz my own wife! . . . . ! Oh, *Borjzha moi! Borjzha moi! Borjzha moi!*"
Captain Wolheim: "Well, I'm a . . . . . if I ever . . . . . !"
Miss Ulric: " . . . . . stockings . . . . chaise-longue . . . . evening."

The missing dialogue will be supplied by Plymouth, Klaw, Booth and Belasco Theatres, or by your own bootlegger.—R. B.

SAY what you will—and who has a better right?—about the present theatrical season, it has been a great little year for sex. The producers have gone in for it, not in the ecstatic, young-Shelley manner, but in a good, practical way. And, as history has so often shown us, there is big money in it. Mr. David Belasco, who gave us "The Harem," "Ladies of the Evening," and "The Dove," confided to the public press that whenever he passes what he adroitly nicknames "a little painted lady," he takes off his hat. He ought to throw it in the air.

Even some of our first ladies of the stage have taken it up,—oh, in a nice way, of course, covering it genteelly with frills of imitation lace and sprays of artificial roses. Thus, Miss Jane Cowl, in "The Depths," does, it is true, play a h-rl-t, but with what a heart of gold, with what a gift for discoursing on love and lust, with what a penchant for gazing upon a picture of the Madonna! Surely, you will concede, there is not a headache in a barrelful of that. Come and bring Aunt Fannie.

And Miss Grace George, in her own adaptation of Paul Geraldy's "She Had to Know"—a name which many of our theatre-goers are having such an amusing time getting mixed up with that other little dandy in the way of titles, "They Knew What They Wanted"—is giving a charming and highly skillful performance in a comedy about a lady who seeks to find out whether or not she has sex appeal, answer yes or no. But, we can't add quickly enough, this is referred to throughout only as "appeal"; that one little word of three letters that has made so many the happiest man in the world is delicately omitted.

"She Had to Know" is decidedly amusing, although it does get a bit—shall we say tenuous? We'd just as soon, if you would. It is the sort of well-mannered piece that ought to have Bruce McRae in it, and, oddly enough, always does have him.

In "The Dark Angel," sex does not form the plot of the piece. There is, now that we recall it, that playwrights' snug harbor, the Misstep, taken, as is customary, when the heroine was but a slip of a girl—there's the joke in there somewhere, but it really wouldn't pay you for your time. But, these days, what's a misstep, between friends? "The Dark Angel" is primarily a play, and an interesting one, too, of sentiment and noble natures and courage and titled British rotters and all sorts of grand things.

It is the story, not to keep you waiting, of the blinded soldier who gives her up to the other man. In tribute to the author, we bashfully admit that we wept, and lavishly: on the other hand, it is but fair to confess that we are that way. All you have to do is drop a hat, and if we are in any kind of form we will break down and cry like a little tired child. At any rate, we paid tears to "The Dark Angel." Take it or leave it or good red herring.

The author, Mr. Trevelyan—which name, they do say, is artfully composed of the letters forming the words "Guy Bolton"—has told his tale with skill, and flashes of curious beauty, and engaging comedy lines; and, also, with occasional outbursts about the primroses and linnets and the little Jenny Wrens, during which it is always your privilege to get under your seat and play cat's cradle. Patricia Collinge, who has given away a large block of her surplus sweetness to some poor family, does fine work as the heroine, and Reginald Mason is entirely good as the blinded soldier. There are entertaining bits, too, by Joan MacLean and Auriol Lee. In short, an interesting evening, or we are a toe dancer.

Representing the revue world, in the new entertainments, is the practically annual Miss Elsie Janis, in, to date, the best of her shows, which some mental giant has entitled "Puzzles of 1925." It has Jimmy Hussey, a perfectly elegant jazz band, and Miss Janis in amazing impersonations of people heretofore considered inimitable. Miss Janis, besides being the major portion of the works of the show, has produced it herself, and has even gone so far as to make up its lyrics, apparently out of what was left in the icebox after Sunday night's supper.

—LAST NIGHT

The New Plays

THE DOVE. *At the Empire. Mr. Belasco shooting the works on a new Willard Mack script.*

THE DARK ANGEL. *At the Longacre. An interesting play of postwar England showing the effect of demobilization and Michael Arlen on Guy Bolton.*

THE RAT. *At the Colonial. An Apache melodrama palpably written by a seasoned emotional actress and a comely movie actor.*

THE GOOD BAD WOMAN. *At the Comedy. One of those plays that calls a spade a dirty lousy spade.*

LOGGERHEADS. *At the Cherry Lane. One of those Irish plays entirely that need not have been produced at all, at all.*

ON DIT

The playboy of the New York *Sun*, who yields only to Mrs. Janis (and then only after a scuffle) in his admiration for Elsie Janis, did permit himself some mild parenthetical carping in his review of her gay extravaganza now prospering at the Fulton. There ought, he said, to be some word about her lyrics. And the word, he feared, would be the word "appalling." This heretical utterance was duly quoted in the advertisements on the following Sunday — the advertisement having been composed by none other than Charles B. Dillingham, who used to be dramatic editor of the same *Evening Sun* himself in the days when Charlotte Cushman was playing Peter Pan. Mr. Dillingham, at times the most pouty, but ever and always the most waggish of the producers, did take the precaution to make a slight change in the utterance before paying for its repub-

lication. He changed the word "appalling" to "appealing."

Mr. Dillingham's "Peter Pan," with Marilyn Miller heading the charge, has moved on to Boston and he is meditating on a revival of "The Little Minister." The town has been rife with rumors that the leading roles of that earlier Barrie comedy would be recklessly entrusted to Ruth Chatterton and Master Ralph Forbes. If Mr. Dillingham finds himself still alive after that venture, it is probable that he will embark at once on a revival of all the Barrie masterpieces with the following stars:

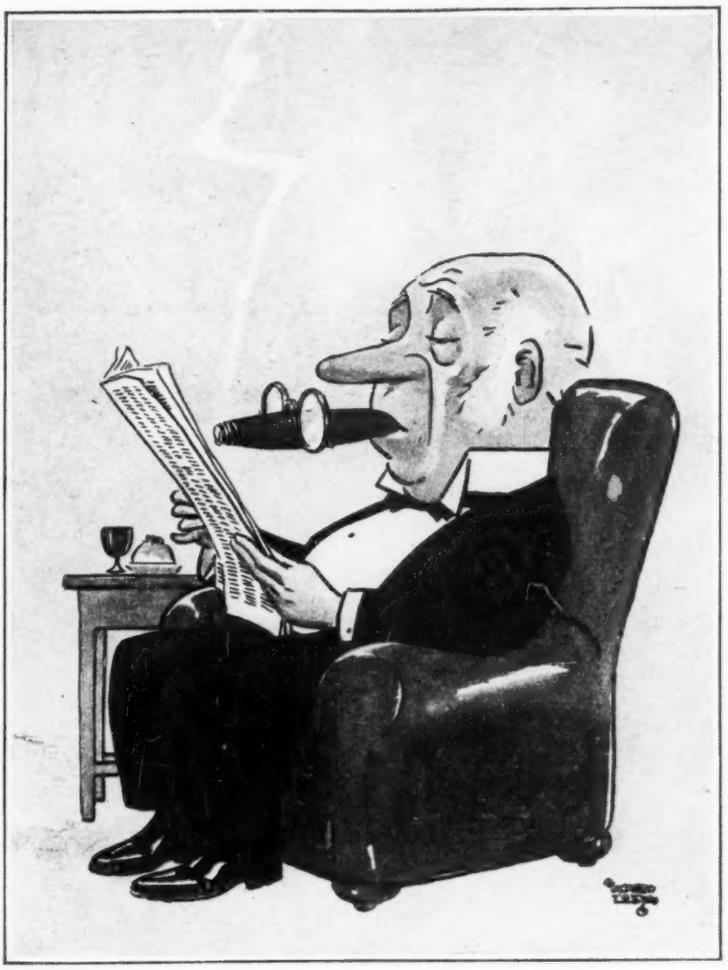
Marie Dressler as Phoebe Throessel in "Quality Street"; Maurice and Hughes in the leading roles in "What Every Woman Knows"; Sophie Tucker in "The Legend of Leonora"; Jimmie Hussey in "The Admirable Chrichton."

And while Mr. Forbes is rehearsing the part of Gavin Dishart, there is another rumor that Mr. Dillingham himself will join the Marilyn Miller company to play the role of Michael.

For a proper understanding of the ensuing anecdote, it is necessary to know that Heywood Broun, dramatic critic of the *World*, is nevertheless a person of consequence in the eyes of Morris Gest and that further the same Gest attaches to the good opinion of Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the New York *Times*, a value reserved by the rest of us for our right eyes. Further, that Heywood Broun objects violently to audience conversation in his vicinity during the course of a play.

At the opening of the Chauve Souris, at the Forty-Ninth Street Theatre, Broun was greatly annoyed by the incessant chattering of a theatre-goer directly behind him. (It was, to put an end to the suspense, Adolph S. Ochs.) Seeking counsel in between the acts, Broun was maliciously advised to protest to Gest. Which he did, but unfortunately Mr. Gest, though in complete ignorance of the source of Broun's annoyance, merely advised him to speak harshly to the culprit.

Thereby, alas, was lost what would have been the most enjoyable scene of the dramatic decade. The imagination can conjure up no happier picture than that of Mr. Gest rushing madly down the aisle, intent upon throwing bodily out of the theatre the person who was so offending the powerful Mr. Broun of the *World*. Only upon discovering that the culprit was the Mr. Ochs of the *Times*, from whom all first-page blessings flow, to turn about and summarily eject Broun.



Flor de Pince Nez

Life of a Popular Song

Written, in Tin Pan Alley, on Monday.

Published, in Tin Pan Alley, Tuesday.

Tried out Wednesday.

Broadcast to the uttermost parts of the earth and half way to Mars on Thursday.

Popular Friday.

No Sales on Saturday.

Canned on Sunday.

From the Opinions of a New Yorker

New York is noisy.

New York is overcrowded.

New York is ugly.

New York is unhealthy.

New York is outrageously expensive.

New York is bitterly cold in winter.

New York is steaming hot in summer.

I wouldn't live outside New York for anything in the world.—C. G. S.

The Painted Lily

A Portrait

Due to the fiction of devilishness built around her, she feels it necessary to assume an attitude of complete innocence—so complete, in fact, that the word ignorance might be more appropriate. Her best lines are: "I adore chinchilla," "Champagne, please," and "Do you really love me?" She prefers taxis to street cars, and Rolls-Royces to taxis. Her favorite resorts are the Ritz and Reno, and she is mad about caviar. Some day she is going to play Ophelia, but in the meanwhile she expects to land a small part in "Naughty Nellie's Knee." She is invariably late for an appointment, and has usually forgotten something vitally important—not infrequently herself.

—C. G. S.

Mother Goose on the Radio

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn.
Sheep in the meadow, cows in the corn!
. . . But Little Boy Blue to the town had flown
To toot his horn to a microphone.

I don't know what I shall do, Amelia, when I think of you alone in Paris

Highlights

A SPORTING Club on the East Side; the crowd mills at the door cap and sweater: policemen, uptown sportsmen, truck-drivers, debutantes, newsboys, longshoremen smelling of oil. . . . Orange and black posters with staring headlines and photographed pugilists in trunks cry the attractive bouts within. . . .

Steady roar of voices, cat-calls, laughter; shadowy hall, wooden benches, sawdust and peanut shells; vast barn cobbled with a thousand pale faces, upturned toward the arena. . . . Two boys fighting without passion, caged gamecocks. . . . Roped dais under clustered lights, dirty white canvas, sweating referee. White torsos dancing, round brown fists flaying. . . . Vivid jab, answering flow of blood; eager cries from many throats "—the eye! Get him in the eye, why doncha?" Second blow and a spatter of blood; red smears now like war paint wherever the soaked glove strikes . . . "ya got him goin', kid! Put him in the cellar, Georgie! Haymakers, Georgie! Wipe off that smile, come on, bust him. . . ."

Scuffle, slaps, panting gasps, the squeak of resin soles on the canvas; a lady with iron-grey hair stops chewing gum to yell: "Kill him, Georgie!" . . . Rippling backs take highlights, biceps swell, chests bunch with square muscle . . . strike, parry, clinch, separate . . . slugging toe to toe, blood, silk loin cloths spotted red. . . . S u d d e n leather, shuddering impact, sagging knees and the joyful screams. Hard as a heel the second glove kicks wet flesh . . . the reeling canvas and the falling ceiling; prostrate, squirming . . . fists clenched above him pawing to hit again . . . "five! six!" . . . brute agony, straining to rise . . . "seven! eight!" . . . pulpy face ground into the canvas . . . "nine! ten!" Beaten . . . in Manly Art.

—Corey Ford

Magic a la Mode

(Being a Few Up-to-the-Minute Tricks for the Modern Supper Restaurant-Goer)

The Disappearing Highballs.
The Fade Away Coin.
The Elusive Waiter.
The Diminishing Flask.
The Multiplying Dancers.
The Transparent Federal Agent.
The Invisible Napkin.
The Vanishing Overcoat.
The Changed Hat.
The Flying Taxi.—C. G. S.

The Old Guard Passes

I THOUGHT at first it was a funeral—this solemn procession of men pacing in single file up Fifth Avenue, led by a band playing Chopin's "Funeral March." Each member of this parade was wearing a crape arm band. And to each was neatly tied a small can.

I recognized the first two men in line. They were Norman Hapgood and Mark Sullivan. Behind them came others, keeping the single file formation, and each wearing the crape and the tied-on can. They stretched away for blocks and blocks. At intervals came other bands, one playing "Goodbye Forever!" and another "He Walked Right In, and He Turned Around, and He Walked Right Out Again."

After this procession had been passing my given point of vision for an hour and three quarters, I could endure my ignorance no longer.

"Who are they, anyhow?" I asked the Man Who Knows Everything.

"Don't you know?" He smiled pityingly at my denseness. "Those are the various editors of *Collier's Weekly* during recent years."

"But why has each one got a can tied to him?"

"That's symbolic."

And now, after one hour and fifty-two minutes the parade was coming to an end. The last two in line I recognized as Richard Walsh and Loren Palmer. After a short interval came a lone figure wearing no crape nor can. The Man Who Knows Everything explained: "Chap named Chenery—the latest and present editor."

He wore a perplexed but determined look and was preceded by a band playing "What'll I Do?" My companion got from his hip a small flask and before drinking raised it aloft in a toast:—"To another brave man!" With similar respect I bared my head as he went by.—Etaoin Shrdlu.

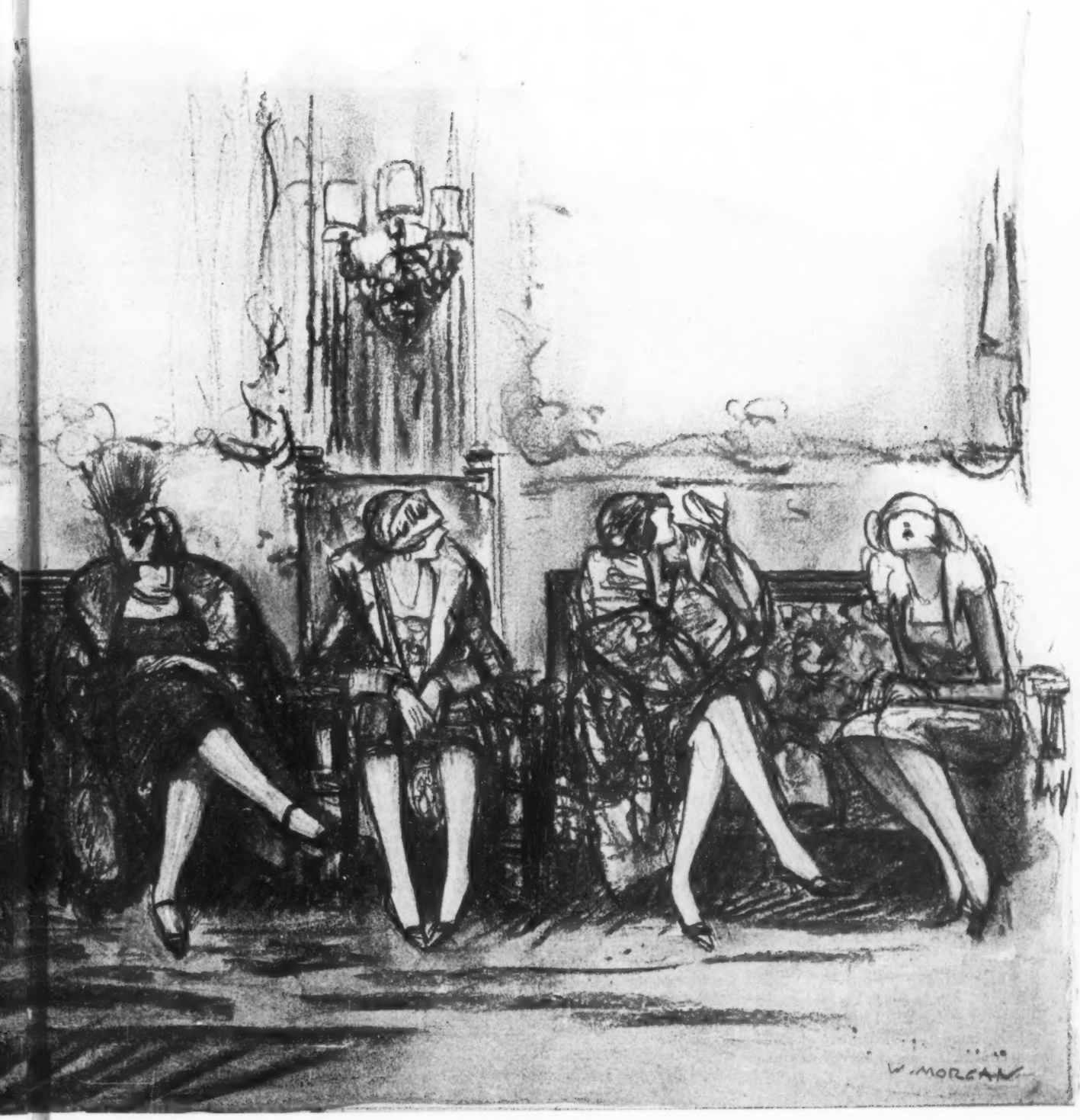
The Spiritist

"Scoffers! Unbelieving Dullards! I tell you with the utmost sincerity that I have pierced the hideous shroud of Death: that I bring you salvation from a fear older than man: that I have resolved an enigma as incomprehensible as life itself — and you stand there grinning at me!

"Cannot your narrow minds conceive the thought that I have a perception that is totally lacking in yourselves?

"Doubters! Enter this room with me: sit silent: and be awed while Julius Caesar upsets a table, and Cleopatra whistles through her teeth!"

The lead



Head Line

Among Those Absent

What the *Tribune* describes as a "small dance" and "housewarming" was—according to the same eminent authority—attended by the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Craven, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Cruger, Mr. and Mrs. John Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. Rube Goldberg, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Case, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Seldes, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky, Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bayard Swope, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Young, Mr. and Mrs. Efrem Zimbalist, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Barry, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dougherty, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lunt, Mr. and Mrs. Burton Rascoe, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Gest and Mrs. Paul Whiteman.

Also, the Misses Edna St. Vincent Millay, Katharine Cornell, Ann Andrews, Ruth Chatterton, Adele Astaire, Gertrude Bryan, Elise Bartlett, Alice Brady, Margaret Case, Ina Claire, Lucrezia Bori, Pearl Eaton, Mary Ellis, Margalo Gillmore, Myra Hampton, Leonora Hughes, Violet Heming, Julia Hoyt, Fannie Hurst, Helen Ford, Frieda Inescourt, Elsie Janis, Beth Martin, Kathlyne Martyn, Grace Moore, Margaret Mower, Florence Nash, Mary Nash, Rachel Crothers, Rosamund Pinchot, Phyllis Povah, Genevieve Tobin, Jobyna Howland, June Walker, Justine Johnstone, Bebe Daniels, Blythe Daly, the Duncan sisters and Billie Burke; also, the Messrs. Eugene Boissevain, Ralph Forbes, Guthrie McClintic, Walter F. Wanger, Jascha Heifetz, Miguel Covarrubias, Christian Brinton, Geoffrey Kerr, Messmore Kendall, George Gershwin, Avery Hopwood, Joseph Schildkraut, Pedro de Cordoba, Jose Alessandro, Fred Astaire, Marc Connelly, Rawlins Cottenet, Frank Crowninshield, Laurence Stallings, John Drew, Arnold Genthe, Maurice, Louie Wiley, Kenneth McKenna, Philip Merrivale, Edward Steichen, George Jean Nathan, Frank Pollock, Tom Powers, S. Jay Kaufman, James Reynolds, Arthur Samuels and Dwight Taylor.

Indeed, a veritable galaxy of good looks and talent. Nevertheless, it occurred to us to ask several persons of broad experience if they could think of anybody not in this list who might well have been included:

Mayor Hylan—Wasn't William Randolph Hearst asked?

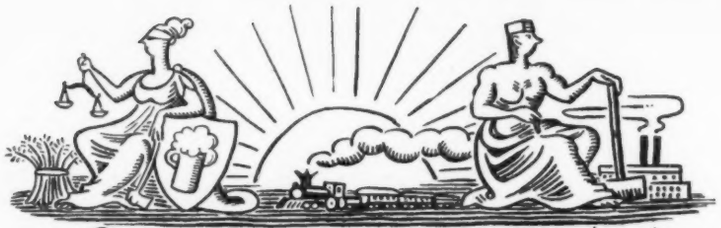
Kenneth MacGowan—Do you mean to tell me that von Schwartzenapfelpfannkuchen, the inventor of the new invisible scenery, wasn't there?

Frank Hedley—I suppose seating accommodations were limited, but just the same I believe the Public should have been asked.

David Belasco—It would have been a very beautiful thing to have included among the guests one of those nameless little ones from among the Rosy Sisters of the Streets. Or failing that, they should have had the Seven Muses and a National Cash Register.

Benny Leonard—I was sorry they didn't ask Mother.

President Coolidge only compressed his lips and shook his head. Upon being urged, however, he condescended to say that in his opinion probably a good time was had by all.



In Our Midst

Don Marquis sort of satisfied a boyhood dream when he playacted as a bartender at a "pipe night" down at the Players. Don's just been seriously noticed by "Doc" S. P. Sherman, but it don't seem to have gone to his head much yet.

John Farrar didn't have enough to do lately editing the *Bookman*, lecturing in department stores, writing poetry and plays and other material and so he's taken on acting as general head of George H. Doran and Company, which may manage to keep him busy enough during week days.

Dame Rumor hath it that Dave Wallace wrote a sharp letter to George B. Shaw recently telling that writer just what street he got off at. Don't be intimidated, Dave, is what we say.

A. E. Thomas, playwright, is about to leave for somewhere in the south of France. Lucky Gus, is the way we phrase it.

Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart seems to have worked pretty well eastward on his lecture tour, judging by the telegrams received from him by his numerous friends in this city. The telegrams are mostly non-committal but the date line always tells where they are from.

Frazier Hunt got back from London last week and had a get-together meeting with William Slavens ("Bill") McNutt. "Bill" is now in the country.

Crosby Gaige, of here and Peekskill, is leaving for Miami next week to join the pleasure seekers in the sunny southland.

Newt Baker climbed on to a railroad lunch counter stool the other day and ordered coffee. Newt isn't very tall and his head didn't come much above the counter and the waiter hollered, "Want cream in it, kid?" Newt never has been able to laugh off the army's commissioning Corporal Clarke a corporal.

Al ("Mr. A. J.") Frueh, the well known picture drawer, is taking some time off from his artistic duties to build a new top story to his house at 34 Perry Street, same worrying the owners of the Woolworth Bldg. not a little, as this is the sixteenth time Al has built a new top story.

Jerome ("Jerry") D. Kern was in town one day buying some second-hand books.

Laurence Stallings has "gone into celluloid," as the fellow said once. He's out in California writing a scenario on terms which are rumored to be highly satisfactory.

Saml. Hopkins Adams and wife of Auburn (this State) are in town for the cold spell, doing a lot of entertaining and going out to dinner and one thing and another, they being very popular members of the Younger Set.

Harvey O'Higgins, the book writer, and Mrs. O'H., are in town, delighting their many friends, Harve being the kind of writer who is also an author.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's memorial at St. Nazaire will be a statue of an eagle carrying a doughboy carrying a crusader's sword. The idea sounds quite artistic.

Henry Hunt, who accepted a half a dozen cups and saucers in return for a Wheatley edition of Pepys' Diary, has not yet delivered same, according to his victim, Mr. Ralph Hayes.

Yr. corres. has finally found where Deems Taylor's office is and what his hours are. He has a nice, comfortable desk at the Telegraph Co.'s office at 41st and B'way, and can be seen there almost any night from 11:05 to 11:30.

John Judkins returned from the recent auto show in Chicago all set up because the *Drake Hotel News* described him as "one of those straightforward fine types of Yankees that make us all proud to be Americans."

Tammany Young kicked up a big fuss at the Commodore the other night when he tried to crash into the Jewish Theatrical Dinner one week after it had taken place. Tam considers he made a fool of himself.

Those are pretty clever and interesting stories about married life that Mrs. Vi Shore is writing for *Liberty*. Yr. corres. wonders if Mr. Shore reads them.

Max Lief has accepted a position on the *Daily News* where he has assumed duties of Dramatic Editor.

Miss Norma Talmadge, who is making good on the silver screen, has come back from Europe with a new French bob with bangs and looks more pert than ever.

She Presents the Flock

OH, Mr. Presby, I'm *so* glad you've come at last. We've been looking forward to this week-end for *ever* so long. A. J. has come home so often without you, after saying you *were* coming that I can *hardly* believe you're here. Yes—I know—business is so—yes—so busy and confining. Oh you men—nothing on your minds but business.

"Well, first of all you *must* meet our little flock. A. J. told me you were crazy about kiddies, didn't you A. J.? Come here dears. Careful now about our good manners. This is Junior, he's our oldest. Of course he's named for A. J. Isn't it funny, I've called my husband A. J. ever since we were first married? I never think of calling him Albert, A. J.'s more of a pet name than anything else, I guess. Anyway this is little Albert J. and we call him Junior.

And *this* is Sister. She's nearly seven. Her real name is Emily Lillian but A. J. insists we shall call her Sister. Then this is Brother. I just told A. J. if he wanted to call Emily Lillian, Sister, I intended to call Donald—that's his real name—Brother. I know you don't blame me, do you Mr. Presby?

"And finally this is Lover, our baby. He's nearly three, but our baby just the same. His really-truly name is Douglas but Dudla is as near as he ever comes to it. His Gobba, as he calls his Grandmother—Oh dear, I'm so scared about his precious adenoids — nicknamed him Lover before his first birthday because ever since he was *just* a baby, he has been so cuddly and loving. Say 'How-do,' Lover. Isn't he darling."—C. KNAPP

Fifth Avenue at 3 p. m.

Limousines, taxi-cabs, busses, chorus girls, dowagers, errand boys, débutantes, men-about-town, advertising agents, sight-seers, actors, art dealers, foreign lecturers, college boys, moving picture stars, diplomats, policemen, hat shops, jewelers, hotels, banks, picture galleries, milliners, interior decorators, book shops, photographers, restaurants, clubs, department stores, ... an occasional private residence.

"—sailing on the Mauretania next Tuesday."

"—there's that girl that dances in the Follies."

"—no, but I'm going to-morrow night."

"—will you just look at those stockings."

"—we can cross now."

"—I'll make Tom get it for me."

"—exactly like that hat of Violet's."

"—I forget what his name is."

"—no, she's getting a divorce."

UNCLE: *Poor girls, so few get their wages!*
FLAPPER: *So few get their sin, darn it!*

Short-Story Scenarios

I have not the inclination nor the ability to write fiction. I was about to say that I hadn't the time; but that is the greatest fiction there is, for I waste enough time in a year, telling my fiction-writing friends plots, to write two long novels and ten short stories myself.

Hereafter, however, I shall set my ideas down here, and any fiction writer who is pressed for plots may help himself.

I.

English class in women's college. Day's discussion concerns redundancy. Each student required to cite example of redundancy. One girl writes "Foolish virgin." She is expelled from college.

II.

A man who has great fear of the letter of the law. As a child he always heeded the Keep Off the Grass signs. If the sign in the car said Passengers Are Not Allowed to Ride on the Platform, he would walk rather than violate what he considered the law. He never disregarded a No Parking or a No Smoking sign. Rather than use a pass that said Not Transferable he would pay his way, or forego the ball game.

One morning, after twelve years of riding to his office in an elevator that bore a sign reading Conversation with the Elevator Man Forbidden he said, as he was alighting, "It's a nice day." "Sure is," responded the elevator man.

Noticing that the elevator did not drop to the ground, and that the building did not immediately crumble, he came emboldened. In a few days he was smoking in spite of the printed admonition. He rode on the platform of a subway car; he parked his automobile next to a No Parking sign; etc. Nothing untoward happened, and he was happier than he ever had been.

Encouraged by his success, he works up from signs to the Decalogue. The First, the Second . . . he has just shattered the Sixth Commandment.

He is at a party, being introduced.

"I want you to meet Mrs. Rosenthal," says the hostess.—F. P. A.

A Local Need

Of program novelties the gem
Is "Bed Time Tales" at 8 a. m.
A daily feature, new and bright,
For weary souls who work all night.

CHAUFFEUR HELD AS BANDIT
—Heading in the *Herald Tribune*.
The start of a long-needed crusade.

MUSIC

NEW YORK has heard the last of Stravinsky, *propria persona*, for that provocative visitor is appearing as guest conductor and pianist out where the West begins, but Prince Igor has left behind him plenty of matter for debate. There is, for example, his piano concerto, introduced under auspices of Mr. Mengelberg and the Philharmonic Orchestra. At a first hearing, the first movement seemed to be a free fantasia on a funeral march; the second, a conventional slow movement, somewhat out of focus; the third, a medley in which "The Star Spangled Banner" was waved briefly. Yet a second hearing hinted at something more important, for through the amusing surface sounds of the work came a voice that sounded like Stravinsky. Possibly this concerto could be played every night for a week over the radio for the benefit of the critically disposed, for it cannot be digested at one meal. The lay knob-twister, however, would wonder at the strange quality of the transmission.

Henry Cowell who introduced "tone clusters" to New York last season has returned, bearing thunder sticks, which, according to W. J. Henderson, sound "like a double bass mourning for its first born," made their debut at one of the musicales of the International Composers' Guild. Mr. Cowell and two assistants twirled these musical kites while a small orchestra, conducted by the latest guest conductor, Vladimir Shavitch, performed more conventional matter by Mr. Cowell. The end of Mr. Cowell's stick declined to be party to the affair, and flew off the handle, seeking refuge in the general direction of Lawrence Gilman. Now, if Mr. Cowell were to begin twirling pianos he probably could be certain of a sold-out house.

Suggestion to live insurance company: Why not sell accident insurance with concert tickets?

Fritz Kreisler, whose violin mastery remains undisputed, must be set down as a box-office miracle man. His first recital this season was sold out before any announcement of it was made. The date was known only to Mr. Kreisler, his manager and the Carnegie Hall box-office. Yet all of the tickets were sold to enterprising persons—some 3,000 of them—who inquired of the inimitable Heck Brothers of Carnegie Hall when Mr. Kreisler would appear. Kreisler, by the way, is probably the only artist in the world who can sell out concert after concert without announcing in advance his program.

Mme. Leginska, the evanescent pianist, has described her disappearance as a lapse of memory, and perhaps she who lapse last lapse best, for Leginska is as noted now as Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dempsey. The facts in the case probably never will be established, and there are those who hint that the Madame's loss of memory was a shrewd bit of publicity. 'Tis said that she thought of some such idea shortly after her second debut. (This is accurate verbiage. The lady had a first debut under her given name and another under her taken name.) She was dissuaded then, but this time—?

It is intimated also that the Madame really gave way to that dread of reviewers which now and then obsesses every artist. According to this story, she feared the strictures of a prominent critic who had flayed her when he was writing reviews in another city and who had had harsh words for her conducting. Her perturbation, it is assumed, caused the nervous flurry which started her on her travels. The finale to the story would have pleased O. Henry, for the much feared critic was not in Carnegie Hall on the night of the concert. He was at home, stricken, we are told, with indigestion.

Fritz Kreisler

To the simile collection we must add a new one: "As friendless as a German tenor at the Metropolitan Opera House." The two young men who have sung Wagnerian tenor roles before the Golden Horse Shoe this season have absorbed the most noteworthy pomade of dispraise which our critics have prepared in many moons. Apparently the worst thing that can be said about a German tenor is that he sings like a German tenor.

The best German tenor in the Metropolitan company is the ever admirable Edward Johnson, who is also the best French tenor, and, in many respects, the best Italian tenor. "Eddie" was famous in Italy for his performances in "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan und Isolde" and "Parsifal," but New York has not heard him in these operas. Johnson has sung Wagnerian roles in Italian only and polyglot performances are taboo at the Metropolitan, although unintentionally polyglot versions occasionally are heard. Probably the task of restudying the roles in German appalls the gifted tenor. And well it might!—Con Brio

The Optimist

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in a par.

Johnny: What is an optimist, pop?

THERE are still a few days for those of you who got on soap boxes during the war and made minute speeches about the English speaking races, to view the Retrospective Exhibition of British Paintings at the Grand Central Art Galleries. If you are a person who quit trading with the corner grocer because you believed him a German spy, you will enjoy this exhibit. We can't imagine how one can enjoy it on any other grounds save those of intense Anglicism. A placard with sufficient fairness warns you that this exhibit is held in the interest of further cementing the bonds of the English speaking races.

Getting back to the war again, we personally feel that most of this exhibit was chosen by a committee composed of the Kaiser, the Krupps and the other princes at liberty. Oh yes, the dollar you pay for admission goes to the "Endowment Fund" of the Grand Central Galleries, if you are interested in endowment funds. The catalogues are one dollar, too, so we can't tell you much about the roster.

On a canvas forty feet square, more or less, there is a portrait of an English lady on horseback with all England in the valley back of her. This has the important spot in the show. Down one corridor, in a corner, you will be able to find Hogarth's "The Rake's Progress." If you care for anything later than Ingres, stay at home and let the cement of the English speaking races crumble away.

Speaking of Zuloaga, as half New York did the last month, one must not despise publicity. If one had time he might evolve a formula for successful shows which would run something on this order: "Better a third rate artist and a first rate publicity man than a first rate artist and no publicity man at all." They do say, around about the galleries that there is considerable pique over the tremendous fuss made over the Spaniard's work. There is a moral in it for the American gallery. A race reared on billboards, nourished on Mellen's Food, Quaker Oats and washed with Ivory soap, will never seek its art in dark corners. The members of that race wish to be told about it, they wished to be "sold," as every good Rotarian knows. Let them read about it in the Sunday papers and on the billboards and they will walk a mile for it, even though it be art.

An artist standing in front of the Michael Strange portrait at the Zuloaga show was explaining to his companion that the legend existed that the reason Zuloaga did not paint so well now as in his earlier days, was that he only took up brush when his son wanted money to buy a new motor car. The companion gazed at the bean-pole Hamlet again and opined that young Zuloaga probably decided on a Ford.

The Society of Independent Artists begins its show at the Waldorf, March 6. Here is a group that knows the value of publicity. Perhaps it is never a very attractive goat chosen for the sacrifice, but it suffices to get on the front page and bring thousands to the show. Despised by the old guard, perhaps, but containing always something of merit. A shrewd collector may save himself much by purchasing at the Independent rather than waiting until the artist has gained partial recognition and moved up Fifth.

And speaking of the lower rungs of the ladder, someone with a keen business sense (probably the publicity man), has inaugurated an exhibit at Macy's. Yes, the same place that you get your tinware and your blankets. It is on the sixth floor, buried away of course, and a great secret to all attendants and elevator men.

But as that is the same floor that bears the Sistine Madonna prints and the college pennant pillows, just say "Art" and you will find it. The pictures are small and vary in price from $24.74 to $99.50. There are enough unknowns in the list of forty-two to interest the gambler. And there are some by such good painters as Edgar Melville Ward, Emile Grupper, Richard Lahey, H. E. Schnakenberg, Lucile Blanch and Jane Peterson, who by the way has just sold one of her Turkish sketches to the Brooklyn Museum.

There is always something interesting at Dudensing, patron of the moderns. Perhaps it is the designs of Joseph Stella, always on view or some of his West Virginia drawings. The display is composed of pictures from the League Show.

—FROID

Lyrics from the Pekinese

I.

"We dogs are requested by folks
To contribute our muzzles
Toward silencing tellers of jokes
On those checker-board puzzles.
Such persons,—who give me the blues,—
Should be laden with fetters
And thrown to auks, emus and gnus!
(What's a word of nine letters
Denoting a species of cheese?)"
Said the small Pekinese.

II.

"Our ladies don't mean any harm,
But their swift innovations
One cannot but view with alarm:
Their domestic relations
Are shocking; their language,—oh, hush!
They are bobbing their tresses!
Their dances compel me to blush!
And the backs of their dresses
Are u's where they used to be v's!"
Said the small Pekinese.

III.

"While praising The Theatre Guild
For its pep and tabasco,
The critics have thoroughly grilled
Mr. David Belasco;
Yet shows that are tempting the law,
Uninhibited dramas
With lines that are frightfully raw
And displays of pajamas
And nighties, continue to please."
Said the small Pekinese.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

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.

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 enviably 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—LOEW CIRCUIT—

Frank Norris's "McTeague" transferred to the screen with a large measure of stark honesty. Unrelenting and sordid, if you wish, but a fine effort to get away from the saccharine.

THE LOST WORLD—ASTOR THEATRE.

Through camera trickery, dinosauri and other beasts of the prehistoric past live again. Interesting because it proves that the camera is a liar.

No New York showing of "Peter Pan" this week.

ART

EUGENE SPEICHER.

Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries. Exhibition of new pictures and some of the canvasses shown at the Carnegie show last Autumn.

GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES.

Retrospective exhibition of British Painting in its last week. A poor exhibition with a few high lights.

BARRY FAULKNER SCREENS.

Jacques Seligman Galleries. Beautiful screens shown under direction of Marie Sterner and several society women.

JOSEPH STELLA.

Dudensing Galleries. A series of drawings and some of the decorative paintings by this gifted young American. Nothing quite like Stella among contemporaries.

"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

MISCHA ELMAN QUARTET, Town Hall.

Wednesday evening, Feb. 18. A virtuoso and three other chamber music experts will prove that chamber music isn't only fun for the players.

LENOX STRING QUARTET, Town Hall.

Thursday evening, Feb. 19. Another good little ensemble which overlaps Mischa's crowd at viola and 'cello.

FRITZ KREISLER, Carnegie Hall.

Saturday afternoon, Feb. 21. Carl Lamson, accompanist. You can't get tickets for this, but try to squeeze in somehow.

LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS, Aeolian Hall.

Sunday evening, Feb. 22. Some of it will be good (perhaps Gruenberg's "Daniel Jazz"), some of it won't, but it'll start something.

REINALD WERRENRATH, Carnegie Hall.

Monday afternoon, Feb. 23. Herbert Carrick, accompanist. "Werry" doesn't like to be called a sterling young baritone, but he is, even if he's advertised, justly for once, as an American institution.

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Tuesday evening, *Lucia*; Wednesday afternoon, *Tannhauser*; Wednesday evening, *Falstaff*; Thursday evening, *Giovanni Gallurese* (first performance in America); Friday evening, *Madama Butterfly*; Saturday afternoon, *La Traviata*; Saturday evening, *Boris Goudonoff*.

WITH THE ORCHESTRAS.

Tuesday afternoon, State Symphony, Waghalter conducting, Dohnanyi soloist and guest conductor; Tuesday evening, Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Ornstein soloist; Wednesday evening, Philharmonic Orchestra, Mengelberg conducting (students' concert); Thursday evening, Philharmonic Orchestra, Mengelberg conducting, Flesch soloist; Friday afternoon, Philharmonic Orchestra, Mengelberg conducting, Flesch soloist; Friday evening, State Symphony, Waghalter conducting, Elsa Alsen soloist; Sunday afternoon, Philharmonic Orchestra, Mengelberg conducting.

OTHER EVENTS

DINNER TO GEN. SUMMERALL, Hotel Plaza.

Tuesday, Feb. 17, given by a citizens' committee, Gen. John F. O'Ryan, chairman.

WORLD COURT BALL, Hotel Plaza.

Wednesday, Feb. 18, under direction of Greater New York Branch, League of Nations Non-Partizan Association.

CHARITY BALL, Hotel Astor.

Wednesday, Feb. 18, silver jubilee of New York Chapter, Knights of Columbus.

MOTION PICTURE CARNIVAL, Hotel Plaza.

Thursday, Feb. 19, under auspices of Film Mutual Benefit Bureau.

JUNIOR AID LEAGUE of Lenox Hill Hosp.

Entertainment and dance ("The J L X V Revue"), Hotel Ritz-Carlton, Feb. 19.

MARDI GRAS BALL, Hotel Roosevelt.

Friday, Feb. 20, under auspices of New York Auxiliary, Southern Industrial Educational Society.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON MEMORIAL WINDOW.—

Dedication, Church of the Transfiguration, (Little Church Around the Corner) 1 East 29th St., Friday, 2 p. m., Feb. 20.

Our $25,000.00 Prize Name Contest

First Prize	$12,500.00
Second Prize	19,000.00
Eleven Other Prizes of $100.00 each .	13.00
First Prize	8,000.00
Total	$25,000.00

THE judges, whose names will be announced when their acceptances have been received and they have begun their work, have made their decision. The new name of THE NEW YORKER, thus, will be THE NEW YORKER. This will be in accord with the suggestion of the first prize winner, who submitted the *Country Gentleman;* the second prize winner, who submitted *Cosmopolitan;* and the third prize winner, who submitted the Wilkes-Barre *Chamber of Commerce Whiz-Bang.*

The First Prize—of Three Thousand Dollars in escrow—has been won by Charles Dana Gibson, of No. 115-A Railroad Street.

The name he submitted has been mislaid, but is sure to be found. In compliance with the rules, Mr. Gibson will receive one-third of the sum, which was divided into three parts, since two other people failed to submit a similar title.

The Second Prize—of a year's subscription to *Harper's Weekly*—has been won by Bernarr MacFadden, Seventh Regiment Armory.

The rest of the prizes have been distributed among the judges, under various nom de plumes.

Handsome gifts, the receipt of which should not be too definitely counted upon, the postal service being what it is, have been sent to a lot of other contributors. Inquiries as to their names can not be answered by this office.

John Peter Toohey, first prize winner, snapped before his home at Manhattan Transfer

In all, 154,628 suggestions as to the name of the new magazine were received, 217,614 of them at lunch by the editor.

For a time, it seemed that the *Saturday Evening Post* might be the name selected. This was abandoned, however, when it was learned that the New York *Evening Post* uses a similar name for its Saturday edition. *Vanity Fair,* after a bitter battle, was dropped when critics pointed out that it might easily offend the more sentimental of the older generation.

THE NEW YORKER thanks the participants for their generous economy of time and patience and hopes that its award of prizes corresponds pretty well with what the judges would have recommended.

Please sign and return the coupon at the right and left.

Next week: Our Big Anniversary Number.

Disobey that impulse—send five dollars

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.

Washington Notes

GLEN FRANK, editor of the *Century*, went to the White House and was introduced to the President.

"Pleased to meet you, Dr. Crane," said Mr. Coolidge.

A rough winter on editors. Walter Lippmann, of the New York *World*, called by invitation. It went like this:

The President: Well, Mr. Lippmann, how are things in New York?

Mr. Lippmann: Pretty well, thank you, Mr. President.

A pause.

Mr. Lippmann (by way of opening up a topic): There's a little unemployment up our way and it looks as if it might get serious.

The President: You know, I as talking to Mellon about that last night. He says he thinks he will have it straightened out in a few weeks. (Turning to go) Well, drop in any time you're in Washington and we'll talk these things over.

Does Coolidge ever laugh? He does. What, then, does he laugh at? Well——

On a recent Mayflower cruise he laughed once in three days. It was at dinner one evening. They had strawberry shortcake. According to custom the President was served first. A slice was cut and set before him. Then the whole cake was placed before the lady on the President's right and she was left to shift for herself. She tried to cut a piece but made a mess of it.

"I wonder if this cake is worth such trouble," she grumbled. And, turning to Mr. Coolidge: "But you had yours cut for you!"

This struck the President as funny and he laughed. Not a noisy laugh. Just a couple of chuckles—and his shoulders bobbed up and down.

Now you know as much as anybody.

One day a fairly long while ago Alice Roosevelt called up the White House and said she wished to see Mrs. Coolidge right away. It was a busy day and the White House social secretary asked if to-morrow wouldn't do.

"This can't wait," said Mrs. Longworth. "I'll be right over."

A few minutes later Alice breezed in with the announcement that she was going to have a baby.

A few days later there were luncheon guests at the White House and Mrs. Coolidge, who is a normal sort of person and pretty popular, repeated the big news. Considerable sensation.

"When?" asked someone.

"You know," said Mrs. Coolidge, "I forgot to ask."

"About the middle of February," said Mr. Coolidge, who up to that time had taken no part in the conversation.

The late Henry Cabot Lodge was a commanding figure in the Senate when Calvin Coolidge was the mayor of Northampton. When Mr. Coolidge became President Mr. Lodge was still in the Senate, though more of a fixture than a figure.

Still, there was a lot to Lodge which some people missed. He wasn't so darned high-hatty, for instance, but what he could strike up a comradely fellowship with his junior colleague, the Honorable Dave Walsh, a Democrat.

"Well, Senator," said Mr. Walsh shortly after the advent of Cal, "What do you think of Mr. Coolidge's being in the White House?"

"Well, Senator," replied Mr. Lodge after a long pause, "when you find a man so diligent that he goes out to milk his father's cows in a boiled shirt, and so forehanded that he takes a photographer along, the world will be at some pains to keep him down."

Tip to publishers: Senator Lodge kept a diary, and kept it under special lock and key. Sometimes he would dictate the entries to a secretary, but often he would write them out in long hand. Until he died no eyes but his own had ever seen any of those pages.—QUID

The Man From Bucksport, Maine

The man from Bucksport, Maine, knew all about New York. Had he not seen Personages in the news weekly films backed up against the skyline? Had he not read copies of the *Graphic*?

The man from Bucksport, Me., therefore issued from the Grand Central with *élan*. He slipped unresisting into the same bowellian region (cross wordsters take note of that one) eleven days later filled with the spirit of the vast metropolis. He had seen life. He knew all about Women. He felt the salty tang of pomegranates on his lips. . . . Indeed, yes.

During his stay in our midst he had discovered the following items tending to the advancement of civilization and the enjoyment of life: paper napkins; a show staged personally by Signor Jake Shubert; a baked apple that cost sixty cents; 20-cents-a-mile taxis that click $1.30 between Thirty-first Street and Broadway and Forty-ninth Street and Broadway; Greenwich Villagers, devilish folk, who worked in wholesale lace houses, realtor's offices, retail dry goods emporiums, curio bazaars, down-town garages and Childs' restaurants; the 30-cent shave.

And upon arriving home, the man from Bucksport, Me. became Press Agent No. 5,678,999 for the Greatest Show on Earth!—R. V. H.

IF you like your novels professionally clever and intellectual, the new one for you is Aldous Huxley's. There are at least three of this much-talked-about young Englishman. No. 1: The literary cut-up. No. 2: The young man of learning, who shows it off. No. 3: The very promising writer, afflicted with a mocking distrust of his own gifts.

To us, "Those Barren Leaves" (Doran) is Huxley trying harder than before to get the trio in step and make it do something. Your pleasure in following his effort will depend on whether it flatters or irritates you to pick your way through miles of his mind's choice furniture, and to listen to hours of "classy conversation" among some variously faking "moderns" gathered at a castle in Italy. More than one of them is partly Huxley either airing a line of talk or scoffing at an aspect of himself: for instance, young Chelifer, a futile and disillusioned little poet who has to live by editing the *Rabbit Fanciers' Gazette*. Mr. Cardan, sponge and cynic, begins as a mouthpiece, though he ends as a living being in a fine sardonic episode. Then there is Miss Thriplow, novelist and chameleon, who even in the throes of a, to her, most poignant night of love must make notes for impressive "copy" for her next book.

"Those Barren Leaves" may disappoint devotees of Huxley No. 1. It ought to encourage the rooters for No. 3.

Two solidly interesting new novels are "God's Stepchildren" and "The Matriarch." Both are by women, both trace families through several generations. There similarities end. "God's Stepchildren," by Sarah G. Millin (Boni & Liveright) is a powerful story, *the* story, simple, direct, unfailingly real and not for a sentence dull, of what comes of white-and-black matings in South Africa. It is, of course, tragic. "The Matriarch," by G. B. Stern (Knopf) is high comedy with humor, an exuberantly done inside chronicle of an upper class Jewish family, whose principal branch gets from Austria to England and there smashes under the age-cracked Anastasia's ruinous matriarchy, after which one of her granddaughters picks up pieces to carry on. We can think of no novel not longer that sets as many good characters going and reconciles you as quickly to keeping track of them.

If you are fond of satire, your best fun in that line may be Rose Macaulay's "Orphan Island" (Doran). It has a truly Swift-like scheme and beginning. But the glass is filled up with club soda and grenadine story-telling—not to our taste, which prefers the Swift brand neat. Also, only the cheaper half of that promising scheme ever comes to much. Anyone can play with the poor old mid-Victorian United Kingdom. To have played at the same time with present-day attitudes, in contrast, is the chance the author gave herself and very largely missed.

A far deeper performance, but harder to read and more limited in appeal to Americans, is "Mr. Trimblerigg" (A. & C. Boni), in which Lloyd George is taken to pieces by the "tribal god" who made him, Laurence Housman being the god's amanuensis.

It was painful, but when Cashel Byron's Confessions—that is, Jim Corbett's memoirs—were running in the Saturday Evening Post, most males observed reading that scholarly weekly were glued to them, as we were, and not to any hitherto unpublished poems by Milton that the Post may have staged as prelims. Plainly, Jim's book, "The Roar of the Crowd" (Putnam) is really his, whoever helped him with it, and we enjoyed even his alibis.

And we have had a grand time reading Felix Isman's history, "Weber and Fields" (Boni & Liveright), though we never saw one of its subjects choke the other but once in our life. It is Broadway's own story of Broadway's palmiest days.

Bok the man admits he wearied of Edward Bok the editor. He squelched him by retiring. But Edward the editor gets even by editing parts of Bok's "Twice Thirty" (Scribner's) and making Bok present himself in an Edward's-Home-Journal good light. However, the memories of Presidents and such-like are Bok's and are attractive reading.

Frank Harris used to write brilliant books, and thirty years ago was a great editor. Now, in old age, he is down to writing his extremely private life. Installments of it have leaked in from France, and we're told that on dark nights, what with the ships bringing them and the outbound city garbage scows, the Rum Fleet's judges of literature have been getting all mixed up.—TOUCHSTONE

It is understood that patriotic New Yorkers have uncovered the existence of a prohibition enforcement ring. Prompt action is promised.

Statistical Note: If all the illicitly-carried flasks were laid end to end on the Lincoln Highway, it would be a terribly foolish thing to do.

"Tell Me a Book to Read"

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

THE WHITE MONKEY, by John Galsworthy (Scribner's). Fine by itself, and continues his "Forsyte Saga" to the present time.

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL, by Anna Douglas Sedgwick (Houghton, Mifflin). The pleasant love story, Anglo-French, that is Best-Selling.

A PASSAGE TO INDIA, by E. M. Forster (Harcourt, Brace). A foaming-up of India's race hate, pictured with searching skill.

THE GREEN HAT, by Michael Arlen (Doran). Champagne stuff, sweet but worth drinking, about a light-o'-love and her playmates.

SARD HARKER, by John Masefield (Macmillan). Wild tropical adventure, "unworthy of Masefield," but—try to put it down!

THE OLD LADIES, by Hugh Walpole (Doran). As quiet and unpretentious as its title, and Walpole's best novel.

THE CASK, by Freeman Wills Croft (Seltzer). For detective story fans.

THE HOUSE OF THE ARROW, by A. E. W. Mason (Doran). The first detective story with a gimcrack plot that we have ever liked.

SHORT STORIES

TALES OF HERESAY, by Joseph Conrad (Doubleday, Page). Four, all admirable and easy to read; you needn't be a seasoned Conradian.

THE SHORT STORY'S MUTATIONS, by Frances Newman (Huebsch). Sixteen well-chosen stories illustrate her brilliant theory.

BIOGRAPHIES AND THINGS

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY (Harper). Haphazard recollections and discursions. Much junk, with much pure gold.

A STORY-TELLER'S STORY, by Sherwood Anderson (Huebsch). A lifetime full of day-dreams, most artistically remembered.

WILL ROGERS' ILLITERATE DIGEST (A. & C. Boni). Not as funny as seeing and hearing him; top of the humor heap, nevertheless.

MARBACKA, by Selma Lagerlof (Doubleday, Page). Her story of her youth. Charming, if books ever get to be.

LETTERS FROM THEODORE ROOSEVELT TO ANNA ROOSEVELT COWLES (Scribner's). A side view of T. R. through his own eyes, especially good.

MEMOIRS OF AN EDITOR, by E. P. Mitchell (Scribner's). Dana's *Sun* "shop" and much more. An ideal book to dip in.

Moving Pictures

THE American movie powers-that-be had so little faith in the German made "The Last Laugh" that, when they finally gave it a New York hearing, they put in a vapid "popular" film to attract the public. "The Last Laugh" showed up the American photoplay as infantile stuff. It was written by Carl Mayer, author of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," and is a character study—related without subtitles and wholly in pantomime—of an aged hotel porter disintegrating under the heavy hand of age. The old fellow is superbly done by Emil Jannings, who comes mighty near being the most eloquent cinema actor of any land. Actually, "The Last Laugh" has more to recommend it than fine acting. It is a superb adventure into new phases of film direction. We have never seen the camera made so pliable to moods and moments. Frequently the camera takes the place of the white haired porter and, through the eye of the lens, you see as did the dimmed eyes of the broken old man. "The Last Laugh" is a splendid production.

In interesting contrast to "The Last Laugh" is an American experiment, "The Salvation Hunters," done by one Josef Von Sternberg, who has been a minor film worker in the screen world for some years. When Von Sternberg revealed his finished film to Doug Faribanks, Charlie Chaplin and other eminent thinkers of Hollywood, they fell down and worshipped. Here, they said, was a celluloid epic by a high brow genius. The California intelligentsia jumped to conclusions. "The Salvation Hunters" does not live up to the expectations of its stellar sponsors. Von Sternberg announces that he is filming a thought for the first time and then takes three derelicts, a boy, a girl and a child, through a slow moving episode involving the efforts of a procurer to get possession of the gal. Most of the time the characters sit around and think. Hollywood has been misled by the idea that great drama is gloomy stuff. Thus they looked upon "The Salvation Hunters" as the real thing. We regret to report that it is deadly monotonous, without anything new in story telling, acting or direction. It has just one thing to recommend it. It is an experiment.

One other current movie, "The Lost World," has an idea, i.e., what would happen if explorers should find a secluded nook of the earth where still dwell dinosauri, allosauri, pterodactyls and other monsters of the dim past. Trick photography is utilized to make these weird ancients seem real. Unfortunately the story accompanying this excellent trickery is pallid, indeed. The tribulations of a celluloid cutie are minor items when two brontosauri begin to muss up a whole forest in mortal combat.

Cecil de Mille has left Famous Players and is to be succeeded as director general by David Wark Griffith. Unless you know the men you can not possibly realize just what that statement means. De Mille has ruled the Famous-Lasky "lot" in Hollywood like a god for years.

Through these years Griffith has been getting poorer and poorer. He tried to make pictures as he pleased and spent all his money, along with all the money he could borrow, doing it.

Now Griffith has sacrificed his independence and gone over to the film system as its overlord. The other day he visited the Famous Players' Long Island Studios, prior to taking official charge. The organization turned out to worship as they would have done at the approach of De Mille. Instead, they saw a puzzled, tired and even gaunt figure in an old overcoat and a shabby hat.

There is real significance in the Famous Players' announcement that Kamiyama, a Japanese actor engaged for "East of Suez," is Japan's *second* greatest actor.

Thus subtly does modesty come sweeping down upon Hollywood.

Lofty as are the announcements of the movie producers, the slips back into circus phraseology are frequent. For instance, "A Thief in Paradise," a recent opus of Director George Fitzmaurice, is advertised with the following eloquent "wallops," as they call them in film language:

"1. The whirlwind dance in an artist's studio.
"2. Undersea dance.
"3. Polo match—blondes vs. brunettes in one-piece bathing suits.
"4. Airplane honeymoon.
"5. Electric love thrills."

Examination of "A Thief in Paradise" revealed the astonishing fact that it is a film version of Leonard Merrick's "The Worldlings." However, the result is just movie.

Speaking of film announcements, we can not resist repeating that of the press agent who exploits a photoplay called "The Mirage," based upon Edgar Selwyn's recent drama of that name.

"*She couldn't explain!* It was incredible—Al—whom she had loved and trusted—that he should have so little faith. She was angry and hurt. What if Mr. Galt had bought her clothes and given her expensive presents—it was purely a business arrangement that was part of their agreement—but that Al should say such a thing——

"Here is drama—powerful, gripping."

Until we have an opportunity to see "The Mirage," Al must remain, withered in his lack of celluloid faith.

—Will Hays, Jr.

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Jottings About Town

By BUSYBODY

A newsstand where periodicals, books and candy may be procured is now to be found at the Pennsylvania Station.

❖ ❖ ❖

Judging from the number of solvers in the subway and "L" trains, the crossword puzzle bids fair to become a fad with New Yorkers.

❖ ❖ ❖

The taxicabs of the Brown and White company are colored bright red. We Americans can well boast of our efficiency!

❖ ❖ ❖

Many people may be interested to know that the real name of Edna Ferber, the writer, is Edna Ferber.

❖ ❖ ❖

A richly dressed woman left a badly torn umbrella at a Broadway repair shop late Tuesday evening. The umbrella was recovered.

❖ ❖ ❖

One of the best known newspaper men in the city writes all his private correspondence in green ink.

❖ ❖ ❖

At one of the large Park Avenue apartments is a man in purple livery who opens and shuts the door before and after incoming and outgoing guests. He also summons taxicabs when requested.

❖ ❖ ❖

A prominent dramatic critic vouches for the following:

Deems Taylor, walking along Park Row, was hailed by Robert C. Benchley. "Hello, George," said Benchley. He thought it was Murdock Pemberton.

The same critic swears the following is true:

Raymond Hitchcock, if he had met Ring W. Lardner at the Players' Club, might have said, "Ring, I'll bet you five dollars you don't know which of the Great Lakes Alpena, Michigan, is on."

"You're on!" would have been Lardner's possible answer.

To which Hitchcock might have replied, "You win; Huron is right."

A New York Dictionary

Celebrity: Someone who can go to a party in a soft shirt, without shaving.

Personality: The gift of being charmingly rude.

Gentleman: A man who always has some small change.

Lady: A woman who can hold her liquor anywhere, any time.

Home: A place to sleep as a last resort.

Success: Being recognized by the headwaiter.—S. S.

Wall Street Notes

Chauncey McKeever and Neville Highan employ the only two monocles on the Exchange.

One reason for the mid-winter selling is Palm Beach. Big Business is making this season more of a definitely holiday period than any other time of year.

John Stewart has the loudest voice on the Exchange—a bull-like roar. Time was when Sid Schuyler's falsetto yell was his fortune. It traveled to every corner of the room, and traders used him when they wanted to start something moving in stocks.

J. P. Morgan pulled a new one when he took in several "assistant partners." It is doubtful, though, whether "assistant partners" ever become commonplaces on the Street, for Morgan's concern is unique, containing fourteen partners—more than any other firm with an Exchange membership.

"*Que barbaridad*," was the way Zuloaga expressed it when he visited the Exchange, which is not uncomplimentary, if you understand your Spanish. New York, however, didn't put foreign issues up a complimentary eighth in his honor, as the Paris Bourse did long ago when he had just forsaken the bull ring and still wore the professional *capa*.

—Well Known Broker

"Opening his Case Cyril Selected a Cigaret"

Something like that sentence appears in at least every other novel I read. What I am keen to ask Cyril if I ever meet him in the flesh instead of in the fiction is how and why he *selected* a cigarette. Still he may have had his reasons such as:

1. He carried twelve brands in that case.

2. He wanted to save the monogrammed ones to be smoked on occasion.

3. He was careful to avoid one leaving an ash which would betray him to the Sherlock Holmes-like detective on his trail.

4. He stocked two kinds, one to smoke himself, one to give friends.

5. He supplied many lady friends and was glad to have enough cigarettes left to choose between.

6. As he picked out cigarettes, he recited blithely, "She loves me, she loves me not."

Whatever the reason the dear fellow had, when I write my novel, which will be one of those rough, realism things, the hero will act this way:

"Digging into his pants' pocket, Cy produced a plug and selected a chaw."

—Fairfax Downey

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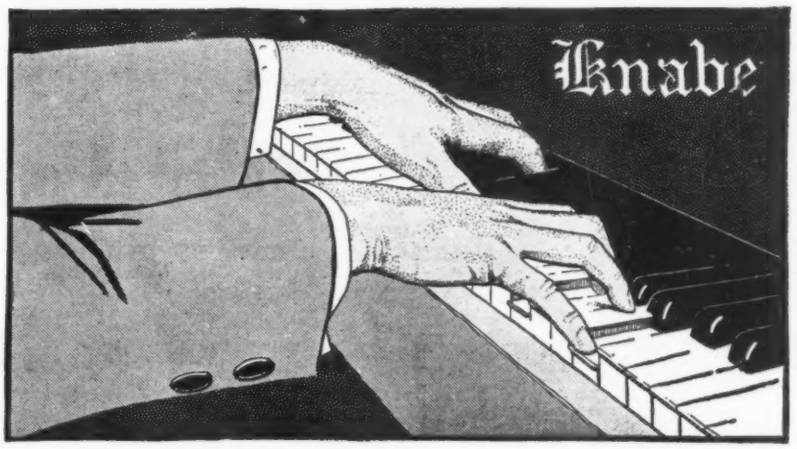

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